I know you want to be my bitch for tonight

by LunaticWriter

Summary

Min Yoongi was a man living for and from music alone.

His pale skin was as blank as he wanted it to be, as blank as he wanted it to stay for forever.

Min Yoongi wasn't looking for his soulmate, just like everyone else in this club wasn't.

It wasn't that he didn't believe in the system of soulmates, the myths of star crossed love and friendship, the theories of atoms finding to each other.

It was just that he didn't care about it.

He had more important things to do than to look for that one person out of billion, that was made for him and him only.

(Or: Soulmate AU where the first words your soulmate said to you appear on the place they touched you first/while saying it but the system doesn't include demons like Incubi which is
why they are seen as "made for everyone" so they get a tattoo from every person that talks to them but now Yoongi gets a tattoo FROM an incubus and that can't be possible, right?)

Notes

Hello

Sooo I didn't expect my first story on here to be so dirty

Oops

This isn't beta'd because my actual beta/best friend/cookie thief can't speak english that well and also I didn't want to taint her pure soul with this.
So if you see any mistakes please tell me, english isn't my first language :)

I don't know how long this will be though
Or where exactly this is going
But I am excited!
I'm happy for kudos and comments too!
♥

I swear there will be more plot though, in the upcoming chapter(s)!
Have fun, sinners!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Colourful rays of LED were lightening up the deep pit of black, swaying around as swiftly as the bodies they landed on.

The air was stuffy and used, but the people around it couldn’t care less for it.

Sweaty limbs and torsos were moving heavily on the dancefloor, bodies moving against each other with or without purpose. People were grinding at each other or throwing their head back, feeling the
heavy music and the deep bass roaming through the club.

Everyone was forgetting who they were outside of these four walls.

Everyone was just having fun.

Everyone included the young man with the platinum blond hair who was currently in the middle of the sea of people, squished between the sweaty bodies, dancing along to the tunes that reached his ear and made his skin prickle in excitement.

Min Yoongi was a man living for and from music alone.

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It wasn't that he didn't believe in the system of soulmates, the myths of star crossed love and friendship, the theories of atoms finding to each other. It was just that he didn't care about it.

He had more important things to do than to look for that one person out of billion, that was made for him and him only.

Dancing in this club may have been one of the less important things, but he needed to enjoy himself this night, just like his roommate and best friend Taehyung had said, after he had dragged Yoongi out of his studio.

So who gave a damn about the importance of things right now?

Min Yoongi surely didn't.

The few drinks he already had were making him tipsy but helped him loosen up nonetheless as he was moving his body, skinny legs trapped in too-tight leather pants, lean chest hidden under an oversized silk button up with v-neck and the dark makeup around his sharp eyes probably smudged already.

He was hot and his breath came shortly, his hair was already damp from all the sweat, but he couldn't start to feel tired.

Not yet.

Not yet, when he had just started to feel that gaze on him. A gaze so intense and longing he wouldn't want it to ever stop.

So he didn't stop dancing either.

It didn't take long for the owner of said gaze to approach him, eyes fixated on his body. A slender hand moved to his ass, resting above it, fingertips just barely dipping into the waistband of his pants.

He felt the hot breath on his ear and neck as if he wasn't in a crowd of people that barely fitted inside the whole room and were already breaking all rules of physical privacy.

Arousal jolted through his nerves when he heard a voice as sweet as honey yet as sharp as a knife.

“I know you want to be my bitch for tonight.”

Fingernails scratched over his skin, not painfully but teasing.
Teasing and leaving Yoongi wanting more.

More turned into little bites on his neck and shoulders, being soothed with a sucking on his skin that was leaving marks, before they had left the club.

Yoongi didn't recollect how he ended up on a king sized bed, sprawled out and naked, his company for the night hovering above him with a gaze that withheld more desire he could be capable of handling.
He was already hard, his cock flushed against his stomach, but ignored.

“I don't do safewords, puppy, but if you need me to stop, no matter if completely or temporary…”

A lustful smile stretched the lips apart Yoongi wanted to feel on his own so badly.
A ring glided onto his thumb with ease, the black metal building a contrast to his white skin.
“Make a fist, I promise I will notice, and I will stop. Alright?”

A single nail scraped over his chest, just painfully addictive but avoiding the sensitive spots he had and he whimpered but nodded, unspoken, unquestioned trust between his lover of the night and himself. The right hand of his lover ran over his neck and grabbed his jawline firmly.

“Good. Now be a good boy and open up.”

The smile turned into a grin when Yoongi parted his lips obediently and a crimson red ball gag made its way in between.
He could already feel his drool building up, only a matter of time before it would get out of his mouth, but he didn't care.

“Hands and knees.”

The voice was as sharp as the slap he was welcomed with as he positioned himself.
He winced as it stung but his sounds were muffled by the gag and his own restrainment.
He wasn't yet completely giving in.

“The sounds you make are so fucking gorgeous, pretty boy.”

Another slap.

Again.

And again.

“I can't wait to make you mine, make you scream tonight.”

It was a promise.

“You looked so good dancing, baby.”

Finger trailed over Yoongi’s abused skin, a hand gripped his reddened skin tightly, kneading his flesh and he pushed against the touch, the praise had gotten to him and he mewled at every opportunity of skinship he got.

“Needy, aren't we?”

He made an agreeing sound because, yes, he was so hard it hurt and he longed for a touch but didn't dare to do it himself. Yoongi wanted to say yes! yes please touch me more, do something! but he couldn't, and he didn't.
“We have all night…”

And with that a finger entered him, dry, rough and painful. He whined, loudly - unsure if it was out of pain or pleasure - and moved away, rocking forward on the mattress as far as he could.

A hand on his hip stopped him.

“You are going to take everything I give you, puppy. And you better be thankful.”

He nodded, head hanging down, and huffed when the finger inside him pushed deeper and curled inside his body, stretching his walls.

Who would he be kidding, he liked the pain.

“Relax, pup… Gonna make you feel so good if you are good, just for me.”

The hand on his hip moved over his skin, along his spine and then rubbing at the back of his neck in a soothing manner.

He did as he was told and the second finger that pushed into him was lubricated.

Still, he made a noise so downright filthy and needy he was a little bit ashamed of himself.

“Such beautiful sounds. Don't hold them back.”

It was an order, and he obeyed, a loud moan escaping his lips as the fingers scissored him open so slowly but so so good.

He was leaking onto the white bedsheets and his neglected cock hurt so much.

Yoongi loved it.

A soft chuckle got his attention, and his awareness that he had started rocking back onto the fingers, a panting sound escaping him with every push he got.

“All night, baby.”

It sounded soft, but it was a reminder. A warning.

“Don't be so greedy or I'll have to punish you. I don't mind leaving you on this bed, neglected and still hard.”

A hum escaped both of them.

“Your cock looks so pretty right now, flushed red and leaking so so much… But I can wait. Maybe I should get room service while I leave you for a few hours in this room. The bathtub looked really nice…”

No

No

“No? I knew you wouldn't want that, baby. Stop shaking your pretty head… You will be good for me then, right?”
He moaned, and hoped it sounded agreeing.

“Good boy.”

A third finger pushed past his rim, fucking into him along with the other two, not giving Yoongi time to adjust and he gripped the sheets under him tightly, wincing a few octaves higher than he wanted to admit.

“Baby loosen up, I know you don't want me to stop right now. I haven't even started.”

His right hand relaxed - like a habit, automatically - but his left was still strangling the bed sheets.

“Don't scare me like that again.”

The words sounded caring and vulnerable but the voice they belonged to didn't so much. This time his other asscheek was greeted by a hit that made him jolt up, moving the finger inside him so that they accidently grazed his prostate and he screamed, the pleasure overwhelming.

Again he was only chuckled at.

But then a firm hand pressed onto his upper back and forced him to go down. Yoongi’s face landed on a soft pillow and he could see the damp streaks of his hair above his eyes.

“Gonna let me fuck you, puppy?”

He groaned and rocked his hips back as good as he could in his current position.

The fingers left his hole gaping around nothing for a second, then he felt a rounded tip at his entrance, lubed up.

Another whine escaped Yoongi’s mouth and he was ready to beg for something to fill him up to please please please make me full.

But again he wasn't in the position of ordering.

He could only receive and he would receive what he would get.

“You are so desperate…”

He knew that it was a toy when it was rubbed between his asschecks a few times, the slick sound the movements made were addicting to him.

He needed more.

He didn't get more.

Yoongi was desperate. He didn't know how much time had went on, he didn't know how long he was in this position.

His legs had long started trembling and shaking and he hoped they wouldn't start cramping all too soon.

He was still rock hard, but at some point a hand had ghosted over his length here and there, leaving his body shaking, as the dildo still rubbed and poked against his abused hole, sometimes being exchanged with one, two or three fingers stretching him again.

Every rub, push or teasing motion was accompanied with a deep moan of him and if Yoongi wasn't gagged, he knew he would be mumbling please please please over and over, begging for more.

Suddenly the toy pushed into him, fast and hard, almost completely sinking into him. It hit his prostate perfectly, grinding on it with a firm pressure, making him moan and moan and moan when
his body jolted up again, this time bringing him back onto his hands and knees rather than knees but upper body limp on a pillow.
At the same time his cock was pulled at, the precum being smeared on his tip, a fingernail sinking into the slit.

The sensation was so much, too much, and it brought tears in his eyes, and then out of them. But it was still so good.
Yoongi turned his head, feeling slightly dizzy and he was met with firm eyes.
His lover smiled at him, and kneeled on the bed, so his face was reachable.

“Feels good, puppy?”

He moaned as an answer and shut his eyes when a thumb wiped his tears away, hand resting on his cheek shortly, before reaching for his cock again.

“Cum all you want, baby, I won't stop if you do. I want to really wreck you, pup. I want you to wake up tomorrow and both praise and curse me because walking, sitting, everything hurts.”

The hand slowly slid his cock up and down with pressure and he groaned, moving the opposite direction, needy for friction.

Tongue clicking made him open his eyes again, and his lover looked both amused and disapproving.

“That ungrateful I do all the work for you? Or am I not good enough for you, huh?”

All the movements stopped and Yoongi felt terrified all of a sudden.

“Don't stop, was what he wanted to say.

“It is my fault, after all. I guess I haven't trained you good in the time you've been with me, puppy. You need to be scolded after all to understand…”

The devious grin was back, the hand on his cock and the toy inside him retrieved too and he whined because he felt empty all of a sudden.

His asscheeks were spread and within a second the slap landed on the toy, pushing it in further, hitting his prostate and Yoongi yelped, trying everything to keep still.
After the tenth slap it started hurting tremendously, and he was sure his rim was brighter than a firetruck.
Yet he felt good and when he heard a small laugh that sounded genuinely happy he came with a loud moan, ruining the bed sheets completely.

“Already sore, baby?”

He nodded, groaning, and his upper body flopped back onto the mattress, his chest meeting his cum but he didn't care. His breath was shallow as he panted, trying to get back his breath.

“You took it all so good, puppy.”

Kisses went down his spine, soothing the tension that had built up due to the position he had been in.
Deep kisses that painted his skin red and he enjoyed the thought of waking up the next day, body full of marks that proved the pleasure he had went through.
The sound he made when a hand reached for his cock and pumped it, still soft, created the same laugh that had made him cum in the first place.

He got half hard in an instant.
“Good boy.”

Yoongi went completely hard when a tongue started teasing his red rim, lapping around the toy carefully, then pushing it in a little. He groaned and his left hand gripped the pillow his face laid on tightly.

“Think you can cum another time?”

The dildo was pulled out of him and he whined at the loss. Yoongi wanted, needed, to feel full. This time he didn't have to wait long though, because it was pushed back in within a second. The toy was lubricated more and the squelching sounds it made when it fucked in and out of him in a steady pace were plain filthy.

Yoongi choked on a moan when it hit his prostate again and the pace became rougher. His cock was still being pumped, in the opposite rhythm of the toy fucking inside him and Yoongi couldn't control his voice anymore.

He was wrecked, gone already and he loved it.

“Come on, puppy. Let it go.”

A kiss placed itself onto his shoulder blade, the soft sensation in comparison to the rough ones on his lower body made his skin tingle, but then the kiss turned into a bite and Yoongi moaned.

“Cum for me, pup.”

And he did.

The fucking didn't stop as he splurted out long white streaks of cum and the oversensitivity that set in shortly after made him squirm and whine.

Tears made their way back to his eyes because everything was just too much.

He cried out loudly because nothing had stopped.

“So good for me. Doing so well, puppy. I knew you would be my bitch tonight.”

He was turned around in a swift movement, a yelp of surprise wanted to get out of him but it turned into a groan when he felt hot breath on his cock. Yoongi’s right leg was lifted up, the hand on it kneading the skin and it felt nice.

A tongue lapped the cum off his stomach, calmly and slowly.

And then the tongue was on his cock, cleaning him there too.

Yoongi winced again, tears still in his eyes, and he wasn't sure if he wanted to stop or keep going for forever.

When he got sucked, he didn't last another second. His lover swallowed everything without problems, grinning up at him, nose nestled between his - now soft - cock and hip.

“So good for me.”

The toy was pulled out of him and Yoongi whined, a little bit in pain. His eyes closed and recollected his breath.

He had never felt more satisfied in his life.

When something pushed back at his entrance, he wanted to say stop, ready to make a fist with the hand that held the ring, but he didn’t.

He didn't because the eyes that looked at him were reassuring, and the thing that pushed into his sore and abused hole was cold and soothing, beside its size.
“So good, puppy.”

The smile that he saw was just for him and soon after, there were soft touches on his skin, accompanied with butterfly kisses.

Yoongi relaxed, incapable of moving even if he tried, and he didn't say anything when he was lifted up and carried into another room. He didn't notice when the gag was removed and when he was laid into warm water. He didn't notice the massage his legs got, when they started cramping horrendously. He didn't notice how his tears were once again wiped away.

And he didn't notice how he ended up back in his own bed in the dorm room he shared with Taehyung.

He did notice the red marks blooming all over his skin the next day. He did notice the pain his every movements held within. He did notice that he still had the black ring on his thumb, but it looked pretty so he left it there. He did notice the silver buttplug with the red crystal that was still inside him, but he didn't take it out because he was scared it would take away the good feelings the night had brought him.

The most important thing however, was something Taehyung noticed.

Both boys were sitting on the couch for breakfast, or brunch, whatever. Taehyung had just finished his envious admiration of all the marks Yoongi had - it was his day off so he had decided to spend his day comfortable in boxershorts - and was currently busy laughing at the wincing sounds Yoongi made with every tilt of his body.

For the nth time Yoongi had now wiped away the breadcrumbs that landed on him due to his roommates laughing and when Taehyung choked on his laugh, Yoongi thought that good, Karma was striking once again, but in the sense of a good best friend and hyung he looked over to the boy anyway.

The shriek Taehyung then let out was something Yoongi could have missed in his life without regret.

“Hyung!”
Taehyung pointed on his back, his lower back to be exact.
“Oh my god, Yoongs!”

Before Yoongs could do something against it, his face pressed into the sofa cushions and Taehyung was frantically touching his back - it hurt by the way because his lower region was moved by it.

And then Taehyung started laughing again, his boxy grin looked as if his face would rip apart every moment and his body was shaking so hard that Yoongi hoped he would fall of the couch - revenge and all.

“I never knew you were that kinky!”

Taehyung was still giggling like the maniac he was anyway and Yoongi looked at him questioning. Something he hadn't been doing in a long time, because questioning something Taehyung did was a habit one lost very quickly after spending time with him.

He was a little scared Taehyung might have seen the plug he was still stuffed with, because that was more embarrassing than anything, but his boxershort were still in place and the plug wasn't on his back anyway.
“I know you want to be my bitch for tonight!” Taehyung’s laughed turned into something that sounded like a dinosaur screech and Yoongi was confused.

Confused because his lover from last night had said that, and said lover had not been Taehyung.

“That is one of the best soulmate tattoos ever! And the place too, right above your cute buttsicle! Oh man I cannot wait to hear the how we met story you will tell your parents!”

Yoongi wanted to pull a face at the word buttsicle because that was something only Taehyung would say, but the pure terror on his face after he heard the words soulmate tattoo didn’t leave.

“W-What?”
Yoongi managed to get out of his tied up throat.

Taehyung got his phone and snapped a picture of Yoongi’s back before the older boy could protest. Taehyung then proceeded to shove it into his hyung’s face with a giggle.

I know you want to be my bitch for tonight

Cursive letters
Crimson red
Imprinted on his pale skin.

Yoongi had spent the night with his soulmate and while the proof of the night itself would have faded onto the next few days, this reminder would be staying forever.

Forever.

Yoongi looked at the picture, stared at it.

And then he made a decision.

“I will cover it up.”
he said.

“Wait what.”
Taehyung said.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Basically just Taegi-BFFs

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the nice comments and kudos ♥
I am glad you guys liked the first chapter!
Reading this stuff made me have fun at writing again - I am grateful for that!
Have fun with this too!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What do you mean you will cover it up?”
“I mean what I said Taehyung. I will get an appointment and have it gone!”
“You can’t do that!”

Yoongi turned around, piercing through his friend with a furious look.

“What me.”
He said and grabbed his phone to look for a tattoo parlor.

If there was a thing the blond boy hated, then it was people telling him what he could and couldn’t do.
He went through that with his parents and now he didn’t need his best friend to order him around too.

“No- I mean.”
He saw a streak of lavender hair and his phone was snatched out of his hands.
Taehyung settled back down onto the sofa, a serious look on his face.

Yoongi rolled his eyes.
He didn’t want to hear any of this. Aware of the fact that Taehyung was head over heels for the whole soulmate thing, Yoongi really didn't want to hear this speech.

“I mean that, what if your soulmate will look for you? What if they find you and then there you are saying oh yeah I covered it up because fuck you but they have your mark on their skin for forever? You can't do that Yoongi.”

The desperate, heartbroken grimace on Taehyung’s face made it look as if he was Yoongi’s soulmate - it almost worked, wouldn't there be a tiny detail.

“That won't happen. I didn't say a word last night. I couldn't, actually. So if my soulmate finds me then there will be no proof that we are soulmates.”
Yoongi coughed.
“And I can live in peace.”

Yoongi’s best friend gave him a look that said *I figured out why you couldn't and I am disgusted I didn't want to know this* but remained silent.

“You two were made for each other, hyung.”

“I was made for music. I don't have the energy to put up with a soulmate, and this whole keeping a healthy relationship thing. I can barely keep myself healthy.”

Which was true, because Yoongi got absorbed into his work way too often and way too much. So much, in fact, that he forgot the basic needs of a human body, such as food or sleep. Or a shower. But that was something else.

“I don't get how you can ignore a bond like that. Do you really want to lie into your soulmates face and say *we aren't soulmates*?”

Yoongi was good at ignoring important stuff - such as looking for his soulmate in the first place - so he didn't really see Taehyung’s point in that.

Yoongi however, hated lies.

“I didn't have the mark when we were together. No one but you, me and the tattoo artist that will cover this shit up knows that I even have a mark.”

“No one but you, me, the potential tattoo artist and like, all of our friends.”

Taehyung corrected him, expanding the list and looked not even remotely sorry.

Yoongi stared at him in shock.

“What?”

He then barked back, angry, and the lavender haired boy shrunk by two sizes.

“I might have send the picture of your mark into the group chat because it just looks so damn funny. I mean, come on hyung, your mark calls you a bitch and not in a mean way.”

Yoongi had to double check, both on his and Taehyung’s phone that there really was the picture of his lower back in the group chat, along with the caption

*Yoongi got laid last night!*

The group chat that consisted of their 2 other friends, Hoseok and Namjoon, and of course Taehyung and Yoongi.

Hoseok and Namjoon were soulmates themselves - obnoxious, cheesy soulmates - and they were currently switching between congratulating Yoongi and laughing at him.

“This needs to go. Now.”

Yoongi growled and finally dialed the number of the closest tattoo parlor, before his friend could steal his phone again and stop him.

“I need a soulmate tattoo gone. Can you do that?”

He didn't even wait for a hello how can I help from the other end of the line before he spoke, still angry.

“Sure. *Closest appointment is in 2 days at 2pm. Better come about 15 minutes early so we can speak about the details of your cover up.*”
“Thanks. I’ll be there.”

Yoongi wanted to hang up as fast as possible, because the guy on the phone sounded so disgustingly happy and polite and he was currently impersonating the grumpiest asshole ever.

“Great, what's your name again?”

“Min Yoongi.”

“See you then, Min Yoongi.”

The line was dead before Yoongi could answer anything.

Taehyung next to him sighed, looking disappointed at his hyung.

“Don't give me that look you brat.”

Yoongi threatened.

“I can't help it. Not when you are throwing your absolute happiness away like that.”

A frown made its way onto the face that was otherwise known for its boxy grin, and Taehyung blew air out of his nose with a sound.

“You are throwing someone else's absolute happiness away too, you know. The whole point of the soulmate thing is that there is more than one person part of it. I don't know what I would do if my soulmate rejected me like that.”

Yoongi knew exactly what would happen if his friend, the one who had the disney-prince-visual for his soulmate no matter who they were and what they had done. Yoongi knew that it would break Taehyung if he got rejected like that.

But Yoongi also knew that he was stubborn and that he could and would say hurtful things when he was angry and pissed. Which is, why he wasn't exactly proud of his next words.

“You would ball your eyes out because you put too much thought into the soulmate system. You are a cheesy romantic and it is disgusting. Just because some ink appears on your skin doesn't mean you will be best friends forever. Soulmates hate each other too, you know. Happens.”

Yoongi was being mean, and he knew it. He knew it and he would regret it later. Especially if he made his best friend cry like that, because of that.

“You had sex with your soulmate so you clearly don't hate each other!”

Taehyung was yelling, furiously and also because he would cry if he didn't.

“I could never hate my soulmate! Not even if they rejected me the way you will do it!”

For some reason this comment stung in Yoongi’s heart and his brows furrowed.

He heard Taehyung take a few deep breaths and when he looked up a soft smile played on his friend’s face.

“I will come with you, yeah? I hope you think about it and change your mind, because no soulmate deserves what you are about to do, but I will support you no matter your decision. We are friends, right hyung? And friends don't leave each other hanging.”

“Thank you, Taehyungie.”

Both boys smiled at each other.

Taehyung was right, friends didn’t leave each other hanging.
Taehyung wouldn't leave him alone with his soulmate problem. Just like Yoongi hadn't left Taehyung when he had betrayed his then boyfriend with some random dude at a party while being completely wasted.

Both actions were something morally questionable, and they wouldn't debate which one was more stupid.

But they wouldn't let each other down.

“No problem, Yoongi-bear.”

“Don’t call me that ever again.”

They laughed.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Introducing the Super Jimino-bros.
Aka Jin and Jimin
Excuse that pun - I swear they are usually better.

Chapter Notes

Again thanks for the kudos and all the love ♥
My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥

“The hotel wants money for their bed sheets! I’m taking that from your paycheck!”

“Fuck you!”

“Nah, I’m good.”

Jimin groaned. His brother could really stop with the snarky comments. Especially when they were lies.

The orange haired boy - currently sitting inside a tower of blankets on his cozy bed - contemplated throwing the pillow on his lap when said liar poked his head through the door, freshly pink-dyed hair in all its glory. Jimin didn't comment on it. Yet.

“You have an appointment this afternoon. Be nice.”

Of course Jimin's hyung had to let not his hyung side out, but his eomma side. Jimin was used to it though, so he didn't bother by it.

“I’m always nice, Jin.”

Which wasn't exactly true, given what they were, but Jin called his little brother cute, squishy mochi often enough for it to be a white lie.

“It’s a mark cover up.”

Jimin cursed under his breath, pillow squished between his tiny hands in a brutal manner.

“Ungrateful, aren't they? Always have been, always will be. Yet I like them. These dumb pricks, not taking what they fucking get!”

Claw-like fingernails had pierced into the pillow and when Jimin raised his hands to gesture furiously, he had ripped the fluffy thing apart. Just like that.

“That was my favourite pillow.”

Jin deadpanned, watching the white feathers swirling around with an amused look.

Jimin wasn't the person to get angry easily.
On a list of who would get angry the fastest, he was always on the bottom. On a list of who would get the scariest once angry, he was always at the top.

The covering up a soulmate mark movement that seemed to be becoming bigger and bigger however could, and most definitely also would, get him angry within seconds.
Sure, he should have been prepared for clients with that certain wish, as the owner of a tattoo parlor, being a tattoo artist and all that.

And yes, sometimes, when people came to him, begging, with bruises on their skin that rooted from physical abuse or dried tear tracks on their cheeks from verbal abuse… abuse from said soulmate, then he could understand and only then did the do cover ups gladly and with a discount.

Both un- and fortunately though, those people were rare.

No, the most soulmate marks he had to cover up were from ungrateful humans. He’d met humans that didn't believe in the system that was so painfully obvious there, existing and working. Humans that didn't care for the system, didn't care for their soulmate. Humans that made Jimin furious by just mentioning they had found their soulmate, but thought they were ugly or not fitting for themselves.

Fitting for them my ass - the whole point of soulmateship was fitting together.

Jimin hated the ungrateful way humans threw away what they were granted.

Because, as an error in the system, Jimin understood how generous the opportunity of a soulmate really was.

Because, as an error in the system, Jimin received the marks from every person that talked to him.

His body was covered in black ink. Simple, plain sentences or words.

He hadn't erased a single one.

His brother - living with the same fate - had erased most of them but Jimin couldn't blame him for that. Jin was friendly and loved by most people, so he often got greeted or talked to on the streets. He came home one day, his hands covered in hellos and that was when he decided to delete the marks from his body once in a while.

Now he was living with only the funny or meaningful sentences on his skin and he had a list of sentences he took everywhere, so that when people talked to him, they would say a sentence he actually wanted to see on himself.

Every soulmate mark the boys got was meaningless anyways.

At first Jimin had kept them out of sentimentality, fascinated by the way the human world worked, but now he just didn't bother anymore. Now he tried to avoid getting new marks, tired of them, ashamed even.

Being an incubus in the human world wasn't easy.

Beings like him, demons that is, weren't included in the soulmate system.

An incubus was a creature that resembled lust and temptation, appealing to everyone so they could
seduce without problems.
*Appealing to everyone* was translated to *made for everyone* in the language of soulmates.

Hence why the incubi received marks from everyone.

But they only received, and never gave, and that was the point of Jimin being so angry at the humans that wanted a cover up.

Because they were throwing away the most precious thing in life with it.
The proof that they were not alone, that they were *made for someone, existed to be with someone, and that they had someone made just for them.*

“The guy on the phone sounded very decisive.”
Jin spoke up again, looking down at his little brother, knowing exactly what was going on in his head.

Jin felt alone from time to time too.
Or ashamed, like a slut in the system.
But the priority in his life was consent, not fate.
And not everyone gave consent to receiving a mark just like that.
So he never got angry at humans for something so small as a cover up.

“He sounded eager too, and tired. Maybe he has a good reason for his wish.”
But Jin understood his brother too, in a way.
Which was why he tried to cheer him up, that and his wish to be a good hyung.

“He won't. They are never good enough.”
Jimin bit his lip and stared down at the floor.

“I'll open the shop, Jiminie. Calm down, you don't have the right to judge over their life and choices.”
The pink haired boy went downstairs but left the door to Jimin’s room wide open, simply because Jin would go downstairs like that too.

He scoffed at his brother's sentence. Him not having the right to judge over humans.

Funny, because where he came from everything was judged and judging.

Jimin had been judged for his pure existence as an incubus.
Had been judged because his kind impregnated woman in their sleep.
Had been judged because he stopped doing that and switched to men.

He Had been judged when he hung out more with the succubi, because they got him and his preferences.
Had been judged by the succubi because of said preferences.

He Had been judged because his mother was a Kumiho that lived off human flesh and he was a halfling - which wasn't something he was judged for - that lived off it to.
Had been judged because he had decided to stop living off human flesh, simply because at one night he was supposed to appreciate and praise the beauty of the human flesh, then at another eat it.

He Had been judged when he didn't observe the humans on earth like other demons did.
Had been judged when he did eventually observe them.
And eventually he had been judged when he chose to leave hell and start a life on earth.

His half brother Jin had accompanied him, because he disliked the way of life he was forced into just as much as Jimin did.

He had been judged for everything he ever did, or didn't do, throughout his whole life. In exchange he had judged as well, just like everyone else.
It was normal for him.
What was the harm in him judging the humans?

“You should get ready or you will be late!”
His brother called out again, a nagging tone present.

The orange haired boy sighed before getting up from his bed.

Jimin had showered the night before and thanks to the wet hair he went to sleep with, it didn't take much time for him to style it the way he wanted it. Makeup was just a quick black smudge around his eyes - pretty but messy.
The incubus didn't spend much time on his clothing either, just grabbed something not too revealing - he had started to dislike simply seeing the black ink that was engraved on his skin.

“Look what a good hyung I am, even grabbed you coffee and a muffin.”
When Jimin trotted downstairs into the shop he and his brother owned, he was greeted by Jin who pointed at a steaming cup standing next to a chocolate sinful-delicious looking strawberry muffin. The older brother himself was happying himself on a peanut-butter banana donut while flicking through some fashion magazine, smiling content.
“I even got the cute-guy discount. So far my new hair colour has only had good effects.”

Good looking with your piggy-pink hair there, demon, Jimin thought, but didn't say.
His hyung really didn't look all to bat with it - and pink was Jin’s favourite colour after all.
It was just the image he was supposed to have, the reputation that died with the hair colour. That and the fact that Jimin was aware of Jin’s non-human looking form, and how it wouldn't blend good with the pink.
But he liked his older brother’s new look.

It was just that he couldn't say it - being a little brother and all. He had a reputation too, not only in the circles of demons.

Jimin had the reputation as a little shit, and he lived fully to keep said reputation true.

“You look less... from hell with it. More like you grew up under the end of a rainbow.”
He snatched his breakfast from the desk before it could be taken away and barely escaped the rolled up magazine his hyung swatted at him and his tiny hands.
“But thanks for the breakfast, hyung.”

“You do know that humans use the rainbow to represent and associate people with our preferences. So I am not offended.”

“The human term is gay, hyung. G-a-y. You can say it, it's easy.”

Happily munching on the muffin - someone bless that baker at the coffee shop - he saw his brother poking his tongue at him, because Jin was that mature.

“What do you think is the reason for today’s cover up?”
The younger boy just couldn't let go on the subject, and planted himself on the front desk. His legs
were swinging back and forth to some imaginary rhythm as he ignored the sharp look his brother gave him.

Jin didn't like how stood up his brother got on these things, but he had realized a long time ago that stubbornness ran inside the family, so he gave up on stopping it and went along with it.

“Based from the phone call I’d say it didn't work out.”

“I bet 3 clean-up shifts he doesn't believe in the system.”

It always ended like this anyway, no matter if Jin went along, ignored or fought against the topic. It always stopped with a dumb bet.

“Deal.”

They didn't bother to steady the deal, it was just an oral agreement. They grew up next to crossroad demons, so they naturally learned a lot about deals and how they were sealed. The brother’s weren't interested in the process of exchanging their saliva. So it always ended in an oral agreement that the losing party always used as an argument to avoid doing the penalty.

We didn't even seal it!

You have no opportunity of punishing me if I don't do it!

It wasn't a legal bet - we don't have a contract!

And every time Jimin pulled these arguments when he lost Jin swore under his breath he would visit hell soon to get a contact on paper. Yes. A legal contract, a pact from hell, the actual pit of damnation, so they could bet about their customer’s reasons without bickering at each other when one of them lost.

But he never did it, because Jin didn't go back to hell - that was Jimin's chore. He went grocery shopping, cooked and took care of the bills and the other paperwork. Business including cleaning, nasty insects inside the house, and hell were Jimin’s job.

“I'll go drink the coffee in my workroom while I set everything up for the day. Do you have appointments today?”

Jimin sniffed the steam his coffee cup produced, smelling a hint of cinnamon, something undetectable and nutmeg in it - his brother liked to try new combinations but surprisingly always got them according to Jimin’s tastebud’s liking. He was already excited to try this one.

“Yes. I will hopefully finish the watercolour sleeve I’ve been working on for a while and I have 3 pairs of soulmates wanting small couple tattoos. I will gladly sacrifice myself as a good hyung, and go through the prep stuff with your mark cover up - the rest of them you gotta talk to yourself.”

“Thanks hyung. Have fun.” Jin vanished through a discreet looking side door, into their little and messy storage room. He liked the comfortable mess that woke a feeling of home inside him, and often stayed in the stuffy room during break, rather than his bigger studio or the front desk or even upstairs, where they lived.

Jimin also liked to stay in the tiny corner he planted a small chair on, whenever he got jealous at his brother. Jealous, because his brother was allowed to see the happy side of soulmates at his worktable - Jimin only ever saw the bitter and the really bitter side.
The bitter side he would meet again today, at noon, to cover up another soulmate made mark.

*Oh, if Jimin just knew.*
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Basically the meeting of YoonJin.
And tattoos.

Chapter Notes

I dont know much about how tattoo shops work so forgive me if there are mistakes or feel free to correct me :) 
At this point I just started chapter 6 and I can tell that there was smut in chapter 5 ; )
I dont think Ive ever had a fic that went down so fast and so smoothly but Im glad its the case - also I wrote a 3h exam today and my brain is mushy mush.
Comments and kudos are very much welcomed ♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Let me guess: Min Yoongi? Soulmate mark cover up?”
Jin looked at the boy questioning, eyebrows raised.

The small man in front of him that looked quite lost in the small shop huffed and nodded, grumpy looking eyes focusing on the pink hair.

“Okay. You, grumpy marshmallow, can sit down.”
The shop owner pointed at the chairs.
“I’ll go through the formalities with you.”

“grumpy marshmallow?”
Yoongi muttered to himself but did as told, sitting down on the black leather chair that was to his surprise more comfortable than it looked.

“Something to drink?”

“No thanks.”

Jin nodded, roaming through some folders in a basket, eventually grabbing a black one and letting it fall onto the desk between him and Yoongi with a loud thumb.

“Is this your first tattoo?”

“Yes.”

“You know it will probably hurt?”

“Yes.”

Jin smiled, feeling a little uneasy with the guy and his short answers in forms of huffs that gave off a
vibe of impoliteness.
He liked talking and was used to chatty customers - but he didn't know the reasons for this cover up yet, so he kept it professional and started with bubbling down an impromptu yet skillful speech on tattoo care.
Min Yoongi listened attentively, basically staring the incubus down.

“So, you are aware of the happenings when you cover up a soulmate mark?”

“It- It will be gone?”
Yoongi deadpanned.

Jin smiled and shook his head slightly.
“Covering it up will hurt more than a normal tattoo. It also comes with mood swings. It is almost irreversible - you probably won't find someone who can restore a soulmate mark that was covered up unless you are busy in the black market and a billionaire. Also, your soulmate might feel something too, we don't know on what it depends yet, so we can't make sure if it will happen with you too. However, after the cover-up, the bond will still be there, it is just that there won't be proof for it on your body anymore, and the bond will be a little damaged. The damage can come in different versions. Some soulmates fight more, some get jealous easily, possessive, or clingy or lovesick - that even with platonic relationships. All that is why you need to be a 100% sure about this.”

If he would tell someone how often he had to deal with crying, regretting and/or pissed customers that wanted their mark back - he would probably start crying himself because it was both so sad and stressful.
Jin wasn't the person to set these people out like lost puppies.
He was the person to offer them a comfortable chair, some coffee or tea and an open ear to listen to their worries.

And yes, sometimes he wanted to slap these people in their faces because it seemed as if they didn't even listen at him explaining the consequences of the cover up.

He was sure that if this guy came in regretting, still short answers and disinterested look on his face, Jin might actually slap him - because for some reason this guy was something else for him.

“I am.”
The incubus got pulled out of his thoughts by the dark voice answering.
“I don't have the time to care for the system. My soulmate doesn't know me, and neither do I. I am the only one of us with a mark, so it is truly my choice and I need this gone.”

No time.
That wasn't really that rare of an argument.
Jin thought it was the most pathetic excuse for it and whenever people came with I have no time to them for a cover-up or even removal, he understood Jimin’s detest against the cover ups better than anything with sentences like this.

If this guy came again with regret Jin would definitely slap him - he was a demon after all and his temper had a limit too.

“No time, huh? And you think you will never have time?”

“Are you my therapist or my tattoo artist?”
The snarky, slightly aggressive comment made Jin’s dislike towards Min Yoongi rise, yet he looked at him with interest.
It was something.
“I don’t want to be sued, that’s all.”
The incubus put on a charming smile to keep the negative feelings hidden that were bubbling in his chest. He was a professional, but if Min Yoongi wanted to start with snarky comments, he would get snarky comments back.

“Don’t worry. My best friend would kill me if I sued you for a - his opinion - dumb decision I made.”

Said best friend had reassured him on this at least 10 times during breakfast. A weak but honest attempt to convince him against the whole action.

Yoongi had been glad when he on the other side had convinced Taehyung to not accompany him and only get him home safely.

“Alrighty.”
Jin clapped his hands enthusiastically.
“Show me then. Where is it?”

“It’s humiliating. Really.”
A grumpy mumbling was heard as Yoongi shifted in his seat, stood up and turned around.

Jin thought about a neck, or back he would have to take a look at - nothing unusual really.

He didn't expect the guy to pull his fucking pants down (a little), exposing the mark above his ass.

Seokjin held back a laugh, and it came out as an ugly snort that he wasn't really sorry for - although his dislike for Min Yoongi was reduced and replaced with a comprehensive feeling by just looking at the tattoo, not even reading it.

“Honestly.”
The tattoo artist began, trying to restrain his amused sounds.
“If you had come here with your soulmate to cover it up and maybe get a fake mark with a more… appropriate content I would have done it for free.”
He couldn’t stop his giggling and neither could the murder gaze he got from Yoongi.
“I mean - wow - Font and all is pretty. But that place and the meaning! I’ve seen bad, but this is the worst! I need to get a picture of that!”
Jin spotted some dark hickeys on the customer’s back too - as if the sentence on his ass wasn't clear enough.
“Was the lay at least good?”

“The best really.”
Min Yoongi realized what exactly he had just promptly sighed.
“Why am I telling you that?”

“I do that to people.”
Jin laughed.
“Do you have a motive in mind?”

“No. Something normal I guess - I don't want my ass to scream something like death and ruin every future lay I might get.”

“Flowers, maybe?”
“If they don't look too girly, sure.”
Yoongi glanced back at the man that was still busy admiring his backside. A smile plastered its way onto Yoongi’s face and he didn't bite back on the comment he had.
“Not like your hair.”

Jin pouted, however he was glad the guy had finally started to act a little bit friendlier - still snarky - and less distances.
As if revealing his bad tattoo was revealing himself too.

“Give me 15 minutes.”
He stopped touching the pale skin with the crimson ink and retrieved his hands.
“How big can it get?”

“Please don't cover too much of my ass.”

Jin laughed and winked when the other pulled his pants back up, a rosy colour on his cheeks.

“15 minutes. You can go to the coffee shop next door if you want. They have great pastry.”

But Yoongi remained seated, getting headphones and a small notebook out of his pant’s pocket instead and Jin exited through the small door into the back.

“None of us gets to avoid the clean up. He claims he doesn't have the time.”
Seokjin sighed, watching his brother setting up the ink.

“Old CEO?”
Jimin shot an eyebrow up, he didn't really want to tattoo some old bitter guy, and almost broke one of the ink storages he was currently moving around by tightening his grip unintentionally.

“Cute college student, I think. He yelled at me when I asked if he will never have time, soo… Have fun with him.”

Grabbing a sketchbook, Jin planted himself on the floor, scribbling some flowers on the page.

“Where am I inking him? Can I at least see his face scrunch up in pain? Maybe he even cries!”
The small body shook from the laugh that escaped.

Jimin was a demon after all, and some habits never died.

“Worst mark I've ever seen.”
The pink haired boy snorted only at the thought.
“Right above his buttock. Dark red and nice cursive letters. But what it says… dear!”
Jimin’s hyung coughed, before mimicking a dark and mysterious voice, his face mocking.
“I know you want to be my bitch for tonight.”

Glass shattered, when the younger incubus dropped a jar filled with tissues.
“What does it say?”
He asked, eyes wide, pupils shaking.

“I know you want to be my bitch for tonight. Crazy, right? Who introduces himself like that?”
Jin was laughing loudly now, the air he breathed in giving out a steady, squeaking sound.

“Hickeys?”

“I didn't see much skin but yes. Hickeys.”
“Blond hair, skinny, pretty eyes.”

“Yes, Jimin.”
Jin looked up and stopped drawing, not quite understanding where this was going and where his brother had all the visual information from.
His face scrunched up in confusion as he watched his brother curiously, the small boy frozen at one spot with glass shards shattered around him on the floor.

“He ruined the bed sheets.”
That was all Jimin said before continuing to set up his workplace.

“Come again?”

“The hotel. He ruined the sheets. I picked him up at the club. I - I am his soulmate.”
Jimin almost cut himself on one of the glass shards when he brought the last sentence onto and over his lips, and Jin raised a worried eyebrow.
Jimin was clumsy but never so clumsy. Something must be wrong, but he couldn't figure out what.

Jin was lost.

It wasn't a rare thing that Jimin picked guys up at night clubs.
And yes, maybe a confrontation afterwards was a little bit uncomfortable, even awkward, but never too unpleasant since Jimin made sure that it was clear to both sides that it was just a one-time-thing.

“We are everyone’s soulmate.”
Jin therefore deadpanned.

“Yes, but according to his tattoo, he is my soulmate too.”

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

The "awkward morning after" finally ensues, just a few days later, and not at morning! Also the innocence inside of Jin that never existed in the first place dies, because of YoonMin.

Chapter Notes

Mentions of needles, I guess - it is a tattoo shop after all, and we are getting to the tattooing part now. Thanks for the lovely comments, they made me very fuzzy, happy and kept me motivated.

So motivated that I will work on this fic rather then the art project, my programming project, or my learning for the 3h biology exam that's coming up. I'm not sure if it's worth it, but filthy Yoonmin is waaaay more interesting than comparing pillars in my neighborhood to ones in ancient greece (I live in a small village, do you know how a) hard it was to find a decent pillar and b) how weird I got looked at when I had to find out in with direction - north, west south east you know - it pointed?), programming with lazarus (yes that is an actual program for programming, I think they named it like that because you feel like dying everytime a red angry error pops up and like you were just ressurected when it turns green), orrr the biotope "lake" (why am I a science major again I hate science).

However...

Have fun sinners ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What are you going to do now?”

“What do you mean, hyung? You have drawn a motive and I will ink it on his glorious ass. It’s my job, remember?”

It was easy to say it like that. But in reality, Jimin was biting back his feelings, and his tears. His brother knew that, but he had also realized that talking about it right now was no use.

“What if he recognizes you?”

“If he doesn't run away I will tell him to shut his mouth since I won't get my mark covered up. Simple.”

It wasn't simple.
“Jimin…”

“What, hyung? None of this was supposed to happen in the first place! I am not a part of the system - we both aren't. And if he decides to get the soulmate mark he shouldn't be having covered up, then I will gladly do it. He shouldn't be bound to me anyways, and honestly, I'm not sure if I could do it if he wanted to keep it!”

“Shouldn't be bound to you, Jimin? A demon? Incubus? Lovable fluffball? a-”

“A whore, Jin. A slutty whore in life, the system and my pure existence. I’m an incubus, I act like a needy bitch and the system sees me as one too. No one should be bound to me.”

“You aren't a whore, Jiminnie. You are surviving, and having fun with it, nothing wrong about that…”

Seokjin sighed, again scribbling, because - although Jimin was more important now - they were still working, had a customer waiting, and also because Jin couldn't look at his brother's broken face without gorilla-hugging him.

“Do you think you can work?”

The orange haired boy let out a huff.

“How about I make this sketch. Show me the sketch.”

Jin was stubborn, and yes, he felt like shit, but he wasn't going to stop working.

None of this was right - he was an error, not a functional part of the system.

Jin kept telling himself that it was a mistake, that it was all without meaning.

“Here.”

The sketch was shoved into his face; Jin wanted his brother to cheer up a little and behaving like a dumbass worked most of the time.

“It’s pretty.”

Jin always praised his hyung’s work - he always admired it since his talents in sketching had reached and stopped at the skill level of a toddler.

However, this time the motive seemed to get to him, in another way than it being just pretty.

Jin had drawn two kinds of flowers - tulips and camellias - but something was missing, making the sketch boring and dull.

“But put some small crystals between the tulips, yeah?”

Jin nodded and did as told.

“Something else?”

Wanting something personal for his client - and soulmate - that he wasn't going to get tired of looking at, Jimin stood up, looking through a small one-sided window that opened view to the front desk region.

He saw the customer sitting on the chair, completely engrossed in his music.

“Something with music between the camellias.”

“Okay.”

Jin was quick with orders, pencil flying over the paper with scrunching sounds, leaving dark grey marks on the white underground.

“I’ll show him. I can stay during the session, if you want?”

“No.”
Jimin didn't want that at all - he wanted to be alone with Min Yoongi for various reasons. Also he knew how to stop his brother from forming his kind offer into a statement. “I don’t know if I wanna say goodbye to him the proper way and unless you want—”

“I don't want to know any of this - incubi or not - little brother!” Incubi or not because, whenever Seokjin seemed a little prude about sexy stuff, Jimin would argue with It's like a human being shy about food and Jin didn't really had an argument against that.

The little brother himself just giggled, he liked to tease his hyung, as Jin stomped out of the room, the glare he threw back at his brother a mixture between amusement, disgust and worry - because Jin never not worried.

Min Yoongi liked the motive and they agreed on a colour scheme and a solid style for the tulips, a watercolour one for the camellias.

“Allright. You can go inside. My colleague will take more than good care of you.”

Yoongi was caught off guard. “You won't do it?”

The client was shocked - he had trusted Jin, maybe even found him nice.

Also it meant he had to show his embarrassing mark to another person.

“I don't do cover-ups. That is my little brother’s talent. You will really like him, I promise.”

Jin winked at the human - oh you are made to like him, both human and soulmate - and opened the door to the studio, to let Yoongi into the big room. “Pants off, and you can make yourself comfortable on the chair there - on your stomach, logically.”

The big, black leather chair was in the middle of the room that had white walls covered in colourful paintings and tattoo sketches, and shelves up high with different colours of ink and many tattoo-guns, along with some pictures of satisfied clients and models.

“I will never get into a more embarrassing situation.”

“You probably won't sit painless for the next few days, I wouldn't jinx it.”

“Sitting already hurts, so.”

Yoongi shrugged, a smug on his face when he remembered the night that ended with his mark.

Jin laughed - understanding well - and left the room to give his client some privacy, while Yoongi tried to get himself comfortable with his bottom exposed.

He was glad he wouldn't have to look into his tattoo artist’s eyes, because he would die if he had to. Die. Deadass die!

The thing was, that he hadn't been prepared to lose his briefs. It was technically just his butt, nothing too bad, but Yoongi… Well Yoongi was kind of still plugged.

The thought that the small toy was from his soulmate had done it to him, making him keep the full sensation. He didn't exactly get off on the whole thing - he was neither an exhibitionist, nor was the feeling really that arousing by now - it just felt nice, secure somehow.
However, right now he felt insecure, because the crimson crystal that decorated his hole was on full display.
To calm himself down, he grabbed his phone again and texted the group chat about his current position - minus mentioning the plug.

When he heard the door open, his heart skipped a beat.
A chair with wheels moved around swiftly and soon after, something rolled into his field of view.
The orange haired boy smiled at him softly, and Yoongi wanted to die - right here and there.

“Didn't think I'd see you again.”
Jimin began, but something tied his throat closed. He kept the smile nonetheless, but he was sure pain was visible in his eyes.
“Especially not so naked.”
He chuckled, trying to play both the situation and his negative feelings down.
Seeing Yoongi again hurt, because Jimin felt a connection between them, maybe just one he wanted to be there, but it hurt. His client looked so fragile and pretty, when the demon glanced over the body sprawled out on the chair - without pants - and he smiled happily when he saw something blinking between the asscheeks in front of him.
For some reason, the fact that Yoongi had not only kept his plug but kept it inside of him made him happy.
Because that whole going out with a goddamn buttplug stuffed up his ass-thing wasn't weird for Jimin, but in a way sweet, like the necklace or hoodie of a loved one.
“I figured you shouldn't really talk back to me. Last time we got along good without words too, didn't we?”

He rolled away on his chair and a cold, soft hand placed itself on the tattoo. Yoongi shivered and he wasn't sure why exactly.

It looked pretty, in Jimin’s opinion. Staring at it, touching it too, made it hard for the incubus to see the mistake in it.

He didn't want it gone.
No, Jimin wanted to get to know the man that was made for him.

Jimin wanted to have a soulmate, and for the first time in a while, he wanted to be one too - just for Min Yoongi.

But he couldn't, and he wouldn't try to change it.

“I'll start.”
He said, placing the blueprint onto Yoongi’s pale skin.
“You know my version of a safeword - this might hurt.”
He grabbed the gun and rolled the small table with the ink on it closer to him.

His eyes fell onto a small container of ink - one that he himself hadn't placed there, Jin did.

If Yoongi couldn't be his soulmate, Jimin could at least make sure to have him as a client for a second time - all he needed was the little bit of help that hell offered him right there.

And while Jimin wasn't the person to get selfish, he wasn't one to miss chances either.

It stung on his own skin too, when the needle pierced into Yoongi’s skin but for Jimin it was manageable..
Yet both their breaths hitched and the blond head flopped down onto the chair with a soft groan -
defeated.

Jimin stayed silent, concentrating on his work.

From time to time the body under him would tense up or struggle a bit, accompanied with huffs and grunts of pain, but Jimin was used to this behaviour, and his was also used to put people in their place - it wasn't as if he hadn't had practice on Yoongi before.

Whenever this happened, there was a part of Jimin’s mind yelling that *hey, our soulmate is in pain - you better do something about it!* - but it was a much bigger part that kept control.

The demon thought that the pain Yoongi was going through hit him well deserved, as revenge and punishment - karma - for his decision to cover it up, for his decision to deny Jimin.

At the point where Jimin had the first two letters covered, Yoongi made a fist - ring still on his thumb - and the sharp pain that shot through the incubus’ limbs made him hesitate in his actions. He was glad that the bewitched rings he used as a safeword didn't get to use often since he rarely overstepped a boundary, because the feeling that got to him whenever the spell was activated *fucking* hurt!

“Need a break?"

He put the gun aside and rolled over to see Yoongi’s face - also he very much loved rolling around on his chair and when he didn't spend breaks and lunchtime in the small storage room, he could be seen in his studio, swishing around in (what felt to him) sonic-like speed and Jimin did totally never crash into shelves or walls or doors (he did).

His soulmate nodded and balanced his body so he could lay on his side - the one that wasn't currently on fire because of a needle piercing through it again and again. Yoongi didn't even try to cover himself up - for god’s sake Jimin had done worse things to him than sucking him off, so what was the point of covering up his dick anyways?

“Pain too much?”

Jimin hoped it was a yes.

The answer came when Yoongi pressed a hand onto his heart and made a clenching motion, eyes fixated on Jimin.

It would be a lie to say he knew what was going on inside him right now, but Yoongi could feel that something was just *wrong*, although he couldn't seem to figure out what exactly it was.

“Already regretting it?”

Jimin grinned, used to the procedure Yoongi was going through, but the incubus still felt a pang going through his chest, because he wanted to ask his soulmate to just stop and rather get coffee with him or something. That thought was a little bit short minded, because - as Jimin had said earlier - he wouldn't know what to do *if* Yoongi would actually want to do something like this.

He still had to cope with him having a soulmate, because it told him that he wasn't an error. And that also meant his many many tattoos weren't error either - that he really was a whore in the system. But none of this was the case, since there was a simple explanation to Yoongi’s emotions.

“Moodswings came fast this time.”

What the scientific quarter dealing with soulmates hadn't discovered so far was, that the moodswings mostly brought suppressed and locked up emotions to the surface, and that they couldn’t create irrational, non existent emotions like it was the current assumption.
So yes, in a way, Yoongi was really regretting it.

Jimin put a reassuring hand on his client’s - that’s what his soulmate was after all - shoulder and squeezes slightly.
It was a routine to comfort them when they got into this state, but it wasn’t a routine what Jimin offered next.

“I can make you feel good again, you know?”
If the incubus couldn't have his soulmate he could at least get rid of the hunger he had - for a while.

He needed sex to survive after all, so why not have it now?

Truthfully, the last time they met, Yoongi had come so often Jimin wouldn't need to do anything for the next few weeks, if not months.
But that didn't matter now, because in a way Jimin was always hungry and he wanted Yoongi, one way or another.

When the demon looked back, he saw the blond’s eyebrows raised in a sceptical manner.
Jimin laughed.

“What? You know I’m good. And this is my studio, with soundproofed walls.”
Which was a lie - Jin would hear it all if Yoongi couldn't keep his sounds to himself and Jimin really wanted that to be the case.
“Come on, sit up.”
He grinned mischievously when Yoongi slowly did as told, obviously accepting Jimin’s offer.

Pulling the handle underneath the chair, Jimin propped himself into a higher position, his clothed knees bumping against Yoongi’s naked ones.
Only now did he notice the size difference, not in height, but their legs.
Jimin had big and muscular legs - legs Yoongi wanted to grab and hold onto, ramming his nails into the flesh.
Yoongi on his side was skinny and his legs looked like they could break if they were gripped to hard - Jimin loved the delicate look of it.

“I still have work to do.”

Finger trailed over Yoongi’s body, starting at his free collarbones, poking slightly when there was the cloth of Yoongi’s shirt in the way. The touches wandered downwards until they grazed Yoongi’s hip bones.

“So I can't do much right now. I can't wreck you like I want to, pup.”
Jimin’s left hand laid itself on Yoongi’s inner thigh and squeezed.
Yoongi’s breath fastened and he leaned back, propping himself up on his hands and his head flew backwards onto his own.
His eyes closed when the bright lights of the lamp hit his eyes.

“That’s good. Just relax for me.”

Jimin’s other hand traced line over Yoongi’s half-hard cock, barely touching it, but - or maybe because of that - a soft whimper left Yoongi’s mouth.

“Don't think I didn't see how you came here.”
Jimin remembered the sight of the dark red plug that was currently filling Yoongi up.
“Must have been wearing it so long, practicing to move around normally with it stuffing you so good. Haven't you?”

Without a warning he grabbed Yoongi’s cock and squeezed to get his attention. A loud moan showed how surprised the boy actually was.

“Hm…”

Jimin hummed, raising his hand up to Yoongi’s face.

“Make them wet for me, pup.”

Yoongi took the small digits in his mouth with gratitude since he wasn't wet enough for a handjob to not hurt without lube - or saliva. The fact that Jimin was still wearing black gloves pushed Yoongi closer to the edge, because although the feeling itself was weird, it reminded him that they were at Jimin’s workplace and for some reason that was really hot to Yoongi - that had never happened to him before.

“I bet you didn’t even take it out. You like the feeling so much, don't you? You love feeling full!”

Yoongi tried to build up as much spit as possible and wet Jimin’s fingers with it, but moaned with an agreeing sound at the statement.

“You're such a whore, baby boy.”

Jimin withdrew his fingers, rather wrapping them back around the fully erect cock in front of him.

“But I can't believe that you wore it outside, puppy. That is so dirty. You are a bitch after all, huh? Covering the tattoo up with some pretty flowers won't hide that.”

He moved his hand up and down the thick base of Yoongi’s cock, making him groan in pleasure.

Yoongi wanted more of the friction.

“You didn't even knew it was me working here, huh? You would have let a stranger see you like this - all plugged up and full.”

The grip tightened and Jimin grinned mischievously.

“He would have seen what a cheap bitch you really are.”

A whine echoed through the room, needy and loud and almost pathetic. Yoongi tried to buck his hips up, but the hand on his thigh kept him pushed down.

“A needy bitch it is!”

Jimin loosened the grip on Yoongi’s leg and fondled his balls with the then free hand. Yoongi couldn't control his sounds again - maybe he didn't care either, he wasn't sure - but he bucked up again to get just something more.

“You wanna do the work, baby? That’s fine, go ahead. Fuck my fist, puppy, make yourself come.”

So Yoongi did, more moans leaving his mouth, louder moans but he couldn't care to be ashamed about it, not when Jimin touched him like that.

Not when Jimin looked at him like that.
His gaze was full of desire, just like the night they met, but when Yoongi quickly glanced down at the other boy’s crotch he saw no sign of anything close to a boner.

“What is it, pup? Doesn’t it feel good when you fuck my fist? *Hm*~ it must feel good in your ass, right? Bet it wouldn’t feel better if I had filled you up with my cum first, don’t you think, Yoongi?”

When Yoongi thought that the pet names - literally - were getting him off when Jimin said them, he had no idea what his *actual name* would feel like. Which was great, Yoongi never wanted to hear a word but his name slip off Jimin’s tongue.

When his breath turned into erratic pants, he thrust up especially hard, his asscheeks slapping against the leather with a sound that made him whimper, but the feeling of the plug being pushed back turned it into a whine, and eventually, together with the feeling of the gloved fist around his cock it was turned into a keen moan.

Jimin watched him attentively, fascinated even, and in the end Yoongi was glad he did, because he thrust up so hard he lost his grip to the chair and almost fell on his ass - if it wasn't for Jimin to grab and hold him steadily, now moving his wrist up and down again.

He laughed in a way Yoongi could only describe as cute and he feared the erotic tension was gone.

“My hand’s not good enough, hm, pup? Wanna fuck my mouth instead?”

The tension wasn't gone. It had enhanced.

Yoongi gaped at Jimin, not believing what the boy had just offered.

“I know you wanna… Don't you?”

Jimin grinned in a devious way - as devious as it gets for a fucking demon - and pushed Yoongi back onto the chair, following him until their lips almost touched.

The incubus really wanted to kiss Yoongi, he really did. But he didn't kiss - he just didn't, ever.

“Come on, pup, yes or no.”

Yoongi nodded, locking eyes, and whining a little when the touch on his cock left him.

“Make me then.”

This was new for Yoongi, because so far Jimin had kept control - and in a way he did too right now - but he was intrigued to get to the action and grabbed a fistful of orange hair, pulling upwards, but Jimin’s gaze never left his.

The demon grinned and hissed at the pain, but didn’t complain when he was pushed down, knees hitting the ground.

His face nuzzled against Yoongi’s hard cock and he breathed against it steadily, locking a grunt out of the other boy.

“Make me, I said.”

What Yoongi realized then, was that Jimin still had control.

Pulled back by his hair, the incubus could steal another glance at the human’s face, that looked down at him, and he opened his mouth in a taunting manner.
It worked, because his mouth was filled almost immediately, the hot flesh thrusting into his even hotter mouth hard.

Yoongi waited, almost bottomed out in Jimin’s mouth, hoping he wouldn't make the boy gag. But he saw a smile on the lips stretched around his cock.

He pulled him back by the hair, emptying the mouth with an audible pop and Jimin grinned.

“That’s what you call fucking?”

He muted Jimin again, now not holding back and thrusting recklessly, hitting the end of a throat every time, and Yoongi thought he was going crazy when the other hummed around his cock.

Jimin’s gag reflex didn't trigger easily in the first place, but he also knew he could stop it completely if he pressed his left thumb inside a fist so it wasn't a problem for his partner to fuck his face, and he hadn't a problem with deepthroating.

Along with the humming, Yoongi knew he wouldn't last long, and his thrusts became harder, forcing Jimin to get a hold onto something, in this case: Yoongi’s skinny thighs that he found so delicate.

The tight grip that let fingernails grind into his flesh edged Yoongi more, and when he looked down, he met Jimin’s gaze again.
The boy looked so fondly at him, fondly and filthy, that he couldn't hold himself back anymore, cumming with a moan that could have been counted as a stream.

Jimin pushed himself back, swallowing what he could - Yoongi drank too much coffee for his taste, but that was the price of tasting a college student - the rest of Yoongi’s cum landed on Jimin’s chin, neck and hands.

Usually the incubus would feel satisfied now, simply because his hunger was stilled.

But he didn't, he still felt restless and empty.
It was weird.

He didn't have the time to bother himself on it though, when shaking hands brought him back to the present. Yoongi was trying to fix the spot in Jimin’s hair he had gripped onto, because thanks to that, Jimin had a beadhead.

It was a cute attempt for such a minor detail, based on the fact that the boy had cum in his face that dripped down onto his neck and also on the floor - if his hand wouldn't catch it.
It was absurdly cute.

Jimin laughed and licked the white fluid of his black gloves, thinking that maybe he didn't get enough to feel full - but that wasn’t it either.

Little did he know it was because of the soulmate bond that was slowly getting damaged through the cover-up, and the denial that went with it.

Little did he know too, that Jin was on the other side of the room, at the front desk, hating Jimin for the moment and contemplating to just repeatedly bang his head against the solid wood so he would either forget the filthy noises from Yoongi and the dirty talk from his little brother, or never have to listen to this again.

Jimin was lucky there weren't any other clients in the shop, or their reputation would have started sinking like the titanic - Yoongi’s noises couldn't be excused as pain anymore, they were just to
“God damnit, Jiminie.”
Jin said, groaning and starting to consider bleaching his brain - not that it would kill him.

**Chapter End Notes**

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna to talk me uwu ♥
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Soo
I was super duper busy the last few days
But at least I don't have exams or tests or presentations scheduled the next few days - so there's that.
As an excuse for the longer waiting time, this chapter is a little bit longer than my usual chapters though!

Thanks for all the love ♥
Have fun reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Let me just clean you up and disinfect myself again.”
Jimin stood up, almost tripped over his chair and made his way to the sink, where he grabbed a few tissues to dry Yoongi’s flaccid but spit-slick dick off.
“Oh, and I think both Jin and I forgot to ask, but if you want to plug your phone into the speaker over there, feel free to do so.”

The sink only had cold water, but it felt refreshing on his heated up skin and it cleaned the nasty, clammy feeling he always got from the gloves.

He heard footsteps on the floor and after that a fast hip hop hit the demon’s ears.

Yoongi had laid down again, on his stomach, his somewhat tired looking eyes following Jimin and how he put a new pair of gloves on.

“It will probably hurt the most now.”
Jimin tried to sound pitiful, but he failed miserably because he was just too excited for it.

Maybe getting so intimate with his soulmate hadn't been a good idea. The incubus already missed the taste of Yoongi’s cock on his tongue and the other hadn't even left yet.

Based on a few former clients, Jimin had known about a certain pull that came with finding the soulmate. Yet, living in the believe of sheer impossibility to even have a soulmate, he had never really tried to understand it.
Even if he would have tried, never would the demon have guessed that being with his soulmate would feel so straight up addicting.

Again, maybe that was only because Yoongi was something - someone - Jimin just couldn't have, leading to him wanting it even more.

Besides the aggressive music, the light buzzing of the tattoo gun was seemingly the only sound since the demon working with it didn't want to talk at the moment, and Yoongi seemed to tired to make noises again.
Usually, Jimin would be chatting with his client, but Yoongi wouldn't answer anyways, and Jimin was quite glad for that, because it was another opportunity to get too close to his soulmate, that was
That is, if they haven't already gotten to close - they definitely have had some kind of closeness going on.

When there were only two letters left to be covered, Yoongi grunted out in pain. Jimin felt a similar sensation on his skin, but the feeling inside of him was the worse part.

Now, so close to the end, he realized where this was exactly going and what he had done.

He realized that this was leading to a farewell. A farewell he didn't want, but Yoongi did.

The demon’s soulmate let out a pained sound again, and Jimin soothed him with the only method he knew would work: Planning to make Yoongi orgasm again.

He told himself that it would be his version of an absolute farewell, and that he would get benefits out of the situation too - more than Yoongi even.

So he slowly let his unoccupied hand wander over the sensitive skin, circling the hickeys that were on display for him, getting shudders out of the human.

“Shhh, don’t look back and relax. We’re almost done.” Jimin cooed and neared his touches Yoongi’s asshole, where the plug was still settled.

The demon couldn’t look at his soulmate’s face right now, not when he felt tears building up in him. Their soulmate bond was most certainly damaged by now, and the emptiness that crept up to Jimin made his heart ache and his mind panic.

The angsty feeling he wanted to get rid of so badly was pushed aside when he concentrated on pleasuring Yoongi again.

He stopped tattooing him for a second when the blond boy let out a small moan, and the human seemed to get his intention and moved into a more comfortable position for his now raging hard on.

Jimin knew that it was a part of his influence as an incubus that enabled Yoongi’s body to react like this even though the pain of the tattoo gun was bad, additionally the pain of his mark being overwritten too.

Yoongi didn’t need to know that, or any of this in particular though.

Whenever Jimin didn’t need his free hand to dab over the skin he had just tattooed, he busied it with applying a slight pressure to the plug, even slowly fucking him with it, and he could remember the night he had spend with Yoongi too well to not hit his prostate with ease.

If Yoongi whimpered in a feeling of uncomfortableness, Jimin would double the pressure and Yoongi’s dick would twitch in anticipation.

The boy kept his eyes shut tightly, and he had no problems to let himself fall into the moment - as surreal and cliche-porn-y as it might have been.

“You think you can come before I am finished?” Jimin asked absently, not even trying too hard to sound seductive or appealing - but it was a birth-given-gift that he couldn’t exactly not sound seductive.

Instead of letting out his sex-appeal, he was sucking in every emotion Yoongi would offer for him too see.

Every part of him should remain inside of Jimin’s memory.

He didn’t see something to feed on in Yoongi anymore. If he thought about it now, he never quite had.

No, Jimin saw something fragile, pretty and perfect in the boy sprawled out in front of him.
Something he wanted to keep for himself, but couldn't.

So he wanted to remember everything he had done to and with Yoongi - every reaction he got out of the boy, every sensation he could see on his face, every sound he could hear. Jimin wanted it all, and he wanted to remember it all.

Because he knew now, that none of this would ever happen again. He knew it before, but he pushed the thought of it back and ignored the harsh fact that had been hovering above them both, ever since Yoongi had stepped into this tattoo shop.

The tears Jimin had felt earlier were now breaking their way out of his eyes slowly but without problems and he hadn't realized it at first, only when the salty fluid strived his upper lip and he tasted it. The demon didn't stop it, although he knew he would feel pathetic for it later - a demon didn't cry.

He was glad Yoongi wasn't looking at him.

But Jimin shouldn't have jinxed it, because - although he kept himself perfectly silent like he had before, restraining every sob that wanted to get out of him now - Yoongi turned his head, after Jimin pushed the plug in especially hard and made the boy scream.

And when Yoongi saw the tears streaming down Jimin’s face, he too realized what he had agreed too, and that it hadn't been a choice for him alone to make. He almost forgot that he shouldn't say anything - almost.

His arousal didn't leave him though - the human didn't know that it was because of the sheer presence of the incubus - and he despised himself for it. His soulmate was crying, that cute looking boy was crying, because of him, but Yoongi couldn't stop thinking about his wish - his need - to come.

But Jimin looked up and met Yoongi’s gaze, and he smiled. He smiled so brightly that Yoongi thought his lips would rip apart every moment. He smiled so sadly that Yoongi thought he would start sobbing every moment too.

“Just let me have this moment, yeah?'' That was all the demon asked for, his fingertips trailing over Yoongi’s soft skin gently, almost affectionate rather than sensual.

And Yoongi understood what the other wanted from him, he actually understood it perfectly.

It wasn't his right to deny Jimin now, or at all. Not anymore. He hadn't considered Jimin when he made his decision, and Jimin hadn't stopped him when he had made it. Jimin hadn't tried, he hadn't complained when his own soulmate had laid on the chair to cover up his mark.

Yoongi was a dumbass, because he hadn't realized - hadn't even thought about it - how much his decision must have hurt Jimin. Well, the evidence to it was on Jimin’s face right now.

So when Jimin asked for this one moment, Yoongi couldn't deny him. Because he actually wanted to give the other many more moments, although unsure if as a way to apologize or to actually spend time with him.
“Thank you.”
Jimin mumbled after he received a nod, the sad smile not leaving his face. The demon broke eye contact, and Yoongi turned his head back to the front, not capable of handling the other's tears, knowing it was his fault.

The incubus stayed silent while pleasuring the human, which was very unusual for him. He was known to get mouthy, to talk his partners to pleasure. But now, he didn't desire to talk to Yoongi - or maybe he just couldn't do it. This wasn't sexual for the demon anymore, it possibly never had been, he was coping. Coping with the fact that he had a soulmate. Coping with the fact that his soulmate didn't want him. Coping with the fact that this would be the last time he would probably see his soulmate.

Jimin had never been good with coping though.

He was so bad at it that, when he made the other come - certainly not good for his leather chair - it didn't feel good for him in any way. Jimin was usually someone to find pleasure in pleasuring others - in whatever way that might be - but right now he felt more empty than before. He felt, as if he should have enjoyed the moment more, cherished it. Although he did, he really did. Sucking up every sight and sensation he could get from Yoongi, and he still felt as if it wasn't enough.

Maybe he shouldn't have let the boy come, trapping him in the moment forever - Jimin was capable of doing that, this was how some incubi too lazy to hunt fed.

Yet he knew it wouldn't have been right, since Yoongi had a life to live - and Jimin had one too.

The last few drops of ink that went onto Yoongi’s skin woke a numbness inside the demon, one he had only felt once in his life and that was when he had left hell and arrived on earth so exhausted and hurt he passed out within seconds.

“I’m done.”
And Jimin was.
He was done with many things, done with everything to be honest with it.

But he was still a professional, at least he told himself that when he exchanged the tattoo gun for a jar of white balsam.
It wasn't as if he had just kind of broke every rule of professionalism with giving Yoongi a handjob earlier, letting Yoongi fuck his face earlier, fucking Yoongi on his work-chair with one of his buttplugs just now.
That reminded him to clean up his chair and Yoongi himself.

All the bitterness building up inside the demon - actually building up a bitter taste of the acid his stomach contained too - was swallowed down. Jimin couldn't need that right now. He could sulk later.
Later, when Yoongi was gone and he had the actual right to sulk about it.

“Let me just wrap it up and you are free to go.”
Free to leave me, was what Jimin really meant while he gently started to apply the white mixture on the new tattoo.

The sentence marking Yoongi as his was gone, and as much as Jimin wanted to scream and cry, he supposed it was fair, since he wasn't marked as Yoongi’s either.
He wasn't marked as Yoongi’s, but as the one of many others. His sleeve had rolled up a little, and the demon caught the glimpse of a black and plain Whore. printed across his wrist. He didn't remember where he got it, but he hated to stare at it whenever he didn't wear long sleeves. This particular mark was as if his mind had manifested onto his skin, so he couldn't ignore it anymore.

It wasn't fair that he was so marked up, yet he couldn't bring himself to get rid of the messages - not even the hurtful ones.

“Can you sit up?” Jimin asked in a voice calmer than he expected it to be. He needed to wrap a protecting foil around the irritated skin, but with Yoongi still lying on the chair he couldn't do it.

The human sat up with wobbly legs, and when the small demon rolled closer in his chair, so he could bring his arm completely around the body in front of him, Yoongi’s upper body decided to quit work for the day.

He fell onto Jimin, face involuntarily nuzzling in the crook of his neck - surprisingly comfortable - and the demon shuddered when the hard panting of Yoongi’s breath hit his skin.

For a second the incubus feared he had accidently drained the other’s energy and fed on it, but that wasn't really possible based on what they had done, and the human was still conscious, so he figured that everything had probably just been really exhausting.

in another way, it had been too for Jimin.

“It’s okay, pup.” Jimin reassured, because his own needs were still on a lower rank than those of others for him - he had always been like this. Also Yoongi was his soulmate and he wanted to be a good soulmate for once.

“You did really well, Yoongi.” Also Jimin might have been a sucker for aftercare, and he felt really worried for the small human.

When he had finished wrapping the foil around, his hand raffled through the blond hair, hopefully calming the human.

“Does it hurt a lot?”

The demon felt a heavy shake on his shoulder, when Yoongi denied gestically. He couldn't stop the smile to creep onto his face when he got that answer.

“Exhausted is all?”

Now the human nodded, huffing, as if in thought. Jimin tensed when skinny arms laid themselves around his body, weakly grabbing the back side of his shirt.

“Was I that good, huh?” Jimin laughed, jokingly, but Yoongi nodded again.

“That had been rhetorical… But thank you. Come one, lay down. Take your time.”

An uncomfortable knot had formed up in the demon's chest while the human clung onto him. He didn't know why, but he wanted it to go away, hence why he pressed Yoogi gently onto the
The other groaned - Jin had mentioned the pain that would come along with sitting, but laying down was something utterly different. Yoongi could swear he heard Jimin chuckle deviously.

“Here, drink up.”
A crystal glass filled with water was put in Yoongi’s hands and he gulped it all down greedily. The water was cold and helped with his dry throat and hot skin.

He was startled when something touched his legs, furthermore that, when he looked, he saw his soulmate trying to put clothes on his bottom.

“I suck at aftercare, I know.”

Yoongi hissed when the material of his briefs made contact with the tattoo.

“Sorry pup.”

Jimin also helped him into his skinny jeans and boots, but made no attempts to get him out of the room.
The human really wondered why.

Maybe Jimin was expecting something in return for his… help.

Yoongi put the empty glass onto the small table next to him, before groping the belt loops of Jimin’s jeans.
The boy almost tripped when he was pulled closer so suddenly.

Shaking fingers fumbled with the metal buttons, and Yoongi had to sit up eventually.

“It’s better if you stop.”

Small hands nudged his away, and when Yoongi looked up he met Jimin’s irritated face, nose scrunched up and eyebrows pulled together.

Yoongi could only nod, thinking something about STDs or even erectile dysfunctions, because he hadn't seen a boner on Jimin.

He didn't know that pleasuring the incubus would push up his own energy like some sort of aphrodisiac and then drain it to the point of fainting or death, once he’d cum - because Jimin fed the way succubi did; on semen.

Jimin was confused, but flattered.

He never received touches. The demon would make sure it didn't happen by dominating - also he loved dominating, so it was a win-win.

Additionally was the drain his lovers felt still enough to put them in a status of exhaustion so high to not give them the idea of returning the favour.

It was better this way.

The demon wasn't sure if he had denied the attempt because he didn't want his soulmate to get harmed, or because he didn't like to be touched.

It had been so long he didn't remember, he could only recollect the relief he had felt when he had found out he could feed without getting touched - whether it was because it meant he wouldn't have to kill people, or because he wouldn't have to be touched, Jimin wasn't sure anymore.
Yoongi’s touched felt like affection to the demon, and it hurt, so he had pushed him away before he could even get started.

And while Jimin was an incubus and could therefore control the physical part of his libido to a certain point, preventing him from popping boners when he didn't want to, the mental part was not under his control.

The mental part was also something that would end up as a problem later, because Jimin couldn't get Yoongi - his soulmate - trying to touch him out of his head. It was clear for him to spend some more time in the shower this evening.

And with that he meant a few more hours, because his stamina was practically bottomless and he wouldn't stop before the fantasy (or memory combined with fantasy in this case) would become boring or go away completely.

But thinking about his masturbation time this evening wasn't really a thing for him to do now - he wasn't alone, he was still working, his fantasy was kind of sitting in front of him and he still had to suck up everything he could get from his soulmate.

“Come on, puppy, think you can walk?”

Asking quite eagerly, Jimin grabbed his soulmate's hands and pulled him up.

Yoongi grunted out in pain, deep pain.

His ass fucking stung!

“Come on now, don't be a baby.”

Jimin got a glare as an answer, but the demon just chuckled and blew Yoongi a raspberry - Jin was already that mature, Jimin guessed it ran in the family - before reaching for a book in his shelf.

“Here. Tattoo care 101. I am sure Jin already chewed your ear off about that, but I know how easily one either forgets things or doesn't listen to his full speech. No need to bring it back. Of course you should always come back if you have a problem or questions.”

The demon hummed in thought and held the book out for Yoongi to grab.

“If you are in any way unsatisfied I recommend you come back too - unless it is about regret, because in that case you should reconsider your valuation of making choices. Please don't sue us for something like that either. If we got you addicted to tattoos, my brother inks wonderfully, and you might get a discount since you are cute.”

Biting his tongue so hard it started bleeding a little, Jimin interrupted his rambling, because had he really just called Yoongi cute?

Had he really just called his soulmate, the guy who didn't wish to built up a bond with him, cute?

Sure, Jimin had called him filthy things and gave him nicknames, but that was a completely different situation and level of conversation. This right now was business, and he couldn't call his clients cute.

“Whatever. I hope you like my work.”

He felt the blush spreading on his cheeks as he smiled brightly, eyes taking a crescent form. That way his soulmate couldn't see that the same bright smile didn't reach the dark orbs.

Yoongi noticed that he really liked Jimin’s smile though.

He liked it and he didn't want to like it.

Jimin wasn't his soulmate anymore. Well, he was, but no one could prove it.

Out of sight - Out of mind
A hand on his back, touching his tattoo - on purpose Yoongi guessed but he couldn't be bitter about it, when he remembered that Jimin had cried just minutes ago - resulting in a hiss, and the human was nudged towards the door.

The empty feeling in Jimin’s stomach got bigger with every step.

Yoongi started to get the same feeling.

“Once you are out if this room, or shop, this whole soulmate thing will be gone for you, I promise.”

It was a promise Jimin didn't want to keep.

Chapter End Notes

PS: The next chapter will be centered around Jin and Yoongi’s Best Bro Forever - Y’all can be excited for this!
My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

TaeJin is finally starting to happen!
Also: puns!

Chapter Notes

I have apparently made a lot of people sad/cry/hurt or all of the above with my last chapter...
I would now apologize, but I think y'all liked the pain - so I won't :D
However, the next few chapters (I remember when this started out as a 1 to 4 chapter idea in my head... well, good ol' times) will be a little more dorky and happy and will hopefully make you laugh and not cry ^^'
Thanks for all the comments and kudos and love and usually I would bake cookies or something as a thank you but this is virtual so I hope you can imagine the cookies I'm sending you! ♥
Anyways - I was rambling again, sorry - have fun!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The little bell Seokjin had insisted on installing rang when the door of the parlor was swung open enthusiastically.
A little too enthusiastically, based on the loud thud that came with said door meeting the wall.
Jin didn’t bother to look up from his magazine, when a look into the schedule told him that there was nothing scheduled.

“A tattooed fish was caught in the Philippines. They've caught him with a hook, so now he’s also pierced!”
Jin greeted his potential customer with a pun that left only himself laughing and slapping the table.
He just heard a snort from the other person in the room.

When Jin looked up he saw a tall, slim boy with lavender hair and tanned skin.
He found him utterly cute, especially when he saw that boxy grin and the sweater paws.
The cute boy walked up to Jin and bend down to him, so their eyes were on the same level, and the dark eyes observed the demon thoroughly. Seokjin would have felt intimidated, if not for his high self-love due to his freshly dyed hair and the fact that he - as an incubus - got checked out more than often.

“I wasn’t sure if you were a beautiful angel or a sexy devil, but now that I'm close I see heaven in your eyes.”
The stranger then said, grin widening, obviously proud of that corny pick-up line.

The demon then started wheezing, because oh the irony.

“Oh…”
He panted, trying to get air into his lungs.
“Oh man. How can I help you?”

“I’m here to get my dudebro. Min Yoongi.”

“Oh, yes. Grumpy Marshmallow should be done soon.”

At least Seokjin hoped he would be. The moaning sounds had stopped - Jin was very thankful for that - a while ago, and he was hoping his little brother wouldn’t need too long now.

“You are already on nickname base with him? Damn, I needed months to not get a death glare from him.”

“Who says I didn’t get one. I’m Jin. And I’m very flattered.”

Both of them grinned, and the stranger planted his butt comfortably on the desk Jin sat at.

“Taehyung. It’s a pleasure, angel-face. Or… Angel-body.”

Before Taehyung - or Jin for that matter - could stop, his thumb ran over Jin’s right collarbone, skin showing because Jin’s big shoulders couldn’t hold the bigger sweater in a workplace-appropriate position.

The lavender haired boy giggled, when Jin blushed deeply and pulled the sweater back up.

Perfectly in time to cover up the new soulmate mark that introduced itself with a burning sensation.

Jin wasn't sure if he wanted to cover this one up.

“Well, Taehyung. Thank you for the compliments.”

The incubi smiled, but it wasn't his usual kind smile.

It wasn't warm or cute of any kind. Jin’s smile was wanting, full of desire.

Simply because Jin had his own personal rules - or quirks- and those kept him from hunting the way his brother did. And when demons didn't feed regularly, they would lose control faster - like a hungry predator.

For some reason, Taehyung had brought him to the edge with his bad pick-up line, the nickname, and finally the touch.

But Jin didn't like being on edge, or overstepping the edge. Actually, Jin didn't like the slight want that was building up inside him, because he knew it weren't his real feelings, but his instincts as a lust demon.

Because, if he would seduce and take Taehyung - or anyone - right now, he wouldn't find fun in it. It would feel wrong to him, he wouldn't even start to feel aroused in the slightest - he never did in those situations.

He was hungry, really hungry, but he wouldn't feed on that cute boy just because he was a cute boy flirting with him.

That was the reason Jin laid his hand on Taehyung’s hipbone and pushed him down from the desk.

“The chairs are very much comfortable, you know.”

He winked - because he couldn't stop winking at people - and ignored the boy’s confused face. It was always ending this way.

People would flirt with Jin, he would act along for the fun and flattery, at one point his instincts
would take over and eventually he would fight his instincts and reject, and stay hungry.

Jin was an incubus constantly starving, because feeding felt unnatural and wrong to him most of the times.

“Are you the friend that considers the cover up a dumb decision and would kill Min Yoongi if he decides to sue us?”

Taehyung nodded, a look on his face similar to a startled puppy, because he didn't think the other would keep talking to him, after he had been so bluntly rejected.

“I hate him a little for doing this.”

Me too, Jin thought, He is hurting my little brother.

“I mean, shouldn't your soulmate be worshipped by you? And with him the mark? Besides, what would his soulmate say if he finds out somehow - It must hurt like hell to be rejected like that! So yes, I think it is a dumb decision.”

“Yet you are here.”
The incubus smiled, curious and friendly.

“I've made dumb decisions too, he didn't leave. That’s how dudebroship works, right?”

“You mean friendship?”

The boy confused him with the words he used, especially since those were all words Jin didn't know, because demons didn't have them in their vocabulary. When he had first entered earth it had almost been as if humans spoke a different language.

“Dudebroship is so much more.”
Taehyung looked dead serious, and maybe Jin felt a little bit intimidated by that so he stopped asking and just nodded along.

“It’s a bummer, you know…”
The human sighed and threw his head back, looking at Seokjin through the fringe of his hair.

Just as Jin wanted to ask what exactly was a bummer, the door of the studio opened and two small figures stepped out.

Something inside the older incubus shattered, when he could clearly see the dried tear traces of his brother, but this was not the environment to ask about it, so he said nothing and just shot him a sympathetic look.

The demons would definitely eat ice cream this night.

“I see you are done, little brother.”
Jin started with a kind smile that vanished completely when he shot a glare at Yoongi.
The small human was way too close to Jimin for the hyung’s taste.
“The small human was way too close to Jimin for the hyung’s taste.
“Now, for the price.”

“It’s free.”
Jimin interrupted, stepping over to his brother and already missing the warmth of Yoongi next to him.
Seokjin sighed but gestured Yoongi to sit down a last time so they could go through tattoo care once more. He saw the human shuffle uncomfortably before he even sat down, and he was glad that he got that reaction out of Yoongi. It was obvious that 3 out of 4 people in the room knew of the bond between Jimin and Yoongi.

Taehyung made it’s way over to Jimin, and bend down a little to whisper into his ear, so the others wouldn’t hear.

“Your brother is cute.”

Jimin only noticed that Taehyung’s hand made accidental contact with his buttcheek when the skin started to burn, but he was way too startled by the comment itself to realize that he had a new mark. *Cute* wasn't usually how people described an incubus, since the natural aura of them made them appear as tempting as possible in a sexual way. And as far as Jimin knew, *cute* and *sexual* weren't words he associated with each other at all.

And while the statement seemed weird to Jimin, he also found it weird that this was the first thing this guy had said to him, and two times weird wasn't as weird anymore.

Weird - or not so weird anymore - was apparently his brother’s type of some sort. While he had noticed the worried glance his brother had shot him, he had also seen the dreamy gaze his brother had shot the weird stranger. Since the younger demon knew that his hyung would help him sulk and not let him get tummy pain from too much ice cream alone, he thought he could do him a favour too.

“My brother is a beast in the sheets.”

The demon facepalmed himself internally after he whispered those words back to the weird boy.

Damn it, he was the worst wingman ever!

But Taehyung laughed, and slapped Jimin’s shoulder as if they were already the best of friends. Jimin didn't mind, he had touchy human friends too and tended to get clingy himself.

“I’m not interested in that… at the moment. And he already turned me down after my bad flirting. But thanks. You suck as a wingman, though, dude.”

Only now did Jimin notice how deep the other’s voice actually was, it sounded nice and if he would hear a voice like that while he was hunting he would have had a victim without actually seeing it. But Jimin was pretty much full, and he also wasn’t as douchey as to steal his brother’s meal, potential friend, date, or whatever this guy was supposed to become.

“My brother normally doesn’t need a wingman.”

“I can imagine that well. Man, I respect you for your job alone - I couldn't do this all day.”

Jimin liked the weird guy/his brother’s meal, potential friend, date, or whatever.

“Trust me, sometimes I hate my job. Or my client’s…”

“Do you hate my friend?”

“I couldn't if I tried.”

And Jimin had tried, he really did after he had seen Yoongi on his chair. He had tried so hard after something inside him had wanted to comfort and care for Yoongi when the human’s decision to reject *him* had taken its negative effects - fuck, had he tried to hate him while he was comforting him. But it didn't work, not even the slightest pinch of hatred had he felt towards his soulmate. Jimin was a demon and hatred was something natural for him. But not hating your soulmate was
something natural too, and for the first time Jimin had actually wanted the demonic side he usually
suppressed to become the dominant part.
But it didn't.
Jimin didn't hate Yoongi, although he wanted to and although he should.
Jimin maybe kind of hated himself a little though, for some unknown reason.

Little did he know it was because he felt as if he wasn't good enough since he couldn't stop Yoongi
to cover his mark up by just existing as a soulmate.

Taehyung next to him hummed, looking a little spaced-out, but since the demons had a friend that
always looked as if he held deep inner monologues about the meaning of life, he didn't worry about
it.
Also the guy was weird and he wouldn't see him again, so what did the demon care?

“Taehyung.”

Maybe Jimin had been a little spaced-out too, or he wouldn't have jumped when Yoongi spoke up,
sharp eyes looking at the two.

Apparently Jin was done with his speech once more, and the demon’s eyes lingered on Jimin and
Taehyung too.

“Let’s go?”
The boxy grin appeared back on his face when he asked, and Yoongi nodded, looking so extremely
tired that Jimin just wanted to wrap him up in a 100 blankets so he could rest.
Again that was a feeling he didn't want to have right now, and it hurt more than it helped.

“Thank you.”
Taehyung bowed to the two brother’s, before laughing and pulling Yoongi out of the shop.
The bell rang again, announcing the end of the day for Jimin and Jin in their role as humans.
They turned around the small sign so that the CLOSED was facing the street, before closing the
blinds.

“Let me help you clean up. Or… I will if you can promise me I won't have the same problem the
hotel has encountered with their sheets!”

“I cleaned all that up already - I didn't want to kill the leather of my chair. Thanks, hyung.”

“That’s what I’m here for, Jiminnie.”

Jin laid his arm around his little brother’s shoulders and squeezed him hard when they went back into
the studio.

Jimin busied himself with cleaning his tattoo gun thoroughly while Jin took care of the ink.
He noticed that the offer he had made to Jimin had been accepted - he would ask about it later.

“Ice cream?”

“Please!”

Both of the brother’s laughed, and went upstairs into their small apartment. Jimin jumped onto the
couch, cuddling a pillow to his chest and looking to his hyung pleading.

“All right, I’ll go to the store. But then you will have to wait until I finished showering too.”
Jin’s brother would have to wait very long then, because when Jin mentioned a shower all the little pieces of Taehyung popped up in his mind, and his incubus instincts woke up too, leaving him with a lump of frustration he would have to get rid of if he didn't want to get a blockage, or backpain or something.

Getting rid of this energy would work through sex with someone else - not an option for Jin - or sex with his hands and toys - more of an option for Jin.

So, if Jin was to shower and get the ice cream, Jimin would wait quite long, and he was sure his brother could sense that too.

“No. I’ll go then. I saw how you drooled over that weird guy. Have fun or something. And clean up.”

Jimin rolled of the couch ungracefully - not that he was a creature of grace anyway - and grabbed his shoes.

“His name was Taehyung and he was very charming and not weird. Okay maybe he was a little weird. Please don't buy exclusively strawberry.”

“No promises.”

Jimin grinned, honest and not fake although he felt as drained as his victims must feel when they finished and wasn't in the mood for smiling.

In the end he did buy other flavours than strawberry, and the cashier lady looked at him pitifully when he paid for the 8 boxes of ice cream.

It was pity Jimin didn't want, because he would pity himself enough later through the night.

When he stumbled up the stairs again, got out of his shoes and put the ice cream onto the coffee table so he could see again, he almost screamed.

Jin was standing inside the room half naked, staring at Jimin with pure terror on his face.

“Jiminie! Look - What am I supposed to do now?!”

The older demon pointed to his collarbones with shaking hands and rubbed over the wet skin a few times.

Jimin had to walk closer to see something, but what he saw was certainly a surprise.

“Damn, the irony.”

Was what the younger incubus chuckled.

“Damn, the green colour.”

He squinted to look closer.

“Damn, this ugly font… or scrawl.”

_I wasn't sure if you were a beautiful angel or a sexy devil, but now that I'm close I see heaven in your eyes._

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

More dudebroship, a gruesome murder, and the continuation of TaeJin.

Chapter Notes

I'm finally done with allll my exams in school, and I had my last day at this hell hole of lessons for this week on tuesday.

Wednesday was spent at an annual sports even I luckily dont have to participate in anymore (I'm creative and the fit part of me is my mind not my body, although I dance) - instead I could chase a class of 8th graders and a class of 10th graders around and from station to station in the burning heat (thanks for the storm that was announced and came NOW, its thursday evening)

I even got a sunburn. Heh. On one half of my chest since I had the strap of my back on the other side. My chest is currently pale and red at the same time. That one time I wear cleavage ends of course like this.

Well, I finally have a place for the work experience over the next two weeks that isnt a supermakrket chain sooo yeah

If I manage to hand the paper in that confirms this I'm good to go and no writer's block will surprise me like "aha, you know that stress and i are dating and he brings me along everytime he visits you - I hope you have snacks I'll stay for a while"

Work experience for two weeks also means I will have more time to write (I have to start at 9am and not asscrack-of-dawn am when school starts, which means I can stay up longer, and since I was destined to be nocturnal I will also write more).

I still hope I will be done with this before the holidays start, since I have a few other fics on my german-fanfiction-archive-account that kind of need work, also I have more bts fics in mind and a novel WIP - and I wanted to put the inspiration I get from the gothic festival I go to in all of this, and not this little piece of trash that was supposed to be 4 chapters maximum anymways but I lashed out since I cant keep myself short (evidence in this note ffs).

Anyways.

Have fun my dudebros

Me Loves your comments and kudos and love ♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi was pulled out of his peaceful slumber by a high screech.

He knew it wasn't Taehyung watching dinosaur movies at night again, because he had confiscated those movies a month ago after his roommate insisted on buying a lizard - naming it Fish for some reason - and since Yoongi didn't want to end next to a crazy cat-lady - just that it weren't lizards and Taehyung wasn't a lady - he brought all the movies out of Taehyung’s reach, for his own good.

Taehyung’s happy-screech sounded different too, and the fact that the older boy could say that with
confidence was worrying him.

The last possibility now, was that Taehyung was being slaughtered, and based on the echo it was in their bathroom. 
*At least it will be easy to clean up,* were Yoongi's thoughts, before grabbing his pillow and stuffing it around his head to muffle the ongoing sound of his noisy roommate.

But he couldn't continue to participate in his second favourite activity - sleep that was - because the boy that was supposed to be chopped into pieces by now barged into Yoongi’s room. He was still screeching, and Yoongi could already feel a headache pondering.

“Hyung! Yoongi-hyung wake up! Looooook!”

Before the blond could tell his roommate to *fuck the fuck off,* someone dared to grab a fistful of his hair and yank him up.
That someone being Taehyung, Yoongi hissed and swatted his hand away after he arrived in a sitting position.

Yoongi was sure he was caught in a nightmare.
“Why are you naked you brat!? I’ll have to bleach my eyes now!”

“I know my dick is kind of spectacular but this is not why I am here! Looooook!”

Taehyung grabbed him again, this time squishing his cheeks together and making him look like an obese fish. His head was turned so he would look at Taehyung’s bottom - damn he did not want to see this region ever again.

“Still your dick. If this is some kind of extension to your elephant joke I will murder you.”

“Not my dick! My hip!”

Yoongi choked on his spit when he looked at his best friend’s hip bone.

“This pink is fucking ugly!”
He barfed out before even reading the sentence, and Taehyung barely understood him because he was still mushing Yoongi’s face together.
“And that joke is even worse - not funny at all!”
Yoongi looked at Taehyung’s face now, and he would have looked worried if he wasn’t so tired.
“We can call the tattoo parlor in the morning. Jimin is really nice.”

“What? Jimin isn't my soulmate!”
Taehyung finally let go of Yoongi’s face, deciding to slump down on his hyung’s bed. He ignored the disgusted look he got, since he was still naked and Yoongi didn't want dick-germs onto his sheets.

“I know he isn't your soulmate, idiot, he is mine.”
Well, that just slipped out.
“But he is nice and understanding and will take good care of you when he covers this - this *brand* up, also it will look pretty afterwards so-”
Yoongi wouldn't stop rambling, and Taehyung eventually placed a flat hand on his roommate’s mouth, silencing him mid sentence.

“Did you even listen to me the last days? I wouldn't cover this up if it confessed the murder of someone!”
Taehyung was appreciating the worry but also doubting their dudebroship. How would Yoongi get
the idea he would do something like this?

“What is your problem then?”
A grumpy expression exchanged the tired one Yoongi had worn before.

“It’s not a problem I’m happy and I want to celebrate!”

“Fuck off Taehyung, I want to sleep.”
Yoongi fell back into his pillows with a huff.
“And get your disgusting ass off my bed too. It’s disgusting.”

“You said disgusting twice in one breath.”
The younger boy mentioned mocking.

“Brat. Get out.”

“We will celebrate later on then, alright. I’ll just go and tell Namseok now.”
The boxy grin appeared on Taehyung’s face when he ruffled his roommate’s hair excited.

“I know they behave like conjoined twins but they are still 2 individuals and they have 2 names and not one.”

“It’s a ship name, duh.”

“Get out!”

Taehyung finally made his way to the exit of Yoongi’s room. The hyung felt relief when the door was closing, but before it could shut completely, Taehyung’s head poked in again.

“Wait, what do you mean Jimin is your soulmate?!”

Yoongi threw his alarm clock after Taehyung, who dodged by closing the door - thank god.

“Okay!”
The happy, but muffled voice of Taehyung reached Yoongi’s ears.
“We will talk later then, sleepy head! Don’t think you are off the hook!”

“Shut up you brat!”

Luckily, Taehyung seemed to get the message this time and didn't answer, so that Yoongi could go back to bed in peace.

The next morning wasn’t as peaceful, at least not for Yoongi.

Thanks to Taehyung’s new skin decoration - he found it better than all his moles, and he was pretty fond of those - the lavender boy had been all too hyper to sleep the rest of the night. He had stayed awake taking proud pictures of his mark and sending it to all random people to brag - he had remembered to put on pants after Hoseok had texted him a disgusted looking emote, and some stranger he had in his contacts send him a dick pic back.

He was very glad this had happened before he had texted his whole family, including his grandma and toddler-aged cousins.

Taehyung couldn't stop grinning, he had actually gotten cramps halfway through the night from it, and neither could he stop staring at his mark - or touching it.
He had contemplated to climb the roof of their dorm and scream out his happiness, but if he wouldn't have fallen down in an accident, Yoongi would have made sure to make an accident happen - so he didn't scream, or screech or squeal.

Okay, maybe he did squeal a little when he celebrated with Fish at one point, dancing through the living room with the tiny lizard in his hands.
Fish had just flicked his forked tongue at him a few times.

Taehyung had then wondered if humans were the only ones with soulmates, and suddenly Fish had looked very lonely, so he had started searching for an ad to buy another lizard. He had decided on some sort of Gecko, because the eyes looked funny and since Fish was pretty small his companion couldn't get too big either.

Around 4am Taehyung - still his hyper self - had went out to get breakfast from the closest bakery, and he had made sure to wear a shirt that was almost too small for him, so that the hem of it would move now and then and show off his tattoo.

When the sun had shown its face, the lavender haired boy decided his roommate had slept long enough, so he started to cook scrambled eggs.

Their smoke detector thought Yoongi had slept enough too.
Also it thought the kitchen was on fire, but with Taehyung’s attempt at cooking - he was as bad as Namjoon was clumsy - the poor device couldn't be blamed.

When a thunder-like sound made its way through the small apartment, Taehyung feared for his life, even if it was just for a second.

Maybe he shouldn't have woken up the dragon from its slumber…

He squealed - definitely not one of his manliest moments - when something big flew through the room, hitting the - still raging - smoke detector on its way through.

It fell off the ceiling with one, last, sad beep and Taehyung felt really sorry for the device, since it was just doing his job and didn't deserve to be murdered so brutally.

The murder weapon turned out to be a basketball, and the murderer: Yoongi.

If the eggs wouldn't have been smoking (and were close to bursting out into flames), Taehyung would have improvised a KDrama, sinking down theatrically, screaming and wailing in anguish.

“Our smoke detector seems broken, you should fix that when you decide to set our kitchen on fire again.”
Yoongi deadpanned this with a dry tone, as he sat down on the counter, just looking at his roommate - or staring.

Telepathy seemed to be working between them, because the blond accepted the steaming cup of coffee without further reaction.

“I had a nightmare. Your dick was in it.”
He mentioned while looking at the eggs, or what they became.

“Not necessarily a nightmare.”

“You really have a joke, next to your other joke?”
Taehyung looked very disapproving at his older friend.

“First of all is it a pun. Second of all am I sure I am bigger than you. You are my hyung but I’m better hung.”

Yoongi just groaned, face colliding with the counter.

If that, right there, didn't prove the success of the soulmate system he didn't know what would…

Yoongi already hated the couple, just as much as their bad jokes. Okay, maybe he just hated their bad jokes.

“So…”
Taehyung chirped, scratching around the eggs with a fork to find edible bits that weren't roasted as bad as Yoongi’s opponents when he participated in rap battles underground.

“Shall I deliver a message to your soulmate? An apology, maybe?”

“I don't have a soulmate, Taehyung.”

Not one that could be proved at least.

“Oh, ok. I’ll just say hi to Jimin and tell him it’s from his not-soulmate.”

“Taehyung.”
Yoongi looked at his best friend warning, he had just woken up - wasn't even done with his first cup of coffee - and the boy was already getting on his nerves. More than usual actually, because that was a very sensitive topic.

But Taehyung didn't care about that, because he wouldn't act like nothing had happened - especially not when his own soulmate was his best friend’s soulmate’s older brother. He told Yoongi exactly that, stubborn but honest.

“Just - not…”
The hyung found himself at a loss for words.

“Not right now. Okay?”

“I won’t just silence this for forever, you know.”
The younger boy looked warning at his hyung.

“You regret it, or what?”

“It’s… complicated.”

“What are we, on facebook?”

“Taehyung.”

“Hyung.”

Both stared at each other, stubborn.

“I have a paper that’s due this afternoon. Cut the crap, brat. Go find love or whatever.”

And with that Yoongi waved off, grabbing his cup of coffee and slowly disappearing back into his room - bad mood all too present.

Taehyung pouted, almost stuck his tongue out at his hyung, but made a face in his direction instead.
“I will!”
He yelled back at his best friend.
“At least I’m not a dick to my soulmate!”

Okay, that was mean - true, but mean - and Taehyung probably shouldn't have said that, based on the door in front of him shutting down with a loud bang.

He felt only a little bit bad though, because it was still true.
Taehyung remembered that Jimin had said he couldn't hate Yoongi no matter what, and that had stuck to the college student, feeling pity towards the tattoo artist.

But he wasn't a part of Yoongi’s drama - at least he tried not to be - and he would find everything he ever dreamt of, now that he and his soulmate had found each other.

Grumpy, dick-behaving roommate or not.

Taehyung had found Jin appealing the moment he saw him, with the pastell coloured hair, big doe-like eyes, plump lips and of course those broad shoulders.
He wanted a piggy back ride on those so bad!
Of course the pun wasn't unappealing to him either, since for Taehyung it meant the other didn't mind making a fool out of himself, which meant they already shared a hobby - or purpose in life in Taehyung’s case, he wasn't known as the alien in their dorm building for nothing.

Although the rejection he had received from Jin after his intentionally corny pick-up line an nickname made the lavender haired boy anxious about confronting his soulmate, he told himself that Jin really didn't have a reason to reject him now. Even if he already had a boyfriend - or girlfriend - they could at least keep it on a platonic level.
Maybe, Taehyung considered, maybe the handsome tattoo artist had been waiting for his soulmate all along, hence the rejection. That wasn't a rare thing in their society, and in all honesty Taehyung had kind of done the same, but probably for different reasons.

No matter what, Taehyung wasn't the personality to back down.

Well, he backed down from swallowing the eggs he had tried cooking and spit them in the skin, but that was so far the only thing and no one could blame him for that!
He really hoped his soulmate could cook - or at least not set the kitchen on fire when trying.

The student checked himself out in the mirror after he put his shoes and jacket on, then left the campus, on his way to the tattoo shop.

He ignored the bad feeling he still had because of the argument with his roommate.
Right now his soulmate was more important and Yoongi and him could never stay mad at each other for a long time anyways. By the time he would come back they would probably apologize to each other in silence and everything would go back to normal again.

Taehyung was glad the shop was already open, but there was no one in the front part of the shop. He could hear the buzzing of a tattoo gun in Jimin’s studio though.
There would be no damage done, if he just popped into the room and asked for the small artist’s brother real quick, right?

He didn't expect to see said brother - his soulmate - on the chair, with Jimin working on the shirtless chest.

They didn't notice him, both too fixated on what they were doing - Taehyung wasn't sure what
exactly that was, but tattooing was not it, that he was like 99% positive about.

“Come on Jiminie, hurry up a little. I need this all gone. No more marks!”

Taehyung’s heart shattered into thousand little pieces when his soulmate’s voice laughed out these words in a warm tune that sounded too nice for the cruel context of it.

He left the shop silently, tears prickling in his eyes and an itch at the mark on his hip that he had already started scratching, prickling blood from it the time he arrived back at the dorm, sobbing heartbrokenly and too powerless all of a sudden to even go back to his own room.

Everything inside Taehyung hurt so much - too much.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry
I can't stop
I feed on your pain and tears.

Also I feel like I used the word "dick" way too often in here. Oops.

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Brother talk + ice cream and the other side of the door

Chapter Notes

Blessed dump, I woke up to so many comments ♥
Thanks so much!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The night Jin had discovered his special soulmate tattoo, he and his brother hadn’t talked about it much more. The two demon’s had just acknowledged that it was there and that the older demon also had a soulmate.
The only indicator for this being the special font, slightly bigger size and not-black colour of the mark, since the tattoos the incubi received were usually all the same writing, colour and size - and boring because of that.

Yet, since Jimin still had dried tear tracks on his face and a tired gaze accompanied the constant frown on his face as he shoved ice cream into his mouth, Jin didn’t mention his own soulmate.

Not that the little brother hadn’t tried asking about it ever since his hyung’s shocked reaction - again, other’s needs were usually put above his own by himself.

Jin had waved it all off, not wanting to hurt his little brother more. He had made sure to wear a shirt that covered the green lines on his skin too, and the two incubi had then settled onto the couch, some old action movie rolling off on the screen in front of them, ice cream boxes on their laps and big spoons in their hands.

As promised, tummy pain from eating too cold and too fast had settled in pretty fast, and both demons complained about it loudly, before cuddling up to each other to give each other some warmth and comfort.

With a pang in his chest, Jimin noticed that he would much rather cuddle with Yoongi right now, leading to cuddling his hyung much more to get rid of the thought.

Halfway through the movie, Seokjin remembered something that he wanted to ask his brother - he had to ask - although he danced around the topic for a while.

“What will you do about that Min Yoongi guy now?”

Jimin tensed up, spoon halfway in his mouth, and Jin could see the small boy looking up at him through his lashes. He then shrugged and turned his eyes back to the tv.

“Dunno. Get over him?”
“Get over him? You used the ink I offered you. You know, the special one. The one from hell. He will come back because of that.”

A curse slipped out of Jimin’s mouth, because he had totally forgotten about that. Jin was too kind to scold him because of cusswords now though, his priorities currently being elsewhere.

“Shit, I - Jin I totally forgot I did that!”

“Maybe he regrets his decision anyways and is glad about it.”

The hyung suggested with a hopeful smile.

“I inked his mark over with a bewitched colour - black magick I remember you - that disappears after a while. This guy has demonic magick on him right now, how am I supposed to explain this to him when his mark is suddenly visible again?”

“Dunno, tell him that that sometimes happens with strong bonds?”

“We don’t have a strong bond!”

Which wasn’t exactly the truth, and neither a lie. Jimin did feel a pull on his part, but he didn't know about Yoongi. Also, no one really knew when a strong bond was rated as such, specifically because soulmate tattoos stayed covered no matter how strong the bond was.

“Well, you shouldn’t tell him you are a demon tempting lust that moved out of hell to run a tattoo shop and live the human life.”

Jin could be a little shit with his sass sometimes.

So could Jimin.

“Are you going to tell that your soulmate?”

The sassy comments lead the conversation back to a serious ground, and Jimin worried when his hyung sighed defeated.

“I don’t know. I mean…”

Jin’s finger traced over the place on his body where the mark was settled.

“It’s not like I could really hide all the marks I already have, or the ones I will continue to get no matter what. But we can’t really tell humans about this. I’m sure it’s against the rules too, but just imagine how your friend at that dance studio would react.”

“He would piss himself, yes.”

The orange haired boy nodded along.

“Maybe it’s good Yoongi cut strings between us. It’s not complicated this way.”

“Yeah, well, I’m sure Taehyung wants to meet me again - he approves of the system.”

“If you guys get together I can't really avoid Yoongi, what?”

Not that he really wanted too, no matter what instinct of his he considered about that.

“Guess not. But first…”

Jin pulled at the hem of his shirt so he could take a peek at his bare chest.

“Are you free tomorrow? I have some things to get rid off. For example the nice You don’t belong here, cockslut next to my real soulmate tattoo. I told you about that halfling that visited a few days ago, right?”
“Didn’t I tell you how I broke his nose?”
Jimin snickered, quite happy and proud of his actions. No one insulted his hyung and got away with it, especially not someone half human, half demon.

“You didn’t. Don’t get into trouble for me though.”

“Please, it was a halfling!”

“Whatever. I appreciate it, but drop something like this next time. Can you cover me up? I mean, the blank way, not the ink way.”

The blank way was a not so common way to get rid of the marks. It involved black magick and a lot of pain. Jimin didn’t like to use it, since covering them up with ink was prettier and he also didn’t like to see his hyung cry. It was pretty much impossible to not cry when the ritual was used on one. But Jin didn’t really like tattoos on his own skin, so that was what they mostly used to get rid of his marks, he always said the pain was a price worth paying. Both had lost count of how often they had actually burned his skin away with the magick, but for Jimin it was always one time too often.

“S-Sure.”
He couldn’t say no to his hyung though. He never could anyways, but now Jin had a reason that Jimin valued as good enough for a cover up. Even he would consider covering his marks up, if - with a capital I - his soulmate would want something from him.

“Thanks, Jiminie. If I can have a soulmate, I want to look as handsome as possible for him.”
Jin beamed at his brother before hugging him tightly.

“We’ll figure out what to do about this whole I’m a demon thing soon enough, Jinnie. Who knows, maybe that Taehyung will be chill with it, he seemed weird enough.”

“The good kind of weird?”

“Yeah…”
Jimin thought about it - or him, rather.
“I like him. He’s special.”

Ever since they had arrived in the human world, Jimin had had the freakiest one night stands at the most ridiculous places. He would feed inside bathroom stalls in the clubs, or outside in the parking lot. Sometimes he couldn’t wait the whole way and fed in the taxi, or bus. Once his lover for the night had almost crashed his car, thanks to Jimin’s sinful mouth and his non-existing-patience. He had made people squirm in hotel rooms - private or not-so private ones like that one time in the jacuzzi - or in their own home.
Jimin didn’t care about time or place, as long as he was hungry and his victim was up for it. At least in the physical meaning, he could always make sure they were up for it, but he knew the places he had to go so they would be up for it in the mental way too.
He was an incubus that enjoyed the human life in the most free, kinky and fun-having way, always without any strings attached. Jimin knew what his type was and how to get it, and he made sure that would happen.

Jin, on the other side, seemed like the complete opposite. When, at first, he had accompanied his brother in his endless club visits, the older incubus had never found liking in the people there. It was, as if he hadn’t a type. There was never a person he had looked at with the decision that he needed to
have this particular person and no one else. For him, everyone seemed the same and that was not fitting for him.
Still, Jin had went home with someone now and then - someone that had either hit on him very persistent or been chosen by his brother for him. But he never really liked it. It always seemed like a messy and bothersome act that he had to do, but didn't want to.
It was no fun for him.
Only then had Jin started dating people.
Yet, it wasn't as nice as it sounded. Most people were still blinded by his aura as an incubus, so they just went on dates with him to get into his pants, rather than his heart.
The other part of his dates - those that weren't blinded so much - would dump him after sex too. The drain he had on the people he fed was too big, since Jin got too touchy when he liked his lovers and didn't have the type of control Jimin had over himself, and neither was he the person to dominate.
However, Jin had discovered that his type seemed to be people I fell in love with, because while he never had sexual fantasies or thoughts about people he just saw in the street or hooked up with, he had them about people he grew fond of through the dates.
Yet, after he broke a lot of hearts and got his heart broken as well, he stopped dating too and decided to stay hungry.
Maybe that had happened too, because Jimin never liked his dates (at least not the ones that were there to get into his pants only) or the fact that the two brothers would end up with too much food and a lot of ice cream on the couch with a sad romantic movie running.
So, Jimin saying he liked a guy was a rare thing.

“You do?”
Jin was just reassuring himself on this, because this kind of approval hadn't happen in an eternity (don't mind that they had been on earth for about half a year).

“Yeah. He’s weird, but he fits. And he said he wasn't really interested in you the way people are usually. So. I like him. Go for it.”
Smiling at his hyung, Jimin patted his thigh while explaining.
He was honest this time, no reason to sugar coat it this time, because he really did like Taehyung from what he could tell.
“I will cover you up as soon as the sun is up again, alright?”

Jin had nodded at that, and this led to the situation he was in right now.
In Jimin’s studio, on the black leather chair (he had to disinfect it three times before believing that it was really clean from yesterday’s incidents), without a shirt and suffering.

This time, he was getting rid of every mark he had - even the funny or nice ones he liked.
His skin was being burned away with dark magick, and it hurt more than actual burning would. Jin knew he would be sore from this when he woke up the next day, but he didn’t care.
There were tears streaming down his face, but he couldn't stop smiling or laughing, when his brother tried to initiate a conversation, and Jin answered in sounds that expressed his pain rather than what he would say.

They were already done with his lower body - Jin was glad he had his pants back on - and his arms, and Jimin was currently working on his chest, before he would care for his brother’s back that always had the most marks.

They had laughed about the one or other mark when it vanished from his skin with a nasty sensation that left Jin with the urge to struggle.
The non-earthly method they used to get rid of the soulmate tattoos was by far more painful than the
expensive cosmetical removal that cut ties between soulmates completely (covering them up with a
tattoo just scratched at the ties and swooped them under the carpet), but it was quicker and didn't
leave scars at all, and since Jin and Jimin had access to it without problems, they decided to choose
the pain instead of an empty wallet.

“Do you want a break?”
Jimin asked carefully, handing his brother another tissue for his tears. Seokjin shook his head weak
and exhausted but with a laugh.

Neither of them noticed how the studio door stood slightly ajar.

“Come on Jiminie, hurry up a little. I need this all gone. No more marks!”

What they did notice was the gasp that came from the door, more specific, from the lavender mop of
hair that they saw when they looked towards it.
The studio door shut itself, and they heard the bell of the door ring, along with the thud of the
entrance door hitting the wall.

Jin gaped at the door, trying to comprehend what had happened. It wasn't possible that Taehyung
had seen that they were practicing black magick - or well, he wouldn't understand that they had been
practicing it, although he might have seen that the thing in Jimin’s hands wasn't a tattoo gun.

Jin replayed his last words in his head, trying to get what had upset his soulmate. Realization hit him,
and it hurt more than the procedure he had been under the last few hours.

“Shit.”

Seokjin had never cursed in front of others. Not unless he was desperate and helpless, as the current
misunderstanding proved.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Best dudebro/hyung in the world mode activated.

Chapter Notes

Okay so maybe i was super busy last week due to work (fuck school, I have to go 2 weeks as an intern and I'm working from 9 to 6 and I'm always super tired afterwards so I don't really write)

And maybe this chapter had been finished since before I became an intern

Maybe I thought I had it updated until now

whoops

sorry

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It didn't take long for Yoongi to transform from pissed off roommate mode into his super rare best dudebro slash hyung in the world mode.

Not after he had found Taehyung on the floor in their living room, sobbing and hugging the broken smoke detector as if they understood each other in a way no one else could.

Honestly, Yoongi would have found it amusing and typically-Taehyung, if it wasn't for the sobbing.

Forgotten was his still unfinished paper, and forgotten was the small argument they had in the morning.

They ended up on the couch, Taehyung clutching onto his best friend, half on his lap and damping the other's shirt with his tears and ugly sobs.

Yoongi hated that he sucked at comforting, because he hated to see Taehyung like this.

“What happened, Taehyungie?”

He asked carefully, and tried to sound calm, but the light trembling in his voice that came from his nervousness couldn't be stopped.

Yoongi never used this nickname, unless it was serious.

Not getting an answer right away, he waited patiently for one, while his best friend kept sobbing more and louder, his shoulders shaking so hard that Yoongi just had to grip them to calm his mind - or his eyes, really, he didn't want to admit it but he would start crying too if Taehyung didn't stop soon.

“He-”
Another loud wail caught the boy mid sentence, and he tightened the death grip he had onto his roommate’s shirt.
“He doesn't want me! He was covering it up when I got there!”

Looking down at the sad puddle on his lap, Yoongi felt wrath building up in him. Wrath he had to make air.
“That bastard!”

“Hypocrite.”
Taehyung couldn't lose his fast mouth, even when he was hurting so much. The wide grin he shot up at Yoongi in mock looked too broken for Yoongi to laugh with it.

He hated that, in the blink of an eye he imagined Jimin in Taehyung’s position, Jin in his, with the orange haired boy crying just as heartbroken as the lavender haired one right now.

“Still a bastard to me.”
Yoongi muttered and his hand wandered into the pastell mob of hair, curling his fingers in the strands and gliding over the skull.

“M-Maybe he already has someone. I-”

“Even if he does, you are his soulmate.”

“You aren't making me feel better with this.”

“Shit, sorry.”
Yoongi really sucked at comforting people. Period.

Based on this, the older boy decided to just shut his mouth and wait for Taehyung to cry it all out on him. He hugged him reassuringly when the shaking got especially heavy, and his hand did not once stop its movements on Taehyung’s head.

And Taehyung was thankful for it, couldn't wish for a better friend.

“It’s my fault anyways… He already rejected me yesterday.”
Taehyung shuddered when he remembered and told Yoongi that.
“I shouldn't have put my hopes up too high. I just thought that maybe… maybe he had done that because he had been waiting for me, you know?”

“Taehyungie…”
Yoongi hugged tighter, if that was even possible without choking his best friend to death.
“Listen closely okay? None, I repeat none, of this is your fault. That guy is a big, douchy dick for rejecting you, for hurting you like that. And before you come with your hypocrite again, I am a big douchy dick too, and I know that, and yes you have every right to be pissed at me for that. But this guy is a dick. He is the one who decided to do that - he is just as selfish as I am. He is the one hurting you, none of it is your fault.”

“Well, to be honest you are hurting me too right now I can't breathe.”

It wasn't possible to hug Taehyung tighter without choking him to death.

“He is a big douchy dick. Say that after me.”
Yoongi had put on his hyung voice and looked at Taehyung sternly.
“I can't.”
With a resignation sigh, Taehyung slumped down on Yoongi.

“What do you mean you can't? Six words. Come one!”

“No, Yoongi I can't! I can't!”
The crying boy shook his head frantically, tears coming up stronger again.
“I understand what Jimin meant when he said he can't hate you! Because - Because I can't hate Jin even if I try! I can't hate him, and I can't call him that.”

Yoongi tensed at the name of his own soulmate, and the meaning behind Taehyung’s words.

“Taehyung, this is totally about you and not me, but… What do you mean you understand Jimin?”
Yoongi asked cautiously, wiping the fringe on Taehyung’s forehead up when the boy looked up to him, a shy smile on his face.

Even right now, it made Taehyung happy in a weird way to hear this question. It made him happy to hear that Yoongi cared about his soulmate after all.
Maybe it was, because Yoongi was his best friend - his dudebro for Fish’s sake.
A friend he wanted to be happy, and Taehyung knew that soulmate’s were the key to happiness.
Maybe it was, because if Yoongi had a heart for his soulmate, Jin had one too.

“I complimented him for his courage to do what he does every day, and he said he hated it and his customers and then he added that he couldn't hate you. I thought it was weird, since, you know you can be an ass and make it easy to dislike you but now I know he's your soulmate and it makes sense and now I know what he meant because I feel the same. At least I think I do. I cannot hate Jin. But I - I think I'm starting to hate myself instead. I feel like I wasn't good enough for him. Like I said, it’s my fault…”
He took a deep breath and let his eyes wander around the room, scared of his hyung’s gaze.
“It is my fault that I got myself so hyped up - I screamed to be crushed down into the pavement based on the high clouds I was flying by… It’s my fault that I made him get this cover up in the first place, because I wasn't good enough. It’s my fault that I didn't try to change it… hell… I ran away, I still am. It’s all my fault and maybe that is why I can't hate Jin.”

“Well, you can't, but I sure can. And I am. Because he planted that dumb thought in your brain that is growing over all the other happy bullshit you have in that dead thing up here.”
He knocked at Taehyung’s forehead.
“None of it is your fault, Taehyungie. It’s all his fault.”

“Don't blame him for my naivety.”

“This is the soulmate system we are talking about! There are no errors - you are supposed to be naive because there is nothing to be afraid of! You are crying and it is his fault alone - of course I’m blaming him!”

“Just- don’t… I’m tired.”
Taehyung was still crying a little, but it was almost completely silent now, and the boy snuggled closer to his hyung. He laid his head onto Yoongi’s shoulder and closed his eyes. He was tired, but he wasn't sure of what exactly.

“You didn't sleep all night, huh?”
“was too excited.”
Excited for disappointment, Taehyung thought bitterly, but he kept it to himself.
“Okay. You sleep now. What do you wanna do when you wake up?” Yoongi sucked at comforting people, but nothing kept him from trying.

“Whatever I want?”

“Yeah.”

It wasn’t a good idea to agree to *Whatever Taehyung wanted* beforehand, but Yoongi really wanted his roommate to cheer up.

“Remember that Christmas present we made Hoseok?”

It was a terrible idea to agree to *Whatever Taehyung wanted*, especially when *whatever* involved the prank present for their scaredy cat of a friend.

“Didn’t we like, give him a book on how to summon demons and shit?” Yoongi really hated where this was going. Taehyung was totally superstitious, and Yoongi kind of wasn’t, but he didn’t need to tempt shit.

“I wanna summon a demon tonight, Yoongi.”

“I hate you.”

“You agreed to it.”

“You are manipulating me.”

“I’m taking my chances. And I still feel like shit. I want distraction.”

“Summoning the evil forces of hell doesn’t sound like a conventional method of distraction.”

“Good thing we aren’t conventional then.”

“Fuck you.”

“I’ll go sleep now. Look for some ritual that doesn’t involve dead things. And move the couch, I think we need space. When I wake up you better be ready.”

“You better still feel like shit when you wake up.”

“Thanks hyung.”

“Everything for you, Taehyungie.”

Even if *Everything* was *Whatever Taehyung wanted* was *Summoning demons*.

Chapter End Notes

*My Twitter* and *My CuriosCat* if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
When Hoseok had shown up at their doorstep, he had almost thrown the book in Yoongi’s face and left, because the dancer hated to even touch the *manifestation of evil*, as he called it.

But he had seen how tired Yoongi had looked, and instead decided to ask him about it.

Now, with Taehyung sleeping - in Yoongi’s bed, since he had invested in a much more comfortable mattress; sleep being his second favourite activity and all - Yoongi could think about everything. Maybe that hadn’t exactly started out as overthinking, but it sure ended like it. Ever since the cover up he couldn’t stop thinking about Jimin. Little things reminded him of the small boy, like moments ago on the couch when Taehyung had only mentioned him.

Yoongi’s guilt rooted deep, he knew that he was a big, douchy dick and he told Hoseok just that.

Hoseok agreed, but hugged him nonetheless. Also he slapped Yoongi’s back, earned a hiss because he had slapped the tattoo right on, and then gushed at the colorful flowers on his friend’s skin. That wasn’t really something Yoongi could hold a grudge against, because he himself couldn’t stop...
admiring his backside either.

After Yoongi informed him about Taehyung’s situation, Hoseok had even agreed to look for a summoning in the book together, because Yoongi was inconsiderate and reckless and would get them killed - Hoseok’s opinion, but he was probably right.

Neither of the boys wanted to remember where exactly they got this book from, and how many animals had actually ended up dead because of this, since a black cat’s bone was an ingredient as common as salt in the kitchen – and that was one of the less nasty ones.

“Why does Tae Tae even want to do that? He should be sobbing on the sofa with like a hundred boxes of ice cream and not contact hell!” Hoseok complained, because he could imagine about 100 better things to do right now, and Yoongi had to shush him so he wouldn’t wake Taehyung with his volume, even if it was hopeless to do that. Taehyung was a heavy sleeper in general, and Hoseok wouldn't keep his volume down.

The raven haired boy was right though, coping with a breakup - or whatever you would like to name the current situation - didn't involve demons and summoning dark forces and hell. Voodoo? Maybe. Black Magick rituals just for fun? Not so much.

Yoongi didn't know why Taehyung wanted to do that either, and he didn't dare to ask. It was him to agree to whatever in the first place, so he was in no place to complain.

At least not officially, and Hoseok was very unofficial.

“He’s manipulating me. He's been wanting to do that ever since we got you that book - of course I said no. And when I said we’d do everything he wanted… I guess his brain made a quick turn from ice cream to demons, because otherwise I’d never agree to this. Also it’s Taehyung. He’s crazy.”

“Good kind of crazy.” Hoseok reminded him.

“Of course.” Yoongi agreed.

There were too many people picking on Taehyung or talking about him nasty behind his back because he was lightheaded, dumb or bat-shit crazy - the bad kind of crazy. None of it was true.

They almost ripped the yellowed page out of the book when they turned it and the musician looked over it briefly - no spots of blood or any other suspicious substance on the page.

“This one seems manageable and not I’m a white girl in a horror movie-dumb, right?”

“This whole book screams I’m a white girl in a horror movie-dumb.”

The dancer deadpanned, clicking his tongue before looking over the page.

“No dead things, or body fluids involved. And you aren't summoning something to kill or get a deal or anything. The demon could-”

“There is no demon. This won't work.”

Hoseok raised his voice to make sure he wouldn't be interrupted by a grumpy white girl in a horror movie - aka Yoongi - again.

“The demon could still murder you without problems, but…I guess he could also chill with you? I mean. This seems the most idiot-proved. Go for it. I’m out of this though.” Raising his hands in defense, the dancer made his way to the door.
“I want Jay-Z to play at my funeral.”
Yoongi stated quickly, because if he got killed by a demon his funeral better be the bomb.

“I want your equipment when you die.”

Hoseok looked dead serious, and Yoongi was a little offended by the heartless demand, but thought about it.

“If you promise me Namjoon won't touch it, you can have it. Otherwise I’ll haunt your ass.”

Yoongi would still haunt Hoseok’s ass, just for the fun of it.

“Joonie would break it. I agree. I won't sacrifice myself to take care of that dinosaur you have.”

Hoseok meant the lizard. Hoseok was scared of the lizard.

“The demon will take care of Fish.”

After that decision was made, the dancer decided he could leave - not without one last big hug though.

“I can't wait to go on couple dates with you guys!”

Yoongi wanted to yell at Hoseok, but the raven haired sunshine was already out of the door with a loud giggle.

There wouldn't be couple dates. At least not those where Yoongi took part of.
After all, he had no soulmate.

Jimin was just… just…

“Fuck.”

Yoongi cursed, because again he couldn't get the other out of his head.

He looked at the kitchen and imagined Jimin sitting on the counter with a steaming mug in his tiny hands, orange hair standing up untamed and messy, his small body drowning inside one of Yoongi’s big shirts and nothing else.

He looked at the TV and saw himself on top of Jimin’s lap - or the other way around - cuddling comfortably with some beer, popcorn and some uninteresting movie that neither of them really paid attention too.

He laid in his bed and wished for Jimin to fill the empty space next to him - Yoongi wished for warmth.
Sometimes he would see Jimin in a cute pajamas, silly colours biting with the orange of his hair.
Other times Jimin would wear nothing but a satisfied smile, both desire and affection in his eyes and a sparkling film of sweat on his milky, fully exposed skin.

Yoongi hated especially that, since his bed was his fort, a place where he could escape everything for a while.

But he couldn't escape Jimin.

It wasn't the worst of all things, though.

The worst of all, was his music.

When escaping and shutting off through his bed wouldn't work - fuck insomnia - it was music that
did the job.  
With the two big headphone speakers on his ears Yoongi would feel invincible.
He could be alone in a room full of people once he concentrated on the beat of lyrics or whatever he would be making.

Not anymore.

Whenever Yoongi put on his headphones now, different sounds blasting onto his ears, he’d see Jimin with the same headphones, attentively listening to what Yoongi had produced, a bright smile forming his eyes into crescents, and Jimin would look at him full of proud and praise.

Yoongi never shared the music when he wasn't ready to perform, yet he had the longing to hear Jimin’s thoughts from now on, everytime he would get stuck on something.

Jimin,  
Jimin.  
Jimin.  
Jimin.

Yoongi hated it.
He felt dependant, and if that wasn't bad enough, Yoongi felt as if he was depending on something he didn't want.

He lived his life for his one and only love, music, and often he would sacrifice his time for his second lover, sleep.

Yoongi didn't have the time and energy to prioritize a third lover, especially not if this lover was a person, because that drained too much energy and Yoongi didn't even like persons.

But none of it mattered.

Jimin was already interrupting and accompanying his other lovers and there was no way Yoongi could shut him out, no matter how hard he would try - not that that kept him from doing exactly that; Min Yoongi was one stubborn little human.

He was stubborn and swore to himself to ask the demon to end either his or Jimin’s life when his brain would somehow manage to associate Jimin with a summoning ritual.

Coming back to the whole ritual topic, Yoongi hadn't doubted the realness and success of it in the last 2 hours.

This obviously meant he was spiraling downwards into the same insanity Taehyung lived in, but since Taehyung was happy through and through (the exception from today only strengthened the rule) Yoongi didn't worry too much about it - it possibly wouldn't even be that bad.

Maybe he wasn't getting more and more insane.
It could simply be his signature I don't give a shit attitude becoming more prominent due to the current circumstances (Jimin. The circumstances were Jimin).

Back to Jimin, apparently.
Again.

Yoongi just groaned and drew black lines on the living room floor - poor landlord, whoever that may be - like it was instructed in the book. He needed the distraction or something to do in general, otherwise there would be more victims than just the smoke detector.
Now he would just need to light the candles - speaking of smoke detector, in case their apartment would start to burn they would possibly be doomed - and place an offering.

The problem with that was, that Yoongi associated something like a dead lamb with the word *offering* when put in this context, and since he didn't have a dead lamb *and* wouldn't get one either, the blond boy decided that Taehyung could deal with that, once he woke up. Otherwise they would sacrifice Fish, Simple.

Turns out Yoongi should have not let Taehyung deal with it.

The lavender haired boy had crawled out of his (read: Yoongi’s) bed at around midnight, eyes red and puffy, but a smile on his face as soon as he saw the whole setup. He was possibly the only non-occult human being to be grinning over some weird drawn circle of black magick and candles around it.

When Yoongi had told Taehyung about the missing offering, the younger didn't need to spend a second on thinking about it, running into the kitchen and grabbing a bag of seaweed snacks - the flavour both students had bought but noticed to dislike.

So, while Taehyung had placed the *offering*, lit the candles and recited the spell from the book, Yoongi was convinced they would soon be killed by one offended demon - that favour was truly shit - if the summoning was back.

The if in this was getting bigger and bigger every second, which meant that Yoongi was apparently not becoming insane *and* giving a shit.

With the big *if* above his head, annoyance made its way to Yoongi, darkening his mood, and he was on his way to quit all this and blow out the candles - that wax wouldn't get off the floor without resistance, so he had something highly fun to look forward to this night.

What Yoongi - and Taehyung - didn't expect was how the candle’s flames vanished without either of them doing anything, along with the wax melting down into big, gooey puddles in the brink of an eye.

What they didn't expect was to be blown away by a strong wind, although all the windows were closed and monsoon season was still far away.

What they didn't expect was a dark creature to appear in the middle of the circle, plastic bag of snacks clutched to a muscular chest by even more muscular arms.

What they would have never expected were strong, black feathered wings to knock off the vase and flowers from the coffee table.

“I-It worked?”
Taehyung couldn't really believe any of this had happened within seconds after he had finished the spell.

A head flew upwards and red eyes burned itself into Taehyung’s skull, making the boy gulp. Obviously Taehyung hadn't thought this through at all.

As crazy and scary this whole… creature seemed to Yoongi, he couldn’t ignore the slight pout, doe-like eyes - mind the colour - and the seemingly innocent, child-like face.

Whatever they had summoned was really cute.
Not as cute as Jimin, something inside of Yoongi yelled immediately.

“Fuck.”
Was all Yoongi said to that.
How did his brain manage to bring Jimin up in every possible situation - even now?
There was a fucking demon in front of them and he could only think of Jimin’s dark eyes, the small nose and big, kissable lips, the slightly chubby cheeks and the sharp jawline that looked like someone could cut himself on it, and - fuck - his laugh and giggles…

Demon!

A fucking demon!

God damnit Yoongi!

He shook his head.

“Don't use that name while I’m here, I really hate it.”
That demon had one smoothly dangerous voice.
And a bunny smile - don't mind the sharp, predatory teeth.

Yoongi blurted out another fuck, Taehyung squeaked cute.

The demon’s face scrunched up, and a golden ring appeared at the outer part of his iris.

They were so screwed, instinctively taking a step back, although doubting that it would get them to anything.

Wings rustled and sent off another strong, aggressive wind.
Yoongi wasn't sure if the shiver running down his spine came from the coldness of the breeze or his fear.

So screwed. Both of them.
Screwed!

“Man I was hungry. Thanks for the food, I love this spicy flavour!”

Or… were they?

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ❤️
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Platonic Taekook happens while Yoongi is a grumpy marshmallow-hyung and Kookie ditches his other 2 friends

Chapter Notes

Ahh this chapter was both fun and a pain in the ass
Still only like 90% satisfied but I give up - I'm gonna get the last 10% when I finish the whole fic and edit.
(Spoiler: i probably won't)
I'm also finished with 3 of the 4 parts of my intern-report. What I'm missing the the part that is the longest and makes 50% of the grade (hah, eeeeeaaasy)
Also I just remembered that we do a "news report" every week in politics and technically it would be my turn but I was an intern for the last 2 weeks, wasn't present in the lesson before, also this is the last lesson before holiday starts and I would have to do the whole thing with the stuff that happened not in one but 3 weeks (including the G20 Gipfel) AND I AM WAY TOO FUCKING TIRED FOR THIS AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I WAS SUPPOSED TO DO THIS AHHH (yes I tend to overthink stuff, but I am too tired and ready to accept an F if "I totally forgot about this because work" doesn't count as a valuable excuse.
Anyways.
This chapter.
Fun.
I laughed a little while writing.
Thx for all the sweet comments ♥
Hope you have fun while reading!
(also I am trying to get back into my "update every second day" schedule and since it is the last week before holiday I will have more time to write - not that I wasn't already writing more than I should during lessons)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“"You guys look sad. What’s wrong? Did you want to call someone else? Or was it the ugly vase?"”

Both humans gaped at the demon.

Did the thing… boy… whatever it was, just offer a shoulder to cry on?

“"Seriously, is something behind me? Did you call someone else too?"”

The red eyed creature turned around in question, and its wings followed the motion, promptly hitting Yoongi and swooping him off his feet.
After a cute *huh?* the demon turned back, and looked at the human on the ground.
“Oh.”
It made.
“I’d apologize now, since it is human etiquette but I don't feel sorry which tells me you deserved that.”
Folding the black feathers together behind its back, the demon opened the bag and grabbed a handful out of it, stuffing the seaweed in its mouth with a small smile.

“Uh…”
Taehyung glanced at his friend, who was getting back onto his feet with an annoyed huff, that meant Yoongi wasn't hurt. His pride was, but the rest of him not.
“What’s your name… dude? Can I call you dude or are you like, a girl, or neither?”
A way too adorable bunny smile of appreciation was sent to Taehyung and the creature swallowed the snack, adam’s apple bobbing.

“Dude. And call me Kookie. I can’t tell you my full name, you know.”
Taehyung smiled back, because the name and the smile was way too not-threatening to be scared of the demon.

“I… don’t know, actually.”
The lavender haired boy shrugged.
“Anyways, I’m Taehyungie and the guy that fell for you is Yoongi.”
The wings spasmed for a brief moment, as if ready to attack, and Taehyung ducked a little.
He wasn't exactly scared, but he had learned from that one time in the zoo when he went to cuddle with the goats and although they seemed all friendly one had kicked him in the nuts real hard after he had ignored the warning signs. Yoongi had called him a child, and yes, both boys knew each other since the age of kindergarten, but that particular event took place 2 weeks ago.
Long story short, Taehyung had understood that it was important to look for little signs of displeasure when it came to… creatures.

“Demons don't tell their full names, unless they want to give the human full control over them. It can get dangerous, and since the book you have there is pretty… grand, I’m not risking it.”
It sounded as if the demon had a lot of the respect or fear for the contents of the book, and therefore also for its owner.
A ridiculous thing, in the two humans’ minds, since they were just broke, currently mopey, normal college students and had basically no idea to what they were doing here.

Taehyung snickered.
He really wasn’t scared anymore and never had problems talking to people and the demon was kind of a people.
The human pointed to the couch and Kookie swung himself over it, cuddling himself into the cushions and keeping on with his snacking, lips already swollen and turning red from the spice. Taehyung followed, and Yoongi did too, but only because he was pulled along.

“Thanks. I couldn't get out of that circle unless you would invite me in. Why did you summon me, if I may ask?”
Yoongi scoffed, mumbling something about *vampires* before slumping down on the opposite side of the demon.

“I’m sad. Yoongi said we would do whatever I wanted, so we did that. You speak so formally but you don’t use honorifics, that’s weird you know?”

Giggling, Taehyung hit Kookie’s side playfully.

Hitting a demon activated its automatic defense system, and the boy earned a mouthful or spread wings that pushed him in the square jaw.

Kookie apologized, along with a *hyung*.

The humans didn’t need to know that he was almost 2 centuries old and he was used to be seen as the young one anyway.

“Why are you sad?”

“Are you really interested in that or are you looking for something to use against us?”

Yoongi eyed the creature suspiciously as he hissed the accusation. Yes, Kookie looked actually interested and all, but Yoongi was having none of that.

Taehyung gasped and shot him a sharp look.

“I don’t wish to do evil. And not towards humans. It is only polite to care for him. You, on the other side, aren’t polite. You summoned me, yet you treat me like an unwelcome guest, an enemy.”

Yoongi swallowed hard and looked down onto his hands folded in his lap.

Kookie wasn’t exactly wrong, but Kookie was also a demon with red eyes and teeth so sharp he could basically rip throats out.

“Yoongi is just grumpy and angry at himself, don’t take his comments serious, he’ll warm up.”

Taehyung beamed for a moment, but frowned quickly before speaking up again.

“I’m sad because my soulmate doesn’t want me.”

A snort came from the demon.

A glare came from Yoongi after that, because that was exactly what he had meant, and Taehyung had suffered enough. Demon or not, Yoongi was ready to kick his ass.

“Oh no! Not like that!”

Kookie shook his head, wings fluttering behind him and he shot an apologetic look towards the boys.

“It’s just that before I answered you, I was with my two friends here on earth, and one of them is sad because of the same thing. I just thought it was ironic.”

“Tell your friend I’m sorry.”

Taehyung smiled and pulled his legs to his chest, looking at his new friend with big curiosity.

“Does that mean there are demons on earth?”

The thought of that was creeping Taehyung out a little bit, because surely not every demon was as nice as Kookie - again, there were many spells for killing people in this book.

“Some. Not permanently. My two friends, they live here but they are also the first to leave since… maybe forever. But a lot of us have to go here to do their job, like making deals and fulfilling their part of it. I think the only ones that never have to leave are alps, maras, succubi, incubi and my kind. It is likely you have seen a demon before.”
Yoongi shuddered. He was pretty convinced one of his professors was at least a witch, if not a
demon.

“What are you doing here, then?”
Yoongi’s eyebrows furrowed, as he asked, still not trusting the demon.

The demon’s face scrunched up, red eyes looking at the small human in confusion.
“You summoned me here.”
Kookie then deadpanned, totally not understanding the question.

“You just said that your kind does not need to leave, hell I guess.”

“Oh. Yeah, well, as I said… I was with my friends and they are here on earth. I might not need to
leave hell, but I still do it sometimes. It doesn't really feel like home to me yet.”
He frowned.
“I was with my friends and because I was already on earth your call was a lot louder. And you have
my favourite snack. I couldn't let another demon have it. I've never answered a call that wasn't
specifically for me before, so I guess you're special.”

Yoongi nodded, that seemed believable.

“If I wanna hang out with you, how do I specifically call you?”

Yoongi couldn’t believe he saw the demon blush!

“Y-You want to hang out with me?”
Kookie was stuttering, more and more blush creeping up his face and it looked as if the red was
drawn from his eyes, as the golden ring in his iris enlarged.

Gold looked better on the demon, was what both humans concluded for themselves.

“Well, duh.”
Taehyung grinned.
“We’re friends now, of course I want to hang out with you again Kookie!”

Rolling his eyes, Yoongi scolded Taehyung’s easy way around people, although he envied it a little
bit as well.

The poor kid - as something else he couldn't describe Kookie anymore - didn't understand the
obvious things Taehyung was saying.

“We’re friends? I've never made friends, let alone humans. That’s nice of you, hyung.”

For some reason, Yoongi sympathized with Kookie at that. He suddenly trusted the demon a little bit
more, he could surely tolerate him now.

“Dude, you have big fluffy wings and cool eyes and the cutest face ever! How can you not have
friends? You would totally be the popular guy at school - that’s probably why Yoongi is still so
grumpy looking, he has a natural dislike against popular people from school.”
Wildly gesturing, Taehyung praised the demon whose face just reddened more and more.

“But I’m awkward.”
Was all Kookie said, looking down to the floor.

“And people say I’m crazy. See, we’re a good match. Now, how do I call you?”
Although scoffing, Yoongi appreciated the way his roommate coped with the rumours about him.

“With my phone?”
Now it seemed as if Kookie spoke out the obvious and Taehyung didn't understand, otherwise the lavender haired boy wouldn't look as if he just heard a train talk.

“You- You have a phone?”

“Yes. I’m on earth quite often and I actually have signal in hell, and I like playing Piano Tiles so…”

“How do you have signal in hell?”

“I don't know, but calls between hell and earth are really expensive.”

For the first time, all three of them laughed and Yoongi lost the vary tension he was holding. That Kookie boy wasn't that bad after all. And their group of friends was weird anyways, so he would fit in quite well.

“Give me your number then, dude!”
Taehyung fidgeted with his phone, almost dropping it in the process - wouldn't be the first times, as the cracks on the screen proved.

As if the demon’s phone knew it was being demanded, a few buzz and ring sounds were heard, signaling the incoming messages and that were at least five of them.

“Your friends?”
Taehyung bowed over the screen - privacy was something people lost when they achieved the friend status with him - curious about what a message from hell would look like.

Kookie nodded and unlocked the equally cracked phone, reading over the messages.
“I guess I ditched them in their pity party when you summoned me. And I didn't really say anything before I answered you. One of them acts like a mom all the time too, so just vanishing without a word wasn't really the right thing to do…”

“That sounds like you have to go now.”

“Yeah, otherwise he will pop in here too and you don't want to get a scolding too, trust me.”

No thank you, Yoongi got enough of those every time he called his own mother.

“Ah, but here’s my number, you can have it too if you want to, Yoongi-hyung.”

“Thanks kid.”

“Oh, so he’s a kid but I’m a brat?”
Taehyung looked offended, but typed the number into his phone anyway, saving it as devil dude along with a cookie emoji.

“I’ll go now. It was nice meeting you, and thanks for the food.”
Kookie stood up - almost knocked something over with his wings again - and bowed politely, already showing the bunny smile that Yoongi found too cute for the fact that razor sharp teeth were shown with it.

“Thanks for cheering me up, dude!”

“B-But I didn't do anything.”
Taehyung just beamed at the demon, happily showing a boxy smile.

“We’ll stay in touch, alright?”

“Yeah.”

“Bye, Yoongi-hyung. Bye Taehyungie.”
Kookie bowed a second time, before spreading his wings and disappearing with a flutter of them.

Only now did both humans kind of realize they just befriended a demon.

Kookie on the other side - not quite the other side, his friends didn't live that far from them - reappeared in another room with a big smile on his features, because he just befriended not only humans, but those also on his own.

He never made friends! He was way too shy and awkward and hated for it!

“Found your true love, or what’s up?”
Both of Kookie’s other friends looked at him with a somewhat sour face.

He couldn't blame them, after he basically ditched them while they both needed a shoulder to cry on - one that he had gladly offered because he loved his friends and needed to leave hell as well, because it was, well, like hell.

“I made friends with two humans, hyung. I’m sorry I just disappeared. They offered food.”

“You're forgiven.”
The older of his friends smiled as he saw the bag of seaweed clutched to the demon’s chest, but there was a hint in it and Kookie just knew he would still get a scolding.

“I’m glad you socialized, Kookie.”
The other one said and patted the empty space next to him.

Kookie sat down - now squished in the middle of them - and spread his wings another time, hugging his friends with it, expressing that he was there for them.

Red, puffy eyes looked at him from both sides and they reminded him of the pair he’d seen on Taehyung just minutes ago, and he felt sorry once more for not caring enough.
But Taehyung had thanked him for being cheered up, he reminded himself, and maybe he could do that with his two friends now two.

“Jungkookie?”
A small body cuddled onto his side and the youngest demon didn't need another word to know what he was going to be asked, so he gently dropped the bag of snacks and moved the free hand into the soft, orange hair next to him, massaging the scalp and earning a sigh.

“You’re a muscle pig. Almost uncomfortable.”
Was what he earned as a thanks, but he just chuckled.

“I like your new hair, hyung.”
The red eyes moved over the pink mop of hair - not daring to touch it though, he knew his hyung was very proud of his looks and probably spend an eternity getting his hair to look like that.

“Maybe I should dye mine too?”

“I like the black on you though. Suits you. And also, shouldn't you dye your wings then too?”
His older hyung spoke up, looking at him sheepishly.
“It’s basically the same as it is with eyebrows right?”

“You must feel shitty if that was your joke, hyung. I could but won’t dye my feathers, thank you very much.”

His hyung laughed, then cuddled onto his side as well

“I think you are still comfortable.”

All three chuckled lightly, mostly because two of them were tired and the third didn’t want to disrupt them since they were laying on him.

Jungkook looked down at his friends, more like family, and smiled.

He was glad he could be there for them like that. He was happy they trusted him, they wanted him to listen to their problems.

Ever since his arrival in hell, no one had treated him nicely in any way. He got outcasted but when he arrived in the outcast, he was an outcast there as well.

But his friends were outcasts too, and he admired his two hyungs for being brave enough to leave. He wanted to follow them one day, but felt too small for now.

And yes, sometimes he felt alone, even if he wasn't. Especially in hell.

He felt alone, but whenever that happened he could go to his hyungs and they would take care of him, make him smile again.

Just like he was taking care of them right now.

“Jin-hyung, Jimin? You know that I appreciate you as my family a lot, right? You know I love you, right?”

“F’course, Jungkookie. You’re family for us too. We love you just as much. Thanks for visiting tonight.”

Jimin was already half in his slumber, and slurring sleepily.

“We’ll always protect you, yeah? We might not have these nice wings to make you feel secure - honestly that feels really nice - but we still watch out for you and have your back. Your our little maknae after all.”

Jin was a little more awake, and couldn't miss to squeeze Kookie’s cheek slightly, like a grandma would do to her grandchild.

“Ugh, hyung. Can we stop being sappy now?”

Kookie swatted the hand out of his face and groaned.

“Sure. And you better call me hyung next time Kookie!”

Jimin suddenly jerked up, coming back to reality after revising the conversation and noticing that Jungkook had forgotten the honorifics not for Jin, but for him, and as a revenge pinched the maknae’s nipple.

Kookie jerked and squirmed, he was super sensitive and regretted Jin finding out about that in an attempt to wake him up.

“Stop harassing me, hyung!”
He yelled, but laughed and just snuggled his hyung’s closer to him, the red in his eyes almost completely disappearing.

A fallen angel didn't have an easy live.

But Jungkook still loved his.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Jimin attacks someone and Hobi is scared of his friends

Chapter Notes

I really like this chapter and the following, but this made me laugh a lot while writing :D
I hope you like it too, I had a lot of fun with it!
Also, with this chapter, my page count has now three numbers, and I dont think I have ever achieved 100 pages in like, a month or so - I am so glad how this all turned out and how am I still having fun and almost no problems writing it
♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“They swear that it worked. I’m sure my friends are possessed and I’m not setting a foot in that house again! I swear I’m not crazy!”
The raven haired dancer was gesturing so wildly, he accidentally slapped the person he was talking to straight in the face.
“Sorry…”

Both of them had just finished dance practice, and Hoseok had invited his, by now pretty close friend to a coffee to talk and rant and were walking down the hallway of the university building.

“But…”
He got ecstatic again.
“I can’t believe they summoned a demon! They even have its phone number - how weird is that?! I will quit this friendship if this thing dares to enter the circle of friends. I will only have you then, Jiminie!”

A wave of emotions washed over Hoseok and he hugged the tiny body next to him, stopping their tracks in the middle of the hallway.

Jimin gasped when the grip around him pressed all air out of his lungs.

“Maybe the demon isn't so bad?”

The boy, and actual demon wiggled himself out of his human friend’s clutch. He couldn't be mad at the dancer for behaving like that.
As Jimin and his brother had already stated, Hoseok would probably piss himself if he knew that one of his closest friends wasn't human at all.

“And I haven't entered your circle of friends either, so why should the demon do it?”

Hoseok frowned, totally unsatisfied with Jimin’s answer, and his mouth shaped into a triangular
form.

“That is something that needs to happen, we are pretty close by now, aren't we Jiminnie?”
He laughed, ruffling through the orange hair.
“How is a demon not so bad? They are from hell, HELL, and the manifestation of evil. Eeeevil.”

“Says who?”

The incubus rolled his eyes, because that assumption was usually taken and deeply wrong.
Mischievous, yes, but not necessarily evil.

“Well. Uhm.”
Hoseok stuttered, strongly thinking and almost stopping in his tracks again.
“Everyone! Isn't that the whole thing about this? Angels are good and demons are the opposite.”

“Do you really think someone can be born evil?”

Hoseok laughed and pushed Jimin playfully. The poor boy didn't expect it - a mistake, since Hoseok tended to get touchy - and almost crashed into the wall.

“No need to get all philosophical. That’s my soulmate’s thing, remember?”

Hoseok did notice how his friend flinched at the word *soulmate* but didn't poke at it, maybe it was a coincidence and Jimin had almost tripped the moment he said it.

“I’m just scared, which is totally understandable. Demons is one of my most comprehensible fears. Oh! Taehyungie!”
The raven haired dancer yelled - as loud as always - and a few doors in front of them a lavender coloured head shot up.

Jimin smiled, no, grinned.

“Taehyung!”
The demon raised his voice too, yet still not achieving Hoseok’s level of loudness, but who could actually manage that?
“I need to talk to you!”

Taehyung, however, did clearly not want to talk to Jimin. The prove to that was the panic written all over his face, before the boy turned around and ran.

Startled, Hoseok didn't react and just stared at his friend.

Not so startled, Jimin started sprinting, chasing Taehyung through the hallway.

“Don't make me do this Taehyung!”
Jimin was threatening the human, but already panting.
“I may be smaller but I can still tackle you down!”

Which was totally true, because seconds later there was a mixture of curses, loud crashing and banging sounds and a defeated sigh echoing through the hallway.

The dancer calmly jogged to his friends and stared at them in confusion.

Taehyung was laying spread out on his stomach, and currently hitting his head on the floor in a static pace.
The reason why he wasn't getting up from the floor was Jimin, who was perching on Taehyung’s lower back, keeping the longer body down.

“Leave me alone.”
Taehyung whined and tried to turn his head so he could look at his attacker.
“I don't want to see you. Just because we both got dumped by our soulmates doesn't mean we are friends or anything. Go away.”

“No- No!”
Jimin shook his head.
“I will stop crushing you if you promise you will listen to me first.”

“Deal.”

Jimin even helped the boy on back on his feet.
Only now could he actually take a look at Taehyung, and he didn't miss how the boy had tried to cover up his puffy, swollen eyes with makeup, or how the cheerful aura had left him.
He also noticed how Taehyung crossed his arms over his chest in a defensive manner, and Jimin felt as if he was talking to a hurt animal.

“Look. This is all one huge”
Jimin emphasized the huge with both his hands and the word length.
“Misunderstanding! My brother never dumped you!”

Taehyung frowned and glared at the smaller boy.

“He covered me up!”
The human yelled, and if Jimin wouldn't see through the angry facade, the demon would be intimidated by it.
But he didn't, because he could see and understand how Taehyung felt right now.

“He didn't. That’s the whole point Taehyung. He did not do that.”
Jimin gently grabbed the other’s shaking hands, opening the fists and smiling at him.
“Look, I don't think I am in the position to explain this all, let me just say it like this… There are things Jin - and me - can't tell you… yet. Those things don't matter in this whole thing, but Jin can decide himself when he will tell you about this. The point is, he still has your tattoo. God, if he didn't see me going all crybaby the first three times he walked around shirtless, he would probably never put a shirt back on and shove this dumb thing in everyone’s face. I swear, Taehyung, he still has it. And he’s been moping around for the last days because he does not know how to find you. Please, just. Just talk to him.”
Jimin sighed, throwing his head back. He couldn't stop himself from becoming envious, and it annoyed him.
“There is nothing in your way that stops you from achieving happiness. I, personally, would hate it if you lost your chance because of something like this.”

The crushing hug that embraced Jimin still couldn't stop or hide the big tears spilling from Taehyung’s eyes, but the demon was okay with the other boy crying into his shoulder in silence.

“It’s gonna be alright. You two can be happy, Taehyung. I promise.”

Taehyung only nodded.

“Can… Can you explain what exactly is going on here?”
Still confused, poor Hoseok looked from one friend to the other, before deciding that joining the hug
would be enough for now.

“Oh.”
The lavender haired boy wiped over his eyes to get rid of the tear tracks, but failed, his eyes were still red and swollen.
“Jimin is Yoongi’s—”

“Tattoo artist. I did his cover up. Turns out my hyung is Taehyung’s soulmate. That’s how we know each other.”

Something felt fishy to Hoseok, but again, he wasn’t pushy.

“Yeah, about that, Jimin.”
Taehyung’s eyebrows shot up in question.
“What are you doing here?”

“I dance here, with Hobi-hyung.”
Stating the obvious, Jimin didn't quite get the question.

“Yeah, I figured. But you own a tattoo parlor. What are you doing at a college?”

“Wait- you're not even a student here? How did you get in this dance lesson?”

Jimin laughed, embarrassed.
“Let's just not talk about that.”

“Taehyung, wanna join us with coffee?”

“Honestly…”
The embarrassed smile wandered from Jimin over to Taehyung.
“Would you forgive me if I kidnapped Jimin over here so I could talk to Jin?”

“Of course, Taehyungie. He’s your soulmate after all, and I don't remember how often I ditched your for Joonie.”

“Ugh, don't remind me.”
He rolled his eyes as he groaned, but showed a boxy smile nonetheless.
“Thank you, Hoseokie!”

“Go get’em.”

“You do have time, right?”

“For this? Of course. Let’s go!”
Gently tugging on Taehyung’s sleeve, Jimin pulled him along while smiling widely.

With his free hand, Taehyung nervously fidgeted, pulling strands of his pastel or correcting his clothes.

Luckily, the tattoo parlor wasn't far away from the college buildings, and soon the two of them were standing in front of the small shop.

“Do I look okay?”
Looking at his reflection in the glass window, Taehyung checked on himself one last time. Just to be sure.
“As cute as always, just a little as if you saw a puppy die. But Jin’s not better. Don’t worry, he’ll still love you.”

“Thank you, you know?”
Taehyung gently smiled at the shorter boy next to him.
“I get that this isn't easy for you, since…”

“Since I don't have a soulmate? Yeah, well.”
Jimin laughed, bitter and cold.
“I want my brother to be happy.”

“You hav-”

“Drop it. It isn't like I’m denying it, but it is easier to just stop and accept that it won't happen instead of keeping my hopes high like some lovesick puppy and get hurt.”
The sharp look Jimin shot Taehyung softened with every word he snarled.
“I know when a fight is lost and useless. And besides, I want my soulmate to be happy and if his happy is without me, then so be it.”

Unwilling to keep up the topic, the incubus pushed open the doors of his own shop, shoving Taehyung in and not giving him the opportunity to panic.
Not that there was a need for panic anyways.

“No one’s… here?”
Taehyung turned around a few times, looking thoroughly and even checking the different rooms. He found no one though.

Holding back his laughter, Jimin watched the human search himself through the shop, kind of impersonating a lost puppy.

But he explained it all, not that Taehyung would conclude that Jimin was actually an axe murderer and going to get rid of the evidence for his brother’s soulmate.
“Today’s our day off. We live upstairs,dummy. Jin had an appointment at the other end of the city so he either just came back or isn't home yet. Come on.”

When Jimin unlocked a door that opened up to a staircase and both boys went up, Taehyung started fidgeting again.
He concluded that he liked it more to be pushed into the cold water instead of slowly sinking into it - at least his anxiety could chill like that and didn't go through the roof like right now.

“Hyung?”
Jimin called out.
“Anyone home?”

A noise was heard before a door rustled open and a broad figure stepped out.

“Ah, Jiminie, I am never taking the subway again! I doubt I can take it again so soon, but you really need to cover me up again. I need to look pretty for-”

Seokjin stopped in his tracks and the towel he’d used to dry his hair slipped out of his hands as he stared at the doorway.

“Taehyung.”

Neither of the three were sure whether the hyung had just ended his sentence, stated that his soulmate
was inside his living room or greeted him.

Seokjin looked like a statue, or maybe he was doing an impromptu freeze frame.

Maybe, just maybe, he was shocked to suddenly see his soulmate - the soulmate he had been trying to find because said soulmate hated him thanks to some misunderstanding he needed to explain quickly - in his living room, when he just came out of the shower, exposed and showing off the exact thing he didn't want his soulmate to know from the start of their relationship.

Maybe Jin was a little startled because he could clearly see that Taehyung had been crying a lot, undoubtedly because of him.

Maybe he was confused as to why he still saw his soulmate as the most beautiful, cute, sexy and pretty thing he'd ever laid his eyes on.

No matter what it was, Seokjin the statue was staring right into Taehyung, and Taehyung stared back.

Without any intention of ruining the moment - if it was one, the soulmate's were staring at each other so the possibility was there - Jimin let out a snort.
Simply because his brother in his glorious, almost naked form, just a towel around the hips, was covered from head to toe in new soulmate marks.
According to them, the subway had been full and pushy.

“Dude.”
Taehyung spoke up for the first time, voice shaking. His eyes were locked on the green mark on Seokjin’s collarbone - *his* mark, a voice in his head yelled excited - but he vaguely traced over all the other ones too.
“Why do you have so many ugly tattoos?”

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

coke in wine glasses with tiny umbrellas

Chapter Notes

So about 1am this morning I remembered that I was supposed to upload the then-unfinished chapter a day before...
Welp, I was busy playing games on a server with friends - whoops
Also Im kind of unsatisfied with the ending, I feel like I didnnt really find an ending to this but I dont know how to change it.
I also feel as if I didnt include enough fluff sooo I think I will put tooth rotting cheesiness in the next chapter :D
Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Uh-Uhm, Hi, uh, do you mind - I’ll… I’ll just put some clothes one, uhm…”
Seokjin’s face was on fire as he tried to cover himself up, eventually just turning on his heel and rushing back into the bathroom.

“Boy, do I want a piggy back ride on those shoulders!”
Taehyung sighed with a dreamy smile on his face.
“Can I sit down? I think I’ll faint.”

Jimin just nudged Taehyung towards the sofa.

“Is that your way of saying you want to fuck my brother?”

“That’s my way of saying I want a piggy back ride. Nothing sexual.”
Taehyung sure was weird. No one did not want sex with an incubus.

“Okay, sorry, hi.”
Jin almost tripped as he made his way over to Taehyung.
“I’m glad you’re here.”

He was clad in a black skinny jeans and a light pink, wooly sweater that looked so soft and fluffy Taehyung wanted to hug him, and sleep on him and live in this sweater forever, preferably with his soulmate in it too.

Seokjin sat down on the coffee table right in front of Taehyung, knees bumping into each other.

Jimin sneaked into his room, not really interested in watching his brother’s PDA or constantly feeling the pang in his chest as he watched them with envy.
“So…”
Taehyung started, but didn't know how to continue.

He played with his fingers nervously, then laid his hands flat onto his knees, not daring to look up and meet the other’s eyes.

Jin caught himself tracing lines over the long and slender digits with his own, crooked ones and he coughed embarrassed as he stopped.

“Can I see it?”

“S-Sorry?”
Jin squealed, startled at the question and the light pull on his collar, right above the mark.

“Ah, Sorry. I know I get too touchy sometimes.”

The hand was retrieved, but Jin grabbed it midair, smiling encouraging at Taehyung.

“I meant the mark. I- I mean I saw it when you were… just there but… Just to be sure - I - It -”

Stopping his soulmate’s rambling - as cute as it was - the demon guided the hand back to his chest and Taehyung’s finger automatically curled around the soft material, gently tugging it down to reveal the green tattoo.

Giggling and grinning, Taehyung slowly caressed and followed the letters with his thumb and sparkling, fascinated eyes.

“I showed you mine, now show me yours?”
The incubus tried a cheeky - or cheap - flirt, but he was too uncomfortable to make it work. He did enjoy the touch and even shivered slightly in pleasure, but Taehyung also had a great view at at least a dozen other tattoos he got throughout his rough day and Jin just felt exposed.

Taehyung grinned - as if the dumb line directed at him had taken all the tension away - and went to unbuckle his pants.
Seokjin stopped him.

“I- I know how that sentence is usually meant, but that isn't how I meant it.”
Flustered, he held Taehyung’s wrists in his grip, keeping them from opening his pants.

“It’s on my hip. You won't see it if I don't shove my pants down at least a little bit. Don't worry, I don't have any intentions of getting you and me in your bed unless it is for cuddling.’”

The demon’s cheeks tainted, as he loosened his grip and watched his soulmate pull down his pants a little, to show a pastell pink mark Taehyung presented to him with proud.

Seokjin smiled and bowed closer to the mark, also tracing along the letters with his thumb. Taehyung jerked at the touch and yelped laughing.
Looking up at him through his lashes, Jin asked.
“Are you ticklish?”
And Taehyung nodded heavily.
“I could look at this all day. And I’m sorry about this whole thing. I didn't want you to get hurt, ever. Maybe we could go out for dinner to make up and talk?”

“Can we order takeout instead? I’m a broke college student and really uncomfortable if you offer to pay for me and also I don't really want to go out. Your couch is very comfortable.”
“Sounds good. Pizza?”

“I like you already.”

_I already liked you_, was what Jin thought as he went to the kitchen to get the takeout flyers.

“Taehyung?”

“Hyung?”

“Tell me something about you.”

As lame and cliche the question was, Seokjin really did want to hear the answer to it.

“My lizard’s name is Fish.”

Of course Taehyung’s answer wouldn’t be lame and cliche, but to Jin this made the boy even more special.

“Why do you have so many excuses and apologies tattooed.”

With a curious gaze towards the pink haired demon, Taehyung jumped up onto the kitchen counter, looking over the takeout flyer briefly.

“I think I saw cusswords too and - like, you do you, but…”

“I can't tell you why I have them, but… I don't like them and I will get rid of them soon, again. That’s what I was doing when you last saw me too.”

Standing between the human’s long legs, Jin looked at the flyer from upside down.

“Someday you’ll tell me?”

Taehyung whispered hopefully, big eyes looking down at his soulmate who nodded, although slightly biting down on his bottom lip like he was nervous.

“Yeah. You have a lizard?”

Changing the topic was easy, Jin noticed, because Taehyung’s mind seemed to be at many different places all at once and he was sure that the boy was getting distracted pretty easily.

Enthusiastically nodding, Taehyung grabbed his phone out of his back pocket, but once again the incubus stopped him.

“Introduce me to him in person. I love lizards.”

Technically, it wasn't exactly love, but that topic was even more intimate than the whole _I get soulmate tattoos from everyone because I am a demon thing_, because it went further into the detail of what demon Jin exactly was.

After all, Jimin and him were only half brother’s and he wasn't a fluffy Kumiho like his small dongsaeng.

What Seokjin was, was nothing to be ashamed of, and he wasn't.

He liked how he was and how he looked and how he didn’t have big wings like a fallen angel that knocked everything over or fluffy tails and ears like a Kumiho that got in the way and acted on their own.

But he could also see how his looks were a touchy subject - especially when it came to humans who weren’t used to demons and all that came with it in the slightest.
Because Seokjin didn't have big wings like a fallen angel that looked majestic and powerful or fluffy tails and ears like a Kumiho that made the owner look so much softer and cuter. Seokjin could understand it if humans would find his looks disgusting, hence why he definitely wouldn't show it to Taehyung now.

“Trying to get into my bedroom already?”
Eyebrows wiggling seductively, Taehyung ordered their pizza with the phone he had originally gotten to show his soulmate a picture of his beloved pet and second commander of Tae-Town (the apartment he owned).

“For your lizard? Yes.”
Apparently, everything Jin said and did and thought today was just plain awkward. Silently asking himself if it was possible to get out of practice in dating in just 1 month or if it was because Taehyung was his soulmate, he blushed and tried to build his next sentence before saying it and just stuttering.
His attempt failed and he still stuttered.
“I… This is complicated, I can’t.”

“I told you I wasn't intending to get into your bed for anything else than cuddling, didn't I? Same goes for my - or anyone’s - bed. Don't stress yourself, if you wanna date me you're gonna take things slow anyway. No way around it, promise.”

Reassuringly smiling, Taehyung patted Jin’s broad shoulders before handing over the phone so he could check over the order.

“That’s good, slow I mean.”
Seokjin returned the smile.
“Let me just order something for Jiminnie too, can't have him starve because we grounded him into his room with our… date?”

“Date, yeah.”

When Taehyung slid down from the counter, he bumped into Jin who had been to immersed in the pizza order to notice that he should have taken a few steps back to give the other room.

Both apologized in unison, mumbling the words so quiet they could barely hear it themselves.

Jin even got angry at himself a little bit. He was used to being awkward, but not this awkward!!

“I have some wine. I mean, we kind of need to make up for not going into some fancy overpriced restaurants with meals that would be way too small.”

Immediately beginning to rummage through his cupboards - maybe just to distract himself, most definitely just to distract himself - Taehyung decided to just watch his hyung.

He really wanted a piggy back ride, was what he stated as he followed the broad shoulders clad in the pink sweater moving, tensing and relaxing when a muscle was used.

But not now. Not yet.
Taehyung was aware that he got too touchy too fast - hell, he had mentioned it earlier when for a brief second he thought he’d ruined everything.
Part of it was his personality, because he was kind of needy when it came to physical contact.
The other part was his view on the physical contact.
Many of his exes had dumped him because he got too clingy to mostly not them, but someone else. Often Taehyung could be found sitting or lying on someone’s lap - maybe even someone he had just met then - or cuddling or just touching somewhere.

For the lavender haired boy it was something completely normal, a nice and friendly gesture he enjoyed.

For his then-partners it was something to provoke jealousy. They felt rivaled by whoever Taehyung was touching, or cheated on by Taehyung.

For Taehyung, touching people was something comforting and warm - for his then-partners it was something sexual that Taehyung should keep for private moments between them and only them.

For all he could care, he didn't wanted this to happen to Seokjin. No misunderstandings because the human just couldn't notice when it was too much, both for other people and Jin.

So, a surprise piggy back ride - where would they even go, the couch was like 2 steps away - was definitely too much for them right now, that was even for the mostly oblivious Taehyung to notice.

A bummer.

“Found it!”
Stated Jin happily, slowly crawling out of a cupboard close to the floor, and Taehyung snickered when the other hit his head, but comforted him with a quick, excusing back rub anyways.

“Ah, this is a… uhm.”
Taehyung had snatched the bottle of red wine and was desperately trying to show off some wit.

While Jin was feeling awkward, Taehyung felt insecure and suddenly reminded of all the things people disliked about him - such as his reputation of being dumb.

Still, this was probably the first time he ever had a bottle of wine in his hands.

“This is probably older than my great-great-grandpa and although I think the age of food is a big turn off I think it is the opposite with wine, so if you are willing to open something like this up for me I am honored.”

“Older than your great-great-grandpa, huh?”

Jin caught a date printed on the bottle and chuckled, because he was older than this wine.

“Don't flatter yourself so much, we only have the bottle because the coffee shop next door was nice enough to give us that as a welcome gift. Along with muffins but those are long gone.”
He took two wine glasses out of another cupboard and smiled.
“Well, at least I didn't throw out my money buying those.”

Both sank back into the sofa cushions and Seokjin filled their glasses with the crimson coloured wine. Taehyung mentioned something about tiny umbrellas missing in the glasses which made Jin laugh wholeheartedly.

Both of them sipped on the liquid before taking a big gulp simultaneously.

“Yuck!”

Shivers - and not the good kind - trailed down their spines and Taehyung was the first one to decide
that it was for the better if he just put his glass onto the coffee table. The incubus’ glass followed soon after.

“I think-”
Taehyung coughed.
“You should really complain at that coffee shop, that doesn't seem like a welcome-gift.”

“Yeah, well, I’m getting a discount there and I’m not risking to lose it. Feel free to do it though.”

“No thanks. Ughhh.”

For a second there, Seokjin wondered how such a pretty face like Taehyung’s could pull an ugly grimace like this, but he still found it very much cute and adorable.

“How does coke to the pizza sound?”

The proposal got cheers out of Taehyung.
“At least keep a little bit of the fancy and pour it in the wine glasses, hyung.”

Jin laughed as he made his way back into the kitchen.
“You are impossible!”

When he filled their glasses up again - this time with coke that would also taste good - the incubus shot a glance back at Taehyung, but the boy was busy staring at or into nothing at their wall.

No one needed to know…
Honestly, if Jimin knew what his hyung was using his magick for, Seokjin would be the one to get the scolding.
If other demon’s knew what Seokjin was using his magick for, they would mock him.

As a starving incubus, the pastel haired demon did not have endless amounts of energy for his magick, and he should really try to keep his energy as high as possible, since keeping a human form was constantly draining already.

But how exhausting could it be to summon a small, green umbrella?

It would make Taehyung happy too, so it was certainly worth it even if it meant Jin had to force himself to have sex with someone once again and sooner.
That meant, if he could even do that, now that he had Taehyung.

It would kind of be cheating, right?

Well…
Jin shrugged.
He could do it the conventional incubus way again. That way he wouldn't get caught at all, and since he wasn't into women at all it wasn't really cheating, right? (Not that he was doing it for the pleasure anyways, he was just keeping himself from starving!)

Would it be cheating if he was to sleep with someone else just to not die or go nuts?

It was impossible for him to think further about it, because the bright, loud laugh Taehyung let out as he saw his drink’s decoration was totally heartwarming and also too contagious to keep worrying.

Thinking about his methods of survival wasn't that high in Jin’s priority list, when he could much rather spend time with his soulmate who was so dorky, charming and bright.
Especially when in addition, they were also munching on the pizza that arrived minutes after.

Jimin thanked for not being forgotten but claimed he wasn't hungry and asked them to put his pizza in the fridge for him. He didn't even bother to open the door, or get up from his bed where he drowned in a pillow fortress so he could sulk properly while his brother and his soulmate got all mushy and giggly on their couch.

Jimin was happy for them - really! - but he was also very jealous.

“How is he doing?”
Taehyung asked curious and honestly concerned as he chewed on his pizza.

Seokjin frowned, mouth stuffed full as well, and Taehyung thought of a cute squirrel as he looked at him.

“He says he’s good, but I know he’s not. He tries to just accept it and keep going but… well it’s kind of hard to do that when your job is to do the exact thing that hurt and hurts you. He’ll probably need time to warm up to you too.”

Throwing a glance at the closed bedroom door, Seokjin continued.

“How’s grumpy marshmallow?”

Taehyung chuckled nonetheless.
“Yoongi is… difficult. He claims he’s fine, but he avoids the topic and I hear him cursing to himself a lot. Like, a lot lot. Crazy a lot lot. I think his mind is playing him. He’s been sulking but I don’t want to die so I don’t mention it to him. Honestly.”

A sigh escaped the human’s lips.
“I hopes he realizes his mistake before there is too much damage done.”

“I hope so too, just as much as I hope Jimin will start being the active part of this whole mess and actually do something. He doesn't deserve this and your friend kind of doesn't either.”

“Yeah… I’m glad we solved our problem so quick. I’ll have to thank Jimin for tackling me.”

The square smile shot at Seokjin warmed his heart.

Yeah, he could totally worry about his survival, his brother and his soulmate’s friend’s problems later.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Whoops my hand slipped

“Is it weird that I want to touch you?”

“Excuse you?”

Seokjin looked at the boy indigantly, not only because that question was kind of rude, but also because the two had been having quite the good, calm and sweet time the last 2 hours and both had also agreed on how sexy stuff wasn't really a topic right now - or, well, apparently only Jin had agreed on that.

But then he saw how Taehyung was nervously biting his lip, looking more like a scared puppy than some seductive playboy.

The demon was still learning to understand what exactly and how literally Taehyung was saying sometimes.

“I asked if it is weird that I want to touch you - like, hold hands and stuff. Or just put my hand square over your face, just to touch. Honestly.”

Even as he tried to explain his weird statement, Taehyung somehow managed to make it even weirder.

A feature Seokjin couldn't help but find cute and to make him giggle like some dumb school girl from the dramas his fallen angel friend liked to watch.

“Please don't put your hand square over my face.”

Taehyung laughed too and nodded promising.

“The other part however…”

The incubus trailed off, sentence floating around them unfinished, but it didn't need to be finished. Not when Jin softly traced over Taehyung’s hand, turning it to an open palm and slowly laying his own crooked fingers between and on Taehyung’s long digits.

Their hands laced together as if they had always been supposed to be like this - regarding they were soulmates, the possibility was there.

Letting out a happy sound once more, Taehyung scooted closer to Seokjin so that their knees were touching again and he carefully brought their intertwined hands to his mouth, placing small pecks on each of Seokjin’s finger before clutching the hand to his chest with a joyful smile.

Seokjin managed to blush even at the overly innocent action as he watched Taehyung with a similar smile on his own lips.

“I kind of get the same urge too? Just… I don't know, being close?”
“Yeah… I think it’s some pull because we are… you know, soulmates.”

They shuffled even closer now that they both admitted of wanting to be near to one another. Seokjin was content to just hear and feel the other breath so close to him, to have Taehyung’s thumb trail over his skin, but when his soulmate leaned onto him, wiggling a little to find a comfortable position in which he could cuddle his head on his shoulder, the demon didn't know how he survived this long without it.

The human sighed, more worried than content.
“I really don't want to mess this up.”
He admitted.

“This?”
“Us… I usually mess stuff like this up.”

The atmosphere around them became heavy, and Jin squeezed Taehyung’s hand comforting. Taehyung hummed.

“If it makes you feel better, I mostly just get dumped after sex. Well, most people only date me because they want sex, but still.”
Seokjin didn't know why he opened up about that so quickly, and he regretted it a little bit because in case he needed to explain it, he couldn’t.

“That bad in bed?”
Taehyung snickered at the rhyme he had made and Jin felt the vibrations through his whole body.

“Too good. Trust me, I make people faint.”

*That wasn't really a lie,* Jin thought amused.

“Well, at least sleeping won’t be a problem afterwards.”
Taehyung started playing with the crooked fingers he was holding.

“It’s already dark, did I really stay that long? I should go, I have class early tomorrow.”
He didn't move at all.

Seokjin didn't want him to move either.

“Do you live close?”

“Close enough for me to walk. It’s fine. College lays perfectly between us.”

A gasp escaped the demon.

“That’s like, an hour to walk then!”

“Give me two, I get distracted easily.”

“You could crash here. I don't want you to walk this long in the dark.”

“I’m not a damsel in distress though.”
Taehyung grinned up at his soulmate, flattered at the offer although he couldn't agree to it.

“And I can't stay. I need to watch Yoongi a little. Not that you have this information from me, but he gets really bad nightmares ever since we…”

... *summoned that demon...*

“Did something we probably shouldn't have. Was worth it though...”
Taehyung didn't need to look *that* kind of crazy yet. That small white lie was totally okay.

“Something weird? That sounds like you murdered someone and Yoongi feels guilty.”
The incubus’ eyebrows shot upwards as he watched Taehyung skeptically. He didn't think
Taehyung could even kill a fly without crying and feeling sorry, but you never knew…

“No. No dead things involved. We just did something that seemed to come straight out of a badly
written horror movie. You know, the kind of stuff that makes the viewer yell at the TV. Nothing bad
happened, well. Maybe to Yoongi but I don't know. It’s just nightmares, right?”
Taehyung finally managed to move away from his soulmate. He couldn't really stay any longer.
“Nightmares that he sometimes wakes up from screaming and crying, but just nightmares. I’m sorry I
can't stay longer hyung.”

“Your being a good friend, that's nothing to feel sorry about. I can walk you home?”

“No thank you.”
Taehyung smiled at his hyung.
“Maybe next time.”

After they were both standing at the door - Seokjin’s manners were existing, even though he was a
demon - and exchanged phone numbers, no one seemed to move.

Taehyung was pulling at his fingers again, not sure what to do because it felt wrong to just walk
away now.

“Can I kiss you?”
He blurted out eventually.

Startled at the blunt question, Seokjin didn't know what to say before Taehyung had already grabbed
his face and pulled him closer.

It was uncoordinated and their foreheads bumped together as the human pecked the demon’s plush
lips once, twice and a third time before Seokjin grabbed the lavender haired head and pulled him
closer for a longer, a real kiss.
The slow and sensual movements of their lips seemed to make Taehyung’s knees weak and he
laughed a little at how cliche it sounded.

“That was nice…”
Only mumbling those words, a blush sneaked onto Taehyung’s cheeks and Seokjin laughed, running
his hand through the dyed hair, then diving in for another kiss.

The demon felt warm and mushy inside, he felt loved.
On his past dates, with his past partners - the ones that didn't want in his pants - he had always
thought what he felt was love, that he was being loved.

Yet, none of these feelings were comparable to Taehyung.

His soulmate was like big fire, a whole volcano that was almost too warm, too much.

His former lovers were just a little glimmer of a dying cigarette, not making a difference to the cold
around them.

“Text me when you're home.”

“Yes, mom.”
Taehyung grinned, and after a quick peck on Seokjin’s cheek he turned around and went his way, waving at his smiling soulmate.

Jin watched the human hop - literally, this guy was either really happy or had the mental age of a toddler, or both - until he turned around a corner and was no longer to be seen. Locking up the shop doors again, Seokjin couldn’t help but hum a catchy tune. He was feeling too happy to not to.

Never had he felt so content to just spend time with someone, never had he trusted someone so quickly, never felt he drawn to someone.

Never had he felt this complete.

Even now, that Taehyung wasn’t with him, he felt more complete than before he had met his soulmate, and it was fascinating because Jin had never knew he was incomplete.

Was this love or was it the soulmate bond between them?

In all honesty, it didn't matter to the demon, as long as he wouldn't lose what it was.

“Jiminie?”

Calling out for his brother, Seokjin put the pizza in the microwave. It was already pitch black outside and Jimin needed to eat. No one starved in a house where Seokjin lived!

“What is it hyung?”

Jimin looked… not good, that was for sure. His hair was a mess and the bag under his eyes screamed both tears and lack of sleep. The clothes he was wearing were definitely Jimin’s sad and mopey clothes because he would never leave the house in them.

“You should eat, you will feel better.”

“I’m not hungry, I already told you.”

“That was hours ago, and I don’t care if you are hungry you need to eat.”

Seokjin basically shoved the warmed up pizza in his brother’s face.

Jimin ate hesitantly, not trying to put up a fight because it was Seokjin and it was food and he would be doomed to lose.

It didn't taste bad, but not good either. His favourite type of pizza just tasted like nothing. Numb, numb nothing.

“Everything went well?”

The little brother asked between bites.

“With Taehyung? Yeah. He’s great.” A dreamy smile sneaked onto Seokjin’s features, and Jimin smiled too, even through all the pain he felt, because he wanted to smile like this too, he wanted Yoongi to smile like this because of him too.

“I’m happy for you, hyung.”
“Thanks.”
Seokjin turned serious.
“I wish I could be happy for you, Jimin.”

“You can. We have this nice shop and this nice flat and I have nice nice sex I feed on and I have this nice dance class with this nice friend and Kookie is also nice and you are nice and you can be happy for me too, Jin-hyung, because everything is nice!”

But everything was not nice.
With every nice that Jimin spat out, tears came into his eyes.

“I can ask Taehyung where he lives or he if he has Yoongi’s phone number. You can try to convince him to try it. Guy’s been having nightmares, I’d say poor guy but he deserves it for being such an ass to you.”

“I know where he lives, stupid.”
Jimin sniffled.
“Don’t say that he deserves it. Maybe it’s the ink. I’ll look after him tonight.”

“Guardian angel? Wasn’t that more JK’s cup of tea?”
Jin teasingly pushed his brother’s side.

Jimin fell for the mock, grinning mischievously before attacking his brother.
“I don’t want you to walk this late at night - text me when you’re home~”
He singsang in a whiny tone and his brother punched him.

“I’m worried okay? Anyways, how do you know where he lives?”

“I always take them home when they’re unconscious, I’m not an asshole. Besides, I still know how to enter dreams and you can easily look for addresses in them. Also, if you actually look, you can easily see all the tiny humans that played with dark magick, and when you look at those close to college it’s easy to find them.”

Jimin was right.
Black magick of all sorts left traces, and for demons those traces looked like beacons, especially if they were on humans.
Because humans that played with this kind of magick were usually corrupted, easy to use, to have fun with.

It was something useful for demons that made contracts or needed their humans to be a certain way, such as alps who needed some kind of entrance in the human’s mind.

Speaking of alps…
“Do you think it’s our fault he has nightmares?”
Jin wrinkled his forehead, because if his soulmate’s best friend was plagued by an alp because the two incubi used black magick on him, then it was all their fault and Yoongi surely didn't deserve an alp at his side.

Based on his shocked face, Jimin hadn’t thought of that either.
“I’ll go look. Don’t wait for me.”

“What do you mean don’t wait for me if you enter his dreams you will be home any- Jiminie are you actually breaking into his house? I- Jimin stop!”

But Jimin had already vanished, a cheeky wink was sent towards Jin before the younger incubus had
carved a small symbol into his skin that transported him to his destination: the emergency staircase of the building Yoongi and Taehyung lived in.

The demon swore to just take a quick peek at how his soulmate was sleeping, and if it wasn't calm he would just enter real quick, tell that alp - if it was one - to piss off and leave before Yoongi would even see it was him.

Hell, maybe he would manipulate his visual just to be sure. If it was an alp, then he would probably stay longer because Jimin hated these things so much.

Climbing up the stairs, Jimin frowned, looking through every window but not finding Yoongi. Of course he had to live on one of the higher floors.

When he finally found the destined room, a gasp escaped him, because Yoongi was either plagued by one big, experienced alp or had serious issues - those kind of nightmares weren't normal. Sure, Jimin had seen people cry in their sleep, but not sob.

He silently broke the window open - hoped that Yoongi wouldn't get a cold after he left - and went over to the bed.

The human was turning restless, gripping the blanket that didn't even cover him anymore so hard his knuckles had turned white, and the sobs of varying volume he let out, along with the big, salty tears were making Jimin feel a sense of protectiveness he never felt before.

It wasn't hard to enter Yoongi’s dreams since the alp had left the doors wide open.

Everything was pitch black, but Jimin wasn't sure if that was the alp’s word or just how the human tend to dream - a black canvas was nothing too unusual unless people were scared of the dark or something.

He wandered around a bit, clearly feeling the heavy air pressing down on him threateningly. The nightmare demon hadn't noticed his visitor yet, and since the lust demon hadn't found his soulmate or the alp yet, he found no need to introduce himself yet by changing the world around him. He usually went for a luxurious hotel suite with a bed way too big, or for whatever his victims would be into - his favourite so far had been a bed with three mattresses on top of each other in the middle of a flower field with fairy lights floating around and the stars above them while he had fucked the guy into tears, sub drop and eventually fainting (not from the drain though).

Never had Jimin been on earth while inhabiting a human’s dream - because why would he do that if he could pick up some human at a bar or club or literally anywhere - but he felt more grounded, now that he was so close to the owner of this mind.

For a second he thought if this might have been standing in corelation with them being soulmates, but that wouldn't make sense because humans couldn't enter someone else’s dream.

Silver cracks and shards, reminding him of broken CDs, were appearing on his way, and Jimin knew he was on the right track, now only walking faster.

He didn't know how to access the part of a mind that alps used and if this wouldn't have been his soulmate’s mind, the demon would have been fascinated by the way everything looked and moved, because more shards were floating around in slow motion and Jimin’s limb felt heavier with every step he took.

When he found the alp, and Yoongi, he was really close to losing his control and straight up killing the demon - but he did not need to be a part of Yoongi’s nightmares.
The human was slumped down on the ground, doing something that could only be described as begging. He was crying too, eyes swollen but it was easy to see the pain in them. Jimin could see blood on Yoongi’s body, but the pleas of

*Please stop*

*No*

*Don't*

*I beg you*

*I will do everything you want*

And more crying were worrying Jimin more. Physical pain was an illusion, alps couldn't hurt the body unless they were as close to it as Jimin was, but the mental pain was real.

To get the invader’s attention, Jimin cleared his throat loudly, and Yoongi’s eyes - big and almost forced to stay open - landed on him.

He heard another no escape the pale lips, as if the human couldn't believe what or who he saw there, but Jimin didn't need long to realize that Yoongi was scared of him.

The alp had taken Jimin’s form, so of course when suddenly a second Jimin appeared it would look like more torture to Yoongi.

“Oh~”

The Alp that now turned around to him had even copied his voice, but a thick layer was hidden beneath it, exposing the demonic nature.

“Funny, how this form seems to be both his biggest fear and desire. Hello, lust demon. I’ll be finished in a few hours, then you can return and have your fun with him. I know he looks delicious, like the flame to a moth.”

The nightmare turned back around, facing Yoongi again and the human shrunk under the stare, whimpering.

“I don't like it when people steal my looks for their use.”

Jimin came closer, his steps echoing aggressively.

“Change back.”

“Your looks?”

The fake-Jimin eyed him up and down before changing into a much taller, white figure with eyes as black as the deepest depths of hell.

“He is so dependant on you then, no matter you come back. Still, I was here first. Now hush hush.”

A waving movement of the demon’s hand was meant to tell Jimin goodbye, but the incubus grabbed the wrist with force, letting out a growl that would be sorted into his Kumiho genes.

“Get out.”

Was all he said, staring the creature in front of him down.

“Or I will make you.”

The alp, completely unimpressed, laughed and ripped its arm out of Jimin’s small hands.

“Make me? Please, shorty, you should learn to share. It’s not like you, as a whore, don't know what the word means. You get shared all the time, don't you? I know how disgusting you incubi are.”

“You have no right to be here.”
The insult was too weak to bring Jimin out of his composure, or to provoke him with success.

“Puh-lease.”

The alp started walking around and every step left Yoongi quivering, the poor human probably scared of a kick hitting him.

“He has more hell on him than you do!”

Jimin watched the alp with attentive eyes, ready to step in if the creature would try something, whether it be to Yoongi or to him.

The tracing of the alp made him nervous, twitchy, but he still managed to stretch a hand out right in front of Yoongi when the alp attacked him with a knife.

Yoongi crawled backwards with a shriek, feeling completely lost and helpless thanks to the alp’s presence.

“Do you really want to start a fight with me over one of your meals, alp?”

Jimin summoned a knife himself, although he would find it ridiculous if he was to have a stab duel with a creature of nightmares.

“Well, normally I would deny that, but you are too cocky for my taste and I don't like it when people take what’s mine.”

“He’s not yours.”

Again, the alp just laughed, but with a flick of his wrist Jimin lost his knife and it missed Yoongi’s foot by millimeters.

“What are you gonna do to make me leave?”

Jimin smirked.

He wasn't a complete idiot, of course he knew how to get rid of alps. Otherwise he wouldn't have entered.

His job was pleasure, not torture and incubi weren't there to attack.

But he had learned a few tricks from a certain ex-guardian angel that of course needed to know how to get rid of attackers and invaders like alps.

Making fists, the incubus began mumbling a short spell in a language he didn't even understand, but it worked, and the alp’s white skin began cracking, light emerging from the inside.

The alp went down with a yelp as the light burned him, and his black eyes narrowed in pain and anger.

Jimin didn't stop mumbling, not leaving the nightmare out of sight and more and more cracks appeared.

If the thing didn't leave now, Jimin would kill it and it wasn't that he had a problem with that, not after this creature had pissed him off so much, but again, killing in front of Yoongi wasn't really a thing he wanted.

“You win.”

The alp coughed, grinning and showing a row of blade-sharp teeth.

“Today you do.”
And it was gone.

Jimin immediately changed the surrounding and the black but empty canvas turned into a cozy landhouse with a brown piano in one corner that played a slow, calming melody by itself. It was something he found in Yoongi’s memories, though not in the part an incubus usually looked at, but the human couldn’t need his dirty fantasies right now.

With a smile, Jimin turned around to his soulmate and who just stared back blankly.

“You’re safe now. I promise.”

The moment Jimin crouched down to be at the same eye-level as Yoongi, the human got onto his feet and stumbled forward, falling into the demon’s arms and pushing him down.

Heavy sobs escaped Yoongi again and he gripped Jimin so hard the demon was afraid he would crush.

“Yoongi, I can wake you up, if you want. Or we can stay here a little longer. It’s just a dream.”

But Yoongi decided to wake up by himself, a loud yelp escaping the body as it shot up.

Jimin should leave now, he really should, because Yoongi hadn’t noticed him standing at his bedside yet.

Jimin didn’t leave.
Jimin let his hand run through Yoongi’s sweat-damp hair and smiled at the human soothingly when he looked up at him confused.

Within seconds he was pulled down into another hug, less bone crushing this time though.

Yoongi croaked something inaudible out that Jimin held for another sob, but it wasn’t one.

“I can’t go on if you’re not here, with me.”

Jimin froze when the bittersweet mumbles reached him.

He had felt it often enough, although with less intensity, to know what the sudden burn on one of his shoulder blades meant.

He had done it often enough to be able to carve the correct symbol into his skin without looking, but when he arrived back in his room, everything felt numb to him, as if not really there.

Only when he looked at his back, at the crimson red message on his back, only then did he realize that neither him nor Yoongi could deny and ignore each other anymore.

For the first time ever, Jimin didn’t know what he felt and how he was supposed to feel, but maybe deeply hoping that the human wouldn’t remember or think it was all a dream would be the best.

Chapter End Notes

shout out to whoever finds out where I took parts of the sentence from!

Also apparently during holidays I am indeed having much more time!
But apparently I use most of this time for complete nonsense. Yesterday for example, I spend several hours digging myself through almost 20 google pages (just so you know how desperate I was) to find the limited Bang Yongguk version of the B.A.P Album NOIR just to give up and just buy the normal version - I'm currently still philosophing if I like B.A.P or BTS better, I'd say for now it is a tie.
I usually play borderlands though or watch dumb (cat) videos on youtube.
I'm sorry I'll try to be more productive! (As an excuse this chapter got almost 4k words long and I haven't really read over it because it's past midnight and I am glad I got this finished)

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

YoonMin is back and Jimin should consider a carrier as a thief

Chapter Notes

Heh, this chapter is a little short but the last was super long so welp. Thanks for all the nice comments I received ♥ You are all too sweet and I'm glad you like my word-trash so much!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The tattoo wasn't mentioned, but Jimin caught himself a few times with his gaze lingering over it when he came out of the shower or changed clothes.

Altogether, he tried to forget it, and based on the silence between him and Yoongi - Taehyung hadn't mentioned anything in the few visits he had paid their flat and shop over the days - the human either decided to forget it about it too, or already forgot about it along the way.

Either way, Jimin ignored the red on his back and was glad Jin never asked about his late night visits.

Right, when the alp hat said he had lost today he had really only meant today. The incubus was quick to learn that the nightmare was stubborn, competitive and probably only coming back to show how he could win over an incubus.

The second and third night had been no problem for Jimin, who had spent his free time close to Yoongi and Taehyung's dorm, waiting for the former to sleep - sometimes that was around 10pm sometimes around 3am.
Two demons were fighting inside the human’s mind before any of them could do harm to Yoongi, and with the spell Jimin had learned from Jungkook, winning wasn't a problem.

At the fourth night however, Jimin came back home with a split lip and a black eye. While the alp hadn't had a counter against the spell, he had managed to sneak on earth and surprise Jimin personally.
The kumiho wasn't used to balance between his physical and mental presence, hence why his body was mostly used as a punching bag, but sooner or later he had managed to cast the spell again and the alp was gone.

After a week, his spell didn't do much on the alp anymore, and the mocking laughter he got as a response made him punch the living daylights out of the nightmare, resulting in another win for him.

Yoongi wasn't dealing well with all of that, although he seemed to trust Jimin once he entered his mind and dreams.
Yet, the human still woke up with screams and sobs and fear, and he always needed at least 10 minutes in which he embraced Jimin - still standing at his bedside, more or less fractured - so tightly
the demon was hurting (especially when he was fractured).

After the fourth night Jimin had managed to stay instead of teleporting away mid-hug, giving Yoongi the security and warmth he needed before he put the human back to sleep.

It seemed like a routine now and Jimin thought he was fine with it.

The tenth day, however, would be different once again.

The incubus didn't miss how his spell had a stronger impact again, and the alp he got all too familiar with by now - not that they were on a first name, or name basis at all - was obviously irritated by it since he didn't know why. Jimin did know, because he was the reason for the nightmare’s strong presence. The creature becoming stronger and losing connection slowly meant that the ink was fading and with it the dark magick.

But that wasn't the special part of the night.

After the human woke up, he was once again hugging his soulmate’s body, arms tightly closed around the torso, face nuzzled against Jimin’s belly while the demon’s arms were embracing Yoongi’s head and neck, slowly running through the blond hair as he sobbed - much more silently than when their meetings had begun.

What was different about this night was that Jimin was too absorbed into his soulmate, so absorbed that he didn't notice the door opening.

Taehyung let out a confused sound as he - still half asleep - looked at Yoongi and Jimin, standing in the doorway more startled than anything.

The pastel haired boy opened his mouth again, but Jimin laid a finger against his lips to motion him to silence, and the human complied, silently waiting for Jimin’s next action.

“Yoongi-ah…”
Softly pulling at the harms around him to get out of the embrace and bent down to his soulmate, Jimin dropped the honorifics as he grabbed Yoongi’s attention.
He never quite called him hyung when the other was sobbing against him, because the demon felt so close and connected to Yoongi that he couldn't bother with honorifics.
“Come on, you should go back to sleep.”
The demon smiled and gently pressed the blond back into his pillows, tugging him in like a child.

“Don't-”

It wasn't often that Yoongi spoke up in these moments, but when he did his voice was always just a rasp, tired from crying and lack of sleep.

“No… alone… Please.”

Yoongi was already halfway asleep, and his function to build complete and correct sentences had shut off.

Not that Jimin had problems understanding him anyways. After meeting up so many times with the alp, he had quickly found out what Yoongi’s fears were and why the creature often - always, except when he knew the incubus was already there and it wouldn't be efficient to start with his torture - took Jimin’s form.
The incubus had seen the alp, bent down to the human crouching at the ground in defeat and heard him whisper and spit hurtful words in his face.
At that moment, all of a sudden the meaning of Jimin’s new tattoo had made perfect sense.

“You won’t be alone, Yoongi-ah.”

The demon stroked Yoongi’s hair and swiped his thumb softly over the pale cheek, wiping away sweat and tears.

“Taehyung will stay with you, yes?”
Shooting up a glance at his brother’s soulmate, Jimin was glad that Taehyung was so good at understanding the wordless requests and before the demon could continue Yoongi was already not alone in his bed anymore.

“And I’ll be back, I always am, remember?”

“Yeah… you protect me so good…”

Everyone in the room could barely make out the hummed words as Yoongi closed his eyes.

“Yeah I do. Have a good night, puppy.”

And sometimes, sometimes when Jimin’s heart ached at the thought of leaving Yoongi like this again - although he knew he would be back again - sometimes he would let a pet name slip, and Yoongi’s lips would twitch upwards for a second, before he was out and asleep again.

Taehyung was carefully watching his best friend, as if he had already forgotten about Jimin, but when the window creaked, his eyes shot up and Taehyung eyed him warily.

After all, Jimin was basically an intruder.
He had broken the windows open the first five times he visited, after that he noticed that Yoongi always left them open for him.

The human was still convinced that everything was a dream, but waking up with a cold breeze in his neck and a window that needed to be fixed he had decided to leave it open. Just like that.

However, the demon was quicker and already halfway down the fire staircase before Taehyung had even figured out what to say to him.

Once again, Jin didn’t ask and just got an ice pack out of the freezer when he saw the blooming bruises on his little brother, and he shot him a worrying look because he was a mom through and through (and a good hyung, but more the mom) and Jimin silently but thankful slipped back into his room, into the pillow fortress on his bed and slept until noon.

He would have slept longer than noon, but his door was burst open so violently the knob left a ditch in the wall as it collided.

Needless to say, Jimin was awake within a second and expecting the worst.

He wasn't sure if what was waiting in the doorway was the worst.

Chapter End Notes

I gotta give a quick shoutout to Eonni_jagga who wrote this little gem for me as an early
christmas present (thank you so much!)
It's called dudebroship and centers around domestic, fluffy VYoonkook (+Fish)
somewhere between chapter 16-18!
Dudebroship is funny and sweet and makes me very happy and giggly whenever I think
about it, so all of you should read it and show her some love!

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Jimin's privacy is invaded and people become starfishy. Also: the buddy system.

Chapter Notes

Ahhh, I got a little bumpy during the middle of this chapter, but comments made me motivated again! (also the game I am currently playing - again - is laggy today so thats probably another reason as to why this chapter is already here)
As someone who is highly overwhelmed with most kinds of social interactions, and only knows to show thankfulness through baking I feel alarmingly highly responsible for baking cakes and cookies for each of you comment-people.
But I cant do that, because I am chronically broke and couldn't pay the shipping anyways, besides you aren't supposed to give your adress to strangers from the internet anyways, children, so you have to see this chapter as some kind of treat from me.
Hope you enjoy! ♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Do you not know what privacy is?”

Panicking, Jimin huddled all of his blankets and pillows together in an attempt to cover himself, because he had just slept in a baggy tank top and his underwear, and the intruder was definitely not supposed to see all his tattoos.
Hell, he kind of hated it when Jin saw them, and his brother had the same fate as him when it came to the tattoos.

“Well, you don't seem to know either, or do you have the key to Yoongi’s window that only opens from the inside?”

Taehyung smirked knowingly, and closed the door behind him when he stepped closer into the room. Jimin didn't need to know that, but Jin wasn't the one to let him up the stairs.

“Not like I'm not thankful or anything for you visit… visits? But what the hell were you doing there, since when are you doing this and how did you even find out that he had nightmares, or where we are living or how to break into a room through a window?”

Sighing, Jimin gave in, because he had kind of expected the human to show up sooner or later - this had been just a little too soon for his taste - and Taehyung didn't seem angry.
He could probably lie a little bit to keep the whole There's a demon in your roommate's head and I know it because I'm a demon too secret.

But Taehyung wasn't done yet, even though Jimin was ready to talk.

“And he spoke to you, right? That means you have his tattoo now! What did he say? Was it fuck off
and let me sleep? He says that quite often to me you know, wouldn't wonder me. I mean at least it would fit to his tattoo, two equally dumb sentences. Can I see? Oh my god.”
Jimin flinched. Taehyung didn't notice.
“You have to show me! Where is it? He was clinging to you yesterday, is it on your stomach? IS IT ON YOUR DICK? I’d still want to see it, you know.”

“Keep your voice down.”
The demon finally hissed and pulled his covers closer once more.
“I don't want Jin to know, you didn't tell him, did you?”

“He kind of didn't even notice I came here? He’s busy working.”
It was said as a matter of fact, as if completely normal, yet Taehyung blushed embarrassed.

“Oh so who doesn’t know about privacy now? At least I didn't break the window open… every time. Only like, half of it.”
Jimin smirked, because no matter how uncomfortable Taehyung made him right now, both of them got along quite well as if they had already been best friends for years.

“How long has this been going?”

“Ever since you mentioned the nightmares to my brother. He told me, so I went and checked.”
And fought with a nightmare causing demon, but Taehyung didn't need to know that.

The pastel haired human went up to Jimin’s big bed and slumped down on it, causing the incubus to hide in his covers even more.
He was basically inside a cocoon now and that was good because the only thing not covered in plain, black tattoos was his face and the makeup he put on to cover his hands was waiting in his bathroom to be applied.

“Dude, chill.”
Taehyung grinned.
“Even if your dick is like, out, I’m totally not interested in it and to me it is just like another body part.”

“Ew.”
Jimin shook his head at the bluntness.
“I have my reasons. I don't like to show skin.”

He received a sympathetic smile from Taehyung that made him relax, but only a bit.

“I figured. Only a maniac would dance to hip hop in a goddamn turtleneck. Do you have the same tattoos as Seokjin-hyung or…?”

The demon found himself nodding before he even thought about it.

“K, K.”
Taehyung chirped.
“Cool cool. You still have Yoongi’s tattoo though, right?”

There wasn't really a reason to lie now - well there kind of was, but there wasn't really a way he could deny his possession since Taehyung heard how Yoongi talked to him - so the question was answered with another nod.

“Let me see!”
The human drawled out the ee like a child would, and Jimin laughed at the boy.
“No.”
Was all he said then, but as he expected it, Taehyung wasn't satisfied with it.

That Taehyung was so unsatisfied with his answer that he flung himself onto Jimin to get him out of his blanket-shell was a thing catching the demon off guard.
He was defenseless against the ripping and gripping and his efforts only thanked him as they threw him out of his bed and onto his floor, face first of course, because when Jimin was having bad luck he had really bad luck.

Taehyung gasped when he looked over the edge of the bed, and at first Jimin thought that he might have been worried and sorry, but at a second thought he remembered how his real soulmate tattoo was on his back and the tank top didn't do a good job at hiding it.

Both boys huffed and felt some kind of deja vu going on when the taller human landed on Jimin, basically straddling him the way was had been straddled at college before.

“That’s so cheesy!”
Again, he drawled out the ee in a laugh.
“And I know I’m not supposed to mention it but you have so much more of these ugly things than Jin.”

“I don’t get rid of them like he does. He has received even more than me.”
At this point the orange haired boy didn't even question why he was telling Taehyung all this stuff without resistance.

He heard humming, but Taehyung didn't move before Jimin asked him to do so, not bothering with covering himself up anymore. Sure, he didn't feel the most comfortable with the marks exposed so fully, but he mainly hid them just so no one would find out, and that had already happened.

“You should totally get dreamcatchers.”

“You seem like a pretty decent dreamcatcher.”

The wink that was sent towards Jimin was responded to with an eye roll.

“I don't want to show up at your place because of him more often than I have to. I’m fine with visiting you because your my brother’s soulmate and all that, you seem pretty decent too-”

“We’re friends alright.”
Taehyung spoke out loud what Jimin was unsure of and received a shy smile.

“Yeah, right. What I’m trying to say is that it isn't easy for me to see Yoongi. So please, get some dreamcatchers.”

Jimin was frowning while Taehyung pouted.
Of course he was unsatisfied with the answer - again - because he wanted the two to get along, and the softness he had seen just a few hours ago had supported him in that because they had both seemed so so close.

“Are you superstitious like that, Jimin?”

“I know it works.”
Was all he said, because that question was a whole new level of stupid for him to answer. “Hoseok has this book he’s scared of. You can probably find something in that too.”
“You know, I can't believe Yoongi hasn’t mentioned to me that you visit him, or that you two are talking and all.”

“He thinks it’s all a dream, that’s why. I like it better like that. Keep it that way.”

Now Taehyung groaned, deep and frustrated and Jimin felt once more like he was talking to a toddler. A toddler whose voice went through puberty like, three times, but a toddler.

“What are you suddenly the stubborn one?!”

Jimin just laughed, but he wasn’t sure if the bitter tone in it was imagined.

“I just don't want him to feel like he owes me or anything.”

Which was true, because the last thing Jimin wanted was for Yoongi to think _aw shit, that cute dude I've been rejecting came over every night for the past days to calm and cuddle me although my rejection was totally asshole-ly and now I have to pay him back and be nice to him and act like I want to have him as a soulmate._

The demon didn't really have an answer as to why he even showed up in Yoongi’s dreams in the first place. He had been rejected and he had accepted that as a sacrifice to Yoongi’s happiness (or so he thought) and what had happened when he covered up had clearly been a farewell.

“But you're fine with visiting me?”

“Sure. I can't avoid you because of that. Wouldn't be fair towards you and my brother. Yoongi and I should at least learn to act like decent beings around each other, and I for my part think I can do that.”

A smile graced Taehyung’s features, soft and warm and the demon felt himself smiling too before he could even think about it.

“You're a sweetheart, you know that?”

The demon scoffed.

“You're one to say that.”

“Seriously, though. Do you wanna come over tonight?”

The human flopped down on the bed once more, sinking into the soft cushions with a huff.

“A few friends are coming over before we go clubbing in some underground… thing. Live performances and stuff. Maybe Hoseok mentioned it, he performs there too sometimes. Jin said he wouldn't come because of you, but don't think that that's why I am inviting you. We’re friends and you and Hoseok are friends, and I kind of want to shove it in his face that I am the one to introduce you to our cult of friends.”

“You mean you want to passive aggressively point out that he should have done that sooner?” Jimin grinned, even a little bit touched at how the human rambled and reassured that he was really doing that for Jimin, not Jin.

“Exactly. See, we get along so good - that’s why I want to shove you and your sweethartingly greatness in his face.”

Chuckling, because what kind of words were that even, Jimin nodded.

“I hear party and I’m in.”

“Really? Niiiiice.”
“Please, I hardly have to wait in line for clubs anymore because the bouncers know me. I breathe party.”

“That sounds like you are capable of handling your liquor. I will most likely get smashed and throw up on someone throughout the night and if it is you I would still appreciate it if you would help me get home and in bed.”

As Taehyung didn't make any signs of leaving - Jimin’s bed was too comfortable, he knew himself how hard it was to get out of there sometimes - and in all honestly the demon kind of didn't want him to, Jimin decided to just join him on the bed, wrapping himself up in blankets again.

“That’s part of the buddy service I provide for members. No worries.”

The demon was well practiced in taking halfly conscious people home and tuck them in and make sure they were okay, and he would gladly do that for Taehyung too, even if the origin of his lacking consciousness was different and even if Jimin had been puked on before. Wouldn't be the first time that happened either, but Jimin was glad his brother had learned to control his stage of drunkenness anyway.

“Great. Thanks. My hangover service provides badass pancakes for buddies who aren't yelling on purpose at morning.”

“Yoongi?”

“Yeah, definitely. Again, I puked on him, but he was still an ass about it.”

Jimin chuckled, but he cursed himself for how his heart jumped at the bit of information about his soulmate.

“Who is coming to the party then?”

Not that Jimin really cared. He wasn't shy or had problems to get along with people. Humans were naturally charmed and mesmerized by him, so someone not liking him was very unlikely. It was pure curiosity that he asked.


Taehyung started counting on his fingers and Jimin held back a laugh, because again, Taehyung looked like a toddler.

“Hoseok and his destructive soulmate. Yoongi.”

Maybe it hadn't just been curiosity, but the very low hope that this particular name wouldn't fall. Sure, Jimin wanted to behave like a decent being around his soulmate, like friends or at least acquaintances. And yes, Jimin thought that he could do that by now. But sometimes Jimin also thought that he was missing hell which was totally illusional and on the other side he didn't know if Yoongi wanted or could behave like that as well. But Taehyung and Yoongi were dudebros, so of course he would tag along too.

“Me, and the new friend Yoongi and I made the other day. Basically, you aren't the only one entering our circle for the first time, and that dude is really shy so don't worry. A total of seven people but you can invite people for the club too, just not into our meeting before. That’s for buddy system members only and also the living room isn't big enough.”
Jimin hummed, biting down the lump in his throat at the thought of going out with his soulmate, who was possibly getting shitfaced so that Jimin could take care of him, or hooking up with some stranger the way he had with Jimin.

He had seen the human dance, fully absorbed into music and he had felt the effect of it on himself, so it wasn't unlikely for it to happen.

The demon ignored the hint of jealousy boiling up, because it was just jealousy. He wanted something he couldn't have, and Yoongi was not his after all, so he had no right to be pissy about possible one night stands.

He wouldn't step back from the invitation just because something that was totally fine and allowed to happen could maybe happen.

Jimin liked humans and Jimin like Taehyung and Hoseok and if he could expand his number of friends and be a solid part of Taehyung’s group of buddies, then he would do that gladly.

“Taehyung?”

The human’s deep voice hummed through the room as a sign of attention.

“Wanna hang out today so we can make sure our membership in the buddy service is solid?”

“Dude. I am literally starfishing on your bed right now, I thought it was obvious we were going to do exactly that today.”

Both of them laughed, and Jimin had hardly felt so light and good in the past weeks. Taehyung was like the friend he’d always known, the friend that took all the burden from his shoulders without noticing so.

For Jimin, Taehyung was like a second Jungkook - minus the cute maknae part - and the demon needed exactly someone like that at the moment.

Taehyung and the friendship they were building up were helping to fill up the emptiness inside of Jimin again and the incubus was thankful for that.

“I can't cook for shit though. Yoongi legit murdered our smoke detector last time I made breakfast.”

Taehyung was good for Jimin, although he was Yoongi’s brother from another mother and although he brought him up from time to time.

Taehyung was good for him, because he was helping Jimin to heal.

Chapter End Notes

I'm also super duper looking forward to write the upcoming chapter because I have like 3 parts of it already imagined in my head over and over!
I also got lots of platonic VMin feels while reading through the chapter xD

In case you havent already, read Dudebroship ,that plays around the same time as this chapter and is super duper awesome and promising to make you laugh! Domestic-fluffy VYoonKook ahead!

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Everyone is embarrassing one another and everyone looks hot. Also: The squad assembles

Chapter Notes

I kind of played 9 hours of Slime Rancher yesterday alone, so you can figure out pretty good where exactly I invested all my time in instead of writing

Whoops

I'd like to say that it wont happen again but I wont lie
I'm at a big-ass gothic festival this weekend though, and saturday has this 5 hour gap between bands I want to see and if I havent died then due to heat (because for some reason it is always hot there as if the sun is saying, what 30k people that wear all black? Lets give them hell) I will probably write instead of socializing with my father or my aunt and uncle. Also we stay there a bit longer to visit my (hopefully) future hometown/university and as far as I can trust google maps there seem to be some pretty corners in the town so I might get motivation to write there as well

Im rambling again

Sorry

have fun

(what is it with me uploading stuff this late, its like 2am here)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Both incubi had been surprised when the fallen angel, their little maknae, had denied the offer to go clubbing with them.
Not because Jungkook was usually one to party. No, so far it had been a hopeless effort to invite him to accompany both or just Jimin on his trips to parties.

They just didn't expect him to say no because he had already been invited to a party, to that he was actually going.

Of course the incubi had argued that they were his hyungs, that they knew him longer, that they were all not human and could watch out for each other better, but then the fallen angel had just fluttered his wings in annoyance and told the other invitation came first and it would be impolite to call it off now, as well as he didn't want to damage his new found friendship with it.

Kookie’s hyungs had then proceeded to be whiny about it, telling him how he shouldn't just agree to
a party because he felt pressured to do so to not be excluded from the group. They had also given him some kind of prep talk and most likely scarred the poor thing for life as soon as the words *bathroom* and *blowjob* were used in one sentence.

Shyly, Jungkook had then explained that those exact things were the reason he didn't go out to party with them, since he knew they would be hooking up with someone, he wouldn't, and then he would end up as a third wheel alone and lost in some club, turning into the introverted fetus he usually was around strangers.

That had shut the incubi down, they could clearly see his point in that, especially Jin because he had ended up alone and lost in some club more than often, for example when Jimin used the words *bathroom* and *blowjob* in one activity.

When the fallen angel had fluttered off to take care of some things - with that he actually meant mentally preparing himself for meeting new people, visit a crowded club and probably get hit on at some point because his face was pretty cute and he had a nice body, as well as resisting to drink a lot when all his company did.

Jin sighed when the two brothers were alone.

“They grow up so fast.”

“I hope he doesn't get too shitfaced. I'm sure deep down he is quite the party animal.”

“I hope he doesn't dance on tables.”

“I hope he doesn't do drugs.”

“Not like they harm him.”

“True.”

Both demons shrugged and slumped down onto the couch. They had nothing to do and it was too early to get ready for the party already.

“Taehyung said he'd get hammered today.”

Jimin just put the statement in the room.

Jin eyed him suspiciously.

“What are you implying?”

“Nothing. Just that he won't remember passing out if you feed on him.”

“Do you really think I would use him like that?”

Jimin shook his head.

“No. But you are starving, don't deny it.”

Jin’s open mouth shut and he suffocated the excuses and denials of how he was doing just fine. “I am doing just fine. For now. I can wait a little longer until I…”

“Until you what?”

“I don't know.”

The younger incubi sighed, worried and frustrated. He just couldn't understand why his brother was starving himself.
Sure, he could get that Jin didn't want to hurt other people, but they were lots of ways to avoid that and still feed. Jin was attractive, both naturally and well, naturally, meaning he was pretty and an incubus, so win-win.
A quick fuck wouldn't be that big of an obstacle for Jin.

Any port in the storm or whatever that saying was.

But Jin chose to drown in the storm, and it made Jimin furious sometimes.

“Fine. Keep your dry spell or what you call it.”
The orange haired boy huffed and pouted.
“But don't faint or kill everyone in the room when you lose control, hyung.”

“I know my limits. Don't you worry.”

The younger brother grumbled, giving up on the topic for now and instead came to the - for him - most important thing right now.
“Ripped jeans or not?”

Jin smiled, stroking his non-existent chin beard in thought and he eyed the two pairs of pants Jimin had laid out in front of himself.

“Depends…”
He started, looking at the almost-too-tight black jeans and the washed out ripped jeans.
“If you want to show Yoongi what he is missing and seduce him I’d go for the ripped one.”

Jimin rolled his eyes, although he couldn't deny that the first part wasn't too bad of an idea. Passive-aggressiveness sounded too sweet to be ignored.
“I won't seduce him you idiot.”

“Someone else then?”

“I’m more hungry since he left. I’m definitely eating tonight.”
Even if it was just a quick thing inside a bathroom.

“Ripped jeans it is then. Your thighs are too sinful to be hidden, although the black pants make your butt look great… I’d still go for your thighs but maybe I’m biased.”

“Thanks… Wait, I know why I haven't worn these in forever!”
The look the ripped jeans were hit by screamed traitor.
“I have ink on my legs!”

Now it was Jin’s turn to sigh and roll his eyes.
“So? It’s a club, you can be glad if you see people properly, I doubt your marks will be visible.”

“Yeah, well, we are meeting at Taehyung’s apartment before so. No thanks.”

The washed out pair of pants flew into the next corner and the black pants were grabbed instead. Jimin needed some time to get into them without ripping them apart because they were so tight, but once he was wearing them along with a black and white striped shirt he eyed himself in the mirror proudly, satisfied with his looks.
Like this, no tattoos were shown, except for some he could cover with makeup like those on his neck and hands.

Jin went for a black yet tight turtleneck and equally tight, black pants.
It was rare to see the otherwise so light demon in dark colours, but Jimin had to admit that it mixed well with the pastel hair.

“Wait.”
Jin looked confused.
“Taehyung never gave me an address.”

That had probably happened because Taehyung knew that Jimin had it and therefore never told either of them officially.
Wasn't it weird to say your soulmate gave me the address instead?

“I have it. Don't worry. Taehyung probably forgot.”

Seokjin hummed and grabbed a leather jacket for his brother and a long coat for himself, before leaving the apartment and then the shop.

The younger brother didn't even try to ask for a teleport, because Jin liked transporting himself the human way which meant by feet or public transport. Feet in this case.
Still, that didn't mean Jimin was all too happy about it.

“If Jungkookie was here we could fly there.”
He whined and earned a mocking look from his hyung.

“He would ruin my hair.”

And thus, Jimin had been silenced, at least until they were climbing up the public, not emergency exit - stars to Taehyung and Yoongi’s shared apartment.

“Should I be scared to get kicked out?”

The older demon scoffed, but didn't knock on the door yet to talk to his brother quickly.

“As far as I know, you two being soulmates is a secret, so Yoongi would have to think of a good reason to kick you out, and you could quickly keep him from doing that with your charms. Besides, I am sure Taehyung would fight him if he would try. I’m the one that needs to be scared, meeting the friends is on the same level as meeting the parents. At least according to those dramas we watch.”

“Meeting the friends is worse, hyung.”

And he knocked, but not before winking at his brother who looked like he had died inside a little bit just then.

As energetic as ever, the door swung open and Taehyung’s signature boxy grin greeted them, along with the big thunk when door and wall collided, because for some reason the human couldn't open doors like a normal person and had to demonstrate his strength on them.
One day he would rip one door out on the way, Jimin was sure of that, and he begged it wouldn't be one of his doors.

The incubi were pulled inside by the lavender haired boy who was wearing a simple white shirt, dark pants and a fluffy looking, light grey cardigan and how he could manage to look sexy in it while the outfit itself was soft seemed to be bordering on incubus magic - Jin just assumed that he had fallen for the guy quite some time ago.

Before greetings and introductions could be spoken, something - someone - had flung towards Jimin and almost pushed him back out of the room, but the small boy managed to steady himself and the
thing - person - clinging to him as it - Hoseok - let out very loud happy sounds.

“Ah, Jimin-ah, I didn't know you were invited!”
Hoseok yelled right into the incubus whose hearing had been intact just fine.
“Joonie! Look how cute he is - he is the squishy guy from my dance team I told you about!”
To underline the squishy part, Hoseok back hugged Jimin and put his hand around the other’s face, squishing his cheeks together so the boy looked like a chubby fish, and a helpless one.

He was facing 3 people like that, and a blush crept onto his face, because that was for sure a great first impression he had made there - thanks Hoseok.

It was Taehyung that came to his rescue, freeing him of the raven haired dancer’s grips and pushing both of them towards the comfortable couch, were the other guests were sitting.

“Now, this is Jin, my incredibly handsome soulmate, and this is his younger brother and my new buddy who has qualified himself for my hangover pancakes, Jimin.”

Taehyung pointed at each of them and went on to introduce his friends as well, but one of said friends decided that he was old enough and could say his name himself.
“Hi, I’m Namjoon, Hoseok’s soulmate. It’s great to meet you.”
The polite smile sent to them was heartwarming and even managed to decrease the dislike both of the incubi had for the bucket hat on top of Namjoon’s head ever since they saw it.

“Don’t touch them Namjoon, you might break them.”

Taehyung snorted at his own joke and even Hoseok - who should be on Namjoon’s side - snickered, but silenced when his soulmate shot him a look.

“Yoongi is, well, Yoongi. You tattooed his butt, so I’ll skip the introduction for him.”
The boy in question, sitting at the very edge of the couch, grunted at that. Jimin didn't dare to look at him, scared of something he couldn't name, but if he would have, their gazes would have met.

Yoongi had been staring Jimin down ever since he arrived.

Obviously, Taehyung hadn't told him, because if that had been the case, Yoongi wouldn't have met up with them before the club, although he lived here.

The dreams he had been having made him fuzzy anyways, but seeing Jimin right now was even worse, especially when the boy looked so sinfully sexy.

His brows furrowed when he watched Jimin fidget at the mention of his name - who could blame him - but Hoseok was the next to introduce himself and snapped the blond out of his thoughts.

“Hi! I’m Hoseok and I’m the handsome dancer Jimin has surely told lots about!”

“Jin, pleasure to meet you. I’ve heard you are a great dancer.”
The raven haired human smiled, beamed, and Jin was sure he would feel sunshine on his skin any moment if Hoseok would keep looking at him like that.
That boy was too pure for this world, he concluded.

“Okay, now to the last one, the other to enter this buddy system.”
Everyone’s eyes flew to the until now silent figure next to Yoongi that was blushing and staring
down at his hands.

The two incubi were staring down onto the body, blinking a few times and not believing what they saw - for different reasons.

“Jungkookie?”
Was what Jimin yelled after a few seconds, not believing that this, right here was the party he had invited his younger friend too, and also the party he had been ditched for by the same friend.

Jin had other priorities and shrieked instead of yelling.
“Where did your black coconut hair go?!”

Jungkook blushed harder and groaned, earning a chuckle from Yoongi although he had no idea what was going on.

Of course his hyungs had to embarrass him in front of his new friends.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Taehyung is smarter than people thought and gets drunk faster than he thought. Jin makes sense and TaeJin has a moment.
RIP Coconut hair.
Also the smut will be in the next chapter (sorry).

Chapter Notes

This is like a super fast update for what I usually take (which is like 2 months) yet I still feel like it isnt fast enough. Ugh. I actually wanted this finished before the holidays were over but I doubt that will happen.
Also my friend had mindfucked me with her theory to the Love Yourself thing, that gave me headaches and this morning my pinterest was full of Jin has a time travel sweater and I just ???
I get too much of a headache trying to understand the whole thing, but Jin has a lot of screentime so I happily watch it all. (my pansexual mind is also confused if I like the boys or the girls more, and then I remember that the girl from Jungkooks part is the one from GOT7’s Just right MV and everything gets weird but welp)
Anyways I got a lot of inspiration at the festival, because the music was great (besides the weather and the mud that came with it). Also, there were a lot of people dressed as demons, and creepy looks and fake blood and symbols that would be considered satanic etc (which, considering this fic centers around demonic shit gives a lot of inspiration alone) AND AT THE ENTRANCE PEOPLE WERE HANDING OUT BIBLES??
(okay they were trying to but I dont think anyone took any) Im still laughing about the face one of the christians there made when she noticed the guy in line behind me had an upside down cross on his forehead.
Welp, enough rambling.
Sorry theres no smut yet.
I also didnt proof read whoops
So if there are mistakes or anything tell me ^^'

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Within seconds Jin had been all over Kookie, inspecting the strawberry blond hair, combed and parted instead of the usual bowl cut - or coconut hair.

“Looks good right?”
Taehyung stepped in with a smile and pulled his soulmate away from the fallen angel at least a little bit.
“Yongi dyed it today. Kookie looks so much cuter with it.”
He cooed and pulled at a few strands, leaving the newly-blond pouting.

“It’s…”
Seokjin wanted to scream because who gave Yoongi the right?

No one in hell would take Jungkook for full anymore.
The black hair had been at least a little bit intimidating and distracting from his baby face.
In addition, the blond would look horrendous with the black wings, and if they somehow managed
to dye the feathers too, Jin would combust into flames.

“It’s cute. Something. Different.”

The colour did suit Jungkook, he was totally rocking it.
But Seokjin was worried about their little maknae getting picked on at the home that didn’t feel like
one yet.

“I like it…”
Jungkook admitted, hesitantly and almost whispering, gaze still turned downwards.

“Me too!”
Jimin chimed in, practically feeling how uncomfortable his dongsaeng felt, surrounded by strangers
and having all the attention while his eldest hyung just outed his dislike for the haircolour he was
originally proud of.
“Good job on him, Yoongi.”
Also, this could be the perfect opportunity to get rid of the awkwardness that was wobbling above
the soulmates, and a charming compliment would surely loosen them up.
“...Hyung.”
The incubus then added, after Yoongi’s sharp eyes hit him, as cold as ever and for the first time Jimin
saw how people (Hoseok) could feel intimidated by the blond.

“Wait, how do you three know each other already?”
The demons got flustered as Taehyung addressed the unspoken question, and while the incubi
stuttered a little, Jungkook overcame his startled status quite quick.

“Jin-hyung and Jimin-hyung are d-”

“Deeply responsible for Kookie’s rebellious phase as a teenager.”

Saving them badly with a cryptic answer and a hand shutting down Jungkook’s mouth before it
could spill the word demon, Jimin laughed.

“We do piercings too, you know. We started this little punk and became friends along the way.”

They didn't do piercings, but if any member of the group got the idea of wanting one from them, Jin
was sure that he would have to learn how to, as it was his lie now.

“Ahh, makes sense.”

The fallen angel received sharp looks from his demonic friends, but the message of him not spilling
their hometown had gotten through him by now.

Taehyung made himself comfortable on the floor in front of the couch and pulled Seokjin down with
him, snuggling up to his soulmate before anyone could protest, but no one seemed to mind, seeing
that Hoseok and Namjoon were doing the same thing.

Well, nobody besides Jungkook, who gagged - very mature - and Jimin and Yoongi, both looking
away, the former wishing he could do the same right now.
Maybe the latter wished for that too, but he wouldn't admit it even to himself.

“So, Jimin.”

Namjoon got the incubus’ attention in an instant, as he was happy he could focus on something else and he greeted the human’s interested with a bright smile.

“Since you are in Hoseok’s dance class, what do you major in? I never saw you around so I guess it’s nothing with philosophy.”

“Right, you aren’t doing something with music either. I haven't seen you around in my classes and neither has Yoongi.”

“I only see you in my dance class.”

A blush crept onto the demon’s face and he laughed embarrassed.

“Well, about that…I only have this dance class. I run the tattoo shop and that’s it.”

“How did you get into a dance class that is only for college students then?”

And while Namjoon said that, realization struck Hoseok’s face, before he started yelling, loud.

“Oh my god!”

Three people in the room flinched.

“Do you sleep with the teacher? Is that how you pay for the classes?”

Taehyung, Yoongi and Namjoon joined Hoseok’s scandalized expression, Jungkook and Jin weren't fazed by the possibility of Jimin doing just that.

“I pay my classes with money, thank you very much.”

If the dancer’s face could become even more expressing, it did the moment he blurted out the next sentence.

“You didn't deny getting fucked by the teacher though!”

Namjoon promptly choked on his spit, not used to Hoseok being as blunt, but Seokjin joined him soon after, thanks to Taehyung.

“Oh, but I know for a fact that Jimin is totally topping. So Jimin, do you fuck the dance teacher?”

Yoongi, who was forcing himself to be quiet even after Taehyung had wiggled his eyebrows at him, bit his lip and scowled.

For some strange reason, he didn't like the thought of Jimin fucking the dance teacher as it had been put so nicely.

But Jimin could do what he wanted, and if Jimin was doing the dance teacher - literally - he had been doing that way before they had met, since Hoseok had been mentioning Jimin for quite some time now.

Yoongi had therefore no right to be angry or possessive, hell, he couldn't even be possessive because Jimin wasn’t his and he didn't want Jimin to be his, thank you very much he was doing just fine on his own.

Yoongi’s attention snapped back onto Jimin, when he sighed and smiled, mischievously like a little
devil and not cute and adorable at all like before.

This was the way he had been looking at Yoongi the first time they met, or the second.

“Can you blame me? It was planned as a one time thing, but do you know how bendy dancers are?”

”Yeah.”
Namjoon interrupted and blushed after he realized what he had said.

“And he was very much satisfied with what I did to him, which, by the way runs in the family if you

They didn't know, because on half of the people in this room were convinced Jimin just a normal
human instead of a lust tempting demon while the other half were a demon themselves or the family -
Taehyung still snorted at the immature joke.

“So he offered to take me into the class, so here I am, dancing and fucking the teacher from time to
time.”

Laugh erupted in the small group that seemed already so familiar despite partly knowing each other
for less than an hour, but Yoongi just kept himself from pulling a grimace.

The little shove the platinum blond boy got from his fellow blond was affectionate and Kookie, who
had obviously noticed the discomfort of his new friend, smiled in a way that left Yoongi smiling too.

The musician was very thankful for his new friend, because whenever Taehyung was too immersed
in something, like talking about Jimin fucking the dance teacher, the fallen angel was there as if he
could sense the dark clouds that threatened Yoongi’s mood.

Yoongi sometimes did think that it might be like that because Kookie wasn’t quite human, but on the
other side was the kid just someone really calm and quiet and probably someone to observe rather
than stand in the center of attention.

Clearly a think Yoongi liked and agreed with, hence why the two of them got so close so fast. He
had found something he could just spend some hours in total silence with, trailing behind thought
after thought but never overthinking thanks to the other calming presence in the room.

Kookie seemed to know many things, and while he could be really awkward, he was also quite wise
and knew when to give comfort in silence rather than confront about it - like now.

Because there was no way in hell the fallen angel knew that Jimin and Yoongi were soulmates -
unless he could see the bond with some demon mojo, but Yoongi doubted that - yet he looked at
Yoongi as if he perfectly knew that the musician was hurting.

The first bottles of alcohol had been opened and empty and everyone was more or less immersed in
talking and laughing when Namjoon checked his watch and got first Hoseok’s and then Yoongi’s
attention.

“They need us now. We see you there.”

Taehyung frowned and waved at the three boys getting up from the couch, and liquid spilled over
from the glass he was holding up.

“Where are you going?”

Seokjin asked out of curiosity, gaze lingering towards Namjoon, whom he had gotten along with
greatly so far.

“To the club. We have to be there a little bit earlier so we can prepare. We perform there, didn't Taehyung tell you?”

Jimin coughed his drink back up as the image of a sweaty but not less sexy, hard breathing Yoongi on a stage shined on by flashlights came into his mind before he could stop it. The incubus wasn't sure if he wanted to go to that club anymore. When he looked up carefully, he met Yoongi’s gaze that stared him down almost mockingly, but more proud than mean. Jimin still flushed, embarrassed.

“Nope, I left that as a surprise you just ruined.”

Taehyung was already slightly tipsy, and the more alcohol he drank, the more childish he got. He was practically constantly pouting and had even used some really overdone aegyo at some point that had made everyone cringe really bad.

“Well, he asked. Anyways, we can't be late. Don't get too drunk already.”

Jimin migrated to the sofa the moment the door fell shut, releasing a breath he didn't knew he was holding, and Jungkook migrated onto Jimin - he wasn't very tipsy or drunk but still a lot clingier than before, but then again, maybe he was more comfortable now.

“Wait!”
Taehyung suddenly slurred and got up - well he tried to.
“I gotta show you my lizard!”

“Taehyung, please keep your pants on.”
Jimin said dryly before the human in the room could do anything he would (not, because he had no shame) regret later.

“Noooooo!”
The pastel haired boy whined overly dramatic, now successfully getting up and running - again, trying - into his room.
“Fish is my pet lizard! Hoseokie is scared of him so I couldn't show you earlier!”

“It’s really tiny.”
Jungkook mentioned with a smile, because he had already met the lizard at his second visit.

“If the lizard tries something you need to knock Taehyung out.”
Seokjin suddenly hissed and looked deadly serious.
“We can tell him he drank too much.”

“Or we don't do anything and just chill because Fish is a tiny ass lizard and Taehyung has reached the point were he is asking me to levitate things to him because he is too lazy to get up or move his arm a little. He will be chill about it.”

“Jeon Jungkook!”
The fallen angel’s eyes tinted red as his full name was spoken out loud, in a mom voice.

“When did I allow you to curse like that?!”

A sorry hyung was thrown in.
“Also, no, I will knock him out if I need to because he will not be chill about it and I will not be chill
about it. You, are a cool demon, I am not. No offense Jiminie.”

“None taken, you tell him when you want to not when some lizard forces you to.”

“But-”

The fallen angel was silenced with two death glares and Taehyung storming back into the living
room.

“Look!”
He exclaimed excited, shoving his hands into Jin’s face.
“Isn’t he adorable?”

Seokjin smiled, nervously eying the tiny, hand-sized green thing in Taehyung’s palms.
Fish looked at him, stared at him - but that was just how lizards looked at things - and poked his
tongue out, like a dog after a long run.

Fish was adorable.

But something was off…

“Taehyung… Do you know what kind of lizard this is?”

The oldest in the room carefully took the lizard out of his soulmate’s hands and smiled when the
green thing clung to the side of his hand, tail flicking around for a moment.

“A cute one? I don't know I got him off some shady dude on the internet.”
Taehyung shrugged, smiling as he watched lizard and soulmate together.

“That… Oh my… Taehyung that is an iguana! Do you know how big this type gets? Around two
meters!”

“Really? How cool!”

“Taehyung-hyung.”
Jungkook chimed in carefully.
“Wrong reaction.”

“Not wrong reaction! Jinnie obviously knows something about lizards, iguanas, miniature-dinosaurs.
That means he can help me train him when he gets bigger. I will have a dog sized dinosaur do you
even know how awesome that is?”

“Okay, I gotta agree with Taehyung here.”

“Right? Dude, you will get an extra plate of pancakes tomorrow.”

Taehyung and Jimin were like two peas in a pot, and an absolute disaster when put together. If they
would aim for world domination as a duo, they would probably succeed.

“You two are horrible. I’m bringing Fish back and you sober up Tae.”

“Yes hyung.”

Drunk-Taehyung saluted and obediently went into the kitchen to grab a glass of water.
If Yoongi would find out this had happened, he would always drag Jin along to parties with him and
Taehyung since the latter always protested when Yoongi tried to get him something that did not have alcohol in it.

“You can't get too drunk, Kookie, I hope you know that.”
Jimin eyed his dongsaeng as the fallen angel wiggled himself closer onto the other’s body.

“I don't plan to go all chicken-mode at the club, don't worry.”

“Chicken-mode?”

“Taehyung’s words, not mine. You can't do that either though, no matter how shit you feel because of Yoongi-”

“How do you even know that? Has he been talking about me-”

“No. I’m just not dumb nor blind.”

“Okay you brat. I promised to take care of Taehyung when he gets shitfaced so I wasn't going to drink much anyway. I can hold my liquor in contrast to my brother.”

“I heard that.”
Of course Seokjin decided to come back the moment people started talking bad about him, Taehyung with him - emptying his third glass of water.

“Do we need to worry about you two having an attempt at drunk sex in front of us?”

Jin looked offended at his brother’s question and wanted to throw something like you don't need to be drunk to have sex in front of us back, but Taehyung giggled so loud that it wouldn't have gotten through anyways.

“Nope, absolutely not. I’m a demi you dummy.”

“You’re a DEMIGOD?”

The three demons spoke, or yelled, in unison and Seokjin took a step back from his soulmate, just in case.

The giggle Taehyung let out along with a grin that could only be described as devious, let shivers run down their spines.

Jungkook prayed - he really did - that Taehyung hadn't heard it when Jin had yelled his full name, or he was a dead man. He also found it much more logical now that the “human” possessed a book as mighty as this. You couldn't really get something like that on the internet, right?

“Demi sexual not demi god you morons. I knew you two didn't just pierce Kookie, you don't do piercings because if you would I would have had one already.”

The three demons relaxed, feeling suddenly stupid for their accusation.
Mainly, because Taehyung would be the worst demigod in existence, probably. Or, well, he managed to figure out their lie while being drunk, so maybe not.

“What’s demisexual?”
Seokjin decided to ignore their exposal and hope that his soulmate forgot about it by the time he had explained the term.
“It means I get sexually attracted to people I have a deep connection with. Basically, my dick exclusively likes dicks I fell in love with. No sane person would not have sexy thoughts about you Jinnie, unless they are demi, trust me. I was sad for a while because you only look pretty to me, for now.”

A sheepish smile showed itself on Taehyung’s features and he poked his soulmate in the chest playfully.

“You mean that, for example if you went to that club to pick someone up, you wouldn’t find anyone appealing? No one would be your type?”

“Exactly.”

“And, you would only notice that people would be your type after spending some time with them, going on dates, all that?”

“Yup.”

“Kind of like your type isn't the way this person looks, but that person only?”

“You got it.”

The next thing that happened was Seokjin falling onto his butt and not moving at all. Within seconds he was surrounded by his friends asking him if he was okay.

Taehyung even brought out an apology for being like this and started tearing up when he told Jin he was sorry that he had to wait with the sex and that his soulmate was so weird.

But there was only one thing the older incubus said.

“There is a word for it!”

And then he looked at Jimin, smiling and he knew his brother understood what he meant.

So many nights had they been spending at clubs with Jin never finding someone for his liking, no one he found sexy or something else than pretty.

So many dates had Seokjin went on only to get dumped afterwards because he wasn't taking things fast enough.

So many times had Seokjin fallen in love only to spend the night with those people and be thrown out the next morning.

So many times had Seokjin’s heart been shattered so that he could feed without feeling forced and uncomfortable with it.

So many times had Seokjin thought that there was something wrong with him, that he was broken or malfunctioning, because he wasn’t as promiscuous as his brother or literally any other incubus.

And all that, because Seokjin was demisexual, and therefore needed a strong emotional bond with his partners before he would think of them sexually.

It all made sense now, and it made him even more happy, because Taehyung, his own soulmate, worked the same way.

“There is a word for it, oh my… There is a fucking word for the way I am!”

Seokjin was cursing again, but this was a discovery that required cusswords.
The other two demons were still a little bit confused, but Taehyung just laughed and hugged his soulmate. Well, if anyone could understand how it felt when everything started making sense on that area, it was Taehyung.

“Don't tell me sorry for something like this ever again.”
Nuzzling his face into his soulmate’s neck, Seokjin recalled the words Taehyung had thrown onto him in worry.
“And yes, you're weird, but you're the good kind of weird just like me, so don't apologize for that either, ever.”

“Yeah. Yeah okay.”

Another happy giggle left the human and the two demons that were all of a sudden third-wheeling just smiled at each other and went back onto the couch, silently watching and appreciating the moment happening in front of them.

Jimin wondered if he and Yoongi would ever have a moment like that too, and his heart ached when he concluded that that was probably not the case. The mark on his back felt like a brand once more, even worse than all the other tattoos he had.

“We should get going too, right?”

Jungkook looked at the clock on his phone and Taehyung nodded along, standing up and stretching with a theatrical sigh, or moan to be precise.
Seokjin rolled his eyes and got up too, slowly grabbing the human’s hand.

Fallen angel and younger incubus shared an annoyed look with each other but didn't say anything out loud.

“So000.”
Taehyung started once they were on the street walking.
“Can I have the truth version of how you and Kookie are friends now? Are you like in a cult or something?”

“Uhm.”

“Not a cult, I promise.”

“That’s good, I don't think I would want to date some cult member.”
Taehyung laughed but still wasn't satisfied.
“You know, a lot of things make sense now.”

“... Do they?”

“Yeah. You know, how you told me to get a dreamcatcher or look into that book, or how you managed to break into Yoongi’s room whenever he was having a nightmare. Maybe even those strange tattoos you two have. You are totally in this demon stuff am I right?”

“Sort of… Look, we don't really want to tell you… yet. I promise we will, someday.”

“Deal?”

“What?”
Jimin tripped and almost fell off the sidewalk when he heard the word. It wasn't like they would
actually fill a proper contract with the human if they said deal back yet the word had a certain impact on the demons. Even better, Seokjin would kiss Taehyung at some point sooner or later, and risking that they actually formed a deal that had no further conditions known to each party would be very dumb.

“Oh my gooood”

Flinching and an angry glare from Jungkook.

“You guys are horrible. You promise though?”

“We promise Taehyung. Thank you.”

“I can't stop my brain from thinking about it. So if I figure it out first you better don't lie to me.”

A threatening finger was pointed to the three demons, who raised their hands in defense.

“Whatever.”

Taehyung was back to his happy self and turned into a corner.

“Welcome to this sinhole of good music. Jimin, you promised you’d watch out for me, Kookie, go to Yoongi if strange people start talking to you that aren't our friends and Jinnie, you better get shitfaced with me.”

“Aye Aye.”

Suddenly, Jimin remembered why he didn't want to go here, and he really considered to just leave now, but once the dark vibrations of a bass shivered through his body he couldn't. He felt trapped yet welcomed, and as he slowly made his way to the bar, quietly watching the sweaty people dancing on the space in front of a small stage, Jimin felt thrown back into the night he watched his soulmate dance.

But he had watched many other people dance like that too, and he knew that this was the place he belonged in.

Whether it was to hunt his lunch, dinner and dessert, or to watch Yoongi perform - he wasn't sure, but did it really matter?

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

The Cypher fanboy strikes again, Jimin breaks his own rules and Agust D makes boners happen.

Chapter Notes

I can explain.
3 weeks wasn't really what I had in mind.
Buttt
In all honesty: I've been writing on this since last week.
I JUST COULDN'T GET THE SMUT DONE AND I STILL HATE IT.
But yeah. There's smut again.
I guess.
I also listened to the Tony Montana version ft. Jimin on repeat while writing it, so there's that.
Hope you are still reading my fic after I abandoned it due to school and my lazy ass (I am in my final year before university and let me tell you how I am internally screaming whenever a teacher says "it's almost over" because my mind goes "yay you are finally getting out of this shithole" and then it also goes "Oh fuck there are 3 finals with the length of 5 hours each and an oral exam that goes like half an hour and you only have until march and fuuuuuuuuuuuuuck")
I'm going on a class trip the day HER (awkward title is still awkward) is released and I hate it because my wallet isn't ready (B.A.P. had a comeback too god damnit I am poor) for the release and neither is my heart, nor my internet connection on my phone when I will watch everything on the train.
Whatever!
Have fun!
this is almost 5k so at least I went overboard with my word length as an excuse for the long wait!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It wasn't long before each of them were handed a drink, although Jimin was sipping on it rather hesitantly, since Taehyung was the one who ordered.

Thanks to the already well-sized crowd, the club was hot and the air used up.
Seokjin, Taehyung and Jungkook scrunched up their noses, alcohol, sweat and something indefinable but definitely unpleasant in the air.
Jimin on the other side felt welcomed and observed the dancing crowd with a smile from their little spot at the bar.

While clubs or bars playing Hip Hop (live) weren't really his usual area for feeding, he also didn't dislike the music.
It was different but good, and he aggressive voices rapping on the stage were making his blood boil.

The incubus was eager to find himself a partner for the night, but Jungkook reminded him that they were here to watch their new friends perform.

Only then did Jimin realize he was most certainly going to die. The fantasy of Yoongi spitting fire on this stage was too hot for even the demon to survive. He should be immune to a human’s charms, he usually was, but that did not seem to appear for a demon’s soulmate.

It probably wasn’t a good idea to chug down his drink and order another one, but something inside Jimin was foreshadowing that this night would be the witness of many more and much worse decisions.

Three drinks more and Hoseok, or J-Hope according to his stage name, entered with a breathtaking dance that forced Jimin to join the cheering and dancing mass before another song could be performed.

Now, technically he was making a complete fool out of himself there, but only Taehyung (who wasn't fazed by anything incubus-related as it seemed), his brother and Jungkook could see that. Everyone else was seeing the tempting and eye-appealing incubus.

But Jimin knew how dumb he actually looked, so of course he dragged Jungkook with him - Taehyung egging them on - so he wasn't the only idiot in the crowd.

At first, Kookie was stiff and tense and stared at his hyung with a mixture of *I will end you* and *Someone rescue me*. But then Jimin started to ridiculously, dramatically slow dance with the fallen angel, which would have been stupid enough if the song would have been slowdance-appropriate.

From that point on, Kookie found himself having fun, both with dancing and at this place in general.

Still, he was thankful that every stranger’s approach to dance with him - Jungkook was convinced Jimin’s aura was oozing onto him as well and wouldn't believe any comment regarding him looking hot - was cancelled by Jimin’s aggressive (again: ridiculous) dance that most of the people in the club would interpret as *back off he is mine*.

The fallen angel was panting by the time J-Hope waved goodbye, all thanks to Jimin who danced with him and no one else.

The maknae of the group earned himself a hard pat on the back from a more than tipsy Taehyung, and another drink that undoubtedly came from Jin, evidence being the oddly vibrant colour as well as the tiny umbrella.

When Jimin wondered why *J-Hope* hadn't joined them yet, Taehyung giggled.

“*Hobi has an encore stage with the other two, you silly goose.*”

*Hobi* was apparently an accepted nickname for the dancer and *silly goose* was also an accepted insult for drunk-Taehyung and drunk-Seokjin, the latter had definitely made another bad decision when he decided to get drunk with his soulmate together.

While they waited for *Rap Monster* aka Namjoon to start, Taehyung took it onto himself to scare away every *predator* (as he called them) that tried getting close to Kookie. He was great at it.
Jimin got everyone away from his brother unsuspiciously with some incubus powers and used all those people to get his group (and with group he meant Seokjin and Taehyung) free drinks.

Rap Monster’s stage was a different level of power. It was much more aggressive and vulgar than J-Hope’s and while Hobi’s rap in combination with dance had grabbed Jimin’s attention to the fullest, Rap Monster had grabbed Jungkook’s.

The fallen angel was staring at the stage, mouth agape and eyes big.

Seokjin looked at Jimin and Jimin looked at Seokjin and they both knew that the title of Jungkookie’s role model was no longer theirs, but Namjoon’s.

Now, Jungkook wasn’t the one to be dragged on the dancefloor; Jungkook was the one dragging someone - and this someone was a very helpless Jin.

Taehyung watched them with a loving smile, Jimin let out an evil snicker and waved his brother goodbye.

In the end karma hit him, and Jimin found out that Taehyung actually didn’t like the taste of alcohol and needed a chug-buddy to drink.

It still seemed like a miracle that the human somehow convinced Jimin to drink with him, taking Jin’s place. Again, this was obviously another bad decision.

“Jiminie.”
Taehyung slurred and let his hand flop onto the demon’s shoulder rather violently.
“I bet Agust D will make you pop a bonerrrr when he is on stage.”

Jimin giggled, finding this far too funny to call himself sober.

“I mean-”
The human stopped for a moment to keep himself from losing balance.
“I, I, would go backstage with Agust D if he asked - and I am demi and don’t and won’t like him like that ever! But this guy… Agust D is… whoa!”

“You are in love with my brother though.”
Jimin scrunched up his nose as he stated that, although he wasn't sure if in love was the right term for them yet.

“I am!”

Apparently it was the right term, drunk-Taehyung was even more honest than sober-Taehyung - surprisingly that was possible.

Big eyes stared at Jimin when Taehyung grabbed his face with both hands.
“Mmmmm’ Just saying…”
He hummed and smiled, big and boxy.
“I’m wingmanning or some shit. Agust D will do something to you, I swear!”

“I doubt I will pop a boner, I can control myself pretty well.”

Correction: Jimin had been fucking wrong.

If he wouldn't be able to suppress some of his body's reactions, the demon would definitely have a
problem; a hard one.

Thanks to his drunken state it was a half-hard problem, because he couldn't control himself completely.
It was really embarrassing, but he couldn't really do something against it, except hope that Taehyung wouldn't notice and tease him or that it would just go away. (His very tight pants weren't helping at either those things.)

The thing was that Agust D himself was, well, hot enough.
Jimin wasn't sure how or when it happened, but he definitely had a thing for rappers - or that particular rapper, but *shh, let this boy keep his dignity.*

Something about those angry eyes and the fire spitting mouth seemed more attractive to Jimin than porn.

So yes, that itself was already enough to leave Jimin commenting on some lyrics that were more or less intentional innuendos - such as *I'd like to gi-gi-give it to you* or *I hope the D is the only correct thing about you when you spell your name.*

The worst of all, however, was this one, starring pair of sharp, cat-like eyes that just wouldn't let go of him.
And honestly, Jimin stared right back.

The more he stared the harder he got.

For fucks sake - could Yoongi *please* not look Jimin right in the eyes when rapping about his goddamn great tongue technology?!

The demon knew that his feeding tonight would be the most unsatisfying meal ever, because of that; because it wouldn't be Yoongi.

Still, when a handsome man approached Jimin with a strong flirt, he kept him there, interested and willing, while Yoongi and him never broke eye contact.

The man - prey, an instinct reminded the incubus - only got his attention after Agust D had left the stage, and he was gone for it the instant Jimin’s finger traced over his chest. Half heartedly at that, but no one needed to know that.

They were close. Jimin was subtly moving his hand over the man’s - whatever his name was - crotch now and then, the man’s hand tracing over Jimin’s bicep. (and over the mark of *I bet you'd sound like a slut once I make you beg for more* he had just left there.)

It was obvious that the man’s attention was completely focused on the demon, not noticing anything in his environment anymore.
Proof at that was Taehyung, who went nuts when a song he called *Cypher pt. 3* was performed at the encore stage, and promptly dragged Jin and Jungkook with him, but failed to drag Jimin and the man too.

Jimin only spared him a glance when the man said something, although he didn't understand what, but he didn't even try to as it wasn't really important.

The demon was attentively watching the encore stage of his three friends.
In all honestly, he was mostly watching Yoongi, who seemed a lot angrier and was still staring down onto Jimin.
Again, Jimin had clearly developed a thing for angry rapping and sharp words, and Yoongi was also 10 times hotter now.

It seemed that while the man was in daze only seeing Jimin, Jimin could only see Yoongi. He snapped out of it once the stage was empty again, and teeth pulled at his earlobe playfully.

The demon’s fingers curled around belt loops to pull the man closer.

“I’m not patient enough to take you home first.”
Jimin purred into his hair and pulled him towards the bathroom without waiting for an answer, only checking that the three rappers approached their spot at the bar.

His plan was to avoid any encounter with anyone of the group, and as no one noticed that, when and how he had vanished, it seemed that he succeeded.

Well, Jimin wasn't seen leaving, but he also didn't see Yoongi leave shortly after him.

The bathroom was empty, and really dirty, but that was normal for these kind of places and the incubus was used to it.

Not wearing those ripped pants seemed to have been a good decision, regarding that Jimin would be getting onto his knees in here sooner or later.

The lips attacking his neck felt hot and sticky, and Jimin didn't bother to fake a response like a gasp, since it was unnecessary.
He just waited, standing the middle of the small room stiffly.

Possibly because he had been distracted a lot, the fun of hunting and playing with his victim had vanished completely and now Jimin just wanted to get over with it.

He only noticed he had tuned out when his victim complained with a burted out Hey! Which seemed strange to him because Jimin hadn't tuned down on incubus aura and technically this would keep the man kind of tranquillity, wanting, willing and horny.

But there were no more hands on his body, no more lips on his neck and no bothersome, hot breath on his skin.
Again, strange, because the natural effect of an incubus was still present and enhanced.

For a moment Jimin thought that maybe Seokjin had noticed what he was doing and interrupted them, since the only explanation for the abrupt stop was another person snapping the man out of it.
But the younger incubus knew that his brother didn't and wouldn't do that.

Another option would be Jungkook, but the fallen angel would probably be too shy and just quietly leave with a beet red face and flushed skin.

Puzzled as he was, Jimin was even more surprised to see no one else but Yoongi standing in the bathroom, sharp eyes fixated on Jimin’s plaything for the night - or well, former plaything, because although Jimin could make the man willing again it would be more effort than just getting a new one.

“I've been here first, shorty.”
The man snapped and tried to push away the hand Yoongi had yanked him away with.

Grinning accompanied with a slow head tilt seemed horror movie worthy to the man who got seemingly flustered and intimidated.
Jimin however, found it more porn worthy for some reason, and stared at Yoongi in curiosity (and
slight arousal).

“Well he’s been mine long before you got here, so piss off.”
Satoori had manifested in the rapper’s voice and after he twisted his grip on the man’s shirt, the two soulmates were alone in the bathroom.

**He’s been mine long before**

The words rang into Jimin’s head as he stared at Yoongi.
He wasn’t quite sure what to think of the situation, but he really liked the possessive hint behind the musician’s voice.

“What do you think you are doing?”
Still, that had been the incubus’ dinner and Yoongi had no right whatsoever to just chase it away without an explanation.

But he didn’t get an answer - not one in words at least - because Yoongi was still thinking that Jimin did not have his tattoo and Jimin would definitely keep him in the belief.

Yoongi seemed to be a man to speak in actions rather than sentences anyway, and the gasp Jimin let out once he was pushed at the bathroom wall was the realest he had ever let out.

It was ridiculous how once again there were lips attacking his neck, although much more rough, and how the same hot and sticky sensation was there, yet it felt good instead of disgusting or bothersome. No, it felt really, really good actually, as if Yoongi knew exactly what spots he had to hit.

A fist curled into Jimin’s shirt, Yoongi’s other hand pressed itself against the wall while his body pressed against his soulmate’s.

**Mine**

Jimin heard once again in his head when the attacks turned into something that would certainly leave red-blooming marks on his skin, and the incubus wanted to smile sheepishly, but let out a small, throaty moan instead.

The tables seemed to have turned, as the demon seemed to be the dazed one, the willing one now, and it was a little scary to Jimin because he was sure he had never let himself go like that - not even when he didn't care about his partner’s survival and let everything out; he had always kept control.

“Ah- Yoongi-hyung, what are you- are you planning on doing?”
Jimin finally got out, and gripped his opponent’ arm tightly, feeling like he needed to get a grip on something if he couldn't get in on himself.

The other just hummed, pressing their bodies closer once more, and Jimin groaned at the friction.

He was so gone he let himself get hard.
Sure, he could tone it down every time (at least a little bit when Yoongi was still all over him), but the incubus wasn't sure if he really wanted to.

“You-”
Jimin needed to catch his breath first.
“You clearly didn't learn when I pushed you away at the studio, huh?”

The kiss that was pressed onto his adam’s apple was one of lips stretched into a grin, and Jimin hit
his head on the wall when he leaned back, but couldn't care less about it.

Long fingers fumbled at the buttons of his pants, and opened them before he could stop it. The incubus’ was palmed through the fabric before the tight pants were pulled down and a hand sneaked into his underwear without hesitation.

Jimin closed his eyes, and groaned. He couldn't remember when he got touched like that, but only now did he realize how much he had missed it.

For the moment he didn't even care for the risks for this whole situation, just enjoying the firm but slow strokes Yoongi gave to him.

He registered another hum when his cock sprung free from his now pulled down underwear and the blond set a last kiss right under his jaw, then he sunk onto his knees.

Yoongi had one arm laid around Jimin’s thighs, gripping hard from behind, the other hand was still stroking him.

When he felt a lick on the tip of his cock the incubus came back to reality and his hands found Yoongi’s hair without problems, pulling him back and forcing the human’s gaze upwards.

“If you really want to suck me off I have rules.”

He congratulated on how firm and serious his voice sounded when he had expected it to be a trembling, hoarse mess.

Jimin looked at Yoongi expectantly, but the elder just pulled an eyebrow upwards as if to tell him to just spit it out.

“First.”

Jimin pointed down at his soulmate’s crotch.

“I know that you are just as hard as me, give yourself some freedom.”

The hands on him retrieved and opened Yoongi’s pants instead, exposing his hard cock.

Yoongi could think it was out of nobility to give him more comfort (because honestly, boners were never comfortable in jeans), or maybe because Jimin had a thing for it. The incubus did do it out of nobility, but in reality he just didn't want Yoongi to come in his pants, because the human would definitely start cumming once Jimin did.

“Second.”

He even managed to hold up two fingers.

“When I say I’m cumming, or when I tell you to let go, then you get the fuck off me. Hands away, mouth away, everything away. Not on my legs or on my pants or anything that is on me. Understood?”

He didn't care what Yoongi would think about that, Jimin just didn't want to either explain to their friends why he just ran into an unconscious Yoongi in the bathroom (a blowjob would definitely knock him out, which was still better than death but not ideal) or sneak an unconscious Yoongi home (not again).

Another eyebrow was raised, this time more impatiently.

“Third. If I think you don't listen to me fast enough regarding my second rule, I will push you off and I don't want to hear any complaints about it, got it puppy?”
He couldn't help it, once he was giving commands the pet names slipped. Yoongi didn't seem to mind.

“Okay that’s all from my side. You better appreciate this I haven't let myself get touched in forever.”

For a second Jimin thought he had seen the hint of a soft smile on Yoongi’s features, but when his thigh was grabbed from behind again, along with a kiss on his tip, he was too busy keeping quiet to look at his soulmate’s face.

Leaning back against the wall, the incubus just concentrated on the kitten licks and tiny kisses that Yoongi plastered his cock with, painfully slow.

Jimin was glad that Yoongi didn't notice the soulmate tattoos that were exposed when his pants were pulled down a little, or if the elder noticed, he didn't comment on it.

A high pitched noise escaped the demon when Yoongi’s lips closed around the red flushed tip of his cock, tongue grazing the underside lightly but with intention.

Hands wandered into Yoongi’s blond hair of its own, but not to pull or guide, just to simply hold and Jimin heard and felt the low groan he provoked with it.

The incubus dared to look down at his soulmate when he started to slowly bob his head down on his cock, tongue always present with the movements.

Yoongi looked gorgeous, he thought, almost ethereal which seemed ironic given that he was currently sucking of a demon, and that incredibly good.

Jimin sighed every now and then, when Yoongi took him especially deep or his tongue swirled around the right spots, or when the elder’s face displayed an emotion Jimin could not define but found endearingly attractive.

His sounds seemed to please Yoongi, as well as the grip in his hair that fastened and loosened up in the rhythm of Yoongi’s movements and Jimin knew that the other’s arousal wasn't all his incubus’ work, but also Yoongi liking what he did.

Yoongi swallowed around Jimin’s cock, trying to take him to the hilt and Jimin hissed when the grip on his thigh became almost painfully hard.

A second later Yoongi made a gurgling and released the cock so he could cough.

“Don't choke on me.”

Jemin laughed a little, thinking that Yoongi had probably done that just because he did it to him once.

The grip in the blond hair softened and turned into affectionate strokes for the time Yoongi coughed, and Jimin laughed louder when he spotted the pink tint on the rapper’s cheeks.

“Or well, maybe you should, you look so pretty when you blush.”

That made Yoongi blush harder, and he looked up at Jimin with an intimidating stare. Throughout the night it had already been noticed that this kind of stuff seemed to turn the incubus on, Yoongi however was surprised when the cock he held in one hand twitched.

With a hand in his hair, Yoongi was guided back to Jimin’s cock, and the rapper turned his attention away from Jimin’s face to focus on what he was doing with his mouth.

He started again, licking long stripes from the base to the tip while his thumb caressed the vein on the
underside.
Jimin moaned, temporarily forgetting that he was supposed to keep himself collected at least a little bit.

“You know if you really want to take me without choking, I could teach you.”
As surreal as it was to start a (one sided) small talk during a blow job, Jimin felt as if he needed to distract himself from the sensation that could leave his whole body shaking.

The answer came in teeth that scraped on his skin, very lightly but onto the border of painful.

“Ah-”
Jimin made a surprised noise.
“I got it hyung. Sorry, hyung.”

Yoongi was clearly just as bossy as Jimin, and for the first time since they met, Jimin felt the need to use honorifics.

When Yoongi took him back in his mouth and hollowed his cheeks, Jimin lost himself for good. It was as if every defense he had was crumbling down, overwhelmed by pleasure. Obscene slurping noises were mixed with high pitched sighs and moans that were muffled by the hand Jimin laid over his mouth.

“I’m close, hyung.”
Jimin whined into his sleeve and couldn't stop his hips from thrusting into Yoongi’s mouth. Strong hands pushed him back against the bathroom wall immediately, and the growl he heard was just as possessive as the glare Jimin’s original dinner had received.

Speaking of dinner, the demon realized what exactly he was doing - or being done to - right there. This was dangerous after all, especially because Jimin hadn't done it in so long. He could kill Yoongi if something went wrong or if he didn't watch out enough.

But it was too late to stop now and Jimin had taken this risk when he let the man from before leave instead of chasing after him.

Once more he looked down at his soulmate, at the pale skin and the dark eyes. He looked at the lips stretched around his cock, slick with his own spit and Jimin’s precum.

“Hyung.”
Jimin gasped, and Yoongi’s eyes shot up, locking eye contact.

The emotions in the dark orbes seemed unreadable and also incredibly overwhelming to the demon, so raw and pure. Looking into them, into Yoongi like this almost felt better than the blowjob.

“Hyung- I-”
Yoongi pressed Jimin’s body to the wall a little bit harder, then tried to take him to the hilt once more. He managed to swallow a few times, before he forced himself back and Yoongi growled deeply and satisfied with himself.

“Get off.”

The vibrations Jimin felt on his cock were enough to send him dangerously close to the edge, and he pushed Yoongi back and onto his ass before the other had even really heard the command.
White streaks of cum shot onto Yoongi’s pale face. The human didn’t really care about it, or he didn’t quite realize it, because he was trapped in his own orgasm, thanks to the incubus.

Jimin felt his own energy being taken away and luckily it helped him to control the amount of energy he forced off Yoongi and lord, did he taste good.

In the end, the soulmates were panting, sweating and Jimin slowly sank to the ground, ignoring that he had Yoongi’s sperm on his pants.

“You okay?”
The incubus asked, worried, and looked at the human who was surprisingly still conscious.

A weak nod was the answer.

“Good.”
He smiled and looked at Yoongi for a while, sucking in the afterglow of his orgasm and how well he actually looked with sperm on his features.

“Let me clean you up, hyung.”

The demon was amazed by his own stamina once more, because although he was catching his breath there were no problems with swift movements and he basically flung himself towards the rapper, his face the level of Yoongi’s exposed crotch.

Jimin didn't hesitate to lick Yoongi’s cock clean, and he squeezed the human’s thigh soothingly when it started trembling from the overstimulation. The sounds Yoongi tried to keep in his mouth so desperately, but failed at so miserably were almost better music than his actual rapping to Jimin.

Carefully pulling Yoongi’s, then his pants back up, the demon looked at his soulmate’s face.

“C’mere hyung. You can't go back out like that.”

The next lick landed on Yoongi’s jaw and Jimin tasted himself, slightly less bitter than Yoongi but not as good.

His hands gripped the human’s neck and maneuvered his head in the right directions.

“You were so good to me, hyung.”

Jimin mumbled and placed tiny pecks onto the skin he just cleaned.

He smiled when he kissed the corner of Yoongi’s mouth, tongue pointing out to lick the milky fluid off, because this was the closest he would give himself to a real kiss, and the fact that it was Yoongi made it ten times better.

Jimin almost flinched when a hand landed on his cheek to pull him back into a, supposedly real kiss, but two of Jimin’s fingers stopped their lips from touching.

Yoongi frowned and the demon smiled apologetically.

“I might put my lips on your dick, or literally any other place of your body. But I won't put them on your lips, or anyone’s lips. Sorry, hyung.”

Instead of kissing Yoongi’s face again, Jimin used his thumb to wipe away the last trace of cum.

“Now come on. Let me buy you a drink for your amazing performance. Both in here and on the stage.”

It probably wasn’t a good idea to rejoin their group both at once, coming from the same direction, but
there had been so many bad decisions this night, that one more or less didn't matter.

Besides, the two didn't get much attention anyway. Taehyung and Hobi were the center of attention, doing a dance of (or something like that) on top of the bar.

Namjoon looked half asleep, but still watched his soulmate so that he wouldn't fall down.

Jungkook looked slightly traumatized, as Jimin thought, but this was the fallen angel’s first club and party so maybe it was normal - Taehyung dabbing on top of a bar wasn't the weirdest thing in here.

Seokjin’s face however was both hilarious and worrying. It was scrunched up in the most ridiculous grimace, disgust and horror clearly on display.

“What happened?”
Jimin asked his brother, whose big doe eyes only widened at the sight of him.

Jungkook chimed in and answered in turn for the hyung.

“Seokjin-hyung proved that he was starving.”

“What?! Did you accidently kill someone?!”

Jin shook his head sternly.

“Worse.”

Chapter End Notes

What traumatized poor baby Kookie?
What did Jin do?
How did the dance battle start?
Will Namjoon fall asleep?
WHO KNOWS?!

(I do.)

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter Summary

Worse happened, the maknae is traumatized, Eyes are glowing in the dark and everyone ends up cuddling.

Chapter Notes

Yoooo I'm back
Honestly I am going on a classtrip tomorrow and I should be sleeping (also because I am sick af) but I had to upload this now instead of tomorrow morning in a hurry. (I am not ready for the comeback but when are we ever)
I hope y'all leave comments as nice as the ones for the last chapter so I have something to smile at during the 5 hour train ride (other classes fly into different countries, but whew, we are boring an just travel to like the middle of the country)
It is a little short, but it is better than nothing I guess :D
Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What do you mean Worse? Did you kill more than someone?”

Again Jimin only received a shaking head as an answer, and he looked helpless at Jungkook. If it really was that bad, they wouldn't still be in this club, right?

“Jin-hyung stole.”
The maknae tried to explain.

“What.”

“Well, we aren't exactly sure from whom he stole but-”
The fallen angel coughed and if it wouldn't be so dark the blush on his cheeks would have been visible.
“He either fed on you getting a blowjob or Yoongi-hyung giving you a blowjob. And now he-”

“Wait, how do you even know that? I mean, yeah, it's obvious we did something but how do you know I received? I never receive.”

Jungkook turned pale and looked just as horrified as Jin. He coughed once more, obviously uncomfortable.

“You didn't even notice? Man, you were gone.”
Seokjin drunkenly snickered, forgetting what he had done for the moment.
“Let’s just say that we send out Kookie to look for you two and he came back telling me that ‘Jimin is doing what he told me not to in the bathroom’ and since I saw you leave with your boytoy over there I asked him he found Yoongi and all I got was ‘Yoongi is doing Jimin in the bathroom’ and I
mean wow, Jimin. You ruined our innocent angel.”

“He is an ex angel, look whose fault that was by the way, which makes him everything but innocent. Also I have never seen a maknae that was as sexually charged as him.”
Jimin snarled back and poked his tongue out.

“Put that tongue back we all know where it was minutes ago.”
Seokjin was the bigger brother though, and therefore also the sass master who had no problems shutting down his little brother.

“Okay so besides the fact that you-”
Jimin pointed at Jungkook.
“caught me with my dick in someone’s mouth. What was that about you-”
The finger went to his brother.
“Stealing from either of us?”

Seokjin’s head collided with the bar in shame.

“He looked really disgusted all of a sudden, as if he ate rotten eggs. But in all honesty, he probably saved your asses with it. You shouldn't have done that, there was a reason for you keeping to yourself, remember?”
Jimin looked at Jungkook with an annoyed expression.
The maknae did not have the right to scold him.
“Whatever, Yoongi is alive and so far also conscious so I guess hyung stopped you from draining him too much by feeding from you. Which is, might I add, really disgusting and probably why he looks like that.”

“I bet that was the best meal he ever had though.”

“You taste like shit, Jimin. Very nutritious but disgusting.”
Seokjin muttered against the sticky surface of the bar.

“It is kind of disgusting though. I feel harassed, hyung. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? At least you can't excuse your hunger anymore but still, was that worth it? Ugh, hyung, I’m not drunk enough to handle you, eating me.”

“Stoooooop!”
The eldest demon whined.
“I’m just as grossed out as you. Let’s bring this up later if you really need to.”

“You two aren't even allowed to feel grossed out, I am the one to be pitied.”
The fallen angel butted in, poking the incubi’s sides.

Jimin rolled his eyes.
“Puh-Lease! You saw the two prettiest dicks you will ever see. You should be thankful.”

The maknae opened his mouth to snarl back something, but never got the chance to actually do so, as Taehyung decided that this was the best moment to jump down from the bar and - as shitfaced as he was - fall on his ass with a loud scream.

“I think it is time to go home.”
Namjoon concluded and glanced at his own soulmate, who had a victorious smile on his face, and some vomit too.
“Yoongi fell asleep on me too.”
He was also drooling on Namjoon.

“Yeah, sounds about right.”
Jimin nodded, then crouched down next to Taehyung.
“Come on Tae, I’ll give you a ride home.”

“I wanna…”
The boy rolled on the dirty floor until he laid on his back, looking up to his friends with unfocused eyes.
“I wanna get a piggy back from this pretty prince.”

He smiled and tried to point at Seokjin, but the upside-down position and alcohol in his blood didn't help his aim.

“Well, this pretty prince is just as drunk as you and will get a piggy back himself.”
Seokjin was snoring slightly, passed out with his cheek pressed onto the bar counter.

Jungkook sighed at the sight, then proceeded to move his arms under Taehyung’s shoulders to pull him up and onto Jimin’s back.

“Tell me if you will throw up.”
The incubus warned and made his way towards the exit.
“And thank you for wingmanning.”

“Tollll’d’chu~”

“Yeah, whatever.”

Jimin laughed when Namjoon caught up to him, Hoseok clinging onto his back like a monkey, or an octopus.

“Are you gaining yourself the right for pancakes?”
Namjoon asked into the night, once the people on their backs were responding with constant snoring instead of complaints and groans about how bad the fresh air made them feel.

“Would you believe me if I told you I had no such intentions and only want to be a good friend to my good friend?”

A sheepish smile made Namjoon trip once he saw it and laughed too hard.

“A little. You’d have my belief because you’ve only heard tales about the pancakes and since no story can grasp their greatness you wouldn't exactly know what you’d miss.”

“On the other side you cannot grasp the greatness of letting this drunk guy loose in the street.”
Hoseok chimed in giggling, head lifted up weakly.

“Oh, SeOKIE, I thought you were sleeping?”
Namjoon turned his head, visibly cooing at the drowsy look of his soulmate.

“I was, but luckily my drunk-self could recollect that my life is in constant danger on your back, when you tripped, baby.”

The clumsy boy blushed embarrassed and promptly tripped again, just to prove a point. Hoseok yelped and Jimin giggled, almost dropping Taehyung because he wanted to hide his smiling
“Maybe next time, Hoseok. For now I want the pancakes. Next time I can snatch some from hyung. I bet there’s an unlimited service of pancakes if you're his soulmate.”

“Jiminie~”
The drunk dancer suddenly sing-songed, a witty smile on his otherwise so innocent features. “I invited you here, so you will share some with me…. Right?”

“I will not betray Taehyung.”

Hoseok looked so offended that the incubus had problems to stay serious.

“You betrayed me though!”

The last close-to-sober person was catching up, his jogging more looking like wobbling though.

Reasons for that were the two packages Jungkook was forced to carry - each on his front and backside.

These packages went with the names of Seokjin and Yoongi, who were doing a really good job on clinging to Kookie from front and back with arms and legs without getting in each other’s way.

They were, however, doing a fairly good job at getting in Jungkook’s way, and Jungkook, well, he was trying really hard.

“Yoongi didn't even drink much. He isn't able to get drunk, I’m sure. He can walk just fine.”

The fallen angel shook his head at Namjoon’s complaint.

“Hyung needs the sleep. It’s okay.”

Yoongi wouldn't wake up in the next hours anyway, so unless he was a usual sleepwalker he would have to be carried.

Jimin swallowed, a wave of guilt rushing over him. Not only because the maknae had to carry two people - honestly, that kid had to much energy and muscle anyway - but because the incubus had acted so instinctively, and so wrong in the bathroom.

Because he had let go of himself, had given up control in a way he never should have, and he had in consequence damaged someone he shouldn't have.

“I- I can take Yoongi-hyung if you want, Jungkookie.”

When he spared a cautious glance at the younger demon, he met a proud smile but a head shaking no.

“Yoongi-hyung isn't the problem. He’s small. You can take Jin-hyung though.”

Jimin knew that this was Jungkook’s way of protecting his hyung, his friend. Because although Jimin was his family, in a way he was danger for Yoongi, and Jungkook’s natural instincts and personality always kept his friends safe. Thanks to his origin, to the type of angel he used to be, the maknae was not really able to give Yoongi away to Jimin right now.

“And risk these two making out right onto me? No thanks, have fun lifting them muscle pig.”

“Fair enough. Namjoon-hyung, they don't mind if I crash their place tonight, right?”
And there it was, the fact that Jungkook’s new role model(s) weren’t Jimin or Jin anymore, but Namjoon. Although that was probably for the better, since two outcast demons weren’t really the perfect role models anyways, and although both incubi were aware that it was for the better, the fallen angel would hear something about it the next time the three were alone.

“We are going to crash too, they are sleeping so it isn’t like they can say no. I call dibs on the couch though.”

“Ah, we are staying too. I don’t want to carry hyung home like this.” Jimin nodded towards his sleeping brother, stealing another glance at Yoongi through it. Luckily, the human did not seem to be plagued by a nightmare of any kind - probably because the aura of an angel (fallen or not) was too present for anyone without a really bad death wish to approach.

While Jimin showed no hesitation going through Taehyung’s and Yoongi’s pants in search for a key, everyone was relieved that Namjoon knew his friends enough to figure out where they would put the spare key.

“Taehyung says it is so obvious no one will notice it. That’s why it hangs right next to the door on the sign with the address. Yoongi is always putting it under the doormat when he sees it because obviously that trick doesn’t work.”

He still explained, flustered at the praise he got from his new friends - especially Jungkook.

No one bothered to switch on the light, since Namjoon somehow managed to find his way to the couch without tripping on thin air, starting to snore along Hoseok the instant they landed on the cushions. Jimin and Jungkook never had problems to see in the dark anyway, although the pair of red eyes and the other pair of yellow ones glowing in the darkness might have seemed a little bit suspicious and scary - if anyone else would have been awake.

They put Seokjin and Taehyung in the latter’s bad, and both cooed and cringed at how the two started hugging each other the instant they had a blanket thrown over them.

Jungkook didn’t mind to sleep in the same bed with Jimin, as they had sleepovers like that - meaning that they fell asleep on each other before they could go to their actual beds - yet it irritated the incubus for a second that the fallen angel seemed to have the same level of trust with Yoongi.

On the other side he was glad that the maknae’s protection instincts didn’t switch on when he flopped down next to Yoongi too, the human now squished in the middle of two demonic beings - safe and sound.

“I slept over here a few times when Yoongi works on his music and I help and we fall asleep around noon, you don’t need to growl at me like a dog, you jealous animal.”

Jungkook mumbled, pulling the blankets up to his chin, red eyes tinged with gold looking at his still-awake hyung.

“I growled?”

A nod came from the fallen angel, a blush appeared on Jimin’s cheeks.

“Sorry. Stop calling me dog though. You know I’m not a dog.”

“You are totally cousins with Cerberus, hyung. Now hush and sleep. Taehyung is an early bird no
matter what.”

“Shut up, you are cousins with the chicken I ate last week then. You can sleep on if something happens, I have it under control.”

“Something? Hyung, you mean the nightmares he gets over night?”

“Mhm… Now sleep. I have that thing under control.”

“Fine. I trust you.”

Both demons fell asleep minutes later, only to be woken up by a scream of bloody murder.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Pancakes, Backstory and Wrestling

Chapter Notes

Guess who wanted to paste this from her notebook into the laptop so she could post it already on Friday but was too busy watching dramas?
You're right: me!
Also I went to watch IT yesterday, since the original movie is responsible for my phobia of clowns and the book is incredibly good.
AND I AM SO MAD.
Honestly: the movie is shit. It is clichee, full of "your mom" or "My dick" jokes as well as an overusage of:
- cusswords
- violence
- blood, pee, poop or other fluids just to make it look more "creepy" or in actuality disgusting
- autotune or otherwise weird voices or noises (the clown made dinosaur noises at some point and I just??)
- jumpscares
The worst of all is that the message of the story - or at least the one I got out of it - is kind of not there anymore. I always found the fact that they had to go though it all as grown ups once more, remembering the way they fought it as 13yo on the way to get courage, really motivating. But welp, now they were children the whole movie and there will be a second one playing in 2016 and not 1900-something because of course. I am really mad and needed to rant about it here at least a little bit.
Maybe some of you planned watching it in the cinema - Honestly, just get the original movie and save the expensive cinema money.

Howeverrrr...
I hope you like the chapter! it's gotten pretty long :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The two younger demons were alarmed and awake before the scream had even ended.

But the human between them just pulled the blanket over his head - apparently Yoongi’s survival instincts were on vacation.
“Fuck off Hoseok.”
He muttered groggily and shuffled to the next best source of warmth, what right now was Jungkook.

“Hoseok-hyung is screaming?”
Jimin reassured, or at least wanted to.
An answer never really came, because suddenly Yoongi was wide awake, scrambling onto all fours, away from the incubus and right into Jungkook’s chest.

Before anyone could say anything, the pair of black feathered wings curled around the small body like a cocoon.

“You chicken. Even let them out while sleeping.”
Jimin commented on the fallen angel’s instinct, sitting up and crossing his arms.
“Ah hyung, yesterday it was either your bed or one of the soulmate duos and I did not want to end up third wheeling to a make out session.”

The wings lowered, pale hands pulling them down slowly, showing a grumpy yet sleep-puffy face.
Jimin sighed, melting a little at the sight, but got the message perfectly without words.

“Sorry hyung, it won't happen again, I’ll be in the kitchen.”

He scrambled out of bed, shoulders unconsciously slumped down, and then groaned when the aftermath of sleeping with his (very tight) jeans on gave notice.

“Harsh and mean, hyung.”
Jimin heard Jungkook whisper when he left the room and closed the door slowly to not make noise.

The incubus was welcomed by another scream, the owner of it looking directly at Jimin and for a second he was worried he woke up in his demon form just like the fallen angel did, but luckily that was not the case.

“First the lizard apocalypse and now a threesome - What is happening?”

“No threesome. Everyone was out like a burnt candle once we got here and now get me some pancakes you brat.”

The door behind Jimin slammed shut and the demon was pushed to the side by a bony shoulder, Yoongi’s bony shoulder to be exact, so that the rapper could pass his soulmate in the doorway.

“You look like a kicked puppy over there.”
Taehyung nodded towards the carrot haired boy, then pulled away the plate his own roommate grabbed after.
“You, Mr., might have gained your privilege back last night, but you just lost them again. Jiminnie, you get 2 plates!”

“What?”

The blond rapper looked like he was ready for murder, but Taehyung was far from intimidated, leaning closer with a smirk that looked far too dark for his bright personality and far too witty for his hungover state.
“Treat my friends, no, your friends better, so you don't need to glare at me like that, hyung, you will get ugly wrinkles.”

Hoseok, or anyone else for that matter, overheard the tense words between the roommates since Taehyung was speaking so quiet.
“Jiminnie, do I get your extra plate?”

“Ask Taetae.”
Jimin’s answer came groggily.

The incubus felt miserable, and the shoulder push had hurt more than it should have.
He walked over to his brother, and the encouraging pat on his knee woke a weak smile.

“Hyung. Why is the lizard on your head?”
Jimin asked when he noticed the small reptile resting comfortably on the pastel pink hair, tongue peeking out of Fish’s mouth relaxed.

“We’ve bonded. He’s cool.”

“And Hobi’s scared.”

“You can have the pancakes if my precious child can stay, Hobi.”

The dancer narrowed his eyes, staring at the baby lizard, then he sat down next to Jimin.

“The things I do for these pancakes…”

“How do you lose that privilege in the first place?”

Collective groaning from everyone without the privilege followed.

“Hoseok-hyung set my drunk ass out on the street, videotaped everything and still laughs about it.
Namjoon-hyung always gives me I told you looks and Yoongi-bear, well. He lost them first when he disrespected my hangover with his loud music, loud laugh, loud everything, just because he doesn't get drunk. There are times where he gains it back, but it is only temporary. Just like today, because Yoongi can be an asshole.”

The rapper made a disapproving noise at his roommate's story.

“The first time it was revenge, because you puked on everything - including me - and I had to clean it all up!”
Defending himself like that, Jimin noticed how hoarse Yoongi’s voice sounded, and also how much he liked it.

“Wow, Yoongi, your voice is almost gone. Your throat never reacts like that after performances!”
Namjoon almost managed to sound worried.

Almost, because he clearly knew what his soulmate would follow with.

“What happened, did you suck too much dick?”
The pair of soulmates high-fived, the other pair snorted at the joke.
Jimin stuffed his mouth shut with a - heavenly good tasting - pancake to stop himself from making a joke too.

He choked on the pancakes though, getting surprised when he swallowed, because Yoongi looked
Hoseok dead in the eye and answered with his raspy voice.

“Yeah.”

His harsh honesty got himself a pancake though.

“Jesus Christ.”
Namjoon spat out disgusted, obviously not prepared for an answer like that.

Jimin choked even more and Fish’s head shot up as if he’d heard something too - certainly from Jin.

The sound of fluttering feathers however, got everyone’s attention in the otherwise awkward silence.

Hoseok started screaming once more, utterly terrified of the half-asleep, baby-faced fallen angel with red eyes and black wings.

“Don’t ah-”
The demon yawned and waddled closer to the group.

“Don't say these names, hyung.”

“You idiot of a bird! Exposing your identity like that!”
Jin scolded immediately, Fish hissing along.

“I have friends and I trust my friends and… Hobi-hyung can you please stop screaming you will get dizzy and everyone else will get a headache.”

“You-”
The dancer wanted to yell but had to catch some air.

“You are the demon! The one they summoned with the book! Oh god-”

The red in the demon’s eyes repressed the gold ring, two other pairs of eyes narrowed.

“Devil! You possessed them! Did you take their souls? Please don't kill us!”
Jungkook just giggled.

“I am not able to possess people, or take souls away, nor do I have intentions or desire to harm humans. I used to be an angel, please calm down, hyung.”

“No! Why is everyone else so calm?!?”
The dancer pulled at his hair and looked over his friends with big, terrified eyes.

Seokjin raised his hand and began explaining with a simple

“I already knew”.

“I’m grooming him regularly,”
Jimin followed, leaving out the part in which Jungkook brushed Jimin’s tails.

“We obviously summoned him.”
Taehyung pointed between Yoongi and himself.

“I am utterly fascinated and very confused as to how the existence of angels and demons change my outlook on the world.”

“Monk.”
Teased Yoongi promptly, but Namjoon ignored it.
“Say, Jungkook-ah, is there a god?”

The outed demon grinned, happy at the acceptance he received from his new friend, and sat down next to Namjoon.

“I don't know, but since demons react kind of allergic to the name, I’d say probably.”

Hoseok screeched once more, frustrated this time, when his soulmate nodded thoughtful, instead of being scared.

“So even you, as a former angel, didn't see him…”

“There are enough angels in higher positions that he does not need to interfere so that his existence is more like a rumour - if you take hell - or a belief - if you take heaven. I didn't see him when I was thrown out and I am unsure if it was even his command.”

The wings rustled, reacting to the sensitive topic that would either be curved or straight on hit now.

“Thrown out? That - that means you turned evil, right?”

There was almost no more gold left in Kookie’s eyes as he spat out those words, staring at the raven haired dancer who swallowed nervously.

“Jungkook.”

Jimin chimed in, voice unusually strict.

“It is natural that he is scared and makes judgemental assumptions. That is the reason you can hide these wings. Calm yourself down.”

Red orbs pierced through Jimin’s skull, but the incubus didn't allow himself to be intimidated.

“And who are you to tell me what to do?”

Yoongi could feel the tension and danger just like everyone else, and he couldn't stop looking at his soulmate worried.

Normally, every sane demon would back down from a threat like that, a threat from a fallen angel who was by nature more powerful than a normal demon.

But Jimin and Seokjin, both of them, were friends with this angel, trusted this angel, and knew that they were the ones the angel would obey too.

“Your hyung, for once. I am also one of those responsible for your falling, and one that offered you shelter afterwards. I picked fights with others of your kind, just because they were picking on you and although I knew that I could never win. So, Jeon Jeongguk, if I tell you to calm down, you calm the fuck down and do not behave like a moody teenager, got it?”

The bared, canine teeth were exchanged with a sad pout and the aggressively spread wings flapped down in an instant.

“I'm sorry, hyung.”

He sounded like a small child and bowed his head in apology.

Even Seokjin who was usually the bossy one twitched warily when the seemingly-calm demon stood up and stepped over to Hoseok, who looked as if his spirit was to leave his body any moment.
The fallen angel smiled, friendly and without teeth, and then bowed deep.

“Please forgive me and my strong emotions. I did not mean to scare you, however I let myself go when you accused me of being evil, since that is not true and many others use it to pick on me. I hope I can make you realize that there is no need to be afraid of me, that I have no bad intentions and that we can be friends. Because I think you are really cool. Hyungnim!”

“What is he saying, calling me hyungnim?”

The dancer laughed embarrassed, blushing.

“He called you cool too, the child is clearly not in his right state of mind.”

Jimin poked his tongue out when an offended gaze hit him.

“Child my ass, that brat is older than all of us combined…”

Jin muttered under his breath, then spoke to the angel directly.

“JK, you can stop bowing now.”

“No.”

The boy was shaking his head so hard he was getting dizzy, but did not bulge.

“Hoseok-hyung hasn't accepted my apology.”

“No.”

Okay, Hoseok, an you please accept it before he gets on his knees?”

“I - uhm - I - yeah? You can't really be evil if Yoongi trusts you, right? Please tell me I am right at that…”

Jungkook beamed at the dancer, a bunny smile that could melt hearts.

The red in his eyes vanished almost completely when he spoke up with an honest voice.

“Jungkookie says thank you!”

Hoseok gasped.

“I-Is he trying to curse me? It’s working though!”

The other two demons started laughing, and Jimin hugged the dancer’s back mischievously, looking at him over his shoulder.

“Jungkookie’s aegyo is almost as strong as Jiminie’s, don't you think, hyungie? Jiminie is still cuter, isn't he?”

The incubus puffed his cheeks and made big eyes at the dancer, who got clearly flustered - although not as much as Yoongi, but nobody noticed that.

When Kookie muttered that “Jiminie is also a cheater” under his breath, he head clearly forgotten that this incubi was half Kumiho and had enhanced hearing.

“I have natural charm and not a natural babyface like you, it isn't cheating!”

Was hissed back, and the orange haired boy blew his dongsaeng a raspberry.

Namjoon coughed and got the attention back.

“Jungkook-ah, could you maybe tell why you… fell? I think we would all be a little less… wary around you, especially after you looked like a… killer just now, no offense.”

The philosophy major seemed to be the calmest, and also the one with the most curiosity - or at least the one who’d easily admit to it.
Sighing, Jungkook nodded. This was a topic he didn’t like talking about, and also a very personal one.
“Could I get pancakes though?”
A little bit of motivational food wouldn't be wrong, and Taehyung seemed to understand that too.

“Sure!”
The human beamed, quickly filling a plate up from the endless stack of hangover food.

“Thank you…”
Jungkook chose to sit in between the incubi, wings closed around their backs like a shield.

The two were involved in this, and although their names wouldn't be named, Kookie still didn't want to feel alone.

“I… Back then I used to be a guardian angel. A good one, honestly, I had a somewhat higher rank and wasn't being pushed around like other fledglings. I was responsible for a women and-”

“This won't end like a shitty drama where the angel falls in love with-”

“I did not fall because of love, Yoongi-hyung, love is a feeling rare under angels since it never leads to good things, I probably won't fall in love ever…”

The angel made a disapproving noise at the rapper for interrupting him, and needed a little bit to recollect where he had stopped his story.

“The woman was supposed to have a long and healthy life with her husband and both of them were strong believers, always thanking the heavens when something good happened. I found a liking in them, because they were so grateful, but demons get tempted by the purest souls just as much as they do with the darkest, so I had a pretty busy job by standard. It wasn't much of a problems, just annoying, because a lot of demons are persistent.”

Scrunching up his nose, the fallen angel recollected the many many fights he had to go through in this time and the two demons next to him looked away from him and feigned ignorance to the displeased demon.

“So… A certain incubus always came back and - uh… why are you raising your hand, Taehyung?”

The human was standing straight and raising his arm up like a schoolboy, and he grinned when his action irritated the angel.

“He doesn't want to interrupt you so he raises his hand and will speak when you allow him to.”
Yoongi seemed to be the unofficial TaeTae-Translator.

“Uhm… Yes… Taehyung?”

“What’s an incubuzz?”

Two snorts came from the actual incubuzzes, before they looked expectantly at their maknae, curious at how their kind would be explained without anything offending mentioned - a nearly impossible task.

“Incubi are demons of temptations. They are male and tempt women with lust. They usually enter through dreams and uh, well…”

Kookie’s cheeks tinted pink and the angel was nudged by hyung who urged him to Just say it, be a
“They feed on people through… fucking, and incubi can impregnate women too. Succubi, the female version feed on the same things and basically steal…”

“Steal?”
Questioning glances from every human.

“Sperm. They make the other come and then feed on their cum. Can we please proceed the story?” Seokjin couldn't help but feel dirty, hence why he came straight to the point.

“Yes we can. So the women had a rape demon on her ass, and?”
Yoongi raised an eyebrow.

Jimin quickly stuffed another pancake in his mouth and Seokjin looked down in shame.

“It’s not rape, hyung, not in this case, or with most incubi at least, especially not this one. It is rude to say that, my 2 best friends are incubi. They might have the ability to make people more willing, but the ones to get mesmerized by them the easiest are those who don't mind to get seduced. Like with a one night stand. If you dance in a club it is more likely that someone will come onto you than when you sit grumpily in a corner. It’s like that. They see the dancing people and focus on those.”

“Thanks but wrong example.”
Jimin mumbled with his mouth full, mustering Yoongi’s slightly red face. That scenario was clearly way too familiar.

“Okay so that incubus was very persistent and it annoyed me because he came back like a cockroach every time I flicked him away with my fingers. The biggest problem however was that the women got unhappy. She wasn't destined to get pregnant. She was infertile, because a child would kill her. But she tried, and prayed, desperately. Very, very desperately. I felt bad, because I kept that wish from fulfilling.”

He started to munch on another pancake.

“Looking at it now, that was the start of it all, because as I said, demons like the dark ones too, and doubts in the mind of an angel could clearly cloud a soul… I got a visit from two incubi, one was the cockroach. They seemed different, nice somehow, but demons are supposed to be charming so I didn't let myself get swayed.”

The yet was unspoken.

“They didn't do much, just followed me around, watched the women trying but failing. It was heartbreaking to watch, and I played with the thought of what if. Of course my bosses didn't like that. It was the first time I questioned the rights and wrongs of heaven. At one point I even appeared in the women’s dreams, asking what price she would be willing to pay for a child. She didn't hesitate in telling me that if her child would live good and healthy, she would take death at any moment.”

Rubbing the bridge of his nose, Jungkook took a deep breath, nearing the part of the story he didn't like telling.

“They didn't do much, just followed me around, watched the women trying but failing. It was heartbreaking to watch, and I played with the thought of what if. Of course my bosses didn't like that. It was the first time I questioned the rights and wrongs of heaven. At one point I even appeared in the women’s dreams, asking what price she would be willing to pay for a child. She didn't hesitate in telling me that if her child would live good and healthy, she would take death at any moment.”

Rubbing the bridge of his nose, Jungkook took a deep breath, nearing the part of the story he didn't like telling.

“Still, she was infertile, so I did what would result in my falling. I didn't stop the cockroach, and she got pregnant. I was supposed to stop it, to somehow make her lose the unborn. But I didn’t, because in the many years since her birth, since I had guarded her… She had never been this happy. In the end, I kept her alive long enough so she could see her son and hold him. She died with a smile on her face, and went into the afterlife with a thankfulness that was overwhelming for the reaper that
took her. I never regretted killing her, so I got thrown out of heaven, and arrived in hell as a fallen angel”

“Whoa!” Taehyung made, mouth wide open.

“You became a demon because you made someone happy?”

“Basically that’s it.” Jimin shrugged.

“But didn’t you help creating a half demon?”

“The children incubi plant inside humans are also fully human. The child grew up perfectly healthy, and normal and has kept his bloodline well and intact. The Jung family has since been one of great luck and blessing… Not that I have been checking on them or anything… I am obviously not allowed to do that.”

“Wait, the Jung family?” Hoseok choked on the pancake in his mouth and slapped the kitchen counter a few times in an attempt to swallow.

Taehyung just laughed, completely accepting the situation like it was an everyday scenario.

“No wonder you are so pure and happy, Seokie!”

“Well, I guess… Thanks?” The dancer was very confused and overwhelmed, but Jungkook didn't seem to mind the stuttering.

“You are very much welcome. Shall I provide your words to the incubus as well?”

“Whatever. It’s strange.” He laughed embarrassed, and weirded out.

“Could you maybe make your eyes less… scary?”

The fallen angel smiled understanding and after making his black wings vanish - hitting Seokjin and Jimin in the process of tucking them in - with a spell, his eyes turned humanly brown again.

Jungkook then looked over his back, and pulled a face.

“My shirt… ugh.”

It was ripped, two big gashes exposing the muscular shoulders.

“You have like a hundred plain white shirts, it’s not the end of the world.” Seokjin commented, a little salty because he just got hit by the maknae and didn't even get the hint of an apology.

“You are right.”

The maknae nodded.

“Hyung is wearing one right now.”

A finger was pointed accusingly at Yoongi, who ignored it as if it didn't happen.

“Give me my shirt, hyung!” The demon demanded, but got a simple No back.
“Gimme!”
Jungkook pouted, and when the rapper didn't make any movements that implied complying, the
demon stood up, ready to fight for the big shirt that Yoongi could probably wear as a dress.

“Don't you dare, tweety.”
Yoongi growled, putting his coffee cup down before something happened to it.

Seconds later the two were wrestling, Taehyung jumping onto the counter to cheer for Yoongi, and it
wasn't long after that Jimin followed to root for Jungkook - which is speculated to be the reason
Yoongi seemed to win for a second.

In the end though, Yoongi was shirtless (everyone who noticed, ignored that Jimin tripped on his
way off the counter because he was staring) and Jungkook waved the unripped shirt in victory over
his head.

“Oh man holy shit!”
He then suddenly yelled, even using words he normally shouldn't, getting everyone’s attention on
Yoongi.

Two people exchanged gazes.

“To be fair…”
One spoke up.

“This has never happened before.”
Followed the other.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Hugs, kisses and dreams. Also Halleluyo.

Chapter Notes

I did it right? It has only been a week :D
My package of LY arrived yesterday, I got the (too yellow for my taste) O version and a lot of weird stuff with it. My friend got her package mixed up too, its really weird. I got the poster and photobook for O, and also the Photocard.
but I also got around 10 other photocards, one from the L version, one from E, the rest is from the YNWA era and I even have one from the spine breaker MV?
My friend got a vitamin facemask instead of one of these surgical facemasks and also a few bigger cards (A5 I think) from Skool Luv affair? Also she got the poster for L and the photobook for E so that package was even weirder than mine.
If any of you ordered the CD too, I'd like to know what your package consisted of :D
I also flunked my math Test (I got 1 greade point, which is technically not an F but an E- but we grade in numbers from 0 to 15 instead of letters so I think E doesnt even exist)
but I think I nailed my german exam but I know I will flunk my math exam on monday and maybe nail my english exam on friday and WHEW I AM STRESSED. (I probably should have learned for math too instead of finishing this, or watching Dream knight aka bad sanction come to live yesterday but me and math cooperating is hopeless anyways...)
I also think I made this angsty again? Sorry if thats the case. ^^-'
Thanks for all the comments and kudos btw! Some made me giggle and all of them made me fuzzy and warmed my heart!
(I'm not ready for the GOT7 CB btw please save me and my poor wallet)
Also happy spoopy time, since it is october now and Halloween season has officially begun [Although I will celebrate Samhain for the first time instead of halloween but Samhain is basically the origin of halloween so meh]
Anyways, I hope you like this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oh my go- Gordon, whoever that is - this is the best day in my life, Hallelujah-”

A lightbulb nearby exploded.

“Hallelu-yo?”

Taehyung - who was happily yelling - ducked in case something else would suddenly burst. He got an approving nod from Jungkook instead.

“Halleluyo someone has saved Yoongi from his bad decision!”
“Can I sue you?”

Yoongi glared at Jin, then at Taehyung, back at Jin but he couldn't get himself to glare at Jimin, who looked as if he was about to cry any moment now.

“We can tattoo it back over if-”

“No!”

Taehyung slapped his hand onto Jin’s mouth to shut him up.

“This is a sign. You won't get rid of it again.”

“How did that even happen? It was a whole, real tattoo, how can that just vanish?”

The person whose tattoo had vanished didn't want to hear any answers, and just turned on his heels, shutting the door to his room as loud as Taehyung opened them.

The clicking sound of the lock could be heard throughout the shocked silence that wavered in the room.

Yoongi was confused, angry, sad and happy all at the same time and it was overwhelming.

So he did what he always did in these situations: hiding away from everyone in his bed.

“Wow.”

Hoseok made, looking at the locked up door.

“I'm not sure if Yoongi's soulmate can consider himself lucky, now that happened… Poor soul, really. Does anybody even know who it is?”

“I do.”

Taehyung murmured, sending a side glance towards the two brothers.

“Me too.”

Jungkook mumbled, his worried glance switching between the door and Jimin.

“What is the soulmate like?”

Namjoon questioned.

“Besides kinky I mean, I think everyone who read the tattoo can conclude to this detail alone.”

“Too nice for his own good, honestly. He know who his soulmate is, but he is willing to give up his own happiness for grumpy cat over there to be happy, which is delusional might I add, because hyung ain’t happy.”

Taehyung was perfectly passive aggressive and also 100% done with both sides of this pair of soulmates.

“I'd like to lock them up in a closet, old fashioned. Doesn't Yoongi have the best examples of a great soulmateship? Why would he even think about saying no?”

Namjoon answered and added a mumble that sounded a lot like *complex, issues and commitment*.

“Is a soulmate really that great?”

The question came in silence, and although Jimin had been asking himself this exact thing ever since he got rejected, it was actually Jungkook who asked.

“Right, you don't have one yet.”

Taehyung noticed and earned himself a snort.
“I don’t think I’ll ever. Not quite human, remember?”

“No exceptions?”
The pastel haired human seemed hopeful.

Jungkook shrugged, unsure of the answer and the answer he’d actually like to give.
“I mean… There have been two I know of, but still.”

“Soulmates with a demon? Sheesh, that’s even worse than soulmates with Yoongi.”

Seokjin choked on nothing - so much about telling Taehyung his real identity...

“Yah, you wouldn’t want me as your soulmate? That’s it hyung, you can walk to the fridge if you get hungry and ask me to levitate food to you!”

“You don’t count! You are different, please don’t make me walk!”

“About the original question…”
The oldest hyung coughed, ignoring the childlike bantering.
“I never knew I was missing something, but now I don’t think I could survive without my soulmate.”

Taehyung cooed, touched at the honesty and placed a wet peck on his cheesy soulmate’s cheek.

“Yeah… I don’t know how Yoongi’s soulmate survives or just keeps going.”

He doesn’t, Jimin added internally, gnawing on a pancake to distract himself.

Hoseok sighed.
“This became depressing. Joonie, I think we should leave. Taehyung, you keep our grumpy grandpa from sulking.”

“Aye.”
The boy in question made a noise of compliment.
“You can show yourselves out, right?”

Of course the two had be hugged goodbye, first by Taehyung, then by Seokjin. Namjoon happily embraced their new maknae, Hoseok tightly squished Jimin and even - if very hesitantly - hugged the fallen angel too.

“Do you have control over Yoongi or do you need help?”
Seokjin asked after the pair of soulmates had left, slowly tracing his finger over Taehyung’s prominent knuckles.

“We’re basically brothers, don’t worry. What about your actual brother?”

Both simultaneously glanced at the small body in the kitchen that just sat there, slumped down and with a fork in his hand that scraped over an empty plate with a horrible sound.

“He’ll live…”
… It wasn’t like they didn’t know this was bound to happen sooner or later.
“Do you want to have Jungkookie stay with you?”

The fallen angel perked up at the mention of his name, raising his head that had so far been looking down in guilt.

He had made 2 people sad with his little wrestling stunt, and even though he was fallen, a guardian
angels senses and instincts were still intact for him - and a good guardian angel wasn't supposed to make people sad.

“No… I think he just needs someone to talk to, he’s probably confused. I’m enough for that. Jiminie looks like he’ll have a breakdown though, are you sure he’ll be alright?”

Jungkook looked at the incubus when he overheard that and went over to hug him, to try to make it at least a little bit better. His back blocked the view for the two soulmates, so that they couldn’t see how the incubus’ shoulders were shaking, the only thing indicating his quiet sobs besides the tears wetting the white shirt that smelled too much like Yoongi to not make Jimin cry when his face was pressed into it.

He was exhausted, too exhausted and everything felt far away, as if he wasn’t really there and only watching it from above. Jimin was a mess, too tired to control his emotions or to even try to once Jungkook embraced him.

Yet, in all this mess, Jimin wanted to apologize to Yoongi, to ask if he was okay and to make sure he would be if the answer would be that he wasn’t.

A little part of him even dared to wonder if Yoongi thought about his own soulmate like that (he did) and to wish for it to be like it.

“Yeah… okay. I really hate that we are such good brothers, I wanted to spend more time with you Taehyungie.”

Sighing in agreement, the human melted into his soulmate’s gentle touches, leaning towards the warmth and against Jin’s chest.

“Duty calls… hyung?”

The demon made a sound to signal he was listening.

“You still have Fish on your head.”

“Yeah…”

“I can come over once hyung falls asleep.”

Jin wiped the lavender coloured fringe away to properly look at Taehyung’s face. “What about the nightmares?”

Well, now that the ink was gone it shouldn't give alps reasons to enter, but Seokjin used to be a cockroach (although for other reasons) and knew exactly how persistent demons could be.

“I think those are taken care of… Bring Fish back, yeah?”

A lazy kiss was placed on Taehyung’s forehead, making the human smile, before Jin disappeared into Taehyung’s room.

The human quickly tapped over to Jimin, taking Jungkook’s current position and most certainly hugging the air - and hopefully all the sadness - out of Jimin.

“Can you tell me when he falls asleep?”

Jimin sniffled, melting into the hug immediately.

While originally, this had been Taehyung’s original plan, now that he saw Jimin crying like that, he
wasn't really convinced about it anymore.

“Are you sure?”

But Jimin weakly nodded.
“I wanna make him feel better. It’s my fault it’s gone. Please tell me when he sleeps.”

Jiminnie. Just because you tattooed him, doesn't mean it is your fault. But okay. I’ll come over when he sleeps. Take care of yourself.”

“Thanks… Hyung, can we leave? But… not walk?”

Seokjin, who just came back into the living area, sighed when he heard that.

“Do you want to go with Kookie or-”

“No…”

“The things I do for you… Jungkookie, would you?”

The fallen angel rolled his eyes, since technically both incubi were very much capable of doing this themselves.

“Come on Jimin, gimme your tiny hand and stop hugging Taehyung so those two can be gross and say bye.”

“My hand isn't tiny, I’m still your hyung.”

Wiping over his eyes and cheeks with the sleeves of his shirt, Jimin let out a tiny laugh when Jungkook did after he heard the demon whine like that.

The fallen angel made grabby hands, and soon held Jimin’s hand in his own, the size difference definitely noticeable.

Jimin tried giving him the *don't you dare say it* look, and Kookie decided to just *laugh* instead of *saying* something. But only because Jimin was crying.

In case of Jimin, and his shaking hands, the incubus certainly wouldn't have been able to do this himself, which made Jungkook feel less bad about having to do this so that the two demon’s could keep their cover.

He still felt horrible when he carved the symbol through Jimin’s skin, because although it would be healed as soon as he arrived home, his nature still made him feel bad for doing bad things - including hurting demons - when they weren't deserved.

The younger incubus vanished as soon as Jungkook let go of his hand.

The fallen angel followed with a flutter of his wings - again ripping the shirt in the back.

Taehyung was too occupied to even notice the two leaving in their very unorthodox ways, and with occupied he meant grabbing Jin’s face and basically shoving his tongue down the other’s throat. It wasn't rough, or fast, or erotic of any sorts.

It was just grossly domestic and way too sensual for the two to not be soulmates.

“I’ll see you later, handsome.”

Taehyung mumbled against Jin’s lips, nibbling at them here and there because it felt way too good to just let go.
“I’m looking forward to it. Good luck with your side of this disaster.”

Seokjin smiled, slowly connecting their lips once more until they were both slightly out of breath.

“Good luck with yours... M’gonna miss your for the next few hours, that’s kind of pathetic isn't it?”

A blush crept up the human’s face, tinting his cheeks and ears as he admitted that and got flustered for what seemed to be the first time in his life.

Seokjin just shook his head, an encouraging smile on his lips, and his hand dipped unter Taehyung’s shirt to just slightly stroke the skin barely above the soulmate mark.

“I will too, weirdly enough. I should get going though...”

“Yeah... See you later.”

Taehyung let go of the other’s face and grabbed the hand that was on his hip, interwinding their finger’s for just a second.

Since Jungkook had already left - probably for the better, Yoongi and Jimin doing it in the bathroom was bad enough, he didn't need to see Jin and Taehyung making out too - the demon had to get himself home.

Crossing his hands behind his back he started carving the right symbol, pecking his soulmate’s lips again and again, until he was finished.

“Bye.”

He whispered against the plush lips, taking in the view of Taehyung standing there with closed eyes and a satisfied smile on his features.

By the time the human opened his eyes, Jin was already gone and back in his own home.

The bundle on the couch was a mixture of feathers and fur and Jimin was being hugged by arms, tails and wings while he loudly sobbed into Jungkook’s chest, the maknae just making soothing shushing noises and notices like It’s okay Jiminie every now and then.

“I’m so sorry Jiminie...”

Seokjin sat himself down behind Jimin’s back, pushing a few tails out of his face and carefully prying the wings apart so he could rub his brother’s back.

Jimin was only wearing his boxershorts and a loose tank top, so that his tails wouldn't be caged in, and he felt the welcoming warmth of his brother’s hands through the thin material.

“Not- Not your fault, hyung...”

He choked out between sobs, voice dying down a few times.

“Totally not your fault... I chose to take it... My responsibility... But it hurts... Hyung!”

The wings parted more, so that Seokjin could answer his brother’s cries for him and hug his backside after he passed the wall of feathers that closed behind him.

“I know, Jiminie... I know...”

For the first time, Jin noticed the crimson letters on his brother’s backside, but he couldn't make out the words they formed. He realized that this made everything worse, making it harder for Jimin to forget actually Yoongi.
With this mark, Jimin became the kind of soulmate they would treat without wanting money and with a free coffee and cake and a shoulder to cry on included in the treatment.

Jimin became the kind of soulmate they would pity.

Jimin had a soulmate mark that was actually a brand, and for Jin at least, the meaning of the words wouldn't change that.

The pressure coming from both sides actually soothed the heartbroken boy, but even after the sobs had stopped and the tears had dried, neither of the three moved an inch, tails now hugging everyone and wings shielding them all.

Seokjin and Jungkook shared a few looks, a wordless conversation, and both came to the conclusion to protect Jimin from Yoongi in the near future and as long as it was needed to. Both were sceptical that the whole soulmate situation would take a good ending anymore, and the possibility of Jimin getting over Yoongi (the best option when there was no sight of a happy ending for the two) while being around him due to the same circle of friends was low - hell, the possibility of Jimin getting over Yoongi at all was low.

Could soulmates even get over each other?

A few hours went by, nothing but their breathing making noises in the room, and Jimin with his eyes closed shut just stayed in the safety of the embrace, thinking and thinking.

All about Yoongi, undoubtedly, although it hurt and he felt his heart being ripped apart with every second he thought of him. The demon wasn't sure if he would actually manage to apologize to his soulmate when he would visit him, he wasn't even sure if the alp would visit again.

Time to prepare was something Jimin didn't get, because a soft knock at their door startled him so much he basically jumped out of the bundle of limbs.

“Taehyung?”
Seokjin called out, questioning.

The human had probably decided to be silent and careful instead of intruding, but once he heard Jin being loud, he yelled back a yes.

Jimin needed to collect himself before he could actually hide his demonic features, and before the door could be opened for Taehyung.

“Hi, am I intruding?”

It was obvious that he was just as tired as everyone else, if not more tired than Seokjin and Jungkook - Yoongi seemed to have been more of a handful to handle than Jimin.

“No. We just didn't expect you to be here so quick.”
Jimin spoke up, his voice raw and just as gone as Yoongi’s had been this morning.

“Yeah, well... He fell asleep later than I hoped...”
Taehyung send a subtle glance towards Jimin. He was both trying to keep their secret of Jimin’s late night visits, and to take care of his new friend, but the small smile on the carrot haired boy’s lips encouraged him to keep speaking.

“He didn't even talk, just had me hug him for the last hours and keep him from touching his mark too much - I am glad he didn't scratch it or anything, but he touched and grabbed it so much his skin got
irritated. The only things he said was that I should leave his window open before he went to sleep.”

Jimin smiled wider, because an open window meant for him to be welcomed, if not wished for. While Seokjin and Jungkook were distracted by Taehyung, he sneaked off into his room to get himself decent and to move back to Taehyung’s and Yoongi’s flat.

“Oh and Kookie, Hoseok and Namjoon asked me to ask you whether you want to crash at their place tonight. They don't have your number and since I was coming over anyway I could just ask you personally.”

The fallen angel beamed, for several reasons but the biggest probably being that he wouldn't have to go to hell if he accepted the invitation.

“I’d love to!”

“Oh, lemme give you their…”
The flutter of wings was the only thing that showed the maknae had been here seconds ago.

“Address… Or not.”

Taehyung shrugged and stepped over to his soulmate, slinging his arms around Jin’s stomach and pressing his head against the hyung’s chest.

“I did miss you.”

He hummed.

“Your heart sounds nice.”

“Missed you too… Let me just check on Jimin so that I can actually enjoy our time together-”

When the demon made a move towards his brother’s door, Taehyung hugged him tighter and mumbled - he wanted to mumble but kind of yelled - a no.

“Trust me, He’s fine. We have some kind of telepathy going on. Let him be alone or let him sleep, he needs some time for himself too. Yeah?”

Taehyung found himself surprisingly convincing based on the fact that he did not have some kind of telepathy going on with Jimin and just said that so that Jin wouldn't freak out because his little, heartbroken brother just ran off to take care of the one who broke his heart.

Because Jin would definitely freak out.

“You’re right… How about a movie?”

Taehyung grinned - only feeling a little bit bad - and nodded, pushing them down onto the couch.

“But don’t get mad when I fall asleep, Yoongi exhausted me.”

“I’ll only get mad if you don't fall asleep on me.”

They laughed and Taehyung hurried to find an acceptable channel before he climbed on top of Seokjin, who had laid down and occupied the whole sofa.

Seeing Taehyung with his head back over Jin’s heart, arms around the hyung’s waist, and Jin himself with his one hand on Taehyung’s back and the other in his hair, Jimin took his cue to leave quietly, sending a thankful glance towards Taehyung.

The incubus appeared on the fire staircase without problems and quickly moved to the right floor. Suddenly, he was very excited to see Yoongi, although anxious.
The open window encouraged him, and he hoped that the *dream-Jimin* would get to hear the honesty Yoongi otherwise held locked up inside him, just like he did when he gave Jimin the mark.

Just as he stepped onto the window frame, Yoongi’s curled up and sleeping body shot up with a yelp and the slender eyes stared at Jimin just as tears came out of them.

Jemin smiled apologetically, stepping into the room and closing the window so that Yoongi wouldn't catch a cold.

“Did I come to late today?”

Yoongi shook his head, then nodded and Jimin closed the distance between them, reaching out to gently stroke his soulmate’s head.

“I’m sorry, but I’m here now, hm?”

He carefully sat down at the edge on the bed, ready to be pushed off or send away any second, but Yoongi rather pulled Jimin on top of him, peeling him out of the jacket Jimin had thrown over his tank top.

Luckily, it was too dark for Yoongi to see the dozens of marks on Jimin’s skin, so the incubus just let it happen.

He gasped when Yoongi pulled him closer, embracing him and setting a feathery kiss onto the younger’s shoulder, right where he had hit him this morning when he pushed him out of the doorway.

“Are you okay?”

It was the first time Yoongi had addressed this to Jimin, and not the other way around and for a second the demon feared that Yoongi realized that he was in fact, not dreaming.

“I know you’re not real, but at least here I can get myself to actually say those things to you… Are you?”

Yoongi still sounded as if his voice was to leave him any moment, and the tears spilling out of him made it not better, but at least he wasn’t the only one in both of those things.

“I am now.”

Jemin hugged his soulmate back once he felt another kiss on the same spot, and for a moment everything seemed okay - minus the fact that Yoongi thought he was imagining all of it.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Problem solving through sex, horny teens and passive aggressiveness.

Chapter Notes

I made it on time!
I have now also experienced the awkwardness when you write smut during classes. Jfc
Im never doing that again.
Ironically, I think I failed my english exam, because I am pretty sure I didnt write a
speech but something else that I wasnt supposed to write (or know how to write but Ive
already accidently done it like 3 times which failed my exams whoops)
[For my defense, my teacher was a piece of shit because the lesson before the exam
went something like "oh yeah, there was a homework which had the same type of task
as the exam task just with a different text; I am hearing that 90% of the class did the task
wrong and dont know what I am expecting or how to do it right. Lets practise how to
look up the correct prepositions in our digital dictionaries for the lesson because that
seems like a great idea now!]
but I have 2 weeks of vacation now (yay!) in which I have to prepare a book
presentation on a book I dont want to read. Additionally, from the list of books to chose
I got the one book that has no information about it on the web(meaning I HAVE to
finish reading it), AND is too old and not being printed anymore so that I couldnt order
it in any bookstore, no library has it and I found it on a website on the 3rd page of
google for 69 cents but 4€ shipping AND I AM SO MAD.
Okay, anyway, this chapter went down pretty smoothly , and I am kind of satisfied with
the smut I wrote but also not? Idk.
Hope you like it!
Oh an also thanks for all the comments!❤

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It didn’t take long before the soft touches of lips and fingers on his skin relaxed Jimin so much that
Yoongi had no problems to roll him over, onto his back, the small human towering over the equally
small looking demon.

Jimin felt warm with a body directly above - basically on - him, protected and liked.

Wanted, but in a different kind of way.

Not the want to devour him, or be devoured by him, but rather the want to just be close to him, to
feel his warm body next to one’s own.

The want seemed innocent, pure almost and as something Jimin would actually like to be wanted for.

“Hyung…”
The demon mewled, surprised by the other’s action.

Yoongi mumbled, voice raspy and almost too silent. “Let hyung take care of you…”

He lowered himself, until their chests met and his mouth could connect with the shell of Jimin’s ear.

The puff of hot breath that hit his skin left Jimin squirming and then reluctantly grabbing Yoongi’s backside, fingertips accidently gliding over the resurfaced tattoo, and then digging his fingers deeper into it after Yoongi’s breath audibly hitched, a silent *Fuck* mouthed against the demon’s skin after he arched his body upwards, air again between them.

Okay, so maybe Jimin had never been wanted for anything else than his body.

And maybe he didn't exactly know how to handle being wanted for something else.

Maybe he was anxious because he didn't know what to do, because he wasn't used to being submissive or to be taken care of.

Eventually, maybe he decided that he would do the only thing he was really good at, even if that meant he would be wanted for his body again.

The incubus’ grip steadied, and he slowly forced Yoongi further down on him, grinding their crotches together.

Yoongi, surprised by the pull and pleasing friction, toppled over and almost fell onto Jimin.

The incubus used that, to slowly shuffle and place his leg between the human’s, rubbing over the slowly hardening middle continuously.

He was rewarded with a deep groan vibrating through the shivering body above him.

When hands wandered around the demon’s middle, palming the dick he kept soft with concentration, cupping his butt and squeezing the soft flesh trapped in tight pants, Jimin panicked and pushed them away hastily.

Yoongi stared at him with big eyes, halting completely—

For a second Jimin thought he’d ruined the mood, ready to use his powers, yet hesitating.

He remembered the comments in the morning, Yoongi’s attitude towards a magic-using incubus. In a way it felt as if Yoongi had been right about it, and that made Jimin feel dirty even at the thought of using his power on his own soulmate.

There wasn't a need to use it, because the human chuckled dark, a mixture of bitter and amused.

“Even my consciousness doesn’t think I deserve you…”

He snickered, eyes tracing over his soulmate’s features. “That means you won’t fuck me, or let me fuck you, hm?”

Jimin smiled, hoping it looked more flirty than sad, and moved his leg again, applying pressure and getting another groan out of his soulmate.

He didn't need words to tell what he wanted or didn't want anyway.

“Let me guess.”

Yoongi mumbled, tripping over his own words to let out more sounds of pleasure instead. “I don't get to kiss you either?”
Jimin shook his head and grinned, propping himself onto his elbows to move his face only inches from Yoongi’s.

“We gotta keep this realistic, don’t you think, hyung?”

Yoongi fell for the mocking grin, trying to kiss the plush lips in front of him, although he knew that Jimin didn't kiss - dream or not.

He growled unsatisfied when Jimin sucked his lips in like a child, a flat line appearing while he giggled.

“Fuck you.”

“Maybe later, hyung. Let's fuck you first.”

“I thought I wouldn't get to be fucked?” The way Yoongi raised his eyebrows was challenging, while he was actually quite hopeful.

“I can still fuck you up without fucking you.”

“Is that a promise?”

“Do I need to promise that? When have I ever disappointed you?” To underline his point, the demon put his leg down, grinding up with his crotch again, leaving the rapper with a moan that wasn't supposed to escape.

“Jiminnie…” Yoongi started once more, hand carding through the orange hair now. The way the otherwise so innocent nickname was growled had Jimin in goosebumps.

“Are you telling me to dry-hump you?”

“Maybe.” The demon purred, slowly moving against his soulmate’s middle - too slow. “I’ve never done that before. Maybe I wanna try, hyung.”

Yoongi snorted. “That’s hard to believe. You’re like walking sex.”

Laughing, Jimin almost kneed the blond in the dick. “Why, thank you!” He giggled, his hands sneaking up on Yoongi’s back again, gliding under the shirt and shoving it upwards enough for Yoongi to get the hint and pull it over his head, dropping it somewhere.

Jimin’s pupils dilated as he admired the pale, lean chest, fingertips tingling over the pure skin, smiling when he felt how the body twitched and shivered.

“How do you even do that?”

Jimin didn't answer right away, starting to attack Yoongi’s neck with his lips instead. “Do what?” He mumbled, nibbling around his soulmate’s collarbone.

He wanted to leave marks on him so badly, bites and hickeys or just anything to proof that Yoongi belonged to him.
But he couldn't, no matter how much he wanted to paint the pale skin with different shades of red, because everything would lose the illusion of a dream.

“One moment you look like the embodiment of innocence, small and so soft... But then you are lust on legs, like a filthy slut with more kinks than anyone else... Makes me go crazy.”

“You’re one to talk, hyung.”
The incubus countered, kneading the rapper’s ass cheeks, grinding him down and onto his own body hard, still pestering neck and chest with kisses.

“You always look so cold and intimidating, like everyone just has to respect you. But then, here you are, panting under me, submissive and wanting... and I could do anything to you, if I just wanted. And you call me a slut... I just press some buttons and can even get you to rut on me like a horny teenager.”

“I feel like one too.”
The human admitted, getting a few laughs out of both.

“You’re wrong though.”

“Wrong?”
Jimin looked up at his soulmate in confusion, but curious.

“Yeah.”
The sly grin Yoongi showed seemed out of place for Jimin, because it didn't look wasted or submissive at all, not the way he was supposed to look after Jimin had spend time with him like that, natural incubus pheromones probably heavying the air already.

Jimin couldn't even react when Yoongi reached around and grabbed his hands, pinning them above his head.
The demon was startled, looking up at his soulmate and unable to wriggle out of the string grip on his wrists.
He gave up after he only managed to touch the hands that held him down, but not get a grip on them.

“Wrong, Jiminie, because who said I was the one underneath you?”

While Yoongi grinning down on him like that was extremely hot, Jimin still felt a tang of uncomfortableness bubbling his chest, not used to being the one losing control.

But his soulmate noticed the hesitation, letting go of Jimin for a second to reposition his hands, instead of grabbing now rather holding Jimin’s wrists, fingers gliding over his open palms a few times before carefully interwinding their hands but still pressing down.

Jimin sucked his breath in, because - fuck - this was so strangely domestic all while he was going to get Yoongi to come undone, in his pants with just grinding.

But, at the same time, it also calmed his nerves, and he slowly moved his hips upwards again and Yoongi moved with him.

The demon was impressed, because Yoongi was by far no dancer, yet the rolls and circles his hips made seemed almost professional.
He also couldn't say that these movements weren't doing anything to him.

Unwillingly moving against Yoongi, hips buckling up in the right rhythm, Jimin found himself out of breath quite quick, although not as fast as his soulmate, who additionally had incubus pheromones all around him, so he couldn't really be blamed.
If Jimin wouldn't be controlling himself like that, forcing his boner to stay down, he certainly would have managed to come in his pants as well after some time.

Yoongi just looked to good, above him, chest naked and pale but shining with sweat, continuously body rolling and his face a pure expression of bliss. And his movements almost felt like their bodies were made to grind on each other, like gears fitting perfectly.

The noises though, were what would certainly bring Jimin over the edge somewhen. Being it little pants, huffs, groans, or just moans or even whines and curses when Yoongi just gave up on composing himself.

The demon never wanted to listen to anyone else making these sounds again.

“Fuck, can you make everything sexy? I should be embarrassed but I've never felt so riled up” Another choked up moan escaped Yoongi, as he sped up his movements.

“I try.” Jimin lied jokingly, voice sounding more wrecked than he'd like to, but he figured the ecstatic grin his soulmate showed after he heard how gone his soulmate sounded was worth it.

“Would be a lot better though, if you weren't still as soft as my pillows… I know I’m-” Interrupting himself with a few pants, he threw his head back for a moment. “I know I’m rock hard but still. Wanna make you feel good too, Jiminnie.”

And Jimin let himself go, even if he told himself it was just for show, coming to be hard within seconds.

“Hah, I needed that kind of control back in middle and high school.” How Yoongi was able to pull such a joke while being so close to an orgasm seemed like a wonder in itself. Surprisingly, both of them laughing didn't destroy their heated dynamic in the slightest.

“If you come now I will show you why I dance with Hoseok.”

“Don't mention my friends now if you want me to come on command!”

Again they giggled, although it sounded exhausted and was interrupted by groaning and huffing a lot. Jimin got serious pretty quickly though at the mention of a command, and the heavy gaze he laid on Yoongi had the other catching his breath in anticipation.

“But puppy…” He started, slowly fighting against his restraints again, and Yoongi’s movements spluttered a little at the nickname. “I can do whatever I want to you, remember? You thought I was wrong when I said you were under me, and I let you believe it. I even let you have control for a moment, called you hyung. But puppy.” He purred the name, buckling up against Yoongi’s crotch harder and the rapper cursed in a yell. “Puppy, you were always doing what I wanted to you. And now I want you to come, so I can reward you properly, for taking care of me so well. Because you’re a good boy, aren't you?”

When he didn't get an answer, because Yoongi clearly thought it was rhetorical, Jimin started digging his fingers into those that were intertwined with his and Yoongi hissed in pleasure at the pain.
“Aren’t you?”
The demon repeated himself, voice sharp yet not as sharp as wanted, since he was still a little bit too much lost in pleasure himself.

“Yes! Yes I’m a good boy!”
Yoongi yelled out quickly, and the incubus could see how his already red cheeks darkened.
“Can’t believe I’ve said that, god—”

At these words Jimin bucked up extremely violent, and more in a way of fighting than actually wanting to pleasure Yoongi some more, but it was this clumsy movement that had the human moaning long and loudly, freezing in his movements and coming in his pants.

Jimin jerked his own hips a bit, just to tease Yoongi who kept being hard thanks to the pheromones of the incubus.

“Fuck, do I get my reward now?”
Yoongi licked his lips hungrily, out of breath but still not satisfied.

With a quick movement and entanglement of legs, Yoongi was on his back with Jimin above him. The demon let go of the hands he’d been holding onto, to unbuckle Yoongi’s pants and pull them off.
He’d knock his soulmate right out after he came for the second time, and didn’t need him to get uncomfortable by sleeping in his jeans.

Proud, he looked at the wet spot seeping through Yoongi’s underwear, and teasingly moved his hands over it a few times, hips responding to the caressing immediately.

With his other hand Jimin pushed the rapper’s hips back down, a threatening growl escaping him involuntarily, but Yoongi didn’t seem to mind.

The demon swung himself back onto the human’s lap, but his own pants seemed to feel a little uncomfortable on Yoongi’s underwear, so he shimmied out of them too after checking the level of light that reached the room and deciding that it was still dark enough.

Yoongi felt that he would be restricted in some way any minute now, and used the freedom of his hands to pull Jimin back up onto his lap, ass right on his still hard cock, and he grabbed the plush thighs lavishly.

“I’d love it if you would choke me with your thighs…”
He growled, kneading the flesh roughly.

“I think you’d choke on my dick like last time if that were to happen.”
Smiling down on Yoongi, Jimin teased and wiggled his butt a little bit do get a hiss out of his soulmate.

“Who says I’d be sucking your *dick* with your legs around my face?”
Fingertips grazed against Jimin’s ass, before tracing back down onto his thighs.

“Kinky, I like that.”
Jimin smiled, actually lingering onto the thought of getting rimmed by Yoongi too long to be not considering it at some point.

“Who says you’d be doing either of these things ever?”

“No one, can’t a man be dreaming?”
Yoongi was the first to snort after realizing how weird that sounded in the situation he (thought he) was in, and Jimin joined after understanding what was so strangely funny.

“You wanna keep your hands there, puppy?”

Yoongi nodded eagerly, squeezing the flesh under his fingers once more to underline it.

“Fine.”

Jimin smiled lazily when he felt the sensations he certainly liked.

“Only because you’ve been so good to me today.”

If Yoongi couldn't keep quiet when he was on top, he definitely wouldn't be able to, when Jimin was.

Being a dancer, being in control of his body like that was certainly an advantage - for both of them - and for Yoongi the soft asscheeks were feeling a lot better than a hard dick.

Now he really wanted to rim and fuck Jimin though, that butt needed to be cherished properly.

The demon leaned back, propping his hands next to Yoongi’s legs and slowly moving onto his soulmate’s lap, movements even and mesmerizing, like a snake.

And while Yoongi was already moaning again, he also couldn't keep quiet, sooner or later blurting out something he didn't even want to tell dream-Jimin because it was too cheesy and not dirty enough for what they were doing right now.

“You look beautiful like this, ethereal, Jiminie. Please don't stop.”

And Jimin shuddered, looking at Yoongi with amazement at how good those words felt.

Sure, he was often called something like hot, sexy or even just attractive. But beautiful, or ethereal was something else. It was pure, and honest and didn't come from someone’s dick.

Being called beautiful had a warm feeling in Jimin’s chest, and he only wanted to make Yoongi feel even better now, circling his hips to get more groans out of him, feeling his cock twitch underneath him.

“Fuck, Jiminie, feels so good!”

The demon was sure to have marks on his legs by the time he would get up again, and he whined a little when Yoongi straight up moaned the nickname he would surely never be able to hear again without blushing unless it was in the bedroom.

When Yoongi came the second time, Jimin kept riding him through his high, staring in awe how his soulmate arched upwards, mouth hanging open and a keen moan escaping.

He got the urge to kiss more moans out of Yoongi, to swallow them all down.

Their eyes met, and it felt strangely intimate, Jimin couldn't resist to put his hands on Yoongi’s as they squeezed down on his thighs as if holding on for dear life.

But Jimin was sucking up all of Yoongi’s energy this time, willingly, and he smiled softly at the human, thumb stroking over the back of the rapper’s hands. He kept coming as long as Jimin kept feeding, and he could already feel how his own underwear got
wet too, while Yoongi kept whimpering, by now already oversensitive but still going.

Eventually, Yoongi’s eyes rolled back and his upper body slumped back into his pillows, the hands on Jimin’s thighs flopping down with a thud onto the blankets they were laying on as the human lost consciousness.

Jimin licked his lips, only a lingering, faint taste on them, and he couldn't stop himself to dip a few fingers under Yoongi’s underwear and scoop up some of his sperm, bringing it to his lips and tasting what felt like an orgasm for his tongue.

When Jimin carefully climbed down from the sleeping human, Yoongi made a noise of disapproval, as if he missed the warmth of the demon’s body on top of him, as if missing the closeness of their bodies.

Climbing back into his own pants, Jimin forced down his raging boner with a sigh, because looking down at Yoongi like this he kind of felt the urge to come onto his pale chest and face and paint the skin even more white.

Yoongi curled towards the middle of the bed, his already fragile looking body transforming into a small ball and Jimin cooed, his dirty thoughts changing into something disgustingly soft like holding Yoongi in his arms to keep him warm and safe.

Instead of Jimin, Yoongi only got his blanket wrapped around the ball his body was now, a tuft of blond, damp hair being the only indicator that this bundle of fluff was a human.

Giving up his resistance once more this night, Jimin sat down on the bed again and leaned over his soulmate, looking at the peacefully sleeping face with a loving smile.

His thumb stroked over the cheekbone and jawline before he could stop himself and Yoongi sighed quietly.

“Thank you, hyung.”
Jimin whispered, pressing a soft kiss onto the rapper’s slightly pink cheek and melting when he felt Yoongi leaning into him as if to silently tell him more.

But, although he didn't want to at all, the incubus carved a symbol into his hand and vanished within seconds, sitting on his own bed when he looked around again.

His boner was still knocking on the backdoor of his mind, and now that he was alone Jimin gave in, hastily jerking himself off, mental images and sounds of Yoongi flaming up in his mind.

He came within seconds, and was out like a light, hands curling into his shirt over his aching heart.

The next morning, that actually happened around noon, he found himself at the table in their kitchen with his brother and Taehyung - who was apparently back (not that Jimin had noticed him leaving or re-arriving anyways, he had slept like a corpse), because he didn't want to handle Yoongi who was definitely not a morning person.

His mood wasn't at a low anymore, just neutral, maybe a bit gloomy, but nothing he couldn't handle.

Taehyung - who seemed like he hadn't slept enough and wasn't as hyper as usual in effect - kept staring at the younger demon though, precisely at the lower parts of Jimin, and the incubus found himself fidgeting in his seat more than often, strangely uncomfortable although looks around his lower regions were something normal to receive.

“Is there a hole in my pants?”
Jimin finally dared to ask, looking down onto his sweatpants, but finding nothing that could be of interest.

“Nah, I’m just trying to figure out why someone would want to be choked by your thighs.” Taehyung replied casually, waving it off as if it was nothing.

Jin spat out his coffee.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

Taehyung likes to make people uncomfortable, the ongoing biography of Jimin's dick, body rolls and Yoongi's subconsciousness.

Chapter Notes

So far I am impressed that I kept the week of waiting persistent although I dont have school where I write instead of studying.
I literally just sit in my armchair and read fanfiction all day (I mean, this particular type of armchair was basically made for reading but I am sure they had books in mind) and write every few hours a word or two.
Honestly, this chapter has been bugging me the most, because at the middle or so I just stared at the pages and thought "fuck. what happens now. how do I transition. what." I hope it isn't too noticeable that this is basically just a filler ^^'
Anywayyyyy
Thanks for all the comments! I feel like I forget to thank y'all for them although I practically shove them into my best friend's face to brag (she always gets way more comments on twitter and instagram for her drawings, I'm allowed to brag with you guys okay? At least your comments are longer and creative and way cooler; quality over quantity)
Have fun reading! ♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As it turned out, when Taehyung had said he was *back* in the brother’s shared flat, he had meant that he had been home over the night.
After he fell asleep on Seokjin - as promised - the demon had woken him up after the first movie ended and he himself got sleepy.

And by waking up he meant he had made an attempt to kiss Taehyung awake with little pecks, then attempted to wake him up by shaking his shoulders and then attempted to wake him up by calling and yelling his name.

In the end, the attempt to push Taehyung off the sofa and kiss him sorry when startled eyes looked up at Jin had worked best.

The reason for waking him up in the first place had been to check on Yoongi again, because Seokjin didn’t trust the nightmares that were supposed to be taken care of.

While he definitely held a grudge for Yoongi now, he also knew that no one deserved a persistent alp.

Taehyung had whined because he wanted to stay over and cuddle, and Jin had been very close to giving in, but stayed strong in the end, promising his soulmates more cuddles when he’d return in the
morning - which he did.

All in all, Taehyung had come home early, and Yoongi and Jimin hadn't been exactly quiet, resulting in barely to no sleep for the innocent Taehyung who felt like he was being punished, hence why he was now punishing Jimin with terribly uncomfortable, passive-aggressive comments that left the incubus with a head the colour of a tomato.

“I really don't see it. It’s just… legs. I mean, very short legs, and probably trained legs since you're dancing but… legs. Nothing in me gets the urge to be choked by them, you know?”

Jimin actually had to walk over to his brother and hit his back so he could cough the coffee out of his lungs, it was only a coincidence that that also helped to cool down his flaming face and embarrassment while Taehyung ranted about Jimin’s thighs, half to himself, half to anyone in the room who’d want to participate.

“Your legs aren't even that pretty, Jin-hyung has nice legs, like a model because he’s so tall. I think I have nicer legs because they are long and skinny jeans were basically made for me. On the other side I've never wanted to be choked by someone’s thighs, so maybe I don't know what the right type of thighs are if you wanna do that… Like a chokeability.”

“What the fuck Taehyung?”
Seokjin managed to cough, trying to get air back into his body like a fish on land.
Jimin even wondered if the glint in his brother’s eyes was actual jealousy, but what else would leave the otherwise so saint demon cursing?

“I just- maybe there is this orange haired guy in the dance classes that people talk about and I eavesdropped a little and they talked about said guy’s thighs and got into a heated discussion about what they’d want to do to him. And I started thinking, because, hey I know this guy but I really don’t see why your thighs are choke-material.”
In his defense, that was only half a lie.

People in college did talk about Jimin and Taehyung did overhear a conversation about the different positions they’d want to bend Jimin - just that they never mentioned his thighs and choking, that part had been all Yoongi.

Of course, Seokjin wasn't surprised, because Jimin’s presence alone would naturally charm people, but he could only imagine that Jimin dancing some more or less PG-rated moves would make people cream their pants.

The older demon swallowed the (half)lie without a doubt.

“Have you ever been asked to choke people with your thighs, Jiminie?”
While Taehyung’s comments had floated into pure curiosity, now he was back with the teasing.

Jimin was sure that actually setting his face on fire would make his skin feel less hot, and hurt less than answering or even listening to those questions or this newly dirtied nickname that Taehyung said while smirking so evilly, Jimin wasn’t sure who was the demon under them anymore.

“I’m sorry okay? If I had known you were home I-”
He hissed under his breath, careful his brother wouldn't hear it, but Taehyung wasn't done with his revenge.

“Have you ever actually choked people with your thighs? Come on, this is still purely platonic for me, I’m just trying to figure out how people’s minds work.”
“Yes and yes will you please drop it now?’’
The incubus let his head hang down in defeat, just giving up before his brother would start to spill the beans.

“Did they like it? People call you sex on legs for a reason I guess.”

“Tae… could we please not talk about my little brother’s sex life over breakfast? I can assure you that every question of did you will be answered with a yes.”

Pouting, the human turned to his soulmate who looked like he was going to throw up any second.

“Every?”
He asked, daring, already mentally preparing a rapid fire round of just throwing different kinks and positions into the room - revenge was so sweet and amusing.

“Every.”

“Dominating with safe words and shit? Gagging? Sex Toys in general? Getting someone to have multiple orgasms? Rimming? Spanking? Pet names? Fucking someone into unconsciousness? Dry-fucking? Making someone cream his pants? Face fucking? Public sex? Oh my go…oordon did you have sex at your workplace? Did you ever make someone cry because you were so good?”

Seokjin made a gagging noise just at the thought of his little brother doing these things, mostly because he knew it had all happened throughout the years.

“For fuck’s sake I did all of these things in the last few weeks, starting when I went clubbing alone last time, are you satisfied now?”

Taehyung nodded enthusiastically, ready to ask some more, but Jin’s scandalized face and noise of distress stopped him.

“But you didn’t go clubbing alone since you picked up… Oh my- Jimin what the heck no wonder the hotel wanted compensation for their bed!”

The human in the group needed a moment to realize that Jin was implying Jimin had done all those things with Yoongi and he just stared at his new friend with a slacked jaw and big eyes.

“You kinky little shit, Jiminnie!”
Taehyung rolled that nickname off his tongue again like it was nothing and like he didn't hear Yoongi moan it last night a few times.
After watching the demon blush again, and hearing Seokjin make retching noises, he bend over to the small boy, whispering sharply.

“That’s for keeping me up all night with your sex-addiction!”

“No wonder Kookie was so traumatized after he saw you get your dick sucked in the club! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?”

Jimin glared at his brother, but had an idea that let his look falter, and a too sweet smile appear instead..

“Do you really want me to bring up the bathroom incident, Jin-hyung? Because I can assure you that I can make you the ashamed one with just one word.’’

“Nevermind.”

“Thought so…”
“Wait, when did you do that in the club? I only remember talking to you about your upcoming boner problem. Was I right with that?”

Taehyung was back into the conversation, a confused frown on his face as he tried to remember the night he spent mostly drunk.

“Boner problem?”

Seokjin asked the same time Jimin grumpily agreed that Taehyung had been right.

“Well, long story short Jungkook walked in on me getting head from your roommate in the club bathroom.”

The younger incubus seemed to be back to his shameless self when it came to his sex life and flashed the human a charming smile.

“Getting head?”

Taehyung’s eyebrows rose upwards in scepticism.

“Yeah, you know. A blowjob on the receiving end, fellatio, courting the gay vote, dick whispering—”

Jimin could have been going on with the slang, he had a whole list of it sorted after ridiculousness, but Taehyung stopped him with a hand in front of his face.

“I know what getting head means thanks for the synonyms. Just- Yoongi never gives. He told me once he hated how all guys always grab him and make him choke, and not only because his gag reflex is a drama queen.”

“Do I even want to know why you know that, Taehyungie?”

Jin looked doubting at his soulmate, who just smiled.

“I just got curious since I don’t really get to do the do that often. I annoyed hyung a lot and he promised to spill the beans if I just stopped - quote - trying to get my hands on his dick’s biography over breakfast.”

“You mean like you are doing right now with Jimin?”

“Exactly hyung!”

“Well, let me spill some of his biography too: Jimin never receives.”

Taehyung looked at the incubus, and nodded as if he perfectly understood.

“I can see that. Jimin always thinks of others first. Although I guessed that you would get your needs down first, calling your partner a bitch and all that.”

“Yes, great, have we talked enough about my sex life? I don’t mind talking about it, but I mind when my brother’s present and it is about my sex life with my soulmate, thanks.”

“Got it. No one’s going to question your moral grounds on why you and hyung keep going at it like bunnies either.”

The demon rolled his eyes at that, but mostly because he had no explanation for that either.

It just…

*Happened.*

And at some point during it Jimin would get lost and give up and just enjoy instead of doing the right thing and stop it all.

Yoongi couldn’t even be held responsible for most of it, because once they’d started it was very
unlikely he would even get the idea, or the capability to stop.
And, well, from the four encounter they’d had so far, two had been initiated by Jimin and two by
Yoongi - at least they were even.

“Are you two going to be gross on the sofa all day?”

Excited nodding came from the soulmates and if Jimin wouldn’t have had the desire to throw up at
seeing that, he would have cooed.
But Seokjin was still his bigger brother, so he made gagging noises instead, just to point out the gross
part of them being sweet and domestic.

“I’ll leave it to you then. M’ gonna go dance some.”

“Have fun and break a leg!”
Jin wished him the same time Taehyung told him to “Go and fuck that teacher!” with a hooting
noise.

“I will not fuck that teacher, Taehyung. But thanks, have fun being gross together!”

Jimin did fuck that teacher.
But only because the dance room had been reserved and the teacher told Jimin to prove how much
he wanted to dance with a wink.

Long story short: The person who had the room reserved originally walked in when Jimin had the
teacher bent over his desk with four of his fingers up the guy’s ass. Needless to say, the person
interrupting was mortified, and didn’t ask for the room keys - problem solved, although the demon
knew that he would get to hear something about this incident sooner or later.

Due to the fact that Jimin always danced in long sleeved shirts and long legged pants, and the small
windows of the dance room didn’t do much to circulating fresh air, he was sweaty very fast, his
orange hair sticking to him as if he’d just come out of the shower.

He finished another song when excited yelling of “Hyung! Hyung that’s Jiminie over there let’s say
hello!” rang to his ears, and he had just enough time to prepare himself for intruders when the room
swung open and two figures stepped inside - one of them more pulled then walking.

Jungkook beamed at Jimin, and the person he had dragged with him just… stared.

“Hi, Jungkookie!”
Jimin swallowed and wiped his hair back so it wouldn't poke into his eyes anymore.
“Hi, Yoongi-hyung. What are you doing here?”

Yoongi was still staring, and Jimin wondered why, since he hadn’t really done anything and his
pheromones weren’t in the room either (he usually liked to do that during dance lessons just because
it was funny to see some students pop a boner or trip or just get all red in the face once Jimin winked
at them).

The demon didn’t figure out that Yoongi still thought Jimin was incredibly hot when he was all
sweaty and panting like he was now.

“Hyung was bored so I asked if he could show me around here and then we heard you.”

“And then you dragged hyung in here with you?”
Jimin pointed at Yoongi with a teasing grin, and felt only supported in his boosted self confidence
when the human blushed a little.
“Guess I did. Can we dance for a bit?”

“Kid, I don’t dance.”
And with that comment Yoongi sat down next to an open window - he suddenly had a feeling that watching Jimin (sex on legs!) dance would get him all hot and bothered.

His feeling was right.
Yoongi almost popped a boner right then and there, watching Jimin do body rolls and a row of other borderline erotic movements.
He could swear the boy even dared to grin smugly at him at one extreme violent hip thrust as if he knew exactly that him dancing would have the same influence on Yoongi, as did Yoongi rapping to him..

The human was glad they could leave pretty fast, just so he could get Jimin out of his system.

But watching him (and Kookie for that matter) like this got the human thinking.
Precisely, about the dream he had the night before - the one that turned sexual pretty quick.

With the dreams before, he had always felt like his mind tried to sooth him by giving him the faces of people he wanted close to him - undeniably for him also Jimin.
Then, last night, it had felt more as if his subconsciousness had tried to present him something good for his guilt, but even then Jimin had felt so real.

It was confusing Yoongi, because of course it wasn’t real just like the nightmares of Jimin torturing him weren’t. The soulmate wasn’t able to turn his room pitch black and spit on him and hit him all while whispering how much he hated him, how much he didn’t need him, how much he never wanted him.

But still, something about the dreams made him icky.
How his window had been broken the first times something happened, and how he had excused it with the age of the building.
How his windows were always closed once he woke up after he’d left them open, and how he excused it with Taehyung checking on him.

Eventually, he had wondered how he’d managed to get out of his jeans last night while sleeping (and then come in his pants twice, also sleeping).

It was all just... too vivid.

Even the nightmares were too vivid, and when he’d asked Jungkook about it before they ran into Jimin, the fallen angel had turned serious and promised to look into it.

And then, just then Yoongi remembered how the nightmare-Jimin had called the nice-Jimin a lust demon.
Yoongi remembered the conversation of Jungkook’s past, the definition of the creature he himself had called rape demon so nicely.

Nice-Jimin, fake-Jimin, potential-lust-demon-Jimin hadn’t even tried something like rape, and the bedsheet activities had been initiated by Yoongi alone, surprising the dream-jimin completely.
So far, the incubus-Jimin that visited him every night had only calmed him down, hugged him and dried his tears.

Yoongi felt bad, because if the Jimin visiting him every night was really an incubus in disguise, he had just signed said incubus death sentence, the executor being fallen angel Jungkook.
Surely, the kid wouldn't let a creature come close to Yoongi when it was essentially stealing from him, and a potential threat (demon and all).

Still, it was all just a hypothesis and a very vague one. But it would explain a lot (minus the fact why he had been visited by a lust demon for the past weeks every night and only getting laid once)

He decided, that he would just straight up ask dream-Jimin if his thoughts were correct - if it wouldn’t die through Kookie’s hands before.

Yoongi went to bed with a strange, anxious feeling that night, Jungkook in the living room waiting to enter the sleeping mind.

Chapter End Notes

I literally looked up slang for fellatio at like 4 in the morning and I gotta say that "Giving Big Jim and the Twins a Bath” "Opening Wide for Dr. Chunky” "Sucky-Ducky” and "Swallowing the Baloney Pony" were the ones that made me laugh the most, and I am quite proud I came up with "dick whispering” myself. Seriously though, is there some weird place were people actually use terms like that?

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Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

The end of the alp?
Also Yoongi is thinking and figuring things out... kinda.

Chapter Notes

I really like this chapter! I also finished it along with 2 chapters in one go, whohoo!
(and then I started playing video games again so I guess my sudden boost of motivation
came with a reason)
I hope you like it too :D
Thanks for all the feedback for the last chapter it always gets me going in my writing
♥♥♥

Jimin wasn’t a complete idiot.
Of course he felt the presence of an angel (fallen or not) close to Yoongi. He had learned his lesson
on invading the dreams of people who were guarded by angels, and would certainly not need a
reminder to that.

Nevermind that he knew this particular angel was Jungkook, he didn't need to risk dying or getting
exposed in his little late night visits (Taehyung already knew enough, Jimin was sure he would figure
everything out before they could come clear to him)

So Jimin waited on the fire staircase, staying out of Yoongi’s dream this time, especially because he
knew that Jungkook would take care of the alp just as good or even better.
He knew that Jungkook could sense him easily, but tried to hide anyway.

Given that the alp was taken care of, Jimin should probably take that as his cue to leave.
After all, he only came back to take care of the nasty nightmare.
Right?
The demon kept telling that to himself at least, as an excuse for his repeated visits and as denial for
the addiction he had developed towards his own soulmate.

He was just enjoying the illusion some more, that was all.

So he sat in the cold of the night, and waited patiently.

Jungkook meanwhile, was towering over the alp, his black wings spread threateningly and his canine
teeth flashed.
He had to wait for the alp to enter first, or the nightmare to begin to be able to check something, since
no sane demon would really enter a dream once a fallen angel was inside.
Admittedly, Kookie was having some problems entering at first since he hadn't done it in a long time
and the alp had shut the doors very tight - as if he was expecting someone to disturb him.
Once he was inside, he found Yoongi with record speed, the alp in Jimin’s form with a foot on his chest and a laugh that got stuck in his throat once he heard the flutter of wings and sensed the angel’s presence.

Now, Jin might have been right when he’d been convinced no one would take him serious with blond hair, because no matter how powerful fallen angel usually were, the alp laughed right into his face with an ugly laugh that didn't sound like Jimin at all.

It would have been easy to just get rid of the alp temporarily, a simple spell (like the one Jimin had been using for weeks now) but Jungkook couldn't come back every night to cast it again. He had to make his point clear, which lead to him in his current position.

The alp wasn't having any of it so far, keeping his pride high up.

“The little whore you had there wasn't enough, now you had to get a little disappointment from upstairs too?”
It laughed and lunged for Jungkook’s chest, but the angel stopped the clawlike hand with ease, gripping tight and noticing in misery that there weren't any bones to break once it had changed out of Jimin’s body.

The angel decided to ask Yoongi later who the little whore was, for now he was satisfied with gripping the alp’s throat and choking the demon.

“You should know that my kind is not to mess with, yet you dare spit insults in my face. Do I have to teach you a lesson in respect or do you leave my human without force?”

“My, my-”
The alp choked a little, but kept his grin present, equally sharp teeth shining.
“How many owners does this human have? First the slut, now you.”

Jungkook cocked his head to the side, irritated, and squeezed harder.
“Are you really that dumb?”

“I don't like it when people get cocky is all. You, little duck, are rusty while this place is my little playground. Do you really want to fight me on my own land?”

“Do you really want to fight who was one of the strongest forces of heaven?”
Jungkook bluffed, but the alp hesitated anyway.

“I know that the other little disappointments in hell make fun of you, though.”

The white skin cracked around Jungkook’s hand and the alp gasped for air.

“The other one was more fun to play with. You take all that way too personal, ducky.”

When it wouldn't shut up, Jungkook lunged his other hand forward to present the demon with a punch, the question of the other one lingering in his mind.

“Fine!”
The alp coughed, surrendering and obviously annoyed.
“You can have him, it got boring anyways. I’ll have my eyes on you though.”

And it was gone, Jungkook grabbing around thin air.

He sighed and looked over to the owner of this dream.
Yoongi was sitting again, looking around with a worried expression. Jungkook took it for the fear of the alp coming back, while in reality Yoongi was just hoping dream-Jimin wouldn't appear.

“Hyung. Sorry I didn't kill it.”

“It’s… alright I guess. Thank you.”

The hand that was held out for him pulled him up onto his feet and Yoongi decided to just walk around a little, the fallen angel following him obediently.

“So, the alp said there was… someone else?”

Yoongi coughed and looked over to the maknae carefully, but for now it was pure curiosity and not worry. The rapper nodded slowly.

“Yeah I think… I think it is… what did you call the demons who helped you fall again?”

“Incubus? You have an incubus too? You should have told me, I would have practiced the spells for those a little more, hyung!”

“No, I… This one is okay. I mean, so far it always saved me from the alp and it’s been really nice. I know you said demons are supposed to look nice, but… we only had something last night and it didn't hurt me? Until a few hours ago I was convinced it was just my subconsciousness shoving a giant middle finger in my face, because before yesterday it only took care of me?”

Yoongi gazed up to the angel carefully, scared of an aggressive reaction. For some reason, he didn't want dream-Jimin to get hurt.

“T ook… care of you?”

Jungkook doubted that very highly. He had never really met incubi who cared for their victims (since they weren't called victim without reason) or came to visit someone and then not take what they wanted.

“Yeah. It made sure I was okay after the nightmare thing, tucked me into bed and left. I mean, if it really is one I’m pretty sure Taehyung met it at some point and it asked him to share the bed with me for that night? I don't really know what happened in a dream and what in real life though… If it really is an incubus.”

“Hyung… Do you think it’ll come visit you again?”

Yoongi shrugged and bit his lip before he admitted the next thing.

“I kind of hoped it wouldn't, I didn't want you to hurt Jim- The incubus! I didn't want you to hurt the incubus, since he’s been so nice, you know?”

Jungkook laughed, had to stop walking so he wouldn't trip laughing so hard. Yoongi knew that his little tongue slip didn't go unnoticed and blushed.

“It looks like Jimin, hm?”

“Shut up.”

Yoongi mumbled embarrassed.

“Just being sure, hyung. It’s kind of cute. I mean, Jimin certainly has something.”

“Shut up.”
Yoongi growled and glared - he didn't want to come over as possessive or something, it just happened.

Luckily, it made the angel only laugh more.

“Well, I can't really help you with deciding what's a dream and not, but I will trust your evaluation for that incubus for now. If something is fishy with it though, tell me. Shall I wake you up?”

Yoongi woke himself up without trouble, and promptly opened his window - because the air in the room was stuffy of course, why else would he.

Jungkook poked his head in, just to check again and Yoongi just smiled at him reassuringly and vanished after wishing him a good night.

Yoongi had barely laid down in his bed again, when he saw a carrot haired head poking inside his room from the window.
He smiled and cursed himself for it.

“You have interesting friends.”
Jimin greeted him and climbed into the room, acting as if he wasn't friends with Jungkook first.

“I know.”
Yoongi moved a little to the side so the demon had enough space to sit down on the bed, like he usually did.
“Jimin… Are you real?”

The incubus smiled at him, as if he had just expected this question - which he totally didn't, not yet at least - and leaned over so he could get so dangerously close to Yoongi again.
“What do you want me to answer to that, hyung?”

“The truth.”
He whispered back breathless, impressed by his own ability to not get mesmerized by these dark eyes.

“Even if I was a figure or your mind, wouldn't that still make me real in a way? Your mind is real, and if I was a part of it, I would be too, wouldn't I?”

“But you aren't a figure of my mind, aren't you? You never were? You aren't like these pictures of you I see sometimes?”

Jimin didn't know what kind of pictures Yoongi was talking about, but shook his head no nonetheless.

“Are you an incubus?”

“Will you tell me to leave if I say yes?”
Jimin smiled sheepishly at the human, backing away a little.

“No.”

“Good. ‘Cause I am.”

Yoongi swallowed, a part of him relieved, another one confused.
“What’s your name then?”
“Keep calling me Jimin, hyung. That’s what I’m here for.”
Also because he really was Jimin, and wouldn't want Yoongi to call him anything else.

“Is that because you demons have problems with your real name?”

“That, and because in a way I’m a professional roleplayer.”

Both laughed, as if they always have been laughing like that.

“What if I want to spend time with you in your real form though?”
The rapper questioned, a daring glimmer in his eyes, and he licked his lips when Jimin licked his own.

“You don't want to.”
It was just a statement that Yoongi thought was true, while Jimin had to keep himself from laughing hysterically at the paradoxon of this situation.

“So…”
Yoongi didn't know what to say, and sat up again instead, knees bumping with those of the incubus.

Jimin giggled, before slowly diving towards Yoongi, plastering his neck with soft kisses.

“Don't you have more questions towards me? For safety? I could kill you with an orgasm, you know?”

“That better be the best orgasm in the whole world.”

Yoongi gasped when the hot air of Jimin’s laugh hit his collarbone.

“I’ll try to give you that without killing you.”

“I appreciate that.”

When he was nudged backwards, Yoongi let himself fall without thinking much, just enjoying the sensations on his skin, the little kisses and fluttering touches on his skin.

“Are you even up for that tonight?”
Jimin’s fingers grazed over Yoongi’s crotch for just a second, before shoving his shirt up to expose the milky skin.

“Why do you care, sex demon?”

His stomach got a slap for that comment, but the demon still giggled like an idiot and Yoongi joined.

“I care because I’m not a rape demon.”

Yoongi sat up as straight as a candle and almost kicked Jimin in the process.

“What did you just say?”

“I have access to your mind, you idiot.”
_ I also heard you say it._
“That’s the only thing I took without your consent. Are you though?”

“Yeah… Yeah I am.”

He slowly fell back into his pillows, pulling the incubus with him and dipping his fingers under the waistband of Jimin’s pants.

“But no dry-humping.”
“Promise. I really wanna suck you off anyways.”

Yoongi just groaned at that.

Nibbling on the white skin under him, Jimin slowly teased the sensitive spots he knew Yoongi had, grinning when the human arched into his touches.
“I can finally mark you up now, you have no idea how bad I wanted to do that yesterday.”

“Is not getting to the actual fucking an incubus thing?”
Yoongi breathed out when he felt a mark blooming right above his heart and Jimin wandered further downwards, sucking and biting when he found another good spot here and there.

“It’s a I don’t want to kill you thing. If you want to get fucked we’d have to do it in your dreams. We can try, but once you know it’s just a dream the power of it is kind of gone.”

“Tomorrow?”

“Sure, you needy little bitch.”
Jimin laughed, pulling down Yoongi’s pants with one motion and immediately mouthing his length.
“I’m not even heavy on pheromones right now and you are still hard, hyung.”

“Shut up, sex on legs! Who said I’d bottom when we fuck?”
Jimin had to stop to let out an actual laugh, eye’s turning into crescents and his voice fluttering through the room so lightly it made Yoongi’s heart jump.

“Oh shoot I shouldn’t be so loud, Taehyung heard us last time.”

“He’s not home, I like it when you’re loud.”
The reassurance came too quick to say that Yoongi had not panicked at the thought of Jimin (screw it if it wasn't actual Jimin, that demon was close enough) keeping his sounds to himself.

“Fine. But, hyung, you’re such a power bottom.”
Yoongi frowned, only because it was true. He threw a glance at Jimin, precisely his backside.

“Still wanna fuck you…”
He mumbled, cheeks tinting pink slowly.

“You wanna fuck me?”
Jimin asked, just to hear it again and louder.

“With that ass how can I not want to fuck you?”
Another giggle, and Jimin slowly palmed Yoongi’s still trapped erection. When he heard his soulmate moan a little, he moved up again, chest on chest and face to face.

“Only in your dreams!”

It was crazy how both of them managed to laugh so much and still keep an, at least slightly erotic, atmosphere on.
Like Jimin already said, he wasn't really doing much to keep his soulmate aroused, just the normal amount of pheromones he couldn't stop when he himself got turned on.

“Fine… I liked your face better when it was down there.
With a mean grin Yoongi gripped the carrot hair and pushed Jimin’s head down again, only getting a yelp when the demon complied.

“I’m going to take your dick into my mouth, you should be nicer with the power you are going to give me.”
He warned jokingly, slowly pulling down Yoongi’s underwear. His breath hitched when Yoongi’s cock sprung into freedom, and he grabbed it eagerly.

“This is your hand though, not your mouth.”

“Will you shut up now?”
Jimin still grinned, and Yoongi did too when he propped himself onto his elbows so he could look at his soulmate.

“Make me.”
The human dared with a mocking tune in his voice.

He shouldn’t have dared Jimin for something like that, was what Yoongi had to learn very quickly.
The incubus had swallowed him down completely without hesitation, staying like this a few seconds, breathing out of his nose and against Yoongi’s soft skin.

Of course, Yoongi had shut up - if not being able to say things because his moaning couldn't be stopped would count as being shut up.

“Is the offer for teaching me how to do that still there?”
He huffed when Jimin gave his length free with an obscene slurping noise.

And just like that, the reality mixed with the illusion - like it always had.

“Sure, but let me finish first.”
Jimin dived down onto Yoongi’s cock again, tongue swirling around the tip to taste the salty precum first.
“You taste so good, puppy. I could get addicted to that.”

“You- hah - you already come back every night, isn't it too late for a could?”

“Maybe… I don't care. You're the first human to actually get me horny.”

“Isn't your whole point being…”
He couldn't stop his hips from bucking upwards, but Jimin didn't mind. He enjoyed the roughness a little bit to be honest.
“Being horny? Fuck!”

“I’m hungry, not horny.”

“Ah”
Neither of them were sure if this noise was one of understanding or pleasure.
They didn't really care.

“Close, Jiminie… Really close.”
Jimin hummed before letting go once more to speak up, his hand a substitute in the meantime.
“Then let go, Yoongi. You’ll be sleeping peacefully after.”

“You’ll knock me out?”
“You want to have more than one?”

“One is fine- I-”
He was interrupted by his own moaning again.
“Don't leave. Please just-”

“Okay…”
Jimin didn't know why or what he agreed on, but did anyways.
“Now be a good boy, Yoongi. Let go… I make you feel good right?”
This time he wanted to taste him completely, sucking at the flushed red tip lazily, but persistent.

“So good, Jiminie…”

The moan he let out when he came was a few octaves too high to be considered one of normal pleasure, but Jimin’s mouth felt too good to be normal.

His soulmate swallowed it all, lapping Yoongi’s softening length clean until he was asked to stop by shakily voiced pleas and Jimin complied, slowly pulling the underwear back up but not caring for the pants.

“You can teach me tomorrow, yeah?”
Yoongi mumbled sleepily once he had the incubus next to him, his arm lazily draped over the other’s hip.

“It’s good I only made you come once tonight then, we have a lot to do tomorrow.”
He chuckled.
“I'll knock you out when you make me come tomorrow, then we can take care of the fucking part, okay?”

“Sounds like a plan… You said I make you horny… S’that true?”
Yoongi was already half asleep.

“Yeah.”
It wasn't even a whisper, just a breathless confession into the night.

“Will I die if I help you?”
Yoongi didn't even wait for an answer, just straight up opening Jimin’s pants and grabbing his length, slowly jerking him off and enjoying the soft gasps his soulmate let out.

“Just… Just get off me when I come and you should be fine.”

The human just made an agreeing noise and concentrated on his task at hand, sucking up every noise he could get from Jimin.

In the end Jimin pushed him away when he reached his own high, white streaks spurting onto his shirt and Yoongi’s naked stomach.

He concentrated on taking as low energy of Yoongi as possible, when the human came as well, surprised and with a high but quiet whine and mixing the cum on their chests.

He was out the second he stopped, eyes fluttering shut and Jimin was glad that he felt the soft breath on his skin.

The demon couldn't care for the mess on their bodies and just draped his own arm over Yoongi now,
falling asleep just as fast.

In hindsight, a very bad idea, considering that the dorm room Taehyung and Yoongi shared wasn’t exactly known for his high level or privacy.

And boy were they surprised to see Jimin sleeping with Yoongi in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

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Taehyung was the first one to yell, startling both soulmates out of their slumber, foreheads bumping against each other.

“No wonder Jin couldn’t find you, Jiminie!”

Hoseok was the next to comment on the situation at hand, cooing without really knowing the chaos of the soulmate-crisis that slowly but steadily approached right in front of him.

“What do you mean, Jiminie, he wasn’t home he- oh…”
Jin looked at the pair that slowly awoke from the dead, confused by the different people in the doorway, and Jimin quickly hid his face under a pillow once he saw his own brother.

“Shit. This is worse than a walk of shame.”

“Just act like you’re him. Did a good job at that so far.”
Yoongi whispered, still in believe that incubus-Jimin and soulmate-Jimin were in fact two different persons, although it was just more something like personas.

“You better give me a badass blowjob this night.”
Jimin grumbled, playing along and making the best first decision of the day: getting up and slamming the bedroom door shut before Namjoon could finish the sentence starting with What’s that on your shirt? And ending with the realization of what they’d done.

“Jungkookie! You came too! Guess what!”

He heard through the door and bowed his head in desperation.
How would he be able to explain that the fallen angel didn’t react to him, because he was the one and only Jimin?

“He won’t kill you or anything.”
Yoongi got up from the bed too, tilting Jimin’s head up with two fingers.
“Thanks for acting along.”

“The blowjob tonight kills me or I will kill you.”
Maybe the words came out harsher than he wanted them too, because Yoongi quickly took a step backwards.

“I’m joking - shit this is gross”
He quickly pulled the sticky shirt over his head and went over to Yoongi’s closet, opening it without asking.
“I don’t kill people.”
“You can at least pull off your shirt to get rid of the mess.”

“Oh come on you big baby.”
Jimin made a disapproving noise and turned around to look at the human, pale chest with cum dried on it full on display.

Now that Yoongi thought he was an incubus, he could summon some wet tissues without being secretive about it, and touching his soulmate some more never seemed like a bad idea.

“Nice party trick there.”
Yoongi huffed, but let himself be cleaned.

“I think you mispronounced thank you right there.”

The demon was shoved and almost fell into the closet when he lost his balance.
That was the exact moment Yoongi noticed something odd. He stared at Jimin and his exposed skin.

“What’s that?”
He then boldly asked, pointed at the demon’s chest, but rather meaning every exposed bit of skin he could see.

Jimin looked down on himself, realizing that he had fucked up when he’d taken off his shirt, because now Yoongi could see and read the majority of the soulmate tattoos he had.

Although Jimin came clean to being an incubus (kinda), he didn't really want to explain the whole tattoo problem, especially because it could get Yoongi to realize what was really happening here.

So he just stared down at himself, hands balled into fists as he desperately hoped Yoongi wouldn't poke.

“Is that a demon thing or is that actually how Jimin looks?”

“You're getting a little too curious right there. Ask Jimin yourself if you want to know so bad.”
Speaking of himself in third person was very weird, Jimin concluded and hurried to find a turtleneck sweater in the closet without flashing Yoongi his back - and his big soulmate tattoo.

“Haha.”
The human made, catching the simple oversized shirt Jimin threw after him and deciding to put it on.

“How am I supposed to do that? Besides that I can't mark him up, so that I’d probably have to talk in sign language - am I supposed to ask whether or not he has those because I saw a sex demon who looked like him. I mean, I’d probably have to explain why the sex demon looked like him too.”

“Why do you think is that? That I look like him, I mean.”
The change of topic was welcomed, and Jimin would use every honest information about himself he could get out of Yoongi - even if the situation was unfair and made guilt grow inside of him.

“Do you really want me to tell you that?”
When Jimin looked over, he saw the bright red colour on the human’s cheeks.

“Yeah. I mean, I’m already acting like I am him. You can at least get stuff like that off of your chest too. One stone, two birds, hm?”
In all his years, the demon had never lied so shamelessly, let alone out of his own interests.

He was allowed to be a little egoistic, right?
“I think…”
The rest of Yoongi’s answer was mumbled.

Jimin pulled the turtleneck over his head and looked at the human expecting, smiling when he saw how the blush intensified.

“I think you look like him… because he’s my soulmate and I… and I am starting to admit to myself that I kind of… don’t… not want… him?”

Jimin beamed at his soulmate, or he wanted too, but that would look weird so he just smiled slightly, as if the incubus-Jimin had already known that.

He did a quick check though, because he hadn't really assured himself that he was indeed the thing Yoongi wanted the most.

Jimin happily noticed that - at least sexually - this was the case.

“Why don't you tell him that personally now? Would make things a lot easier, right? You wouldn't need a substitute for him either.”

A substitute that wasn't really a substitute…

Yoongi scowled at the demon.
“Because he doesn’t want to talk to me, for one.”

That was definitely a surprise, and the demon had it shown on his face before he could collect himself.

“I mean, who would, after what I’ve done…”

“So basically it’s your pride and not Jimin himself. Dude-”
Jimin grinned sheepishly before correcting himself.
“Hyung. He let you blow him in a club bathroom, I’m sure he wouldn't mind talking to you. Or… you know… repeating the bathroom incident, in case you chicken out and need an excuse for why you’ve visited.”

“You think? God-”
Flinch.
“Why am I even talking to you about that?”

“Because you got to know me as your subconsciousness and just accepted that you wanted Jimin like that, now you also know that I have a very objective view on the situation”
Lies.
“And also won’t snitch to Jimin when you open up your heart for me.”
Lies and more lies.

“What do you get out of all that? What does it get you when I start nailing real life-Jimin instead of fake-Jimin?”

Jimin shrugged, because technically there wasn't any difference. It would probably get worse because then Yoongi would just tower over him with silence, bottling up his emotions again.

“Maybe I just want you to be happy?”
It came out like a question, maybe even one for himself.
“Or maybe I’m trying to find arguments for why your angel friend out there shouldn’t kill me the
moment he gets his hands on me. Me trying to convince you to talk things out with your soulmate seems like a noble reason for sparing me, right?”

“I told you he won't kill you.”

“And who are you to make sure that really doesn't happen? I think you are underestimating how powerful he really is- no one dares to even think badly about fallen angels. Only an idiot would get on the bad side of one. In case you forgot, I could seriously harm you with our little mingling here- he surely wouldn't care for my word of I’m different.”

Jungkook would also most definitely kill him for his stupidity if he found out that this was real life- Jimin.
That was the next big hurdle; it wasn't acting like Jimin around his friends, because obviously that would be easy.
It was actually tricking his brother and maknae into thinking that he was just playing Jimin, that he was just another incubus that took the form of Jimin.

And in addition to that he had to keep his brother and maknae from killing him once they would swallow that part of the story.

“That blowjob will be life changing, I promise. Now come on before they think we started morning sex or something.”

Jimin sighed, mentally preparing for his definitely academy award worthy acting.

“I’d rather have morning sex right now than looking into the eyes of death.”

“Can you chill?”

Jimin could not chill, because Yoongi pushed him out of his room, and basically into cold water the exact same moment.

The demon breathed in and out, then he took on his role.
And instantly flooded the room with his pheromones, just like a normal incubus would around humans.
A flirty yet coy smile build up on his features immediately as he made his way towards the group of friends, trying to look a little embarrassed for what he’d gotten caught in.

“Jimine-”
Jungkook’s voice was unnaturally sharp and the demon swallowed.
“Sit with me, will you?”

The incubus glared at Yoongi, who just patted his butt once and walked over to his reserved place in the kitchen, getting his morning coffee like usual.

“Sure.”
Jimin smiled and carefully sat down next to the fallen angel and his older brother, and he felt both death stares on himself.

Up until now he wasn't sure if that was because they were thinking he was an intruder or because he was an idiot who’d get scolded for his dumb actions once he was home.

“We were worried when we couldn't find you today, you should have left a message that you would stay here for the night.”
The angel instantly worked him into a headlock that might have looked affectionately, but was rather
threatening.

Jungkook bowed his head down to whisper right into his ear so the other wouldn't hear.
“He trusts you, but if I find out you little rodent hurt him I will personally make sure to cut all your limbs off.”

Sometimes Jimin forgot how intimidating Jungkook was as a fallen angel, or how the maknae had actually fought demons like him on a daily basis when he was working for upstairs.

This was not one of these times, and the demon could feel cold sweat breaking out.

“Sorry, I planned to be home by morning, but we overslept.”
His laugh sounded embarrassed, because he was actually ashamed they got caught like that, and didn't have to fake that one.

The headlock lessened and he could sit up again, now only receiving a glare from his brother.

“I’m glad you two worked things out.”

Taehyung beamed at him as if this whole situation was just as great as finding his own soulmate, and Jimin even earned himself another plate of leftover pancakes.

They didn't taste half as good this time and when he swallowed they felt like stones blocking his throat.

“Since when are you two… a thing? What even are you two - fuckbuddies, dating, a one night stand turned awkward?”
Hoseok looked at them carefully and Jimin could clearly see the panic that was written on Yoongi’s face, indicating that he had no idea what to answer.

Jimin was a great actor though, and pitched up on pheromones. At least for the humans his lies would be slightly more believable when they were fighting to not pop boners and get sex out of their head instead of fully listening and registering what he said.

“We are figuring it out ourselves too. That’s why I was supposed to be home already. We didn’t want to tell you guys before we were absolutely sure that we really are something.”
Something like soulmates, Jimin bit back.
“So please just ignore that this ever happened okay? We’ll tell you all when we think we should.”

“Totally doable, but…”
The dancer raised one finger and the serious look on his face made Jimin gulp in fear - Hoseok was rarely so serious.
It was Namjoon who spoke up instead, looking just as serious though.
“Don’t you mind that Yoongi-hyung has a soulmate? Don’t you feel kind of shitty because he chose you over his soulmate, the person that was basically made for him?”

“He didn't chose me over his soulmate… yet. We aren't even serious for now. You sound like we are getting married.”

“Topic change!”
Jimin appreciated Taehyung, who was mostly unaffected by his increasing influence on everyone’s libido and seemed as cheery as always.

In the silence that settled while everyone slurped coffee or ate breakfast, they were definitely uncomfortable shuffling here and there, and Jimin could see Hoseok and Namjoon exchange weird
looks.

“Can you stop that?”
Jin hissed after a while though, the glare back on Jimin.

“Stop what?”
He turned around playfully, eyes fluttering coy, a flirty smile shining up at his own brother - Jimin cringed hard.

The older incubus decided to just let him be, huffing annoyed and mumbling something about animal.

Breakfast washed over them awkwardly thanks to Jimin’s pheromones, because at some point the humans had trouble to move without making inappropriate noises, and if someone was talking no one was really listening.
Even Taehyung had gotten hard at some point, but he only eyed Jin a little hungrily and luckily not Jimin.

The demon had simply ate his pancakes, trying to ignore the death stare he was constantly feeling in his neck, origin being the fallen angel, and winking at Yoongi here and then, when the rapper looked extremely uncomfortable and seemingly aware of the reason for his raging hard-on.

“Aren't you even ashamed of acting like his soulmate? You're probably even responsible for his nightmares, how dare you sit at the same table with us?!”
Seokjin just couldn't let it rest though, and jabbed Jimin in the rips when the answer didn't come immediately.

“Chill, he knows I’m not real.”

“As far as I know he got rid of the alp the last days.”

“That can't be true, Jimin went every night to check. Even got beat up.”

Well, fuck.

Now they were onto something.
If he wouldn’t get the topic to change any second now, they would certainly question where exactly Jimin went every night, who really chased the alp away and then they would quickly get onto the fact that this Jimin was the actual Jimin.

“What are you all doing here anyways?”

Thank fuck for Yoongi, who glared - albeit softly - into the group.

“Hoseok had a life changing question to ask us.”
Taehyung remembered and every stare lay on the dancer.

Jemin nudged the dosis of pheromones down so that the human could at least collect his thoughts. Hoseok was his chance out of certain death now.

“Right. My question was more of a scenario.”
He twirled his imaginary beard in thought and started talking again.

“Let’s say you are on school, or college grounds. And you have someone bent over a table.”

And Jimin cursed internally, pretty sure the big shit was written well on his face. Of course Hoseok
wouldn't drop it.

“With… let’s say three fingers up said someone’s ass.”

The demon almost humiliated himself by correcting it to four.

“And then the door opens, and a college student walks in. He is obviously very much traumatized because he just wanted to ask for the room keys since he reserved the dance room for that time.”

By now everyone was listening attentively, so far no idea where this was going but definitely thrilled.

“And the person bent over the table asks Is there someone at the door? While the person whose fingers are up the person’s ass looks and makes awkward eye contact with the person in the door… Would it be right to, I don’t know, apologize, or stop and be ashamed… Or should you tell the person who is getting penetrated by fingers that his pussy is sucking his fingers up so good, don’t tell me you want to be caught with your cute little ass presenting itself like that - aren’t you a little slut and then make the dance teacher come while I am still standing in the doorway, having to look at all of that while I just wanted to get the fucking keys like what the fuck Jimin?!?”

The demon’s head collided with the kitchen counter in shame with a loud banging noise. Neither Jungkook nor Jin stopped him - after all he wasn't really Jimin for them right now.

Yoongi frowned, and tried to not glare at the fake-Jimin, because obviously this had been an action of the real-Jimin.

Either way, real-Jimin could still do whatever he wished to, so he had no right to feel jealous, or grumpy when he heard about his soulmates encounters with people.

After all, he had denied Jimin himself.

Still, he felt sick in his stomach when he thought about the carrot haired boy like that, felt sick because this was supposed to be him and not some random dance teacher.

Sick, because this was his own fault, and Yoongi slowly stopped denying himself his real intentions and thoughts and just accepted that maybe it hadn't been such a good idea to dump Jimin.

But he couldn't do anything about it, convinced that there was no way Jimin would take him back, would even want to be close to him.

Whenever Yoongi thought about getting over himself and his pride, he remembered the tears that had streamed down Jimin’s face when they quietly wished farewell to each other.

And then he deleted the sole idea of trying to start new with his soulmate, because Jimin was clearly better off without someone like Yoongi.

“I’m sorry hyung. I didn’t mean to steal your time in the dance room.”

The demon mumbled while continuously thumping his head onto the kitchen counter.

He hoped that Yoongi wouldn’t question how he knew that, because I looked into their minds seemed a little bit unbelievable in the eyes of Jimin.

“That’s your problem? That I didn't get to practice like I had planned to? The fact that I saw you with fingers up my - our - teacher’s ass basically dirty talking him into an orgasm doesn't matter to you?! You really need to sort out your priorities.”

Hoseok was livid - as he was often - and stared at the incubus in disbelief.

Jimin tilted his head up so he could look over to the human, and he couldn’t stop the flirty grin from spreading on his face.
He definitely shouldn't approach his friends like that, but he was basically right in his element and naturally a tease.

“Do you think I would have let the door open if I wouldn't have wanted for something like this to happen, hyung?”

“You are so damn disgusting. I can't believe I wanted to introduce you to my friends as the cute and pure one.”

Hoseok made a fake gagging noise.

“I have to bleach my eyes. I am so glad you didn't have your dick out too.”

“Why, Hoseok-hyung, scared you would have wanted to join once you’d seen how pretty it is?”

And Hoseok lunged forward, calling Jimin a brat and shoving him down onto the floor.

Everyone was on their feet in seconds, ready to step in (although Jungkook and Seokjin seemed to do that for the sake of Hoseok, in case the incubus would lash out), but also mildly disturbed by the sudden outburst of violence from the otherwise so sunshine mooded Hoseok.

Turns out their worry was pointless, because Hoseok had just initiated a merciless tickle war.

Jimin was helpless under the dancer, wiggling and giggling and trying to get him to stop, even begging him under his breath once he felt like he’d suffocate.

This happened way to often whenever he teased the dancer - mostly when they were alone practicing.

“Should we… step… in?”

Taehyung whispered, leaning over the counter between his soulmate and the angel.

“Nah.”

The two demons said in unison, waving it off.

“Is he… Is Jimin crying?”

Yes. Yes Jimin was crying.

Tears were spilling out of his eyes as Hoseok made no attempt to stop.

He wouldn't, not before Jimin would apologize at least - or before someone would step in but the two demons seemed to plan on stopping everyone who tried from doing that, just to get revenge on the incubus they still didn't trust. (Or, well, thought they didn't trust)

In the end, it was Yoongi who took pity on the demon, grabbing Hoseok by his collar and pulling him back, before helping the still crying boy in a sitting position.

Jemin’s vision was blurry and he felt a little dizzy and used this as a perfect excuse to cling to his soulmate.

Yoongi didn't seem to mind that much though - he excused himself with the thought that he could at least feel close to his soulmate in pretense like that.

“Okay… Hyung. I’m sorry. I should have asked you to join instead of winking at you and make you run away.”

“You WHAT?!”
Hoseok tried to attack again, but was held back by his own soulmate this time.

Jimin smiled at him in innocence, looking as pure as ever - minus the tears on his puffy cheeks.

“I’ll go home, if you don't mind. Before I die from this torture. I’m tired anyways.”

The demon stifled a fake yawn that quickly turned into a real one.

“I didn't get much sleep last night.”

Of course he winked, turning up the amount of pheromones one last time.

He really enjoyed how much Yoongi tensed up once he felt that.

“At least I wasn't home this time…”

Taehyung mumbled and Seokjin let out an ugly snort at first.

“This time?”

“Yeah, I mean… Uhm… This will probably happen many other times… and… you know. I’ll probably hear them sooner or later.”

“Ah.”

Jin did totally not buy the lie, but decided to act like he did.

He had to have a talk with that incubus later, no matter how he would find it again.

“I'll get going.”

Jimin gladly let himself help onto his feet by his soulmate, waving at his friends and family, before basically dashing out of the door.

The breath he let out once he was outside was far too relieving for his own taste.

When the door opened again he almost had a heart attack, in the belief that either Jungkook or Seokjin had excused themselves to kill him right on this doorstep.

It was just Yoongi though.

No one said anything, but they both tried but failed to steal sneaky glances at each other.

“Tonight still stands?”

Jimin then spoke up, just to break the silence.

“Yeah… I’d like that. You don't mind if I… maybe… take in consideration what we talked about?”

It took a while for the demon to revise what exactly Yoongi could take into consideration, but when he figured it out he couldn't stop the wide smile from spreading.

“You mean to talk to your little soulmate but chicken out and seduce him instead?”

“I mean, I don't plan to chicken out but yes, basically. You don't mind, right?”

Maybe he shook his head a little bit too excited.

“I’d be happy to have you do that, trust me.”

“Yeah and I totally don't get why, sex demon.”

“It’s lust demon and you are rude. But you’ll find out eventually… I guess. You better remember that I want the best blowjob in the whole world tonight.”
A demanding finger was promptly poking Yoongi in the chest and Jimin laughed when Yoongi pushed it away with a sly smirk.

“I’ll just give it to the actual Jimin, pretty much the same, right?”

Please do so, the actual Jimin pleaded, grinning up at the human.
“Without me teaching you before? 10 bucks you’ll choke again and make a fool out of yourself. You are so lucky this boy adores you so much to find it cute.”

“10 bucks? You aren't betting my soul?”

“You are so awful. I’m leaving.”
Jimin pouted, shoving Yoongi away and deciding to really leave before he decided against it.
Yoongi just grinned again and Jimin couldn't stop himself from staring at the older boy’s lips for a second.
He carved the symbol into his hand faster, because if he didn't he’d definitely end up with Yoongi pinned against the door and a few new marks on his neck.

“You’ll come back no matter how awful I am.”
It was a fake self confidence, but Yoongi found it way too easy to be cocky towards the incubus.

“It’s awful that you are correct. Bye, hyung.”
It seemed ridiculous to say bye, since Yoongi had implied to visit Jimin again throughout the day.
When he arrived home, Jimin hummed happily, just for once he didn't feel shit thinking about Yoongi.
Either way, the visit of his soulmate would end good, and at least he had a tinge of knowledge for the way Yoongi really felt.

He was smart enough to change out of the human’s shirt before the bell downstairs rang.
Yoongi was fidgeting nervously on his doorstep, and Jimin led him upstairs without a word but a smile, and that was enough for now.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

Yoongi's plan sort of... goes well?

Chapter Notes

Well this chapter surely escalated.
I actually had to split this already (after I added some more to it because I thought "humans have two hands, why not use them both Jimin), which is why it isn't as cliffhanger as usually - but this was already more than 3k and I have around 10 pages more handwritten in my notebook that aren't still finishing the chapter.
Also I am sorry that I apparently confused a lot of people? Whoops.
I shouldn't have time to write now anyway, I have to finish programming a vocab-trainer (which is a group project but we got randomly assigned partners and I got of course into the only group without a programming nerd, but instead got a duded that has so far only been googling that awful meme frog and another dude who has so far only disturbed the lesson with "funny" comments and shouts. Well, together they have made already 3 sexists "jokes" and 2 homophobic ones and let me tell you how happy I, a non-straight female, am to be in a group with those two! I am in fact so happy that I will program this whole thing alone. Yay.)
Oh and I also have to do that book presentation on tuesday and I mean I have the document open since like last weekend but so far my notes haven't turned into sentences that I could present (weird, how come that doesn't happen when I just glare at the screen and then proceed to stan KNK instead, seriously they are so great).
Anyway... I hope you have fun reading :)D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jimin looked at his soulmate curious and expecting, once they sat down on the couch on opposite ends.

He liked to see Yoongi so nervous for once, knowing what was at least supposed to happen. Jimin liked to know what was going on, the control that came with it.

The last times it had been the human to surprise Jimin, to completely startle him even.
But now the tables seemed to have turned. Yoongi wasn't surprised so far, but he seemed anxious and it would probably be easy to startle him.

Jimin just looked at Yoongi, watched how he stared at the floor, hands trapped between his skinny legs after he had caught them fidgeting with the sleeves of his shirt just one too many times.
He watched how the human nervously gnawed on his bottom lip, how his eyebrows twitched when he frowned every few seconds, seemingly unsatisfied with his own missing in action.

The demon enjoyed just watching his soulmate, just looking at him.
But he could see and feel how Yoongi was shrinking under his intense gaze, so he spoke up before Yoongi could start a symbiosis with his sofa cushions and live in them to hide.

“Right, you don’t talk to me.”
He chuckled, remembering how Yoongi had thought about himself, and how he didn’t want to give Jimin his mark because he thought it would be a branding of some sort.
Jimin also remembered how weak he had felt for Yoongi once he heard that.
“Do you want a piece of paper instead?”

The demon was already up on his feet, ready to just quickly go downstairs to steal his brother’s sketchbook and a pen, but Yoongi decided to pull his soulmate back into the cushions with a grab on his wrist.

Jimin quickly shoved his sleeve down, before Yoongi could notice the black lines on his skin. He wanted to wait for the rapper to ask about them.
He wasn’t even sure if he could or would answer questions about them, yet he still wanted to be asked.

Snuggling further back into the sofa cushions, Jimin moved his whole body in the corner of the couch, looking at Yoongi up front.

“Did you come to get your mark covered up again?”
Jimin knew this wasn’t the case, but still asked - for someone to be surprised by Yoongi’s visit this would be the next plausible explanation.

The human stared at him in astonishment, not believing that Jimin was still willing to get hurt like that for him again.
After all, he had cried when he had covered it up the first time.
But maybe, Yoongi concluded, having his mark gone would be easier for Jimin too by now. Either because he wouldn’t have his hopes up high anymore, or because he wouldn’t feel bound to Yoongi with it.
The latter option seemed more plausible to Yoongi.

Why would Jimin even hope for him after all he’d done?

Still, Yoongi didn't want it gone anymore, at least he was pretty sure he didn't.
So he just shrugged, because claiming to be unsure was easier to explain than denying the offer, and officially stating he’d want to keep it.

“Why are you here then?”
Yoongi was glad that Jimin didn’t pry further about why he didn’t throw himself onto the tattoo chair right now. He had kind of tried to get another appointment once he had discovered the mark was back after all.

“Don’t get me wrong, I’m happy to see you, really happy, but… If I’m honest it’s kind of confusing.”

Remembering how Yoongi had admitted his fears, or rather his conviction that Jimin wouldn’t want to see him anymore, the demon tried to get the happy part across as clearly as possible without being sappy.

Still, when a smile tugged on the corners of Yoongi’s lips, Jimin couldn't hide his own, didn't even
try to.

Of course he didn't get an answer or explanation from his soulmate, but he waited patiently for something, because Jimin had said his part and needed some sort of reaction to get an idea of what to do next.

It was surprising that the silence was only mildly tense and awkward, but with every minute that passed, Yoongi frowned more and more and Jimin was pretty sure that if he would wait a little longer the human would start to tear up.

“Hyung?”
He tried to get his soulmate’s attention instead, and he saw how Yoongi’s shoulders twitched and slumped down a little.
“Are you alright? Is everything alright?”

No reaction, besides Yoongi cursing at Jimin for being too nice to him again - mentally of course, he couldn’t really start yelling at nothing now.

The demon shuffled on the sofa to slowly approach Yoongi, crossing the short distance before he was seated right in front of the rapper, ready to touch him if needed.

“Do you need something? Someone? Hyung, can you at least look at me please?”

Yoongi did the opposite, head hanging low suddenly. He bawled his hands to fists, angry and frustrated at himself because he was so scared and so mean and Jimin was so open and so nice and Yoongi deserved none of it.

By now, Jimin wasn't only open and nice, but also worried, because this was for sure not how he would have imagined Yoongi’s attempt at talking to him.

“Hyung.”
He tried again, slowly putting a hand on Yoongi’s shoulder, squeezing when the human didn't bulge away.
“Do you need a hug?”

Yoongi shook his head no, biting his bottom lip hard and taking a deep breath. He then leaned forward, meeting Jimin’s body, grabbing him at his sides and slowly setting a kiss under his soulmate’s jaw.

Jimin let his head fall back the instant it happened. His skin felt tingly where Yoongi’s lips touched it and he wanted more.

Gasping when teeth grazed over his adam’s apple, Jimin just enjoyed the affection without taking an active part for now.
He himself was curious how far Yoongi would actually go, what he would do or try, where he would needed to be stopped.

The incubus didn't let himself be pushed on his back though, tensing when he was nudged backwards, and Yoongi accepted quietly, one hand wandering to Jimin’s neck to angle his head right.

It was all teeth and tongue and lips and the demon was excited to admire all the red marks that would bloom on his skin so soon.

When he pushed the hand away that tried to open his pants, he felt Yoongi chuckle against his skin,
as if he had expected it but tried anyways.

“How can I have you do everything for me, when you already did so good in that bathroom? I have to return the favour at least, hyung.”

Jimin managed to get out in between tiny, breathless moans after Yoongi started sucking on a sensitive spot.

Now it was the demon who nudged his partner back, letting him slide down a little as he was squished into the corner of the sofa.
That way Yoongi was still able to attack Jimin’s neck, but Jimin had no problems towering over his soulmate and have full control.

“Let’s get this off, shall we?”

The demon pulled at the hem of Yoongi’s shirt and then let his fingers slide under the fabric once the human made an attempt to get out of his clothes.

Jimin lazily traced his hands over the pale, exposed skin, applying pressure where he could spot the marks he had left only the last night.
He soon trailed further downwards, once Yoongi was doing a great job at distracting him with his mouth again.

It was all silent from then on, tiny sounds of pleasure the only things between them, and no words from either side.

Jimin had no trouble pulling of Yoongi’s pants and then bluntly shoving his hands in the other’s underwear, just like Yoongi had no problems to slowly palm Jimin through both layers of clothes.

From then on, with Jimin slowly but skillfully jerking Yoongi off, it was hard for the human to not accidently speak or cuss, and with every stroke he would get more and more riled up.

He was panting and moaning and whining and it took every inch of willpower to not just moan out a curse or, even worse, Jimin’s name.

While being touched by the real-Jimin felt a lot better, in terms of communication, sex with the incubus-Jimin was a lot better, Yoongi thought.

In order to not accidently mark his soulmate, he focused more and more on the things he did with his mouth, and the closer he got to his orgasm, the rougher Yoongi’s actions got.

Soon he was biting down hard on Jimin’s neck, getting some louder sounds out of his soulmate, and also some tighter strokes.

Jimin tried to apologize a few times he felt himself squeezing too hard when a bite surprised him, but Yoongi always jerked his hips after that and it was not long after that the demon realized his soulmate liked the light pain.

Yoongi knew that the hand he had on Jimin’s crotch didn't do much, mostly because he couldn't really focus on what he was doing there, and Jimin didn't seem to care when he sneaked it around his rear instead, gripping Jimin’s ass hard.

That was a feeling Jimin didn't even knew he’d like, but now he didn't want Yoongi’s hand to be anywhere else - besides maybe inside his pants and not on top of them.

But it gave him an idea too, one that let him pull down Yoongi’s underwear completely, until he
could reach his ass without problems. He teased at first, squeezing the cheeks or slowly letting his hand run over the skin, maybe sneaking a finger towards Yoongi’s rim.

Once Yoongi wiggled in anticipation, patience gone, Jimin let go of Yoongi’s cock, to grab hair instead. Yoongi wanted to protest, did actually, with a few whines and bites on Jimin’s throat, but he sighed when his head was pulled back by his hair, and Jimin looked at him with raised eyebrows, before raising his fingers in front of Yoongi’s face.

“That’s all you get, unless you want me to get up and find some lube here.”

Yoongi’s mouth fell open immediately, tongue poking out obediently. He sure as hell did not want Jimin to get up and stop now.

“Such a good boy. How many do you think you can take?”

The demon made a fist before raising one finger.

“Just one?”

Yoongi shook his head, although being restrained by the still present grip in his hair.

“Two?”

Jimin made a peace sign and then scissoring motions with his fingers, grinning wider when Yoongi shook his head again.

“Three?”

Now he raised his eyebrows, waiting for an answer, actually curious if Yoongi would go further for him.

And Yoongi did, because at that moment he remembered Hoseok telling them about the dance teacher. He remembered how he had claimed Jimin to be three fingers deep into the teacher’s ass. Yoongi wanted to be better, wanted to show Jimin that he only needed him.

“Four?”

By now Jimin knew that he had to use more than just spit, and it wasn't like he wasn't good at summoning lube right onto his fingers.

Yoongi opened his mouth wider, and moved his head closer to Jimin’s fingers, although thanks to the vertical position they were in he couldn't take them into his mouth right away.

Jimin still teased him, only letting Yoongi lick the tip of his fingers, or even just letting them run over his bottom lip, until he heard impatient sounds from his soulmate.

Although Yoongi felt like he could burst anytime if he wouldn't get touched at least a little bit, he still took his time with Jimin’s finger in his mouth - and not only because he didn't want to get hurt if he didn't wet them enough.

While at first he had taken them in all at once, he was soon taking care of each digit individually. Yoongi could tease too (nevermind that he couldn't look Jimin in the eye while doing it).

“Look at me, hyung.”
He only did so shyly, embarrassed by the blush that crepted onto his cheeks, meeting Jimin’s eyes that looked at him as if he was the most beautiful being on earth that wasn't having his finger in his mouth so putting them up his ass wouldn't hurt.

Jimin released his finger and immediately let his hand wander back to Yoongi’s ass.

He began teasing his rim again, not even applying pressure rather than just gliding over it, and Yoongi huffed obviously dissatisfied.

Jimin’s other hand came back to work on Yoongi’s cock, smearing the precum on his tip with movements that lasted slower and longer than necessary.

Yoongi pulled Jimin closer again so he could mark his neck up some more, and once he nibbled on the skin, he felt the first finger being pushed in, leaving him gasping, when Jimin started to fuck him with it immediately.

By the third finger Yoongi was clinging onto Jimin with a strength that would leave marks on his skin as well, and he didn't notice how Jimin used some extra lube when he inserted the fourth finger, too busy moaning.

Once all of them were inside and Jimin could move them without hurting Yoongi, he actually started paying attention to the human’s prostate, meeting it with every thrust of his fingers.

Yoongi actually saw stars.

“Are you close?”

The demon asked after he heard Yoongi’s moans rise an octave or two, as if he couldn't control it anymore, because he was too far lost in pleasure.

Yoongi made an agreeing sound against Jimin’s throat and shuddered when the strokes intensified - he didn't even know that was possible.

When he was send over the edge with a soft cry, Yoongi bit down on Jimin’s collarbone to not moan his name, hard enough to break the skin.

Jimin knew that this would have made him reach his high too, if he wasn't controlling himself again, the mewls he let out evidence enough.

He couldn't just send Yoongi into unconsciousness here and then have no explanation as to why it happened - pretty surely Yoongi would realize then that the two Jimins were just one.

He stroked Yoongi through his orgasm, and the human slowly rocked his hips while he came all over his chest and tummy, not stopping until he was too sensitive to really enjoy the touches on his soft length.

Only then did he loosen up his jaw, setting an apologetic kiss onto the skin.

“Fucking hell. Is that why you came here?”

Jimin asked, although he knew the answer.

He still felt the human cling to him as if he was a rock in deep waters, and Yoongi didn't move away a bit, his breath still puffing onto the blooming marks on Jimin’s skin.

At least by now his skin was so red and angry that all the marks were barely visible.

“Do you want to take a shower? I can't let you go home with sticky cum all over your tummy, can I? And the longer you stay here the grosser it will get. Even if I clean it…”
Jimin smiled and ran a finger through the mess on his soulmate’s stomach once he had sat up and pushed the panting Yoongi back into the sofa cushions, giggling when the body twitched as it tickled.

Once he had collected enough, Jimin brought the finger to his lips, tasting his soulmate and smearing some of it onto the corner of his lips messily in the process.

He loved to tease like that, loved to see Yoongi’s eyes get bigger in disbelief, how his pupils dilated and his lips parted just slightly with a barely audible gasp.

But the demoh also had to learn how Yoongi wasn’t one to take teasing in silence.

A hand grabbed Jimin at the neck and pulled, and with a yelp the demon found himself nose to nose with the human.

He struggled once he noticed Yoongi sending a glance towards his lips.

“I don’t take kisses on my lips, you idiot.”

Jimin reminded, but a look that could only mean Do you think I am stupid? ended every following argument he had.

The kiss landed on Jimin’s cheek, but close enough to his mouth that Yoongi’s tongue could lap over the corner and clean it from the cum.

Jimin giggled when he saw Yoongi’s face scrunch up in disgust once he tasted himself.

“What, you don’t like it?”

He asked with raised eyebrows and a mocking grin.

Yoongi’s sour face didn’t vanish, which seemed answer enough, only making Jimin giggle more.

“That’s because you drink too much coffee you insomniac college slave. I taste so much better.”

Once more, Yoongi didn’t simply accept Jimin’s teasing, but pushed him backwards until he was on top, hands prying with Jimin’s pants and his face dangerously close to the incubus’ crotch.

For a second Jimin was actually tempted, which was not only terribly ironic but also embarrassing.

“No, we aren’t going to prove now that I was right. You will take a shower now because if I get this couch dirty Jin will murder me and you are already so damn lucky he went on a date!”

It took Jimin a lot of will to push his soulmate back, and also get up to pull him towards the bathroom.

“Use what you want, okay?”

When he wanted to leave Yoongi to his privacy, a slight tug on his sleeve stopped him. Jimin turned around to look at his soulmate, who looked at him pleadingly.

He didn't need long to understand the message.

“No.”

He said sternly, albeit laughing a little bit before he could speak more.

“I am not on the list of things to use when you want to. I don't do shower sex, because someone will get too excited and then slip and then die.”

Besides, Jimin didn't want to be naked and exposed like that. It would already be a huge step for him
to wear something sleeveless, so being naked was not on the list at all.

Yoongi pouted, looking at Jimin with sad eyes, and then nodded towards the bathtub.

“You aren't even close to being spent enough to get a bath like that from me, hyung. You probably don't even remember when I had you take a bath after we first met, hm?”

Yoongi actually shook his head, because he remembered warmth, but not specifically a bath.

“See? Now go and clean up. Without me.”

Jimin freed his sleeve and shoved Yoongi towards the shower, squeezing his butt in the process and then shutting the door behind him.

From then on, he wondered what the fuck had just happened.

Not necessarily the whole doing it on the sofa thing, he had been expecting that to somehow happen after all.

But why exactly Yoongi was in his shower right now, or why he had implied the older could stay some more - no idea.

Jimin felt awkward, unsure of what to do now, and reminded as to why he never had sex at home.

When he saw the messy clothes shattered somewhere around the sofa, he couldn't withstand the temptation to collect and take them with him, stacking them neatly folded on the kitchen counter while he made some hot chocolate for the both of them.

Chocolate always made everything better.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

Teasing, chocolate, cuddles

Chapter Notes

Lol I honestly don't know what happened here. (or in the last chapter for that matter) I just had that cuddle scene planned out in my mind and the rest just... happened.
Also shoutout to the reader who demanded Taejin to appear again: next week it will be finally the time, for now its just a very tiny teaser :D
I almost didn't find time to finish this, since I had an exam and a presentation on friday and that group project to finish thursday and a programming exam upcoming monday and a philosophy exam (an oral one like wtf I can't even collect my thoughts about that while writing how do I expect myself to do that orally next year as on of my finals) upcoming tuesday and wow do I hate school.
Y'all lucky I prioritize my writing (and my failing at NaNo this year, seriously, I just hit 10k today) over schoolwork (Or maybe I've just lost hope when it comes to school. yeah, probably that)
Anyywaayys.
Have fun!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Yoongi came back and found Jimin in the kitchen, he made notice of himself in the doorway with an embarrassed cough.

And, shit, Jimin could've jumped him right then and there, preferably to fuck Yoongi over the counter.

Since Jimin had taken all the clothes with him, there had been no other choice for Yoongi to come out in nothing but a towel around his hips.

Jimin was already in love with the skinny, pale legs, wanting to wrap them in pretty clothes, kiss and caress them and bend them in unbelievable directions while he made himself comfortable between them.

The equally peale, lean chest was littered with marks of purple and red that made Jimin want to touch it even more, to rile Yoongi up by just playing with his pink nipples, making him so sensitive he'd come from that alone.

On second thought however - and that was how Jimin knew it was somewhat love and not just desire - Jimin felt like he wanted to have Yoongi close to him, no matter if next to, on top or under. Just to share warmth.

He imagined to stay in bed all day, wrapped up in blankets and each other, and just cuddle and spend
time together, no sex or whatsoever.

It scared him a little, all these new feelings, just as much as it made him sad.

Looking at Yoongi’s face abolished those thoughts. He liked his soulmates so slightly disgruntled face, especially when he looked like that because he was nervous and a little uncomfortable.

That way, Jimin could make sure to ease this - his - human’s mind, to make him feel better - to be a good soulmate.

Jimin was sure he could just stare at Yoongi’s face for hours and never get bored. If he had known how absolutely good Yoongi looked with wet, messy, dripping hair, he would have never let the human use his shower.

“Hyung.”

Yoongi’s eyes shot up, meeting Jimin’s, and he carefully came closer after Jimin motioned him to do so, smile not vanishing from his face.

He saw his clothes behind Jimin, and lunged for them despite his gut telling him it wouldn't be this easy. He was right, because Jimin just swatted his hands away and gave him a disapproving noise.

“I think I’m clothed enough for the both of us, don’t you?”

Yoongi could hardly bite back the snarky comment he would've loved to fire back.

Jimin chuckled dark when he spotted Yoongi’s sour face. “I would be willing to give you back your underwear… But what are you going to do for me that I know you deserve it, pup?”

There it was again, the nickname that made it clear Jimin wanted to play a little. Yoongi got goosebumps from hearing this one syllable.

He stepped closer and swallowed excited.

“No… Not like that.”

Jimin pried off the fingers that were dipping into his pants so slightly, squeezing them between his palms before letting go and wandering down to Yoongi’s lower regions, slightly tugging on the white towel. “Will you take that off for me instead?”

Yoongi’s fists curled around the material tightly to hold it in place under Jimin’s tugs.

“Come on puppy. I only get to admire parts of you. Let me see all of you, you're always so pretty, no need to be shy.”

Yoongi’s face froze at the compliment too sudden to not be noticed and Jimin smiled knowingly. “You don’t like compliments, do you?”

The head shake he received as an answer was heavy and made the demon laugh more. “Guess we complete each other then. You hate praise and I’m a whore for it. Could probably make me come just telling me how good I am…”
Yoongi frowned, feeling like Jimin was calling him out for his silence, like showing him how they weren't compatible.

It didn't go unnoticed either.

“Mhm... I'm not criticizing that you don't talk to me, that's your decision and not mine, baby boy. But that's why I like it when you make all those sounds, when you moan and whine. Because you do it all for me, don't you? Telling me how good I am to you, hm?”

Yoongi felt some sort of shame bubbling up in him, and he looked to the floor to avoid eye contact with Jimin, who stared at him so deeply as if he could read his thoughts.

“Puppy, everything about you is so incredibly pretty, even your voice. Now come on, will you let me look at you completely? Please, hyung. You can get your underwear back if you do.”

Yoongi let the tower go when Jimin tugged one last time, but his hands still curled into fists, trying to swallow down the embarrassment and now closing his eyes in shame.

He could feel the trace of Jimin’s gaze burn on his skin.

“You're so gorgeous, hyung.”

Yoongi accidently nudged away when a thumb stroked over his hip bone, the digit feeling incredibly heated on his own cold skin.

Jimin didn't touch him again there, but Yoongi wanted to.

“So beautiful... Bet you didn't get to hear that enough. Should I praise you until you're no longer uncomfortable?”

What came then must've been one of the most violent headshakes ever done.

Jimin snickered, laying his hand onto Yoongi’s cheek.

“I won't then. You look too cute when you blush like that anyway.”

Further blushing, Yoongi followed Jimin’s palm, pressing into it.

“Don't expect me to stop completely though. I’m not exaggerating when I say I could look at you all day.”

The comment forced Yoongi to open his eyes and stare at Jimin in disbelief. The demon was softly smiling at him, eyes roaming the exposed body in front of him every few seconds, but always coming back to Yoongi’s face and eyes.

It didn't make Yoongi feel hot, like he had expected it, being so naked and exposed. Jimin’s gaze was more loving than wanting.

He wondered how much affection they actually felt for each other, when it had turned to that from the pure desire they started with, how much it came due to them being soulmates.

While at first he hadn't believed Jimin about him wanting to look at Yoongi all day, now that Yoongi was looking at Jimin, he knew exactly what the younger meant.

Yoongi could stare at Jimin all day as well, even while he was still fully clothed, barely any skin exposed. Just his face seemed to be enough.
“You look like you get what I mean.”
Yoongi noticed the tinge of a sad smile on his soulmate’s features, but it was gone so quickly gone that he didn't know whether to do something.

“Do you want hot chocolate?”

Suddenly Jimin distanced himself, shoving the underwear against Yoongi’s chest and going to the counter to grab his mug while the other got clothed.

The thought of Yoongi feeling something like that for someone else was sickening for Jimin and the possibility of Yoongi feeling this for Jimin wasn't even existent for the incubus that had never been loved before.

But it wouldn't be the two of them, if Yoongi didn't also misunderstand. He felt like Jimin was judging him for feeling that about him, after he had rejected him. As if he didn't have the right to like Jimin anymore.

He tried to drown his embarrassment in hot chocolate, but forgot about the hot part and promptly burned his tongue and lips. Because of course this situation wasn't uncomfortable enough already. Yoongi tried to keep a straight face, but Jimin had already noticed, eyes sneakily fixated on Yoongi the whole time.

The distance was crossed again and Jimin was calmly putting his thumb on the burnt lip.
No one needed to know that he cooled his skin temperature down right now to soothe the pain.

Looking at his soulmate’s shocked face, the slightly parted lips, Jimin smiled sadly.

“I probably shouldn't say that I want to kiss you so bad, when I am the one stopping it from happening, hm?”

Yoongi slightly shook his head, eyes darting down to Jimin’s plush lips. The urge to kiss him was there since that night in the bathroom.

“Sorry…”
The incubus mumbled, slowly retrieving his hand and taking a sip from his own mug. There was chocolate and mild stuck on his upper lip and Yoongi wanted to kiss it away so badly.

“My lips are still cherishing their virginity I guess…”

Yoongi was glad he was so shocked the never escaped his mouth without an actual voice. Jimin still picked up on it, understanding what the other had mouthed since it was just one word.

He shrugged, bringing the mug back to his lips to cover his blush. It was embarrassing in a way, that he would go so far sexually, but shied away from a simple kiss, even a peck.

Sure, he had his reasons given that kisses meant sealing a deal where he came from, and Jimin had always told himself he didn't want to accidently seal one.
But deep down he always knew that wouldn't happen, unless both of them said the promising world of a deal before the kiss.
Jin grew up around the same people and never hesitated to share kisses besides being the more responsible one.

Deep down Jimin knew that a kiss meant pure, innocent affection for him, not desire.
And affection was too close to love, and that was something people never projected onto Jimin.

So yes, he was actually afraid to kiss, deeply afraid.
And he surely wouldn't let Yoongi steal his first kiss while still being the rejected soulmate.
“Hyung?”

Jimin spoke up again after a few minutes of uncomfortable silence and chocolate sipping.

Yoongi looked up like a deer caught in headlights. Jimin almost wanted to make a joke about him only being relaxed when Jimin was seducing him.

“You didn't come here just to get fucked by me, did you?”

His head shook no but of course that was the only answer.

Jimin smiled, catching himself staring at his soulmate again and getting happy by it.

“You aren't going to attempt what you actually came for, are you?”

Yoongi smiled embarrassed, and shook his head again. He would be a lot more disappointed himself if he hadn't expected it to not happen.

Jimin snickered silently, face still partly hidden by the mug and Yoongi wanted to yank it down that moment so he could see how Jimin’s lips curved and his cheeks got more prominent in his smile.

“In case you ever change your mind about that, doors are always open for you, hyung. Including other reasons to visit… or the repeat of what happened today. Wouldn't say no to that either.”

It was strange how Jimin could look so soft and cute with his tiny hands curled around a steaming mug and foam stuck on his upper lip, but the moment he winked at Yoongi he seemed like another person, an unbelievably hot one.

Yoongi couldn't let his thoughts trail into that direction further, couldn't even really pick up on the implications Jimin had just made, because a hard shiver shook his whole body and Yoongi noticed how cold he actually was, half wet and half naked.

Jimin looked concerned all of a sudden, guilt bubbling up because it was clearly his fault and selfishness, denying his soulmate his clothes just so he could ogle at him some more.

“Are you cold?”

He still checked, setting his empty mug down.

When Yoongi nodded and pressed his hand harder on his mug to absorb the tiniest bit of warmth, Jimin just smiled again - almost warmer than the temperature of the mug - and made himself comfortable with his back against the counter, before he widened his arms and beckoned Yoongi to come closer.

“C’mere. I like cuddling anyway and you have yet to experience how greatly clingy I get.”

Yoongi didn't even hesitate, remembering how nice it had felt to share the bed with Jimin - no, Incubus-Jimin - and in anticipation to how it would feel to hug and cuddle with the actual Jimin.

Their heights matched, so Yoongi had no problems to nestle his chin on Jimin’s shoulder, tilting his head slightly so his face was closer to the other’s neck, and he leaned a little bit on his soulmate, who didn't mind and embraced him warmly while Yoongi positioned himself between Jimin’s legs.

Arms curled around his middle, slowly rubbing his back to keep him warm, before one rested at the bottom of his back.

He squirmed a little when the fingers slowly but precisely hit his tattoo, a feeling of electricity
shooting through his skin.

“Sensitive there?”

Yoongi hummed in agreement, too content to move his head in a nod.

Jimin wondered if it would feel as good if Yoongi would touch his tattoo, but was too scared too asked if Yoongi could put his hands there - after all it would be a weird request if he wouldn't have an explanation, which he didn’t, except for the truth he wouldn't tell.

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

From then on they just stayed like that, content to feel each other’s breathing and sharing warmth.

They felt in peace and at safety, and Yoongi could have taken a nap if he would have tried.

It was nice, a contrast to how intimate they usually got, although this seemed to be much more intimate just in a very different way.

Yoongi was definitely willing to come again, just for cuddles - because Jimin was great at it - even if they would make everything look slightly more romantic.

Both boys were startled to death when the door in the living room burst open, Jimin squeezing Yoongi so hard and protective the other didn't only choke because the air was pressed out of his lungs, but also because he was very touched at how defensive his soulmate could get.

It was just the other resident of this apartment though, soulmate (who was still unaware of how to open doors normally and non-violent) in tow.

They were loud and Jimin and Yoongi were fearful at how much like an argument it sounded.

“Am I right in my assumption that hyung doesn't want to be seen here?”

Jimin was, and therefore allowed Yoongi to get his clothes and put them on - which he did in record speed.

“Thanks for coming over hyung. I had quite the time, feel free to come back for a redo of any of those activities… maybe not all though, I won't let you abuse our shower.”

Yoongi looked at Jimin a little warily, unsure of what to do now.

“Wait-”

Jimin ripped open a few cupboards until he found pen and paper.

“It would be weird if we wouldn't have each other’s number given our friend circle is basically the same. You can also text me whenever you, hm, need me but don't have time to come over.”

The demon winked again, with much more effect on Yoongi this time, and stuffed the piece of paper with his number on it into the back pocket of Yoongi’s pants, petting his butt a few times and eventually placing a kiss onto his soulmate’s cheek, silently bidding goodbye.

Jimin spied into the living room and was glad to see his brother and Taehyung vanish into the former’s room, still arguing about something (hopefully something irrelevant) with wild gestures.

“Bye, hyung.”

Jimin opened the door for him, and after Yoongi shot him a look that made it seem like he longed for Jimin already, the demon decided to be a little bit reckless - and a tease.
“See you in your dreams then.”

The look on Yoongi’s face was both priceless and terrifying when Jimin silently shut the door in his face.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

TaeJin date, poop, pregnant women and angel

Chapter Notes

So this chapter got longer than I expected
I'd apologize if I didn't have lots of fun writing it and knew that I have some readers who are already thrilled for some TaeJin :D
I'm sorry for all the poop. But I hate people like that, and poop seemed like a good solution.
Also sorry I didn't include as many puns (or puns at all) as I wanted to, but I couldn't find a good position for them anywhere in this 5k chapter - maybe next time.
Fun fact: I actually researched couple names for this chapter (before I sprang onto the most obvious one) and I am surprised how most website actually, and full-on-serious propose the nickname "Legs" and "Babaganoosh".
(I actually finished writing this in english class, after my teacher returned our vocabulary tests and looked at me with so much dissapointment and sighed so loud the whole class heard it when he returned mine (a D, which is what I expected because my brain doesn't work from german to english and cant just produce single words out of thin air either) but honestly you can't blame me that I do not know words like "transgenic" or "reproductional research" on command without a context. Who tf needs those words anyways besides biologists. I'm tempted to just write that I am currently writing a 80k+ story in full english right now and that that should be proof enough that my vocabulary is decent-sized on the next test.)
Anyways, I hope you enjoy the chapter :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Technically, Taehyung had an unfinished project waiting for him to be finished by the next day, so he probably shouldn't ask his soulmate for a date.

Seokjin was the oldest and most responsible one, so he probably shouldn't have agreed when his soulmate asked for a date with the argument that it would be much more fun than schoolwork.

Nevertheless, both things happened, and after Hoseok and Namjoon had went into Yoongi’s homemade-I don't want to leave my room-studio together with its owner to work on some tracks, the two soulmates had left.

Seokjin had laughed once they were outside and Taehyung, clad in a thick coat, big scarf and ridiculous wool hat with an equally ridiculous bobble on top, noticed that he had forgotten his gloves (they have a dinosaur pattern in honor of Fish and they are very awesome and pink because you like the colour, stop laughing hyung!) and promptly shoved one hand in his own, the other in Jin’s coat pocket, grabbing the demon’s hand - of course only to keep him warm - with a big grin.
But Taehyung was too giddy to walk normally, like a well-behaving person in society, already being fascinated by the way his breath puffed out of his mouth and nose in white clouds, trying to do tricks with it like he had seen some people from his college do with smoke at a party.

Jin laughed whenever Taehyung tried to skip ahead but was held back by his own hand that Jin just wouldn't let go off, not even allowing it to leave the warmth of his pocket.

Pouting whenever Taehyung had to walk slowly by his soulmate’s side again, Jin took it as his challenge to make the boy smile every time, squeezing his hand or pulling him closer or even pointing to cute animals he saw.

“Do you want food?”
Jin asked, smiling when he saw how Taehyung’s eyes enlarged.

He then started to suddenly search his pockets for his wallet, letting go of Jin’s hand and leaving the other’s pocket to use both hands for his search.

“I asked for the food, I pay. Don’t worry.”

Before the younger could even think about protesting, Jin had already pulled his soulmate’s hand back, not wanting to miss the nice, safe feeling that came with holding it for too long.

“But, hyung… I asked you out, so I should pay.”

“I wouldn’t feel comfortable about that with how much I eat, my broke college student.”
Jin smiled and pulled Taehyung closer as they reached the first small food stall, laying his arms around the small waist and resting his chin on the other’s shoulder.

“Pay me back in kisses and bad jokes then, if you really need to pay me back, alright?”

Taehyung’s cheeks were already red from the cold, but it was still obvious how flustered he suddenly was just by the way he hid in his scarf.

“Okay…”
He whispered with a tiny smile.
“More kisses than bad jokes though.”

A tiny peck landed on Jin’s mouth and Taehyung turned around to order his food, grinning at the mushy feeling inside his stomach.

They both munched on their skewers, hands intertwined and swinging between them as they kept walking.

“Hyung?”

Jin’s mouth was stuffed, so he only made an agreeing noise when Taehyung spoke up.

“You look like a squirrel.”
The human mentioned.
“I wanted to ask if we could maybe get ice cream?”

Jin pulled an offended face, because he did not look like a squirrel; he could technically (could, but wouldn’t) eat a squirrel!

“Squirrel are very cute, Jin-hyung. I’d want to cuddle a squirrel.”
Taehyung knew exactly how to press his soulmate’s buttons, and Jin smiled proud at the praise once
his mouth was empty.

“Ice cream?”
The demon’s voice was doubting.

Taehyung answered by yelling Ice cream! very loud and excited.

“Taehyungie, you are wearing so many thick clothes already, and still shiver from the cold. How can you want ice cream?”

“Ice cream always works. Can we, hyung? Pleaaaase I’ll be good I promise! I’ll pay you back with so many kisses you’ll go crazy I swear!”

Jin laughed and nodded, surrendering before Taehyung would steal his wallet and run off to by his beloved dessert alone.
The human chimed a very happy thanks and scooted closer to his soulmate, almost tripping over his own feet when he crossed their arms.

“Let’s look for a nice place to sit down once we have your ice cream.”

“You look for a nice place yourself, I already have you lap now, don’t I?”

Seokjin laughed, startled but also not surprised by the comment, mumbling an unbelievable before shoving Taehyung to the side with a push of the arm he was holding.
Taehyung bounced back to him like a rubber band.

“There’s a store for ice cream. Come on, order how much you want.”

“Mmmm’kay. What flavour do you want?”

Jin gave Taehyung his wallet and shrugged, still smiling, because seeing his soulmate so excited and happy was just too heartwarming for him to not be shown on his face.

“Surprise me.”

Taehyung nodded, suddenly looking as dutiful and determined as if he was on his way to save the world, which seemed, based on the fact that he was hopping into the store, quite unlikely but not impossible.

It was very amusing to watch Taehyung running from one end of the glass-clad counter to the other, pointing at the one or other flavour.

Jin actually feared for his wallet a moment, afraid Taehyung would surprise him by buying every flavour for each of them.

He wouldn't even feel sorry for it, neither would Taehyung (probably), just imagining how happy it would make his soulmate.

Besides, it wasn't like they couldn't cheat money (or didn't already do it to buy the parlor, flat and equipment).
Sure, Jimin would whine that Jin should be more careful with his money and not waste it just because he didn't have to summon it once they ran out, but it would still be worth it.

The tower of scoops inside each cone seemed expensive enough, and when Jin thought that it at least looked delicious to compensate his loss of money, he wasn’t sure if his stomach was talking about the
ice cream of the incubus about Taehyung.

Because Jin knew that, if he (or Jimin for that matter) would lap at the ice cream as enthusiastically as Taehyung did now, smearing bits of the cold treat all over his lips, people would not look away and get aroused.

Taehyung was of course by no means an incubus, but he sure was handsome and knew how to use his tongue right to make hunger inside Jin boil uncomfortably high; Jin hated it because he knew this wasn't what he wanted and felt, but the monster inside him.

With time it would get harder for Seokjin to differ between his feelings and his needs, because he already realised that he really really liked - loved - his soulmate and it would be hard to tell when it wouldn't be the hunger inside him talking.

For now at least, Jin knew it wasn't, and he could try to suppress it - especially for Taehyung’s sake.

Thinking of it now, Jin was deeply afraid to get intimate with Taehyung like that, for several reasons. Mainly, he was scared he’d hurt - or even kill - Taehyung because it had happened often enough and Jin knew he’d never forgive himself if he would harm his soulmate, who was already too pure for this world and deserved to live a long and bright life.

Then he was scared about Taehyung finding out what Jin was and being disgusted or scared, dumping him, breaking his heart and having his heart broken.

“What’s wrong, did I buy too much?”

Seokjin blinked confused, his mind focusing back on reality.

“Huh? Oh, no, it’s fine. Just remembered something, don’t bother with it. We’re supposed to have fun, right?”

Jin bent over to kiss Taehyung shortly, and Taehyung kissed him back comforting, as if he could and would take all the world’s burden from Jin’s shoulders with it.

“Sweet…” Jin sighed, tasting Taehyung and the ice cream, unsure about what exactly he was talking.

The human giggled, offering Jin a taste from his cone, before handing over the other.

They looked for a place to rest, hands intertwined again, and settled on a small bench under a big, pretty tree.

Taehyung actually sat down next to Jin - albeit close - quietly lapping at his ice cream.

Jin felt bad, as if he had ruined the mood.

“I thought you wanted to sit on my lap?”

“I, uh, can I? I thought you didn't want me to.”

“I do. It’s warm anyways.”

Taehyung then carefully, almost shy, positioned himself on Jin’s lap, curling into the warm body and the embrace that welcomed him so he wouldn't fall off.

“It is warmer. Thanks.”
“I like you close by my side, so…”

Jin smiled at his soulmate for the thousandth time that day, and then wrapped the big scarf about both their necks.

Taehyung melted further into the touch, happily ravishing his ice cream again.

Jin went on that a lot slower, not risking to get a headache from the frozen treat, and he noticed how the people walking by were staring.

He hated, but was used to it.
People, strangers, usually felt drawn to Jin already, often greeting him, shaking hands just to get some sort of contact while and explanation for why they even wanted that from him couldn't be found.
It always seemed like those people were starved, and not the incubus.

But now people’s looks wandered over Taehyung, who was oblivious to his very sexual looking eating habits, and Jin watched them grumpily.

So what? Maybe Jin was possessive. It was his soulmate after all, so he was damn allowed to be.

Every now and then Taehyung hummed, when his tongue latched a big bit of the ice cream, or when a cute dog walked by and he thought Jin didn't see it.

Seokjin tried to ignore the people walking by at first, and it worked because it was so easy to just concentrate on Taehyung, but when a small group of them started to whisper and giggle under their breath - badly, by the way, since Jin could hear every word effortless - he wanted to step in.

“Isn't that our campus-alien? Bat-shit crazy and dumb Taehyung right?”

Whispered one to lead everyone’s attention onto the couple.

“Didn't he claim to not have casual sex because he was asexual or something? What a liar.”

Laughed the other.

“Look at how he’s rocking on that guy’s lap, like a badly trained slut. Probably showing his sugar daddy what he’ll do to him later on with the way he’s eating there.”

Chimed the last one.

Jin got angrier with every word he heard, and eventually tried to get up to tell them to fuck right off.

He wondered what kind of mind Taehyung had that he kept being oblivious, but Jin was proved wrong when a flat hand on his chest pushed him back onto the bench.

Taehyung was frowning slightly, as if he tried not to show that the comments hurt him, but didn't manage to hide it completely.

“Let them talk, hyung, we both know what they say isn't true.”

He pleaded, eating the rest of his ice cream rather civil and slowly, before unenthusiastically crunching down the cone.

“But it bothers you.”
Jin half asked, half stated.
“Of course it does. But it’s no use and they aren’t the only ones that talk.”

It broke Seokjin’s heart to see and hear that. He felt his inner demon demanding vengeance, and for the first time he didn’t disagree, or try to stop it.

“How far are you with your investigation about my and Kookie’s relationship?”

“Not very. Why?”

“Let me give you a clue. Watch those idiots.”

Seokjin had some energy to spend since he accidently fed on his brother, so there was no reason not to curse them.

The demon didn’t want to say the spell too clearly, since Taehyung could either google it and find out, or try it himself and get hurt.

It was just a small curse, so it wasn’t too difficult for Jin to use which made him cover the spell itself with an obviously fake cough.

Taehyung’s eyes flickered towards him briefly at the sound, but still focused on the men.

The first one tripped ungracefully, landing face first on the wet mud at the sides of the pathway. His nose also clearly met with dog poop, that of course just happened to be there.

(Jin never would have thought he’d get to use the poop spells he’d learned from Jungkook, who’d discovered them when he first came to hell.)

His pants ripped when he tried to get up, because, yes, this bad luck was very much a cliche.

The second bully stepped in poop (Again, thanks Kookie), and stopped in his tracks to complain about it, which gave the few pigeons that just happened to fly by and definitely weren’t under a spell, the chance to aim more precisely when they shat on him.

The third and last guy was too busy laughing at his companions to notice the little dog peeing on his leg, but when he did he dropped his phone onto the crosswalk in front of him, and coincidentally the traffic lights changed that moment so that a truck ran over the device, shattering it into a hopeless irreparable mess.

But Jin wasn’t done yet.

These had been simple, innocent spells for children.

Seokjin however, was a grown-up demon, who could use grown-up spells.

He was also an incubus and had a big reservoir on spells just for his kind to use.

He covered it with another cough, and quickly hid behind the scarf when he felt magick escaping from his skin - precisely his face - which meant the spell that made him look human had just partly stopped working.

Maybe setting a bad luck spell mixed with poop magick, as well as cursing three people had emptied his energy a little too much.

“What did that one do?”

Taehyung’s mouth stood open as he stared at the men, curious and luckily more fascinated than scared.

“An itching in their private regions that will definitely send them to a doctor at some point.”
Jin explained briefly, his tongue flicking out of his mouth without his permission, and he scolded himself to keep his mouth shut until he could hide his form again.

“For real? Thank you hyung! So much! You're my saviour!”
Jin chuckled, because Saviour wasn't really the correct title for him, nor for the spells and curses he had just used.

When Taehyung turned back around, Jin focused all of his energy to turn his eyes back to normal, or, human.

Telling from the way Taehyung's eyes widened for a second, it wasn't fast enough.

“Did your eyes change colour? Where they… uh… what even was that - green?”
Jin almost corrected him to yellow but held himself back to shake his head mute.

I don't care about… that or… what you are or do or whatever. I’m just curious okay? Well, maybe I do care, but I’ll still love you the way I do now, or more, but not less. Never less.”
The smile was so warm that Jin almost blurted out everything.
“Just… tell me when you want, but don't be scared.”

To prove his point, Taehyung took Jin into a kiss, first soft and caring, but then a lot firmer, parting his lips and exploring Jin’s mouth.

The demon reciprocated without a second thought, and only when Taehyung gasped and backed away did he notice that his tongue wasn't human yet.

Luckily, the kiss had riled Taehyung up enough that Jin could - very reluctantly - steal some of the energy to change back.

“I…”
Taehyung cleared his throat.
“I don't know what you just did, but it was very new and different.”
He mumbled while his gloved fingers slipped over his lips.

“Sorry, I…”
The demon didn't have a good explanation, not even the truth seemed good enough.

“You can… do that again right? That was different but also really good.”

“I-I… uhm…”
More and more Jin felt supported in his opinion that his soulmate was perfect.
“I mean we shouldn't make out on a bench in public, but yeah… I can do that again… If you want?”

“You bet I do.”
Taehyung beamed as if he hadn't just asked for a specific type of makeout. Hell - literally - Taehyung didn't even knew what he had asked for.

A wet warmth on Jin’s currently sticky and cold fingers let the demon shriek, but it was only Taehyung (as far as only Taehyung was a valid expression here) who saved the melting ice cream that dripped down onto Jin’s hand from going to waste by licking it up.

Again, Taehyung’s actions were borderline sexual.
“Good?”
Jin asked when the ice cream that was still in its cone shrank after one or two licks that didn't come from Jin.

Taehyung nodded, sheepishly smiling and only a little bit sorry.

Both boys sighed when Taehyung cuddled further against Jin again, nestling his head onto his soulmate’s shoulder.

Jin hurried a little more to eat his ice cream, offering Taehyung some of it every now and then.

“Do you want to do something else today?”

Taehyung hummed in thought.
“Can we walk to your place? I like walking with you and your apartment is bigger than mine.”

“Sure. We can warm up there too. I’m getting cold now.”

Taehyung looked hopeful.
“Warm up in your bed? It’s probably really comfortable…”

“It is, yeah. Then come on. Let’s get going, before we freeze onto the bench.”

Jin skipped his waffle cone into the direction of the pigeons that helped to defend his soulmate’s honour earlier, and they hungrily began to fight for it.

Taehyung clearly didn't want to move, but once Jin had heaved him back onto his own feat there was no option for a protest.
He still clung to Jin’s arm with a pout, stating he’d much rather be carried without words.

“You really do want to get a piggy back ride, don't you?”

“Yes! So much! There will be a day where I - regarding what I think I like in bed - will want to leave scratches all over those shoulders. But today is not that day.”

“Scratched, huh?”

Taehyung blushed, noticing now that his thoughts had escaped his mouth without permission and he might have been a little too blunt.

“Hypothetically speaking. I… uh. Honestly it’s hard for me to figure out what I like and what I don't, because I was only experimental when I wasn't really aware I was demi, or ignoring it. So I’m not sure if I didn't like some things because I wasn't attracted to the person I was with or because I really didn't like it. Sorry, I hadn't really had the opportunity to try things out after I stopped trying to fix myself, because I usually don't fling myself to bed fast enough for the people I've tried to day so they dump me.”

He looked to the ground as he talked, face scrunching up as if he remembered some nasty things - or persons.

Jin squeezed his hand reassuringly.
Never again did he want Taehyung to feel that miserable.

“Well, those people don’t know what they missed, and their misfortune is my, our, fortune. Besides, I have until forever ends to wait for you to fling yourself to bed for me, you have until forever ends to
wait for me to fling myself to bed and we have until forever ends to figure out what we like in bed, and what we don't. And now hop on.”

The demon was almost strangled when Taehyung hurried to jump on his back, limbs clinging around his upper body strong but not uncomfortable.

Taehyung’s head popped up next to his, peppering his cheeks with a thousand little kisses.

Jin carefully gripped the thighs around his waist to steady his soulmate and prop him up a little higher on his back.

“You make me feel so safe and comfortable it’s almost scary… I feel like I don't have to hide or act when I’m with you. I can eat ice cream the way I want and like even though it looks like bad porn, because you don't judge me for it. Thank you.”

Hot breath hit Jin’s neck as Taehyung mumbled the little confession, but that wasn't what made his insides so fuzzily warm.

It was what Taehyung said next, because it was everything.

“Jin… I think, I’m pretty sure actually… I love you, like a lot. Very lot.”

They stopped walking, in the middle of the street, and Jin stared at his soulmate, stared at how Taehyung stared back, his eyes sending the message of no regret, of how he had to say and risk it.

Fear was also visible, when Taehyung chewed on his bottom lip, and how his legs pressed harder into Jin’s sides, as if he expected to be thrown off any moment now.

Seokjin swallowed that fear in a kiss that was sloppy and raw and perfect, because it showed exactly what they felt for each other.

Whispering against the plush lips, Jin started his answer, heart bouncing in his chest because he hadn't said it for so long, but had never meant it more.

“I l-”

But he was interrupted by a young woman, that yelled for him and yanked at his sleeve - and Jin recognized her and wished he wouldn't, or that he’d not have his soulmate by his side right now.

“It’s you!”
She gasped, clutching her slightly bumped stomach.

“I don't know you.”
Seokjin feigned ignorance, technically he had never met the woman… when she was conscious.

“No! No you do! We had contact, I found you over an acquaintance! I was so desperate but you made the impossible happen!”

She looked like he was about to cry out of happiness, to have met the person that performed a miracle on her.

“Miss.”
Seokjin started, putting a comforting hand on her shoulder.

“I have never seen, nor met you and I am positive we don't share any acquaintances. You must be wrong and have mixed something up and mistaken me for someone else.”
She shook her head heavily, and totally unconvinced of Jin’s excuses.

“I know we’ve met, I know it was you. You helped one of my friends to get pregnant, after she had prayed every night and her son is healthy and gorgeous although he most likely would have died. So I prayed too and I know you said not to talk about it, when you came to me, but I’ve never imagined to meet you again or at all! I can properly thank you know!”

She excitedly grasped Seokjin’s hands, pulling them away from Taehyung’s legs and the human clung to Jin so hard it almost hurt, now that there weren’t arms holding his body up anymore.

The burn on his hand made Jin pull a face, he didn’t even want to know what was written on his skin now, this whole meeting had been a disaster.

“Thank you, for gracing me with a child. Although my husband is infertile. I will carry and raise the child, your child, this angel’s child with love and gratefulness.”

Jin gasped at her, halfway being offended he’d been called an angel. Otherwise he was too shocked to react.

Taehyung wasn’t.

He jumped down from Jin’s back, walking around and yanking his soulmate’s hands back, gripping them so tightly it hurt.

The smile on his face was sweet, but Jin could feel his anger.

“Lady.”

His voice was as hard as his hold on Jin’s hands.

“Let me reassure you, that the child isn’t his, but your husbands. There was probably a mistake and he isn’t infertile after all. He clearly doesn’t know you, and let me tell you that he is anything, but being an angel is not on that list. Now, it would be very nice if you would stop bothering my soulmate, which isn't only rude but also creepy. Good day!”

And he pulled Jin away, grip steady and strong, so the demon could only follow him stumbling.

Every explanation was stuck in Jin’s throat, and he wasn’t sure at what Taehyung was angry, but the fear he’d be angry at him was making it hard to breath at all.

“Taehyungie…”

“Don’t.”

The otherwise honeylike, dark voice boomed threatening through the empty tattoo shop when Taehyung pulled them both inside, and the warmth that had spread inside the room was feeling too hot.

Jin obeyed, intimidated and feeling so incredibly guilty, but not for the woman but his own mere existence.

“I can’t believe it.”

Taehyung let go of his hands, distancing himself with a few steps and Jin suddenly felt so empty and lost and he couldn’t breathe.

“You… I don’t know anymore, hyung. What kind of game are you playing? Why did you never mention you impregnated a woman, or is it women even? Did you think I’d abandon you if you were
a father or is it one of your dirty little secrets? What even are you that she - that he called you an angel and- and… Are you even gay? Do you even love me or did you just take me in out of pity because you do some kind of desperate wish fulfilling? What- I mean - I- god fuck!”

His voice broke, and he stared at Seokjin with a mixture of anger and deep hurt.

Jin choked on air when he saw the tears dwell up in his soulmate’s eyes, a persistent sting in his heart the more he looked.

“I love you, Taehyung. So much. Fuck, how much I love you, angel.”

The nickname just slipped out, and for the first time the word didn't hurt on Jin’s tongue, but rather left a warm feeling on it. He stepped towards Taehyung, carefully grabbing his hands and kissing them, before grabbing his face.

“I love you.”

Jin repeated the three words with every chaste kiss he set on Taehyung’s lips, wiping away the tears that hit his thumb as they rolled down Taehyung’s cheeks.

“Come on Taehyung, let’s talk upstairs, not down here. I’ll explain as much as I can.”

Jin slowly tugged his soulmate towards the staircase, and didn’t notice the deep frown on his face.

“What do you mean what you can? How can you still not tell, not explain me everything after that?!”

Taehyung was pulling his hand back as he followed upstairs, and Jin’s hurt look made him swallow, but didn’t waver him and his strong emotions.

“I will explain what happened just there. I promise.”

Jin was trying his best to stay calm, to still stay in his human form and to not lash out or cry or both.

“How do I even know it’s the truth… How do I know anything with you, it’s just one big godforsaken riddle and I know neither the question nor the answer.”

Taehyung muffled it all, but his hands were talking loudly as he waved them around, and Jin led him enter his bedroom.

“I’ll try to answer everything, just ask.”

He sighed and rubbed his face, looking at his soulmate expecting and awaiting but with a certain fear the argument would get out of hand because he didn’t have the answers.

“Try?”

Now Taehyung laughed, couldn’t believe it.

“This isn’t easy for me either, Taehyung. There is a reason I didn’t tell you everything right away, and I was always thankful that you accepted that so easily.”

“Well, I wouldn't have accepted it if I had known you were a father! How many acquaintances are there, hm?”

Taehyung’s voice told of rage, but his face and the way his tears flowed again said otherwise. He waited for an answer, albeit visually impatient, and his tears turned into suppressed cries.
“I swear I am not a father, Taehyung. I swear. I’ve never really, actually met this women, or the women she talked of. I know them, but I am not the father or their, or anyone’s child.”

“How should I believe that when she said her husband, she was married for fuck’s sake, is infertile? What side am I to believe now? I can’t just make her crazy in my head because you are my soulmate?”

“Taehyung…”

Jin stepped closer, when the tears multiplied, and Taehyung was crying more loudly now, too caught up in his emotions to care about hiding them.

Carefully, the demon engulfed his soulmate in a hug.

“I am responsible they got pregnant despite the circumstances, that is true. But I am not the father, you have to believe me. I’m hella gay, gay for you to be precise, and what would it bring me to get some random and taken women pregnant? I’m not a father Tae… Can you believe me at least that?”

“It doesn’t- doesn't make sense what you are saying!”

Taehyung clung to Jin now, simply getting a hold of something and he cried and choked on his tears and Jin stroked his back and head and just kept him close.

“It doesn't make sense, because I am still missing the biggest piece, aren't I? The information to what you are?”

“Yeah. That’s right. I won't tell you while you are so upset though, since I already kind of don't want to tell you.”

It was impressive to Jin how Taehyung was still so witty, how he could still get to the correct conclusion while sobbing his eyes and heart out like that.

“Because you are scared.”

Jin couldn't bring himself to say it out loud, and just nodded, though Taehyung felt the movement.

“You really aren't the father?”

“Promise.”

Taehyung took a few deep breaths.

“Okay. You're argumentation is shit but I believe you. Maybe because you are my soulmate or because I love you, I don't know.”

A breath of relief was released from Jin.

“Thank you. It was the right decision. I love you too, angel. Let’s calm down a but more and… and I’ll tell you what the big piece is that you can't find.”

Jin nodded towards the bed and Taehyung quickly slithered out of his jacket, scarf, hat and shoes, before throwing himself onto the bed and then under the covers almost completely vanishing.

“Don't tell me. I… I want to figure it out myself. I trust you enough that I don't need to know right away.”

“Are you sure?”

Jin threw his jacket and shoes on the same pile as Taehyung did and joined him in bed, shuffling close together.
“Yeah. But… you did call me *angel* twice now. I thought you didn’t like those kind of words?”

Taehyung looked to him teasing, but proud that he deserved a nickname like that, and he grabbed Jin’s hand to play with his fingers.

“By the way… Not to start fighting or anything, just a simple yes or no, for my investigation to what you are… That wasn't on your hand before, right? And it’s the same thing that lady said to you, right? Is it some sort of soulmate tattoo, just-like- a broken one? Like an error?”

“Yes.”

There it was again, that word. *Error.*

Taehyung just nodded, that really seemed to have been all about that topic.

“So. Angel?”

This time Jin flinched and his soulmate snickered to prove his point.

“I don't like these kind of words but… it doesn't feel… strange when I say it to you.”

With strange he meant uncomfortable or hurting or angering.

Taehyung grinned, kissing Jin’s nose.

“I like it. I’ll be your angel.”

Jin smiled, feeling like it would all be okay in the end, even if he was a demon and his soulmate had no idea.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

Confusion, Reading, Adult-stuff and dreams.

Chapter Notes

Was this chapter planned to get almost 7k?
No it wasn't.
But it was either that or me splitting it in the middle and than just having a full pwp chapter. And I didn't want that. So there you go, extra extra long.

I am very surprised that I managed to get this chapter done on time - and even that long! In my school there is currently "Vor-Abi" (Abitur is basically my final exams and having an Abitur enables me to enroll in University, and Vor-Abi translates to Pre-Abi which means I technically do a test of all the exams) and it is so stressful because I have 2 oral exams (I mean I got the best grade of the whole class in philosophy and I think I saw an A on the grading paper for my English one so yay) and 2 exams that are 5 hours long, another one that is 3 hours long (math, my last math exam thank fuck) and then randomly a chem exam squished in that has nothing to do with that but I suck at chem so its stressing me out as well.
So, everything is stressful and together with all the tutoring I give (I need money okay, I'm broke) I rarely find the time to write!
But I managed. So yay.
Yay for you.

Thanks for all the comments I got for the last chapter!
Have fun reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The shared apartment was empty when Yoongi arrived home. No wonder, since he had sneaked away from Taehyung and Jin and there was no way his flatmate would have been faster in returning home unless he had been flying.

Yoongi used the solitude to calm his nerves down and just relax.
His mind was a whirl of chaos and confusion about what he felt and whether he was supposed to feel it.

Obviously most of it was about Jimin, because when had it been not about him since they had met?

And there was what Jimin had said before the door had been shut in Yoongi’s face, the sentence prominent in Yoongi’s mind on constant repeat and he couldn't stop thinking about it.

He was unsure what to believe again, because it could have been Jimin and his teasing - god knows how he loved to tease Yoongi with his mouth in every possible way, talking being one of them -
simply stating that he knew how crazy Yoongi kind of was for him.

But then there was the incubus.

And it was all so strange and so coincidentally, that Yoongi’s brain just couldn't let go of it.

There was no way Jimin was an incubus, was *that* incubus, right?

Maybe there was a way, but every time Yoongi just scraped that thought he heard himself laugh internally, ridiculing his own thoughts.

Just because Jimin was hot we wasn't a sex demon - he was probably just so hot to Yoongi because they were soulmates and Jimin had presented Yoongi with the best (how many were there even, he couldn't remember) orgasms of his life when he had picked him up in that club.

Well, Yoongi wasn't relaxing in the solitude of his apartment after all, he just wanted to. But the silence forced him to think about it, and he found himself pacing around the living room before he had even gotten comfortable on the sofa.

Of course he could just ask Incubus-Jimin about it when he would visit tonight.

But Incubus-Jimin would also probably laugh at him, because his job was to play Jimin authentically after all, and Yoongi getting so confused about them would probably just boost the demon’s ego and he’d get cocky and tease but not in a sexy way.

Either that or he’d get a weird answer, like he had when Yoongi had asked about the strange tattoos that were plastering the demon’s skin.

Jimin didn't take his clothes off at all, so Yoongi thought that it was very very logical for the real-Jimin to have them too.

But why would Jimin, tattoo artist and cover up tattoo artist, have that many ugly tattoos?

And besides, why would the incubus get shy and uncomfortable about tattoos that simply belonged to the body he was mimicking, the body of a person he didn't even know or had a relationship to?

Everything was a strange blob of something that didn't make sense, and Yoongi couldn't find a logical conclusion without holes that would destroy his whole theory.

He pulled his hair when he thought about confronting the demon, scared and feeling pathetic for it because he was afraid to talk to the fucking thing and not because it could murder him so easily.

But he had to, because Yoongi was sure that relaxing in the incubus’ present was out of question unless he’d try to get his mind sorted and questions answered.

For now, he could try to get his answers another way.

The old, rotten book was easily spotted, stacked between colourful and more modern books and comics, and although Yoongi had a strange feeling when he held it in his hands, he took it to his room.

Sitting on his bed with a book in front of him would have been a lot nicer to start with, if the book didn't have blood on it’s pages as well as instructions to very obscure curses.

Yoongi carefully flipped through each page, not very interested in the different forms of torture he found curses and rituals to so far.
Now that he knew those things actually worked and were in fact real, the book seemed even more disturbing.

When torture and murder turned into love spells, Yoongi started to pay a little more attention. Again, most of it was rather twisted, still, but once Yoongi spotted a spell that was supposed to help you find your soulmate, it seemed really good that Taehyung hadn't read the book before gifting it to Hoseok, or otherwise they would have tried out a spell much sooner - and probably got themselves into trouble with it.

The next page was a spell that would or should get rid of your soulmate mark completely, and once again Yoongi was glad they had never really paid mind to the book.

Yoongi did like his own mark now that it was back, and he couldn't really imagine how things would be with Jimin if he had gotten rid of it completely. (They probably wouldn't have met again, not unless Taehyung would have met Jimin, but still, the bond would have been gone for one and all.)

Full attention was achieved when the spells turned defensive. They were still very brutal, but Yoongi could see a lot more reason and sense in Rip of a fallen angel's wings than in make the person who thought bad about you cough up organs.

He put a post-it onto the page corner whenever he found something interesting, such as how to keep and alp away and the colourful strips of paper looked very morbid inbetween the dirty, old pages.

He trusted Jungkook - and Jimin - on the alp matter, but it could still be useful to do some things on his own, right?

Yoongi actually started reading instead of just skimming over the (again: disturbing) pictures and headlines, when he stumbled upon instructions on reaching mind control to resist demons.

It started with figuring out when you were asleep and when exactly there was something in your head, and although Yoongi found he was already pretty good at at least the first point, he was soon too absorbed in the tiny scrawl to notice how Jimin knocked on his window - or how Jimin broke the window open when he was starting to get cold and impatient.

"Are you trying to find a way to kill me, hyung?"
Jimin asked, grinning albeit with hesitant eyes towards the book, and he climbed onto the bed to hug Yoongi from behind, hands crossing on the flat stomach.

"Haven't found something about that, yet."

Yoongi might have been mumbling that as if he had not really been paying attention, but Jimin had felt how Yoongi’s stomach had tensed under his fingers - the human had his mind definitely with Jimin and not the book.

The incubus didn't know that Yoongi was so tense because he was nervous and had a dozen questions burning on his tongue.

"Are you looking for it?"

A chaste kiss was placed on Yoongi’s neck and Jimin rested his chin on the bony shoulder in front of him.

"You didn't give me a reason for it yet."
“I’m not planning to do so ever.”

Jimin squeezed Yoongi’s body in an attempt to get even closer. Holding his soulmate like this was straight up addicting.

“Do you always cuddle with your victims?”

Yoongi turned a page that specified how to handle an incubus invading your mind and tried to concentrate on the book again.

“In sub drop, sometimes when it’s needed. Besides, didn’t I tell you I was clingy?”

Yoongi twitched under the words, because the real Jimin had said that, not the one hugging him. It felt strange, although he knew that the incubus had access to his mind and memories.

“Are you even a victim of mine?”

Jimin arched an eyebrow and read the page briefly, watching out for anything that could give him away.

“Am I?”

Yoongi turned his head, their lips almost brushing together and Jimin was more fazed by it than Yoongi, who simply wished it wouldn’t have just been an almost.

“The book says to not let you fuck me… Do I need to look for a way to kill you?”

His fingers followed the sentences he’d read that from, his other hand laid itself over Jimin’s subconsciously.

“The more contact between us when one of us - especially me - comes, the better I can drain you, the more I can drain you. The chance that you will get killed in your sleep is only possible if there’s actual fucking involved; or if we get really creative. Besides, this page says not to get fucked because you’ll get pregnant. As far as I know there are only two incubi that prefer men. I use succubi methods, so you should look for that.”

“So I will die tonight?”

“No, you idiot. I’ll keep the drain as low as I can so that I don't hurt you. You’ll probably feel sore and hungover and very very tired though, that’s the smallest damage possible. We don't have to though, of you don’t trust me enough. That’s fine too. It’s been a while since I’ve done that anyway, so I've found other ways to get satisfaction on both ends.”

Shame washed over Jimin as he admitted his lack of actual sex. He felt like he shouldn't be like this, like it was unnatural for his kind to resist sex, to resist killing and hurting.

Yoongi didn't mind it, he was just surprised, but searched the book for succubus information instead of answering right away.

“You haven't done it in a while?”

“No. I mean, I like it more to be physically present than just in the dream of someone. I think you will get what I mean tonight. I don’t want to kill people anymore either, so fucking - or generally touching me - is out of question. I’m good at keeping control over how much I drain though, because I have to be a lot more attentive when I’m physically with someone, so don't think I’m out of practise.”

Yoongi leaned back, having a feeling that his soulmate was uncomfortable somehow, and wanting to
give comfort.

“I’m not worried.”

He started, leaning further back when Jimin did too, until they hit the mattress and Yoongi had to find a position where he could still be close to Jimin and read the book.

“Just- don’t you miss it?”

Humming in thought, Jimin moved his one arm back around Yoongi’s middle, pulling him so close that Yoongi’s head was resting on Jimin’s collarbone, while the demon’s other hand was holding up the book.

Yoongi’s hands were slowly moving over Jimin’s stomach and hips, scratching lightly and only letting go to turn a page.

“I guess I don’t. Miss it I mean. I used to… but I think I told myself again and again that I shouldn’t, and then I got kind of repelled towards the whole idea of it. You made me hungry again though.”

Jimin bit his tongue, afraid he’d said too much of the wrong things.

He hadn't shied away from touches when he had met Yoongi at night - he had shied away from touches when he had met Yoongi anywhere else (minus the bathroom incident).

Yoongi did notice that, and it was the last pebble to bring the big boulder of questions into movement.

“Is that you talking or your act as Jimin? He never let me touch him either.”

Jimin swallowed, carefully laying out the correct words in his mind. He didn’t want to lie, but he didn't want to tell the truth either.

“But of both, I guess.”

“You are… You aren't the real Jimin, right? You are an incubus that somehow found me and is just perfect at acting like him, right? You just use the fact that I made a mistake and long for my soulmate for your own good, right?”

Jimin was close to telling the truth once more.

But then he noticed the desperate tone in Yoongi’s wavering voice, how scared he sounded and how he looked like he didn't want his questions to be true.

So Jimin did what he thought his soulmate wanted to hear, even if it was a lie, and even if it hurt himself to lie about it.

“Is my acting that good it got you doubting although you know the truth already?”

The sigh of relief Jimin expected never came. Instead, Yoongi just looked a lot more uncertain.

“Just… some things don't add up. I guess it’s stupid.”

“IT’s not.”

There was a certain glimmer in Yoongi’s eyes, something that Jimin would have called hope, but it didn't match with what he had heard before, so the demon dismissed the thought.

“Tricking people, fooling people, acting like someone else is what I do, isn’t it? Shit, there were times when I didn't knew how to be myself. And I mean, I guess Jimin and I have some similarities. It’s
easy for me to act like him and I like it. He seems nice. Maybe that’s why I want you two to… well… get everything sorted out."

Jimin found he had curved the topic quite well.

“Get everything sorted out? Watch out, sex demon, or I might think you’re in love with me and willing to sacrifice yourself for my luck.”

_I already am, you idiot_, Jimin thought amused.

“I’m not exactly relationship material.”

He snickered, and Yoongi made an agreeing sound.

“Well, if I wouldn't be hung up on my soulmate, I would probably date you. You seem nice. I’m not relationship material either, you know, I told my soulmate to fuck off because I claimed I didn’t have the time.”

It still hurt to hear that, but it also brought satisfaction to Jimin that Yoongi was hung up on him.

“Please, you don’t even know me, you only know my version of Jimin, whom you are biased to already.”

“Maybe. Still, wouldn’t care that you are a sex demon if I were to date you.”

Jimin smiled down at Yoongi, a little bit of his own anxiety dissolving into thin air.

Yoongi turned the page and stumbled upon a picture of a body painted with tiny black words.

Jimin swallowed, and when his soulmate’s eyes didn't turn away from the page he started to get anxious, desperately thinking of a way to distract Yoongi.

“That’s what you… or Jimin or both have, right?”

He pointed at the picture and started to read the text concerning an incubus'/succubus’ soulmate marks.

“Drop it. Turn the page.”

Jimin’s voice was harsh, but he was panicking and had every right to be. He hated to stare at the simple picture already, although that wasn't his body. Just the thought of these meaningless, unwanted, unrequited brands on his skin made him angry and sad. He hated to talk about it, to think about it, to look at it, but he most hated when other people knew about it.

“Turn the page? Why should I? This is interesting and you aren't giving me answers.”

Yoongi was stubborn, and pulled the book into his own hands when Jimin dropped it to continue reading.

Looking back at it, Jimin probably shouldn't have lost control because of something like that, but it happened anyway.

The book was slapped out of Yoongi’s hands, and the human found himself pinned under strong limbs with a body sitting on his chest and yellow eyes staring down at him.

Jimin’s concentration had wavered, and his eyes had taken their original colour, his teeth had sharpened to look as canine as they used to just as his nails had turned into claws and he was glad
these were the only things that had changed about him.

“When a demon tells you to drop something with a tone like that, you better do it, you prick.”
Jimin growled, actually *growled*, but for the moment he couldn't bare to be ashamed for it.

Yoongi’s breath hitched and he propped himself up on his limbs as good as he could, while Jimin came halfway back to his senses, feeling guilty because he thought he had scared Yoongi.

“Fuck, that shouldn't be so hot.”

The human flopped back into his pillows.

“You wanted to teach me how to give a decent blowjob, can we do that now so I can fall asleep and you fuck me real good? And honestly keep the eyes if you want to I know it shouldn't be hot but it is and you look good like that.”

Jimin let go of Yoongi, sitting up straight and looking at his soulmate with a puzzled expression.

“Uh. What?”


Yoongi smirked, which he really shouldn't given he was still immobilized by a demon sitting on top of him with his teeth as sharp as razors and claws as precise as a scalpel.

“Yeah… Sure… I. Yeah, let's do that.”

The page in the book seemed forgotten when Jimin climbed down from Yoongi and the latter hurried to sit up.

“How do you want me?”

Yoongi asked and Jimin took a few deep breaths to compose himself.

“Easier when you sit.”

The demon shuffled to the end of the bed, legs hanging down slightly spread and Yoongi - who grabbed a pillow for his knees - got comfortable between them, his hands placed flat on Jimin’s thighs.

“You sure you want to teach me?”

“I do, yeah. I told you already that you got me hungry. I just… fuck it’s embarrassing to admit that. I just didn't expect you to offer me that blowjob now. Or that you’d find me hot… like this.”

Yoongi laughed, hands squeezing down on the strong thighs beneath them.

“Very hot. Now come on, I might be a loser at giving head but even I know that we’ll have to get you out of your pants.”

“Go one then.”

“What, you can't take your pants of yourself?”

“I’m still not used to being on the receiving end, you idiot, neither do I like my skin exposed. So either you make it happen, or it won't happen at all.”

Jimin blushed and felt the need to recover.

“And besides, I like ordering you around… *puppy*.”
Yoongi swallowed, his adam’s apple bobbing, and he looked at Jimin with big, brown eyes. It was too easy for Jimin to press his buttons, get him riled up.

Before Yoongi paid attention to Jimin’s pants, he took care of his own, obviously remembering that he’d come too, once Jimin did.

He then opened the buttons of Jimin’s jeans, carefully and slow, almost as if he could break the body in front of him with one wrong movement, pulling them down, until they were pooling at Jimin’s ankles.

When he looked up, Jimin’s eyes were closed tightly, and the demon twitched when Yoongi let his hands crawl over the exposed skin of his legs.

“You ok?”
Yoongi checked, and kept stroking the soft skin, trying to not read all the small words and sentences that were printed on it.

Jimin nodded and took a deep breath.
“Go on, hyung.”

It was easy how they fell in and out of their pattern of who had control. By now, Jimin had no big problems to just give up his dominance to let Yoongi take care of things, to relax himself, to let go. And Yoongi didn't mind to take it, to guide the demon when he needed it.

Instead of answering with words, Yoongi kissed Jimin’s inner thigh, a little bit upwards from his knee, and the demon’s breath hitched, eyes still firmly shut.

When he pulled Jimin’s underwear down, he noticed how the black letters increased on the skin that was newly laid free. They were overlapping at some points, so that it looked like nothing more than an unreadable mess of ink.

“Still ok?”
Yoongi began kissing the skin some more, softly biting the luscious thigh here and there and working himself upwards to Jimin’s crotch.

“I’m good. Just don't like looking at them.”
It felt good to finally admit it, to have someone to tell all that, to trust someone.

“You're fine.”
Yoongi reassured, hand gliding over the skin of Jimin’s right leg before gripping it.
“Don't worry about them, yeah? Just tell me what I’m supposed to do. Not like I don't know, I just never had much fun at it.”

Jimin nodded, eyes fluttering open and the yellow orbs easily fixed themselves on Yoongi.

“Because people kept taking control?”

“Yeah. I don't the right type of gag reflex for this.”

Jimin smiled and let his hand wander into Yoongi’s blond hair, turning the claw-like nails back into something less painful so he wouldn't hurt his soulmate by accident.

“We’ll work on that. Get me hard first. No hands, puppy. I’ll take control but you do all the movements.”
“Take your hand out of my hair then. And no cheating with getting hard, I want to do that right.”

Jimin obeyed, letting his hand drop behind him again, to hold himself up.
“I can’t get boners on command. I can hold them back and get instantly hard when I stop doing that.”

Yoongi didn’t bother to answer anymore, instead concentrating on the task at hand… or mouth.

It was harder if he couldn’t use his hands, but he managed to get Jimin at least half hard with just simple kisses and licks on the tip of his cock.

After that he dared to take it at least partly into his mouth, still only the tip so far, to suck and swirl his tongue around it.

Jimin’s eyes were closed shut again, and with a long sigh he threw his head back, completely relaxing.

“I hope you remember that you can’t touch me when I come… Fuck.”
He gasped when Yoongi sucked especially hard.
“Why do I need to teach you, you are perfect like that already.”

“Because I want to give a 100% and not just 50%. What’s next?”

Jimin’s cock was rock hard by now, and slick with spit from where Yoongi had been taking care of it, the tip shiny and wet.

“How deep can you take me?”

Yoongi took a deep breath before taking the cock back into his mouth and easing himself down on it. He managed to swallow down about half of it before he stopped briefly, and attempted to go further, his eyes squeezing shut when it turned uncomfortable, but Jimin laid a hand on Yoongi’s forehead and pushed him back before he could hurt himself.

Yoongi coughed shortly once his mouth was empty and he had to press air back into his lungs, a soft pink tinge on his cheeks.

“You need to keep breathing.”
Jimin started, his tone like a lecture and Yoongi nodded, a scowl on his face that told everyone who looked at it how unsatisfied he was with himself.
“Breathe. And don’t force yourself to more than you can take, or you will get hurt. Keep your throat relaxed too, don't tense, or anything. Let’s try again, ok? You keep breathing through your nose, steady and when it gets uncomfortable, you just stay at that position and try get used to it.”

“So basically like I’m taking it up the ass? Breathe, don't tense, wait until it gets better?”

Jimin snickered, comparing the two things that suddenly seemed so similar.
“Basically.”

When Yoongi swallowed him down again, Jimin curled a hand around the other’s throat, not pressing down on it or anything, just touching it.

“I’m not going to strangle you, just checking if your throat is relaxed. Keep going, puppy, you're doing good, feels good.”

Once more Yoongi stopped about halfway, but this time the air of his breathing hit Jimin’s skin, and he felt the throat under his finger tensing and clenching.
“Don't swallow for now, puppy, just relax your throat. Maybe move your tongue if you think you can.”

Soon, spit ran down Yoongi’s open mouth, onto his chin and Jimin’s cock, but no one cared. Yoongi’s tongue pressed flat against the underside of the flesh in his mouth, and Jimin let out a pleased sound whenever it moved a little.

“You… You really don't need to learn how to deepthroat to make me come… Fuck, I've definitely missed this.”

Yoongi made a slurping noise when he moved back again, Jimin’s cock leaving his mouth with a pop.

“Tell me what you like.”
Yoongi demanded, suddenly not that interested in building his abilities anymore, rather than what his partner preferred.

“What I like? I don't remember anymore.”

The human nodded and devoured Jimin aggressively again, this time playing more with his tongue, even a little teeth, and grabbing Jimin’s hips tightly when he pushed himself down almost completely, getting a moan out of himself.

Yoongi never would have thought that sucking someone off could feel that good, but with his mouth full or Jimin’s cock, he felt satisfied.

“Try… ah- shit, you…”
Jimin moved the hand from Yoongi’s throat over his cheek and into the hair, not pulling or pushing, just holding.

“Try humming it.”
He moaned a little.

“It keeps your gag reflex away too.”

Yoongi did, and Jimin moaned again, longer and louder, when the vibrations hit him.
He might also have a thing for Yoongi’s voice in general, and hearing the deep sound was literally music in his ears.

“Okay, maybe don't… don't try that, or I'll come.”

Yoongi didn't stop, he hummed louder and found that he could really take Jimin deeper if he did. It was only a little bit uncomfortable, so he managed to swallow him down until his nose hit the base of Jimin’s cock, inhaling his scent greedily.

From then on Jimin wasn't able to form words anymore. He was panting and moaning when Yoongi swallowed around him, when his tongue pressed onto the right places.

“Shit, fuck!”
Jimin yelled.

“Get off!”

Yoongi did as told, maybe a bit too quickly based on the burn in his throat, and he kept his mouth open once he was no longer touching Jimin.

The incubus was stroking himself with hooded eyes, mouth slightly parted and tiny whines escaping. His load hit Yoongi right on his lips and into his mouth - the first thing Yoongi thought was that
Jimin really tasted better than himself, but then he remembered that this wasn't the actual Jimin and an incubus was probably supposed to taste good anyways.

Then Yoongi was coming himself, violently and so hard and long that he felt his eyes rolling back and Jimin’s hands catching him from falling back.

He was out like a light, didn't notice how he was pulled onto the bed, cleaned up and tucked in, Jimin next to him, and shortly after entering his mind.

Yoongi could tell he was dreaming right away, it didn't feel real at all anymore, and he suddenly understood why Jimin liked to do everything physically instead of here.

“Bed?”
The incubus asked once he had found Yoongi in the dark matter of his mind, and pointed at an empty space.

It wasn't Yoongi’s bed that was created out of nothing, along with walls and decor around them, or something else that Jimin could have found in the human’s mind.

Jimin had materialized his own room, knowing that it was foolish and idiotic. But his bed made him feel safe, since he never took other people there. Doing it in his bed made it feel real to Jimin, like it meant something.

“You like it?”
He asked, and pushed Yoongi onto the soft mattress before the other could blurt out an answer.

“I take it you want to top?”
Yoongi huffed, when Jimin straddled him and quickly got rid of his clothes with a snip of his fingers - he was made to invade and control minds after all.

“No way I will bottom the first time I get to fucking after who knows how long. I’m like 90% top anyway.”
Yoongi smiled and got more comfortable in the pillows, spreading his legs willingly and inviting Jimin in.

“Can you put your clothes off too?”
Yoongi asked, after Jimin made no attempt to do so, busy to materialize lube onto his fingers.

The demon gave him a strange look, and bit his lip. He clearly didn't want to undress himself, didn't want to expose all the marks. He had already felt uncomfortable with his legs naked, and Yoongi hadn't even had many opportunities to look at them.

“Come on, I want to touch you and that sucks when it’s clothes.”

“I’ll blindfold you then. That’s my condition.”

Jimin also strongly believed that seeing Yoongi under him, robbed of his sight and helpless, would be incredibly hot.

“Fine.”
Black velvet tied itself around Yoongi’s head, blinding him completely. Jimin just barely managed to vanish his clothes, before Yoongi grabbed for him, hands gliding over his chest and arms, before squeezing his shoulders and dropping to his sides satisfied.
“You look so tasty like that, puppy.”
Jimin mumbled, finally getting to stretching Yoongi’s rim, making him moan and move into his touch.

Preparing him went on a lot faster than usually, for one because Yoongi was still a little loose from being fingered this afternoon, on the other side because this was a dream and Jimin could control even Yoongi’s body to a certain extent.

“Fuck, please!”
Yoongi arched his back impatiently and moaned when Jimin was lazily fucking him with three fingers.

“What?”
He asked calmly, shit eating grin on his face, because of course he knew what Yoongi wanted and what he was complaining about.

He just wanted to hear him say it.

“Fuck me!”

“I am though.”

“Not with your fingers… Fuck me with your cock. Please, Jimin.”

Being blindfolded and dreaming, Yoongi found it even easier to pretend this was his soulmate, and the name slipped over his lips easily.

His hole clenched around nothing when the fingers were pulled out, and Jimin grabbed Yoongi’s legs, pushing them back until Yoongi felt like he was folded, edging on uncomfortableness.

He felt Jimin’s cock - finally - prodding at his entrance, the tip barely in, and Yoongi got impatient.

He had wanted this for so long.
Thinking about it, he had even wanted it on their first night, wanted the stranger’s cock instead of toys and fingers.

“Say it, Yoongi.”

“I want you, I need you. Please! Fuck me… just fuck me already-”

Yoongi choked on the last syllables when Jimin entered him with one hard thrust, filling him up completely.

Yoongi grabbed for him again, blindly feeling where Jimin exactly was, and clinging onto the demon’s shoulders once he had found him.

They were so close, basically chest to chest, but with Yoongi’s legs on each side of Jimin’s ribcage, and he squeezed them together so Jimin wouldn’t leave.

“So tight, puppy, so good at taking me.”

Jimin panted, overwhelmed by what he hadn't felt in so long, even more because it was Yoongi, his soulmate.

Yoongi whined high pitched when Jimin pushed against him without pulling out first, fingers digging into the skin of Jimin’s back.
The demon let out a moan when Yoongi managed to hit his soulmark first try, the pressure almost feeling better than being inside him.

When Jimin started thrusting, Yoongi clawed and scratched on him whenever Jimin bottomed out inside him, his nails gliding over the sensitive mark every time and Jimin felt like he was losing control with every move he made.

Yoongi cried out when Jimin’s movements became erratic, when his thrusts got so hard he pushed Yoongi back on the mattress until his head hit the mountain of pillows at the head of the bed.

By the time they were close to the edge, both of them were panting, sweaty and hot, chanting little moans and whines of yes, yes, yes and each other’s names.

Yoongi’s legs had crossed over Jimin’s back, heels digging into the soft flesh harder and harder and eventually forcing Jimin to stay close to him when Yoongi reached his high, cumming all over their chests with a scream.

Jimin kept moving with what little room he had left, a simple friction inside Yoongi who was clenching down on him as well, and when the grip on his mark intensified, Jimin found himself cumming deep inside Yoongi with a strangled noise.

The drain made Yoongi tired even in his dreams, it made everything around him look muffled down for a moment, like there was a big cloud around him that shielded everything away from him, dimmed his senses.

Jimin did manage to feed as little as possible, and he knew that Yoongi wouldn't be harmed from their little stunt.

Pulling out was something he couldn't do, Yoongi still holding him close with his legs.

“Hyung, do you want to be my cockwarmer that badly or did you lost power over your legs?” Jimin teased, but it came out a lot weaker than he wanted with him still catching his breath.

“Sorry, I got kind of lost.”

“You're fine, that's probably my fault.”

The body under Jimin shivered when he pulled out carefully, and Jimin put clothes on himself before he got rid of the blindfold and watched how Yoongi blinked up at him a few times to get a clear view.

“Can we not wake up right away?”

“You wouldn't be waking up anyway, not for the next ten hours at least.”

Jimin gladly accepted the invitation, cuddling up against Yoongi and holding him in his arms firmly. He pulled a blanket on top of them too, just for good measure.

“Would it be strange to ask for that time you… no Jimin, you know what I mean, mentioned something in the studio the first he saw me naked?”

Jimin needed a little bit, before he realised that Yoongi talked about Jimin’s dirty talk a la Bet it wouldn't feel better if I had filled you up with my cum first when he had talked about the plug Yoongi had been wearing then, but he was happy to summon it into his hands and poke with it at Yoongi’s entrance.
Yoongi grabbed his ass with a shivering hand and held himself open so Jimin could insert the object, preventing any semen from spilling out of him now.

“Say, shall I stay the night again or leave you?”
Jimin asked once they had found a comfortable position in bed and the demon had found great fun in playing with his soulmate’s hair.

“I like it when you stay. But I guess I can't demand from you to stay the next, what, ten hours?”

“I offered, so you aren't demanding anything. If I have to leave I will, but until then I’ll gladly stay with you.”
Yoongi nodded, closing his eyes and letting out a breath.

“I don't think this will need to be repeated. I liked it, that was obvious, and it was still better than every other sex I have had, definitely up in my top 10 of encounters…”

“But nothing compared to the real thing, even if we hadn't been fucking there?”
Another nod.

“Guess you will have to convince your soulmate into letting you fuck him then, instead of asking me.”
Jimin grinned, painful, because in no way he was going to let Yoongi get that close to him.

The human made a tired sound.

“It sucks that I’m tired even in my dreams.”

“Better than being dead in the real world. Good night, hyung.”

It didn't take one minute and Yoongi was fast asleep, allowing Jimin to leave his mind and watch Yoongi’s actual sleeping form.

Usually, he would heal his victims (not that Yoongi was one) once he was done with them. It was just too confusing for most humans when they had an intense wet dream and woke up with the same marks and feelings they ended their dream with. But Yoongi knew he had been dreaming, that he had been with an incubus.

So Jimin saw no reason in helping Yoongi to get the cum out of his ass, or to pull out the plug. It would be a nice surprise.

Yoongi slept about 8 hours, Jimin slept about 5 of them himself, the other half he spent watching him, or caressing his skin, just cuddling.

He probably would have slept more, if Jimin’s ringing phone wouldn't have been so damn loud.

It was Jin, probably calling because Jimin had missed - or was close to missing - an appointment, and the demon hurried to sit up and answer the call, which stirred Yoongi awake as well.

“What is it hyung?”

“Where are you? Why weren't you home this night?”

Jimin didn't really need to lie, nevermind he spared his brother half the truth and the more important things.
“I was feeding what do you think I was doing? I used to do that every week, remember? It’s not unusual that I wouldn’t be home at night.”

He sent Yoongi an apologetic smile when he saw how the human watched him through small eyes, rubbing over them occasionally.

Of course Jimin didn’t go out with the intend to feed, none of his encounters since the first night with Yoongi had been with the straight intention to feed - that part was just a good side effect.

“Feed? Thank whomever you are finally getting over your shithead of a soulmate!”

Jimin could relate to why Jin thought of Yoongi like that, since he had been picking up the piece Yoongi had shattered Jimin to.

It still got the incubus angry.

“Don’t talk about him like that! Don’t you dare even think it, hyung.”

He hissed, his voice threatening and intimidating, and he almost crushed his phone between his fingers.

“If this call doesn’t have another purpose than to insult people I cherish and making me angry, then I would like to hang up now.”

“You have an appointment in ten, Jimin, so you better be here. I will insult him all I want because he does not have the right to be defended by you.”

Jin hung up before Jimin could snarl back.

He knew that they would probably ignore each other for a few hours, then share an awkward hug or pat on the back to silently deliver their apologies and the topic would never be spoken of again, as if it had never happened, so Jimin didn’t spend much more thought on his angry brother.

“I need to go. Sorry for waking you up. Recover a bit, I’ll keep an eye on you and visit again when I think you can take more. Or summon me. You have the ritual, again, succubus. Just put down some strawberry ice cream as a sacrifice and I’ll make sure to be the first. If I’m not the first either call that angel of yours or wait for me to come - don’t do anything else.”

“Yeah, okay... Bye.”

Yoongi mumbled, voice thick from sleep and their nocturnal activities, and he arched into the touch when Jimin set a peck on his temple.

The demon looked down on him a bit more, sleepy face and small body.

He probably should have left right away - the thought gave him a bit of a déjà vû - because if he had, then Taehyung wouldn’t have spotted him when he barged into the room, asking where that devil book was.

Well, that wouldn’t have been too bad, wouldn’t be the first time.

But Jimin could clearly see how Taehyung looked him in the eyes, looked into his yellow eyes, and watched how they changed colour again when Jimin panicked and hid them.

“Hi, Tae, I hope you weren’t fighting seriously with my brother yesterday.”

He smiled softly, trying to distract from what had just happened.

“I guess I can use your front door then. Goodbye.”

He practically dashed out of the apartment, teleporting himself right back into his own once the door had slammed shut behind him.
Taehyung was still staring at the spot Jimin had just stood, trying to understand what he had seen - twice now.

Yoongi pulled him out of his thoughts when he pointed at the book, forgotten on the floor when Jimin had snatched it out of Yoongi’s hands the night before.

“What do you need it for? We shouldn't play around with that stuff.”

Taehyung ignored the question and started to skip through the pages frantically, definitely searching for something.
He stopped on the same page Yoongi had that night, before he was forced to stop reading.

Taehyung read attentively, albeit fast.

“I think my soulmate is part demon, or warlock, or something.”

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 32

Chapter Summary

Taehyung investigates, interrogates Jungkook, and makes plans for the ominous incubus that visits Yoongi.

Chapter Notes

Okay!
This is IMPORTANT!

I got an early christmas present, from my fellow writer/reader/comment-writer and super duper awesome friend Eonni_jagga (who is always writing these extremely long and detailed comments to every chapter I post and is just generally a really amazing person) And it was a little story, to this (not so little anymore) story! I cried tears of laughter and joy when I read it - and what she wrote about definitely happened at one point or another in this story :D (Can I make stuff like that canon in a fanfic? I mean, I'm the author. So I guess I can say that what she wrote is canon)

You can, should and hopefully will read it here!

It plays a little earlier in the story, but damn it is awesome and I have probably read it so often I could recite it already.
So, in case I haven't said it enough already, which I think I did but anyways: Thank you so much!

I really hope you read it guys!

I also hope you read this weeks chapter hehe :D
Have fun!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For all Yoongi knew, Taehyung could either be paranoid and imagining things, or completely right.

Either way, Yoongi did not need to get even more fuzzy about Jimin and the incubus - he surely didn't need conspiracy theories now.

So, logical decision and all, he chased Taehyung out of his room, still a little grumpy from being woken up and feeling like shit (worth it), and told his best friend to only bother him with that once he was absolutely sure and had proof so that he wouldn't bother him with his nonsense, and eventually proceeded to lock Taehyung into his own room, the book still clutched tightly to his chest.

Luckily, the message didn't need to be delivered any more obvious and Taehyung began his investigation alone.
He put his phone on mute, so that there was no chance of unwanted distraction and began digging through the book.

Soon, notes were scattered in a circle around him and there were several missed and unseen messages and calls on his phone.

This could simply be the view one would get of a college student during finals, so far nothing unusual, except for the invisible mountain of anxiety pressing down on Taehyung. (Although, again, that might be found with a college student during finals as well)

Taehyung wasn't exactly scared that his soulmate wasn't fully human, and so far that was where everything was leading him to.

He didn't really care if Jin was some sort of Wizard getting his powers from demons and other dark things - warlock was what the book called them.

Neither would he care if Seokjin was half demon.

Taehyung wouldn't care for any of that, as long as Jin loved him, and that was what he was so scared about.

The possibility that Jin only used him seemed plausible in more ways than Taehyung wanted it to be and the fear was crashing down on him like a deadly wave.

He had read about curses that fed on someone’s love for the caster, he had read about spells that would make someone fall in love with the caster and both of it together seemed like a deadly combination altogether - and a possible one.

And Taehyung had fallen in love with Jin rather sudden, all at once, even had some sort of desire the other morning, but it seemed so natural and right, given they were soulmates.

A nagging voice inside of him reminded Taehyung that maybe they weren't that either, that maybe it was all fake - just an act.

The book provided rituals to fake soulmarks, so it wasn't impossible either, especially if Jin was part demon; demons did not have soulmates.

(Except that Jungkook had mentioned exceptions himself, so maybe he had been talking about Jin.)

Research about the type of demon Jin could descent from were unsuccessful, with too many possibilities and not enough hints.

Taehyung would have to ask Jungkook about it, about what eye colours said about a demon - that was the only indication he had.

The page about soulmarks on a demon though, was very helpful.

The drawing of a torso full with tiny, black words matched the pattern he had seen on Jin the other day they made up, and the one he had seen on his soulmate’s (calling him that hurt) hand.

But the page held no real valid information on what Jin could be.

Taehyung now only knew that these tattoos were a phenomenon occurring when a certain selection of demons - though still too many to give him a further clue - as well as everyone who had messed with a certain type of magick - the word too complex for Taehyung to even try thinking it - got in contact with humans.

Soulmarks were somehow reacting - albeit wrongly - so that one partner of the interaction would
always receive an unrequited soulmark. Most times this partner was the demon or warlock, resulting in a skin full of marks that didn't mean anything.

Taehyung’s mark didn't feel or look unrequited though, but again it might be a fake one anyway. Their marks however weren't simply black like the others he had seen, and the spells to create a soulmark didn't specify on how it would look or whether this could be influenced.

It was infuriating that every riddle Taehyung tried solving threw up five new questions each. And he hadn't even included the other people yet.

Jimin for example, seemed more human to Taehyung than Yoongi sometimes did, and genuinely very honest too.

And while Taehyung had survived through many disappointing relationships already, so that speculating about the realness of Jin’s love for him wasn't even that far off for him, it seemed impossible that Jimin was insincere in his friendship.

Jimin seemed innocent, and like a victim too (thanks Yoongi), but he had those tattoos as well, even more than Jin it seemed.

His eyes were yellow too, this morning, and Taehyung planned to ask Yoongi about it once he wasn't acting like an impolite piece of dirt anymore - of course the guy had a right to be in that mood, but he didn't need to let it out on Taehyung.

For now, Taehyung settled with Jimin as uninvolved though, until he’d have more on him at least.

Last but not least: The pregnant women.

In a way, Taehyung still believed Jin’s promise that he wasn't a father, but he partly believed the women as well.

(The idea of Jin having some sort of shamanian/dark magick chamber where he performed fertilization rituals on sleeping women wasn't even an option for Taehyung, no matter how many fertilization spells he found)

The lady had also talked about praying, but Jin didn't even like to hear god-related words.

Except when he called Taehyung angel, he was reminded bitterly.

Talking about praying, the only angel Taehyung could therefore imagine Jin to work with, was Jungkook - fallen or not.

The youngest would face more and more questions and Taehyung almost felt sorry for him.

BEfore he could call the angel though, his door burst open, showing Yoongi with a phone in his hand, and a bewildered look on his face once he saw the mess of papers all around Taehyung who was sitting on the floor.

“Your soulmate is worried because someone didn't call when he got home as it was promised.”

Taehyung’s heart was suddenly crushed by rocks.

“Oh.”

He made.
“I put my phone on silent and forgot.”

Yoongi arched an eyebrow, surely remembering what Taehyung had said this morning.

He muted the call before mustering the room again.

“Do you want me to tell him you’re asleep?”

Biting his cheek, Taehyung realized his chance in avoiding Jin whom he couldn't trust at the moment.
Yet he knew that Jin would pry if Taehyung kept being asleep.

So he shook his head, bangs falling into his eyes, and reached out to get Yoongi’s phone.

“H-Hey.”

Taehyung answered the call, his voice shaking way too much.

“Hey angel. Did you get home safe? You didn't text me and sound a little shaken up.”

With a pang to his heart, Taehyung realized that Jin sounded so worried and caring, and it made him feel so guilty to continuously chant liar, liar, liar in his head.

“I’m alright, got home alright. I just got… am busy and forgot. Sorry if you were worried.”

There was shuffling on the other line and Taehyung knew that Jin knew something was wrong, and that he was trying to figure it out.

“It’s fine. Should I call later then?”

This was were Taehyung saw his actual chance, and although he hated it, he took it.

“Hyung, can you… not call me anymore? No, anymore sounds final, just- not in the next few days, maybe weeks?”

The long stretch of silence was suffocating.

“Oh.”

“It’s just that I’m trying to figure something out… about us, and… and if we stay in contact I might not get an objective result, or a result at all. Please, don't worry. It won't change our relationship or anything like that, nothing bad. Just… something I really need to figure out.”

He held his breath, awaiting an answer and for a minute he could only hear Jin’s breathing, and it was both calming and stressing him.

“You know that it gets hard when soulmates stay away from each other, don’t you?”

“I’m aware.”

“Okay. I hope you can figure it out soon. I won't contact you anymore, until you contact me.”

Jin’s voice sounded choked up, close to breaking, it was obvious this was hard for him and Taehyung felt both relieved and terrified.

“Thank you.”

“Yeah, sure, anything for you, angel. Just… I love you, okay? Don't forget I love you a lot.”
It sounded so right to hear it, Taehyung wanted it to be true, wanted to be able to believe it.

But he couldn't.
Not yet.


He hung up before anything could stop him, make him weak.

Taehyung already missed Jin, but he had to get this over with.

The next step was to call Jungkook, to interrogate him and to hopefully get answers. First though, he sorted out the mess on his floor a little bit, just so he could walk around without stepping on his notes everywhere.

Taehyung didn't bother to give Yoongi his phone back, and just called the fallen angel with it straight away.

The other line was noisy and sounded like a horror movie and porn was running in the background, but both on a foreign language.

“Hyung?”
The voice speaking definitely belonged to Jungkook, but sounded a lot stricter and stronger than Taehyung had heard so far.

“Still a hyung but not that hyung. Do you have time to come over? I have demon stuff questions.”

“Demon- uh, why don't you just ask Jin-hyung?”
The human’s ears perched up, this implication was weird after all.

“Why… Why should I ask Jin? You are the resident of hell.”

“Because he’s…”
Jungkook realized his mysterious slip up and never ended that sentence.

“Be there in ten, you better have food I am starving.”

It actually took a little more than ten minutes for Jungkook to arrive, but that gave Taehyung enough time to cook some instant ramen and search through Yoongi’s phone, very much surprised to find Jimin’s number but then again not.
It was probably just the fact that Yoongi hat him saved as Jiminie while everyone else had pretty much mean (but loving) names, like Jungkook who was brat and Taehyung who was don't answer the phone.

(No one needed to know that Taehyung changed it from that to best dudebro in the world.)

When Jungkook arrived, a gush of wind running through the tiny flat, he really looked like he came straight from hell, with sandy, dusty (bloody?) clothes and tossed hair.

Taehyung realized that, although he was a very fearless and easily trusting person, he did not want to meet Jungkook at night in a dark angel if the fallen angel was looking the way he was at that moment.

“You sure look like you were having a fun time.”

Taehyung giggled when Kookie scrunched his nose, all his predatory aura dissolving at once.
“I was looking for… someone. Still am. Not the nicest part of hell but what is nice there anyway…”

The enormous wings rustled, a few black feathers falling down onto the floor, and Jungkook stretched before grabbing his promised meal. He had to turn his teeth more human and less ripping your throat out though, and with it turned his eyes human too.

“What did you want to know?”

Before Taehyung had the chance to even think about one of his questions, Yoongi - who had smelled the food - came out of his room and looked at the duo in the living room with a confused look.

“What are you doing here?”
He asked and tried to snatch Taehyung’s bowl away, but ended up in the kitchen to make another portion for himself.

“Tae had demon related questions. Do you want to join in, hyung?”

Yoongi snorted, but his body shivered in clear disgust.

“No thanks. I have enough demon related things in my life right now.”

“You don't say!”
The fallen angel deadpanned the same time Taehyung blurted out “What do you mean?”

Yoongi rubbed the bridge of his nose, deciding he didn't care if Taehyung knew; they were best friends after all.

“Who did you see with me when you came home today?”

“Jimin.”

Jungkook muttered an “Oh dear, again?” into his noodles and stuffed them in his mouth when Yoongi snarled at him.

“Wrong, that wasn't Jimin. That was embarrassing.”

Taehyung looked even more puzzled and lost now and already opened his mouth to protest because neither of the sentences made sense to him, when Jungkook chimed in.

“That was the incubus Yoongi somehow managed to attach to himself. I've been looking for him ever since he got so cocky at breakfast.”

Wait. So… at breakfast that was an incubus acting like Jimin and not the actual Jimin?”

Taehyung’s brain was working with 150% all of a sudden, even harder than when he had been investigating in his room just now and he could connect things that seemed unconnectable before.

“Yes. That is why everyone got so uncomfortably horny.”

“And…”
Taehyung continued, the metaphorical light bulb over his head slowly blinking to light.

“When I heard you the other night, was that an incubus too?”

“The same one.”

One of the biggest gaps in Taehyung’s conclusion seemed to close itself, but it was his following
question that made the two sides clash together.

“And that one time when you had a nightmare and I checked on you and Jimin was by your side -
that was also that incubus?”

“Yes.”

Jungkook was kind enough to explain why Yoongi had called it embarrassing before.
“He looks like Jimin because Yoongi misses and longs for his soulmate so badly.”

Normally, Taehyung would laugh along with the maknae, even more because of Yoongi’s sour but
embarrassed looking face.

He didn't though, because Taehyung realized that, at the moment, he knew more than both Yoongi
and Jungkook.

“You two have fun with your questions. I'll be in my room, probably taking a nap. A very long nap,
I’m really exhausted in every way possible.”

Jungkook’s face darkened when he heard the last part, but he stayed silent.

It was Taehyung whose curiosity was loudly woken, and who would have to get further proof for his
already quite solid theory.
“Wait, hyung, I have a question for you too! How do you message that incubus - it’s not like you
have his phone number.”
(Except Yoongi kind of did, but Taehyung wouldn't tell him that.)

“Right, now that you checked my phone without permission, you can give it back to me.”
Yoongi didn’t wait for his roommate to give it back and just snatched it out of Taehyung’s hands
with a scoff.
“I didn’t have to call him yet, he came every night. Since that won't happen for a while and he
decides when it is healthy to meet again, I know how to summon him for emergencies.”

“And… how do you do that exactly? I guess the spell is in that awful book you have, but incubi are
one of the most frequent demons down there.”
Jungkook slyly asked.

Yoongi had obviously no idea of the angel’s intention, otherwise he surely wouldn't have answered
in the first place before retreating back into his room.

“With strawberry ice cream.”

Taehyung frowned at the maknae.
“Don't summon that incubus if you want to be mean to him.”
Obviously he didn't want his friend to get hurt, but Jungkook would beat himself up later for it too,
so the angel’s whole idea was a double no-no for Taehyung.

Scoffing, Kookie gave Taehyung a look.

“I want to know who he is. I need his name, in case he isn't as peachy as he acts which I know he
isn't. He's a demon after all.”

“You're a demon too-”

“I wasn't born like one. End of that topic.”
“-And I know that he is as peachy as he acts. Don't worry. You can trust me, right? Trust my judgement too.”

Jungkook groaned, like a grumpy teenager.
“Fine, hyung. Now what were your questions?”

Taehyung flopped onto the couch, thinking hard about what to ask first.
“You have red eyes, right?”

As if on command, the fallen angel’s brown eyes changed colour, now once more red with a golden ring around the iris.

“Technically, they are gold. That's what guardian angels get. But a fallen angel has red eyes, yes.”

The human nodded, understanding.
Maybe he could get a further clue with just eye colours so he picked up his last and biggest clue.
“What eye colours do incubi have?”

“Purebreds have black eyes. I think most demons that invade dreams do.”

“Pure… breeds? Sounds like Harry Potter.”

The fallen angel laughed bright, getting the reference ever since Taehyung and Fish forced him (and Yoongi) through a marathon on their - what was starting to become weekly - sleepovers.

“Well no. No one cares about pure and impure - it’s half and whole you need to watch out for. Hell is full of what the heavens call sins, including lust of course. There are actual places where incubi and succubi lay the air thick with pheromones, and you can get those things highly dosed in pills and spells too. You can’t expect demons to just mate with their own kind, not when they are more diverse than dogs.”

“Okay what’s the difference between pure and whole then? Sounds the same to me.”

“Purebred demons are born when demon’s of the same type reproduce. And Incubi and A succubi for example. As I said, no one cares about that anymore. Halfbreeds however… That’s when a demon and a human come together. No one likes those, they are and abomination, but think so highly of themselves they often start fights with whole demons once they spot one.”

Taehyung saved all of it in his mind and thought about the possibility of Jin being a halfbreed, hence why he lived on earth and not in hell.
There was one important variable to that theory though, one that could easily be determined.
“You don't sound like you like them?”

“Hate them. So much. I mean everyone does, but they like to pick on us fallen ones too - pretty idiotic of them - because we weren't born as demons and therefore aren’t whole either… Disgusting of them to compare us to them like that.”

“Not even an exception?”

“Not over my dead body.”

Jin was apparently not a halfbreed.

“Okay, back to eyes. What about… green or yellow eyes? What is that for a demon?”
By the way Jungkook’s eyebrows furrowed, Taehyung was scared he had asked the wrong question. That once Jungkook found out he was asking to blow Jin’s cover, he wouldn’t tell him anything anymore.

“Why… Did you see a demon?”

Kookie just sounded worried though, lucky for Taehyung.

“Two, I think. The green one could have been yellow too though… What does yellow mean?”

“A lot. There’s too many. I don’t think there is a certain category of demons with specified yellow eyes, just many many subgroups. What kind of eyes were they? Like human ones? Reptile? Feline? Goat? Without an iris? Complete yellow eyeball? Were they glowing? What shade of yellow? Was there another feature that was different from a human?”

“Uhm. I didn't see the second one long or close enough. The first one was a very bright, dangerous yellow. But not completely yellow, with black-ish things inside. Like you gave a toddler a pen and he would just whirl the colours around in the eye. Or like hair was inside. And the iris was very thin and vertical and like a slit. There wasn’t any white left anymore either. I didn’t get to look at it very long. And I think the tongue was different. Didn’t see how though”

“How close up were you exactly? Sounds like reptile eyes to me. Pretty much all dragon like demons could be that, and of course serpent similar demons. There are a few nagas too… Uh… Lamiai too, or Lamia herself - could the demon blink? Lamiai can't do that.”

“He, he was blinking.”

“Well, Lamiai are females anyway. But as far as I know no other demon has a different tongue. They have forked ones, like a snake, very long too. Can't be one of those then… Unless…” Jungkook looked like he had grasped the whole situation and received a complete overview. Taehyung knew that he would most likely receive any Jin related answers now, and he was correct. “Forget that. What about the second one?”

Taehyung decided to play along. He didn’t need to get into a fight, or have Jin find out and panic and proceed with his possible plan - whatever that might be.

“Still yellow. But there was white. I think the yellow was a tad more orange, but that could have been the distance. Okay honestly that one was the incubus from this morning. Yoongi probably saw it longer and more close. Next question?”

“Uhhh sure.”

Taehyung thought and decided to go all in, risking everything. For him it was all or nothing now.

“Do you ever… still… answer human’s prayers? I was wondering because sometimes you still seem so angel-y. Like the instincts are still there. I figured that stopping to help people would be hard. Do you even hear prayers?”

Jungkook was very taken aback by the absolutely unexpected question. No one really asked about that - for them, fallen angels were just terrifying demons that lost everything good when they fell.

“I… I do, if it is desperate and… related to, well- to what I fell for. Hear it I mean. But also answer. If I can.”
Another piece fell into place for Taehyung, but he had to be absolutely sure as long as he had the chance to do so.

“So… You help women get pregnant when they can't? Are you still in contact with that incubus that made you fall?”

Jungkook looked like he was in discomfort by Taehyung’s word choice, but he needed a while to find the correct words. His voice sounded like the one of a teacher so suddenly too, and Taehyung knew that if he kept this attitude up he would most likely get answers to everything he asked. “I am responsible for my fall, no one else, especially not that incubus to whom I still do have contact. And yes, if it doesn't kill her, I try to arrange a way to help her.”

Taehyung was getting close to solving the last puzzle, or at least the last puzzle piece of the border, with the middle part still being empty.

“And by arrange you mean you call that incubus and make him appear in a dream to fuck that women and get her pregnant with his superpower demon semen? Huh, that rhymed.”

Jungkook burst out into bubbly laughter - probably, definitely because of the superpower demon semen - and clutched his stomach when it started hurting.

“Oh… Oh you need to grasp the concept of incubi impregnating women! That is not how it works at all!”

Taehyung grinned, proud of his rhyme and that he had made Jungkook laugh so much without aiming for it. “Then explain to me how.” He asked, actually curious about that now.

“Well.”

The fallen angel coughed and finally stopped giggling. Again, he needed some time to think about his words, but his explanation was very understandable for Taehyung. “It’s kind of like those stories about a storch that brings the children. I mean, the storch himself isn't the dad of the baby, is he? It's like that. The incubus isn't the father of the baby, he just puts it there. No one really knows where they get the semen from, but themselves of course.”

He grinned before proceeding.

“It isn’t superpower demon semen, that’s for sure. People down under speculate they use the semen succubi take with them if they don't feed on all of it. Maybe it’s incubus-exclusive magick. I don't know either. Of course the incubus could impregnate a woman with his own seed, but again, halflings aren't really… the best.”

And by hell, was Taehyung glad to hear that. Probably the best bit of all the knowledge he had acquired today. Jin really was not a father, and maybe he was some sort of incubus and just helped the women. Maybe he really did love Taehyung, maybe they really were soulmates.

All of that was very wobbly and not for sure, but it was enough for Taehyung for now. He had pestered Jungkook enough anyways, and finished with one simple question, that would completely solidify his first theory.

“Say, is there something against an incubus? Not a spell, I don't think I should or could do that. But, it says that salt burns ghosts, so is there something like that for incubi too? You know, just in case the
incubus that visits Yoongi tries something.”

That last point was straight up lied, but Jungkook swallowed it perfectly, eager to get some defense against the incubus up anyways.
He nodded excited, and gave Taehyung instructions to prepare a bewitched water, that would burn the incubus if it would get in touch with it.

Taehyung’s next step was to invite Jimin over.

The boy agreed to meet up for the next day at Taehyung’s and Yoongi’s apartment.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 33

Chapter Summary

Taehyung's interrogating continues, a few visual surprises, snuggling

Chapter Notes

Okay so it's Monday right now and I just got this chapter back from LilithGloor, who is awesome and offered to proofread from now on :D
But as you probably have noticed if you are kind of roaming in and around the kpop scene, Jonghyun lost his battle today.
I for my part am feeling shattered and sick right now, because he and his music meant a lot to me and helped me laugh a few times when I couldn't before. So, knowing that he lost his battle, and knowing that I won a pretty similar battle because he helped me through it, isn't making me feel like uploading today.
I hope that, although his way of finding peace wasn't the best, could find his peace and rest after all, and is now looking over the people that are important to him, smiling down at all of us.
Rest in Peace Jonghyun, you will at least always be a part of my heart that I won't forget.

So, having said that because I needed to get that off my chest and these chapter notes seem to be the trashcan of my mind, this will probably be posted on a Tuesday. I know it was late anyways, but thanks to school I didn't get to writing at all, and when I had time I was fighting with this chapter so much, over the course of three days.
Saying that, again, thanks to LilithGloor, for proofreading. I really loved how my the de- and increasing amount of red stripes next to the text I could see at what states my mind was when I wrote the different bits of the chapter aka how tired I was.

Anyways, have fun!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Yoongi woke up the next morning (his little nap turned out to be a little coma, AND he was still drained), it was to Taehyung boiling a big canister of salty smelling water.
If that wasn't a strange enough sight in the morning already - even if you lived with the human being that was Kim Taehyung - the boy was also whispering over it.

Needless to say, Yoongi really would have liked to just turn around and go back into his room to pretend he had never witnessed any of that, but he was too hungry.

“Do I want to know?”
He hesitantly asked, staring at the bubbling water and scrunching his nose when the salty scent hit him once again, burning in his nostrils, before tearing his gaze away to search through their fridge for some food.

“It's just prayer water. Jungkookie recommended it.”
“... For what?”

“Uhhh”

Yoongi didn't expect a normal answer anyway, but this wasn't even an answer, and his puzzled look told Taehyung just that.
The younger hurried to find a good answer.
“For your nightmares... and stuff like that.”

A slow nod followed as an acknowledgment, and Taehyung grinned broadly but clearly embarrassed.

“Clean up when you are done with... that.”

“Yes, hyung!”

“And make me coffee, I have an assignment due.”

“Yes, hyung!”

Along with his notes, textbooks and notebook, Yoongi occupied couch and coffee table, knowing he would fall asleep if he tried doing this in his own room.

Taehyung’s murmurs only mildly irritated him.

“I’m having someone over later.”
Taehyung mentioned when he set down Yoongi’s coffee onto the table, shuffling the papers and books around so none of them would get dirty or wet.

Yoongi hummed deepy and grabbed his mug mind absently, almost automatically.

“I won't need long.”

He was soon to regret taking such a big gulp of the black brew.
But not because it was hot or anything.

“Did you put your piss water in my mug?!?”
Yoongi barked, slamming the extraordinarily salty coffee onto the table, some of the liquid gushing out of the mug and over his fingers, glaring at the culprit.

Taehyung shrugged, taking the mug to get Yoongi a new, clean coffee, mumbling something about better safe than sorry.

Once he had a new coffee that was brewed as perfect as always when Taehyung made it, Yoongi couldn't help the long sigh escaping him.

“Even if it made me live off cheap, trashy food for a few months, that coffee machine was our best investment ever.”
Taehyung stated and sunk into the cushions next to Yoongi with a similar, relieved sigh.

“You don't even drink coffee.”

“I know!”
Taehyung looked at Yoongi with big eyes, as if he couldn't believe it himself and then laughed, bubbly and loud.
“But that’s the only way I can endure you in the morning.”
Lucky for Taehyung, Yoongi was too immersed in his assignment to hit Taehyung and was satisfied with throwing a curse at him while typing away on his notebook.

They sat there in content silence for a while, but Taehyung wasn't one to stay silent for too long.

“Hyung, are you happy with that incubus?”

“What do you mean?”

“What I said. You hung out a lot, right? Does he make you happy?”

Yoongi snorted and Taehyung wasn't sure whether it was meant to sound amused or bitter, or maybe both.

“You ask me as if we’re dating. Most of the time we met, I thought I was dreaming.”

Being best friends for years, having grown up side by side, there wasn't a reason for them to keep secrets from each other. Actually, they couldn't even secrets from each other, because it was always obvious to them when the other was lying.

That’s why Taehyung kept digging into the topic, because he knew what Yoongi said wasn't the full truth.

“But now you don't. You sleep in the same bed, that’s pretty couple-y.”

“Because… it’s nice. I don't want it to be nice, and I wish I wouldn't be so dependant on that incubus, but I am. It’s just… pretence.”

Aware he wouldn't get enough concentration for his assignment now, Yoongi shut his notebook and leaned back, facing Taehyung properly.

The younger thought for a while, silence washing over them.

“Because he looks like Jimin?”

Yoongi just nodded, cheeks painted red. It was embarrassing him to admit that, since it was his fault he even longed for Jimin in the first place.

“He acts like him too. But then sometimes not. I- I don't know. Talking is nice.”

“Relationship-material nice?”

“You do realize I only find it so nice because he looks and acts like the soulmate I’m still hung up on?”

Taehyung giggled, but it was happy and by no means mocking.

“So, Jimin turns out to be relationship-material after all?”

Yoongi scowled, pulling a face and avoiding his best friend’s gaze that was just too knowing for him to face.

He bet that if he looked at it, a bright *I told you so* would beam at him.

“If you can say that about someone who sleeps around a lot… I’m the one that isn't relationship material though. Jimin deserves something better than me.”

“Don't you think what he deserves and what not is for Jimin to decide?”

Taehyung shrugged as if he had just said something completely unimportant, but his eyes were fixed on Yoongi and they were sincere.

“Put yourself in his position—”
“Thanks, but my guilt trip does that quite often.”

“Don’t interrupt me, hyung. I mean, imagine you miraculously meet your soulmate - And with miraculously I mean that you always thought you didn’t have one. So you meet that soulmate, spend a wonderful night with him and don’t deny it I know it was just that. And then you meet again, and you are happy and overwhelmed and everything seems perfect.”

“You are worse than my guilt trip.”

Yoongi was still too tired for this kind of confrontation, and he buried his face in between his hands, fingers then running through his hair, gripping the strands and pulling a little - it hurt less than what was going on inside him.

“Again. Don’t interrupt me.”

Yoongi felt Taehyung pat his shoulder.

“Everything seems perfect and then your soulmate asks you to cover the mark, to cover yourself up. And you do it because you love him, but you want to hate him. You can’t hate him though, and you want him so bad, so so bad. In fact, you want him so bad that you still sleep with him when he comes to you. You still do that although it hurts, because for that one moment when you get intimate you can pretend everything is alright… And then, what do you think you would do when the person you long for just says oh but you deserve better so that’s a no from me?”

“I would… tell that person to fuck off… But you excluded all the shitty stuff I did in that story. Besides dumping him I mean. I just feel awful, and if I go to him and say sorry I feel like I am being greedy.”

“Trust me, hyung. Jimin is old enough to evaluate that for himself. And you are still soulmates. Just do it.”

Taehyung was very tempted to turn his speech into a meme at his last sentence, but Yoongi looked seriously down at that moment, so he stopped himself.

“Can’t.”

The word was just choked out and ended their current topic. Yoongi took a few deep breaths, then grabbed his stuff.

“I’m finishing this in my room. Thanks for the talk. Have fun with your guest.”

Taehyung looked after him puzzled, blinking startled when the door of Yoongi’s room closed with a bang.

“You’re welcome! Talk with your incubus about this at least!”

Of course there was no answer, Taehyung had already known that. Yoongi had ended - escaped - the conversation and with that, it was done for him. It was like talking to a wall. Taehyung thought it was still very important to throw these words at Yoongi. He was deeply rooting for Yoongi to just turn all mushy on undercover-Jimin so that he would turn all mushy too and they would finally ride into the sunset.

Now that he knew both sides - all three, in a way, counting that Jimin was taking two sides at the moment - it was a lot easier to invest his time into their relationship (not that he should, but by now it was just painful to watch the two) and nudge them into the right direction.

Taehyung had already talked with Yoongi, and now it was time for Jimin.
Of course, he had called Jimin to assure himself that the incubus and Jimin were the same person, but if he could get two birds with one stone, even better!

For now, he had to clean up and get everything ready for their hanging out. They didn't actually make plans and were good enough friends by now to just do nothing together, but Taehyung still felt like doing something today. He could always improvise, but for now, his notebook in the living room was a good enough effort.

There was a knock on the door before Taehyung could have prepared more anyway, and he ran to the door (read: took a short sprint and then proceeded to slide all the way against the door because his socks were a lot more slippery than anticipated).

“Hi!” Taehyung yelled once he had over-enthusiastically ripped the door open.

Jimin looked a little startled, but happy nonetheless, grinning at Taehyung once the other had grabbed his wrist and pulled him into his home, slamming the door shut again and then bear-hugging Jimin like the good friend he was.

“Hello!”

“Sit down, you must be cold, I’ll just make hot chocolate, k?”

Jimin didn't have time to sit down, given he was pushed onto the couch full force. He sat up and sighed happily.

“You do know how to win my heart Taehyung!”

“Of course I do, we’re buddies. Almost dudebros, actually. Platonic soulmates, but like, without the mark.” Taehyung yelled back, adding something in a much quieter voice just for himself, but Jimin had enhanced hearing and picked it up anyway.

“Me, at least.”

Panic boiled in the demon’s guts the instant he heard that. How did Taehyung figure that out so fast?

Jimin forced himself to remain calm, since, after all, there wasn't really a point for him to hide his identity like that - he trusted Taehyung and Jungkook was friends with them too, not hiding at all.

Of course, he remembered Jin the day prior, how his brother had slowly entered his room, face empty, and sat down on his floor with shaking limbs, telling him Taehyung had wanted a break to figure something out.

It had been strange since Taehyung - as well as Jin - seemed so in love with his soulmate. Maybe this was supposed to be an interrogation to figure that something out.

Given Taehyung’s comment, Jimin noticed, maybe that something was their identity.

As far as Jimin knew, Jin was fine with his soulmate knowing, and Taehyung had claimed to find out himself. So this probably couldn't end that bad.

The vibrating phone in his pocket ended that trail of thought, bringing Jimin back to what he had been doing on his way here. He did walk because the weather seemed so nice - it was nice, just very cold too.
On his way, however, he had received a text. From an unknown number too.

It simply said

Jiminie…
Need you

And the demon knew exactly who it was from.

He was glad he hadn't given Yoongi his number without a reason and began to text back quickly, keeping it flirty, of course, since that was obviously where Yoongi was going.

Jimin told Yoongi that he was in public right now - meaning: no pictures please - and that he was on his way to meet a friend, hence why he couldn't come over although he wanted to.

Then they began sexting, that mostly consisted of Jimin telling Yoongi what he would do to him if he was with him at the moment.

And now, that Jimin was basically just a room away, they continued their little play. Jimin could sense Yoongi’s arousal now, how it jolted up with every message he sent.

Yoongi was getting braver now, texting back what he would like Jimin to do, what he would like to do to Jimin.
And Jimin was getting aroused, so slow and sneaky that he didn't notice it soon enough to properly repress it.

A pillow was then placed on his lap before Taehyung came back with their drinks.

Jimin pleaded for Yoongi to be loud - because, shit, he wanted to hear him - but the elder replied that Taehyung had someone over and he couldn't be loud, which egged Jimin on even more in his attempt to get a sound out of Yoongi.
Maybe he was a little bit of an exhibitionist…

Yoongi was close, he could feel that, and also see that since the typos had increased on the human’s side of text.

Jimin told Yoongi he wasn't allowed to come until he made a sound loud enough for either Taehyung or his guest (aka Jimin) to hear and received curses as an answer.

How Taehyung needed that long to make hot chocolate, Jimin did not know, but he was grateful.

Now fully competitive, Jimin told Yoongi how aroused he himself was right now, how he would be so close right now if he wouldn't be out in public and in company, finishing his attack with a picture of his crotch, the outline of his dick visible in the washed out jeans he was wearing.

Taehyung chose that moment to come back with two mugs in his hand - too occupied with transporting them without spilling anything to notice that Jimin shoved the pillow back onto his lap - and Yoongi chose that moment to gasp loudly.

Jimin grinned, Taehyung looked at the door, slightly worried, but his attention wandered over to Jimin pretty quickly.

“What are you doing there, on your phone?”
He asked, falling onto the other side of the couch.
Jimin smirked, answering loud enough for Yoongi to hear.
“Sexting.”

A loud thud came from Yoongi’s room, along with a text message that consisted of random letters - both clearly meant Yoongi had just fallen from his bed.

Taehyung looked from the door to Jimin, onto his phone and back to the door. Then he groaned, pained.

“Are you fucking kidding me?”

Jimin shrugged, sending a message to check (and mock) if Yoongi had really fallen off his bed and if he was okay.

“He texted me when I was on my way, I couldn't just let him hang now just because I arrived.”

Turns out, Yoongi had been both shocked to hear Jimin’s voice so bluntly in his living room and turned on. He fell off the bed as he came, and was now in desperate need of a shower.

Jimin put his phone away, satisfied, and pressed his boner down completely. The pillow was allowed to stay though - it was very comfortable.

Taehyung sighed and buried himself in his mug. Jimin did the same, but made a noise sounding like a dying animal once he took a sip and swallowed the beverage that was supposed to be sweet.

His throat was burning instead, and not the burn as if had eaten something too spicy or too hot, or if he had just swallowed dick that was a little bit too big for him.

It was burning as if he had swallowed acid, or molten metal, and it took every inch of control to keep a halfway straight face and keep his human form.

“Everything alright?”

Taehyung’s eyes were on him, watching curiously and not at all worried.

With a pang to his heart, Jimin realized that that little shit knew exactly what he was doing.

“Yeah, just… Hot. Burned my mouth.”

Jimin really wanted to set the mug down, and wash the hot chocolate down the drain, or throw the full mug against a wall or something.
But he couldn't, because Taehyung’s attack had been so sneaky that he couldn't just stop drinking it and basically admit he was a demon.

So, although it hurt and he would probably lose his voice for the next day, Jimin took another - very tiny - sip and swallowed, smiling.

Taehyung smiled too.

“It’s good, what brand is that? Do you have more? I should take a bottle for Jin-hyung home too, don't you think? I know you don't talk at the moment, but…”

“That’s a brilliant idea. Tell me how he liked it!”

It was an unspoken secret between them, that Taehyung now knew Jimin was an incubus - the prayer water had succeeded in what it was supposed to do.
In addition, Jimin was quick to guess that Taehyung really wanted to figure out what they were, and was willing to help Taehyung too.

“I will…”
Another burning sip.
“You are cool with it?”

The question came carefully, anxious.
Taehyung might have accepted Jungkook so freely, but Jimin was something else. He was designed to do bad, while Kookie did the opposite.

“You mean with you visiting Yoongi every night to fuck? Hell no!”

As if on command, Yoongi came out of the door, trying to sneakily vanish into their bathroom.
He wasn't sneaky and Taehyung used his chance to yell what had been on his mind for forever.
“Jimin! Yoongi! You are both being serious soulmate potatoes! Get it together for Fish’s sake!”

Said soulmate turned blood red in the face, and Jimin suddenly found that sipping the prayer water mixed hot chocolate hurt less than acknowledging that comment and Yoongi’s presence in the room. (He might have been wrong about that, because the sip he took was more of a gulp and the cough he let out ended up to be close on bloody.)

Yoongi threw one glance at Jimin, who - after his coughing fit had ended - decided to grab the pillow from his leg and push his face into it in an attempt to suffocate himself, and then proceeded to sprintt into the bathroom.

“That is, why I am not content with you two just fucking every night. That and because you are too loud when you talk.”
Taehyung looked satisfied that he finally managed to get all of that pent-up frustration out, and turned to Jimin again, ripping the pillow from his friend’s tiny yet firm hands.

“All the other, unchangeable, stuff about you though, I am totally cool with. K?”

The human grinned, all boxy and reassuring, and Jimin found himself grinning back, thankful and wide.

“Thank you. So much.”

“No probz, my totally awesome dudebro… Are you and… Jin-hyung really brothers?”

For some reason, it was difficult for Taehyung to get his own soulmate’s name over his lips and Jimin’s brows furrowed worriedly when he noticed.

“Half-brothers. We share the same father. You… I don't think it is my place to ask, but you two are going to be okay, right? He is pretty shaken up because of your call, confused and scared mostly. I mean, you are fine with me, so… you're fine with him too?”

“I am. I… I think I am. I know that if he is what I think he is and if everything was sincere, if we really are soulmates, then we will be okay.”

Now the demon let out an unbelieving snort.
“Really soulmates? What are you even talking about, of course you are! His love for you is probably the purest thing on hyung!”

Taehyung got up and went into his room, coming back with that big book he had been investigating
in, turning the page onto the spell that would fake a soulmark.

Now that Jimin looked at it, he saw the tiny overlay of demonic scrolls, and he quickly read over it. “That spell does those tiny black marks that don’t mean anything. Yours is real.” Jimin explained, almost slipping into a language Taehyung wouldn’t understand.

“Aren’t you sure?”

“Yes. Trust me. What happened between you is a miracle and Jin was probably more shocked to receive a mark than you were. He really loves you.”

“Okay… good… thank you… The reason why you don’t like my super special hot chocolate stays my secret by the way.”

Taehyung snapped the book closed and flung it onto the table. That topic was done for him now, and he would now just need to find a way to apologize to Jin without scaring him off by being too blunt.

“Hey… If you cover a peeled potato completely in hot glue… would it still go mouldy?”

“I- what?!”

Jimin wasn’t used to Taehyung’s wandering mind yet, still hung up on the fact that his new best friend/dudebro just found out half of his identity and didn’t mind at all.

“If it is completely covered in hot glue… then there isn’t any air that could help the bacteria go all disgusting on the potato right?”

Jimin tried to stutter an answer that made sense, but he didn’t even know what Taehyung was really talking about - hot glue wasn’t a thing that hell provided.

Luckily - or maybe not - he was rescued by the bathroom door opening. That and Taehyung’s random thought brought him back to himself being a soulmate potato for a second, but his matching soulmate potato coming out in only a towel around the hips was getting him distracted pretty quickly.

Jimin was staring at Yoongi who was not only wet and half-naked (probably naked under that towel) but also… not blond anymore.

His hair was pitch black.

Jimin choked on his drink before it could burn his throat, and that hard.

Taehyung actually had to strongly pat him on his back so he would stop choking, and so far Yoongi hadn’t even looked at them.

“Am I losing you to Min Yoongi’s natural hair colour?! Stay with me, Jiminnie! Stay with me!” Taehyung yelled, over dramatically, and Jimin found it too funny to not play along.

“That’s his natural colour?”

He managed to choke out before theatrically falling from the couch and onto the floor, acting dead.

Taehyung made noises that resembled a heart monitor stopping before he too dropped onto the floor, next to Jimin, whaling.

“Time of death, I don’t know, our clock died when I played basketball inside. Cause of death: Min
Yoongi being fucking rude with his extraordinary looks. We will miss you Jimin. May you rest in… hell?”

“Fuck you Taehyung, I don't even deserve hell I did nothing wrong! I lived like a saint for the last few months.”
Jimin barked, and sat up, daring to glance at Yoongi, who was making himself coffee in the kitchen. They locked gazes, Yoongi arched an eyebrow that was most definitely judging, and Jimin blushed.

“You look… really good, hyung.”
Jimin cringed when he sounded so shy - he was a lust tempting demon for fuck’s sake, who was he to get shy at giving a compliment.

There was obviously no reply, no verbal at least, and Yoongi simply turned back to his coffee.

Jimin’s phone vibrated though, and the message simply said thank you, jiminie

“Hyung, why did you dye your hair? I thought we could do couple colours once my purple had faded out enough?”

“My scalp hurts from all the bleaching, that’s why. Besides, I like black the most.”

“Oh, I think I do too…”
Jimin mumbled to himself.

When he saw how Taehyung pouted, he grinned, getting an idea.
If he had been so shocked at Yoongi with a different hair colour, how would Yoongi react when Jimin did the same.
Besides, he had dyed it orange as a joke, kumiho being a fox demon and all that, so why did he not do something that would actually match his kumiho-breed, and looked a little less like party boy and more like he had some class?
“We can do couple colours, Tae.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

The human clapped, excited, then bent over to Jimin to whisper in his ear.
“Let’s go tomorrow to surprise Yoongi. He’s gonna flip when he sees you with the colour I have in mind.”

Glad that he and Taehyung were on the same page, Jimin nodded, grinning.

For now, he found it more important to stare at his soulmate, precisely the mark on his back, and that not very subtle.

“Hyung, I have a guest, can't you at least put on clothes?”
Taehyung whined although he watched Jimin watching Yoongi with more amusement than he should.

“Jimin has seen me naked and in states that you can't even imagine. Why would I put clothes on for him?”

“True, you only ever put your clothes off for me.”
Jimin smirked when Yoongi turned around and gave him a look. The demon wasn't done yet.
“And… you do look very very pretty, hyung.”
There it was, the blush he had wanted to see and *fuck* did it look good with the black hair that made Yoongi's skin even paler.

“You two are so. Fucking. Disgusting. Soulmate potatoes. Ew.” Taehyung punctuated every word specifically, making a gagging noise as a finisher, but he was still smiling, happy that his two potatoes got somehow along.

“You love it don't deny it.” Jimin teased and wiggled his eyebrows.

“And you love what you see standing in my kitchen. Should I maybe leave the room so you can bend hyung over the counter?”

Yoongi missed his coffee mug when he heard that, the brown liquid landing on the counter instead and he cursed, getting a towel to wipe it clean.

“Puh-lease, Taehyungie. I don't need you to leave the room if I want to do that! Just as Hoseok, I like it when I get caught, what do you think is my opinion on viewers?”

“Ew. I mean, I don't kink-shame but you two are my dudebros. That’s like watching my brothers have sex. Kinky, dirty, kitchen sex.”

Yoongi missed his mug again, and Jimin laughed.

“True. No offense, but while I wouldn't mind you watching, I don't necessarily want you to.” Jimin turned his attention back to Yoongi.

“Hyung, can you make a hot chocolate too? Taehyung put salt in mine.”

“Taehyung you should really stop trying to poison your friends with this weird holy water.”

“It’s prayer water, okay? It’s against… stuff that I won't mention because Jimin is in the room and I am positive you don't want him to know about *that*? Jungkook just told me how to do it in case *that* acts out of line.”

Nevermind that Jimin was *that* and everyone besides Yoongi knew that.

“Don't you dare mention that right now.”

“You guys do know that I am aware what prayer water is for, right? Besides, hyung can do whatever he wants, it’s not like we’re a couple.” Jimin was in a very playful mood now. Having Yoongi think that Jimin knew he was having contact with an incubus, making him anxious like that seemed like too much fun right now. He still had his last sentence sound sad and regretful, because by now he was actually able to feel a tiny bit pissed about that and not as if it was all his fault.

“Yeah, guess whose fault is that…” Taehyung mumbled into his cup.

“Shut your trap, Taehyung.” Yoongi growled.

“I’m not the one who paused a relationship.”

Okay, Taehyung was getting personal and so was Yoongi now.

“I have my reasons and they are perfectly reasonable!”
“I had mine too, you brat!”

Jimin tried to step in before they would get really mad at each other.
“You don't have them anymore, hyung?”
And playfully raised an eyebrow.

Yoongi’s mouth formed a tiny o, then he rushed into his room without further notice of the question.

“Are you okay to talk about it like that? I remember you crying just a while ago.”

“Well, since you had a reason to use prayer water, I know what he really thinks and feels. Not all of it, but enough. I’m just waiting for him to act up now, I hope that happens. It’s fun to tease.”

“It is.”

They would have gladly continued their conversation like that, but Yoongi came back, now in boxer shorts, and went straight to the kitchen to get his coffee and - surprisingly, Jimin’s hot chocolate.

“Oh my go…”
Taehyung coughed instead of ending that word.
“You even have tiny marshmallows and whipped cream?! All I ever get when I ask for hot chocolate is a glare and if I am lucky 90% water with 10% not yet dissolved cocoa powder!”

“Maybe if you stop being a brat and start being nice to me like Jimin I will stop treating you like that.”
Was all Yoongi said before handing Jimin his instagram-post worthy looking mug of hot chocolate and settling himself between the two friends.

“Oh yeah, wait, give me a second so I can just gift you with unbelievably good sex like Jimin does from time to time!”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“Good to know that you don't deny the unbelievably good, hyung. Thanks for the drink.”

Jimin received an approving nod from Yoongi, that was probably supposed to say your welcome.

“Aren't you cold, hyung?”
Taehyung pointed at his hyungs wet hair and pretty naked body.

“Fucking tired is what I am.”

“According to the book and your late night dates, I believe that drained is the proper term.”

Yoongi made a shushing noise towards Taehyung, but Jimin laughed and thoughtlessly slung an arm around Yoongi who couldn’t resist melting into the embrace.
Maybe he was a little cold after all, and Jimin was warm and very comfortable and made his insides feel warm too, where they touched.

“You shouldn't text me like you did before if you are really drained. Just sleep a lot and don't forget to eat.”

Yoongi made a humming sound that sounded somewhat promising.
“Taehyung, do I really want to know how much you actually had your nose in that book and how much you annoyed Jimin with what you found in it?”
“Jimin knows more about this than I do, hyung. But speaking of eating, I’m hungry.”

“Takeout is on me if you want.”

“I’m the oldest, I’ll pay, Tae.”

“Jimin was faster.”

Jimin had also started to run his fingers to Yoongi’s black hair, and gotten Yoongi to close his eyes with it.

Taehyung was running into the kitchen to get the flyers and decided to just order what he wanted and what he thought the other's would like.

By the time he came back though, the sight in front of him was both heartwarming and sickening.

Yoongi had curled into a tiny ball against Jimin’s side and was fast asleep, while Jimin still had his one hand in the black strands of hair.

“He really is drained, isn't he?”

Taehyung asked when he decided to just squish himself against Yoongi as well.

“Yeah. But he wanted it so, he was warned.”

“What did he want? I mean, what exactly gets you drained, if he seemed fine all the other times, long-term wise.”

Jimin snickered.

“Do you really want to know stuff about your best dudebro’s sex life.”

“I want to know all the stuff about my two best dudebro’s sex life. I’m not very confident about my own so I need to get a lot of inspiration for when I get to that part of a relationship with Jin, who seems just as experienced as you.”

“First of all: I tried myself out a lot more than Jin-hyung, so I wouldn't bet on that. Yoongi wanted to have more than just fingers. So that’s what he got.”

“You mean hyung actually got fucked this time? But like, in a dream, right? The book said to not have them fuck you in real time because you will die for sure.”

Jimin just nodded, looking at Yoongi’s sleeping form.

“Don’t think about Yoongi dead, Jimin, I know that look, that’s overthinking and Yoongi does enough of that on his own.”

Taehyung could read minds as it seemed, and he could also stop Jimin from overthinking.

“I like him a lot, you know?”

The sentence came out pained and pressed out between tightly shut lips.

“I know…”

Taehyung sighed, reaching over to hold Jimin’s hand comforting.

“I couldn’t forgive myself if I hurt him.”

“That’s what he feels right now.”
“I know…”

The doorbell interrupted them, and Yoongi woke up too.

“I’ll get the food.”

“Thanks.”

Jimin and Yoongi said in unison, their voices weirdly harmonizing.

They ate in silence, Taehyung’s and Jimin’s previous conversation pressing down on them like an avalanche that had buried everything.

They agreed on watching a movie on Taehyung’s notebook, and Yoongi decided to join them although he fell asleep throughout the movie - on Jimin.

They watched some sort of fantasy mystery movie that Taehyung had chosen because it centered around demons and of course he wouldn't miss his chance at that. While Jimin had Yoongi cradled in his arms, Taehyung had Fish in his TV-box that was slowly getting too small for him.

If Taehyung noticed that Jimin’s visuals slightly changed whenever the movie performed an exorcism, he didn't mention it.

Jimin didn't really pay attention to the movie, he was far too absorbed in watching Yoongi sleep in his arms.

He was far too content to just hold him and hear him breathe to not call himself whipped.

He felt a certain peace whenever Yoongi was around and even the demonic bloodshed on the screen couldn't stop that feeling.

Maybe it was also the tiny flat, that was already feeling strangely like home to him.

If someone told him that, by Tuesday morning, he would be begging for the pain to stop in that exact same flat, he would have laughed.

But, when Tuesday morning came around, Jimin would indeed be there with tears streaming down his face and begs and pleads on his tongue, because, as a demon, once an angel turned serious, that was all you could do to hope for him to spare your life.

Chapter End Notes

I pressed in a few things I wanted to quote in here :D

and btw: the hot glue potato hypothesis is credited to my best friend, who just turned around to me during chem class and asked me this exact thing.

We then continued to think about it for the next 15 minutes, instead of doing chem, asking around our table too.

Since it was so randomly wonderful, I just had to put it in here.

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Laughing at Yoongi because he fell asleep wasn't as clever anymore, once Jimin found himself waking up with back pain on the same couch. Yoongi was no longer on him, but on the floor in front of him, cursing silently.

Taehyung was sleeping soundly on the opposite of Jimin, their legs twisted into one another, and if Jimin wasn't careful Taehyung could easily kick him in the balls.

“Taehyung! We have a lecture in like 15 minutes and professor fuckwit hates us enough already!”

“Professor Fuckwit?”
Taehyung jerked up at the name, eyes open and his leg extending with force - Jimin hadn't been careful enough.
“Uni is half an hour away, hyung!”

Meanwhile, the incubus curled up into a ball, trying to somehow ease the pain by swaying from left to right. In the end, he fell off the couch, right onto Yoongi.

“Sorry.”
Jimin groaned after Yoongi made an offended noise. It wasn't even supposed to be a groan, but drinking that awful water the day before had hurt his throat a little bit too much.
“Fuck, Tae, you kicked my nuts.”

“Nobody cares about your nuts right now, Jimin! For all I know you could be into that kind of shit. I am going to be murdered by my professor, oh my fuck!”
It seemed like a miracle that Taehyung was so wide awake, and he jumped around trying to get ready or find out what he needed to get ready.

“Bring me that book and I’ll get you there on time.”

“I’m sorry what did you say? You have a volume of -5.”
Taehyung smirked at Jimin, fully registering that it was like that because Jimin’s pride had kept him from not drinking the salt water.

“I said fuck you, I’ll only get hyung there on time now.”
Yoongi snorted and Jimin noticed he was still laying on him, apologizing again and rolling down.

“Hyung, did you even finish your assignment yesterday or were you too busy sexting Jiminie?”
Taehyung was hopping around the living room with a grin on his face, trying to get his legs into his pants, and he made a whooping noise when he dodged the pillow Yoongi threw at him, but then he slipped and fell down anyways.

Jimin wanted to high five Yoongi but didn't.

“Hey, Jiminie, can you be useful and make breakfast? I’m not allowed in the kitchen until we have a new smoke detector since ours died in the most tragic way; Murder.”
Jimin nodded, grabbing the book on his way because he should at least act like he had to look for a fast-travel spell.

Being the shitty friend he was, the demon couldn't resist putting a good amount of prayer water in Taehyung’s morning chocolate, and that was totally worth the minor burn on his fingers when the human spit it all over the table after taking one big gulp.

“Which building do you need to go to?”
He asked when 8 minutes later the three sat at the kitchen counter, eating scrambled eggs and toast - and technically Jimin’s kitchen abilities weren't even advanced enough for that and he had cheated when cooking.
His brother did all that, okay?

“The lecture is in the second music building. That's right next to the first music building, which is where you dance.”

“Hmmm… Something else about that building? I don't recognize it yet and need to know where to
get you.”

“Taehyung, wasn't there that one broom closet in that building?”

Yoongi mentioned, skillfully avoiding talking to Jimin directly.

Taehyung’s face lit up like a Christmas tree on fire.

“Yeah! I don't know how up to date you are with campus rumours but that broom closet is what everyone calls the blowjob-cabinet. There is supposedly that one, specific, cute boy that—”

“Say no more. I know what I did in there. Or, well… who… Anyways, eat up so you aren't late to that Professor Fuckwit, whoever that is.”

Of course, Jimin did not miss the glance Yoongi sent him, looking rather angry, but he doubted Yoongi himself noticed he was staring at him like that. In a way, it made both joy and bitterness bubble up in his chest.

“Oh and Tae, remember to give me some of that hot chocolate you made me yesterday, so I can get some to Jin-hyung.”

From that point, Taehyung wolfed down his breakfast, so he could hurry to prepare his tampered with chocolate and fill it up into a thermos. While being at it, he also began to explain why Professor Fuckwit deserved her name, explaining that Umbridge wasn't being used anymore because the movie department declared her to be worse.

Thanks to Taehyung’s very, very animated description of their monster of a professor, and Yoongi who fell asleep and almost crashed his face into his still food-filled plate, they were late.

Taehyung screamed once he noticed, and Yoongi looked - albeit very tired - like he was ready to kill either everyone in this university or himself or both, just to end the suffering that was about to come upon him.

Jimin hurried to grab a knife and act like he had to check the book to carve the symbol into his hand, and as if it hurt a lot when he drew blood. Taehyung was immediately apologizing, and would have cried out of guilt if Jimin hadn't stopped him quickly, telling him that what he was doing was nothing.

Both humans held tightly onto the demon - like they had been told -and Jimin teleported them all into the tiny broom closet.

Jimin immediately felt something weird, and he moved his knee a little bit.

“Whose crotch is that?”

“Well, it’s not mine.”

Taehyung chirped, and activated the flashlight on his phone, shining the bright light into Yoongi’s eyes first try.

Jimin looked down onto his knee, that was sneakily positioned in between Yoongi’s legs, right against his crotch.

The smirk Jimin sent Yoongi was hungry, and Taehyung stopped them both with a respectful hand slapping on either of their faces.

“No. We talked about doing the nasty with me as a witness. Also, we’re late, and while I believe that you, Jiminie, might give the most mind blowing orgasms, it isn't worth it at all right now.”

Jimin pouted, lowering his knee and receiving a relieved sigh from Yoongi.
They exited the tiny space and Taehyung wanted to run, but Yoongi stopped him, claiming they were already late anyways.

“You know, hyung, I could totally blow you under those tables in the lecture hall. Your professor wouldn't notice if you stay silent enough.”

“No!”
Taehyung stepped in again, his eyes widened and stating how terrified he was.
“I sit next to hyung, and if you try that I will kick you from under that table, Jimin! I love both of you, full bromo, but don't do that!”

Jimin laughed, loud and bubbly, throwing his head back and patting Taehyung on the back to calm him down.
“Don't worry I was joking!”
He exclaimed, sending a wink towards Yoongi who was walking behind them.
“Hyung wouldn't be able to keep quiet anyways, I have a very magical mouth, you know.”

They stopped in front of the lecture hall.

“So, hyung, what do we excuse our lateness with?”

Yoongi shrugged, too tired to care for the punishment they would receive.

“Tae, punch me.”
Jimin spoke up, pointing at his left eye with a serious look.

“What? No!”
Taehyung yelled, a little bit too loud and Yoongi and Jimin slapped their hands onto the boy’s mouth.

Their skins tingled when their hands met and Jimin wanted to laugh, because that was totally not how he imagined to have a hands brushing while reaching into the same bowl of popcorn-moment.

“Yes, punch me. I’ll get you out of punishment. It’s either one of you punching me - and I know hyung won't do it because he loves me too much.”
Jimin poked his tongue out at Yoongi, who looked like he wanted to protest but couldn’t because, for one, he didn't speak to Jimin and secondly also didn't want to lie.
“Or I will go and flirt the heck out of that professor.”

“Punch him, Taehyung.”
Yoongi said sternly as soon as he heard Jimin’s second plan.

Taehyung just gaped at Yoongi, mouth hanging open and at a loss for words.

“Come on, Tae. From dudebro to dudebro, full bromo. Punch me, I’m sure you wanted to at some point when we met.”

And Taehyung did, want to punch Jimin that is. When Jimin had claimed to not have any hopes towards Yoongi, for example. Or at literally any other situation that involved Jimin not trying to get his happiness.

And Taehyung did, punch Jimin.
His fist hit him right on the corner of his eye, and although Jimin stumbled back from the force it was obvious that it hurt Taehyung more to grind his knuckled onto bone - mostly because Jimin wasn’t quite human.
But, because Jimin wasn't quite human, he could very simply speed up the healing process, or rather do that and stop in the middle of it, once his eye was a tinch more blue around the edges and made you feel pain from just looking at it.

“Good, now make me cry or at least tear up.”

Taehyung also took that matter into his own hands, grabbing Jimin from the back and turning his vision so he would look at Yoongi.

“First of all: Sorry. Second of all: Look at him, and then think of all the things you would like to do with him, but can't, because he doesn't want you, or doesn't want to tell you that he wants you.”

Damn, Taehyung was good at hitting people’s most vulnerable points.

Once Jimin’s eye were glistening with dwelling tears, and Yoongi could still not escape his stare, the eldest of the three realized what was going on - and felt guilty.

When Jimin was released, Yoongi automatically extended a hand, but once he touched Jimin’s shoulder blades, the demon shrunk under his touch with a tiny whimper and Yoongi stopped his attempt of comfort.

Jimin snivelled, rubbing at his eyes to get them more red, and then knocked, before opening the door and letting the two students go in first.

Professor Fuckwit was indeed, without a doubt, deserving of her name. And the women hadn't even said anything yet.

Yet, her piercing stare already leaked of evilness, and that judgement came from a demon that grew up in hell.

“Late.”

Was all she said and her voice sounded like fingernails on a chalkboard.

Jimin stepped in front of the two, putting on his most innocent face and trying to imitate a crying puppy, which, given that he was probably very distant cousins with dog demons, was quite easy.

“I- I am afraid that is my fault.”

He acted as best as he could, trying to give a pitiful image to the teacher.

“I was…Attacked. But, these two stepped in, and defended me, saved me!”

Jimin could manage to press a few tears out of his eyes.

“I was so shocked and they stayed with me until I was calm again, so it’s my fault they are late. Please, professor, don't punish them for having such a good, pure heart.”

And just like everyone else, Professor Fuckwit was weak for the demon boy with the name Park Jimin. She gritted her teeth, clearly wanting to give out punishments and all, and ushered Yoongi and Taehyung to their seats with a hand movement.

Jimin smiled and bowed several times, then left.

He texted Taehyung, claiming he’d want to get over with dying his hair today, mostly because he didn't know what colour his new best friend had chosen for them and the anxiety was bugging him a little bit.

Taehyung, of course, was thrilled and promised to fetch Jimin once classes were over, so the demon decided to spend some more time at the college instead of going home.
Luckily, Hoseok was occupying one of the dance halls on his own.

The poor boy almost fell on his butt once he spotted Jimin, and his shriek sounded terribly worrying.

“What happened?”
He yelled instead of greeting Jimin and pointed at his own eye region with way too much gesturing.

Jimin shrugged. The bruise would be gone once he was alone again anyways.

“Taehyung punched me.”

“Did you have a fight? Did you murder his lizard? Taehyung cried when he accidently killed a fly once!”

“Nah, I asked him too. It was all a plan to soothe down professor uh… Some curse word.”

Now Hoseok looked at Jimin with admiration.

“You managed to keep professor Fuckwit from punishing them? Damn, I know you're cute, but not that cute.”

“Well, I am. They didn't get anything for being late.”

“Incredible… Anyways, that Jungkook boy is really an angel, huh? Metaphorical wise I mean.”

“He’s a brat. Doesn't even call me hyung. A brat!”

Hoseok laughed, the sounds echoing in the room.

“You're cool with him though? You were freaking out a while ago.”
Even though Jungkook was a brat, Jimin still worried about him. He was still a baby.

“We had him over for a pyjama party. He’s really adorable. And a good cuddler, and you know I like people that can cuddle. He also saved a few things from our kitchen from death with his superpowers. Do you want to dance a little or did you really come here to talk about your disrespectful dongsaeng?”

Jimin smiled, at first it was warm because hearing that Jungkook - their antisocial, awkward baby chick - was being cherished so much, then it got competitive. Dancing against Hoseok was a lot more fun than dancing with Hoseok.

It was also a lot more exhausting, and when Taehyung came to fetch Jimin, he almost had to scoop him up from the floor.

“So, what colour?”

“Do you really want your surprise spoiled? I promise it will make you look like royalty!”

Jimin almost burst out laughing, because being royalty was more his brother’s cup of tea and definitely not his.

But what could go wrong if he trusted Taehyung?

Many people would probably be very alarmed and yell that a lot could go wrong, if not everything.

But nothing went wrong.

Jimin came out of the hair saloon with silver hair that really did make him look like royalty a bit -
Taehyung had started to address him as Prince Disneyminie and Jimin had pulled one of Taehyung’s ash gray locks each time.

They both rocked the colour though and Jimin was actually quite happy he got the dye instead of Yoongi.
Half because he wanted to have Yoongi stare at him the same way Jimin had when he came out with black hair, otherwise because Jimin was positive that since black haired Yoongi had almost killed him, a silver haired Yoongi would straight up send him into his grave.

At least Jin almost had his eyes plop out of his skull when he saw Jimin, who just grinned at his brother proudly, before dropping his human form and turning full demon.
“It matches!”
Jemin exclaimed with a grin, purposely hiding the information that Taehyung had dyed his hair too.
For the most part because he was a little shit and Jin could suffer from a heart attack himself, but also because the lone mention of Taehyung would probably have him on edge.

He got serious quite fast though, slamming the almost forgotten hot chocolate onto the kitchen table.
“Look what Taehyung made me and you.”

Before Jin could protest he had a filled mug in his hands.

He spit the liquid out once he had the burning taste on his tongue, and Jimin barely dodged.

Jin looked as horrified as he felt.
“He found out! That’s why he doesn’t want me near him!”
The eldest pulled his hair, devastated.
“He’s figuring out how he can break up with me without fearing I will kill him!”

This wasn't on edge anymore.

This was over the edge.

“Hyung. That’s not what- You aren’t listening anyway, are you?”
Jemin rubbed the bridge of his nose, while Jin was caught up in his own state of panic and didn’t realise anything that was said or done around him.
“You aren’t. Great. So, did you know that Yoongi, Taehyung and me had this really big orgy last night? Lots of food and bad movies were involved, if you know what I mean. I came first, that’s why I had to dye my hair. I mean, both of them are in a coma now anyways, but you know, that pink elephant flying around end egging us on did a really good job. Actually, now that I think of it Fish might have been there too, with tiny fairy wings and all… Oh, you’re listening again?”

Jin had been listening since coma and now he was looking down at Jimin with a disappointed, absolutely done look.

“You aren’t helpful.”

“You weren’t listening how was I supposed to be helpful. He was cool with me spitting my chocolate out first sip and-”

“According to your voice you drank a lot more.”

“Of course I couldn’t have my pride been hurt, I drank the whole mug. As I said, he was cool with me. And he mentioned that he was unsure whether you were his real soulmate that really loved him blah blah. I told him yes to both things, obviously, I’m a good dongsaeng, duh… Don’t panic about that anymore. When Tae told you it would only change your relationship to the better, he was telling
the truth. I think he just needs to figure it all out on his own, what exactly you are and all that. I can subtly drop hints if you want? So what I’m trying to say is: Calm the fuck down, hyung.”

“Calm down?! Jimin do you know how it is to not be able to see or hear or anything your soulmate? That pull? It hurt—”

Jimin’s gaze turned ice cold and his voice was harsh when he interrupted the older demon who blushed when he heard what his brother had to say.
“I know that.”

“Right, sorry. But… How can I be calm?”

“Hyung.”
Jimin sighed, now actually preparing real hot chocolate.
“I’m not telling you to be calm about the pull. Pace through the whole living room if it makes you feel better. I mean, if anyone understands that it’s me. I still feel the pull, even if we meet and spend time together. It’s not just a physical thing of separation. But you are overthinking, that’s what you need to stop.”

“Right… I… You’re right. It’s just hard… What if he finds someone better? Overthinking, got it… Gonna go pace now. I’m going crazy.”

And pacing he was, from one door to another and back.

Since it wasn’t the first time this had happened since Taehyung called for a timeout, Jimin didn’t react to it. The feeling of restlessness was natural when it came to the pull that soulmates felt, and Jimin had felt and still felt it several times.

He had to leave his brother alone anyways, work and all, and the cover up he was scheduled to do kept him in his little office for the next few hours. His fingers and eyes were so tired afterwards, that he went to bed right away.

Jimin wasn’t even fully awake yet, when he felt a call, a summoning and while he usually ignored those and let other demons have the fun, the strawberry ice cream that was offered told him to hurry before anyone else could get there.

After all, he had told Yoongi to summon him in a case of emergency.

He was quick enough to remember that Yoongi had not seen him with silver hair yet, so that he had to arrive with his previous colour.

“It’s still so early, hyung, everything alright?”
Jimin rubbed his eyes when he arrived, and put his attention on the ice cream first - his favourite brand and flavour, luckily.

“Hyung?”

Once he looked up, confused that no greeting or answer came, the demon’s blood froze.

He was staring right into the piercing, red eyes of a former angel, and by the growl he let out, the fallen one wasn’t in a good mood.

Next to him, with a very regretting and apologetic face, stood Taehyung, throwing careful glances at Jimin.
Jimin who was trapped inside the ritual’s hand-drawn circle until someone would let him out.
By the snarl Jungkook let out when Jimin moved to look around the room, that wouldn't be the case to happen very soon.

“Unveil your looks, demon.”

Jungkook’s voice was strict and didn’t allow any disobedience. Even Taehyung noticed that, and he hadn't even understood what the fallen angel had commanded since it wasn't the language humans spoke.

Jimin shivered, but he knew he couldn’t just give in so easily. Mainly, because if he would just change his hair colour, maybe expose his demonic form, Jungkook would still not believe him the slightest.
If he were to believe him, with the state of fury he was in right now, Jimin would not be safe just because he exposed himself to be a friend.

So, for now, all he could do, was to act against the orders, keep up a mask of false pride and not show how terrified he was.

And he did, managing so flawlessly because he kept reminding himself that Jungkook was their little maknae, their little baby chick, and not one of the most fearful, strongest forces.

“You want me to strip?”
He asked, flashing a coy smile, and slowly putting his hand towards the hem of his shirt, not pulling upwards but raising an eyebrow.

The next second Jimin couldn't feel anything under his feet, and a strong hand curled around his throat, choking him and making his limbs feel numb and number with every second.

“Don’t.”
The fallen angel warned, wings spreading in terror and threat.

“Play games with me, incubus.”

Jimin had no choice but to play games while he hoped for some miraculous rescue before he would be killed.
He turned to Taehyung, felt the hand press down harder like a warning, and while it pained him to see his friend look so terrified and close to crying, he ignored it, instead turned his appearance into what Taehyung desired most - Jin.

Jungkook dropped him, as if he had burned himself, and scowled down at him with obvious disgust.
Jimin had to be careful now, that he knew.

“I like games.”
He grinned, standing up and finding himself to be a lot taller now that he looked like his brother - which was very weird by the way.

“Let’s play.”

Wings rustled once more, and the angel made an upwards motion with two of his fingers.
Jimin was in the air once more, invisible forces holding him in place and slowly cutting of his air supply. He gasped.

“I haven't played enough with you that you can be that delusional to challenge someone like me in the situation you're in; at my mercy. Do what I want, incubus, and it won't get worse for you as it is right now.”
Jungkook poked a finger at Jimin’s chest, and while the movement seemed so innocent, it made the incubus’ skin burn like it was a knife ripping through his skin and shattering his bones.

But Jimin showed nothing, just bit his lips and slowly opened his eyes to stare down at Jungkook, who smirked as he felt the body shiver under his torturous touch.

“If you don't do what I want… Well… Let’s see when you start begging… when you take your last breath.”

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 35

Chapter Summary

Jungkook gets angry and Jimin only makes it worse

Chapter Notes

I didn't proofread and it's 2.30 in the morning and I finally found time to write and finish this (must be record time) but am too tired (and have a headache) to read over it again. So,
I don't think I've ever received that many comments for a chapter.
Thank you!
Anyways, my friend has been hyping me over this OUTCAST Fanfic on Twitter and I might read it tomorrow? I don't know, I love-hate horror and ugh, but its trending in the hashtags worldwide right now so it seems to be good?

Maybe you'll be too busy reading it instead of this? :D
Hope you have "fun" with this chapter :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I...”
The incubus gasped for air.
“I don't beg. I make people beg. Sexy kind of begging.”

“We'll see about that.”

Once more he was dropped to the ground and Jungkook turned his back on Jimin, the big wings hitting him full force, and he groaned in pain when his body was pushed to the side but met with the invisible wall of the circle he was trapped in.

The fallen angel went into the kitchen and pots and pans rustling was what gave Jimin time to talk to Taehyung.

The human was standing there like a statue, mortified and frozen but with tears slowly dropping down his cheeks.

Jimin really wanted to hug him, but he couldn't get out of the circle and if Taehyung got in he would be dead for sure - Jungkook would think he had been lured in.

The incubus moved a finger to his lips, and changed back into Jimin with orange hair - he didn't need to make things worse for his innocent friend. Watching your friend getting tortured by a friend was bad enough; watching your soulmate endure pain... Well, Taehyung had had it hard enough the last few days.

“We need to tell him!”
Taehyung hissed, voice wavering in panic.

“He wouldn't believe either of us.”
Jimin bit his lip.
“Not me, for obvious reasons, and not you. It’s my job to deceive humans, remember? It would get him more angry if anything. I’ll… I’ll find a way out of this, okay? Just… It’s a lot to ask but I have the hopes he won't give 100% if you're there. Or…”
He laughed bitterly, throwing glances at the kitchen.
“At least I am sure he won't kill me if you stay. Can you do that? You can't tell him though.”

Taehyung nodded quickly, body shrinking under the words angry and kill.

“I’ll be fine, Tae, don't worry. Your black eye is also already gone, see?” He pointed to his eye and smiled weakly, feeling like he was trying to convince himself instead of Taehyung.
“And Kookie isn't the type to get messy, so he won't hurt me with the kind of stuff that might kill me by accident either. I'll be fine. Fine… Fine…”

“Don't worry? Fuck you're unbelievable!”
Taehyung pulled his hair, a devastated expression on his face.

“Trust me.”
Jimin pleaded, and twitched when he heard the fallen angel’s angry footsteps. He didn't even have time to turn around and watch him approach, because all of a sudden his body was soaked in water that felt like fire on his skin.

“Don't talk to him, Taehyung. I can't risk to have you charmed by his foul tricks.”
Jungkook didn't sound like the maknae of the group - he was actually a lot more older than all of them, and he had been in a higher position before his fall too, even in hell he was the respected one, but neither of that was usually noticeable.

The Jungkook right now though, was ordering around, glaring daggers at his targets to diminish any complaints and clearly in charge.

Taehyung’s But died on his tongue and he averted his gaze from either of them.
He was pulling on his fingers again, his mind urging him to do something but his body finding itself to be unmovable and frozen - unable to do anything but worry and hope.

“Was a hot shower everything?”
Jimin didn't need Jungkook to lash out at Taehyung too, and quickly got the angel’s attention with a snarky comment.

A bad idea, as he found out when wings rustled again and Jimin’s body was rising up by a force again.

“Thought I’d get you a hot drink too.”
Jungkook grinned, superior and proud, and when Jimin didn't open his jaw the fallen angel grabbed it and forced it open with a grip as hard as iron.

Jimin choked on the prayer water that was forced down his throat and he knew that besides the pain, with this amount he would have problems to use his powers properly once Jungkook was done.

The incubus coughed and gasped for air when his lungs were free of water again, but the grip on his jaw didn't leave and hardened.
In the suspicion that Jungkook was just summoning the prayer water right now, Jimin was at least mentally prepared for the next few loads of water that were pressed into his mouth and body although every single one left him groaning in pain and choking for air to survive, even coughing out blood towards the end.

His jaw hurt more than it ever had and Jungkook was still not letting go.

“Is that enough to have you listen to my demands or do I still have to go further?”

The angel’s voice boomed, but sounded cocky just like the head tilt and twitch of eyebrows he send Jimin.

“You didn’t go that far yet. I’m curious and very unwilling. I’ll always be, you know? No way in any world you will get me to expose my name or form. You wouldn’t believe me anyway… would just kill me for sure.”

Jimin still managed to get a weak grin out of him, and it looked distorted due to his still opened jaw, but his eyes spoke fire and Jungkook understood just fine.

“Would I? Have we met before, by chance?”

Jimin really felt like crying now, just blurting out the truth. But Jungkook wouldn't believe him anyways, it would only get him more furious, and that wasn't what Jimin needed right now..

“You could say that…”

Jungkook finally let go, and slowly began pacing around the circle Jimin was trapped in.

“And…”

He hit Jimin in the face with his wing when the incubus didn't turn his head to look at him.

“What did you do to anger me to the point that I would definitely kill you if I found out about your identity?”

Well, Jimin sure did not have a lie as an answer for that. And he wasn’t good at improvising right now.

“Killed mindlessly, carelessly. Abused those humans you like as my dinner without taking a thought for their lives… You must feel it, right? That’s what you angels do. Know when someone deserves or not… Do you feel it with me too? Do I deserve what you are doing to me, or do you ignore that instinct that would make you feel guilt?”

The comment still startled the fallen angel. Usually, demons did not know that much about a fallen’s traits, so it was already strange that this incubus knew about it.

But maybe, although Jimin doubted it since none of what he had just said was a lie, Jungkook really did not feel that the demon deserved it.

Unlikely, since Jimin had been raised like everyone else, in the regards that humans were just toys and objects. He had acted according to that too, for the most part of his life, quarreled with a few angels here and there as well.

“How do you know about that?”

“I’m not an idiot.”

“I doubt that, given the situation you’re in and how easy you could get out of it.”
Jimin laughed, sounding like he was losing his mind.

“Do you feel it?”
He actually wanted an answer, but startling the angel some more seemed like a good idea now. “Or maybe you're just telling yourself that you do, because you want me to be evil, to be a threat to your precious Yoongi hyung? Can't accept that there are other people in his life that would protect him like you do. Maybe you're even in love with him? What would his soulmate sa-”

A blow to his guts pressed all the air out of Jimin’s lungs and Jungkook’s red, burning gaze made him fear for his life once more.
He had went to far, suggesting a more than platonic, brotherly or admirable love for Yoongi, when Jimin knew that Jungkook was most likely not even able to experience romantic attraction.

“Do you want to die through my hands that badly?”

Another punch and Jimin felt his ribs crack under the force.

“And how do you dare bring in the man whose body you're taking right now? How do you dare bring in Jimin while you are abusing the fact that they are soulmates that can't be happy?!”

The next punch hit Jimin’s already aching jaw, and when his head was turned to the side he once more met Taehyung’s gaze.

“I was actually helping him come to terms with that, you should ask Yoongi.”
Jimin coughed out, keeping his gaze on Taehyung instead of Jungkook - it seemed easier for now.

“What would he say, by the way, if he found out about this?”

“I don't care about that. He doesn't realize the fire he's about to burn himself with!”
Every words was punctuated with another punch, reaching different places on Jimin’s chest.

The incubus felt like dying, although he knew he wasn't and wouldn't, but due to the heavy dosis of prayer water he couldn't heal properly and he didn't want to know how much of his bones were crushed to dust already.

“You seem more like a blaze than me. You should trust him.”

“How can you trust a human when he’s been deceived by an incubus? I know how you guys are.”

Jimin’s neck cracked when Jungkook forced his head to face forward again, and he slowly lost the feeling in his legs from hanging in the air for too long - maybe also because the punched did some severe damage to his spine but who knew, it would heal anyway (if he survived).

“Why?”
Jimin spit out the blood that was leaving a copper taste in his mouth.

“Because you've been deceived by them too, fallen angel?”

Once more, he had went too far and if Jungkook found out about what was going on right now, Jimin would definitely apologize for that comment, aware that he had overstepped a line.

More parts of his body cracked when he fell to the ground, and the demon found himself unable to move at all, and just stayed on the cold floor in his curled up position.

His breath came heavily and Jimin feared he would feel the power of Jungkook’s legs and feet now, but the fallen angel started pacing again, taking rounds around the circle.
Every time he left Jimin’s field of view the incubus felt his whole body become heavier, scared to death for pain that would come out of the blue.

“Taehyung, leave.”

“No.”
The human’s voice was wavering once he had caught one that Jungkook probably wanted to be alone so he could kill Jimin.
He didn't sound as determined as he actually was.

Jimin managed a smile, thankful for his friend.

“No?”
Jungkook was laughing, unsatisfied that Taehyung had talked back.
“Listen to me, you weren't supposed to see any of this from the beginning on, but now you will leave.”

“No. Don't boss me around, and stop doing what you're doing there. It’s wrong and you will regret it, trust me. You promised me you’d trust my judgement, but you've ignored both mine and Yoongi’s on this. How you act right now…”
Taehyung dared to meet Jungkook’s red gaze.
“It scares me. You scare me. Just let him go.”

“He got you too, huh? Caught in his web? You're humans, of course he has. You should trust my judgement too, Taehyung, more than your own when it comes to this incubus. Leave, or I will do it in front of your eyes. I don't want to, but he has to go. Now. Before it is too late.”

“You have to stop before it’s too late.”
Mumbled the human, looking down at Jimin, who was still hunched over on the floor, just his retching breath giving away that he was still alive.
“You're not in your right mind right now, so I it wouldn't be of use if I’d tell you who he was anyways… With the state you've left him in I doubt he could tell you himself right now.”

Jungkook’s eyes twitched from Jimin to Taehyung, narrowed and suspicious.
“Leave, that is your last warning.”

“Are you serious? Stop that right now!”

And Taehyung pushed Jungkook back, away from Jimin and with a lot more strength than he had expected. So much strength, that Taehyung’s phone fell out of his pocket and dropped onto the ground, but not into Jimin’s reach.

The movement Taehyung’s foot made to swipe the device into the demon’s outstretched hand told Jimin that it wasn't unplanned to drop it, and with shaking fingers he hurried to make an emergency call - technically he knew what Taehyung’s passcode was but he couldn't remember it at the moment - for once not feeling pathetic for knowing his soulmates number by heart.

Taehyung was pushing against the angel’s body once Jungkook had started to attempt to walk back, and since the angel was obviously the stronger one, Taehyung found himself slowly sliding back and back towards Jimin.

“You can’t just kill the incubus! Not in my living room or anywhere else! Not before he hasn't done anything to actually hurt any of us! Stop!”

Jungkook gritted his teeth and yelled back, furious.
“Do you first want someone of your friends to die? Maybe yourself? Do you want that so I can make one life pay with another one? Do you?!”

“You would regret it! You will already regret what you did!”

“My guts tell me he deserved everything, that makes regret impossible. I don’t want to hurt you, Taehyung, you’re my friend. So step aside!”

“No! He’s my friend too!”

“He isn’t!” Jungkook swirled them around like an angry dance, eventually getting free access to Jimin again, lifting the motionless body up with one hand and basically no effort.

“You won’t get mercy from me just because you look like him. Do you really want to die in a form that’s not even yours?”

Jimin laughed weakly, staying silent at first, but then giving a last attempt of saving himself.

“You’re a bad friend if you really do that in front of Taehyungie.”

“Don’t call him that, he’s not your friend.”

“He is. I’m glad I won’t at least be alone if you decide to end my life now.” When Jimin looked at Taehyung, he saw tears streaming down the human’s face again, and he smiled at him.

“You know, I know your name, yet I didn’t stop you, because I know that you think you’re doing the right things right now. Can you promise me something, like a last wish, Jeon Jeongguk?”

“Yes.”

The answer came out before the fallen angel had even processed the question he had been asked, or more ordered since his name had been used.

“Don’t hate yourself if you kill me, or if you don’t. Just. It’s okay. If anything, hate yourself for doing that in front of an innocent friend and human. That’s the only regret you should have.”

“What?”

“Promise me. I want an honest promise at least.”

“Even now you’re not stopping me? You could have, still could. It would be a fight for me to lose. I’d let you win, I won’t sew your mouth shut.”

Jimin shook his head.

“It wasn’t a fight, Jungkookie. Never was. I don’t fight against people like you. I fight against the people that hurt my friends. If you still think it’s the right choice to end my life, go ahead. Your choice. Just promise me before.”

And the fallen angel actually hesitated.

“Who exactly are you? What are you?”

“I’m an incubus that prefers men to women, I’m a kumiho that doesn’t eat livers, I’m a person with lots of meaningless soulmarks, and the one soulmark that matters to me is staying a painful secret on my body, I’m a friend and a caring hyung, people say I am too nice for my own good, given that I’d let you kill me right now, that might be true. Is that what you want to hear as an answer? It’s not, I know that, and that’s why I didn’t tell you before. You want to hear that I’m a monster, just like all
the other demons in hell. But I’m not like that anymore. Trust me on that one.”

Something like realization drew onto Jungkook’s face, eyes widening and breath hitching. Jimin sunk back to the ground, slumping down immediately but staying in a sitting position this time.

He saw how Jungkook mouthed Jimin’s full name, staring at the demon who slowly turned his tired eyes to their original yellow colour. He could use any energy he had now anyway.

Jungkook looked like he couldn't believe anything, not himself or the demon in front of him, and before he could decide what to believe he was interrupted by the main door slamming open and a very angry looking Yoongi barging in.

“How dare you, Jungkook, touch him, fucking torture him?! Almost murder him?! Are you nuts?” The human barked, quickly crossing the distance and landing a solid fist on the angel’s jaw.

He didn't spend any more attention onto the maknae, but bend down to Jimin instead, reaching out to touch him but quickly retrieving his hands when the demon groaned in pain by the slightest touch.

“Are you alright?” Yoongi asked, although it was obvious that nothing was alright with the demon’s body.

“Yeah. It’s nothing too bad. Thanks for coming.”
His body screamed and protested, but he still managed to drop himself into his soulmate’s arms, head resting onto Yoongi’s shoulder and body leaning against his chest.
The ache went back a little bit, his soulmate’s presence and touch soothing and like balsam to his wounds.

“Promise me something, hyung?” He couldn't stop tears from finally rolling down his cheeks when Yoongi carefully curled arms around him. Jimin was so relieved all of a sudden.

“Don’t hate him, don’t be angry with him. Please, promise me you will do that. He’ll do that to himself enough, trust me. He thought it was right. I would have done the same. Just, don’t hate him. Don’t… It’s fine. I already forgave him, if there even was anything to forgive.”

“That doesn't make sense.” Anyone could hear that Yoongi was pissed, yet tried to sound gentle towards Jimin.

“It does. It does, just promise me.”

“Promise. Let’s get you out of that circle, shall we?”

“Thank you.”

“Anytime.”

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 36

Chapter Summary

Cuddles, exposure, dudebros

Chapter Notes

I'm on time!

First of all, thanks for all those comments! Like wow I had so much fun reading them and answering you guys ♥
Second of all, you better be thankful I wrote this chapter (and the next one as well) although I now have a tattoo on my arm and exactly on that spot my laptop touches when I type (what I'm trying to say it that the tattoo doesn't really hurt unless I apply pressure to it or anything, which is what happens when I type.) I am also addicted to tattoos now. Great. my poor wallet. At least I can tell that the bullshit I wrote about tattooing in here was at least mostly accurate xD

This and the next chapter aren't overly big, but have the size I want for a chapter, which hasn't happened in forever I feel ^^'

Anyways, I hope you all have fun and can calm down with this chapter after all I made you go through!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was a mess to get Jimin into a somewhat comfortable position in a place where he could actually rest. A still very much shaken up Taehyung had to help in the end, carefully helping Yoongi heave the motionless body to the latter’s bedroom and onto the soft mattress.

“Where’s he?”
Jimin asked once there were no more hands on his body.

“Jungkook that idiot? I’m sure he left. He better does, before I-”

“Yoongi. You promised.”
Although he was dead tired, Jimin found it more important to stay awake and rescue their maknae’s damaged friendship.
“I would have done the same, it’s fine. I kind of already did the same, didn’t I? Saving you from that alp?”

Yoongi gritted his teeth, obviously still mad despite his promise.
“That alp thing was actually hurting me.”

“I know that now, yes.”
The demon reached out for Yoongi, who carefully grabbed his hand, a finger slowly drawing patterns inside the palm to relax both of them. Jimin’s heart made a jump at the touch, and he needed to concentrate a bit to pick up where he had left before.

“But back then, the first time. I also acted according to what it looked like, I didn't ask what it actually was. And based on my own experience with alps I wouldn't have believed anything else than that it was hurting you. Just like your friend who also has some sort of grudge against my kind.”

Jimin sighed and mumbled the next bit.
“If anything, I have to apologize for some comments that crossed the line…”

“Jungkook did leave. He looked pretty shocked, I’m not sure if it was simply because hyung punched him…”
As always, even in a state like that, Taehyung was quick to catch on and by now also aware that he was no longer the only one to be a part of the secret that there was no other incubus.

He also seemed as forgiving as Jimin had wished for him to be. If anything, the only thing that would be held against Jungkook now would really be that he had almost done that in front of an innocent friend.

“That punch hurt hyung more than the baby chick. Can I have your phone?”

“Is Jungkook really the only resident of hell to use a phone? He says he even has signal there.”
Yoongi seemed annoyed when he handed out his phone to Jimin, who took it with shaking hands but the small smile on his lips when Jimin laughed silently told everyone that he didn't mind in the slightest to lend it.

“Believe it or not, when I thought you emergency called me, I did not grab my phone but hurried over before someone else could.”
Not a lie at least, and Taehyung laughed too, his own tension from the shock slowly fading.

Jimin hurried to type a message to his brother, that was probably more cryptic looking than anything else.

He deleted the message right after so Yoongi wouldn't be able to see it, then opened the chat between Jungkook and Yoongi - trying to not snoop around and read the disgustingly sweet brotherly messages.

He failed a little bit (okay a lot), just seeing that Yoongi was using emoticons for the angel was heartwarming enough.
Jimin remembered how Hoseok had complained about it once, since he was usually texting with more emotes than words and felt weird when Yoongi went all business talk on him.

What Jimin also saw was that Yoongi and Jungkook where equally often reassuring each other in things they were insecure about. It made Jimin even happier, because he could see that those weren't problems the fallen angel would talk about with the two incubus.

And then Jimin stumbled upon two other things, that made it hard for him to not grin until his cheeks would rip.
First, Yoongi was actively asking about Jimin. Mindless things like how he was doing, if he had eaten, if he wasn't overworking himself. (Jimin ignored the fact that Jungkook’s answers were playfully rude, and that he called the demon a lazyass on more than one occasion).
But he also spotted questions like what Jimin’s favourite colour was, favourite animal, food, a place he liked to go to, movie, music, flowers even (Jimin hoped that Yoongi did not know the names of the flowers he used to have tattooed on his back, because that would be very embarrassing and unprofessional.) After he found a question about his birthday, the fact that Yoongi’s passcode had looked very suspiciously like that exact date made a lot more sense.

And then, Jimin spotted pictures Jungkook had sent. Pictures that the fallen angel took sneakily of Jimin when they had been spending time together.

He stopped scrolling after that, scared he’d start crying if he did and found more of that.

Besides, messaging Jungkook to soothe him was more important right now, for Jimin at least.

It’s Jimin. I’m not mad, don’t be too hard on yourself. Don’t tell Jin, please. Let’s talk and make up once I’m able to walk again! I’ll treat you to meat, baby chick. Your favourite hyung loves you!

After some thought, Jimin added something, making really sure that Jungkook would get that he was not mad.

Also, don't just take pictures of me like this! I will look ugly and if you tell me I will pose pretty and still make it look casual for Yoongi!

Again, those messages were deleted and Jimin dropped the phone next to him onto the mattress with a huff, trying to forget the sweet things he had just seen.

“I really would have expected more fascination from you, Taehyung.”

“Your eyes are pretty cool, just, wrong moment I think?”

Still, the human hopped onto the covers right next to the incubus, grinning down at him - a hint of worry still lingering in his eyes.

“Can’t you heal super fast?”

“You know, hm, when I get too much of that nasty water... It kind of cleans me and repels my body from doing anything demonic. No healing and once I put off the spells I have on right now I won’t be able to put them back on. I can’t feel my legs either, so I hope you are willing to give me shelter for at least tonight.”

“I thought that was out of question. How do you recharge then?”

Yoongi let himself sit at Jimin’s other side, slowly carding a hand through the orange, wet hair.

Taehyung silently cooed, but the aggressive looking aww-face still didn’t slip from Jimin’s vision. “Technically, I’m starving right now. Feeding is possible like this, at least. I don’t even think I’m controlling my pheromones right now, aren’t I? But a nap should do. A long one.”

“Yeah, you’re not.”

Yoongi mumbled.

“It’s fine though, breakfast was worse.”

“What do you mean?”

Taehyung piped up, looking curious.

Jimin laughed once more.

“You demigods and your immunity to my charms. I mean that my pheromones, that are basically aphrodisiac, are flowing naturally right now, which means that I am slowly giving hyung a hard-on… Usually, I would welcome that a lot but I’m not in the mood right now.”
“We talked about sex with me as a witness.”
Taehyung made a cross with his fingers and hissed while pointing it towards Jimin and Yoongi.

“You said you were hungry though…”
Yoongi ignored that Taehyung had mixed up the two Jimins - or at least Yoongi thought Taehyung did - and came back to the topic of the incubus getting better.

“Yeah, starving, since my energy is either gone or blocked.”
Yoongi flushed and Jimin already knew what he was about to offer, and what would be declined.

“I could help you out… Taehyung would obviously leave the room but with the amount of stuff in the air right now I think I could even help you when you are like that right next to me.”

“I could go into my room to do something too?”

“A+ buddy service, but no thanks. Since I can't really get a grip to my powers, I can't control how much I drain either. And you are still drained from last time, hyung, don't lie to me I can sense that shit! So unless you want to play wingman for a bruised, immobile demon so he can kill some innocent human at a club, just let me nap for now.”
Jimin remembered something important before he really fell asleep.

“Could I just ask for you to take Taehyung’s room? I’m not sure how I will control my powers in my sleep. And for one, Tae is practically immune to me in case he stays here and also because I don't want you to freak out in case I drop all the spells and wake up with how I actually look.”

“You literally had claws in my hair at one point.”
Yoongi deadpanned and was overtuned by Taehyung yelling excitedly about Claws? How awesome!

“But fine. Do you want something to drink? Another blanket? Anything to make you feel less like you didn't just almost die?”

Jimin smiled, hand reaching out to pet Yoongi’s knee (which was the only thing in reach for him without over exhausting his tired limbs) thankful.

“Your bed smells like you, that’s enough. Thanks, hyung. Thanks a lot.”

“You two are so disgustingly cute. Good night, hyungie!”

Jimin relaxed the moment the door shut close and he was already halfway in dreamland when he heard Taehyung’s door open and close.

“Would it be easier for you if you just stop hiding your real form or whatever?”

Jimin hummed in agreement, turning his head towards Taehyung who was lying next to him and looked like he was tired enough to sleep as well.

“You just want to see what it looks like, right?”

“You said some demon word that I don't know. Of course I want to see.”

“Fine, but don't yell. Honestly, I was glad Jungkook didn't get that out of me or he would have had a lot more stuff to break.”
Jimin sighed and closed his eyes.

“Pull my pants down a little bit so it won't hurt. And also, feel honoured for fuck’s sake I don't just expose myself to anyone.”

“How far down? Does your demon form have, like, a horse dick or something? Because I don't want
to see that.”

“Just under the tailbone, my dick is already impressive enough thanks.”

“Do you have a tail? Damn, Jiminie. You might be cooler than I already thought.”

Jimin smirked, opening his eyes to stare at his friend again. Challenging yellow eyes meeting Taehyung’s dark orbs before his pants were carefully rutted down.

“I have 9.”
Was all Jimin said, completely dropping all of his illusions.

Taehyung gaped, not knowing where to look first.

The white fox ears on top of Jimin’s silvery hair looked very fluffy and also invited to petting sessions, but then again, so did the nine equally white and fluffy tails that curled around Jimin’s bruised body - one of them dared to stroke over Taehyung’s cheek once and it would have been a lot more lust-demon like if the human wouldn’t have gotten fur into his open mouth.

“Dude, are you like, Naruto or something?”
Taehyung breathed out.

“More importantly, can I pet you? With all that white fur you look just like my dog back in Daegu.”

Jimin glared at Taehyung, a growl escaping him now that he also possessed some of his more animalistic traits.

“Call me a dog and you can join Jungkook on the time out bench. But yeah, feel free to pet me. Might fall asleep faster.”

Jimin hurried to close his eyes again when Taehyung’s hand neared his head.

“You're relieved, right? Don't think I didn't see you blushing when you exposed yourself.”

Jimin but his lip with a silent curse on his mind.

“I’m glad you don’t mind me the way I am, yes. I put a lot of trust in you by doing that. So thank-”

The rest of his sentence was swallowed when Jimin’s throat took acting on its own, loud purrs escaping him once Taehyung managed to hit that one spot with his long fingers.

“Shall I call you kitty then?”

“You are so glad I’m unable to hit or curse you right now. Come a little closer to my face and I might bite you though.”

“Just rest, Jiminie. I’m glad you're okay.”

Jimin just purred louder, finally falling asleep.

He didn't hear how Taehyung shed some sobs of relief, or how he confessed how scared he had been.

Jimin still knew all that.
Of course he did, otherwise he wouldn't have asked Taehyung to stay with him and just asked for solitude.
He wouldn't have exposed his true form either, but he knew that he could trust Taehyung now and that he would probably never again find a friend like him.
And while Taehyung cried a little bit, and in the end fell asleep with one hand tangled in Jimin’s hair, scooted close to the demon’s still quickly healing body, Jimin dreamed of Yoongi planning a date for them with all of Jimin’s favourite things and full of sugary kisses.

When Jimin woke up, the sweet dream left a bitter taste with it and the sunset seemed a lot darker than it usually did.

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

Kit, tattoos, baby chick

Chapter Notes

I promise the next chapter will be funnier and lighter again D:
And maybe longer? Dunno yet.
Hehe, I hope you still like this chapter though, I tried taking care of those poor poor souls!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He really wanted to leave, but when Jimin tried to heal himself faster his powers backfired and decided that making a pipe in the heating system explode was a lot more useful.

It startled Taehyung awake and the poor boy looked very confused as to why something was making such a high-pitched shriek right next to him.

“Sorry.”
Jimin smiled sheepishly.
“I’m still repulsing my demon side.”

“Make it stop and come cuddle.”
Taehyung fell back into the pillows, making grabby hands at his friend with a tired pout.

Luckily, Jimin could at least wobble on his two feet again, tails helping with the balance a lot.

“What’s going on?”
Yoongi yelled, suddenly standing outside his own room.

Jimin panicked because he was still looking a way he didn't want to be seen.
“I kind of blew up your heating, sorry!”

Even standing next to the screaming pipe Jimin could hear the sigh.

“Don't touch it, you'll get burned. I’ll fix it.”

The door opened just the tiniest bit, and Jimin was gone, a sloppily drawn symbol on his palm.

But because he had forced the spell onto his repelling body, it backfired as well, both ways.

But at least, when every other pipe in the apartment burst too, Yoongi was too busy shutting off everything to notice the fur on his covers, and by the time he went to bed he was too tired and only noticed a scent that felt like a warm, soft embrace and lulled him to sleep.
Jimin, on the other side (of campus), fell into his living room with a pained yelp, startling awake the person that had been sleeping on the sofa.

“Jimin?”

The voice was cracked and broken sounding a way it only would after hours of crying.

“Yeah… It’s me. Sorry for waking you up.”

Jimin tried to sound warm and soft, and found that while soothing someone vocally was something he could do, getting up from the floor was not.

“Could you help me up?”

The boy stuttered a tiny yes and Jimin found his body rising upwards without someone touching him.

It made him so uncomfortable and when he writhed against the force the boy stopped moving him upwards, his breath audibly stopping as well.

“Could you come here and like, touch? Please?”

He stumbled over his own feet when he made his way to the demon. His arms and hands wobbled awkwardly, not sure where or if to touch Jimin and the incubus had to pull the body down to properly cling to it.

The wounded demon didn't let go once his feet touched the ground again but tucked his face into the next that was bared to him.

He knew that his friend knew what that meant to a demon like him: pure devotion.

“Are you okay?”

The boy under Jimin’s embrace shivered under the bitter laugh that was escaping him when he heard the question.

“I should ask you that, not you me.”

“Maybe. Are you?”

“No. I’m sorry.”

Jimin heard a sniffle after that.

“Let’s go to my room baby chick. Did you get my texts?”

He still hung onto Jungkook, arms tightly closed around the broad shoulders, touching just the base of wings that weren't there right now - the sensitivity still was and so was the double sided message that came with touching it, trust and comfort.

“I did.”

Jungkook slowly dragged them onto Jimin’s bed and the incubus did only let go of the hug once he was sitting onto the angel’s lap in a way that made it impossible to create distance.

Only now did he take a good look at his maknae.

Swollen, red-cried eyes were enough to break Jimin’s heart. The angel hadn't looked that bad since his fall.

But Jimin also saw the split-up lip and blue-tinged jaw.
The fallen flinched when Jimin reached out, but once his thumb parted the bruised lips slightly and he tilted the other's head Jungkook was no longer resisting the caressing gestic.

“Isn't it a lot more exhausting to stop your healing than to just let it heal naturally with super speed?” He wondered as he inspected the wounds.

I deserve it.”
Was all Jungkook said, voice strained and eyes hard.

“Don't do that to yourself, baby chick. I could have stopped you any time. You promised me, didn't you?”

“Why didn't you?”
It wasn't meant to sound like an accusation and Jimin sure didn't take it as one, but by the way Jungkook closed his eyes and let out s stressed breath he sure picked his own words up like one.

“Stop you?”
The angel nodded, blinking fast to stop his tears.

“I don't like to use names; its unfair. You know, there's one thing that offends me about what you did…”

“Only one?”
Jungkook asked, rubbing over his eyes with the back of his hand furiously to stop any spilling.

“Only one.”
Jemin emphased.

“What gives you the idea that I, a first class Prince-Charming incubus, would let some lousy incubus even in the same city as my soulmate?”

The shy smile was a small victory for Jimin.
Baby steps for his baby chick.

“Are you really not mad?”

“No baby chick. Never was.”

“Then don't call me baby chick.”
He pouted, looking like the normal Jungkook again.

“Would you rather call me hyung then, Jungkookie?”

Jungkook hurried with an answer.

“Baby chick is fine.”

They laughed, albeit aware that Jimin would never let this down.

Be a good baby chick then and pet me.”

“Groom or pet?”

Jimin knew that his fur was disheveled and most likely knotted too, but he didn't want someone to tug at his skin right now.

“Just pet. Feels nice.”
“Show me your wounds first?”

Jimin gave the angel a look, wondering what part of *Don't do that to yourself* this boy just did not get.

“Not to put myself down… more. I just don't want to hurt you… more”

Jimin huffed but took off his shirt.
“Admit it, you just want to see my awesome body.”

“Sure.”

The incubus hadn't even looked at his body yet, neither having had the time or energy for it.

Wriggling out of his pants was another challenge, but Jimin managed and took a look at his legs first.

“Those aren't too bad.”
He decided, looking at the slightly scraped and bruised knees, skin turning red and purple from where he had been dropped to the ground.

“Honestly, I’m so glad you spared my dick.”
He shivered at the mere thought of it.

Jungkook grunted, carefully reaching for Jimin’s chest.

“Do you think I gave you internal bleeding?”
He asked and stopped touching the skin that was painted a painful rainbow once Jimin hissed.

“Maybe. Probably. Not like it matters. Shit I’m fucked up; I like the bruises more than the tattoos.”

“That’s a little fucked up but only because you could get rid of them.”

Jungkook made Jimin lie down and turned the fragile body, hissing when he looked at the demon’s back, but not because his whole spine was black.

Jimin grabbed a pillow and hugged it to rest his head on.
“But for who? It’s not worth doing it for myself.”

“I think it is worth it, but… if you need a person… how about doing it for hyung?”

Jimin laughed.
“Yeah, because I haven't done enough yet for the soulmate that doesn't want me.”

He felt guilty immediately after and quietly apologized.

“It’s fine. We've been waiting for you to snap, honestly. But I think you know too that he does not not want you.”

“Should act on it then. If I’d confess to him he’d shy away again, I know that. Partly because he thinks he doesn't deserve me, so…”

“But you two have something going on.”
Jungkook stated and Jimin wasn't sure whether he was referring to Jimin’s act as someone else or not.

“We’re fucking, Jungkook. We’re fucking and he doesn't talk to me but he talks to *him* and, fuck,
he’s talking so wonderfully as if we've known each other forever already. But then he reminds himself that it’s not real and it isn’t but I want it to be. And he needs to act, not me, I’m already pushing!

For now, Jungkook didn't argue or agree and just slowly scratched Jimin’s back, where the tattoo was and sometimes his scalp and ears when the latter twitched impatiently.

“You saw the texts.”

Jimin hummed.

“Briefly. Didn’t want to cry.”

“You can cry now, I’m pushing him too.”

And then the angel dropped his unlocked phone onto the pillow Jimin had his head on.

“You hate it when people look into your phone.”

Commented the incubus and still grabbed the device.

“Mhm…”

Jungkook agreed.

“I hate how you two aren't getting your shit together more.”

They chuckled and Jungkook went back to scratching while Jimin started scrolling.

“We usually talk in person when hyung gets sad about you. So I don't have big confessions on text.”

“I get those myself… Little things are… better.”

And he was right, because even without cheesy confessions Jungkook soon heard Jimin sniffling softly.

“You have blackmail material to last three lifetimes. If the other's found out how tragically sappy hyung is…”

“You think they'd wail too?”

“Shut up baby chick, I live a life more tragic than Romeo and Juliet.”

Jimin kept scrolling and had to stop soon to hit his dongsaeng.

“You told him about the fox incident?! First of all, rude, because you weren't even there, second, if you tell the human version it’s even dumber, he must be thinking that I’m an idiot; I was young!”

Jungkook cackled evilly, dodging more hits from the demon but miserably failing once Jimin’s tails came into action.

“Who says I didn't see it? Tell you what, my whole department was watching and almost… swooned over you. We all got detention.”

“You're kidding.”

Jimin stared at the angel, shame brooding inside him.

“I wish I was.”

The demon tried to suffocate himself with the pillows next but Jungkook urged him to keep reading.
Do you think he would be mad if I marked him with nothing more but the word “kit”?

“He thinks about marking me?”
The incubus gasped, his sniffling coming back.

“Yeah. But he thinks it would be a brand for you, so it’s all hypothetically.”

“It wouldn’t be a brand if he’d stop rejecting me…”
Jimmie grumpily mumbled once Jungkook touched his mark again.

The angel snickered.
“Yeah… Well… he thinks you hate him.”

Jimmie growled, amused but in disbelief.

“I should show him what a hatefuck is if he thinks that’s what we’re doing.”

“Too much information.”

“Sorry baby chick. Thanks for helping.”

The angel made a dismissing noise.
“I told you you two were annoying.”

Jimmie laughed loud and bubbly at that.
“Puh-lease baby chick. I know damn well you’ve vowed to protect at least Tae and Yoongi, if not Hoseok and Namjoon too.”

“You and hyung too…”

At the silent confession Jimmie sat up, body luckily not aching anymore (which was weird but not the most important thing right now) forcing the angel to explain with just one stern look.

“I uhm… I can’t control who I’ll protect. I’m lucky it didn’t turn out to be some random stranger I crossed on the street. But uhm… The six spots to fill up before I fell didn’t vanish. And now they aren’t empty anymore. They’re on my left ribs.”

Jimmie now sat properly, back against his pillows.
“You get names imprinted on your bones?”

“Yeah. Positions mean different levels of importance, but rips are the most important, especially closer to the heart. Those were the only ones I had missing and that’s why I had trouble adapting to hell too.”

“And… you have demons… on your ribs.”

“Yeah. You six are my most important things to guard. And my last, although, well you and Jin-hyung will last for a while.”

“That’s… cool. Wanna get them from your ribs onto your skin to hive Jin a heart attack?”

Jungkook’s eyes immediately burned up in mischief.
“You would?”

“Yes! Now?”
The angel’s face darkened, looking guilty and anxiously biting his lip, making it bleed again.
“But… you weren’t feeling well.”

Jimin tried moving, found it didn’t hurt at all and when he looked down on him there weren't even any bruises left.
“Did you heal me?”

“No. I suck at healing things that aren't human. Must have been yourself. Not repulsing any longer.”

Jimin tried and turned back into his human form (which was much more handy for tattooing).

“Okay, let’s go. But don’t cry when it hurts baby chick.”

Jungkook grinned and pulled Jimin (who was still barely clothed) off the bed and out of the flat into the shop downstairs.

“You want me to tattoo you naked? Kinkc, baby chick, kinky.”
He teased with a shit-eating grin, wiggling his eyebrows and making a kissy-face.

“Maybe I just want to look at all those ugly tattoos so that if I don't like mine I can always reassure myself that it could be much worse.”

“I’m going to poke your skin with a needle. Don't anger me.”

They didn't get to the poking yet, because Jungkook wasn't satisfied with Jimin’s draft no matter what font, language or letters Jimin proposed.

In the end, they had all six names in the language and alphabet of hell, and Jimin tattooed them very reluctantly onto the angel's rib-region, joking about giving Jungkook his first underboob tattoo. He didn't like that his name was accessible to both demons and angels so easily though.

The place Jungkook received his ink hurt quite a lot though and the fallen angel was complaining about it too. So noisily, that Jimin forced them to a break in which he could get his phone.
First things first he texted Taehyung a sneaky picture of Jungkook’s jaw and promised the human that they were on good terms and that they would come over soon to resolve tension.

“Please don’t wear a shirt whenever the group meets up. I want to see Jin’s face and his excuse to the others.”

Jungkook snorted and didn't bother to look at Jimin, and with that away from his new tattoo.

“Baby chick?”
Jimin suddenly came up and hugged Jungkook from the back, cheek squishing against the warmth of the angel’s back.
“We’re good, right?”

“We will be.”

And when Jin came home and stumbled upon a topless angel being back hugged by an almost naked incubus, he just smiled (snapped a picture) and left them alone to let them have their moment.

Chapter End Notes
My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 38

Chapter Summary

The best soulmate and a brain

Chapter Notes

First of all, sorry that this is so late, again. But I've spent the last week mostly sleeping since I was sick, and I only got time to go through the edits today (Thank my clumsiness for oversleeping and then stubbing my toe so hard I couldn't walk and stayed home) so... yeah. my bad. I hope you still enjoy though, although this chapter might feel a little bit filler-y. PS: Hey, best friend, I know you've been reading through these notes and skipping through the chapters, if you somehow read this too: Cuddle your cats for me. They're not half as cool as Fish, but they're alright too.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“My soulmate is the most handsome!”
One yelled.

“Have you seen my soulmate? His handsomeness is valid worldwide!”
Barked another, just as loud.

“Guys, please.”
The last one interfered, putting himself between the two boys and pushing them apart with his hands on each chest.
“My soulmate is clearly much more handsome than yours combined.”

Taehyung threw a glance at the door of Yoongi’s room and protested with a noisy “Not true!”

Hoseok just stood there, blinking and mouth open.

“Jimin’s... soulmate?”

“Is totally not more handsome than Jinnie.”
Taehyung ended the sentence that had originally been a question.

“Shut up he totally is!”
Jimin hissed.

“You have a soulmate? Since when? Does he go to our uni? Is he pretty? Is he smart? Why didn't you tell me? Why haven't we - I? - met him?”

Jimin laughed, trying to remember all the questions Hoseok was throwing at him so he could answer each one of them.
He hadn't planned on telling the other's about his relation to Yoongi, but if they found out he wouldn't lie or deny anything.

“I do. A little longer than Taehyung and Jin. Yes, he does. The prettiest. A talented genius. It never came up and it is complicated.”

Once more Taehyung chimed in.

“When Jimin says complicated he means that his soulmate is an asshole.”

Jimin pouted, shoving Taehyung who just smiled at him like an idiot. The demon didn't know that Taehyung was hoping Yoongi - who was next door - hadn't heard him. Sure, Yoongi might have been acting like an asshole but Taehyung still wasn't allowed to disrespect him like that.

“He’s not. Don't be rude.”

Hoseok wasn't smiling anymore, but looked like he was about to cry as realization drew on his face. “He rejected you? What kind of idiot does that?”

“He kind of did. We’re on kind of good terms though. Still, he’s more handsome than your soulmates.”

“I will rely on TaeTae’s opinion and say that he’s NOT!”

“He is!”

Jimin had joined the yelling now.

“I have the better soulmate!”

“That's not possible, I've been together with Joonie so much longer and that automatically makes him better!”

“You can't get points for luck in finding your soulmate early or being annoyingly married!”

There wasn't much reasoning in their following yells. The loudest was winning, that's what they knew.

By the time Jungkook popped in for a visit the three were just yelling no, mine! and similar things at each other from the top of their lungs.

Jimin who, being threatened by his friends height, had jumped onto the sofa, noticed the arrival first and when Jungkook looked at him shyly like a scared bird (they were on their way of getting better, but by no means perfect yet), Jimin decided he wouldn't even give Jungkook time to turn into his shell and simply jumped onto the fallen angel’s back.

“Baby chick!” He yelled, making the youngest flinch at the volume that also happened to be right next to his ear. “Now we have someone with an objective view. Be our judge, Kookie!”

Jimin literally climbed onto the angel, the balls of his feet digging into the body uncomfortably hard at some parts.

In the end, Jimin proved once more that his legs were too strong for his so small looking body when he was hanging on Jungkook’s body, hands-free and with nothing more but his legs clasped around the fallen angel’s torso.

The incubus could definitely see his thigh’s chokeability at this point.
“Judge?”

Heaving, because Jimin was steadily pushing the air out of Jungkook’s limbs when feet pressed into his ribs, the youngest looked at his friends questioning. They all nodded, big-eyed and as if Jimin just had the best idea in the whole word - it was worrying.

“Who has the best soulmate?”

The fallen angel regretted popping in for a surprise visit.

Looking into the fiery faces of his friends (as well as Jimin’s attempt to break his ribs), he knew that they were beginning to be far too competitive over this question.

He was doomed.

There was no correct answer.

Hoseok noticed the hesitation and silence first, although he understood it very differently. “Let’s not give him an ultimatum right away, that’s too hard for him to answer.”

The proposal was answered with serious nods. They were being too serious about this.

Maybe the change in question could save Jungkook from his impending death though.

“Okay!”

Taehyung yelled excited. He raised his fist in the air, stating the first question and also the first part of Jungkook’s death sentence. “Whose soulmate is the prettiest?”

Actually, the fallen angel thought about it a lot harder than he should. The three contestants got impatient too.

Naturally, Jungkook would vote for one of the incubi. He kicked Jimin out of the voting immediately, claiming his shortness as the reason, and promptly remembered Jin in his least attractive state: hungover and with several strange stains on clothes and face.

No, Jin was out too.

When Jungkook thought of Namjoon, he wanted to remember the times he helped the elder taking fashionable pictures of his outfit, but his mind clung onto the nightmare of bucket hats and terribly coloured shirts.

No Namjoon.

Thinking of Hoseok brought Jungkook back to the time when Yoongi had introduced him to photoshop and Taehyung had joined to introduce him to the shocking similarities of Hoseok and a horse.

The dancer wasn’t an option either.

Now, Yoongi was technically quite pretty and could rock both a soft and hard image. The point here was, that he could.

In reality, he lived inside sweatpants, big hoodies and a hair that told stories about how lazy he was.
That left Taehyung.

Yes, the weird faces he would pull sometimes would be categorized as ugly, but otherwise, Jungkook was sure that every picture you would secretly take of him would make him look handsome.

“Whose soulmate is the prettiest?”
Just to add to the tension, Jungkook repeated the question.

Jimin quickly made an agreeing noise, becoming more and more giddier and rocking back and forth on Jungkook’s back.

“Jin-hyung’s soulmate!”

Outraged noises and protests came immediately.
“Not fair! We were only talking about our soulmates!”

Jungkook shrugged, satisfied with the way Taehyung beamed from the compliment.
“I’m neutral, so I’m not excluding anyone.”

“Okay fine… Jin-hyung has the prettiest soulmate?”

Jungkook nodded, anticipating the next question. He had a plan for his survival now.

“Who has the coolest soulmate?”

“Namjoon-hyung.”

Hoseok made an astonishes sound and slapped his chest proudly.

“The best?”

“Yoongi-hyung!”

Jimin’s legs squeezed his chest lovingly. Or in, what was supposed to be lovingly but really hurt in reality.

“Yoongi’s soulmate?”
Hoseok - who thought he didn’t know Yoongi’s soulmate - reassured, arching an eyebrow.

“Yoongi’s soulmate is the best soulmate.”

“I kind of agree.”
Taehyung chimed in, grinning and nodding shortly after, getting a giggle out of Jimin.

Hoseok just sighed, feeling excluded.
“Will I ever meet the guy?”

Cackling, Taehyung threw a wink at Jimin who pulled a face in warning.
He was unsure whether or not Yoongi would be angry if Hoseok (and Namjoon) found out.

After all, Yoongi would most likely get lectured and scolded for rejecting Jimin by at least Hoseok who had a very big very soft spot for Jimin.
And then, most likely by Namjoon too, simply because he had the personality for it.

With more people knowing, there would be more people pushing Yoongi, trying to get him to make
up with Jimin. Not like Jimin didn't want Yoongi to make up with him, and maybe more pushing would even be helpful. But Jimin didn't want to be responsible for a rising stress and annoyance level of Yoongi.

As far as he knew that boy was busy enough as it was.

“Who knows Hobi-hyung. Maybe you've already met him? He’s kind of popular at college.” Taehyung would pay for that later, Jimin decided. Maybe much later, when he wasn't expecting it. Maybe he’d get the surprise of finding a raw egg inside his new Gucci slippers.

“He is?” Hoseok’s eyes widened, looking as if they would fall out of the socket every second, and the dancer started thinking. He was a social butterfly of some sort at college and knew his way around. So, especially if someone was popular, it was likely he knew the person.

Unfortunately, the people that would be graded as popular were most likely already in possession of a soulmate. After all, popular was only another word for gossip topic, and soulmates were a favoured topic. Hoseok didn't quite get what was so fascinating about fantasizing about how two people met, or even creepier, observing them and how their relationship turned out to be once they found each other. (He was glad that he and Namjoon were toddler sweethearts every time he heard someone bad mouthing and/or stalking a new couple).

There were other people that the average student would call popular. However, those were popular kids through negative attention. There were the few junkies, playboys of course, and people that were judged.

Taehyung, for example, belonged in the latter category and Hoseok hated it. Last but not least there were the popular kids where no one really knew what the deal with them was. Too many rumours sparkling around them, one crazier and wilder than the other.

Yoongi had reached that state of popular. The boy himself found it more handy than annoying - people moving out of his way and allowing him to cut line in the shops around campus were handy - and his friends, including Hoseok, found it funny.

The rapper wore kumamon pajamas, for Fish’s sake, the rumour that he once stabbed someone with a plastic fork and the person still had to get stitches was ridiculous alone. But a newly found rumor had Yoongi being attracted to foxes - and taking action in said attraction too - and apparently this time there were proofs that the source of the rumor (by now no one knew who it had been) denied showing.

(Spoiler: Taehyung just had a little bit too much fun adding into the sticky soup of rumors, especially if his hyung wasn't behaving well and so far no one had noticed it was him).

Hoseok was snapped out of his thoughts (that had been off-topic anyway) when a pillow hit his face, but he hadn't been paying attention and all three possible culprits were giggling like idiots so he couldn't define who it had been.

Naturally, being the good hyung he was, he grabbed the pillow to hit all three of them, lingering on
the piggyback-duo because they were laughing just a little bit too hard in his opinion.

Bad idea, because once the pillow went upwards, from Jimin’s shoulder to his face, the demon automatically raised his hands to protect himself. Even worse idea, because it made the boy lose his balance.

He flopped down backwards like a sack of rice with a high pitched yip before Jungkook or anyone else could grab him.

Hoseok felt like yelling, checking up on the younger, but once his mouth was just the slightest bit unclosed, Taehyung had come up from behind and clasp his hand over his food trap, shutting him up successfully.

The reason… Well, the reason was unfolding in front of them, and Hoseok didn't quite get what was so special about it. Yet.

Jimin had fallen down, air gushing out of his lungs when his back hit the floor, and once he had blinked away all the black spots from in front his eyes, he looked up at no one else but his soulmate.

His head was right in front of Yoongi’s kumamon-sock-clad feet.

And the elder was looking down on him, mouth agape and just… staring.

Jungkook was nice enough to have the coffee mug floating away from Yoongi’s grip, because with the way he was behaving right now he would have dropped it on Jimin and that was something no one needed.

Yoongi’s mouth closed, and then reopened and then repeated the action. He looked like a fish out of water and Jimin giggled, realizing that it wasn't so much the fact that he had just literally fallen for the elder, but his new hair colour.

He had been walking around with it for about a week, but this was the first time Yoongi was seeing it since before he had always been locked up in his studio napping or working or both whenever Jimin visited Taehyung at home - which had been rarely because Taehyung always forced Jimin to meet him at the doggy park, one because Fish was finally big enough to compete with a poodle and two because the incubus attracted all the doggies (and pretty much all the other animals living there that were not on a fox’s meal plan) and Taehyung loved every second of it.

“Hyung!”

Jimin greeted happily from his position at the floor. Yoongi flinched when Jimin’s body moved, pulling him out of his stare.

“Do you like the couple colour Tae and I got?”

More rapid mouth opening and closing from Yoongi - Jimin took it as a yes.

Instead of prodding the elder with another question that he couldn't verbally answer, Jimin smiled and raised his arms, making grabby hands at his soulmate in a silent plea to get picked up from the floor.

Yoongi’s soul could be seen escaping from his body - he was weak for Jimin and everyone in the room knew it from that point on.

He covered his weakness with a sigh - more of his soul left his body - and bent down to pick the small boy up.

In hindsight, he shouldn't have just bend his knees, because Jimin got a face full of crotch before he
knew it and he giggled when Yoongi shuffled backwards in embarrassment.

The demon had a hand on his mouth before he could make a snarky - probably flirty and borderline sexual - comment. He licked it and Yoongi hissed, that boy had been spending too much time with Taehyung.

Next, Yoongi got down between Jimin’s legs, and let the younger sling his arms around Yoongi’s shoulders and hold on. Yoongi gripped Jimin’s back, and only managed to completely pick him up from the ground when he moved his hands to the other’s butt - no regrets.

And, instead of standing normally like a normal being with two healthy feet would, Jimin slung his legs around Yoongi’s waist, leaned back a little to get eye contact with his soulmate, and put on the most shit-eating grin he could manage. Jimin was not letting go of Yoongi. (Both literally and metaphorically, but the latter was obvious).

“Jimin is gonna die.”

Hoseok’s mouth was finally free, and the statement came whispered in fear.

“Nah. Hyung’s too whipped for him. He’s gonna accept the little koala.” Taehyung shrugged and waved it off.

“I’m hungry, let’s order takeout.”

“Wait!”

The yell stopped Taehyung from retrieving the takeout flyers.

“Is Jiminie Yoongi’s soulmate?!”

Yoongi let go of Jimin’s butt, and Jimin wasn't prepared for the lack of hold or Hoseok’s suspicion, so he just slowly slid down the other’s body, legs still clasped together and hugging the body.

This time, when he got a face full of crotch again, it wasn't as funny as before.

The silence between all of them was pressing down on them, and Jimin knew that the push Yoongi would receive from Hoseok any second now, would just have him retreat further into his shell, thicken his walls and decimate every chance of them getting back together even more.

Jimin clung tighter to Yoongi. He didn't want his soulmate to leave.

Chapter End Notes

One more person is IN.
I'm quite indescisive about Hoseok's reaction, lemme know what you think he'll do :D

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 39

Chapter Summary

Hoseok the volcano, Namjoon the rain, Fish the fat and YoonMin the adorable

Chapter Notes

So… This is like a week late?
In my defense: I had 5 presentations due this week and- well. School and shit.

BY THE WAY: I will be participating in the 2018 BTS SHIP FIC CHALLENGE
and I am so thrilled since this will be my first time ever participating in something like
this!
You can find more information at http://kpopfics.com/ in case you want to follow the
event or even participate - because this thing is going to be HUGE!

Anyways, I will try to keep chapters weekly, but my first 5 hour exam is at the end of
march and its the one I will have to study the most for so no promises this time ^^'

Hope You enjoy reading - As far as I can tell right now the following chapter will be
oversized

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Uh- surprise?”

“I- I’m right? You… You are Yoongi’s soulmate… Yoongi is your soulmate. You two are
soulmates.”
Hoseok was baffled, slowly pointing his finger at Yoongi and Jimin, the latter still in his position on
the floor.

“Oh my- Shit. What the fuck Yoongi, how can you say no to Jimin?”
The dancer dropped honorifics - never a good sign.
“And, did you force your own soulmate to cover up the mark he left on you? Aren't you ashamed of
yourself - I’m ashamed to be your friend right now!”
Hoseok’s voice was getting louder and louder as he started yelling, eyebrows knitting together tighter
and tighter with every punctuated word.
“What the fuck you're such an asshole!”

Hoseok was furious now, driving himself into madness more and more on his own.

Never had Jimin seen Hoseok snap to the point of getting angry. Upset, yes, that wasn't really hard to
notice with the dancer anyways. But anger, and on this level, was something new, something
terrifying.

The fact that Hoseok was turning his anger against one of his closest friends was even scarier.
The demon, still clinging onto Yoongi, felt the body he was gripping shrinking under the yells. It was obvious that Yoongi wasn't getting angry at the accusations.

It was obvious that Yoongi agreed and thought he deserved it.

Jimin pressed harder, probably making Yoongi more uncomfortable than anything, with the boy’s legs forced tight together and a face that was kind of digging into his crotch.

“Okay, okay, okay…”
Jungkook interfered, stretching out his arms in direction of each Hoseok and Yoongi to mediate between the two. The angel himself couldn't even disagree with Hoseok, but a fight was something no one needed.

Taehyung giggled something about *Jurassic World* in the background, and under normal circumstances Yoongi would have wondered how his roommate could know this scene, because Yoongi had confiscated the whole batch of Dinosaur movies before Taehyung could watch this particular movie and Yoongi had definitely not given them back yet (saying he was planning on doing so would be a lie).

“Before hyung starts yelling at hyung and honestly, please do so, we all agree he deserves it…”
Jungkook shook his head as he realized he had been trailing off.
“Jimin: Do you maybe want to retract yourself from hyung’s crotch?”

“No.”
Mumbling, Jimin shook his head.
Yoongi hissed, flinching away at the friction.
“I’m your hyung, baby chick.”
The vibration of Jimin’s voice made Yoongi hiss even louder, palm automatically pressing against Jimin’s forehead to push him away.

Jimin’s head was stronger than Yoongi’s hand though, and the demon was determined to keep his head were it was - as close to Yoongi as possible.

“Can we at least migrate to the couch?”
Taehyung was rocking back and forth on his feet, looking like he was unable to feel the massive tension in the room. Maybe he simply didn't care.
It was possible, since he was most likely very tired of Yoongi’s behaviour when it came to his soulmate, so that he just shut off once the topic came on by now.

“I can't move.”
Yoongi still tried to, and almost fell down.

“I won't let go of hyung.”
Jimin was reeeally determined.

“If anything…”
Jungkook started once more, rubbing the bridge of his nose with two fingers.
“Jimin shouldn't be present right now. If your soulmate gets insulted it hurts no matter your relationship. So if Hoseok-hyung will scold and yell, Jimin should leave.”

“I agree. If there's someone that has been hurt enough, it’s Jiminie.”

Both Jungkook and Jimin smiled upon hearing Yoongi agreeing like that, but Hoseok wasn't as happy as the others.
“Don't call him that.”
Scoffing, he crossed his arms and stared at Yoongi.

“I stay.”
Almost whispering, Jimin squeezed tighter when he saw Jungkook move out of his peripheral vision. He was still pulled away from his soulmate, the angel lifting him up with hands under Jimin’s arms. The demon struggled immediately, wiggling like a helpless child that was torn away from its family.

He kind of felt like that too, because the moment he stopped touching Yoongi, the emptiness that made way inside him also unsettled deep-rooted anxiety Jimin didn't even knew he had inside of himself.

It must have been the pull that focalized those feelings, or at least Jimin didn't have another explanation.

Knees pulling up to his chest, Jimin curled into a ball when he was dropped on the sofa. He didn't feel better even though Taehyung flopped down next to him seconds later.

“The pull sucks.”
Jimin agreed with the human, nodding weakly.

Yoongi had either noticed or felt it too, because he sat down on Jimin’s other side, trying to meet his soulmate’s eyes and sending a smile that said are you okay? once Jimin looked up.

“No. You aren't sitting next to Jiminie. You don't deserve that.”
Hoseok wasn't yelling anymore. He was calm and collected, like the silence before a storm. It was terrifying because in his eyes you could see him brooding, like a volcano ready to burst and bury everything under fire and smoke.

“You're right. I don't.”
Yoongi huffed, defeated, and tried to get up.

Tried, because Jimin pulled him back.

“But I deserve him.”
“I mean, technically you deserve better, but-”
“And who are you to decide that, Hoseok?”
A pipe squealed but didn't burst, and Jimin forced himself to calm down, Taehyung sneakily scratching his lower back, close to where his tail would start, was a big help. He had also dropped honorifics now, and it was a statement which side he had taken.

“You know what?”
Jimin smiled, voice calm again, but he felt like screaming.

“Yell all you want if it makes you feel better. I won't listen. But don’t you dare to decide over my head.”
And with that, he shoved his hand into the pockets of Yoongi’s jeans - pockets because he found the two first pockets he tried empty - successfully grabbing the elder’s phone and headphones without tangling them further, and plopped the buds into his ears.

Jimin knew the passcode and made sure to keep eye contact and grin at Yoongi as he unlocked it by typing in his own birthday.
Sure, something was making him feel like shit right now, but if he had the chance to silently nudge Yoongi further into the right direction and be flirty about it, he wouldn't deny.

Yoongi’s mouth opened slightly, barely visible actually, but Jimin had apparently found a new habit in staring at his soulmate’s mouth with the wish to kiss him, and the elder averted his gaze quickly after that. He felt as if he’d been caught doing something he shouldn’t have done.

Jimin giggled soundlessly and opened the music app on the phone.

Sure, he had his own phone to listen to music, but the idea of listening to his soulmate’s music was making his insides feel warm. Like it made up for the loss of physical contact.

Yoongi even had his own tracks on his phone, so Jimin happily blasted that on his ears, blocking out all outside noises. Even if Yoongi’s raps were aggressive, the voice alone could calm Jimin down.

Technically, Jimin should lock the phone now and not snoop around further. Practically, he wasn't snooping, so there was no real reason to stop.

The notes app on Yoongi’s phone looked too inviting anyway, and Jimin had too much fun leaving tiny notes containing either bad jokes (Jin was a good teacher), little things Jimin liked about Yoongi (like his lips) or little things the elder would normally ask Jungkook.

After that, Jimin quickly switched the language and time zone of the phone, because no one should ever allow him to know a passcode of someone else’s phone and Yoongi would still have to learn this.

When Jimin looked up again, he noticed that Namjoon had magically appeared in the room too, and he seemed to be making an attempt of trying to calm down his own soulmate, who was gesturing aggressively and gripping his hair.

Taehyung was playing games on his phone, but by the way his lips were moving every now and then he seemed to be making tiny remarks as his partake in the discussion or scolding or whatever this was. Jungkook wasn’t even in Jimin’s view, but the demon could imagine that the angel wouldn’t take anyone’s side here and just keep out until things got too heated. Maybe he had left completely too, Jimin knew that his baby chick hated fights, especially if between family - and they were all one family by now.

And Yoongi, well, Jimin lingered on Yoongi much longer. The boy was staring down on his knees, Jimin wasn’t sure if he’d seen him blink so far, and his hands were clenched to fists. It wasn't the aggressive kind of fist though, more the I don't want to cry fist. Jimin hated it.

He grabbed one hand without hesitation or thought, pulling the limb onto his lap and slowly prying the hand open so that he could dance on palm and fingers with his pinky and thumb, applying pressure on the knuckles from time to time. It calmed him down immensely, more than his tiny smile would make it look like.

If Jimin would have looked up, he’d see something close to a freeze frame, all eyes on him.

Before, he rest of the group had somehow ended up with Yoongi claiming that Jimin hated him, Hosek hissing “He better does” only to be stopped by Namjoon who had taken over the role of the
mediator after Jungkook had fled into the kitchen, and then - after the humans had still included him and his opinions - into Taehyung’s room to play with Fish.

But Hoseok was staying stubborn and even Namjoon seemed to be failing with calming him down so far.
In the end, just a second before Jimin had reached out for his soulmate’s hand, Namjoon had been silenced with an angry bite of “You don't even know Jimin properly, none of you do!”

And then everyone was watching Jimin as he moved and started smiling while he played with Yoongi’s hand; completely oblivious.

Yoongi woke up from the stun first, rubbing at his eyes quickly and too rough for it to be comfortable.
He hadn't defended himself, only Jimin if needed, because he knew he was deserving of every jab Hoseok sent him. Maybe it was exactly that knowledge that made everything twice as painful.

“Honestly…”
Taehyung looked over to Jimin, his mimic not even wavering as he took the picture in. This shit wasn't new for the double-dudebro that was Kim Taehyung.
“You might be right that you know Jimin better since you know him longer, but… When it comes to Yoongi, you don't know Jimin at all. Jungkookie and me know him best on that matter. Yoongi knows more and better about that than you, too. So, hyung, you should stop assuming things like that when you don't even know half the history, nor a tenth of the truth. None of this is like it seems. But what you should know is that both are madly in love with each other.”

“Jimin isn't-”
The sentence died on Yoongi’s tongue. He, too, had promised to not decide over Jimin’s head, and while Yoongi was convinced that Jimin hated him - or at least that he should - there had never been a time where the younger had voiced it.

That and the fact that the patterns Jimin was tracing on Yoongi’s hand had turned from lines, waves and circles drawn all over skin and fingers into the unmistakable shape of a big, fat heart on his inner palm that Yoongi could recognize without having to look at it.

“I don't care about their history or whatever.”
Hoseok spat.
“They aren't together which, given that they're soulmates is ridiculous and hurting Jiminnie! That’s what I care about. Jimin. And that he’s hurting. Because Jimin is my friend and-”

“And Yoongi-hyung is your friend too, Seokie. You've known him even longer and better. Is hyung the type to get yelled at and not complain? Is he the person to accept disrespect like that from anyone without scaring the shit out of them? Is he the type to agree with the bad things one says about him? The type to cry? He isn't, Seokie. He isn't and you know that. Hyung is hurting too. Maybe even more, but at least just as much.”

Namjoon was the lighthouse during nighttime, not only for Hoseok but for everyone.

Being grabbed by both shoulders, thumbs slowly rubbing the skin, Hoseok had no choice but to calm down.
That was Namjoon’s secret power as it seemed.

When Hoseok was all fiery emotion, sparks flying with his words and setting everything on fire, including himself, but all so slowly that he didn't notice it was too late until everything was already
burned down to ashes, then Namjoon was the big and long rainpour that extinguished every lingering flame and soothed the wounds that Hoseok had inflicted with the harsh words he could so carelessly throw around once his emotions took hold.

“This isn't just a one-sided thing.”

Namjoon started again, getting Hoseok’s shocked gaze away from Yoongi.

“Soulmates are two sides of the same coin. If one gets stepped on the other feels it too. Jimin might be hurting, but so is Yoongi. And Jimin might be in love and hung up on his soulmate, but so is Yoongi. Just look at him, I’d say he’s even worse off than Jimin - he won't even talk to his soulmate, Seokie, imagine how hard that would be. Stop yelling at him now, it’s enough. Okay?”

“Okay…”

Namjoon smiled proudly when Hoseok looked at the floor in shame at his loss of control but now completely calm again, and the younger moved his hands from his soulmate’s shoulders to his cheeks, thumbs now slowly gliding over the cheekbone.

“Hyung, I’m sorry. I egged myself on and just yelled and didn't even take your side in consideration. Or Jiminie’s. Just what I thought Jiminie’s was.”

The shy gaze Hoseok’s turned into a shy smile that was interrupted when one of Namjoon’s hands decided to squeeze and pull at Hoseok’s cheek simply for the reason that Hoseok looked adorable. Namjoon was whipped and Taehyung didn’t refer to them with one name instead of two for a reason.

Yoongi was - just as much as Taehyung and Jungkook (sleepovers could change a person) - used to the two, and just went on with what he wanted to say anyway.

“It’s not like I disagree with your insults to me. Or that I think I have the right to disagree… It’s fine Hoseok. Just don’t drop the hyung next time.”

The dancer yelped when Yoongi smirked and oh that was what Namjoon had meant with Yoongi scaring the shit out of people. Hoseok would sleep with his two eyes open tonight. He knew Yoongi had a key to his and Namjoon’s home.

“Are we done yelling now?”

Taehyung asked, suspiciously joyful. All three people that were listening to him narrowed their eyes automatically.

Something was fishy.

Literally.

“Yeah? Great!”

The boy clapped his hands together and grinned. Again, suspicious. Hoseok’s eyes narrowed further, so much that he couldn't see anymore.

“Then I have a great great greaaaat bonding exercise for the six of us!”

He jumped up from the couch, startling everyone but Jimin, who was too immersed in the music to notice anything.

Well, anything besides Yoongi suddenly grabbing Jimin’s hands when he was startled and clenched his palm out of reflex.

But the demon just smiled, squeezed back and didn't spare one thought about letting go.

“Jungkookie~!”
Taehyung called out.
“Come out and bring my lovely child with you! And his leash too!”

Namjoon mouthed *leash*?! at Yoongi, but that one was just as confused.

“Your lizard is getting fat.”
Jungkook was, in fact, pulling Fish along on a leash. A pink sparkly one that made the by now very very big lizard look even more ridiculous than usually.

“He’s a growing boy don’t insult my child you chicken! Anyways.”

Taehyung hopped over to take the leash on his own. Suddenly Fish was walking a lot more enthusiastically. Or, you know, walking at all.
Taehyung still picked him up, and it looked painful and uncomfortable for both parties.

When and if there would be a day where Taehyung would acknowledge that Fish was too big for his arms wasn’t clear, but if it was coming there would be tears and equal sadness from both sides.

“We. And I mean all six of us plus my child. Are going to the doggy park!”

“Doggy. Park.”

“Doggy Park!”

“Taehyung you do know that Fish is a lizard.”

“I know that he’s a mini dinosaur, yes. So what? Jiminnie and I go often. He even made friends!”
No one was sure whether Fish or Jimin was meant with that. No one dared to ask.
“And he scared that one poodle off that was barking at everyone and scaring the puppies! I’m not sure what gender fish is but he could be a mom for those puppies.”

“It’s hopeless to fight.”
Stage whispered Yoongi towards Namjoon and Hoseok, and they nodded slowly, eyes not moving away from the monstrous lizard Fish had become.
It hadn’t lost its habit of tongue poking, though. Still adorable.

“Great. Okay. Let’s go.”
Jungkook looked like he had given up from the moment he brought Fish with him so it wasn’t that surprising that his voice sounded like that of a robot.

“Yessss. Come on, tell Jiminnie!”

Yoongi nudged his soulmate before pulling out one of the earbuds. Jimin looked like a lost puppy at Yoongi, completely confused since he had been kind of in his own world the whole time.

“What’s going on?”
He asked around, pulling out the second bud as well and slowly handing Yoongi his phone back. A tricky task when you weren’t looking at where your hand was going and still didn’t let go of the other hand you were holding.

“We.”
Taehyung got Jimin’s attention too.
“In order to become super duper friends again.”
A pregnant pause because Taehyung didn’t take that one drama class in high school for nothing.
“Are going to the doggy park.”
Jimin’s face turned flat, completely emotionless and he stared at Taehyung before uttering out one simple sentence with a voice as robotic as Jungkook had been talking before.
“You betrayed me.”

Chapter End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 40

Chapter Summary

Doggy Park & Jungkook’s sunbaenim

Chapter Notes

I’m not late yet! Its still sunday, which counts as weekend! xD

nah, school's just super busy at the moment so sorry if I keep being a little delayed.

Oh, since I didnt use any names here, I did have a specific person in mind when I wrote Jungkook's sunbae. I'd love to hear your guesses on who it might be!

Also, this was supposed to be 100% jokes and fun time. I dont know what happened. Sorry.

Have fun reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“It’s gonna be fun. It’s always fun! Hold Fish and let me get the stuff.”

Fish trotted over to Jimin the moment he was on the floor again, sniffed at the demon and promptly climbed up Jimin’s leg.
The demon was used to the claws by now and all the pain ebbed away within seconds anyway, so Jimin didn't pay a mind to it.

Admittedly, he had stopped reacting to Fish’s sometimes painful actions ever since Taehyung had scolded him about it, arguing that Fish wasn't at fault for his claws and only tried his best.

The iguana had by now happily settled onto Jimin’s lap and was carefully looking at Yoongi, tongue poking out as usual.

Yoongi was eyeing the lizard too, but warily.

Fish might have been somewhat adorable and harmless while he could fit into a palm, but now he was too big for Yoongi’s taste and the fight between Fish and one of Yoongi’s plushies (Rest in Piece(s) Kumamon plushie, you will be missed since Yoongi is still pissed) that he had witnessed had been truly scarring.

Jimin, of course, wasn't scared a bit. He’d seen bigger reptiles, heck, he had bigger lizards in his family tree, and if dragon demons wouldn't scare him then the tiny lizard that Fish was compared to them wouldn't scare him either.

And besides, Jimin surely couldn't communicate with the iguana like his brother could, but he was good enough at it to ask the lizard for simple things (as well as to pick up simple things) and by the way Fish would also understand Taehyung’s normal, human vocal commands Jimin suspected that
Jin had tricked around just a little bit.

With his free hand, Jimin slowly petted the iguana, cooing when Fish arched into his touch.

“You're such a good boy…”
Jimin purred, and grinned when he felt a squeeze on his hand. One that hadn't been done on purpose based on the quick reaction.

Good to know that Jiminie wasn't the only word they had ruined for each other.

“Come on, cupcake, why don't you go over to hyung, hm? You two look like you aren't good friends although you live together.”

Fish’s tail swished from side to side (something he had picked up from the doggy park), kicking down a pillow in the movement because it was just too long (Jimin could relate) and then he slowly wadded into Yoongi’s direction.

Yoongi moved quicker than ever, scrambling away, to the end of the couch, but was pulled back by the hand he was still holding, now gripping him a lot firmer and using full force with just one single tug.

Fish was slowly easing his way onto Yoongi and once claws came in contact with legs, Yoongi was struggling again.

Jimin bent in his direction until his mouth was almost colliding with the shell of Yoongi’s ear.
“Calm down, it’s not like what his claws might do will be rougher than what I will do…”

Suddenly Yoongi was sitting straight and motionless, which made Jimin only giggle more.
The rapper still glared at the lizard.

Hoseok meanwhile, snickered from behind Namjoon, fully living his joy out in the spitefulness that came with watching Yoongi being scared for once.

“Hobi-hyung.”
Jimin addressed the giddy dancer and pointed at the iguana.
“You're next.”

Hoseok stopped being so happy.

Fish didn't care about anything besides making himself comfortable on Yoongi’s lap though (Jimin was pretty sure that he could relate this time too).

“Oh god, get away from me, Godzilla!”

The grip Jimin had on his soulmate’s hand tightened, too strong for a second and Yoongi tried to pull back in reflex when pain shot through his hand.

“Sorry.”
Jimin was almost shouting, but then thought about how Hoseok and Namjoon didn't need to notice this.

“Let Jungkookie look at it.”
He let go of the hand, carefully laying it on his open palm and touching with the other. Yoongi could pull away whenever he wanted but didn't. Fish was forgotten for the moment.
Turned out telling Jungkook wasn't even necessary, because the moment Yoongi’s bones were shattered, the angel’s ribs started itching in alarm.

He was next to Yoongi in a second, no one was sure if he had actually walked there or not.

“How did you break your hand just now?!”
He fuzzed, tone strangely commanding, but still, Jungkook didn't dare to take Yoongi’s hand away from Jimin.

“He said a bad word and I squeezed too hard. Sorry… Hyung isn't mad, right?”
Yoongi shook his head while Jungkook word- and effortlessly healed him. He really wasn't mad. Probably couldn't be mad at the moment either.
He was too confused.
How in the world could someone like Jimin even break a hand without some outer force?
Sure, Jungkook could do it, but that boy was (besides a muscle pig) a fallen angel, a demon.
And Jimin wasn't - was-
Yoongi shook his head harder. Ridiculous.

“Good. Don't say those bad words anymore, k, hyungie?!”
Jimin was nice enough to take Fish again and then poked Yoongi’s hand with a finger, making a questioning noise and opening his palm in invitation.
Yoongi accepted, taking Jimin’s hand again and interwinding their fingers with a tiny hum.
Hoseok and Namjoon silently cooed at them, and second-handly felt Taehyung’s and Jungkook’s pain too.
They also decided that those two boys were idiots.

“I'm all done!”
Taehyung, unaware of the tiny scene that had just happened, returned from his room with a backpack that was so full it looked like it could burst any second - a third was food, another third blankets and the last third squeaky toys and tugging ropes.
And yes, it was cold as balls outside, but Taehyung was always determined to take a blanket for cuddle sessions with him, even if he went without Jimin who manipulated the temperature around him.

“Hobi-hyung, did you get here in your car? Fish has never been in a car!”
At first everyone had been happy that they wouldn't need to walk (besides Jimin who offered to “walk” because Jungkook loved car rides), but then Taehyung claimed - and won - that Fish get his own car seat and kicked Yoongi out too (definitely plotted) and suddenly, the two people walking seemed to be envied.

Still, Namjoon, Jungkook and even Hoseok were forgiving when Taehyung rolled down the window and Fish plopped his head out, eyes closed and looking somewhat smiling.
Taehyung probably shot around ten dozen photos and also send at least half of them to Jimin and Yoongi.

These two were walking in a silence that was only a tiny bit awkward.
“Why do I feel as if you would still be this silent even if you were talking to me?”

Yoongi chuckled and Jimin thrived to hear the raspy sound again and again and again.

“I kind of like it though.”

Jumin hummed.

“That you don’t talk as much. I mean, I’m a chatterbox but you always being so calm kind of calms me down too. S’nice. Although you probably aren’t really calm when you’re around me. Sorry, by the way, that you have to walk with me. I’ll… shut up now.”

Yoongi looked to his right, to see Jimin’s flushed face and hurried to get his phone. They still could communicate somehow.

_Don’t shut up_

_I like your voice_

Jumin mumbled a “You’re one to talk” that Yoongi definitely wasn’t supposed to even hear, but was interrupted by more messages.

_And it’s not that I don’t like being around you._

For the protocol:
I don’t have sex with someone I can’t stand...
like you do

“Like I do?”

Jumin arched an eyebrow.

“Hyung, let me tell you something. One-night stands are the usual, but coming back to someone usually stands for catching feelings - not hate-fucks. That’s how that works for people like me.”

_People like you?_

Yoongi still couldn’t believe - maybe didn’t want to - that Jimin did everything but hate him.

“People like me. People that weren’t really supposed to have a soulmate.”

Jumin sounded sad as he answered, and Yoongi thought that that - besides Jimin’s good heart - might be the reason for the boy’s passiveness on his own soulmate matter.

Because if Jimin thought he wasn’t supposed to have a soulmate in the first place, how would it make sense for him to fight for the one that had ended everything before it even started.

_Why’s that?_

Yoongi squeezed Jimin’s hand, quietly asking for an answer but trying to tell him that it was fine if he wouldn’t give one.

“Just… A family thing.”

Jumin sighed, relieved he could dodge the question with as few lies as possible, but also spotting a heavy feeling inside of him since he was talking about it at all.

“Jin-hyung and I are the first to get soulmates. Ever. I don’t know if it makes it easier or harder that you, well…”

_Didn’t want me_, stood unspoken between them.

“Do you like dogs, hyung?”

_I like animals_
“You don't like Fish.”

I don't like the probability of Godzilla
biting my hand off

Jimin snorted, loud and ugly but Yoongi still thought it was beautiful, just like everything else about Jimin.

“He could only shred your fingers, if at all. The danger of Fish drooling all over you is higher. And, still sorry, I just broke your hand and yet you're still just as close to me.”

To underline his point, Jimin tugged at the hand he held.

I can talk to you
human and all

Jimin promptly ignored the human part of the message.

“I can talk to Fish, too. And so can you, human. He understands a lot better than you’d ever guess.”

I still prefer furry animals
with fewer similarities to dinosaurs

Jimin kind of took that personal, and started swinging his - and in conclusion their - hand back and forth.

Yoongi looked at the movement between them, smiling, and then laughing, simply because he rarely let Taehyung hold his hand, but always let go once Taehyung started doing something like that, something so childish.

When Jimin did it though, Yoongi found it endearing and very lovable.

They passed a musician on the street, and Jimin flicked a few coins into the instrument case that he suddenly, somehow had in his hand.
(If Yoongi would have asked, then Jimin would have winked and called it magic - it wouldn't even be a lie).

The smooth jazzy tunes washed over them and Yoongi watched when Jimin’s eyes closed, trusting Yoongi to lead the way for him, and his head rose as if it would sound better that way.

The human was fascinated with the way his soulmate absorbed music, especially for a dancer.

Only when they had left the musician in the distance could Yoongi hear what made his breath stop.

Jimin seemed to have recognized the song and was loudly humming along to the melody that Yoongi could only hear so faintly in the distance.

If Yoongi hadn't been whipped as hell before, he sure was now.

He had always liked Jimin’s voice a lot.
The pure sound of it, light and warm and simply happy.
Hearing it always made life look so easy and good to Yoongi. He liked all the variations of sounds and words he had heard do far, Jimin’s giggles and laugh, his little noises when he lost control, whimpering helplessly, or the chant of Yoongi’s name, the harsh commands he could give out or the dominant yet loving way he addressed Yoongi with nicknames.
He liked it all.

But Jimin’s singing voice - humming alone - was something Yoongi loved from the moment his ears picked it up.

And now he couldn't stop staring and listening, marvelled and caught in the melody like a butterfly in a spider’s web.

Jimin stopped abruptly when Yoongi tripped and only missed his fateful meeting with a lamppost through sheer luck.

Once he was standing steadily on his two feet again, he cleared his throat embarrassed, looking in the opposite direction of Jimin because he didn't want the other to see how he blushed.

Yoongi really hoped Jimin hadn't seen or noticed him staring, but with the self-humiliation he had just pulled of it was unlikely.

However, unlikely was apparently their thing as soulmates, because what Jimin said next was just as unlikely.

Because he apologized.

“You do something with music in college, so my out of tune singing must be really annoying…”

Yoongi was convinced that Jimin’s ears were out of tune if he thought his voice could ever be annoying.

Sing for me?

Jimin sputtered over the message, eyes getting bigger and cheeks red.

“Now?”

I mean
If you want to.
But I meant somewhen
For an assignment
(or fun)
If you want to

Jimin was starstruck, looking at Yoongi and his phone and then back to Yoongi.

“I’d love to.”
He then mumbled and Yoongi almost missed it but squeezed Jimin’s hand in a silent thanks.

“Almost there. You should probably let go of me then.”

I don't care
About Namjoon or Hoseok
Seeing us like this

“Good to know…”
Jimin smiled.
“Whatever this is… But, did you know Tae’s nickname for me since we dyed our hair?”

Yoongi shook his head, eyes lingering on the waves of soft silver on Jimin’s head once the other had
He wanted to touch it, run his fingers through it, massage the scalp, tug and pull at the locks, everything.

“Prince Disneyminie- Yah! Hyung, don't laugh at me!” But Jimin giggled too, although he hit Yoongi on his chest a few times. “My point is, since we go to the park regularly, he calls me princess instead. Because pretty much all the Disney princesses have that one ability in common.”

*I already heard you sing just now*

*Songbird*

Jimin shook his head now, kind of in love with the nickname.

“The princes sing too. But whatever, your decision. I warned you.”

Yoongi stayed, already being far too dependant on Jimin or moreover the inner calmness that came with touching him.

He came to regret it a tiny bit.

Of course, once Taehyung spotted them, he had to yell. No surprise in that. He did call Jimin princess too, Snow White this time, so that Yoongi could the Grumpy.

The yelling got attention from all the visitors, human and animals alike.

And then hell broke loose.

Once the puppies had spotted Jimin, everything but the fox demon was uninteresting.

Now, Yoongi wasn't scared of dogs per se. But if you found yourself in a situation where about 20 dogs of varying size were dashing in towards you as if their life depended on it, you, too, would inch closer to the person next to you, especially if said person was your soulmate and looked prepared.

“Don't be scared, hyung. It’s fun.” Jimin grinned over his shoulder, tugging Yoongi even closer and reaching for his other hand.

All Jimin did - to the human eye at least - was raise an eyebrow. The horde of overly excited puppies (or, as Namjoon would refer to them, Taehyung’s long lost brothers and sisters) stilled immediately, right in front of them with wagging tails and happy faces as they panted and looked up to Jimin with their big, dark eyes.

“Come on.”

Jimin said, pulling Yoongi who was kind of back hugging him, towards the big blanket their friends had settled on.

The puppies followed and were all over Jimin once he had sat down.

Fish came too, settling happily on the demon’s chest once a big Labrador had pushed Jimin down completely.

That Jimin’s head came to rest on Yoongi’s thigh was left uncommented and so was Yoongi’s hand that sneakily found its way into Jimin’s hair, slender fingers carding through the silvery strands.
If Jungkook or Taehyung heard the choked up purr, they chose to stay silent too.

“You weren't exaggerating.”
Hoseok who had gotten in the way of three Pomeranians was being trampled and stepped on and over at the moment he huffed, the sentence directed at Taehyung who had snatched himself one tiny fluffball of a puppy and was happily petting it (and blowing on its ear sneakily, irritating the dog successfully).

“This is great!”
By the way Jungkook was smiling, he, too, would accompany Tae to the park from now on.

Namjoon and Yoongi agreed calmly but in awe and Jimin made sure the dogs behaved a little more, simply letting out a tiny growls that the other’s would identify as one of the dogs anyways.

Some dogs went back to playing quickly after that, a few stayed and enjoyed the petting sessions five of the six boys offered.
Yoongi was satisfied with his hand in Jimin’s hair, so there was no need for a dog to help him relax.
Namjoon started playing some music on his phone and the group just stayed like that, comfortable silence with a little chatter here and there.

Jimin turned up the heat around them once the last dog had left them.

“Jungkookie, let’s make food!”
Taehyung whined when the fallen angel, lazily resting on his back and looking at the sky that was slowly turning orange, his gaze somewhat longing, didn't react at all.

“Ask Jimin.”
He mumbled, eyes not even flickering in Taehyung’s direction.

“Jimin, let’s make ramen for everyone.”
Jimin opened one eye to glance at Taehyung and - to check if he could push the effort away from himself - to Jungkook.
He noticed the weird mood of the angel and decided to let him rest.

“Sure. Pour the water and give me the cups.”
He closed his eyes again and extended his arm, hand open and waiting for Taehyung to slip him the cups.

Yoongi stopped the administrations in Jimin’s hair once he witnessed how the cold water in the cheap instant-food cups started bubbling as it boiled.
Namjoon and Hoseok hadn't noticed and he couldn't really ask Jimin how he made water boil with just his hand.

Taehyung just closed the lid and handed Jimin another cup, and then another, until there were 15 cups cooking and steaming.

Jungkook was a growing boy and Taehyung might have been a little (a lot) hungry when he packed his bag.

Jimin was forced to open both eyes when Yoongi still had his hand frozen in Jimin’s hair and Jimin longed for it to move again.
“Hyung…”
He whined and pouted, before slapping his still slightly warm hand against Yoongi’s face to get attention.

“Are we also that annoying?”
Hoseok asked and scrunched his nose after Yoongi finally did what Jimin wanted.

“Nah.”
Taehyung made.
“They aren’t even together and worse than us.”

“Worse than us my ass. I know what Jin-hyung calls you and it’s disgusting.”
Jimin huffed the same time Yoongi complained to Namjoon and Hoseok that “I saw you getting awkward boners around each other, you can’t tell me I’m worse!”

“They are gonna get worse when they get together.”

“Yeah. When.”

Fish perked up at the growling sound Jimin’s throat made when he pressed out the repetition of Jungkook’s words, sensing danger in the bad mood.

“Food is ready! The lazy people will have to get up unless they wish to choke on noodles!”

The lazy people aka Jimin and Jungkook who were laying on the blanket groaned but got up once they caught the scent of spicy noodles.

Fish crawled over to Hoseok and when the dancer noticed it was already too late to push him off, for the iguana had already curled up on Hoseok’s lap after kneading the grey sweatpants into a position he found suitable for his liking.

Namjoon hugged his soulmate while the dancer stared onto his lap looking terrified, however Namjoon looked a little jealous at the lizard.

Taehyung cooed at his child and Yoongi waited for the moment Hoseok did open his mouth to scream to push his chopsticks full of food between the dancer’s lips.

“You let me nap on you and I’m a lot more dangerous than the green croissant over there.”

“Yeah, but you aren’t dangerous to my dick that me and Joonie-”

“Joonie and I.”
Namjoon interrupted automatically but Hoseok wasn’t fazed and just repeated himself louder.

“That me and Joonie cherish a lot.”

Jimin laughed.
“Well, I napped on you too.”

“Oh yeah, Jimin is definitely the most dangerous thing your dick could find.”

“Thanks for making it sound like a bad thing, you brat!”

Jungkook quickly stuffed his mouth with noodles to hide his smug grin, but Jimin wasn’t really mad anyways.

Hoseok accepted his defeat with Fish and started munching too, although he was sitting
uncomfortably straight and was way too tense.

They were mostly silent, expect for Jungkook and Jimin who were wolfing down on their second cup of very very spicy noodles already, making hissing noises as the pain of the spices hit them.

Yoongi was going crazy with the noises and the way Jimin’s plush lips were getting red and swollen - he wanted to wreck those lips to make them look even worse, but he couldn't because they both knew that a kiss would change everything.

And then Jimin yelped, dropping his empty cup and chopsticks without any obvious sign of why.

It was loud enough to make all the dogs get defensive, including Fish who snarled and immediately walked over to Jimin, mouth open as if to threat whatever had scared Jimin.

“What’s wrong? Did a bee sting you?”

“It’s too cold for bees, dumbass.”
Yoongi bit back, not really lashing out at Taehyung on purpose, but it was as if he could feel Jimin’s emotions to a certain extent too; his anxiousness also making Yoongi anxious - and even more protective.

“Jungkook?”
Jimin called, voice too high so that it cracked and turned into a whimper halfway through.
“You know that guy over there?”

“What, the blond one? He’s hot, is he an unpleasant ex?”
Hoseok followed Jimin’s gaze too, quickly finding the source of trouble.

Yoongi made an aggressive noise in the back of Jimin’s throat, jealousy and anger washing over him at the thought of both an ex of Jimin and one that didn't treat him well.

He pulled Jimin closer, head resting on his soulmate’s shoulder and fingers digging into his hip.

Jimin didn't even find the time or words to deny because no, someone like that could never be his ex and the one that he actually had wouldn't be seen on earth, but then Yoongi got so close to him that protest died on his tongue as his mind got fried and before his fear had subdued enough to think clearly, Jungkook had already took the matter into his own hands.

“Oh! Sunbaenim!”
He shouted and waved at the blond man that had been already coming their way, a smaller boy in tow.

“Jungkook are you NUTS?”
Jimin hissed, punctuating the last word by getting louder.

“What? He was coming our way anyway.”
Jungkook just shrugged and was almost looking excited and waiting for the person to arrive.

“Still, calling an unpleasant ex is kind of a dick move, Kook.”

“Namjoon-hyung, he’s not my-”
Jimin couldn’t end his sentence, because the person in question had reached them, and Jimin felt his blood freeze, a strong, powerful gaze settled on him.

He carefully glanced at the two people standing in front of the blanket, trying his best to look
submissive and as un-dangerous as he could.
Jimin had no intention of getting on this man’s bad side.

To his surprise, the smaller boy was the first to talk. His voice was weak and cracking, but warm and happy.
“You have a very nice… dog.”
He pointed at Fish with a tiny, pale hand, and Jimin noticed the chipped fingernails and the needle sticking in the flesh of the back of the boy’s hand, connected to a small tube that ran up the boy’s wide, white sleeve.

“Oh, you mean Fish?”
Taehyung smiled at the two of them or more at the one that was speaking while he ignored the other one - Taehyung wasn’t nice to ex-assholes, or exholes as he liked to refer to them.

“Fish? But… It’s a lizard, right?”

“It is. Fish is just the name.”

“Oh.”
The boy made, a weak looking but honest smile radiating towards Jimin who had answered him.
“Can I… pet Fish?”

“Uhm.”
Jemin raised his head for the first time, meeting the person hovering behind the boy. The blond man’s gaze was still fixed on him, but once Jimin met his gaze he started to look softer and nodded, eyes flickering towards the smaller, sick boy shortly.
“Sure. It’s best if you sit down. If that’s okay.”

“Thanks.”
The boy carefully moved onto the blanket with slightly wobbly legs, escaping the other man’s grasp before he could even protest.
Jimin reached out to hold him when he looked like he would fall, and flinched when the man’s eyes were on him immediately, waiting for him to mess up.
“You are very pretty.”
And the boy reached out for Jimin’s head, touching him right where his ears would be if they weren’t hidden.

Jimin still felt the sensations of getting his ears scratched and closed his eyes almost immediately.
He didn’t question how a normal human boy, not older than 15 could even see his ears - and probably tails - if they were hidden.

“You are too. Black looks very pretty on you. And so does red.”
He nodded at Jungkook who just blushed.

“Sunbae, how can he see and- know?”
Jungkook asked, addressing the man - the angel.

“I made him able to do so.”
The angel’s voice was tiny and soft as he shrugged and for now no one would understand why Jungkook called him as his sunbae.

“But. That’s not allowed.”

One more shrug and the angel looked down at the boy who was carefully accepting Fish as Jimin
handed him over. The demon carefully whispered to Fish in a language the humans couldn't understand, but then the boy spoke to Fish in the same language and Jimin almost dropped the lizard.

“Say, do they know?”
The angel switched to another language as well, one that Jimin didn't understand either, and nodded towards Jungkook’s friends.

“They know about me and the one next to me knows about J- the demon too.”
Dutifully, Jungkook answered the truth, almost letting Jimin’s name slip but catching himself before he could do so. He was sure that his sunbaenim wouldn't abuse it, but Jimin would be mad if Jungkook would just blurt out his definite weakness to the enemy.

“Say.”
The angel switched back the language.
“Who are you to be this close to him? You really shouldn't do that.”

He was speaking to Yoongi, who was carefully watching the man from where his head rested on Jimin’s shoulder.
No one had clarified the whole ex thing yet, and Yoongi didn't like Jimin’s ex.

“His soulmate.”
He spat out, voice grave and dark and Jimin shivered as it vibrated next to his ear - but maybe it were the words that made his body react like that too.

The angel arched both his eyebrows, mustering first Yoongi and then Jimin. He whistled impressed once he spotted their respective marks.
“Interesting.”

“Right. So, you didn't even introduce yourself yet. Why did Jimin break up with you?”

The angel’s face looked utterly shocked, so much emotion in it for the first time.
Jimin was ready to die any second now, scared that the man would take it the wrong way and assume the demon had planned it.

But the angel laughed, exposing pearly white teeth with unusually sharp canine teeth - another sign for his angelic being.

“I’m not able to experience that kind of love what are you talking about?”

“A misunderstanding. Hyungs, this is one of my sunbaenims from… before I fell.”

“You mean he’s an angel? Like, a real one?”

Jungkook pouted.
“I’m also an angel, why are you acting so amazed. Just because his wings are white… Anyways, sunbae, I need to talk to you about something.”

“Sure. Now that I see you again it would be nice to catch up anyway.”

Jungkook smiled and let himself be helped up by the angel with a quick tug on his hand.

“Kit boy.”
Jimin perched up, cheeks painting pink at the name and he looked at the angel curiously, still intimidated but not scared.

“My favourite dongsaeng seems to trust you, so I put my trust in you too, to watch over my little boy
for a while. You better don't misuse it.”

“Of course, sunbaenim!”

Jimin knew that this wasn't the actual way to address an angel respectfully, but the usual title would burn on his tongue. He hoped the man wouldn't mind, but he seemed pretty chill.

Jungkook and the angel stepped away from them to talk in peace and silence without any potential eavesdropping, and Jimin watched the angel’s boy attentively.

“You two should sort it out before it’s too late.”
The boy spoke while he petted Fish.

“What?”

“You two, you soulmates. You should sort out whatever is going on between you. Every life is being lived on borrowed time - if anyone knows that well enough it’s me. And... you don't know how much time any of you has borrowed. Maybe it’ll be over tomorrow. Can one of you keep living, knowing that they didn't use the time they had? Do you think you can accept that you spent your destined time dancing around each other, inflicting pain on each other and living with a bleeding heart, that will never heal again now that you didn't give each other the chance to heal in the first place? Do you think you wouldn't regret once it's too late?”

And maybe the two didn't realize it yet, that one of the things that moved them together the closest were the words of a 13 years old, dying boy whose name was tattooed on one angel’s heart. But that’s exactly what it was, even though at the moment the boy said it, even though when the boy coughed up some blood shortly after and Jimin calmly summoned a tissue to help him, his words were only leaving a heavy feeling in their stomachs.

But both of them knew, especially when they were looking at the angel rushing to the boy’s side immediately, slowly lifting him into his arms, holding him with a smile on his features that was so so loving, no matter whether or not it was a different kind of love, that regrets weren't an option for them, that they wanted to show what they felt without feeling bad about it.

Yet neither of them really knew how to change their way towards regret and pain without leaving scars that were deeper than those they already carved into each other.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact: I actually watched so many lizard videos as research (or stress relief, or both) and the car scene was actually a thing I saw and just KNEW i had to mention bcs gordon damnit was that cute.

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥️
Jungkook wouldn't tell what he and his sunbae had chatted about. And Jimin was getting a little mad at the secrets of his dongsaeng.

He had summoned the fallen to his home because when he retold the dog-park day to his brother - originally to give Jin's pull satisfaction by telling every little detail related to Taehyung - Jin, too, demanded to know, terribly distrusting of angels.

But Jungkook’s mouth appeared to be sewn together, his teasing smile the only sign that he knew something.

Things got kind of heated because the two full-time demons were convinced that Jungkook, the one that had lived among angels as a part of their family, couldn't grasp the concept of their danger and simply didn't possess the natural mistrust like Jimin and Jin, or literally any other demon no matter whether they had encountered one of heaven’s soldiers before or not.

“Can you stop being so annoying and trust me? Sunbae basically raised me.”

Jungkook rolled his eyes, annoyed at his hyung’s antics. He was used to be coddled and treated like a baby between them, and most of the time he didn't mind or was used to it. But that they couldn't believe and trust his judgement was angering and frustrating, and Jungkook hated that they couldn't
see that he knew better and wasn't blinded by suspiciousness and maybe fear.

“Doesn't make him less of a dove.”
Jimin was being stubborn too and that made everything worse for Jungkook. How could Jimin behave so civil and nice around the angel and be an asshole the next second? The incubus didn't have the right to call the angel a potential deceiver when he was acting like one himself.

“If anything it makes me more of a dove because I didn't murder him. You and Yugi were always quite a handful.”

“Were not!”
It took them 3 seconds to realize the angel in the living room.

The two brothers got defensive immediately, hissing and snarling but Jungkook almost jumped at the angel out of pure joy.

“Sorry for… breaking in. I'm aware that it isn't human etiquette to do so.”

“Where’s the boy?”
Jimin asked, not sounding friendly at all. But even he knew that a guardian angel on its own was a strange thing, especially because the angel had seemed so fond of the boy just the day before.

The angel himself looked puzzled, confused why Jimin who had been so civil before, was behaving like any other demon towards him - like an enemy.

“Sleeping. In the hospital. That gave me enough time to come here with what Jungkook asked me to get.”
He nodded towards the bag resting at his feet.
“I got it all, fledgeling.”

Jungkook eagerly leaped towards the big leather bag.

“Wait.”
Jin grabbed the boy’s shirt sleeve and pulled him back, not once looking away from the angel.

Jimin might fear angels, especially the strong, experienced ones, but Jin grew up with his head held high and wasn't used to backing down, or bowing to anyone.

“Why, hyung?! I want my stuff!”

“Because that soup-chicken could have cursed it all he wanted. You're fallen, Kookie, he’s not your friend anymore.”

“Soup chicken?!”
Wings unfolded themselves, spreading wide in the suddenly so tiny looking room, a shining white that blinded the demon’s eyes, soft feathers everywhere and the ones close to the spine fading into a majestic gold, just like the angel’s eyes.

It was undoubtedly a beautiful sight.

“Sunbae was never my friend. He was my family, just like you now.”

“You still are family, my family at least.”
The comment wiped Jungkook’s pout away and he smiled at the angel immediately. It was once
more very obvious that the youngest hadn't taken his fall so easily and still missed his home at times. “I used to regret that you left, I admit that at times I despised you for it. But not anymore.”

As if on command, as if the angel’s body somehow realized the words, a few feathers started smothering, falling off with a rustle of the wings and burning away completely before they could even touch the ground.

Jimin gasped once he realized what that meant. Never had he seen something like this, not even with Jungkook.

“You are… You…- are you really…?”
Jin stared at the wings, not believing what he had just witnessed.

“Am I really all so slowly falling?”
The angel sounded almost mocking, unclear whether he mocked the demons or himself.
“I am.”

“But why? You take good care of the boy.”

“Too good, or do you think it is allowed to show myself to him in something that isn't a dream? He uses my eyes and ears too. And I won't let him die either, kit boy.”

“It’s…”
The incubus contemplated about giving his name away, simply because he hated the nickname that - apparently - all heaven had for him. But now that he had seen what was happening to the angel, his distrust was slowly fading - after all, the angel would be family for him too, sooner or later.
“It’s Jimin… Sunbaenim.”

The angel smiled, warm and soft and looking like he came straight out of a children’s book.
“Hyung is enough. I’m not exactly your sunbae, am I?”

For once, Jimin didn't feel like retching at the - literally - angelic sight.

“But you're even older than my baby chick…”

“Ah, don't embarrass me!”
Jungkook - who had finally gotten his bag - yelled but quickly buried hands and head in the bag, the latter to hide his blushing face.

“Ow!”
Jungkook had burned his fingers on something.

“I told you, didn't I?!”
Jin barked, slapping Jungkook on the back of his head when he whined a loud Hyung~.

“Aren't you older, Jungkookie?”
The angel wrinkled his forehead and turned to Jin.
“I know about your blood, demon, but I didn't think it would get you the title of hyung.”

“Go on, tell your sunbae why you are all your friend’s, including human’s, dongsaeng.”
Jin urged, watching Jungkook pull a face with much satisfaction.

“Because I’m a brat.”
Came the mumbled answer that made the angel snort, and then agree before he asked if he could sit down.
He was of course allowed to, although Jin agreed only because sitting would mean relaxing and that would mean that the angel’s defense would be down.

“So, what is in the bag now?”

“Just some books Jungkook can't access anymore and some of his old stuff.”

On cue, Jungkook heaved a stack of books out of the bag, language something neither Jin nor Jimin could read, but with covers and backs that told the demon they better not touch it unless they wanted to get hurt.

“Sunbae even got me my album!”
The fallen gushed, pulling out a big portfolio next and starting to skim through the pages immediately.

“What’s that?”
Jimin asked, curiosity awoken.

Jungkook was too excited to answer - it was doubtful that he had even heard the question - so the angel did instead.

“It’s a thing most guardians do. There are a lot of people we are assigned to protect and since it’s more often than not a family, generation after generation, we keep some sort of… picture album of the people we protect. By the way, Jungkook, I was assigned to check on your family occasionally so I put them in there too.”

“Up to the current generation?”

“Up to the current generation.”

And suddenly Jungkook was ecstatic, flying through the pages and probably ripping some of them out if they weren’t enchanted to be resisting.

When he found the last picture, he burst out laughing.

The demon’s were too irritated to notice the peaceful look on the angel’s features, as if the cackling was a blessing to his ears, a piece of home that had been missing for the last eternity.

“Look at hyung go!”
Jungkook snorted, squealing and pointing at the picture of a certain boy in his teens, unmistakeable, wide sunshine smile that was shining even more - because of braces.

“Let’s get Namjoon-hyung a framed, giant picture of this for Christmas.”

Jungkook nodded and searched through the bag once more. In his mind, he was planning out which pictures to use of his hyungs… they were on his ribs (and skin) after all.

A few very soft looking clothes showed up, tops with enough space for wings without ripping and bottoms that looked more practical than stylish (and hella comfortable).

There were some more books, thinner and with bent-in edges that spoke of frequent use in Jungkook’s life.
They were songbooks, filled with corals and gorgeous melodies that made Jungkook’s heart ache when he thought about never singing some of them again because of the lyrics.
He’d have to ask Namjoon or Yoongi or even Hoseok to rewrite them, but the latter was only doing music composition as a minor and was usually really busy with his dance.
There were a few more clothes, plushies and other trinkets, some otherworldly and some the remains of Jungkook’s humans.

And then the fallen angel touched once more what had burned him before, hissing and shaking his hand and finally gasping when he recognized the object.

“Sunbae, you did not.”
He stated, unbelieving and mouth staying open in utter shock and fascination.

Jungkook’s sunbae just chuckled and bent over to pull the thing Jungkook couldn’t touch out of the bag.

“I sure did. If I will get disowned soon I might just give them an actual reason to do so. Though I am uncertain if it hinders you from touching due to your ownership or demonic nature.”

“What the fuck is that?”
Jimin sounded breathless and was, just like his brother, shielding his eyes.

The wooden box with one transparent side was brighter than lightning in the demon’s eyes, successfully blinding them to a point where it hurt.

“What’s left of me… up there. It’s my last feather. Wow. I didn't even think anyone would be able to even steal a proper glance at it.”

“Your sunbae isn't your sunbae for nothing. I just skipped the glancing thing and went right to stealing. It is yours, after all.”
The demons were thankful that the angel stuffed it back, or at least their eyes were.

“Thank you for all the books and my stuff, sunbaenim! I’ll treasure them well!”
Jungkook performed an awkward bow - awkward because of the sitting position he was in - and grabbed the thick, leathery books with a serious look on his face.

“Sure Sure. I guess they are for a good cause… of some sort. Soulmate matter I guess?”

Jungkook nodded, glancing at the two demons who were once more looking at the angels - both of them this time - suspicious and wary. Jungkook didn't have a soulmate, and Namjoon and Hoseok were the perfect example of soulmates. Jungkook didn't have anymore friends as far as they knew, so the soulmate matter must be about at least one of them.

“Well, napping at hospitals turn out to be much shorter than you’d think. I need to go. To another meeting soon.”
The angel bowed slightly and vanished with a flutter of his wings that wasn't really a flutter given that they were gigantic.

“Wow!”
Jin made, flopping down on the sofa.
“Two fallings in my lifetime!”

“Coincidence or are the dove’s getting smarter?”
Jimin snorted, amused yet surprised. The number of fallen angels in hell could be counted on with just one pair of hands, so two in one lifetime would either imply a very long living demon - which neither Jin nor Jimin were yet - or an unnaturally, almost miraculously short amount of time between the fallings.

“By the way, how does the whole I’m a dove and always know what’s going on with my human
thing work?"

Jungkook shrugged, grabbing one of the shirts and, after hugging to check the comfiness, exchanging it with the shirt he was wearing before comfortably stretching his wings out with a sigh.

“Jeon Jeongguk.”
Jin stared at him now, wide eyed and, along with the tone of his voice, giving off a very scary vibe. “Is that a tattoo?!"

Jungkook winced, which made the tiny no? he brought even less believable.

“Jimin how can you not say anything when your baby chick just tainted his skin!”

“I was the one with the taint how could I say something? It’s a cute tattoo. Let’s have you freak out about it when we’re all together. Now answer the question, baby chick.”

Jimin got hit with a pillow for that, Jin glaring at him angrily but not dwelling on the topic anymore.

“I just sense it where the mark is? It comes naturally. Different sensations for different urgencies. But to notice when someone wakes up without actually monitoring them is… exceptional. But I guess sunbae and his human have a tighter bond, and he has him on his heart too so… Yeah.”

Jungkook shrugged and snatched the pillow Jimin had been hit with to hug.

“Right. How did that go when you… got hit by Yoongi? I mean you must have felt what happened before that.”

“Honestly? I kind of ignored it, I ignored that since you started your late night activities as a dreamcatcher and constantly got into fights.”

“Mark? What mark?”

“Well, we get the human’s name on our bones to know who we are to protect. The closer to your heart the more important. Usually, that means the ribs are the most important. As for me I-”

Jungkook stopped mid-sentence, eyes widening for a split-second.

“What? What’s wrong?”

Jin picked up on it the quickest, even before Jungkook grasped his left side as if in pain.

“It’s Tae hyung. He’s… scared and… hurt. But not the kind of I stubbed my toe on my bed frame hurt - he does that every morning so I know how that feels. It’s not life-threatening or anything but it’s… something. Something I should check on I think.”

“Is he home?”

“Yeah, why hyu-”

Jin was gone before Jungkook could finish his sentence and both demons stared at the suddenly empty spot.

“Didn't they have some sort of break going on?”

Jungkook was the first to wonder, eyebrows moving together in irritation, because just because he noticed Taehyung’s pain didn't mean the sensation would go away.
“Don't remind me, both of them are so annoying with that break. But yes, and it was still going on.”

“You're one to talk…”

Jungkook got hit with a pillow before he could apologize for the jabbing comment.

On the other side, Jin had entered the living room of Yoongi’s and Taehyung’s shared apartment, not making any noise as he carefully sneaked through the room - partly because he was wearing fluffy socks, partly because he, as a demon, had sneaky written as his biography subtitle.

As far as he could tell, there were no burglars whatsoever but it could always be a demon. Since the humans had befriended demons they would probably attract them too, so Jin had to be careful.

But he wasn't one to be hiding for long, he was tactical and also full of pride, so whatever demon could be here, he should and would learn to respect Jin soon.

“Taehyung?”

Jin called out, attentively waiting for any signs or noises.

“Hyung?”

Unremarkably Taehyung who was calling out but the syllable was halfway swallowed in a hiccup and it struck Jin that, even if his soulmate’s voice sounded so pained and distressed, hearing it after all this time was what gave him some inner rest he didn't know he needed.

“Yes, it’s hyung. Where are you? Are you okay?”

“I don't know. I’m in my room, but-”

Jin had barged into the room too quickly to deny worry in any way.
Taehyung was sitting on his closet, knees pulled to his chest and one hand stuck in between them, almost cradling it while tears slowly ran down his face.

The moment he spotted Jin, a sense of relief washed over him, too strong to just be relieved over the current matter at hand.

“What happened?”

Jin closed the door again, unsure if Yoongi was there and, although it was unlikely because then Taehyung could have just called for help from the next room, Jin wouldn't want to disturb him.

“It was…”

The boy took a deep breath to calm his trembling voice.
“I left the window open and a little bird came in and, I guess naturally, Fishy saw food in it. But I couldn't let the cute birdy die - who knew if it had maybe a hungry family with wife and kids waiting for him - and tried to stop Fish. And… He bit me. And then he snarled at me and left his mouth open and there was - is - my blood on him and it looked so scary so I climbed up here and… and then he ate the bird in one bite and now he won't stop swishing his tail and looking at me and… Help me hyung.”

It was so typical, so typically heartbreaking in a way, that Taehyung would care for a tiny bird and its potential family.

Jin hadn't even noticed Fish in the whole mess, a tunnel vision that was fixed on his soulmate as if to make up for all the time they couldn't see each other.

But, the iguana was hovering in front of the closet, now staring and snarling at Jin with his, truly non-pet looking, bloody mouth wide open and tail flicking.
This was the typical iguana behaviour Jin had expected from the lizard when he witnessed him growing up. Usually, this side didn't come really through because Taehyung spent too much time at the dog park.

“He’s protecting you right now because he knows that you're scared. He just doesn't get that it’s because of him since what he did was usual food-territory behaviour. It’s gonna be fine, okay Taehyung?”

“Y-yeah.”

Jin smiled at his soulmate, trying to cheer him up a little before he turned back to Fish, and crouching down to be closer to the iguana - and further away from Taehyung and his good eyesight.

Fish bobbed his head, clearly trying to threaten and warn the intruder that he was, well, intruding. But Jin wasn't intimidated a tiny bit.

The demon cocked his head to the side, and slowly unveiled his face, eyes turning yellow and tongue flicking out.

Fish backed away a little, but raised his body further from the ground.

And then Jin hissed at the iguana, bared teeth and wide eyes and while they message conveyed was an unfriendly one, it was also telling Fish that they were on the same side.

Still, the clearest thing for now was that Jin stood far above the iguana, and Fish stopped with all signs of aggressiveness immediately, surrendering.

“Good, now go back into your cage you rascal.”

Jin snarled, nudging the lizard to his big cage before changing back and standing up.

“Come on, angel, I’ll get you down from there.”

The demon stretched his arms out, as if he was grabbing a little child, but Taehyung reached out as well, bending down enough for Jin to slowly and safely pull him down from the closet, holding him close and closer until they were seated on the human’s bed.

“Sorry for calling you that.”

Taehyung shook his head, body limb and leaning against Jin, the healthy hand weakly winding around his soulmate’s chest in a hug.

“Just… for a little… please.”

Taehyung mumbled, rubbing his face into Jin’s sweater at the crook of his neck, sighing and closing his eyes.

“Of course. I feel that too.”

The unknotting of the pull, the calmness, the peace.

There were some more, silent tears that Seokjin didn't comment on, just stroking Taehyung’s back and holding him close, holding him safe.

“Does your hand hurt a lot?”

“Adrenalin.”

“Let me look at it? I can take care of it, if you trust me.”

Taehyung weakly held his hand out and, even weaker, distanced himself from Jin’s body with a tired
There was too much blood to really see any proper wounds, but it was obvious that there was at least one where the flesh had been ripped.

“Did he bite my finger off?”
Taehyung was clearly looking anywhere but his hand, eyes shut so tightly that wrinkles were forming around them.

Jin laughed silently, because again, this seemed like such a Taehyung thing to ask.

“No. Can you move them all? I think we’ll have to get Jungkook for this, I’m not that advanced at… mending wounds the way he can.”

The long digits twitched slightly, but it was enough for Jin.

“I’ll call him later. Just… can you take care of it first? Normally even. Just. You.”
Taehyung sounded uncertain as he asked, voice pitching higher and higher with every questionable word, and at the end he opened one eye to glance at Jin, as if afraid of the answer.

Unfortunately, he caught sight of his bleeding hand the same moment Jin mumbled out that Shit, he wanted to kiss Taehyung.
Jin was quick enough to pull the trashcan over so that Taehyung wouldn't retch onto his carpet.

“Still want to kiss me?”
The voice echoed in the trash can.

“Always, ang- Taehyung. Do you have a first-aid-kit?”

“Under my bed. Yoongi-hyung said since it will only be me to get hurt we better keep it close to me.”

The demon chuckled and pulled out the big box smoothly. He ignored that one sock and a pair of underwear was coming out from under the bed too.

He slowly took care of the gashes, one big one stretching between the knuckles of Taehyung’s middle and pointer finger, and a smaller one at the same spot on the other side of the hand. The bleeding was excessive and kind of difficult to clean up and by the way Taehyung started flinching more and more Jin was scared Jungkook would pop in any second. Not that there was something to be scared of with the fallen angel. Jin was just scared that the shared moments with his soulmate would end. Their break was still ongoing and once Jungkook was there with his super healing, Jin wouldn't have an excuse to stay longer.

“You're lucky you have Jungkook.”
Jin mumbled as he tried to stop the bleeding so he could bandage properly.

“I'm lucky I have you.”
Taehyung countered immediately.

“Are you flirting? If you are, you don't need to do that to win me over again. You never lost me. You are pulling the strings right now, not me.”

“Sorry, I just- missed you. A lot.”

Jin smiled at that, because although that had been obvious from the start, hearing it was another
“I did too. We probably annoyed Jimin with this too.”

Taehyung huffed, several times to underline the ridiculousness of Jin’s statement.
“As if we didn't suffer because of him.”

Jin let go of the now thickly bandaged hand, but immediately put one hand on Taehyung’s thigh when the pull started acting up again.

The human turned to him, all soft smiles with a crinkle in his eye that was a bit too mischievous before Jin realized it.

“You can be my painkiller, hyung. Just for a bit. Yeah?”

And with that Jin found himself on his back, head getting shoved into a tiny mountain of pillows that were undoubtedly Jimin’s doing, with Taehyung above him.

“Yeah. But I’ll clean up once you sleep.”

“Can't you do that from the bed? Jimin can do that.”

The air Taehyung pushed out between his lips hit the spot of Jin’s mark and he tensed up at the tingles that went through his body.

“I’m not like Jimin.”
He carefully answered.

“But… like, half of it has to be the same right? Since you're half brothers? Or does that work differently with… these kinds of genes? Do you have tails too?”

“I… don't have tails. Or fur. Sleep, angel.”

“But you have a freaky tongue.”

“Sleep.”

Taehyung just hummed, content and happy, and fell into slumber with a smile on his features.

In that moment, Jin really hated that his energy was too low to clean things with a flick of his wrist.

Meeting Yoongi who was standing in the doorway while Jin came out with his arms full off bloody tissues, towels and a bucket full of red-tinged water sure was a special encounter and Jin was glad that the distress in both of them brought Jungkook into the flat before Taehyung would wake up from the noise.

In all honesty though, Jin started liking Yoongi a bit more.
The fact that he went onto him with a baseball bat, thinking he had murdered Taehyung was something Jin appreciated.
To all those who have read this fic so far, I would appreciate if you would keep reading this :)  
The thing is, that the major I want to study in college has some kind of entrance exam specified for the major (creative writing and culture journalism that is) 

To get accepted for absolving the exam I need to hand in a 10 to 20 page collection of one or several texts (prosa, lyric, drama, essay) until the mid of april 

I currently have 0 pages and -3 ideas. 

So 

I thought, why not translate one of these chapters (I sure do have enough) and change names etc a bit. (and edit out all the smut if there is some) 

Where do i need YOUR help? 

Well, as a reader, you can probably tell best which chapter was the best / the most moving / the most special Or just to say it simple: The one I should hand in. 

I would appreciate it super duper much if you could just tell me a specific scene or chapter number that you liked best in this fic! Would be a huge help for my future and also for my anxiety-ridden mind, because at least then I have some kind of safety-blanket-backup plan if I in fact do not come up with another idea(s). 

Thanks for the help in advance, I feel like I dont show my appreciation for you enough, but I really do appreciate you guys A LOT! ♥♥ 

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 42

Chapter Summary

Research, Skin and Ice cream

Chapter Notes

Okay so this took a little over two weeks.
It's my fault.
Because I've had the chapter since Monday morning
But didn't get to be on my laptop since... now actually.
(School is killing me, but at least its only (this word can be read in a relieved and
panicking voice) 6 days until my most stressfull 5 hour exam)
Well, I'll keep the bi-weekly updates for now, at least until the mid of april :D
Have fun reading folks!

They were back onto their break as if the encounter with Fish hadn't happened.

At least the things between Taehyung and Jin were like that. Jin and Yoongi on the other side had
started to converse more, becoming something close to friends by now as well.

Before, since Jin had been holding a grudge against the human and was on a break with Taehyung,
him hanging out with the group hadn't really happened, but by now he and Yoongi were texting
quite frequently and even hanging out - the latter meaning Jin brought him food to his studio because
this human was too incompetent to nutrition himself when he was working, or Yoongi coming over
to whine about something.

Being at the studio so often also meant meeting Namjoon and Hoseok almost every time, and they -
as the self-proclaimed grown-up people (though Hoseok sometimes fell out of that section) of their
seven people group - had become quite close.

In contrast to the four of them hanging out a lot, the three youngest did the same. Jungkook had
obviously already snitched to Jimin what had happened the day Jin vanished and the incubus - not
able to witness the silent suffering any longer and get his ears chewed off from both sides about how
hard it was to endure - had gladly taken matters in his own hand, bringing books about demons and
their classification from hell with him whenever he visited Taehyung with Jungkook.

Jimin hadn't quite thought that one through because Taehyung was human and couldn't understand
one word the books were written in.
So they kept their research with the book Taehyung already had and google.

Taehyung had coaxed his two friends into only answering his question when yes and no were
possible to say, and when the sources he was reading from were telling utter bullshit.
By now the human was, after tasting what reconnection felt like, more than just eager to find out the truth, but still hanging onto his own principles as stubborn as before.

Jimin had to stop Jungkook from blurting out the truth a few times, the youngest being too impatient and also a little annoyed with, what he called, the cat and mouse game with no one knowing who was the cat or the mouse.

Actually, Jungkook was the only one giving Taehyung shit for his behaviour, because Jimin wasn't allowed to anymore. That had been a mutual agreement between the fallen angel and human, claiming that, as long as Jimin didn't get his shit together either, he wasn't allowed to judge Taehyung.

The same logic didn't apply to Taehyung giving Jimin shit for his situation, and the incubus had stopped arguing about that and just accepted his misery.

Overall it was still nice to hang out like that for all of them, and extra great for Jimin if Yoongi wasn't home because then he felt safe enough to let out his fluffy side (of course, Taehyung’s words).

“So. He doesn't have fur and stuff.”

“For the hundredth time, he doesn't.”

“That means since you two are half brothers, that Jin-hyung is also an incubus.”

“You already proclaimed that a few times too, yes.”

Taehyung was perched in front of his laptop while Jungkook and Jimin were loafing lazily on the human’s bed, sending each other memes and jokes silently while mind-absently answering Taehyung’s very much repeating questions.

“Okay. My soulmate is a sex demon…”

Taehyung mumbled, while Jungkook corrected the sex part to lust.

“Your best friend is one too, so?”

Jimin got kicked by Jungkook for that, and when he looked up from his side of the bed (the one with the dozens of pillows) Jungkook mouthed I’m his best friend with a crazy glare that Jimin only responded to with a boasting, winning grin.

He was Taehyung’s best friend, alright? Yoongi might be his brother from another mother, but the spot of a Bestie was totally reserved for Jimin.

“Point. Okay. So the secondary demon classification can't be one like an alp, right? Because they are both demons that focus on sleep and stealing something from their victims but it’s too different to merge?”

“Correct. Besides, lust demons and alps are like… I don't know, cats and dogs or something. Doesn't work out.”

“True. And usually when demons with two bigger classifications mate they don't get merged. It’s either one side completely or not at all.”

“So… A smaller classification that wouldn't necessarily hinder the demon’s job is more likely? This is confusing…”
“Yup. Ironically, those smaller things are usually the demons only represented in a specific culture or tiny folklore. Good luck finding that.”

Taehyung sighed but went typing and scrolling anyway, mumbling tongue every now and then.

There were no more questions in the next 10 minutes, so Jungkook and Jimin drifted off into their own topics.

“How’s stuff going with Yoongi-hyung?”

Jimin tried to smother himself with one of the pillows.

A soft shutter brought the demon back.

“Are you still taking pictures of me for hyung?!”

“Don't worry your tails aren't on it. I’ll caption it with Jimin can't handle you.”

The picture was barely sent before Jimin had thrown himself on the fallen angel, got him into a chokehold and snapped - after hiding his tails and ears - a selca of them with Jungkook’s phone, a peace sign and a cheeky wink in focus while Jungkook had the look of suffering written on his face.

Jimin sent that one to Yoongi too, captioned with The brat can't handle me or take pictures stealthily.

“There’s too much folklore! Give me a continent please!”

“Uh. Europe.”

Jungkook choked on his words because Jimin wouldn't let him go.

“To answer your question, baby chick...”

Jimin pressed out the nickname the same moment he squeezed Jungkook’s neck one last time.

“Hyung and I are doing great! I haven't really talked to him since the incident we don't talk about, but when I’m here like this, he let’s me cuddle him. I don't think he’ll make a move soon, and I am silently suffering.”

“You're suffering, but you are also insufferable, Jiminnie.”

Taehyung mumbled and didn't even spare them a glance.

“Since when were there so many different countries in Europe?!”

“We could always just show you pictures...”

Taehyung waved them off, eager to solve this himself. By now this wasn't mainly to ease his worry. It was to prove that he could do something like this, something smart.

“Didn't Jin-hyung and Yoongi-hyung become best friends?”

Jimin groaned, dramatically falling into the pillows and kicking his legs like a child that threw a tantrum.

“Hyung’s out of the house more; I like it.”

Taehyung chirped.

“Yeah, because he comes to mine. I hate it.”

Jimin took a breath and hesitated to elaborate more when two pairs of eyes looked at him strangely.

“Don't get me wrong. I love Yoongi.”
“Literally lol.”

“I can’t believe you said lol.”

“I love Yoongi! But, first of all is home the only place I’m comfortable with clothes that show skin and I can’t do that when hyung’s there.”

“I mean you still could, maybe it would make him act on something when he finally connects everything…”

Jungkook was ignored and talked over right away.

“And second of all is Jin giving Yoongi my blanket.”

“The blanket?”

“The blanket,” confirmed Jimin, huddling Taehyung’s blanket for himself but starting a tug war with Jungkook - who wasn’t even cold.  
“And, I don’t care, I’d share my blanket with hyung-”

“You almost clawed my eyes out when I wanted a corner for my feet!”

Once more, Jungkook was talked over, and Jimin finally won the blanket for himself, hoarding it all just for revenge before he continued talking.

“But, when he goes all caterpillar in my blanket - which is adorably might I say - it smells like him. And I’m not okay with that. Because hyung smells really fucking good.”

“TMI.”

Jungkook hit him with a pillow and groaned, accepting his lose with the blanket for now.

“TMI would be me telling you that he smells like campfire and rain.”

“How even-”

Jungkook wondered out loud the same second Taehyung interrupted to ask what the other’s smelled like.

“Well.”

Jimin turned to Taehyung with a smile.

“You smell like fabric softener - the good smelling one - and mowed lawn… Hoseok smells like citrus fruits and Namjoon like apples. Jin-hyung smells like chocolate cake and… stuff that would spoiler you, Sherlock.”

“And Jungkook?”

“Danger.”

The angel cackled (and got kicked in the shin) while Taehyung messed up his typing at the very sudden and very serious sounding exclamation.

“Danger…?”

The human repeated, turning to his friends and arching both eyebrows in scepticism when he saw how the danger rolled from side to side on his bed with tears in his eyes and leg clutched close to his body.

Jimin had a mean kick.
“It’s instinct. To prevent us from getting in each other’s way.”

“Yeah, Jimin. You stink!”

The fallen angel was smothered with a pillow, Jimin sitting on his chest and only stopping when Jungkook used his wings to push his friend onto the floor.

“Hey, Jiminie. Am I far off?”
Taehyung ignored the two of them quarreling and pointed at his screen instead.

“Yeah.”
Jimin shrugged.
“You’ll probably only find stuff about his mother, not Jin himself.”

“His mother? I don't want to snoop around information about his mother! What if I meet her one day and-”

Jimin silenced the human with a hand on Taehyung’s mouth and a shushing noise.
“Taehyung.”
He started, sounding like a wise, old man all of a sudden.
“The day you will meet Seokjin’s mother will be the day Jin, Jungkook and I will be too dead to stop it from happening. It will also be the day you get eaten by her because you’re the exact kind of child she’d like to devour.”

Taehyung gulped when he picked up on devour and looked like he didn't want to meet his in-law anymore, or find out about her.

“Is she that bad?”

“Oh, yeah.”
Jungkook rolled down from the bed as well, perching up on Taehyung’s other side now that Jimin had occupied one.
“We fucking hate her. Hyung scolds me whenever I cuss, but if it’s about that wench it’s fine.”

Jimin nodded.
“My own mother isn’t exactly the loveliest lady, but Jin’s mother… after our father had me with another woman she tried to eat me too. So full of cruelty and hate - even for a demon - you better never meet her.”

The demon shuttered, tails curling at the thought of that women, that monster. He wasn't the only one who almost got eaten and just like all the other's could Jimin never forget the piercing stare of yellow eyes, never once looking away and never leaving with eyelids that had been cut off way before Jimin’s time.

“She eats children?”
Thinking it was about the research, both demons quickly agreed.
Taehyung’s mind was going another way though, like it often did, coming to a theory neither Jimin nor Jungkook would have found that quickly.
“Does that mean Jin-hyung eats children too?”

They were baffled, not at the question but because they didn't know the answer.

“Well.”
This was off to a bad start, and even Taehyung noticed that when Jimin folded both hands over his lap and bit his lip.
“He’s never done anything like that. And I’m not sure if he even can. He’s the unicorn in a family of donkeys. L…”

Jungkook hit Jimin quickly.

“His mother is full of hate. She’s a demon, yes, but she wasn’t made to eat children, that’s kind of just her revenge for being made a demon, for being punished. So, I’m not even sure if that behaviour really moves onto her children as well. I don’t think any of them do that. But I’ve never been in touch with them; they freak me out so I don’t know for sure.”

Taehyung nodded, relieved more than anything, and quickly jotted down what Jimin had said, including the first letter of her name - Jungkook glared at Jimin when he noticed.

“There are more siblings than you two?”

The demons burst out laughing, Jungkook even falling to the floor while Jimin clapped and curled into a ball.

“What’s so funny?”

No one could answer Taehyung, too busy catching their breaths and not breaking out into giggles again.

“Let me tell you something about hell, Tae.”

Jimin started and tried to hide a grin.

“How do I say this best… The whole place is a brother and everyone’s related. It’s disgusting and with that, I mean that I have brothers who have banged my mother.”

The human gave off a silent ew and pulled a face.

“Yeah, well, it’s-”

Jimin stopped mid-sentence, head in the air and sniffing.

“Jin-hyung? Why do I smell Jin-hyung?”

Jungkook joined in and scrunched his nose, trying to figure out what was going on with as much effort as Jimin, if not more because his nose wasn't as good.

Taehyung judged both of them, watching his two idiot friends imitating confused dogs.

Jimin’s nose wasn't irritated by the smell of the rain that came in from outside, the snow exchanged with a heavy downpour when the weather had turned out to be surprisingly warm that day.

With a yip and only a second before Jungkook, the incubus stormed out the door, almost face planting in his eagerness.

Instead, Jimin managed to stumble his way to the door, where the smell was coming from, and he would have managed to stand on two legs too, if not for the competitive little shit that was Jungkook, pushing him down to get ahead of Jimin and be first.

Thanks to that, Jimin performed a very painful imitation of a penguin (painful, because his clothes wouldn't cooperate with the floor to help him slide), stopping with a tumble, landing on his back with shoes digging into the middle of his spine.

Jungkook didn't care for what it was worth, his attention was on the big, wrapped up plastic containers - that, what had smelled like Jin.

“Jin-hyung’s food!”

He shouted in amazement, quickly grabbing - and almost dropping - the food.
Jimin rolled down from the feet he was laying on, kicking Jungkook in revenge when the angel was hurrying towards the kitchen, not once apologizing or even sparing Jimin a glance.

“Hyung!”
Jimin grinned at Yoongi once he was sitting.
“Why do you have Jin-hyung’s food? Oh shit, did you walk here?!”

Yoongi was soaked from head to toe, dripping and slowly forming a puddle around him.

Jimin was on his feet and all over his soulmate within seconds, peeling him out of the leather jacket - thanks sudden warmth - that stuck to Yoongi like a second skin, and rubbing over the wet hair.

Yoongi tried to wave him off, but once he sneezed it was a lost battle, and he let Jimin coddle him - not that he didn't secretly like it.

“Get out of your shoes while I get you a towel.”

Jimin rushed to the bathroom with a familiarity in his steps as if he lived there, and Yoongi was barefoot and also a lot colder when Jimin got back and started to rub over the black hair, covering Yoongi’s face in the process and not stopping until Yoongi made a protesting noise that made the demon giggle.

“Oh, hi Yoongi-hyung. You look like a wet dog.”

“Thanks, Tae. There’s food in the kitchen if the brat hasn't eaten it all yet.”

Taehyung skipped into the kitchen.
“Nice!”
The shout was way too loud and a good sign that Jungkook had not eaten everything yet.
Jimin quickly pulled Yoongi along, not that Taehyung and Jungkook would start eating without them.

“Jin left a note for you, Jimin. Says you aren’t getting any food at home today.”

Jimin grumbled, a little annoyed because he knew that Jin wouldn't allow takeout if he got hungry at night, but was distracted by another sneeze.

“Are you cold? You shouldn't be wearing soaked jeans or you’ll really get sick.

The demon didn't even hesitate (or think) before he reached for the wet jeans, fumbling with buttons and zipper before peeling them off too.

“I walked in on you once, please have it stay at that number.”

Jimin flipped the angel off; doing something like that hadn't even been on his mind, how could it when Yoongi’s body was shivering and the skin was cold and slightly red from the irritation.

“Take my sweater, hyung. We’re a similar size and it’s already warm.”

Again, no actual thinking on Jimin’s part and by the shocked faces of Taehyung and Jungkook he should have thought before pulling off his sweater and pushing it over Yoongi’s head and arms.

Sure, Jimin still had a shirt underneath, but seeing the ink on his now bare arms was enough to have all the blood leaving his face.
Of course he couldn't just yank the hoodie back now, it was too late for that.
And, well, even if Yoongi would connect the points with Jimin and “Jimin” that wouldn't necessarily
be a bad thing.

The demon still felt exposed, not only because of Yoongi, and after seeing his two friends so
shocked (even though they looked like that because they didn't expect it and not because Jimin
looked the way he did) Jimin didn't want to see Yoongi’s face right now.

And back hugging his soulmate was always a nice thing.

No one dared to comment on it, mainly because Yoongi hadn't noticed all the marks yet.

“That feels like a familiar situation, doesn't it?”
Jimin chuckled - more nervous than amused - and sneakily pressed a kiss on Yoongi’s neck, the
contact calming him down a little.

The breathless laugh Yoongi let out made him look down to hide the smile, and he choked on his
breath when his eyes fell on the bare arms that held tight onto his middle.

Jimin, scared shitless, squeezed Yoongi tighter, pressing his face into the human’s back, ready to be
pushed away any second.

For now, Yoongi wasn't doing anything, except thinking, trying to understand.
He tried not to read too many words, not after his eyes had stumbled upon a few that were not so
nice.

He couldn't imagine why anyone would want those words on their skin, let alone in an amount that
some were undecipherable with how much they were overlapping.

Then again, the demon who had simply borrowed Jimin’s body (at least in Yoongi’s current state of
knowledge) had been self-conscious about them too, so maybe he knew where they came from,
maybe he knew they weren't wanted, or a good thing.

At least in Yoongi’s head that made more sense than the tiny voice that nagged his soulmate was the
demon.

The page that said demon had kicked out of his hands came to his mind, only fueling his confusion
more.

One thing Yoongi definitely knew, however, was that Jimin was scared and probably hadn't wanted
Yoongi to see his inked skin if the way Jimin was almost breaking his ribs was anything to go by.

But, as far Yoongi could tell, Jimin had no reason to be as scared as he was right now.

The whimper that escaped Jimin when Yoongi pulled the iron grip of his body was heartbreaking
and Yoongi hurried to shove them back around him, just softer and hidden in the wide pocket of the
hoodie. His hands snaked around Jimin’s arms, slowly gliding over the cold skin to reassure.
Jimin sighed, squeezing Yoongi’s middle and snuggling even closer.

“Guys, leave food for me please… M’not gonna move.”
Taehyung snorted but went to save some of the food.

“You two are so domestic, why aren't you official?”

“Hyung knows that I wouldn’t mind. He knows what to do if he wants to change it.”
Yoongi would change it, too. It was tempting, very much so.

But, now that he had been told directly that it was what Jimin wanted, that he didn't hate Yoongi, there was a weird churning in his stomach whenever he thought about kissing Jimin or talking to him.

And then yellow eyes flashed in front of his inner eye, and Yoongi felt like he was betraying both of them either way, no matter what he did.

The demon was starting to make him feel a similar way Jimin did, and it irritated Yoongi because he couldn't know if he was actually falling for the incubus or its version of Jimin, because falling for Jimin himself had happened long ago.

By now Yoongi was rolling around where he had fallen, with no intention of getting up any time soon, maybe ever.

He wouldn't talk to Jimin or Jimin’s friends about this, afraid someone would misunderstand or get hurt, so besides himself (and he had already done that a lot and not come to a result, no good one at least) only one person was left.

Or, rather, person-ish…

“Jungkook. The tub of strawberry ice-cream is still alive right?”

“Yah, hyung, I don't like strawberry, that’s Jimin’s flavour. I only kill your chocolate ice-cream.”

“That’s not why I was asking.”

The jab was - in Jimin’s opinion - more than unnecessary, especially with the sharp tone it was delivered through, and Jimin pinched Yoongi for it with an almost inaudible, mumbled: “Don't be mean.”

“How can Jin even cook that good!!”

Taehyung almost moaned, but his face was close enough to something Jimin would identify with orgasm-face that sound effects weren't needed to deliver the message.

“Magic?”

Jimin joked and Jungkook laughed so hard he spat out his food and choked.

Yoongi didn't get the joke.

“The taste of his food is perfectly to your liking? Wow, it's almost like you were made for each other, what a concept!”

“You're one to talk when, at this very moment, your soulmate who are you are not in a relationship with, is clinging onto your back as if you're two perfectly fitting puzzle pieces.”

Taehyung threw a tomato at Yoongi and scowled, though not really angry.

“We already told Jimin he can't complain about it, you can't either!”

It was one of these moments where Jimin was glad he and Yoongi’s relationship had developed far enough that no one was tip-toeing around them anymore.

“Let him live, he’s suffering from Jin’s nagging and ranting.”

“No wonder he needs your blanket.”

The pout on Jungkook’s face spoke of envy as he teased them, making the words lose most of their
Yoongi mouthed your blanket? and made a confused face that didn’t go unnoticed by Taehyung who made a mental note to explain it later to Yoongi if it didn’t come up again. Yoongi using Jimin’s very very personal stuff might be a sensitive topic, so he wouldn’t want to pick on it now, not with that much company or Jimin around.

“Please, I bet hyung complains just as much. They probably just whine to each other about Jimin and me.”

Taehyung grinned when Yoongi glared, mission distracting-Yoongi successful.

“We do not.”

“Of course you do, I heard you in my room.”

Jungkook and Taehyung burst out laughing.

“That, that right there is the face of someone who didn’t know the person he would talk about was home!”

“Shut up…”

A very weak attempt to actually make them shut up, but maybe Yoongi was tired to fight battles he had lost before they had begun. Not that anyone could blame him, Taehyung and Jungkook were a strong force, and if Jimin decided to tease too, then Yoongi would die.

“Are you still creeping around on even creepier websites?”

Taehyung nodded, mouth full of food and pointed his chopsticks at Yoongi who was eating as well. “You should join us, it’s fun. And it would probably be a lot faster if you help. Maybe you’ll find out some new revelations about your friend…s too?”

Yoongi arched an eyebrow at the plural but didn't comment on it. The extra letter had already added to the mess in his mind.

“I have an assignment to finish.”

He tried to escape, because being in a tiny room with Jimin (and two other idiots) seemed like anything but a good idea, especially since Taehyung would occupy the only seat and therefore only leave the bed (or floor, but no thank you) to them.

His escape failed, probably because Jungkook had picked up on his plan and tried full force to cancel it. “You can still finish that in Tae’s room with us. I promise we won't disturb you. If we do you can hit us.”

“Very tempting.”

The possibility of hitting his favourite brats wasn't the only tempting thing playing into his decision. “Fine. But don’t ask to hear it, not before it’s finished at least.”

“Oh, it’s a song?”

“No Taehyung, don't you always want to listen to the essays I have to write?”

“So sassy, go get laid or something…”

“Just say the word and I’ll be there.”
Jimin didn't sound half as sexy as the innuendo should have made him sound, half asleep against Yoongi and eyes barely blinking open. It wasn't like he was tired, but being this close to Yoongi was relaxing and dozing off a little was pretty comfortable.

“I'll go get my stuff before one of you barges into my room to get it and breaks something…” Yoongi took a step, and then another one, and then he bounced back to where he had stood because Jimin’s feet were still firmly planted on the ground, just like his arms wouldn't let loose.

“I think you need to retract that koala first.” Jungkook chuckled but went to help anyway, before Jimin would get whiny. He knew the sleepy look on his friend when he saw it, and if Jimin wouldn't get out of that and not get what he wanted - that being cuddles - he would use cuteness to get it, and in the daze he was right now that wouldn't stop the incubus from sprouting tails and ears.
And while that would surely be entertaining, it probably wasn't really the right thing to do at the moment.

Jimin still got whiny when Jungkook pulled him away with a strong grip around the demon’s middle, but once he was up in the air there wasn't much Jimin could do, so he pouted and watched Yoongi leave.

“Do you think if I start cuddling you on the bed Yoongi will fight me for it?” The whispered question got Jimin’s attention immediately, a playful smirk ghosting over the demon’s features.

“Maybe. If not he will try to be subtle about it but fail.”

“If he’s moody he’ll hit me.” Jimin sighed.

“I really hope he’s moody then.”

Taehyung looked at the duo, a little confused since whispering was never a good sign, especially if he couldn't pick up what it was about.
But he didn't plan on participating in whatever mischief was planned; he had research to do.

After finishing his portion, Taehyung didn't bother to check on his friends, deciding to get busy before anyone could distract him - that had happened one too many times already - and it seemed as if the food had given Taehyung new energy as well, so that the human was well into his own world before Jimin and Jungkook were back on his bed with giggles.

Jimin obviously claimed his position at the head of the bed, sinking into the pillows comfortably, while Jungkook didn't get settled right away, but paid attention to Taehyung first, checking how close he was to finding his answers.

Once Jungkook had deleted all the tabs displaying shady websites, Yoongi had arrived too, notebook in hand and big - most likely noise-cancelling - headphones around his neck. He looked to Taehyung, shook his head in amusement - Yoongi didn't believe the whole My soulmate is a demon-bullshit - and let his eyes wander over to Jimin who was already looking at him with a smile, a silent invitation to get closer.

Yoongi wanted to, really wanted to, especially since Jimin was still looking a tiny bit self-conscious with bared arms, but Jungkook could have yelled Smackdown with how he flung himself at Jimin before Yoongi could even move an inch towards his soulmate.
Jimin giggled, that sweet, sweet giggle that had Yoongi’s heart fluttering, but right now it made the
human pull a face. He wanted to be in Jimin’s arms, not that brat of a fallen angel.

Yoongi almost snapped when he saw how Jimin whispered something into Jungkook’s ear, a
glimmer in his eyes and a giggle falling from the younger’s lips, both their eyes flicking to Yoongi
for a second.

Huffing, Yoongi went to quickly grab Jungkook by the collar of his shirt, and the angel was pulled
away from Jimin with a protesting yelp that made Jimin giggle more and before the incubus could
stop laughing Yoongi had already settled against him, body between the demon’s spread legs.
All in all very comfortable.

From his position, Yoongi couldn't see how Jimin wiggled his eyebrows at Jungkook who only
acted as if he was offended that Yoongi had stolen his spot, but Yoongi took pity on the pouting boy
and didn't push him off when Jungkook tucked his feet under Yoongi’s calves.

Jimin put the headphones over his ears before Yoongi could even move his hands, soft fingertips
brushing against his skin and still slightly wet strands of hair, lingering too long to not have this kind
of touch as the actual intention of the action.

Yoongi squeezed the thigh on his right before he went to work, the up and down movement of
Jimin’s chest against his back giving him an unintentional rhythm to work with on this song.
Namjoon had come up with the lyrics, and Yoongi was working on melody and everything else, but
working on it was already frustrating because the voice he had in mind for this was basically non-
existent. At least for him, he didn't know someone with a voice of that type.

He didn't notice how suspiciously quiet Jungkook and Jimin were, not until an hour into his work he
felt fingers ghosting over his skin, dipping under the hoodie that wasn't even his, slightly scratching
over the mark.
Yoongi was sitting straight in a second, almost dropping the notebook and he tried to cover it with a
fake cough, but with the way Jimin’s body vibrated behind him and Jungkook’s snort, he had failed
and both of them had planned this.

Not wanting to give either of them the feeling of victory, Yoongi tried to mentally prepare himself for
everything Jimin could try to irritate him, going from the touches to Jimin pull his underwear up
higher than it should be or just straight on shoving a hand down his pants. The latter was unlikely
when Jungkook had his mind in planning too, but Yoongi knew that Jimin would definitely do it
without feeling embarrassed at all.

Jimin kept pressing onto the mark, successfully keeping Yoongi from getting his mind back onto the
track, and the moment he shoved his headphones down from his airs the little shit of a soulmate blew
into his ear, making him jolt and shutting the notebook in one fluid motion.

Enough work for today.

Jungkook quickly grabbed the device, as well as the headphones to put them on the floor before
someone damaged them.
At least he was thoughtful about his teasing.

Hands free now, Yoongi could grab behind him and squeeze Jimin’s sides and the demon shrieked
and jumped when Yoongi hit the, obviously very sensitive, spot.

Before they could break out into a tickle war, Taehyung spoke up.
“Is Jin-hyung a vampire-thingy?”

Yoongi snorted, wondering what kind of bullshit the two others had been feeding Taehyung, but neither of them laughed. Instead, they actually thought about it.

“Not exactly. I think the whole vampire lore might have originated from his family though. What are you on?”

“Drugs, probably…” Yoongi mumbled, still not believing a tiny bit about this.

“L… I can’t pronounce it. Something… uh… greek?”

When no one commented on it, Taehyung took it as a sign that he was right or at least on the right track.

“Wait, are you actually letting him believe this bullshit? How in any way would Jin be a demon? His hair is pink for fuck’s sake!”

“I hate to break it to you, Yoongi-hyung, but you are sitting on a bed with a fallen angel which means that he is, in fact, a demon.”

Yoongi really wanted to bite back on that, but having a snarky comment marked on Jimin’s skin didn’t seem like a good idea - not with the many other words already on the skin.

“I know that you’re not exactly human, Jungkook. But Jin? That’s just absurd. You can be scary as fuck, really scary, but Jin? He watches dramas all day and cries about them because the break from his love interest lasts longer than one episode.”

Jimin laughed, weakly. That did sound like Jin.

But he knew that his brother could be very scary and that not only when he started nagging about how Jimin should clean his room.

Yet, Yoongi denying the possibility that persistently stung. Because it made Jimin realize that the chance of a relationship with Yoongi was very low. Even if Yoongi would want to, at the moment, how would it be once he found out his soulmate was a demon too?

In fact, Jimin did not know that, but Yoongi was vehemently denying the logic in his brain. When Jin was a demon, Jimin was one too and if he was being honest with himself… that was probably the only reason he was denying Taehyung’s thesis so much.

He had sex with a demon - several times - and he was friends with one, so why he was denying it so much Yoongi couldn't answer either.

“I’ll be in my room. Can I throw you out later this evening Tae?”

“Do you want to be alone with your tub of strawberry ice-cream?”

Taehyung wiggled his eyebrows and Yoongi missed that it was directed at Jimin, thinking Taehyung was just teasing him - as usual.

“You catch on quick. Can I? I’m sure Namjoon or Hoseok will let you crash.”

“Sure, I’ll find a place to sleep. Jimin, your bed is big enough for me too, hm?”
Ironically, Jimin’s bed would be empty that night, and if Taehyung was voluntarily risking to be alone with Jin over the night and into the morning Jimin wouldn’t forbid it so he nodded, chirping a “Sure.” before pinching Yoongi one last time when the human got up to leave.

“Great. You’re gonna leave when Jimin leaves?”

“Is Jungkookie gonna come with to start a slumber party in Jimin’s room?”

The angel was also well aware that the slumber party would consist of two people, but he was still in since it would be one night less he’d have to spend in hell.

“Is hyung throwing us out now?”

Jimin grinned, trying to look teasing when in reality he was so damn giddy to have a talk with Yoongi so soon.

“Even if he wasn’t, I just read enough creepy stuff for today. Let’s go. We can buy snacks on our way, right?”

“If you’re paying.”

Jungkook got shoved for that.

Jimin pecked Yoongi on his cheek on the way out, whispering “See you.” against the skin before turning away as if it had never happened, joining Taehyung and Jungkook’s laughter as they left.

The flat felt too big and too small at once and Yoongi was glad that both he and Taehyung had been too lazy to rub the drawn on summoning circle off the floor. He needed someone right now, someone like Jimin to calm his confused mind and the faster he got that substitute, the better.

Though Yoongi had never tried summoning an incubus before - the last time he hadn’t been present and if he had been then that would have never happened - it went smoothly and the ice cream was waiting to be taken as a sacrifice while Yoongi recited the spell.

Different from Jungkook, there were no strong winds when the summoning was answered. It was just a sudden warmth in the room, the air feeling heavier, lulling in a way and Yoongi guessed that it was some kind of pheromone thing to make him feel this light, this floaty.

The incubus had picked up the small plastic tub before Yoongi could even see if the right one had answered, but maybe that was because the demon had to change its body according to what Yoongi wanted.

The lid was flying to the other end of the room before Yoongi even saw it coming off, and Jimin was smiling at him from the middle of the circle, yellow eyes sparkling cheekily, a playful yet happy glimmer in them.

The incubus raised the spoon to his lips, slightly parting them to rest the metal between them, and with a movement in his fingers a second, identical spoon slid out from behind the other as if it had always been there (which it hadn’t).

The smile turned into a grin when their eyes met.

“Wanna share with me?”

Chapter End Notes
My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 43

Chapter Summary

One last time

Chapter Notes

I'M BACK

Yeah so luckily the mistake was - while it was severe or as the tech guy said "I've never seen something like that" - quick to fix and even luckier do I have all my documents on an online drive ^^'

This chapter is 5k long btw I hope you can take it as a treat for waiting this long for me uwu

I am really thankful that you were all so patient and understanding and supportive and WOW thank you!

I also really REALLY loved how half my readers became sherlock holmes trying to find out who Jin's mother is. But I'm not telling yet! >.<

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“You would share your precious ice cream with me?”
It made the demon laugh, giggles bubbling in his throat before a playful smirk caught Yoongi’s eyes again.

“Well, if you’d let me out of this circle, I’m sure that could be arranged.”
Almost purring the sentence, the incubus went to the very border of the circle, holding a spoon out to Yoongi that hadn't been there before.

He realized quickly that they were playing a game, and didn't want to lose. So he played coy, flashing the demon a shy smile.
“How do I even know you are what I was looking for?”
In addition, while he doubted that another demon would answer a summoning with a sacrificial tub of strawberry ice cream, the possibility was there. It could probably also be a succubi - since that was who the ritual had been for - and Yoongi didn't know if female demons could take male bodies, but it surely wouldn't surprise him if they could.

“Baby, I am everything you want and more.”
The incubus licked his lips, winking before turning stone-serious.
“Seriously though, it’s me and that line was horrible. Please let me out, I hate being caged like this since what happened last time. I’ll even reward you for it. If you're up for it.”

“Up for it?”
Yoongi snorted, reaching out to grab the incubus' hand and pull him out of the circle with a mumbled, “C’mon.”

“Being up for it has never been a problem with you, hasn't it?”

“Guess not.”
Jimin smiled at the hidden compliment and innuendo.

Yet Yoongi led them to the couch in the living room and not his bedroom. He knew from prior experience (starting to send Yoongi some not so subtle pictures when Jungkook was sleeping in said bedroom and Yoongi lazing around in the living room) that the couch wasn't to be misused for that stuff.

“I wasn't to talk. Questions or… I don't know.”
Yoongi rubbed over his face and nudged the tub towards Jimin who looked confused at first and then a little anxious.
He wasn't good at talking or I don't know. He was good at distracting people from that kind of things with sex. But he had a feeling that wouldn't work or wouldn't be worth it.
“Eat while I… find my words.”

“O...kay. Please don't exorcise me. That hurts a lot and I can just… door?”
Still, Jimin began eating, shoveling big spoons of the cold stuff into his mouth, albeit eyeing Yoongi very carefully. Maybe he was also doing that so he wouldn't try anything to get the topic that Yoongi was trying to breach to sex. At least the big portions he shoveled onto the spoon kept him from looking somewhat tempting except for a laugh.

“Do you… visit people again often? Or is it just me?”
The question was strange and even more off-putting because Yoongi didn't sound jealous at all. Jimin couldn't figure out why he was asking. Either way, he would be honest. He wouldn't lie to Yoongi about this. Or mostly anything, really.

“Sometimes. Or, well, I used to. I don't really go dream hunting anymore, and picking up the same person when I go clubbing is difficult.”
Another spoonful went into Jimin’s mouth although his throat was already hurting the way it only did when you’d eat too much cold stuff too fast (stuff, because Taehyung and Hoseok had challenged him to a competition of who could swallow the most ice cubes the fastest - Jimin had won and got teased about swallowing for the rest of the night). His lips smacked together sweetly a he hummed in thought.
“But when I did, sure. Some people are… tastier then others. And if you have regulars then you won't quarrel with other hungry demons. I usually returned at least once more. Mostly more. Sometimes I couldn't.”

“Why not?”

“Because I killed them. I won't lie about it. I grew up with humans as food and nothing else. I didn't care about their well-being and only about saturing my needs.”

“Not anymore?”

“No. I don't harm them… you.”

“Good… Did the people you visited- ever fell in love with y-you?”

Oh.
Oh!
Now Jimin had a whiff of where this was going.

“I… guess? Though I wouldn't call it… love. I don't think you can fall in love with someone that fucks you in your sleep. I'd call it dependence or… addiction. It’s hard to be satisfied once a lust demon had its hands on you, you know?”

Yoongi could only imagine, but that he could good. Still, he had to admit that the first night he’d spend with Jimin was still the best in his life when it came to bedsheet activities.

“Yeah. Well.” He turned slightly red when he thought back to said night, stumbling over his words momentarily. “But love? Never?”

“I’m being the ideal fantasy. I guess there’s always a little love involved. But even then…” Jimin stopped to shove another spoon of ice cream into his mouth. “I’m never really you and it’s not like I talk to those people.”

A whispered you’re special went through Yoongi’s head, making him sigh. He forced himself to come to the point, even if it made him feel embarrassed,

“If I were feeling somewhat… in love with you. Would I be in love with you or your version of Jimin who I also, and definitely love?”

Jimin’s mouth fell open - he was glad there was no more food in his mouth.

He had expected a confession, but not one that would contain definitely or be about the soulmate.

Yoongi mistook the shocked face for something negative and hurried to explain himself, fuzzy and nervous.

“I- I mean. I’m confused. I know that I love my soulmate and that I was dumb. I’ve been thinking about it, you know, apologizing and… starting new, if he let's me. But then you come to my mind and I… I feel like I’m betraying one of you no matter what I do or don't do and- and I know we aren't anything but-”

“Hyung, hyung stop. You're fine.”

Well, maybe hyung wasn’t fine because there was a spoon full of cold, sticky ice cream in a flavour he didn't really like in his mouth and halfway down his throat to mute him.

“I just didn't expect you to be so blunt about your soulmate. You usually shut off at the topic.”

“Are…” Yoongi coughed when his throat felt frozen (he would have lost the competition even before Hoseok, Jimin was sure). “Are we just going to ignore that I just confessed with a question maker? Or is what I say about another boy really the only thing interesting to you?”

“No, but I sort of expected you to confess after what you asked me.”

Jimin put the empty tub on the table, pulling his legs to his body.

“But yes, what you say about your soulmate interests me most. I don't think you're in love with… with the incubus that visits you at night. I think you're in love with the idea of talking to Jimin, of spending the night together like we do, of being around him without any bad tension, of domesticity.”

Jimin took a breath and stared at the boy in front of him.

“Let's be frank, Yoongi, you aren't in love with a demon that imitates your soulmate, you even address me with his name because you don't know better. You're just in love with the idea, no, fantasy of being in a relationship with Jimin.”

It was more than weird to tell Yoongi that, to say You're not in love with me, you're in love with me which was why he avoided to even use the word me.
But it also felt insanely good to say it out loud, even to repeat it in his mind. _You're in love with me_, was music in Jimin’s ears.

“Are you sure? Shit, how weird is it that I’m asking you how I feel.”

Jimin put a reassuring hand on Yoongi’s shoulder and squeezed.
“I’m sure. And even if not, an incubus shouldn't stand between two soulmates. I wouldn't, at least.”

For some reason it made Yoongi laugh and Jimin would have liked to join in, but it sounded too bitter.
“Is that you talking or the idea I’m in love with? Jimin is the same you know - always out of my happiness even if it hurts him. How do I know you're not the same?”

“With trust, hyung. Trust me, even though I’m a demon, that you being with your soulmate would make me happier than you being with an incubus ever could, even if that incubus is me.”

“What are you, some kind of matchmaker?”

Now they laughed, giggling like idiots, until Yoongi’s mood shifted again.
“You never told me we can't be because you don't have feelings for me. You only told me what my feeling are, not yours.”

“Because I don't like to lie. Keeping truths isn't lying.”
The truth was who Jimin was and not what Jimin felt.

“So I would hurt you if I came clear to Jimin.”

“I promise you wouldn't. Promise.”

“How can you say that when you actually do like me? And you haven't denied it so I see that as a yes.”

Smiling, Jimin only anticipated the moment they could start a relationship more. He knew that it wouldn't be all rainbows and sprinkles but that Yoongi cared like that was a big - Jimin didn't even know what to call it, but he liked it, a lot.

But for now he had to convince Yoongo to confess to the right person.
He needed to convince Yoongi that he would be fine.

Talking, however, was no strength of Jimin; taking action was.

Yoongi yelped when Jimin straddled him in one fluid motion, strong thighs squeezing down persistently.

“I won't be hurt. How about we have some fun, puppy? One last time, to say goodbye to this relationship. So that the next time we’ll meet, you will have your soulmate in your bed and not a substitute-demon.”
To underline his offer, Jimin pressed down hard, Yoongi’s lips parting and a puff of air, yet no sound coming out.

“N-next time?”

“We’ll meet again, trust me. So, what about it - one last time?”
Jimin’s smile was inviting, too inviting and Yoongi had his hands on the other’s hips before he realized it himself, breathing out a dark _Yeah._
Yoongi still caught himself before things would get too heated.
“Just, not here.”

Giggling, Jimin obeyed and got up, stretching his back so that his shirt slipped up and hinted a bit of skin. Yoongi found it tempting, very much so, but he knew it was what Jimin intended.

“Where else then? Coffee table? Kitchen? You do have a nice kitchen… Floor, wall? Tae’s room?”
By now the demon was joking. Tae wasn't home and wouldn't come home, so the thrill was gone anyway. That, and Jimin wasn't mean to people that don't deserve it.
Hoseok’s room? Jimin would, Hoseok could be annoying.

“How about we stay boring and take my bed?”

“If that is the only boring thing about this… count me in.”
Jimin pulled Yoongi onto his feet, grinning widely.
“Be good for me?”

Something changed in Yoongi’s stance when he heard that and the look he gave Jimin made the demon shiver.

“How about you're going to be good for me?”
Yoongi was smirking now, enjoying how Jimin’s eyes widened, his grip on Yoongi’s hand twitched, his breath hitched.

“S-Sure. But you know your limits.”

Jimin had to remind himself to breathe, the feeling in his chest a mixture of panic and excitement.

“Not touching, I know. But you have your demon mojo. I’m sure you can give me a substitute. If you want to. It’s not too much, right?”

“It’s… I don't think it is. I- I want to. And it’s not like you can actually overpower me. Or not stop when I ask you to.”

Yoongi chuckled, taking initiative and pulling Jimin to his bedroom, pushing him down onto the mattress softly but with impact.

“I still can't kiss you?”

“Unless you want to sell me your soul… I wouldn't know what to do with it though, so please don't.”
Jimin was nervous, very much, so when he gripped for Yoongi and closed his fingers around the fabric of his hoodie, they were shaking and it was less pulling and more of Yoongi complying and playing along to the hesitant tugging to come closer.

“You're fine, it’s fine.”
Mumbling, Yoongi hovered over Jimin, bodies on top of each other, and pressed a kiss onto the demon’s skin, right under his ear.

“M'gonna mark you up… All over your body. Fuck, you're so pretty and when I'm done with you you’ll be even prettier. You’ll be looking into the mirror and only see me all over you for days.”

“Please…”
It was no more than a breath of air, but Jimin’s back arched when Yoongi gently sucked and bit his neck.
Jimin wanted to feel Yoongi’s body on his, urged to feel skin on skin, body-heat mixing.

“O-off. Take it off hyung.”
Weakly tugging on the hoodie again, Jimin felt like pudding under his soulmate.
He wasn’t in charge at all, but the feeling of letting go like this was like a rush.

He understood why people liked what he usually did to them; he liked it too.

Yoongi sat up, looking down on Jimin while he settled between his legs. He grinned, obviously satisfied with Jimin and the demon felt himself blush right down to his neck.

“I really like you like this. Who thought I’d have an incubus beg for me, and so prettily too… How about we stay even? I take something off, but so do you.”

It wasn't just dirty talk. Jimin knew Yoongi wasn't an idiot, of course the human had noticed that Jimin hated to undress. Of course he was asking, ready to stop the moment Jimin would say so.

Jimin was getting hard and his jeans uncomfortably tight in his crotch area.
He really wanted to be marked up too, he didn't want to be scared of his own skin anymore.

“You first.”

“You first.”

The hoodie was off within seconds and Jimin immediately went to touch Yoongi’s chest.
Waiting for a bit, Yoongi let himself be touched before he peeled the demon’s pants off, immediately gripping bare legs once he could.

“How about we stay even? I take something off, but so do you.”

“Okay?”

“Of course.”

Still okay. Don't keep asking, I’ll just tell you to stop when I need you to.”

Arching his eyebrows, Yoongi send a questioning look to Jimin, massaging the thick thighs under his hands before smiling.
“Still okay. Don't keep asking, I’ll just tell you to stop when I need you to.”

“But what if consent is my kink?”

“That’s a very noble kink and I won't stop you from living it. But I’m sure you can gain my consent through more than just okay.”

Winking, Jimin altered his voice at the last word, making it sound raspy but ridiculous though.
Youongi almost took offence to the imitation.

“Noted… Did I ever tell you I love your legs?”

Slipping down on the mattress until he could kiss Jimin’s legs, Yoongi had an almost predatory gaze on his features when he started at the boy’s ankles and kissed his way upwards.

Jimin hummed, enjoying the feeling of lips on his skin, butterflies on places he hadn't allowed to be touched in so long.
“I’ve been old that they have a certain… chockeability- ah don't bite me, you chipmunk!”

Jimin half-heartedly swatted at Yoongi who lazily grinned up at him.

“Don't make fun of my compliments…”
He growled, nibbling at the skin he had just bit.

“I’m not! You were the one giving my legs their chokeability. You planted that idea in Taehyung’s head.”
The look Jimin received warned him that he better not bring any of their friends into situations like this again.
“Hyung… Didn't you say you’d mark me up?”

“Why, do you want me to?”

“Please…”

Laughing quietly, Yoongi watched Jimin writhe under him for a while.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, shit- fuck please!”
The demon almost shouted, a wave of desperation washing over him too suddenly, too unexpected. He shivered.
“Please make my skin bloom, make me want to look into a mirror, hyung, please!”

Yoongi hadn’t planned to make Jimin cry and Jimin hadn’t planned on crying, so it came as a surprise to both of them when thick, salty tears pearled down Jimin’s face slowly and then worryingly quick.

“Hey, hey… I’m here, I got you… baby, kit, I’m here. Don’t cry…”
In all honestly, Yoongi was a bit overwhelmed, unsure what to do exactly, but he did hurry to hug Jimin tightly, squeezing the shaking body and whispering words that he hoped were reassuring.

“Shit- f-fuck M’sorry hyungie. I don’t-t know what- why.”
Jemin sobbed, desperately clinging to Yoongi who just held him close.
“I’m still hard too, I- I feel fine. I g-guess it’s just… too much? I don’t know why I’m crying at all, maybe it was the begging but I feel fine.”

“I didn’t overstep a line?”
Yoongi asked carefully, not aiming to make this about him at all.

“N-no. You were perfect. Don't stop, please. And… I like it when you call me… that.”

“Call you what? I feel like I addressed you with every existing pet name because I panicked.”

Carefully, as if afraid to break him, Yoongi let go of Jimin to get a look at his face.
His thumbs wiped over the streaks of tears and it was true that Jimin was somehow still looking happy and excited.

“Kit, that one. S’nice…”
It was barely a mumble and Jimin’s cheeks turned pink. He was a little embarrassed because he used to hate the nickname ever since Jin and Jungkook only called him that to tease him. Yoongi made it sound different, made it sound good.

“Yeah? Kit? What, are you my little kumiho?”

“Sh-Shut up. You promised to mark me up but that still hasn't happened.”

It was a weak attempt to move to another topic and get back into the mood. But Jimin really wanted this, both to get marked up and to get sated one last time as the incubus instead of the soulmate.

Yoongi chuckled when Jimin pouted at him to underline his misery because of the unfulfilled promise. He couldn't leave his incubus hanging now, could he?
“How unfair. Can I take this off?”
He tucked at the collar of Jimin’s shirt and waited for an answer, one hand resting on Jimin’s cheek, watching how the demon bit his lip nervously.

It would be a lot of free skin, it already was a lot. But Jimin trusted Yoongi enough. It was the big mark on his back he didn’t want exposed.

“Shove it up, please. And let me stay on my back?”

“Of course. Thank you, kit.”

The demon felt lips on his jaw and palms under his shirt but Jimin was sure it was the name that made him shudder.

“Comfy?”
Yoongi asked once he had shoved the shirt up as far as he could and he waited for a nod before his hands roamed over Jimin’s chest, closely followed by his eyes.

“Hyung, stop looking.”
Jimin hid his face behind is arms as he complained, pretending that Yoongi wouldn't see him if he couldn't either.

“Why? You're so pretty.”
Yoongi’s voice sounded like he was only half listening an he slowly traced over Jimin’s ribs, again and again.

“I don't want you to… to read.”
Jimin exchanged the arms for his hands so that he could peek through his fingers when he spread them.

There were, of course, some rather normals words; the usual greeting or apology, questions for time or direction. But there were also slurs, especially on Jimin’s torso.
His job was to tempt and rather often, when he was out at night, all dolled up to hunt, he would tempt people to follow him to push him into dark corners and to attempt to force himself on him if he wasn't willing (which he rarely was).

“Let me make sure I can't read them, then.”
The demon barely saw Yoongi smirk before he dived down.

The first real bite went onto Jimin’s left side, covering the angry letters of \textit{whore} that Yoongi couldn't unsee.

“That pace is oddly specific for you to not have read some. I know what—”
Jimin shuddered.

“-What it said right there.”

Yoongi kept nibbling, sucking and kissing until Jimin hissed because it started to hurt slightly.

“You wanna know what it says now?”
Yoongi was as tempting as Jimin usually looked with his raspy voice and cat like eyes that stared at Jimin so intensely he could feel goosebumps forming on his skin.

“What?”

“Mine.”
The demon let out a whimper at that and a loud one when he felt lips on another spot of his skin.
Spot after spot made Yoongi skin bloom, bringing red, passionate marks to the surface. And after every spot, every bad word, he covered there was a compliment on his lips.

And Jimin was laying there shivering, hands over his face and he was crying but he cried the happiest tears he had ever cried.

In addition to the boner in his heart that he got because Yoongi was treating him so well there was also still a boner in his pants and he anticipated the moment Yoongi would do something about it now that his lips were getting closer and closer to it.

Not close enough though, because when Yoongi had to move the waistband of Jimin’s underwear to cover the last few letters of a word, the next kiss landed on his inner thigh.

“Hyung!”

Whining, Jimin tried to jiggle forward to get his crotch closer to Yoongi again, but he wasn't in charge right now and Yoongi didn't even bat him an eye before he spoke.

“Keep doing that and I’ll stop, kit.”

Yoongi could feel how, under his hands and lips, Jimin’s muscles tensed as he froze at the warning.

“Don't stop, please, just- more… I need more.”

“Well tough luck, I only have one pair of lips.”

The way Yoongi deadpanned this almost got rid of the mood.

“But you have two perfectly working hands and so far they've been doing nothing but, ah-”

Whatever Jimin had wanted to say was interrupted and forgotten when Yoongi’s hand curled around Jimin’s hard-on and that painfully tight.

“Want it here?”

“Yes yes, please hyung. M’so hard it hurts!”

“Well, why didn't you just touch yourself then instead of being a brat? I didn't restrain your hands, did I?”

Jimin didn't even have to look to know that Yoongi was smugly grinning at him, teasing him, enjoying the upper hand he was having.

“Because I want hyung to touch me. Need you.”

“Okay baby. Get rid of your underwear then. My pants are getting a little too tight too.”

Jimin almost kicked Yoongi because he was too eager to finally get his last piece of clothing off, but Yoongi wasn't really mad that his ass almost met the floor. Not when he could finally get his own boner free AND watch Jimin’s cock spring free.

Groaning when he was finally naked, Jimin fell back onto the bed, one hand lightly scratching over the skin of his hip and lower stomach, where his cock was waiting to be touched. His fingertips caught some precum and deciding that he had been passive for long enough Jimin established eye contact with Yoongi, raised an eyebrow and slowly let his fingertips rest on his bottom lip and then his tongue, tasting himself.

“Can I, fuck, suck you off later?”
“Later?”
That word told Jimin that Yoongi had a plan, a longer one. He got even more excited and unconsciously spread his legs further apart, inviting Yoongi in.

“Mhm…”
Humming, Yoongi placed another kiss on Jimin’s thigh, right where he had left off before Jimin had interrupted.
“I like your legs too much to not finish them. And I want you to come once before I suck you off. Want to taste the mess you will make. So, can I?”

Jimin laughed breathlessly and then sighed when Yoongi finally, finally, touched Jimin where he needed it, two fingers slowly gliding over his shaft.
“I’d say yes if you’d ask me to dance the macarena right now. Yes, hyung, yes you can suck me off, please do so. You can also make me come more than once as long as your body is capable of it. So, yes you can.”
“You don’t look like you’d dance for me if I asked… too needy, don’t you think?”

Jimin wanted to laugh again, tell Yoongi that he probably wouldn’t unless it was a lap dance, but the deliciously slow strokes Yoongi gave him while he started marking him up again made every word die on his tongue.

The strokes weren’t much, gladly with five than just two fingers, but there was not much pressure, not much friction, not much satisfaction.
But they were enough to feed the ache Jimin felt, to keep him on edge and give him the minimum of what he needed that moment. It was like a promise, a quick taste of what was to come.
The incubus started shivering again when Yoongi arrived at the inside of his other thigh, covering the last spot he could reach in the position Jimin was.
And then Yoongi just- stopped.
Stopped touching completely, sat straight, nestled between Jimin’s legs and stared.
He stared down at Jimin’s naked body and all the different shades of red it was tainted with.
Jimin carefully stared back, watched how Yoongi roamed over his body as if he was the most beautiful thing he’s ever seen, watched him lick his lips, watched his fingers twitch because they wanted to touch.
Jimin didn’t dare to move or say something. He felt as if time around them had stopped as if the earth had stopped spinning. It felt intimate.
“I didn't think you could get any prettier… any more perfect.”

Jimin almost cried again.

“Hyung… wanna make you feel good too.”
He mumbled, almost shy because although they were facing each other naked and aroused the moment felt so pure and innocent that Jimin was scared to make it dirty.
Yoongi laughed, obviously endeared by the sudden shyness of the demon, and bent down so they were flush chest to chest.
“In order for that to happen I’ll just have to make you feel good. Wanna know what I wanna do to
“Yes please.”
It was crazy how easily Jimin fell into this role. He’d been the commanding one in situations like these all his life, always the dominating one. And yes, sure, he had already been bratty a few times today, but he could blame that on his personality. Yet, being submissive, being putty in Yoongi’s hands was so incredibly easy and the only thing that scared him about it was that he wasn’t scared by it at all.

“I’m gonna see how many times I can make you come. Gonna stretch you slow and good.”
A hand ghosted over Jimin’s stomach, over his cock, perineum - he spread his legs more - and a finger slid between his cheeks. Jimin summoned lubricant onto the finger and his hole immediately. Yoongi seemed satisfied.
“You’ll go insane wanting to be filled. I know I get crazy for it when you do it… but you must be so touch-starved, kit, I wonder how fast I can make you beg…”
Jimin bit his lip, knowing it was the truth. He was already so eager and he was naturally impatient.
“And then you’ll summon a pretty toy for me. Something I can fill your pretty little hole with. Something that will make you feel so good that I can just stand back and watch you come untouched while you aren’t allowed to touch yourself. I’m gonna come all over you too.”
Of course he knew that Yoongi would stay back because Jimin would probably feed less of him if he did. Still, the thought of being watched, of Yoongi slowly stroking himself while Jimin squirmed on the bed, moaned and helplessly waiting to come… that was something else. Something Jimin didn’t think he’d be into. It was probably the feeling of being desired that came with it he liked so much.

Yoongi inserted the first finger in the middle of his little speech and Jimin, completely unprepared and also a little shocked because it had been an eternity when he had last felt something like this, yelped.
“I’m okay, I’m okay hyung.”
Jimin was quick to reassure when Yoongi already opened his mouth to ask if he had hurt the demon. He didn't want to stop now.
“Just… surprised me. Been a while, I never really needed to be fingered open since there’s spells for it. And I didn't think you’d manage to multitask this well… Feels good. Keep going please. Add a second one I can take it. What are you going to do when I came the first time?”

By the time Yoongi had finished there were three fingers inside of Jimin and Yoongi found his prostate with the last word, rubbing over it with a lazy grin. Arching his back, Jimin let go of the bedsheets as he really didn’t want to rip them and decided to hold onto Yoongi instead.

“Feels good?”
The question came almost nonchalant but Jimin couldn't care less.

“So good!”
He moaned when Yoongi kept teasing him like that and he knew that he could technically come from it too.
“What- what kind of toy do you.”
He stopped to groan, gripping Yoongi’s shoulders tight.  
“Do you want?”

“What can make you come untouched?”

“Right now? I think you could breathe on me.”
Jimin was to breathless to chuckle.
“I- ah stop-stop for a second I can’t concentrate who knows what I’ll summon then.”

“I guess we can't have that.”

Yoongi waited for Jimin to summon something and was surprised how much detail the vibrator actually had. He expected a boring thing that would simply fulfill its purpose not something pink and glittery and more importantly really expensive looking.
“Where do you even get those things? Is this why companies have to do inventory? To make sure no demons stole their stuff?”

Jimin swatted at Yoongi for the bad joke, and because he laughed at it.
“Shut up and get going. Wanna grab me by the horns? I promise it’ll be one hell of a ride.”

Now it was for Yoongi to swat at Jimin for almost ruining the mood because for the next three minutes they were both too busy laughing at the horrible pick up line instead of realizing what Yoongi had wanted to do to Jimin.

Chapter End Notes

Shall I be honest with you guys?
I would have written the whole smut out, but I’m still not the biggest fan of writing smut, the chapter would have gotten even longer and yeah its mostly the first reason.
Sorry, I hope the detailed description of what was going to happen is enough to fuel your imagination ^_^.

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
Chapter 44

Chapter Summary

Rants, boners, honestly I don't know what's going here

Chapter Notes

H-hello
yes I am still alive
and my two excuses for not having this chapter sooner (again) are: that I am lazy.
The second excuse will come after you've read the chapter.
Either way I am sorry :(

BUT: during my time where I was lazing around I wasn't really lazing around!
Because the BTS Ship Fic challenge went down, and the two chapters I wrote for it
were posted.
You can find my chapters in my profile and the whole two stories (since I wrote a
second and a 5th chapter) are [here (TaeGi)](TaeGi) and [here (YoonKook)](YoonKook)!
It would mean a lot to me if you would check it out because it really turned out to be a
challenge for me, but also for the other writers I've worked with and for the one (1!)
admin who organised EVERYTHING. We all worked very hard so if you haven't
checked out the BTS Ship Fic challenge you should, there's a story for every BTS ship so
it's guaranteed you will find at least one fic you like (I have yet to read through all of
them but the ones I've read so far where all amazing)! ♥

Anywayssss

enjoy the calm before the storm :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The soulmates had been lazing around the rest of the day. Yoongi had managed to not faint or fall
asleep after they were done, and after he had chugged a few cups of coffee that Jimin summoned for
him, he was awake enough to give the demon aftercare. Jimin had never received aftercare and was
both thankful and a little weirded out by it because back when he fed through dreams no one had
taken care of him if he fell into subspace afterwards.
Still, he enjoyed being washed clean with a wet cloth, enjoyed being praised and reassured, enjoyed
being cuddled - he loved being cuddled.

Then they had talked, as if they hadn't just had sex but as if they were old friends. Jimin had told
Yoongi a few things about hell, life back when he lived there, his family and friends and Yoongi told
Jimin about university.
And then they came to speak about the song assignment Yoongi was working on. Yoongi told him
about his struggle with finding the right vocals, how he had tried Jungkook's, Taehyung's, Jin's and
even Hoseok's but no one could give the song the right feeling.
Jimin had asked to listen to it, and Yoongi joked that the incubus could technically imitate everyone’s voice while he got his notebook ready. And while that was true and Jimin would have considered it, the moment he hummed to the melody with Jimin’s - his own - voice he knew by the way Yoongi’s face lit up that it wasn’t needed.

Both had then started looking through Netflix for the crappiest movies and then complained about everything they hated about the movie, making a competition about who could complain the most. Jimin won because the first three movies they watched were trying to impress with their non-existent knowledge on demons and everything dark.

It seemed that Yoongi didn't want to let go, anxious that it would be their last meeting even if Jimin had said that it wasn't.

Yoongi didn't want something to change.

In the end, he got more time because at some point Jimin stopped giggling and instead started snoring softly next to him. Yoongi cooed at the sight, how Jimin’s mouth was slightly open and how peaceful he looked.

Yoongi closed Netflix and watched the sleeping boy some more.

He really wished for this moment to be real, for the real Jimin to trust him like this, to love him like this.

Knowing that he would only get miserable if he kept thinking about it, Yoongi cuddled up to the incubus to sleep too.

When he woke up, he was alone in his bed, and the one cooking (heating up) lunch in the kitchen turned out to be Taehyung.

For some reason it put him in a bad mood immediately, like he longed for Jimin - not even the incubus, just Jimin. Naturally, Yoongi went to pay Jin a visit.

It became a habit by now, to visit the older whenever Yoongi was annoyed. Jin was a good listener, just like Namjoon, but for situations revolving around his soulmate Yoongi preferred Jin.

Namjoon always tried to give advice, to find a solution. Jin always let him rant and then ranted with him.

He found Jin at the desk of the tattoo parlor, looking incredibly bored while he talked to a customer on the phone. He waved at Yoongi when the bell of the door jingled and rolled his eyes the next moment, pulling the phone away from his ear because the customer had started yelling.

“No, sir, we cannot uncover your tattoo. I informed you about this several times before we started covering it up. You told me you were fine with it each time and said you didn't have time for the whole soulmate business.”

Yoongi’s mood dropped even more. He could imagine himself in that position. If Taehyung wouldn't have found his soulmate in Jin or maybe if Hoseok hadn't been friends with Jimin then Yoongi would be the one calling the studio because his tattoo had vanished, and he would have yelled too.

“You signed the papers that stated you and you alone were responsible if you weren't satisfied with the outcome. You can't sue us, sir. I have to deal with this 10 times a day, I would rather do anything else. Mhmmm. Your soulmate deserved better, you twatwaffle.”

And he hung up.

“I didn't sign those papers.”
Yoongi noticed once Jin had recovered from the annoying customer.

“Please, as if you would have dared to sue your own soulmate. I had a feeling you were soft from the moment I saw you.”

He gave Yoongi a look and checked his planner.

“Well, lunch break. I have something to complain about. Upstairs, chop chop.”

It was their usual routine. One of them called dibs on complaining, they huddled together on the couch - Jin usually got hungry before they started so he got food - and then they just proceeded to whine about everything– mostly their soulmates.

Same thing today. Yoongi sat down on the couch, grabbing the blanket that apparently belonged to Jimin, and waited for Seokjin who arrived a few minutes later with his food - for both of them because he knew damn well that he had to feed every single one of his friends.

“Right, so. First of all why did you let Taehyung sleep over here?”

Oh.

Oh.

Yoongi hadn’t thought of that at all when he let Taehyung leave last night. He told Seokjin just that, shrugging and looking apologetic.

“Was it that bad?”

The two soulmates weren’t exactly on bad terms and the last time they met had seemed fine too. Sure, Yoongi could imagine the tension where both wanted to be close, to touch, to talk - he knew best about it. But Taehyung would be pulling the shots, and Yoongi guessed that out of the two of them Taehyung would be the one to give up on his rules.

“Well for one it would have been better if I knew about it! No warning, and none of them said hello before they sneaked into Jimin’s room.”

Huffing, the demon shoved more food into his mouth.

“Do you know I almost got a heart attack when I got out of bed at 3 in the morning to get myself some snack and found my Taehyungie in the kitchen, in his cute pajamas, there’s pink, fat dinosaurs printed on them - but shirtless - sleepily rubbing his eyes, messed up hair and asking me to make him hot chocolate once he saw me?”

Yoongi held back a laugh when Jin recalled all the tiny details, mainly because he had been the one starting a twenty-minute rant about the tiny mole on Jimin’s pinky finger (last week had been dark times for him, okay? His rant time with Jin was a judge-free zone).

“I don’t even know what was worse. That he looked so adorable? That I wanted to protect him once I saw how adorable he was? That he asked *me* to make him hot chocolate although he can make it very well himself? That he was shirtless? Shit, Yoongi, have you looked at Taehyung? His body has been doing things to me recently…”

Yoongi braced himself for what was to come. He had hoped that Seokjin would *never* start to talk sexually about his best friend. But Yoongi probably deserved it since talking sexually about one’s brother was much worse and he had done enough of that.

“Two nights ago I dreamed of Taehyungie. And do you know what I woke up with?”

Seokjin added a dramatic pause and stared at Yoongi, eyes wide.

“A boner! *Me*, waking up with a *boner!*”
Yoongi flopped down the couch sideways, laying on his stomach and ready to smother himself any minute if this would get worse.

“Even when I don't see Taehyung my feelings only get deeper!”

“Well, that's a good thing isn't it, hyung?”

Yoongi started to steer the conversation a little bit, convinced he’d throw up if he heard Seokjin yell boner once more. If they could get to mushy feelings again that would be great.

“You're only on a break, definitely temporary.”

“But what if Taehyungie doesn't feel the same yet? The best part about our makeouts was that they were just that. No rush for more or less. I'll ruin it if I get hard and he doesn't!”

That Seokjin might have been panicking would be noticeable by the fact that he forgot he was an incubus… that could control his boners. Yoongi didn't know that though.

“I’m pretty sure Taehyung is more whipped for you than you for him. And he would take it as a compliment or big love confession if he doesn't feel the same yet. He’d turn your boner into the most sentimental, mushy thing and probably tell everyone about it because his soulmate loves him so much. Do you think he really would be angry because you love him so much, feel like you share a really deep bond that you've started to be sexually attracted to him? That’s like the opposite of a problem, hyung.”

“Fuck, you're right.”

Another thing Yoongi noticed was that Seokjin would start swearing once it was just the two of them, especially when it was about soulmate matters. Maybe it was because Yoongi cussed like a sailor as well and Jin didn't feel like he had to be the Responsible Adult™ that raised 5 kids. Maybe because soulmate matters were worth cussing. Either way, Yoongi appreciated that his and Seokjin’s friendship had something unique even though they hadn't been friends for long… or started on good terms.

“Thanks… Still though, have you seen Taehyungie shirtless?”

“You mean every time he comes out of the shower without any clothes because I need to let my skin breathe, hyung. And allow every bit of skin to get the same amount of sun now that I’m not under the Daegu sun anymore.? He’s a beanpole.”

“He’s not a beanpole! He has such a soft looking tummy, but then he also looks hard? Like, I want to cuddle him and pet his tummy, but then I also want him to pin me down?”

“Kim Taehyung, lizard enthusiast and also the person that makes tops want to bottom.”

“T-top? What do you mean Yoongi?”

They stared at each other in confusion, Yoongi not quite understanding where Jin was getting and Jin not quite understanding where Yoongi was coming from.

“You're a bottom!?”

Yoongi blurted out, not believing a thing.

“Obviously? I mean I switch if I have to but what tells you I would top?”

“Everything? You're tall and could carry a country on your shoulders? You always control situations by mothering everyone around? Have you looked in the mirror how are you not a top?”
“I dyed my hair pink how is that not a+ bottom material?! Are you dumb? You look less like a bottom than me!”

Why they were yelling about who was the better bottom although they would never have sex with each other seemed like a mystery to Jimin who was now no longer napping next to Kookie in his room. The fallen angel looked just as grumpy though, not understanding what would make a top and what a bottom in the first place.

He asked Jimin what he looked like, pretty sure he would regret the question anyway, but so far there hadn't been an answer, and the incubus looked like he was trying to find the solution to healing cancer.

“What do you mean? I’m tiny as hell and just as skinny. My looks are inviting people to push me around!”

“Yeah but you're face says *don't talk to me or I will murder your dogs* and that's not very bottom-y. Besides, Jimin is even tinier and he’s the last person to bottom voluntarily for *anyone*.”

“Well, Jin-hyung sure is wrong about that…”

Mumbled the incubus, suddenly becoming aware of the soreness of his butt.

“I think you’re a switch, Kookie. Physically it’s all mixed. Muscles but a baby face and tall but you tend to act tiny. Like, you’d top me for sure you’re too much of a brat not to. But in Yoongi’s hands, for example, you’d be the most obedient bottom ever. It all depends on the dynamic.”

“That’s… why did I ask?”

“I can ask Yoongi but I’m sure he would agree that we show you around if you wan-”

The many many pillows Jimin hoarded turned out to be his impending doom, perfect for being smothered.

Jimin barely fought himself free and decided to flee before Jungkook would decide to tackle him to end things once and for all. (nothing about murder, just the endless quarrel of who was stronger).

To be honest, his butt hurt a lot from the running, so Jimin slows down pretty quickly, ending with a slight limp and repressed hiss.

He really wasn't used to this anymore.

He didn't see Yoongi as he looked into the living room but Jimin could without a doubt smell him. When he spotted the corner of his own blanket over the back of the couch in front of him, he decided to risk it.

And promptly threw himself over the back of the couch to land on Yoongi who was still on his stomach.

The human made a noise indicating there was no more air left in his lungs once he nearly got a heart attack when Jimin’s heavy body landed on him without a warning.

Yoongi struggled but managed to get his phone in his hands and type out a message at Jimin, telling him he can't breathe.

Jimin moved his butt from Yoongi’s spine and quickly draped his whole body over Yoongi instead, blowing air into the human’s ear to tease.

“Hyung, did you make Tae his hot chocolate or not?”

Wrapping his arms around Yoongi’s chest, Jimin looked to his brother curiously but by the defeat in Seokjin’s eyes, he already knew the answer.
“I’m a weak man… I did. And then Tae wanted a backhug too and leaned into me while he drank his hot chocolate and had the nerve to fall asleep on me. And I had to drag him back to your room where I noticed that… the owner of the room was missing. Care to explain?”

Something in Yoongi started to ring sirens but he was too comfortable to care or worry about anything right now.

“It’s called toilet break, hyung.”

Jimin slept like a log though, always, and his brother knew that. The way he pursed his lips and glared at Jimin told exactly that but Jimin just looked back pleading, so Seokjin kept his mouth shut.

“Can we do a movie night today?”

Jungkook came back into the picture with (Seokjin’s) food, that he had gone to get after Jimin had escaped. He sat down on the floor next to Jin and looked at them, expecting an answer.

“No Iron Man!”

“No horror movies.”

“Do we invite the others too? What about Taehyungie?”

“He can come if he wants to, right? I’ll ask Namjoon-hyung and Hoseok-hyung!”

Jungkook immediately shove the rest of the food in his mouth and grabbed his phone, happy to be hanging out with all of his friends so soon.

“I’ll go home and bring food and stuff later!”

“You better do! Remember to close the gateway, we don't want any uninvited guests!”

Jin threw a pillow after Kookie.

“The last time our father popped in was unpleasant enough…”

“I’m not 5 Jin-hyung!”

Jungkook rolled his eyes before he opened the door to the supply closet where you could find only few supplies.

Yoongi heard a bit of mumbling and weird hissing noises before the closet banged shut again.

“Did Jungkook just lock himself in the supply closet?”

Yoongi didn't understand why that made Jimin and Jin laugh so much.

Chapter End Notes

the second excuse now... is that I dont want this fic to end. Because what youve just read was the chapter before the finale. Yup.

Next chapter is the last chapter! I'll try to bring it quicker than the last ones, I mean I have graduation and prom this friday so at least I'll have 100% of my time... lets hope i use it well ^^'

let me know in the comments, cc or on twitter what you think is left to happen! I think i've planned this last chapter out and daydreamed about it ever since "fake Jimin" came
into the picture or maybe even sooner but im curious for your ideas :D

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥
“You will lose blanket privilege if you share it with anyone else than me, hyung.”
It looked like a harmless whisper to everyone but Yoongi could definitely hear the threat in it, one that he’d take serious.

His breath hitched when Jimin sneaked under the blanket, the thing so tiny that they had to huddle close together and their legs tangled automatically earning a happy hum from Jimin.

Yoongi had gotten used to the constant skinship with his soulmate, he really had. Jimin was very cuddly by nature and the fleeting touches that had turned into snuggling over time were always nice, taking a lot of the pressure from the pull. But now, now that Yoongi planned on confessing, on asking for a second chance, a relationship, a future. Now that he had come to terms with his feelings it felt like he was back at zero, because every touch made him nervous all over again.

For Jimin it came naturally, everyone could tell, and for Yoongi it did too, in a way. Yet every brush of skin against skin had Yoongi on edge, his heart speeding up as if it was ready to burst out of his chest. It didn't feel like butterflies anymore but like a horde of hummingbirds desperately trying to get out of his body. It made Yoongi hyper aware of Jimin’s body next to him, so close, it made his breath hitch and gave him goosebumps, the hairs on his neck standing up everytime.

If Jimin noticed he didn't pay attention to it but Yoongi liked to tell himself that his soulmate remained oblivious. Little did he know Jimin knew about his feelings and made it his quest to get on Yoongi’s nerves by staying as close as possible.
Taehyung, Jungkook and Hoseok had picked up on Jimin’s plan and, being the good and supportive friends they were, decided to always take up as much space as possible during hangouts so that the soulmates had to get cozy.

Same thing now, minus Taehyung, but Hoseok had already argued with Seokjin that no I can't put the popcorn bowl on my lap it has to stand on the sofa next to me. Naturally, Jimin had went with it, and here they were, pressed against each other and Yoongi fearing Jimin could hear his heartbeat because it was so heavy and loud. (Jimin could, but that had more to do with his kumiho genes and less with the actual noise it made).

Namjoon had chosen a movie because everyone else had been fighting about what they wanted to watch. Jimin had almost won with a shit eating grin and proposal of Godzilla but his brother had shut him down with a thrown pillow - that hit Yoongi - and the threat to poison him with blessed water.

So now they were watching The Shack, and besides the occasional munching of snacks, there was no noise, everyone’s attention on the TV. Halfway through, everyone was questioning their picture of God and the world and that included the demons.

And then came the waterworks. Hoseok was the first to sniffle but Jin and Jimin were quick to follow, openly crying and clutching at what or who was next to them while everyone laughed at them.

Namjoon and Jungkook were at least looking a little bit teary but Yoongi kept laughing at Hoseok and justified himself with “I’m dead inside.” which made Jimin giggle and, well, Yoongi smiled automatically when he heard it, so he wasn't as dead inside as he claimed.

After the movie they began chatting, the film switched to music - Yoongi fought with Jungkook over the playlist because he would not listen to Justin Bieber. He won, too, and looked confused at Jimin when he heard him mutter something along the lines of “totally a bottom for hyung…” but the boy just smiled at him, embarrassed blush tinting his cheeks pink and still a bit teary.

Yoongi forgot what he had wanted to ask.

Everyone was listening to Hoseok who talked animatedly about the next festival at college and how he had snatched a performance together with Jimin that he was so excited to work on. Yoongi saw how Namjoon looked at his soulmate, how his eyes hung on every word, every movement that Hoseok’s lips made, completely in awe.

And Yoongi was hit with longing, desire for something similar.

But then the topic switched from performance to music and Yoongi started to tell them that he was in charge of a lot, including many tracks used for the dances, that it was this huge collaboration between the dance and music production majors but that Yoongi had been picked to compose more than everyone else and that he chose Namjoon to help him with a few, especially the track for Hoseok.

“Hyung!” Jimin had interrupted him, sounding excited. Yoongi had stopped talking to look at Jimin and, shit, had he realized that there was no reason for him to be envious of Namjoon or Hoseok.

Because Jimin was looking at him, eyes shining but so, so warm and fond and with so much adoration that Yoongi knew without looking Jimin had been glued to his words just like Namjoon had been to Hoseok’s.

“Does that mean you will compose my song too?”

Yoongi could only nod, and he knew he already had the perfect song for Jimin… or 3.
The demon beamed as if it was the best thing he had ever heard and Yoongi felt the arms around him squeeze, a mute thanks. He really hoped his heart would learn how to cope with Jimin’s presence soon.

“Does… Tae perform too?”
Jin looked unsure, as if he wasn't really sure if he should have asked.

“He has one vocal performance and one with his saxophone, that one isn't solo though.”
Namjoon smiled warmly, encouraging, telling Jin silently that it was okay to ask, that none of them had taken a side because of the break.

Jin wanted to answer but a noise interrupted him. It came from the hallway, a thunking, rustling, knocking.

But all six of them were sitting in the living room.

Everyone stared in the direction the noise came from, confused, maybe a little scared.

“Kookie…”
Jin turned towards the fallen angel.
“Did you close the door?”

“I, uh,” stuttering, the fallen angel flushed red.
“I mean I wouldn't leave it open on purpose but.. Now that you say it I, uh, might have forgotten because I was excited?”

“What do you mean you might have forgotten?!”
Hissing, Jimin wrestled himself out of the blanket, glaring at the fallen angel.
“Kookie that's a portal to hell it is one bad thing to leave it open at all but you can't do that when we have guests! Everyone from down there can just pop into our living room do you know how dangerous that is?!”

“I'm sorry! I forgot! I’ll go check…”

“I will go. You make sure to do your job!”

“Yes hyung…”

Jimin almost stomped towards their supply closet, anger washing over him because his senses told him that his territory and everyone in it was in danger. He barely heard how the humans among them started panicking, asking questions once the word hell had fallen.

Jimin was no fighter, not trained in combat. But he knew how to defend his territory and what was his. So when he opened the lock that had kept whatever was in their closet where it was, the incubus was ready to act.

But there was no attack, nothing to counter or defend from.

Instead the door swung open and Jimin came face to face with a familiar smirk and razor-sharp teeth and eyes as dark as the shadows.

“Told you you hadn't seen the last of me, didn't I, little whore?”
The alp stepped out of the closet while Jimin just stared, shocked.

“I knew where to go once I saw that little birdie leave. He even let the door open, how nice.”

“Do you know what else would be nice?” Jimin asked, the words coming out pressed while he bit down on his teeth, jaw aching.
He had regained his posture, his attitude. The alp already didn't take him for full although he hadn't lost one battle yet.

“Let me guess.”
The demon cocked his head, grinning wider.
“If I would leave?”

“No that would be smart. There's three of us and one of you. Nice would be if I could just jump you and rip your throat out.”

The alp just made a dismissive noise that almost sounded like a laugh. It was taunting, obviously.
“But you can't,” it came out like a statement and Jimin didn't like how sure the nightmare sounded.
“Because your friends are here… and they think you're just this cute, innocent little thing, don't they?”

Jimin must have been too obvious with his reacting because the alp laughed again, louder, Jimin feared it was too loud.

“I did my research, slut. A lot of it. Do you really think I'm dumb enough to attack when it's three against one?”

“Honestly? Yeah.”
Crossing his arms, Jimin watched with joy how the alp looked angrier, really pissed off for a brief second before it regained composure again.

“That's not so nice now, isn't it… Jiminnie?”

The incubus’ blood froze. It wasn't a full name, it wasn't full control so it could by far be worse. But it was more than enough to be scared.

“I know the other two as well, in case you were curious.”
The alp shrugged as if it was the least relevant thing and not the only chance for a victory.
“Mhm… Now let me see that snack of yours. I've missed his screams.”

Jimin didn't block the first step, almost a stride with how proud the alp looked, and he missed the second and third too but by the fourth he was in front of the alp, stopping it before the other's could see it, or it them.

“Don't,” Jimin started, eyes flashing yellow in a threat as he growled. “You dare lay a finger on my soulmate ever again.”

Only after he had said it did Jimin realize that he had said it, had called Yoongi his soulmate in front of the demon.
Once the alp broke down into laughter, white body shaking, did he understand how bad that actually was.

A human who was the soulmate of a demon?
No way in hell would any sane demon stop hunting that.
Unless they died.

And Jimin really did not want to kill. Of course, he had the blood of a handful of humans on his hands. But those hadn't been actual murders. He never intended to kill anyone. He had only been careless with his action, it didn't matter whether alive or dead.

But actually having to murder someone?
With his friends, humans, his soulmate right next door?

“You're so cute, Jimin, like an angry little dog… or fox. But I don't have to do anything to get what I want. Because what I want just comes to me.”

Jimin followed the gaze of the alp, over his shoulder, and watched with horror how another person stumbled into the scene; Yoongi. He looked just as horrified as Jimin, though for different reasons, eyes locked on the nightmare.

“Hyung, go back.”

It came out as a growl but Yoongi shook his head, fearful but determined, eyes only barely flickering to Jimin.

“Le-”

Yoongi’s voice broke.

“Leave my soulmate alone.”

The alp cocked his head, eyes switching between the two as if it could not believe what either of them had said.

“I got this perfectly under control, Yoongi.”

There were no more honorifics, no more respect in Jimin’s voice; only an order, a command. There were strength and reassurance. An attempt to convince.

“Oh, do you?”

 Barely any time left to process the words, the alp had lunged for Yoongi, claw-like hand ready to grip and rip.

Jimin had to push Yoongi, who stood there frozen on the spot, behind himself to be able to latch onto the demon’s wrist to stop the attack.

“You're going to regret this.”

“Hmmm. I don't know. What I know is that his fear is straight up feeding me… and that you, Jimin, are not going to hurt me.”

There it was: the name, the command, the control. It wasn't complete obedience that controlled Jimin. But it made his muscles spasm as if they were unsure who to follow, the voice or their owner.

And with all the spells Jimin had already and constantly up it was even harder to withstand, his energy slowly draining and his mind not fully focused - not like it should have been. Jimin would have to drop every charm that made him look human, from his face to his hands to his ears and tails.

But Yoongi was still there. And Jimin was terrified to show him.
What if Yoongi didn't like the way he looked?
If he didn't like the fact that Jimin was a demon?
If he was angry that Jimin had been acting two faced?

What if Yoongi wouldn't confess after he knew?

What if Yoongi couldn't want Jimin as his soulmate anymore… or again?

“Come on!”
The alp sounded like an impatient child.
“Do it!”

It was a game.

If the nightmare would have commanded again, Jimin would have to do it, it would have been too much at once.
But the demon didn't want to command.

That would be boring, wouldn't it?

No, it wanted Jimin’s life to become a nightmare because even if the alp died, Jimin would not be the winner.

The alp wanted Jimin to do it himself, to ruin his life himself, with his own decision.
To live with the guilt that it was his fault either way, whether he revealed himself to Yoongi and ruined everything between them or let him die.
Jimin was fated to lose, but he realized that not every option would mean the same for Yoongi, too.

Because even if Jimin would live with the fact that his soulmate hated him, at least Yoongi would have the chance to hate him.

“You didn't do your research good enough.”

Jimin could attack with his second hand, pushing back, once he dropped the charm on his face.

The alp just huffed.
“I even had a talk with your lovely mother, I think I settled well.”
It caught the hand, and Jimin almost slipped with the strength the alp proved to have.
He could counter once he let his claws show, growling deep in his throat, instincts coming out as well.

“You should have used my friends as a source too. They would have told you what my best and worst quality is.”

“And what would that be, Jimin? Do you give head so good people pass out?”

“Funny.”
Taking a deep breath, Jimin prepared himself to drop it all, to possibly ruin his life.
“No, you dumbass. I sacrifice my own happiness for others!”

Shoving the alp back and off him, Jimin stopped with his charms, tails and ears sprouting while he muttered a curse under his breath.

Before it was too late and the alp realized that the glow on the incubus’ claws would be its certain death, Jimin pounced.
Claws ripping on both sides, but Jimin had the upper hand as he bit and slashed, eventually getting a solid, piercing grip on the alp’s neck and the chance to plunge into its chest, the nightmare feeling like jelly under him due to the spell.

The demon thrashed and gurgled and cursed, some rather ugly things hitting Jimin but the incubus had had it worse and wouldn't let go at all. Finally the alp’s body darkened, turning pitch black before slowly shifting into smoke, a wave of pure pressure hitting Jimin and Yoongi, throwing both onto the floor.

And only then did it hit Jimin.

What he had done.

Not only did Yoongi know he was a demon, was that demon. He had also just killed someone in front of Yoongi, without remorse or hesitation.

All of a sudden Jimin was scared, so, so scared as if the alp he’d just killed was suddenly in his head.

Jimin curled together where he sat on the floor, knees pulled to his chest as he heaved out sob after sob, the tears hurting more than the curses that had cut and burnt through his clothes, fur and skin. He choked out a constant flow of apologies, not sure to whom or for what exactly.

And Yoongi stared at Jimin, at his soulmate’s shaking and shivering back where the shirt was ripped open, not quite a shirt anymore, at the crimson letters that assembled to words and finally a sentence that Yoongi had once said in - what he thought had been - a dream.

Then everything clicked.

Overwhelmed, Yoongi seemed to feel everything at once.

Angry, sad, confused, irritated and so unbelievably happy.

Yoongi’s legs were shaking as he tried to stand up, and so were his arms. He stumbled and then fell towards Jimin who didn’t even realize what was happening around him, too absorbed in cowering together as tight as he could.

Hesitating to reach out, Yoongi stopped his hand mid-air. His heart felt like it was being eaten alive by the worry he had for Jimin.

Why was he crying?
Yoongi wondered if his soulmate had gotten hurt that badly or if he’d gotten cursed - could demons even curse one another or could they only do that to human?
Yoongi feared that the alp was invading Jimin’s head, that it hadn’t really just died.

But Yoongi knew that he somehow had to help Jimin.

His outstretched hand flinched back when the big, white tails that had curled around Jimin like a shell parted - but in the end, it just encouraged Yoongi because weren't they telling him to go ahead?

Jimin flinched when Yoongi’s fingertips brushed against his shoulder, an even louder sob escaping him.
Yoongi just shushed him, trying to sound calm because Jimin couldn't need another person that was freaking out and shaking right now.

The noise actually seemed to calm Jimin so that Yoongi tried to inch closer, carefully grabbing his
soulmate again and pulling Jimin between his legs, the boy making himself so small that he fit perfectly.

Carefully, as to not hurt Jimin more, Yoongi wrapped his arms around his soulmate’s so seemingly fragile body, making sure that one palm was resting on the tattoo. Yoongi knew best how good and intense a touch on the mark felt, since the incub- no, Jimin always liked to tease him through it.

Jimin’s body trembled harder again once Yoongi touched the sensitive skin and kept his hand there. Pressing the demon even closer to himself, Yoongi shushed him once more, burying his face against Jimin’s neck and shoulder, his lips grazing the skin briefly.

Yoongi swore he could taste the marks he’d put on Jimin, could taste his own voice growling mine.

He waited like this, patiently rocking Jimin back and forth to soothe him until there was no more sorry spilling out and until the sobs were barely audible, under control. Yoongi waited until he was sure Jimin would hear him and, more importantly, understand him.

“I don't deserve you.”

For a second Jimin stilled, then he began sobbing once again - or maybe he’d just never fully stopped.

“It was all you… The whole time right? Always you…”

Feeling Jimin nod his head weakly, Yoongi intended to wait for the demon to calm down again. Being overwhelmed would get them nowhere right now.

“I k-know.”

Sniffling, Jimin tried to press himself away, but Yoongi wouldn't let him move.

“I’m sor-sorry. So sorry, I… I deceived you an-and abused that you didn’t know better and y-you’re right that-t you don’t deserve m-me because you deserve normal human and… n-not someone like me. N-not a demon and not a-a…”

The last word was barely a whisper.

“...whore.”

Yoongi hoped that he had simply misheard that part - but he knew he hadn't. Still, it was shocking to hear anyone call Jimin, his soulmate, slurs like that. But to hear Jimin call himself that, and with such honesty in his voice that you just knew he was convinced of it too, maybe even always had been…

It left Yoongi in a stupor.

Long enough, to give Jimin the chance to slip out of his soulmate’s grasp and get on his feet. Not long enough to get out of Yoongi’s reach.

Jimin slumped to the floor again, facing Yoongi but trying his best to look away.

“I was the one to reject you. It was me who hurt you over and over, constantly. I was the asshole here, Jimin. Not you. Never. Okay?”

Grabbing Jimin’s chin with one hand, Yoongi made sure he could look into the demon’s eyes and that the yellow orbs would look back at him.

“When I say I don't deserve you, I mean that a grade A douche like me doesn't deserve someone as sacrificing, as sweet and as perfect as you. Got that?”

“But-”
“No but. I’m the one to apologize here…”
Yoongi took a breath before he continued.
“I’m sorry for… well, everything. For rejecting you, not giving you a chance. For hurting you. For being a coward and not doing this sooner… Fuck, I’m sorry for being such a dense dumbass and not realizing sooner that there was always only one of you. I’m sorry for not realizing sooner that there is always time for you, for using that excuse in the first place. I’m sorry for not giving you the affection you deserve, not sooner, anyway. I’m sorry, kit.”

With a smile, Yoongi watched how the fox’s ears turned into Yoongi’s direction at the endearment, and the human hesitantly reached out to pet one, enjoying how Jimin leaned into the touch, eyes fluttering closed in an instant.

“But…”
Yoongi would have rolled his eyes at yet another objection if it wasn’t for how vulnerable Jimin sounded or looked, sniffling and biting his lip as if he was scared of his own words.
“T-violent… a demon. You just saw what I c-can do. I’m not-”

“You’re not going to talk yourself down more.”
Yoongi managed to sound firm and Jimin’s eyes flew to his face, staring, waiting.

Moving his hand away from his soulmate’s head, Yoongi cupped Jimin’s cheek and moved closer. The incubus averted his gaze again.

“Hey, look at me, will you?”
Jimin weakly shook his head no, the motion enough to let a tear roll down his face. Yoongi quickly wiped it away with his thumb.
“I knew it was a demon coming to my room at night, didn’t I? I didn’t mind that. And I saw what Jungkook can do, no - did... to you. And we’re still friends, and I’m not scared of him.”

“It’s just friendship… It’s not a r-relationship or- soulmates.”
Jimin whispered the word as if it hurt his lips.
“That’s a different kind of commitment. A-and it’s one that you didn't want when you thought I was h-human so now that’s just-”

“Kit.”
The kumiho’s ears flicked again, this time flattening down at the scolding undertone they picked up. Yoongi gladly watched Jimin swallow down the remains of his sentence, taking a deep breath as if that would ensure to keep it down.
“Let me tell you two things, and listen well, yeah?”

A shy nod, enough for Yoongi to continue.

“One, what just happened was scary.”
“T-violent so-”
Yoongi immediately shushed him.

“But not because you killed someone, something- whatever. It was scary because you fought that thing, because I couldn't help you at all and because - whether you're human or demon or the fucking easter bunny for all I care: I was so worried, Jimin. That you’d get hurt or, or… that you’d die. Understood?”

“...yes.”
“Good. Now, the second thing. Look at me, this is even more important.”

It was obvious that Jimin didn't want to, but he did. The demon didn't really know where to look, determined to avoid his soulmate’s eyes, too scared to meet the judgement he was so sure to face. But then Jimin’s eyes fell onto Yoongi’s lips. He allowed himself to stare at first, just for a few seconds but then it just felt wrong, as if he didn't have the right, so he looked away again, behind Yoongi.

“It’s okay.”

Jimin’s hand was squeezed, and the demon felt smaller when Yoongi kept his palm wrapped around his, but the good kind of small where he could just lean against Yoongi and knew he would be safe and taken care of.
But Jimin quickly told himself that he wasn't allowed to feel that way.

“Jimin.”
Yoongi said his name as if he knew Jimin had been spacing out.
“There’s only one thing standing between you and me - us. Just one thing, no more and no less. And that is whether or not you have forgiven me,”

Jimin couldn't look away anymore, his eyes carefully searching Yoongi’s- what for he wasn't even sure. Whatever it was, Yoongi seemed to understand because he slowly moved to let his forehead rest against Jimin’s, the additional skinship pushing a wave of calmness onto the demon.

“It’s your decision. Yours alone because I feel like all this time I never even gave you the opportunity to decide. Not from the moment I saw the mark. And… that wasn't the right thing to do. It was never a decision I could have made alone. I realized that when it was already too late and, well, when the mark came back I thought, maybe it’s a sign but… anyways. My point is that because I didn't give you the chance to decide at all so far… now you decide about it all. If you have forgiven me then, well, if you’d want to try I'd like that. If you haven't forgiven me then I will try everything to make it easier for you to do that, with as much time as you need or want. And- if you don't want me to try- then I won't. You've suffered enough because I was selfish and put me before others without thinking about it.”
Yoongi closed his eyes, taking a breath and opening them again to stare deeply at Jimin.
“So, whatever it is you want, I’ll respect it, and I’ll do it or, not do it. Your call, Jimin.”

For a minute or so, Jimin just stared. He let everything sink in, every syllable and every sound, let his head realize their meaning and made sure to convince himself that it wasn't a lie, that he could believe it.
It calmed him immensely, like a whole avalanche of dread and stress were rolling down from his heart.

He squeezed Yoongi’s hand before he spoke up, his voice still small and quiet but no longer breaking.
“Whatever I want?”

Jimin smiled, and he was sure that his tails were giving away that he was happy and eager with the way they uncurled and started moving around.

Yoongi hummed confirming, not quite sure what to think but clearly noticing the shift in the mood.

“Well.”
Jimin rolled the last letter on his tongue playfully.
“I really want you to kiss me.”
The way shock wandered over Yoongi’s face gave Jimin confidence that only barely overshadowed his fluttering nerves. He licked his lips, enjoying how Yoongi’s eyes immediately flicked down to follow the movement.

They both knew what a kiss meant, Yoongi less in detail than Jimin, but enough.

“You sure Jiminnie?” Yoongi didn't even bother to take his eyes off Jimin’s lips, to make his staring less obvious.

“Please…”

Yoongi straightened his back, remaining on his knees and like that he was slightly taller than Jimin, towering over him, making the demon raise his head further to keep the eye contact and their foreheads so closely connected.

This time when the odd but calming feeling of small hit Jimin he let it happen, blinking slowly at Yoongi, lips parting slightly when another hand cupped his cheek, cradling his face as if it was the most precious treasure Yoongi had ever seen.

Jimin’s eyes fluttered shut when Yoongi used his hands to dip Jimin’s head further up and while his nervousness bubbled up again with his position - so vulnerable - he didn't mind because Yoongi’s hands on his skin emitted an overwhelming calmness.

The feeling was nothing compared to their lips touching.

Jimm found it warm and slightly wet and once he moved, keen and eager for more. Their teeth were clashing, both of them an emotional, uncoordinated mess exchanging lazy but sweet kisses between even sweeter giggles.

Jimin, a lust demon, actually following a human’s, Yoongi’s, lead, letting himself be guided while he clawed at Yoongi’s collar, twisting the material to pull closer and make sure he couldn't escape, couldn't stop.

It wasn't perfect, yet it was.

Because they both wanted it and each other. They both had longed and now the pull that came with soulmates repressing each other finally subsided and the satisfaction of simply being, together, was nothing short of cosmic.

If Jimin’s mind hadn’t been blank besides the enormous euphoria filling up every corner and crevice, he would have thought about becoming religious simply to thank a deity for finally giving him Yoongi.

The human was the first to pull back, both of them out of breath, Yoongi maybe a little more.

“What’s wrong?” Yoongi sounded so wrecked that Jimin was too distracted to comprehend the words right away.

“You stopped with the kisses, that’s what’s wrong…” He sounded just as wrecked though, even more actually.

“Why are you crying, muffin? Are you hurt somewhere? I mean- more than, well…”

And fuck did Jimin’s insides feel fuzzy at the pet name! Sure, kit was nice, kit was theirs but it sounded slightly teasing, heated, like when Jimin called
Yoongi *pup.*
Muffin was warm, like Yoongi promised to spoil Jimin with just one word.

“S’happy tears… M’happy. Happy you want to be mine cuz’ I’ve been wanting to be yours for a while… And now I am, right?”
The incubus was mumbling, speaking quietly but with a hopeful smile on his face.

“You are…”
Jimin was rewarded with a peck on his lips.
“All mine.”
On the tip of his nose - he giggled.
“And I’m yours.”
He felt the smile on Yoongi’s lips when he kissed Jimin’s temple.

Jimin instinctively wrapped his arms around Yoongi’s torso, pressing his head against his soulmate who answered the touch just as eagerly.
They both sighed, content, but Jimin still felt the urge to ruin the moment.

“You have no idea that your cover-up only vanished because I was selfish and used hexed ink so that I could see you just one more time even if you’d be pissed as hell, do you?”
Jimin smirked when he felt his soulmate tense against him, caught off-guard and trying to process the words.
But then Yoongi laughed.
“I’m glad you were selfish then.”

“Don’t be, it attracted the alp so… sorry.”
Yoongi hummed, thinking, but Jimin didn’t worry about a fight since they were still hugging.

“As horrible as those nightmares were… Imagine where we’d be now if they hadn’t happened. Besides, I liked it when you took care of me and to know that you’ll be here if I have them again about, well, this.”

“I’m a clingy cuddler so don’t worry.”

Yoongi squeezed Jimin’s body as if to say *It’s good that you are* but it only forced pain to shoot up Jimin’s body and the demon hissed, flinching.

“Shit, sorry. You’re hurt.”
Yoongi ended the hug to look at his soulmate’s bruises, worry obvious on his face.

Jimin just smiled and waved it off.
“A little. But I heal fast. You’ve seen me in much worse shape.”
Or rather, Jimin would heal fast if he hadn’t forced his regeneration to a stop.

“Yeah, don’t remind me…”

The incubus grabbed Yoongi’s hand and, wobbling, stood up.
“Come on. Don’t want the others to think we died or eloped.”

It took a bit of the demon’s strength to pull Yoongi up, but Jimin managed, only slightly dizzy.

“Right. Others…’
It made Jimin laugh to watch Yoongi realize that they were in fact, not really alone.

“You're cute.”
Was what Jimin accidentally said out loud and while the adoration was visible on his face, Yoongi still looked at him like he had been insulted.

Jimin silenced all upcoming protest with a kiss, short and sweet.

“If Tae was here he’d have run to us already to check if we’re okay, no matter how much Jungkook would try to keep him away…” mused Yoongi and Jimin felt a little sorry because of course Yoongi missed his best friend and of course did he want to tell Taehyung about, well, them.

“Can you believe we sorted our shit out earlier than them?”

Yoongi smiled, so Jimin called it a success.

“And I've been horribly oblivious, haven't I?”

“I mean, Tae figured it out wayyy before you and I never fucked him, so. Yeah.”
Jimin laughed, smirking at Yoongi but becoming serious quick and grabbing his soulmate’s other hand too, slightly swinging them while he tried to voice his current thought properly.

“You know that we won't be 100% sunshine and rainbows from the start just because we, well-”

“Finally got together after I pulled my head out of my ass?”
Jimin nodded, a tiny grin on his lips because he wouldn't have worded it that way but Yoongi sure wasn't wrong.

“I know. But I’m willing to try and, honestly I don't think anything will be as hard as not being with you.”

“Good. I wanna try too. Now let's go before all the sap ruins your reputation Mr. Grumpy-pants.”
Jimin stole a quick kiss.

“Let me just… look human.”

“You know that I don't mind that you look this way, right? You're beautiful.”

“Thank you.”
And Jimin meant that, couldn't help but beam when Yoongi said it and scratched his ears just how he loved it.

“That means a lot. But Hoseok probably minds.”

“What, my little kumiho doesn't want to avenge his boyfriend being yelled at that one time?”
Obviously, Yoongi was joking but once he said boyfriend Jimin probably would have agreed to manslaughter.

“Let’s go then.”

“Just quick to let them know we’re good, yeah? I'd rather talk with you alone.”

“Okay. But no promises that I’ll keep my hands off you for very long.”

Yoongi huffed, as if he couldn't believe it but was not surprised at all, and pulled Jimin into the living room.

All eyes were on them immediately, and the two non-humans sighed relieved.
The silence that followed was awkward since no one knew what to say. Jimin took a good look at everyone.

Jin had a grip on the fallen angel, whose wings had untensed and flopped down the moment he’d seen that they were okay (well, more or less). Jimin knew his brother’s body language, and he knew that something must have been wrong with the fallen angel if Jin was standing with him the way he only did when he was deadly worried.

As for the two humans… They reminded Jimin a lot of fish; big eyes, open mouth that, in Namjoon’s case, kept closing only to open a second later. Still, it was sweet to see how they were holding each other and for once the incubus didn’t feel the otherwise so familiar pinch of envy because he, now, could be like that too - with Yoongi.

Luckily no one had to actually break the silence but it was obvious how on edge everyone still was because when the front door burst open and slammed into the wall, they all jumped in their skin.

No one was actually prepared for the whirlwind that was Kim Taehyung.

Before anyone could blink twice, he was halfway through the room, pushing Jungkook away and grabbing Jin, pressing their lips together firmly. He ripped himself away pretty quickly and spoke, too silent for anyone to hear but Jin (or Jimin who still had his ears out).

“You're an incubus and-
Another kiss that Seokjin was too startled to answer.
“And a lamiai which, by the way, was so shitty to research since you're like the only male one ever.”

He ripped himself away pretty quickly and spoke, too silent for anyone to hear but Jin (or Jimin who still had his ears out).

“Kiss, kiss, kiss
“Because I think that makes you a prince. Which is cool. And because you're demi you don't feed the way Jimin does, so you ask Jungkook to look out for women who want a child but can't have one, and then you appear in their dreams and sleep with them and somehow use your superpower demon semen to impregnate them. And I’m late, and sorry, and I love you.”

And Seokjin felt dizzy from all the sudden kisses that he had been denied before but fuck it was clear in his mind so he did exactly that and, while enthusiastically kissing back, let his charms drop.

His eyes turned reptile, his tongue got forked and longer and some parts of his skin, especially face, neck, hands, feet and hip started looking scaly and green.

But the biggest change was on his back where a spike-like, thin comb ran down his spine, poking his shirt and - if he didn't watch out - ripping it.

“Love you too, angel. Missed you.”

Their kissing turned make out got interrupted by a thud that, no one was that surprised, turned out to be Hoseok - fainted.

Namjoon decided that this was too much freaky (Yoongi’s words) for him as well and Jungkook quickly brought them home.

“Why aren't you healing?”

Was the first thing he asked when he came back mustering Jimin and eventually tugging weakly on what was left of Jimin’s shirt, making it fall down in a sad heap of shreds on the floor.

“It’s not like you got cursed so that you can't. Why aren't you?”

“Because then all of those heal too and I really like looking at them.”
The sentence was almost too fast to understand, and Jungkook looked puzzled, not understanding.

“Don't worry, I can give you new ones.”

Jimin smiled, glad that Yoongi got his insecurities, and after a shy “I'll take you up on that” let his body heal, every bruise, whether inflicted by alp or soulmate, healing within seconds.

Next thing they knew Taehyung squealed, flailed his arms and leaped over the sofa to attack Yoongi with a hug.

“You're talking!”
He screamed.
“You worked it out!”

Jin, meanwhile, stayed where he was but raised an eyebrow at his brother who nodded, smiling and blushing.

“Right,” coughed Jungkook, “I guess I’ll leave the couples alone to be… mushy.”

Jimin sheepishly looked at the fallen angel.
“Sorry for kinda ruining your movie night.”

Jungkook shook his head, smiling.
“I left the door open, did I not? And, secondhandly feeling so much joy that I couldn't breathe? Best thing that could have happened. Besides, it wasn't complete without Taehyung anyways.”

He was gone before anyone could say something.

Taehyung managed to wrap Jimin into a hug as well, squeezing hard, before he went back to his own soulmate, looking at Seokjin expectantly.

But Jimin was impatient, wanting to really talk with Yoongi now, and pulled the human into his room without another word.
He even locked the door for good measure.

“Is this-”
Yoongi pointed at the bed that he’d seen before, just once and in his dream.

“It’s comfy!”
As if to prove his point, the incubus hopped onto the mattress, snuggling into the blankets and pillows.

Yoongi laughed at the sight, and followed.
He reached out to pet Jimin, amazed how responsive the demon’s body was. He almost flinched back when a purr ripped through Jimin’s throat, eventually convinced not to when Jimin leaned against him, waiting for questions that he was sure Yoongi had.

“Will you have to feed on other people although you have me?”
Yoongi wasn't sure how or if it would actually be an issue for him since for Jimin it really was just food.
Still, he’d like to at least know.

“I haven't fed from anyone but you since I picked you up at that club. I mean the one time I tried you stopped me. So unless you want me to mojo you through half the world everyday or have me use all my energy otherwise so excessive that your body can't handle it: no, I don't need to feed on anyone
Yoongi hummed, taking in all the information and then grunted satisfied: “Good.”

“Why, you don’t want to share this hot piece of ass?”
Jimin wiggled his butt to underline his statement, grinning when Yoongi’s hands wandered downwards, into Jimin’s pants and cupped his butcheecks, not gripping hard or anything, just holding.

“Not if I don’t have to.”
He nuded Jimin’s jaw with his nose, making the demon laugh because that action was something his kumiho side liked a lot and Yoongi probably didn't even know it.

“Okay, but I can't stop the flirting at all times. It’s just part of-”

“Your personality?”

“That too. But I mean deeper. Some demons are naturally scary, and I’m… flirty.”

“It’s fine. You're all mine at the end of the day.”

“Definitely.”

They both laughed, gleeful, Jimin rubbing his head against Yoongi, loving how their scents mixed.

“How is it right now?”

“If I’m hungry?”

“Yeah.”

“Maybe a little?”
The demon scrunched his nose.
“You fed me really well with our last… playtime.”

They both stayed silent after that, for a few minutes but Jimin could tell that Yoongi was thinking about what to ask next.

“Do you eat people?”
Yoongi cussed at himself the moment he blurted the question out but Jimin just giggled.

“Since I’m a kumiho? No. I’ve stopped doing that since… uh before you were born at least. I do enjoy eating people out though.”

“Oh, I’m sure you do.”
Yoongi snorted.
“Now that you started that topic… I shouldn't expect any, hm, penetrative action on either side of us, right?”

Jumin hummed, or, well, purred and eventually answered that too.
“Not with my current knowledge, no. Sorry. I’m used to it but you're… not.”

“It’s fine.”
Yoongi sighed, his hands starting to slowly knead Jimin’s butt.
“I just wanna know what to expect or not expect.”
“A whole lot of the best freakin’ action ever!”
It was supposed to sound exciting, but with how Jimin’s purrs constricted his throat it came out like a relaxed slur, like a drunk person who didn’t have control over their tongue.

“You sounded pretty unsexy right there, but I believe you; you've proven me that often enough.”

“What can I say? I am a natural.”

“Sure.”
Yoongi laughed, leaning over to kiss Jimin again, already addicted.

Jimin answered just as eagerly, turning the kiss from lazy to heated and hungry within seconds.

“Fuck you really are a natural.”
Yoongi hissed and pulled back when there was a little more tongue and teeth than he had expected.

The demon had the nerve to giggle as if he hadn't just kissed Yoongi’s breath away.

“I’m also a fast learner when my teacher is that good. And I am very eager to learn.”

The demon didn't give Yoongi any time to regain his breath, straddling his soulmate and diving in for more kisses after dropping so many innuendos.

“Want you to mark me again, hyung,” mumbled Jimin against Yoongi’s lips, rutting his hips forward once, twice.
“Want everyone to see that I’m yours… Can you do that for your kumiho?”

“Yeah… Yeah, I can. Roll over, kit. I neglected your back last time didn't I?”

“Mnhm… lemme jus…”
Jimin rolled over, his words being swallowed by the pillow he pressed his face into. It was hard for him to focus already but he managed to vanish his tails and ears.

“Not in the… way.”
A little startled when Yoongi sat on his thighs, the position giving him barely any room to move - unless he wanted to imitate an immobile whale on land of course - and while Jimin did not want to escape, to know that he hardly could was strange to say the least.

“Gosh, you're so pretty.”

The demon shivered under Yoongi’s touches, fingertips only barely scratching his skin but over the mark, his body so much more sensitive on that patch of skin.

“Do you mean-ah-”
Fingers pushed down on the tattoo with pressure.
“Me or your own words?”

“You, Jiminie. Always you. I think that both our marks are embarrassing, and both for me.”

“Why? Because both of them spell out whipped bottom with capital W and B and a picture of you next to it?”
Jimin laughed, but Yoongi knew how to silence his soulmate by now, slowly using both hands to massage the skin with the mark.
Jimin’s back felt like it was being electrocuted.

“You sure that you're not the bottom right now?”
Jimin didn't have a witty comeback.

Yoongi then finally began using his lips, Jimin sighing content, his body feeling like jelly all of a sudden.

“Hyung,” he whined when Yoongi left him one mark after the other, though taking his time, his hands slowly caressing the skin his lips didn't reach yet, warming it up, setting it on fire.

“What is it, muffin?”
Yoongi moved his head up so he could properly talk but the lack of contact made Jimin whine, arching up as he tried to follow.

Yoongi smiled at the sight, enjoying how needy Jimin seemed.

“Got it, Jiminie. But be good and patient for me, yeah?”

“‘Kay…”

So they just enjoyed, both of them and by the time Yoongi had arrived at the hem of his soulmate’s pants, having slid down Jimin’s legs so far he felt feet dig into his butt, the mood had long shifted from exclusively comforting and pure.

Yoongi had noticed how Jimin got hard.
Sure, there had been the own sudden lack of room in his own pants, and the hotter, headier air that laid thick with what he knew now where pheromones. But Yoongi was proud to have noticed the signs on Jimin himself, to see even the tiniest of reactions, to know his soulmate that well.

So he had noticed the hitch in Jimin’s breathing, how his muscles couldn't decide whether to tense or untense, how his noises pitched higher just a little bit; how dazed Jimin suddenly seemed, his mind still being fully with him and with what Yoongi was doing but only that.

All in all, it wasn’t really surprising how eagerly Jimin cooperated when Yoongi pulled at his pants and underwear, pushing his ass up, wriggling it, whining - even more when Yoongi undressed too.

“Are you going to let me do to you whatever I want?”
Yoongi asked, placing a kiss, a bite, another kiss on Jimin’s left thigh, gripping the right one.

Jimin moaned, he hadn't seen that coming.

“Yeah!”

“My good little fox- hold on what the fuck is this?”
Jimin winced, trying to slither away because that, that was why he always stayed clothed. Judgement, hate- he did enough of that himself but handling it from other’s?

From Yoongi?

The apology was on the demon’s tongue already, ready to dash out the moment Jimin wouldn't feel like choking on his heart anymore.

“You can get rid of them, right?”

Flinching when Yoongi touched the sport where most likely the mark he didn't like was, Jimin tried to figure out what it could say. But he hadn't looked much as his back or rather his butt, so he was clueless and for him, it was hard to imagine what could have been worse than the rest of his- his
brands.

“Y-yes.”
The demon choked on the one syllable.

Before he could apologize, Yoongi spoke up again: “Good. Because honestly, Jimin, I don’t care that you have this shit... Only thing that bothers me about them is that they bother you. But seeing Your brother is cute whenever I look at your ass? I just know that one was Taehyung. So please get rid of just one for me, the rest for you.”

Jimin let out a breath he didn’t know he had been holding, dissolving into a fit of giggles towards the end when all the tension, the anxiety just vanished.

He pushed himself further up on his arms, looking over his back and at Yoongi with a raised eyebrow.

“That is what this is about?”

“Yes! It’s worse than, I don’t know, a portrait of my dead grandma or Jesus or something staring at us while we’re at it!”

“Oh shut up you dumb human!”
That might have sounded angrier than wanted because Yoongi said another word Jimin’s demonic side didn’t like.
The incubus twisted around enough to kick one leg at Yoongi, not really hard but enough to surprise.

“You almost scared me into my grave, you dick! You’re the first person I’ve been naked for in forever - I haven’t even really seen myself in years! And then you dare to rile me up, undress me and ask me to get rid of the things I hate about myself because of a dumb comment Tae made?”

Yoongi was already staring at Jimin, shocked, but the next thing had his jaw on the floor.

“Have you seen the bullshit on your own skin? I had to see that so many times and I still fell in love with you!”

“Hey, Jiminie?”

“Hm?”

“I fell in love with you too.”

The happy but flustered giggle that immediately burst out of Jimin was swallowed down by a kiss, Yoongi being quick to chase after his soulmate’s lips while Jimin’s face turned pink and pinker.
It took him a while that, by confessing back without any hesitation, Yoongi had aimed to fluster Jimin.
And the demon didn't agree with being played by a human, pulling back - though not right away he
had to admit - and acting annoyed. Yoongi kept it to himself that Jimin’s act failed, but his face must have told enough because Jimin swatted and pushed Yoongi’s head away from his.

“Oh shut up and eat my ass!”

Chapter End Notes

So it is finally over?
It's so weird to see this end. It's been with me the moment I knew all of BTS' names, I wrote like 8 chapters in one or two days if i remember correctly. I've never had that much inspiration for a story, never this much feedback, never this much writing in so few time. I've never even finished something THIS long. This story has been constantly by my side for over a year now, it will be weird to start something new. I do have over 40 ideas for stories but the starting point is the strange thing.

I want to thank you all for reading, for enjoying, for giving kudos and comments. I also really enjoyed looking at bookmarks, specifically those with notes in it. my favourite must be the one that simply says "crying"

This story has opened so many doors for me in a way. I've gotten around to try writing so many things, I feel like my english got better and although ive started this a year ago I dont feel like dying of cringe when I re-read the first chapters, like its usually with my writing.
I made friends, I participated in a writing challenge, made more friends through that, found stan twitter, found new groups; I even MET one of said friends already and probably will again. I mean think about it that's SO crazy!

So, I want to thank all of you readers, commenters, kudo-givers, because without you this fic probably would have never been finished. You guys are the sweetest people ever and while I would like to give shout outs to all of you... that's a little but too many people for the 3000 something characters i have left. I never expected this to blow up like this by the way ♥
Thanks to the user Imveryloser for the first comment on this fic. I dont know if youre still here, but if you are I'm happy you liked it to the end :D The archive I wrote on before didnt have an active and commenting community at all, so getting a comment that quickly was super special for me ♥
Thanks to Joan_Black, saby, MaysTaemoon, Yuki_xan, orangepumpkins and
MiKaN_KuRo (and every other commenter too of course) because I just scrolled down through the comments and your names were like dominating the whole section from mostly beginning to end ♥♥

Thanks to Lilith_Gloor who offered to spell- and grammar check my chapters, so you can thank her for fewer typos :D
You've always been hella supportive of me and I'm glad we've started to talk outside of this fic too ♥♥♥

And Last but not least thanks to Eonnji_Jagga who must have been my biggest hype person ever ^_^ Your super duper long comments were always so so sweet (and doing really good at feeding my praise kink need for attention. And then you kinda introduced me to GOT7 and gave me a frikkin concert ticket (for free)?? And also I could like, meet you?? And you're so sweet and nice? And wow?? I still can't grasp that that actually happened. You also wrote me christmas/birthday present which is, again, the sweetest thing ever and once I figure out how to print it right I'll print it into a teeny tiny book that I can carry around in my wallet <: Seriously though you've become a great friend and, I guess older sister? to me and I just- thanks c: ♥♥♥

Okay I think that's all the names (or profile pictures) I remember seeing more often, I hope I forgot none of you but even if I did, that doesn't mean I don't appreciate you. Seriously, I don't think I can thank all of you enough because Aaaaall of you were such a big inspiration and motivation and without you this fic would have never been finished!

I hope I can find some of you on my next projects as well ♥♥

and of course I hope you liked this fic, this ending! :D

I luv you all! ♥

End Notes

My Twitter and My CuriosCat if you wanna talk to me uwu ♥

Works inspired by this one Dudebroship by Eonni_jagga

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!