Black & Gold

by marchdahlia

Summary

Jungkook is the highest-rated camboy in the city, and he's damn proud of it. At least, he is for half of the week; the other half, another camboy takes his crown, and Jungkook is nothing if not a sore loser.

aka: hey I know I've watched you fall to pieces on a vibrator a couple times but do you I don't know maybe want to go grab a coffee and be fluffy as hell?

Notes

Right okay look. Listen.

I'm soft as fuck for camboy aus and y'all know I'm thirsty for yoonkook. Let me have this 19-chapter love letter to camboy boyfriends.

Please leave feedback, it'd really mean a lot to know what you guys think!
Jeon Jungkook is the kind of boy that other people’s parents fawn over. He had always been at the top of his year in grades, had volunteered at nearly every college event held on campus, had, until recently, been an adored member of the football team before he quit to focus on his studies. He sings, dances, specialises in fine art and is nearly always the last to leave the library.

He also happens to be (arguably) the capital’s most prestigious camboy – but that’s neither here nor there.

It’s a Tuesday evening, and Jungkook is running late. God only knows Tuesdays are stressful enough without the added pressure of meeting his own schedule after class, but he’s nothing if not thorough. He’s had a one-on-one with his course tutor, a lecture on the Situationism movement, a late lunch with the other events volunteers and he managed to fit in a few hours in the library. He wouldn’t mind if his busyness was down to his own overzealousness, but it isn’t. It’s down to the persistent fucker that keeps knocking him from his Number One spot.

That’s one thing that other parents might not love about Jungkook; he’s a sore, sore loser.

Knowing he’s cutting it fine, he bursts through his apartment door, haphazardly kicking off his shoes and launching his rucksack onto the floor.

“Is that a burglar?” The lazy, distracted voice of one of his roommates drifts from the lounge into the hall. Jungkook pokes his head through the open doorway, spotting his friends locked in what seems to be a frighteningly focused match of Overwatch. Neither of them looks up at him.

“What time is it?” Jungkook asks, panting, wrestling out of his denim jacket.

“It’s like, ten to nine,” Jimin replies at exactly the same time as Taehyung drawls ‘time to get a watch’. “Dinner’s on the stove if you’re hungry. We already ate.”

“A-actually, I feel kind of sick,” Jungkook says quickly, running a hand through his hair and eyeing his bedroom door. “I think I’ll just go lie down. I might eat later.”

Again, his roommate answers without so much as blinking, his gaze fixed determinedly on the television. “If you don’t want to eat Taehyung’s cooking, just say so.”

Jungkook rolls his eyes, though neither of them sees. “Don’t make me your scapegoat.”

“The fuck is a scapegoat?” Jimin mumbles, his brow furrowing slightly.

“My D&D character is a scapegoat,” Taehyung muses idly. Jungkook is vaguely impressed to see that the older boy’s expression doesn’t flicker whatsoever, even when he pulls off a truly spectacular kill. When no one replies, he continues. “You know, like, a half-human, half-goat.”

“That’s a satyr, you fuckwit,” Jimin snorts, scrambling a little on the controls.

Taehyung frowns. “You’re a satyr.”

“Heavy.” Jimin rolls his eyes, and a lull falls over the room, broken only by the low sound of incessant gunfire.

“On that note,” Jungkook says drily. He ducks out of the room, ignoring the lethargic calls of ‘feel
better’ following him out into the hall.

He all but slams his bedroom door behind him, triple-checking the lock, then flings himself down at his desk, impatiently booting up his laptop.

In reality, he actually feels perfectly fine. Lying to Jimin and Taehyung comes far too easily to him these days. They’re good guys, good friends, and he absolutely intends on telling them the truth – one day. But tonight just isn’t the night. His roommates deserve a lot better than ‘hey guys, sorry to rush, but I need to go and figure out why this guy is a better camboy than me’.

Jungkook had done his research. He found out that the guy in question airs every Tuesday at nine in the evening, and that his style seems to be different to Jungkook’s – like, a lot different. That just makes it all the more difficult to understand. They aren’t even slightly comparable; how can they be expected to compete for the top spot?

It couldn’t hurt to take a look at his show, if only to see what all the fuss is about. Perhaps he could even pick up some pointers. Clearly, this ‘blackpisces’ is doing something right.

Jungkook opens his patron camsite, loads up his rival’s page, and waits. It should only be a few minutes now.

Strangely, he’s a little nervous. He drums his fingers against his thighs impatiently, glancing at the door every few moments as though someone will barge in, even though he knows he locked the door. It isn’t like Jungkook is a stranger to porn; he’s certainly watched enough, let alone performed in it. There’s just something that feels different about this. More personal. He doesn’t know who blackpisces is, nor does he care. He just doesn’t want to lose anymore.

The timer enters the seconds now, the comments already exploding with excitement and pure, unadulterated thirst, by the look of it. Some of the comments have even Jungkook flushing, and he’s renowned for his dirty mouth. He scrolls idly, wrinkling his nose; people seem to really like the guy. That rubs Jungkook entirely the wrong way.

The screen flickers black, and then the show begins.

blackpisces is not what Jungkook expected.

“Hey, guys.” The figure on screen waves lazily, a black mask pulled over his mouth and nose. His hands are half-hidden in the sleeves of his oversized black hoodie, the neck pulled up to his chin.

“It’s good to see you again. Hope you’ve had a good week.”

Jungkook supresses a snort. That’s definitely a different tactic. Like anybody comes to watch a camshow to make small talk. Not to mention the theatrics of the whole thing; the guy has lit candles, dozens of them, dotted around his room and casting an orange glow over the scene. And then Jungkook sees the comments, sees the flood of people hoping that blackpisces has had a good week too, telling him how pretty he looks, how nice the room is, and all Jungkook can do is stare.

“It’s been alright,” the boy sighs, running a hand through his silky black hair, and fuck, he’s pretty. Even with half his face covered, Jungkook can see that he’s pretty. He’s pale, but gorgeously so, his skin taking on a sort of pearly sheen in the candlelight. “I’m looking forward to blowing off some steam.”

Jungkook rolls his eyes. What a line. It all feels so staged, so scripted, but the comments are going wild for him, hanging off his every word. He watches as blackpisces smiles, a tiny movement of his cheeks beneath the mask, his eyes flickering over his screen as he reads the comments.
koreabooo: relax with us, we want you to feel good

tankingpanda: omg please take that off

The boy plucks at the material of his hoodie, his eyebrows rising innocently. “This? I guess I am a little warm,” he says slowly, thoughtfully, clearly waiting for a reaction from the comments.

Jungkook watches the donations flood in, and even he is a little bit impressed. The guy knows how to keep control over his audience, knows how to dominate even through a camera, and he does it well. He watches as blackpisces grins, a more exaggerated movement beneath his mask, before he makes a show of tugging the hoodie over his narrow waist, over his lean chest and finally up over his head.

Despite himself, Jungkook’s mouth goes a little dry. Underneath the hoodie, blackpisces had been hiding a narrow lace choker wrapped prettily around his throat, and a crescent moon tattoo at the base of his breastbone.

bandit224: god you look so good

tankingpanda: are you going to use toys today??

skywire: jesus christ

“I do have a couple toys, actually,” he says, looking down by his feet. “Give me a second.”

He slips from the edge of the bed and out of sight, by the sounds of it rooting around in some boxes to retrieve his toys, and Jungkook takes the opportunity to look at blackpisces’ bedroom. It’s all a bit neat, a bit staged, like everything else about him; the candles, the strings of fairy lights wrapped around the wrought iron headboard of his bed, the witchy tapestry hanging above it. There’s a theme to his room, to him, a black and white attempt at aesthetic, even down to the towel he’s strategically placed at the end of the bed.

When blackpisces reappears, Jungkook can’t even stifle a scoff this time; he’s holding some kind of wand, probably a vibrator, and of course that matches the theme of his room. Curiously, Jungkook wonders if all of his toys fit his little theme.

“I know I sometimes let you guys choose, but I really wanted to use this tonight.” He looks down almost bashfully, his fingers dragging over the wand. It’s such a fucking act, but it’s working. The comments are still racing by, almost too quickly for Jungkook to read, and he finds himself shifting uncomfortably in his chair. “I hope that’s okay.”

piscesstan: use whatever you want baby

skywire: jeSUS CHRIST

koreabooo: are you already prepped? when will you start?

Jungkook’s gaze flickers back to the pale boy on screen, still twirling the wand between his long fingers. He seems to be reading the comments too, his dark eyes flickering back and forth. They’re small, sort of sleepy and triangular, but surprisingly expressive. Jungkook can see the flash of amusement in them before the boy speaks.

“Have you ever known me to be unprepared?” he asks, a teasing lilt to his low voice. “You’re eager tonight.”
More donations pour in at his words along with a barrage of comments begging him, praising him, and he waits, watching the numbers climb higher and higher.

“Jesus,” Jungkook mutters under his breath. Perhaps this is how blackpisces ranks higher than him every Tuesday – perhaps he just waits, flat out refusing to perform until he’s satisfied. It’s certainly one way to get results, and no one in the comments even seems to mind.

Finally, the boy grins, picking up a little remote from beside him. The camera zooms out, bringing into view his lower body. He’s perched prettily on his knees, gently leaning back on his hands, and the movement stretches his lean torso, the soft muscles of his stomach shifting. He’s wearing these tight-fitting black boxers, and they do absolutely nothing to disguise how fucking hard he is, so much so that Jungkook hisses a breath between his teeth.

“I’ve only prepped,” the boy says. His voice has dropped an octave and he eyes the camera like he knows exactly what he’s doing. “I haven’t touched myself. I don’t want to.”

Again, the comments rush to reassure him. Jungkook can’t quite believe the sheer number of people begging blackpisces to hurry up; he’s never taken this long to get things going in one of his shows. Maybe it’s something he could try. Then again, no one has ever complained.

He laughs, a quiet, low sound, before unfolding his legs from beneath him and hooking his thumbs beneath the waistband of his underwear. “Okay, okay,” he sighs, painstakingly dragging the material down his thighs.

His cock springs into view, hard and red and drooling with precum, and Jungkook swallows thickly. He has to remind himself not to get hard over the guy, over his rival; he’s here purely for educational purposes. It’s research. That’s all.

Jungkook glances furtively up at his bedroom door once more before retrieving his headphones from his pocket. Whatever’s about to happen, he does not need Jimin and Taehyung hearing it.

blackpisces is settling back onto his knees by the time Jungkook looks up, a small bottle of lube in one hand and his vibrator in the other. He coats the toy slowly, teasingly, his fingers wrapping around the curved length and stroking it, back and forth. He doesn’t look up at the camera once, so absorbed by the movements of his hand, and Jungkook notices the comments actually slowing in frequency, as though his audience is absorbed too.

“I’m feeling kind of lazy today,” the boy muses, wetting his fingertips with more lube and easing up on his knees as he reaches behind his back. He gasps a little, his eyes fluttering closed, before continuing. “I’m not going to ride this. You guys want to watch that? You want to watch me grind on the toy?”

Of course they do, Jungkook thinks, of course everyone wants to watch the boy fall apart like that. Even he wants to watch, and finds himself leaning closer to his laptop. He’s hard, in spite of his own determination, but he doesn’t indulge himself; he wants to focus. For research. Pressing a palm to the front of his jeans to ease the ache, he shifts closer still, his teeth boring into the heel of his hand.

The boy shudders a little, almost falling forwards as his eyes scrunch shut. He laughs, catching himself, and removes his hand, instead positioning the toy beneath him. “I’m going to start now,” he breathes. His heaving chest is flushed pink, the colour staining the column of his throat.

Jungkook wonders if he’s asking permission, but of course he isn’t; slowly, achingly slowly, he eases himself down, his head tipping back in sheer relief. He goes so slow, but Jungkook senses that it isn’t due to a need to adjust, rather just the boy’s teasing nature, wanting to torment himself as
much as the audience.

“God,” he gasps, bottoming out and immediately bracing his hands on his thighs, pressing into the pale flesh. “D-deep, it’s deep.”

Jungkook has to press his palm a little harder, shifting again in his chair. For the first time, it’s like the boy isn’t performing. He’s just losing himself to the sensation, and it’s ridiculously hot to watch.

ryanbear68: that’s it baby

tankingpanda: turn it on omg

Somehow, blackpisces sees the comments through his heavily hooded eyes, letting out a lazy breath of laughter. “You think I should turn it on?” he asks. He gently rolls his hips, a whimper tumbling from his pink lips. “F-fuck, it’s so much already, I won’t last.”

Jungkook is entranced by the movement of the boy’s body, by the slow roll of his hips, by every twitching breath and bob of his achingly hard cock. He clearly wants to touch himself if the way his nails press little half-moons into the flesh of his thighs is anything to go by, as though willing himself not to give in. These delicious sounds keep escaping him, soft whines and deep moans catching on gasps. His eyes are closed all the while, dark eyelashes skimming his cheekbones, his head tipping this way and that as though he can’t stand the pleasure.

He lets out a breathy, leisurely sort of moan, his hips gradually stilling. “Okay,” he pants, steadying himself and slipping a hand between his legs to grasp at the toy. His fingers tremble and he fumbles for a moment, biting his plush lower lip. “O-okay, I’ll turn it on. You ready?”

Jungkook doesn’t even look at the comments, but finds himself nodding, shifting closer still to the laptop screen, so close he can make out the pearls of sweat on the boy’s throat. There’s a second, the length of a heartbeat, and then blackpisces finds the button on the toy. A dull buzzing filters through the headphones and the effect is instantaneous.

“O-oh god, I - fuck,” he gasps, his voice louder now. The vibrations have pushed him forwards and he braces his hands on the bed, his fingers twisting in the towel beneath him. Jungkook watches the boy’s eyes scrunch closed, watches the mess of inky black hair fall into his face. “It’s – right there.”

The toy must be pressed right up against his sweet spot, Jungkook thinks, taking in the way the boy jerks with every moan torn from his body. He doesn’t know what that feels like, has never really been interested, but watching blackpisces fall apart on this toy, all without even moving his hips, has a deep-seated curiosity burning in the pit of his stomach. Can it really feel that good? Can it really make a person – fuck – shudder like that, gasp and whimper and pant in desperation, in sheer torment?

He starts up a slow grind again, and apparently the sensation is too much, his head lolling forwards onto his chest. The movement of his hips is small and gentle, but he moves with a kind of measured deliberation, like he knows exactly what to do, like he’s done this a thousand times before.

Jungkook is staring, hanging off every stuttered breath, and he can actually see the precum dripping over the boy’s length. He’s almost indecently wet, all without laying a finger on his cock. Somehow, this knowledge makes Jungkook stifle a groan, burying his teeth further into the muscle of his hand. He was never supposed to get this turned on.

“I can -” the boy chokes, lifting his head with no small amount of effort and fixing his gaze onto the camera. His eyes are dark, heavily-lidded and foggy with arousal. “I can turn it higher. W-want me
Jungkook isn’t sure the boy can even read the comments, but they flood in, begging him to push himself even further. Even now, even gasping and whimpering, he retains some strange control over his audience, over Jungkook, and it’s utterly bewitching.

blackpisces smiles, panting, reaching down once more. The buzzing increases in pitch and this time he arches his back, thrown backwards by the sheer force of pleasure, his head falling back as he catches himself on his hands.

“Oh my god, oh my god, yes,” he moans. The sounds he makes are completely pornographic, betraying a sensitivity and responsiveness that Jungkook doesn’t think are part of his act. It conjures to mind images of the boy coming undone under his fingers, of his glistening skin flexing and his breath sticking to Jungkook’s throat, and Jungkook stifles another groan. “I want to come, I want - ah, I want to - fuck."

It’s almost laughable, how this boy has complete control over his audience, and yet he has this pleading note to his voice, desperate for them to say he can come. Of course, they all do, they all beg him to, and he seems all too happy to comply, his hips speeding up in their torturous grind back and forth.

His cock is leaking precum over his lean, pale stomach, slapping against his lower abdomen with each roll of his hips. He seems to drop his weight down onto the toy a little more heavily, trapping it against the bed, and the new pressure does something to him. His head jerks up, his eyes closed and his eyebrows pulled together, his lips swollen and glistening in the candlelight.

“So close,” he breathes, reaching forwards blindly to turn the vibrator up once more. It must be the highest setting, as he nearly crumples entirely, only just managing to catch himself from falling.

Jungkook has to lean back, has to take a deep breath. “Fuck,” he hisses, staring at the boy with a rapt amazement. blackpisces has started whimpering with every roll of his hips, these soft little ‘ah, ah’ sounds tumbling from his lips, and - jesus, he’s started crying, the whimpers morphing into desperate, obscene sobs, tears slipping over his flushed cheeks.

“I can’t – please, tell me I can,” he begs, his words catching on heaving breaths. He tosses his head back and forth, barely managing to focus on the comments as every renewed grind seems to hit a deeper spot within him. He seems right on the edge, his cock hard and hot and dripping. “Please, please.”

**bandit224:** you can come baby boy

**burningupx:** god yes come, do it

Somehow, with herculean self-control, he sits up, one hand biting into the soft, pale flesh of his inner thigh and the other clamping over his mask, muffling his desperate moans. The sounds climb higher and higher, louder and louder, his eyes still scrunched shut as he chases his release.

Jungkook is dying. He’s all but digging his hand into the bulge of his jeans, shaking with the effort. He watches every movement hungrily, panting along with the gorgeous pale boy on screen.

“Nnnnn-ah, yes, I’m – I’m gonna –” he whines, his hand shifting from his mouth to bury in his dark hair. It looks like he tugs sharply on the strands, another sob tearing from his chest, and then he’s coming, he’s just fucking coming everywhere, all over his stomach and his legs. “God, oh god, yes, it feels so – so good –”
His hips continue to roll, his stomach flexing, the tears still sliding over his face, and somehow he’s still coming, his poor, neglected cock jerking and drooling with every shift of his body. Jungkook just stares, his mouth hanging open as the boy rides out his orgasm. He keeps going for what must be minutes, shuddering and shaking and whimpering, still sniffling as his body wracks with the waves of pleasure.

When at last he comes down, he slumps forward, leaning heavily on his hands and panting. He can’t see as he catches his breath, but Jungkook sees the comments in their dozens praising him, telling him how pretty he is, how good he is for coming so hard.

"God," he sighs, breathless, straightening up shakily. He eases himself up onto his knees, sliding the toy out with a wince of oversensitivity. “That was - god.”

He laughs, a ridiculously sexy sound, cracked and airy and completely fucked out. He cleans his hands on the towel, taking the time to read a few comments. What looks like a soft smile lights up the exposed half of his face once or twice and, despite the setting, Jungkook’s stomach does a strange little flip at the sight.

“I’ll need to clean up now, so I’ll say goodnight,” the boy says gently, his eyes heavy as though he’d like nothing more than to collapse then and there. “You take care of yourselves, okay? And I’ll see you next week.”

He finds the remote with one hand, swiping his free hand through the come on his stomach and lapping it from his fingers with a cheeky wink, and Jungkook laughs; there he goes again. The boy waves lazily and then the screen goes black.

Jungkook doesn’t move for several long moments. He breathes deeply, willing himself to calm down, slightly surprised by what he’s just seen. He’s still hard; of course he’s hard after watching a performance like that. He doesn’t even let himself think on blackpisces’ show, doesn’t even consider maybe jacking off and easing the now painful pressure in his jeans. That would be too much like letting the boy win, like admitting defeat.

No doubt Jungkook has been knocked from the top spot once more, but that’s subject to change, it always is. Thursday is his show, and he reminds himself rather smugly that he manages to attract just as much attention as blackpisces without all of the theatrics, without the matching toys and clothes, without the candles and fairy lights; Jungkook makes just as much money with nothing but his hand and a few choice phrases.

Standing up, maybe a little cross with himself for letting himself get so caught up in his rival’s show, he decides to take a long (cold) shower and heat up dinner. When he ventures outside with wet hair and a towel thrown over his shoulder, he’s a little wary as he walks past the lounge, but Taehyung and Jimin haven’t moved a muscle. They don’t even seem to realise he’s there. He’s managed to get away with watching an hour-long camshow without so much as a side-eye. Another reason to feel smug.

Jungkook collapses back into bed after he’s finished eating, feeling strangely drained after his evening. He falls asleep with his mind buzzing with plans for Thursday’s show, desperately trying to keep his thoughts from drifting towards boys with black hair and moon-pale skin, but he can hardly be blamed when he dreams of hot, hard, wet flesh underneath his fingers and swollen pink lips against his own.
“Hyungie, I’m home!”

The voice breaks the silence of the apartment, shocking the only other inhabitant out of his intense focus. He leans back in his chair, groaning as his bones creak. He could have sworn he’d only sat down a few minutes ago, but his ass is completely fucking numb and his neck aches like he’s been wearing dumbbells as a necklace.

Dropping his pen down onto his notebook, he allows himself a moment of satisfaction as he massages his fingertips into the sore muscles at his nape. He’s been writing lyrics all day, something he’d usually only do when inspiration strikes. It’s unusual, but kind of refreshing. He’s proud of what he’s churned out; whether he’ll feel that way when he reads back over it tomorrow is a different story, but he can deal with that later.

His bedroom door creaks open – without a knock, he notes irritably – and the long, friendly face of his roommate pokes through the gap, his smile fading to a look of reproach the second he spots his friend.

“Have you moved at all since I left?” Hoseok asks exasperatedly.

Yoongi scratches at his nape idly, peering through his glasses. “You left?”

“Yes, hyung,” Hoseok sighs, slumping against the doorway. “For work. Like, nine hours ago.”

“Oh,” Yoongi replies blankly. He hesitates for a beat, and then folds his hands politely over his stomach. “How was your day?”

Hoseok scoffs. “Spare me.”

“Whatever do you mean?”

The taller boy lets out another long-suffering sigh before he pushes his way into the room, leaning down to wrap his hands around Yoongi’s ankles and tugging the scrambling elder halfway off the chair.
“Wh-what are -”

“You’re going to take a shower,” Hoseok says, emphasising the last word with a particularly sharp tug that sends Yoongi crashing to the floor. “And then we’re going to have dinner together like civilised adults, because you need human conversation.”

“My fucking tailbone, Seok,” the elder grumbles, rubbing at what will probably turn into a nasty bruise in a day or two.

“Up.”

Yoongi is unceremoniously dragged to his feet and carted out into the hallway, where Hoseok all but barricades him into the bathroom and shoves a towel into his hands. It isn’t the first time he’s been manhandled into taking care of himself this way, and though Hoseok is winning no awards for his bedside manner, Yoongi knows he means well.

The elder has a nasty habit of completely forgetting himself when he focuses on his work. He isn’t entirely sure anybody else would put up with it; Hoseok has lived with him for too long to have any choice in the matter, though the younger boy has (half-heartedly) threatened to move out once or twice. Hoseok has actually forbidden Yoongi from ever living alone on the off chance he accidentally starves himself to death. There’s a hand-written contract somewhere in the apartment to that effect, though Yoongi isn’t sure where; Hoseok’s probably hidden it.

He showers begrudgingly, indulging in his favourite pine and peppermint body wash in an attempt to perk himself up somewhat. He’s never had much time for showers. Baths, now there’s a campaign he can get behind. Yoongi swears by anything that involves lying very still for an undisclosed length of time. That being said, he isn’t entirely sure Hoseok’s patience would have tolerated a bath of Yoongi’s preferred duration, and the tantalising smell of meat cooking is filtering through the gaps in the door.

Another fifteen minutes or so finds him bundled into a sweater and Kumamon pyjama bottoms, both fresh out of the dryer courtesy of his ridiculously sweet roommate, sitting cross-legged on a chair at the dining table, a plate heaped with fried rice and beef being pushed beneath his nose. Only when presented with a plate full of Hoseok’s cooking does Yoongi realise how hungry he is. He can’t even remember the last time he ate, and wastes no time in stuffing his mouth.

“Allright, alright, remember to chew,” Hoseok laughs, taking a seat beside the elder. His honey-brown eyes sparkle fondly as he too digs into his meal.

Yoongi lets out a moan of satisfaction that’s only a little bit indecent, unable to even lift his gaze from his plate. “Thanks, Seokie.”

They chat idly through mouthfuls of food. Hoseok updates Yoongi on his day at work – there had been a particularly cute and bubbly girl in his hip hop class, which seemed to be enough to put Hoseok in a bright mood for the rest of the day – whilst Yoongi drops annoyingly vague comments on the tracks he’s written today, refusing to share anymore until he knows how he feels about them.

“Oh, hyung, I forgot to ask,” Hoseok says suddenly, swallowing the last forkful of rice. “How was your show the other day?”

“It went well, same as always,” Yoongi grins, toying with the rest of his food. He’s never had as much of an appetite as the younger, still can’t keep up with Hoseok’s monstrous portion sizes, even after all these years. “I’ve pretty much covered rent for the next couple months.”
“Does that mean you’ll buy me something pretty?” Hoseok coos, clattering from his chair and flinging his arms around the elder’s neck.

“Anything for you, princess,” Yoongi replies, wiggling his eyebrows lewdly.

Hoseok plants a fairly disgusting wet kiss onto Yoongi’s cheek before he collects their plates, wandering around the kitchen island to drop them into the sink. Yoongi watches him fondly, enjoying the way that he can so openly discuss this part of his life, valuing Hoseok’s lack of judgment. When he’d first opened up to his friend, realising the boy deserved to know the truth, he’d been prepared for all kinds of insults and disgust. What he hadn’t prepared for was Hoseok’s unwavering support, even interest, taking the time to ask Yoongi every week how it’s going, and the elder is always willing to brag.

Of course, Hoseok knows it isn’t all fun and games.

“Did you make it to number one again?” he asks idly, rinsing their dishes.

“Yeah, but that’ll probably change tonight,” Yoongi sighs. “It’s Thursday.”

“How does he do it every single week?” Hoseok is frowning down at the sink, annoyed at the mild inconvenience Yoongi goes through every Thursday.

“The same way I do it, I suppose. Decent fanbase.”

“But have you ever watched his show?”

“Wh-what? No, of course not.”

“Why not?”

Yoongi pauses. The thought has never even crossed his mind. He’s a good camboy, he knows he is. One of the best, in fact. The only person who even comes close to his ratings is some kid, the arrogantly-named ‘GoldenBoy97’, and ever since he surfaced on the site, Yoongi has only ever eyed the link to his page with a vague sense of distaste and suspicion. The kid’s probably perfectly fine at what he does, but Yoongi has never considered watching his show. Shows are his thing, as strange as that may sound – he’s good at it, and he likes the drama, the theatrics. He likes pretending for that one hour a week, likes doing something completely out of character. He doesn’t want to acknowledge that other people are as good as him.

“I’m not saying you have to get off to it, hyung.” Hoseok rolls his eyes, visible even to Yoongi who sits across the room, far too acquainted with the younger’s responses. “Just – I don’t know, scout out the competition.”

“I don’t know.”

“It could be a learning experience!” The younger turns, sternly pointing a soapy spoon in Yoongi’s direction. “Confidence will get you places, hyung, but arrogance won’t.”

“Jesus,” Yoongi laughs, running a hand through his hair to distract from the self-conscious bristling creeping up the back of his neck. “You’ve been spending too much time with Namjoon.”

“What’ve you got to lose?” Hoseok shrugs, ignoring the jibe as he turns back to the sink. “Even if you don’t pick up any pointers from the kid, it isn’t like watching porn is a fucking chore.”

“It is when it’s your job,” Yoongi replies drily, though he knows the younger boy has a point. He
peers blearily through his glasses at the clock on the wall. Nearly nine o’clock. “Guess I could.”


Yoongi scoffs. After a moment’s deliberation, he decides to throw caution to the wind. He stretches out his legs before getting to his feet, pretending not to notice the look of triumph on Hoseok’s face as he bids the elder goodnight.

It’s starting to feel a little too real as he settles into bed with his laptop, loading up the familiar site and locating his rival’s page. It feels strangely invasive, like he knows he’s going to see something unpleasant but he’s doing it anyway. He was perfectly happy pretending the kid didn’t exist, and yet here he is, waiting for GoldenBoy97’s stream to start.

He knows Hoseok has a point. He’ll never get anywhere by refusing to learn, and though this is hardly a career he sees himself in for many years to come, a steady income is a steady income. Surely nobody would turn down a chance to get a pay rise.

Curiously, he scrolls through the comments already appearing by the side of the streaming window. As Yoongi expected, GoldenBoy97 seems to have a fanbase as dedicated as his own, the majority of comments seemingly coming from frequent viewers. In terms of the rest of the show, however, Yoongi has no idea what to expect. He’s never clicked on his rival’s page before, doesn’t even know what the kid looks like. If he comes close to Yoongi, with his toys and his tidiness and his love of creating an atmosphere, the elder grudgingly thinks that the kid must be something special.

The timer ticks down into the last few seconds, a final surge of excited comments blurring past, and then GoldenBoy97 comes into view.

Fuck. It just isn’t fair.

The kid is ridiculous, ridiculous, all tanned, exposed, muscled skin, sharp lines and hard planes, and Yoongi lets out a breath of exasperation and something else, something deep-seated and hesitant. He wears an unzipped grey hoodie over his bare chest, the curve of his broad shoulders and biceps straining through the material. His sweatpants ride low over the ‘v’ of his hipbones and the sight draws Yoongi’s gaze for longer than he’d care to admit. The kid wears a black mask beneath these unbelievable doe eyes, only partially hidden beneath a wavy mess of chestnut-brown hair.

He isn’t speaking, isn’t showing any signs of wanting to, he just throws up a lazy sideways peace sign before scrolling through the comments. Yoongi notes with just a hint of smugness that the boy’s set up isn’t anything like his own. Yoongi prides himself on his equipment, on his expensive little handheld and on his reflecting shields. They make him feel like more than the average camboy, like despite the whole sex-for-money thing, he still manages to retain some class. GoldenBoy97 seems to be sat in front of a laptop, slouched in a desk chair, a semi-high-definition webcam perched atop the screen.

That may be a blessing, however, as Yoongi isn’t sure he could handle those abdominal muscles in any higher quality than this.

He isn’t anything like what Yoongi would actually go for in a guy. If anything, a body like that only means that the guy spends far too long in the gym, and that’d just bore the hell out of Yoongi. Give him a bright smile and a goofy sense of humour over abs any day. Then again, as GoldenBoy97 adjusts his webcam down slightly, his lower body comes into view, and Yoongi nearly chokes on his own spit.

Those fucking thighs. It just isn’t fair.
Yoongi thinks he sees a flicker of a smile beneath the mask before the boy slips his sweatpants down another inch or two, the muscles in his stomach flexing. The comments are right, he is hard, already straining against the light grey material. Yoongi swallows thickly.

Then, the boy speaks.

“You shouldn’t complain,” he says lowly, delicious satoo ri slipping through his words. “I’ll get on with it if you ask nicely.”

Yoongi quirks an eyebrow, not entirely convinced that the kid’s rudeness will work, but sure enough, the comments flood in begging him to undress, telling him how handsome he is, apologising for their impatience. It seems to be some pre-arranged back and forth, as though the audience have long-since learned how to interact with GoldenBoy97. It’s interesting, to say the least.

“There we are.” The smirk hidden behind the mask curls his words, his amusement dripping from his tone. The boy leans his hips up ever so slightly, sliding his sweatpants down to his mid-thigh, one hand immediately wrapping around his cock because of course he isn’t wearing underwear. He hisses lightly at the touch of his own hand, his eyes on the comments.

Yoongi is a little entranced by the slow movement of the boy’s long-fingered, veined hands. Sure, he likes to put on a show, likes to use toys and restraints and pretty chokers, but there’s something about this that’s undeniably hot, effortless as it is. It suits GoldenBoy97, suits his Busan drawl and his deep voice. Shaking himself a little, Yoongi takes a deep breath; he has to remind himself to stay objective.

“I’ve been hard all day,” the boy tells the camera, his wide, long-lashed eyes staring straight into the lens. “From the second I woke up. Needed this.”

His thumbnail presses into his drooling slit, another hiss slipping through Yoongi’s speakers, and he quickly turns down the volume. Hoseok might know exactly what he’s up to, but he’s sure the younger won’t thank him for any sound effects drifting through the apartment.

The boy is responsive, though quietly so; the muscles in his stomach twitch and flex with every slow stroke of his hand, and every gasp and moan is hushed. His eyes keep drifting closed, his head tilting back, and Yoongi sort of wants to hear the boy moan, wants to hear that deep, growling voice crack and fall apart into whimpers and whines. The kid has too much control. Yoongi thinks he’d quite like to take that control away.

He shakes himself once more.

“Y ou look so good oppa”

“god I love to swallow his dick right now”

GoldenBoy97 seems to have seen the last couple of comments, a breathy huff of laughter pushed from his chest as he palms the achingly red tip of his cock. “Yeah? You’d want to taste me? Want to choke on my cock for me?”

It’s a little cliché d, a little stereotypically pornographic, so much so that Yoongi half expects a
bleached-blonde with fake tits to burst out of the boy’s closet, but fuck, it has the desired effect. Yoongi can feel himself growing harder under the covers, doing his best to ignore it for now. Hoseok’s only in the next room, after all, and he’d honestly rather die than give the younger boy the satisfaction of hearing him rubbing one out.

GoldenBoy97 is taking deep, steadying breaths as he strokes his length deliberately, his long fingers easily sliding over the slick precum coating his cock, though he moves slowly, unhurriedly, as though he has all the time in the world. His dark eyes flicker back and forth as he reads the comments and Yoongi doesn’t need to glance over to know they’re all praising the boy, hanging off his every word, begging for his cock.

“Want to – god – want to pull your hair, want to pull it so hard your eyes water as you choke on my cock – want to see those pretty lips red and – and wet –” Though he doesn’t raise his voice above a whisper, Yoongi can see the composure starting to break, can sense the boy pulling apart at the seams. He gives in, slipping a hand beneath his pyjamas and wrapping a hand around the hot, sticky flesh of his length, sighing at the relief. He loves seeing people lose control, even more so when they’re such a stickler for it the rest of the time.

The boy keeps glancing to his left, a furtive, nervous look, as though afraid he will be interrupted. Yoongi doesn’t know if it’s all part of the act or what, but he rather enjoys it, finds himself shivering with the boy’s sudden urgency. He can hear GoldenBoy97’s laboured breathing, can hear the tiny, restrained moans slipping through the cracks in his command. Yoongi moves his hand a little faster, closes his fist a little tighter. He might as well; it isn’t like he’d be able to slink off for a cold shower without Hoseok knowing exactly what he’s up to, in any case.

“I – I fucking love it wet,” the boy breathes, his voice starting to shake. His knuckles are white as he grips himself, slipping a little further down in his seat. “Need it wetter, much wetter -” He reaches out with his free hand, groping around blindly off-screen, until he retrieves a small bottle of lube from the desk beside the laptop. Yoongi stifles a groan; he likes it wet, too. Chasing that thought, he pulls his hand free, spitting into his palm before he resumes his grip on his throbbing cock. Usually he’d indulge, take his time, but not tonight. Something about tonight is different.

The boy upturns the bottle over his flushed, weeping cock, all without loosening his grip for even a second, and pours a generous amount of lube over the head. He arches slightly at the cold sensation – fuck, that’s hot – letting it drip down the sides of his burning flesh before he catches it in his hand, twisting his palm on every upstroke, his thumb catching on the sensitive underside.

“God,” he pants, and it’s quiet, so quiet, but Yoongi catches it. He wants the boy to be much louder. Where’s the fun in losing yourself to pleasure if you hold yourself back? Still, there’s something so obscene about what he’s watching, about even the suggestion that GoldenBoy97 is this desperate to come despite not being home alone. “C-can you hear it? How wet it is?”

Yoongi bites down hard on his lower lip, trying to listen over the heavy pounding of his heart against his ribcage. He can hear it, can hear the lewd, wet, slicking sounds of the boy’s palm sliding slowly over his cock, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination, and he fucking loves it. The boy drops the lube back onto the desk, barely repressing a whimper completely unlike any other noise he’s made tonight, and Yoongi watches in awe as the boy’s flat, blunt nails scratch lines over the defined lines of his abs, flashing white and fading to a deep, aching red.

There’s more to this kid than meets the eye.

“Wanna come,” the boy hisses between gritted teeth, his head dropping back. He’s gone a little boneless at the sensation of nails on flesh, his free hand reaching up to grasp desperately at the headrest of the chair. “Wanna come down your throat, all over your face, wanna – fuck – wanna
taste it on your tongue –"

He’s close, Yoongi can see it. Yoongi might be getting pretty close too, almost embarrassingly fast. The boy’s chest is heaving and flushed, the hand wrapped tightly around his long, dripping cock is trembling, and the exposed muscles in his thighs are strained and tense. Yoongi wants to sink his teeth into those fucking thighs, digging his thumb into the slit of his cock at the thought and earning him a promptly muffled groan of agonised pleasure.

He can’t bring himself to assess the state of the rest of the audience, can’t bear the thought of tearing his eyes away from the boy on screen, afraid that he might miss a single moment of this beautiful, breath-taking unravelling. GoldenBoy97 is nuzzling into his bicep as though trying to stifle the noises tumbling from beneath his mask, the noises clambering higher and higher in pitch, the deep, commanding growl long-since abandoned, and this is what Yoongi loves, watching someone forget all pretence and just chase it, chase that burning, aching, torturous pleasure.

“Coming – oh fu-uck,” the boy whispers around something close to a sob, turning his head and pressing his face into the material of his hoodie. His abs twitch and tense, twitch and tense, his hand speeding up only marginally as he torments the pleasure out of himself, and then his long, tanned fingers stop moving, holding his sopping cock upright at the base as he comes, comes hard, pretty ribbons of white landing on the unyielding muscles of his stomach.

Yoongi can’t handle it, can’t handle the tiny arches of the boy’s back, can’t handle the way those arches cause his hoodie to fall back from his bare torso, revealing a tiny, toned waist. He closes his eyes, unable to look any longer, his head falling back onto the pillows as thoughts of the pretty, tanned, muscular boy sucking the taste of his own climax from Yoongi’s tongue overwhelm him. He comes, gritting out a low growl into the flesh of his forearm, managing to catch most of it in the palm of his spit-soaked hand.

He re-joins the world of the living just in time to see GoldenBoy97 throw up another lazy sideways peace sign with his clean hand before the screen flickers to black. Instantly, hot, shameful guilt creeps into his stomach, curling up and settling there for the night. That wasn’t supposed to happen.

Annoyed, Yoongi tugs open his bedside table with more force than necessary, pulling out a box of tissues and cleaning himself off.

Yoongi doesn’t do that. This is his job, he was supposed to stay professional and objective, and yet here he is, clammy skin and rapidly softening cock and guilt, way too much guilt.

He slams his laptop shut, pushing it to the end of his bed and burrowing beneath his covers. If he focuses, maybe he can push it out of his mind. He can wake up tomorrow, deny that anything ever happened, and wipe the memory of that stupid pretty kid from his mind. He never has to see GoldenBoy97 again. He can happily share first place with the boy, can happily settle for being sort of the best, as long as he never, ever lets himself lose control like that, ever again.

Yoongi sighs crossly into his pillow, forcing his eyes shut. Somehow, he doesn’t feel so confident about today’s lyrics anymore. He’ll probably rip them up in the morning.
Jungkook sighs for perhaps the fortieth time that hour, shooting his roommates a fond but deeply tired look of exasperation. It’s true that it’s a tradition as old as time that he meet Jimin and Taehyung every Monday for lunch at their favourite café; true, also, that last time he’d missed one of their lunches, he’d only narrowly avoided having his nipple ripped off altogether by Taehyung. He just doesn’t understand why it matters if he’s there or not when all they do is bicker inanely for what feels like hours on end.

“No, I don’t care that you’re wearing it, I just want you to admit that it’s mine—”

“But it isn’t yours! You preferred it in blue, remember, but they didn’t have it in your size—”

“Yes, so I bought the green one instead!”

“No, you didn’t! I did!”

He wouldn’t have minded, but anyone walking past would probably assume that they are locked in a deeply intimate and affectionate conversation, tangled together as they are. Jimin’s legs are thrown over Taehyung’s lap, one arm slung leisurely over the taller boy’s shoulders, their noses barely an inch apart as they argue in low voices.

That’s just the way they’ve always been, Jungkook knows that. Their lack of personal space has long since ceased to surprise him and he knows, regardless of what passers-by may think, that it’s just their way. It’s far easier for him to accept rather than question, and so that’s what he does.

Jungkook has spent the last half hour drawing them, his pocket-sized sketchbook open amidst the debris of half-eaten sandwiches and fries, his hand moving absent-mindedly over the paper. It’s what he’s always done when faced with his roommates’ impenetrable arguments; so much so, in fact, that his sketchbook is mostly full of drawings of his friends, and he has countless more stashed away at home. His tutors always recommended that he draw the things around him, and – well, it’s hardly his fault he spends most of his free time around his idiot friends.

And besides, their argument means that he is left more or less alone, and that satisfies him enough to withhold the information that it’s actually his green shirt, anyway.

He gives his friends one last withering look before refocusing on his sketch, setting to work on Jimin’s infamously tricky profile. How is it even possible for someone to have such round, healthy cheeks, and such a razor-sharp jawline? Aggravated, he grabs his eraser, only distantly aware of Jimin calling someone over.

“Hyung! Look, it’s the hyung from the studio – hyung, over here!”

Jungkook doesn’t even look up. Jimin is the resident Miss Congeniality of their campus and, quite frankly, Jungkook doesn’t need another name to struggle to remember. The pencil-Jimin’s jaw gone, he picks his mechanical pencil back up, leaning closer to the paper as he sets about getting the damn thing right.

“I didn’t know you came here, hyung!” Jimin is being far too loud, as usual, probably drawing all kinds of attention to their table. Jungkook vaguely notices someone approach them, a petite, dark someone, and now the lighting has changed, and he huffs crossly.

“Everyone comes here,” a dry, deep voice replies.
Oh shit. Jungkook knows that voice.

He looks up so quickly that his neck audibly cracks and his blood turns ice cold. The sudden movement attracts the notice of the newcomer and Jungkook watches as an expression that must mirror his own slides over the horribly, horribly familiar face.

black fucking pisces.

He may have only ever seen half of the boy’s face but he’d know those dark, triangular eyes anywhere. He hadn’t anticipated the other half of that face, somehow had never even imagined what might be hiding beneath the mask, but any idle daydream would surely have fallen short. Those fucking lips. Impossibly pouty, almost kittenish and achingly, achingly pink. The boy’s mouth hangs open in shock and Jungkook can see the way his lips glisten ever so slightly. The pearlescent column of his throat – unfortunately choker-free, on this occasion – is bared maddeningly by a v-neck black t-shirt, and Jungkook is hyper-aware of the crescent moon tattoo he knows is resting just inches below the neckline of that shirt. He’s staring, and he knows he’s staring, but he can’t help it.

Judging from the boy’s expression, there’s no doubt that he knows who Jungkook is. And that means that blackpisces has watched one of Jungkook’s shows.

They’ve watched each other come and now here they are, staring stupidly at each other in a coffee shop.

Jimin clears his throat loudly, jarring blackpisces from his horrified daze. “Uh – do you two know each other?”

“No.”

They reply at the same time, much too quickly, and Jungkook’s face flushes. He stares down at the table, rather wishing the ground would open up and swallow him whole.

“Right,” Jimin replies, his voice dripping with amusement. Jungkook glances up at him, quietly seething, watching as his friend settles a little more comfortably into Taehyung’s hold. “Jungkookie, this is Yoongi-hyung. We practice in the same building. Hyung, these are my roommates, Taehyung and Jungkook.”

“Please take care of me!” Taehyung says sweetly, overdoing it purely to watch Jungkook squirm.

“Y-yeah,” the boy mutters, the boy named Yoongi, and Jungkook finds himself absolutely hating the name. He hates that now he knows the name behind the face, hates that he knows the face behind the mask, hates that he can never un-know.

He stares down at his sketchbook blindly, his fingers trembling so violently that he’s in real danger of snapping his pencil.

This isn’t supposed to happen.

Distantly, vaguely, he’s aware of Yoongi’s eyes burning holes through the top of his beanie. Why did he have to walk into this café? Why couldn’t he have waited – what, thirty minutes to get his coffee? Why did Jimin have to know everyone - everyone - on campus?

“Oh, shoot,” Jimin suddenly whines, his voice too loud to be genuine and an exaggerated pout on his full lips. “I just realised I’ve lost my keys. Taehyung, would you come outside and search with me?”

“What? Y-you haven’t even checked your pockets –” Yoongi tries, and it’s a valiant attempt, it really
is, but the boys are already clambering to their feet.

“Oh, you are foolish, aren’t you?” Taehyung says fondly, putting on, for some reason, a very affected British accent. “Come along, Jiminie.”

“N-no – wait –” Jungkook chokes in a tiny voice, his blush only deepening.

“Nice to see you, hyung!” Jimin trills, all but skipping from the café with a huge, devious, Cheshire-cat grin on his face, arm-in-arm with Taehyung.

There’s a horrible, drawn-out silence, a moment in which Jungkook desperately tries to think of some way to end his own suffering without drawing attention to himself (he decides plunging his pencil into his eye would a bit much), before Yoongi sinks into Jimin’s vacated seat and leans forward. Jungkook looks up, mortified, meeting the elder’s enraged gaze.

“What the fuck are you playing at?” Yoongi hisses, his own pale cheeks staining a pretty cerise colour - stop it, Jungkook. “Could you have possibly made that any more obvious? Do they know? Because Jimin doesn’t know about me, and I’d rather fucking keep it that way –”

“Yoongi-hyung,” Jungkook hears himself saying as though trapped on the far side of a thick pane of glass, disembodied, desperately trying to stop himself. Yoongi hesitates, the rage on his face fading to suspicion and apprehension. “Y-you know Jimin?”

Yoongi’s gaze flickers over Jungkook’s head to the place where Jimin and Taehyung are no doubt pressing their faces to the glass window. “Y-yeah,” he says slowly, cautiously. “It’s like he said. We’ve been kicking each other out of the spare studios for years.”

“You’re a dancer?”

The elder quirks an eyebrow and Jungkook’s stomach writhes uncomfortably. He’s so different in person, so deep-voiced and unyielding, so unlike the pastel-pale tease Jungkook came to know only a couple of weeks ago - for fuck’s sake, Jungkook, stop.

“Do I look like a fucking dancer?”

Jungkook ducks his head again, embarrassed at how silly and young he must seem, at how overwhelmed this boy is making him feel, at the knowledge that this hyung has seen him do the things he does and say the things he says (maybe suicide is a bit drastic – maybe pretending to die would make Yoongi leave him alone) –

“Did you draw that?”

That growlingly deep voice makes Jungkook look up once more, following Yoongi’s gaze to the sketchbook under his nose. Yoongi still wears this expression of confusion and disbelief, like he can’t quite believe the fates have led him to this place, to this person, like he can’t understand why he’s still here, still speaking, and Jungkook thinks he knows how the boy feels.

“Y-yeah,” Jungkook replies. His voice is still tiny and somehow the word comes out like a question.

Yoongi frowns again, as though the response has annoyed him. “Right.”

Jungkook feels like he might vomit. Why is the boy fixing him with that shrewd, searching gaze? Why does he feel like he’s being stripped of his clothes in the least sexy way ever? Oh god, he really might actually be sick.
“Can I have your number?”

What the *fuck*. That wasn’t vomit.

Yoongi’s pretty face falls slack with shock and Jungkook thinks he might actually settle for the pencil in the eye plan. Why the *fuck* did he say that? Why on earth would Yoongi give Jungkook his number? Why would Jungkook even want Yoongi’s number? Why would he willingly subject himself to this utter torment for another second?

“Okay.”

*What the fuck.*

Jungkook can only stare. He isn’t entirely sure that Yoongi had actually said the word aloud, but he’d seen the boy’s lips move – those perfect, petal-pink lips – and Yoongi looks just as shocked by his admission as Jungkook feels.

There’s another silence, another painfully long moment of hesitation during which they just stare at each other, confused and terrified and completely, completely lost. Yoongi seems to shake himself, his face still strangely slack, before he snatches the pencil from Jungkook’s fingers. He goes to draw on the picture of Jimin and Taehyung still open on the table, but stops, staring down at the line work. He scoffs, annoyed again, grabbing a clean napkin and clumsily writing his number across the centre.

He thrusts the thing into Jungkook’s face, his eyes downcast, and when Jungkook takes the napkin with trembling fingers, the elder immediately gets to his feet and leaves.

Jungkook can’t move. The napkin bearing Yoongi’s number is crumpled in his fist, his eyes staring blindly at the now empty chair opposite him, and he thinks he might faint. Everything that just happened was so altogether baffling, so terrifying, that if anyone speaks to him for the next fortnight or so, he might just die.

Somehow, he makes his way outside, still clasping the napkin in his white-knuckled hand. Jimin and Taehyung pounce on him the second he clears the doorway, warm hands pressing to his clammy cheeks and excited, senseless voices ringing through his ears.

“Jungkookie! You liked Yoongi-hyung? Did you get his number?”

“He looked *mad*, Kookie, what did you say? He ignored us when we asked –”

“What’s *that*? You *did* get his number, oh my fucking *god* –”

“Would you say something? You’re killing me!”

Jungkook manages to focus his gaze on a face that could have been either Jimin or Taehyung. He’s suddenly very aware of the ground and how very far away it is.

“I think I’m going to be sick,” he says truthfully.

One of them scoffs, slapping the back of his head. The other one, probably Taehyung, sighs longingly.

“Ah, young love.”
Your feedback has literally blown me away, I never saw myself getting soft and emotional over comments on a camboy fic but welp. Here I go. You guys are literally the best in the universe, I fucking love the yoonkook community. Thank you so much!

ALSO! I've had a few comments speculating on their dynamic later in the fic, and I'd just like to take the opportunity to advise maybe trying not to have expectations - just because someone is a certain way in their shows doesn't mean they'll be that way during sex, you feel me? I'm really looking forward to completely exploring their dynamic and trying, like, every fucking thing. So please anticipate and enjoy.

Please leave more feedback!! I live for reading your comments, absolutely makes my week and makes me so excited to update again for you guys <3

If there’s anything in the world that can shift a headache, Yoongi thinks it’s probably japchae.

The hollows behind his eyes have been throbbing since Monday, since he ran into the one person in this fucking world that he’d rather die than run into, since he gave said person his fucking number. He’s been in a state of horrible anticipation ever since, knowing something is going to happen but not knowing exactly what, not even sure what he wants to happen. It’s been a trying few days, to say the least.

Hoseok had picked up on it, of course he had. He’d had a hot bath waiting for Yoongi when the elder came home from the studio, complete with Yoongi’s favourite bath bomb (a pumpkin-shaped Halloween variety that they always stock up on when it’s in stores), and hadn’t even complained when his roommate proceeded to hog the bathroom for the best part of three hours. He’d cooked Yoongi’s favourite meal for dinner and had quite happily filled the silence of the apartment with Friends reruns drifting into the kitchen from the lounge, chuckling to himself and idly scrolling on his phone, expecting nothing from the miserable little storm cloud sitting opposite him.

Hoseok will always be a better friend than Yoongi deserves.

The younger hasn’t even asked how last night’s show went, as though worried that it hadn’t gone as well as usual. It had been fine, of course; Yoongi’s a professional, and it’d take more than a bad mood and a headache to stop him from reclaiming his number one position. Still, it had been a struggle.

Yoongi’s body just hadn’t seemed to want to cooperate. It had taken him much longer than usual to get hard, though he’d played that off as wanting to tease his audience. Then, they’d wanted him to torment a climax out of himself, holding a vibrator to his cock until he came. It’d been almost painful, for some reason, his distractedness translating to an overly-sensitive body and a desperation to get it over with. Then, as if that wasn’t bad enough, they’d wanted him to edge himself, not once but three times. He’d been near enough on the verge of tears when at last he let himself come, barely remembering to wish everyone a good week before he collapsed and curled in on himself.

He’d cleaned himself up as best he could, trembling and sniffling, before he nervously pushed his
way into Hoseok’s room and clambered into the younger boy’s bed. It had happened before; sometimes, Yoongi pushed his body and mind a little too hard, and he knew from experience how unsafe it was to ignore his need for affection after a session like that. Hoseok had understood, as he always did, wrapping around the elder and carding his fingers through Yoongi’s hair. They’d fallen asleep somehow, and though it had helped a little, Yoongi still doesn’t feel quite right the next day.

He does his best to work his way through his colossal portion of japchae, checking a few emails on his phone, his knees tucked under his chin and his hands pawed in the sleeves of his jumper. He’s just reading an email from Namjoon – it seems the younger has sent a couple of tracks over for Yoongi to listen to – when his phone buzzes.

It takes a moment for him to make sense of the message that pops up, but when he does, he nearly drops his chopsticks.

**Unknown** [20:13] hi hyung, its jungkook from the cafe. this is a little weird I know but I just wondered if you wanted to go for a drink this friday? thought it would be cool to get to know you. hope your week is going okay

“Everything alright?” Hoseok asks, a forgotten scoop of noodles lifted halfway to his mouth.

Yoongi looks at him blankly. He hadn’t told Hoseok about Monday, about meeting the broad-shouldered, bright-eyed force of nature that is Jungkook. For some reason, he finds that he still doesn’t want to tell Hoseok, doesn’t want the younger boy to get how he gets, bouncing about and telling Namjoon and searching for wedding invitations on Pinterest. Hoseok quirks an eyebrow when Yoongi takes too long to reply, and the elder shakes himself.

“Yep, fine,” he says shortly, trying to refocus on his meal. “Just, uh – a friend reminding me of a project due. I’d completely forgotten.”

Hoseok clucks disapprovingly, rolling his eyes, but seems satisfied. His gaze drops back down to his plate and Yoongi glances at the message still taunting him from his phone.

He doesn’t know what he wants to say. Why would Jungkook want to go on a date with him? When they’d met earlier that week, Yoongi had been practically hostile to the kid, snarling at him and then all but disappearing the second he’d written down his number. It isn’t that he particularly dislikes Jungkook; hell, he doesn’t even know him. Yoongi had just been shocked, completely shocked. It had felt like finding an enemy in his backyard. He’d been a little embarrassed, too. The knowledge that this stranger had seen him naked made Yoongi feel all kinds of uncomfortable, though the feeling shouldn’t be entirely alien to him in his line of work.

He rereads the message quickly, trying not to get ahead of himself. ‘jungkook from the cafe’, he’d said, instead of something like ‘GoldenBoy97 from that one porn site we both work for’. Yoongi suppresses a snort. At least Jungkook seems to want to distance themselves from that side of their lives, seems to want to build something beyond their blind, ignorant rivalry. And Yoongi has to admit, it was pretty fucking brave of the kid to ask for his number, even with Yoongi hissing in his face.

Then again, maybe Jungkook just wants to clear the air. He hadn’t mentioned in his message anything about a date. Yoongi picks up his phone and types out a reply, sending it before he has a chance to second-guess himself.

**sent to Unknown** [20:21] you mean like a date?

Maybe that was too presumptuous. Maybe Jungkook had only meant a drink, a conversation, an
attempt at making things easier now they know they have a mutual friend. Yoongi flushes angrily, immediately regretting his message and turning his phone over, as though that will drive the brief interaction from his mind. He tucks into his japchae with a renewed enthusiasm, trying to drown out the incessant droning of his internal monologue with the clatter of chopsticks and obnoxiously loud chewing.

After a minute or two, his phone vibrates again, and he snatches it up with embarrassing haste.

**Unknown** [20:24] *um yeah.. god, sorry, that was way too forward. we can just forget this, sorry hyung*

Yoongi takes a moment to think before he replies. He could always say no. He could say no, and he’d probably never have to deal with Jungkook again. He could avoid him on campus, could politely decline any future invitations from Jimin, could find a new café from which to buy his lunchtime coffee. He could go back to ignoring GoldenBoy97, could go back to sharing first place, could resolve never to click on the boy’s page again and set about pretending none of this had ever happened. Jungkook would probably find someone else to date, and that’d be fine.

Or. Or he could say yes.

**sent to Unknown** [20:27] *I'd like to go on a date with you*

**Unknown** [20:28] *really? okay great! why don’t we meet on the square by the library at like 8 then?*

**sent to Unknown** [20:30] *sure, see you then*

“You’re sure that’s all it is, hyung?”

Yoongi looks up once more into his roommate’s caring, apprehensive face. He can feel the burning flush of his own cheeks and tries to steady his breathing, doing his best attempt at a comforting smile.

“Yeah, Seokie. Everything’s fine.”

♡♡♡

It isn’t cold out, and he’s wrapped in maybe the biggest sweater ever, but Yoongi is trembling from head to toe. He’s been on dates before, even blind dates; he’s sat through his fair share of drinks with the dregs of what Seoul city has to offer, all but perfecting his ‘it’s not you, it’s me’ routine. But he’s never, ever been so bone-deep terrified as he is now.

The sun is just setting, the sky a wash of warm orange and bluish pink, and the square is only now starting to empty of people. Yoongi physically recoils from every young couple wandering past, wrinkling his nose at their overt affection, wondering if they can tell, if they can sense the first-date nerves rolling off him in waves.

He could just leave. He could go home and pretend he’d never even showed up. Jungkook would be disappointed, but he’d be fine eventually, and surely it’s better that way. Surely it’s better that they don’t meet up in public like this, out in the open for anyone to see, for anyone to recognise, the two most popular camboys in the city daring to go on a fucking date -

“Hyung?”

Yoongi turns around and he is simultaneously regretful and delighted that he didn’t escape while he had the chance.
It’s Jungkook, of course it’s Jungkook, and Yoongi had never realised how tall the kid is. The buttery pink sunlight plays off his golden skin like a scene from a fucking movie, like someone somewhere has spent hours trying to figure out how to maximise his gorgeousness and has figured it out, got it down to an art, all to stop Yoongi’s heart altogether. He’s wearing this pretty, small smile, his oversized front teeth lightly pressing into the swell of his lower lip. He looks happy to see Yoongi, happy to be here. Yoongi thinks guiltily that Jungkook probably didn’t debate standing him up, probably didn’t have a second’s hesitation.

He does his best to smile, his fingers rubbing the knuckles of his other hand. “Hey, Jungkook.”

Jungkook lets out a breathy, shy sort of laugh, scratching at the nape of his neck and averting his gaze. There’s this strange, churning tension between them; the tension of a first date, sure, but something deeper, something borne of the knowledge of who they both are, what they both do, and how they recognised one another in the first place. It’s heady, like a sip of straight liquor, and Yoongi isn’t sure if he loves or loathes it.

“All that you were saying about preferring a bright smile to a good body, Yoongi, yeah, you really set yourself up for this one, hope you’re happy with yourself you fate-tempting fucker -)

“I-I’m really nervous,” Jungkook admits, laughing a little. Yoongi looks over at him, and fuck, he’s just so pretty, so tall and perfectly sculpted, every inch of him. The sunlight warms him, bathes him in a fiery glow, and his chestnut hair turns sort of coppery as he turns his head. He’s wearing an oversized white button-down, and the material shifts against the line of his narrow waist as he walks. Yoongi tries not to stare.

“I-I’m really nervous,” Jungkook admits, laughing a little. Yoongi looks over at him, and fuck, he’s just so pretty, so tall and perfectly sculpted, every inch of him. The sunlight warms him, bathes him in a fiery glow, and his chestnut hair turns sort of coppery as he turns his head. He’s wearing an oversized white button-down, and the material shifts against the line of his narrow waist as he walks. Yoongi tries not to stare.

“Me too,” he replies, forcing a smile. He pushes his hands into the pockets of his jeans, realising, perhaps a little belatedly, that he might be the least interesting person ever. He tries to make conversation. “I didn’t expect you to ask me out.”

“I didn’t expect you to say yes,” Jungkook grins, the biggest smile that Yoongi has seen yet, and the sight makes Yoongi smile, too.

(All that you were saying about preferring a bright smile to a good body, Yoongi, yeah, you really set yourself up for this one, hope you’re happy with yourself you fate-tempting fucker -)

“Why did you?”

Jungkook’s question throws him. He hesitates, debating maybe teasing the younger, saying something wildly witty instead of telling the truth, but he’s never been that funny, and Jungkook’s presence has drastically reduced his mental capacity.

“I weighed it up,” Yoongi replies, staring determinedly at his feet. “I imagined saying no, and what
might happen, and then I imagined saying yes.”

“That’s -” Jungkook pauses, and Yoongi looks up just in time to catch him blinking those stupidly pretty doe eyes, his peony-pink lips parted. “That’s pretty calculating.”

Yoongi laughs, and Jungkook’s expression brightens at the sound. “You think so?”

“Sweet, though,” Jungkook says, almost teasingly, stepping closer and nudging Yoongi as he walks. Yoongi pretends to be annoyed. “I’m glad you said yes, hyung.”

Yoongi can’t quite bring himself to reply, struggling to form words around his suddenly-too-big tongue, but thankfully they’ve arrived at the bar, and Yoongi lets Jungkook guide him inside, a large, warm hand on the small of his back.

Jungkook sets about weaving through the wall of bodies at the bar, which he does with surprising ease for such a tall, broad person, whilst Yoongi claims a table towards the far corner of the room. It’s a candlelit booth, a little removed from the chatter and music filling the rest of the space, so it should hopefully buy them some privacy and quiet to get to know one another. Which, apparently, Yoongi very much wants to do. He debates blowing the candle out, finding it all too intimate and date-ish, but every other table has one and he doesn’t want to come across as even more of an asshole than he already has, so he stifles this urge.

He slides into the seat and checks his phone – Hoseok’s texted him a couple times, lamenting that the elder is out on a Friday night when he, the extrovert of the house, is not. Yoongi still hasn’t told Hoseok. He’s always been honest with his roommate, always, and it makes him feel a little uncomfortable to hide these things from his friend, but something about Jungkook is too big of a deal to jinx too soon. Yoongi doesn’t want to go gushing to Hoseok if this won’t go anywhere, but then again, he doesn’t want to play it off as nothing before he even knows what it is yet.

Yoongi is trying to think of something to say to Hoseok when Jungkook returns, four beers in hand and a nervous grin lighting up his handsome face.

“I hope it isn’t too presumptuous, but the queue is fucking stupid and I’m not going back there in a hurry, so I got us two drinks each,” he says, sitting down opposite the elder and pushing two beers across the table.

“I will never judge a person for prioritising not moving over moving,” Yoongi replies seriously, earning him a happy cackle from Jungkook. Yoongi sort of wants to commit the sound to memory, and the sight, too, the scrunch of Jungkook’s rounded nose and the crease of his dark eyes.

Yoongi holds his bottle up to clink against Jungkook’s, smiling embarrassedly, and then they drink, settling back into their seats. Jungkook runs a hand through his hair and pushes the sleeves of his shirt up to his elbows, and Yoongi watches the muscles flex and shift beneath the wonderfully tanned skin of his forearms, hoping that Jungkook can’t see the bob of his throat as he swallows thickly.

“So, you said you’re in the same building as Jimin,” Jungkook says conversationally, now flattening his bangs over his forehead. Oh god, small talk, Yoongi’s absolute least favourite thing. He can do this. “What do you study, hyung?”

“Music production,” Yoongi replies, pulling his shoulders up around his ears. He always feels a little exposed talking about his greatest passion, somehow, like just by speaking about it he’s daring people to criticize him. Jungkook’s eyes go saucer-wide, however, his pretty lips falling open in awe.
“No way! That’s so cool, hyung!” he says amazedly, shifting a little closer in his seat. Yoongi blushes, hoping the dim lighting of the bar hides the colour of his cheeks. “So you want to be a producer when you graduate?”

“Sort of,” Yoongi answers. He’s bristling a little under the attention, wanting to shift it onto Jungkook (wanting, quite frankly, to spoil the boy rotten with attention, but that’s a bit much for a first date), but he doesn’t want to be rude. “I’m – well, I sort of perform sometimes. I’m a rapper.”

“Hyung!” Jungkook gasps, forgetting himself and more or less staring at Yoongi, and shit, the elder could practically count the stars in the kid’s eyes. “You’re so, like, secretly cool!”

Yoongi snorts, quirking an eyebrow at the younger boy. “’Secretly’?”

“Well,” Jungkook grins sheepishly and gestures over the table to Yoongi. “You don’t really look like a rapper.”

“I don’t wear this when I’m performing, kid.”

“I should hope not,” Jungkook lifts the bottle to his mouth, winking cheekily before he takes another gulp of beer. Yoongi shakes his head, gently nudging Jungkook with the tip of his toe under the table. The younger boy grins and Yoongi is slightly flattered to see a pretty pink flush dusting Jungkook’s cheekbones.

“What about you?” Yoongi asks, leaning his elbows on the table and idly spinning the bottle between his fingertips. “What do you study?”

“Fine art,” Jungkook replies. Yoongi thinks he sees a hint of pride in the boy’s smile. “Specialising in illustration and photography.”

“Suits you,” Yoongi says truthfully. Jungkook ducks his head, the pink in his cheeks darkening as he smiles shyly. “Why art?”

Jungkook takes a moment to think before he replies, fixing his gaze at a spot behind Yoongi and drinking thoughtfully. Yoongi watches the sharp line of his jaw flex and the muscles of his throat shift as he swallows. “Honestly, I never really knew what I wanted to do. I was one of those annoying kids that was good at everything,” Jungkook grins again, wide and bunny-toothed and sparkling, and Yoongi can’t help but smile back. “I could probably have chosen to study anything and still graduated. I just – art isn’t something I’ve always been good at. I’ve had to work at it, every day. That’s why I picked it.”

“Because you weren’t good at it?” Yoongi raises an eyebrow teasingly. “Seems pretty stubborn.”

Jungkook laughs, scratching at his nape. “Wouldn’t you rather be challenged every day, than coast through life just by sheer luck?”

Jesus. Yoongi can’t find a response right away. He watches the candlelight cast dancing shadows off Jungkook, his long, dark eyelashes, the creases in his shirt, the hair hanging in his face. The boy seems a little embarrassed, much like Yoongi felt when he was talking about his passion, and in that moment he feels like he understands the kid better than he ever expected to.

“You aren’t what I expected,” Yoongi says, completely without thinking, and he quickly drains the last of his beer to cover his boldness.

Jungkook smiles softly, glancing up at the elder with those dark, doe eyes. He drops his voice, leaning a little closer to Yoongi, who finds himself mirroring the younger’s actions. “You and I both
know that – that all of that is a role to play when the time calls for it,” he breathes, almost conspiratorially, his eyes sparkling mischievously. Yoongi’s next inhale catches in his throat. Jungkook leans back, his smile growing. When he speaks again, it’s in his usual cheeky tone. “But I could say the same about you, hyung.”

Yoongi grabs his second beer, his cheeks burning under the younger’s gaze. Their candle is already burning low, wax overflowing and pooling in the dish beneath it, but it can’t have been that long since their date began. He finds himself wanting time to slow down, wanting to sit with Jungkook a little longer, find out a little more.

The younger seems to be feeling the same way, his gaze on the candle as he finishes his beer. “S-so what do you think of Jimin?” Jungkook asks, leaning onto the table, and suddenly Yoongi becomes very aware of the fact that they are straining towards one another, hanging from every word. “Don’t worry, you can be brutally honest.”

Yoongi laughs, covering his mouth with his hand. An old habit – he’s never quite liked the way his gums show when he smiles too widely. “He’s a good kid,” he answers honestly, shrugging a shoulder and smiling fondly.

Jungkook pouts. “He’s older than me.”

“You’re a kid too,” Yoongi coos, reaching out his hand and wriggling his finger into Jungkook’s knuckles. The younger twists his wrist, grabbing Yoongi’s hand tightly, stilling its movements and effectively stilling Yoongi’s heart for those few seconds during which his skin was pressed against Jungkook’s, burning hot and soft and strong. Jungkook lets go, grinning quickly, but Yoongi doesn’t miss the stuttering movement of his chest as it rises with his next breath.

“You were saying?” Jungkook prompts.

Yoongi has to take a deep breath, struggling to remember what they were discussing - Jimin who? - and Jungkook laughs softly at the blank look on his face.

“He’s – yeah, he’s great,” Yoongi says, somewhat lamely. He takes a fortifying swig of beer, pawing his hands in his sweater sleeves. “I’ve seen him practice a couple times. He’s really something, isn’t he?”

“Oh, he’s incredible,” Jungkook nods quickly. There’s that glimmer of pride again, something warm shifting in the irises of his deep brown eyes. “You should come to one of his performances sometime, hyung.”

Yoongi’s skin prickles again at the implication of Jungkook’s words, and the younger seems to bristle a little too, shrinking in on himself and slouching so that he suddenly looks his age, suddenly looks so small, dropping his gaze to the table. His oversized front teeth are worrying into his lower lip as though he’s worried he’s said too much, been too presumptuous, too forward.

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“Only if you come to one of mine,” he says lowly, raising his eyebrows in challenge when Jungkook looks up, wide-eyed, a small smile on his lips that rapidly turns into a dazzling beam, his nose scrunching and his eyes creasing, and Yoongi has to calmly remind himself that this is a first fucking date with his arch nemesis camboy.

“I’d love to!” Jungkook replies happily. Yoongi finishes his beer to stop himself from doing something stupid, like standing up and kissing the smile right off the boy’s face.

They sit in a warm, comfortable sort of silence for a minute or two, Jungkook smiling to himself and
quietly finishing his beer, Yoongi watching Jungkook. He gets caught, of course he does, because he’s just sat there staring at the kid, and he immediately drops his gaze, scratching his nose shyly.

“I – uh, I should probably…”

“C’mon, I’ll walk you home.”

Jungkook is already getting to his feet as Yoongi looks up, startled. “You don’t have to.”

“I know,” the younger boy shrugs. “But you want me to, and I want to, so I will anyway.”

He grins widely, a triumphant so there, and he really leaves Yoongi no choice but to stand up and let Jungkook guide him out with that hand on the small of his back once more.

The temperature has dropped a little, just enough to make Yoongi shrink a little closer to Jungkook’s side. The streets are empty, thankfully, and Yoongi no longer feels like a dozen pairs of eyes are on him and his date – not that that’s a bad thing, really, as he’s pretty sure people pay money to be seen in the company of the likes of Jungkook.

He glances shyly over at the younger, who seems to be walking blindly, his head thrown back, his lips parted, his gaze fixed on the night sky. It’s pretty cloudy out, patches of faint, light-polluted stars appearing between canopies of murky grey, but Jungkook looks positively enchanted. Yoongi can’t quite get over the look on his face; he’s just a kid, still young enough to be amazed by the world, young enough to go on a date with a miserable fucker like Yoongi and not hate every second. At least, Yoongi hopes Jungkook didn’t hate every second. He certainly didn’t.

Jungkook catches him staring again, his gaze softening. Yoongi looks away, clearing his throat. After a moment, Jungkook lets the moment pass without comment, thankfully breaking the silence before Yoongi embarrasses himself even further.

“Who do you live with, hyung?” Jungkook asks, his voice quiet in the stillness of the night.

“My best friend,” Yoongi replies, smiling fondly. “Hoseok. I know everyone thinks their best friends are great, but seriously, he might be the best person ever.”

Jungkook chuckles. “Not true. I live with Jimin and Taehyung and most nights I dream of murdering them in their sleep,” he says grimly, looking up at Yoongi with sparkling eyes when the elder laughs. “But that’s sweet. You’re lucky to have him.”

“Don’t I know it,” Yoongi replies, running a hand through his hair. “If he’s the best, I’m pretty much the worst.”

Jungkook shoves him in reprimand. “You know I didn’t mean that,” he whines.

“I’m teasing, Kook.”

The nickname slips out without Yoongi really thinking about it, and he hesitates for a moment, glancing nervously at Jungkook. The younger doesn’t seem bothered; in fact, he’s wearing a pretty, soft sort of smile, his eyes downcast. Yoongi mentally files that one away for later.

They’re nearing his apartment, unfortunately, and dragging his feet can only delay the inevitable for so long. He feels nervous again. The night has gone off without a hitch, thankfully, but he has no idea what’s going to happen now – is Jungkook going to expect Yoongi to kiss him? Are they going to have to do something awful, like hug? He can feel the air around him growing more and more frenzied, and though he hopes that Jungkook can’t pick up on it, their silence becomes heavier and
“This is me,” Yoongi says in what he hopes is an airy, relaxed voice, though he knows it comes out at least an octave higher than usual. He gestures to the apartment block coming up ahead of them, shoving his hands in his pockets shyly. Oh *god*, will Jungkook expect to be invited up? Yoongi didn’t even think about that, never even considered – Hoseok’s home, and his room is a fucking wreck, and he can’t remember if he bothered to wear his nice underwear - *oh god*, has he left his tripod out from Tuesday’s show?

He climbs one stair leading up to his front door, turning to look at Jungkook. They’re nearly eye-level now, Yoongi only an inch or so taller than the younger boy. He hadn’t anticipated Jungkook to look just as nervous as he feels and he smiles in what he hopes is a comforting way.

“I – I had fun,” Jungkook manages to choke out, wringing his hands together.

“Me too,” Yoongi says gently. He really doesn’t know what to do. He looks around helplessly, as though a suggestion will float down from the heavens.

Suddenly, Jungkook is stepping closer, reaching out with cold, trembling fingers and wrapping them around Yoongi’s wrist. He leans up, his lips pressing to a spot just beside Yoongi’s mouth, blazing and warm and unrealistically soft, and Yoongi all but short-circuits. He’s pretty sure he gasps, he’s *pretty* sure he follows Jungkook as he leans away, chasing that warmth and softness.

“I’ll text you, okay hyung?” Jungkook smiles, his voice high and breathy. Yoongi can’t reply, just nods stupidly, watching the boy’s dazzling smile flash before him one last time before Jungkook leaves, disappearing into the darkness of the street.

Yoongi sits down heavily on the step, still a little dazed, and covers his face with his hands. He’s a little frazzled, a little overwhelmed, and he isn’t sure whether he’s going to smile or burst into tears – but his cheeks ache like he hasn’t smiled so hard in months, and happiness bubbles up in his chest, so it can’t be all that bad.
Jungkook somehow makes it home despite being in a total daze, replaying the date over and over in his mind. Subconsciously, he finds himself memorising the route from Yoongi’s building to his, just for future reference. He has to reassure himself that it isn’t all that creepy.

He’d had a really nice evening. He’d made a total fool of himself, of course, had been a nervous wreck and had pretty much rambled nonstop, not at all helped by the fact that Yoongi was so quiet, so cool and calm. If it wasn’t for the fact that Yoongi had pretty much stared at him the entire night, Jungkook would have assumed that the elder wasn’t interested. By some bizarre, sudden surge of confidence, he’d even kissed Yoongi – on the cheek, sure, but a kiss is a kiss. Jungkook finds himself memorising the feel of the elder’s skin beneath his lips, too, and the colour his cheeks stained as Jungkook pulled away.

He is in such a daze that he doesn’t hear the low, conspiratorial voices on the other side of his front door, doesn’t have any time to prepare himself for the attack waiting to claim him before he’s even through the doorway.

“What the -”

There’s a tight grip on his ear and a palm flat on his spine, forcing him into the dark apartment and through to the lounge. He struggles, though it’s more out of annoyance than any real sense of panic. Who else would it fucking be?

“If you struggle, we’ll only kill you faster.”

An appreciative snort. “Nice.”

“For fuck’s sake -” Jungkook is immediately cut off by what feels suspiciously like a forearm swiping at the backs of his knees and knocking him to the floor. He’s forced onto his front with a huff of breath pushed from his lungs, and he is winded even further when one of his idiot roommates
sits heavily on his back, squirming until they are cross-legged. A similar weight drops onto the backs of his thighs.

Whoever is on his back leans forward, burying their nose in the crook of his neck and inhaling deeply. “You smell good,” Jimin whispers suspiciously, before straightening up and proclaiming to the room at large, “He smells good. He’s been on a date.”

“I knew it.” Taehyung follows his words with an almighty slap to Jungkook’s left ass cheek, prompting a hiss of pain from the younger.

“Tell us everything,” Jimin demands. He grabs Jungkook’s wrists and pulls them behind his back, restraining the younger even further, as though there was even a possibility of him getting away as it stands. “Tell us or we’ll – we’ll –”

“We’ll lick you.”

“Lick him?” Jungkook can hear the disgust in Jimin’s voice. “That seems like more of a punishment for us.”

“That depends entirely on how you approach the licking, Jiminie.”

“No, I suppose that’s true.”

“Jesus Christ,” Jungkook wheezes. “I’ll tell you, just get the fuck off and shut the fuck up.”

Taehyung gasps, affronted. “There’s no need to be rude, Kookie.”

Jimin slides onto the floor and Taehyung lifts himself up, allowing Jungkook to roll onto his back before he sits once more on the younger’s thighs.

“So, how’d it go?” Jimin asks amiably, as though he hasn’t just tackled his roommate to the floor.

“Fine,” Jungkook grunts, still irritated. Another almighty smack to the side of his thigh. “Fuck! I swear to god -”

“Don’t be boring,” Taehyung groans. “Do you like him?”

Jungkook nods in response, suddenly shy. Jimin makes a high-pitched sound, wriggling his fingers into the younger’s side. The attention is making his cheeks burn; he pulls the hem of his shirt up over his head to cover his face. Much better.

“Come on,” Jimin whines.

“What?” Jungkook complains. “Yes, I like him, alright? He’s sweet but not in an over-the-top way, more – sort of genuine, I guess, and he’s funny but kind of quiet, like, he listens to what you say, and he’s – he’s –”

“Ridiculously pretty?” Jimin laughs, and Jungkook peeks out from beneath his shirt to see the elder nodding understandingly. “Yeah.”

Taehyung pouts. “I’m pretty.”

“No, Taehyungie, you’re classically handsome,” Jimin replies sternly. “Yoongi-hyung is pretty like – like a pedigree cat on a velvet cushion, with, like, a little collar with a bell.”

Jungkook is a little stunned. “That’s – actually, yeah.”
Taehyung, seemingly mollified, mimes cracking a whip in the air, complete with sound effects. Jungkook wriggles his legs until the elder tumbles to the floor.

“So it went well?” Jimin bounces a little as he speaks, almost endearingly excited.

“I think so,” Jungkook mumbles, running a hand through his hair and letting his arms drop either side of his head. The initial attraction had been enough to get him to ask for Yoongi’s number, the attraction that had sprouted when he’d dared to watch the elder’s show and taken root when he’d seen him face-to-face. There had been no way for him to anticipate how much he’d warm to Yoongi’s personality, so much that it was almost easy to forget that he and blackpisces are the same person. “He isn’t what I expected.”

Taehyung snorts. “What, did you develop a real thorough personality analysis during those six minutes in the coffee shop?”

Fuck. He’d spoken without thinking. He scrambles, rubbing a hand over his face in an attempt to conceal the embarrassed flush creeping up his throat. “Well, he isn’t what I expected from my first impression of him,” he clarifies nonchalantly, booting Taehyung in the side.

“Think you’ll see him again?” Jimin asks, watching the younger as he clambers to his feet, straightening his shirt.

“I hope so,” Jungkook answers, scratching at his nape self-consciously and prompting yet another round of squeals from Jimin. “Now, please never speak to me again.”

“Dinner’s on the stove,” Taehyung says idly, turning his attention to Jimin and wrestling the elder to the floor as Jungkook steps over them and heads for the door. “I didn’t cook. Promise.”

“Thank fuck for that,” Jungkook mutters, though it goes unheard, as Taehyung has decided to put Jimin in a chokehold.

♡♡♡

sent to Yoongi-hyung [00:36] thanks for tonight hyung, I had a really nice time

Yoongi-hyung [00:43] isn’t it past your bedtime, kid?

sent to Yoongi-hyung [00:45] yeah but your mom is hogging the sheets

Yoongi-hyung [00:46] how cutting

Yoongi-hyung [00:49] I had a nice time too

sent to Yoongi-hyung [00:51] think we could do it again sometime?

Yoongi-hyung [00:52] eager, aren’t you

sent to Yoongi-hyung [00:54] is that a no?

Yoongi-hyung [00:55] I didn’t say that

Yoongi-hyung [00:56] we’re going to have to, I didn’t get a proper kiss

sent to Yoongi-hyung [00:57] you’re gonna have to be much nicer to me if you want a kiss
It’s Saturday afternoon, which has been firmly pre-established as Overwatch time. Jimin usually spends his Saturdays in the studio practicing, and Taehyung and Jungkook like to make the most of this allotted Jimin-free time by sitting very still and not speaking to one another for hours on end. That’s why, when Jimin unexpectedly enters the lounge to address his friends, he is not met with much enthusiasm.

“Namjoon-hyung has texted me,” he announces, his gaze on his phone. When no one acknowledges him, he looks up, scowling. “Yah. I’m talking.”

“And we’re gaming,” Taehyung replies shortly, staring at the screen.

“Well,” Jungkook modifies. “I am. He’s trying to.”

Taehyung elbows the younger blindly, biting his lower lip in focus.

“Listen!” Jimin whines. “Namjoonie has invited us to a party at his place next Saturday. Seokjin-hyung is inviting a bunch of his actor friends, and Namjoon’s invited us and some people from his course.”

“Cool,” Taehyung says. “We’ll go.”

Jungkook nods in agreement, scrunching his nose as he performs a particularly impressive manoeuvre to dodge an attack. “Fucker.”

“Language,” Jimin scolds. He glances down at his phone for another minute or two, typing idly, then suddenly gasps, looking back up at his friends. “Kookie, why don’t you go with Yoongi-hyung?”

At the elder’s name, Jungkook finally looks away from the screen, his eyes wide and apprehensive. He hasn’t spoken to Yoongi since last night before he went to sleep; he isn’t entirely sure the elder is even awake yet. It’s true that the idea of having an excuse to see Yoongi again has his stomach flipping excitedly, but it’s also true that it must be way, way too soon to go inviting him to events with his friends.

“No way,” Jungkook blushes. He doesn’t notice as his character is brutally eliminated, ignoring Taehyung’s wail of betrayal. “We’ve only been on one date. I’m not inviting him to meet you guys.”

Jimin grins wickedly and the sight sends shivers of apprehension through the younger. “You don’t really have a choice, babe,” he coos. “Namjoon is friends with Yoongi. He’ll be going anyway.”

Jungkook swears under his breath, suddenly panicked. He hadn’t anticipated this. How had he never met the guy before if their friends are so irreparably woven together?

“Jiminie,” Taehyung whines petulantly. “Take Jungkookie’s controller. We’re losing.”

Jungkook scrambles out of the way a split-second before Jimin lands heavily in his newly-vacated spot. He scoffs, snatching up his phone from the coffee table and ducking under the television to leave the room.
It’s a little nerve-wracking, but it is a good opportunity to see Yoongi again, and he does really, really want to. He checks the time; it’s well after four. The elder should be awake by now. It wouldn’t be all that terrible for him to message Yoongi again so soon, would it?

He flops down heavily on his bed, not bothering to close the door. He might as well. Nothing to lose, everything to gain, all of that inspirational shit.

Jungkook quickly types out a message, hesitating before he sends it.

**sent to Yoongi-hyung [16:26]** *jimin says namjoon is having a party next saturday*

Whilst waiting for a response he scrolls idly through Facebook, checking his Neko Atsume for a minute or two (though he’d never admit to owning the app), and to his delight, Yoongi replies after only a few minutes.

**Yoongi-hyung [16:32]** *how is it jimin knows everyone*

**sent to Yoongi-hyung [16:34]** *are you gonna go so you can see your favourite dongsaeng?*

**Yoongi-hyung [16:35]** *and who might that be*

**sent to Yoongi-hyung [16:36]** *hyuuuuhung*

**sent to Yoongi-hyung [16:36]** *remember what we said about being nicer to me*

**Yoongi-hyung [16:39]** *if you’re going, I’m going*

Jungkook can’t help the smile that spreads across his face, his cheeks burning and aching simultaneously, and he throws an arm over his eyes, dropping his phone onto his stomach.

He hears footsteps pass his open door and hesitate, Taehyung’s voice distractedly filtering through the room.

“Gay,” he calls lazily, dodging as Jungkook pulls off a sock and aims it at the elder’s head.

♡ ♡ ♡

Jungkook has been staring open-mouthed at the message on his phone for the last several minutes, paying absolutely no attention to where he’s going and only narrowly avoiding clothes-lining a sweet old lady.

It’s Tuesday, he knows that. He’s been hyperaware of it since the second he opened his eyes that morning and the knowledge has been tormenting him all day, every moment of his busy schedule, nigirling in the back of his mind that it’s **Tuesday** and he knows what Tuesday means.

Still. He hadn’t expected **this**.

**Yoongi-hyung [20:24]** *will you be watching tonight*

What the hell is he supposed to reply to that? He and Yoongi had been speaking fairly frequently since their date, whining to one another about annoyances in their day and informing one another if they spotted a particularly cute dog, that sort of thing, but they’d stayed firmly, **firmly** clear of – of all of **that**.

Maybe it seems ignorant, but Jungkook quite likes it. He likes that, despite the knowledge of what
they both do, despite having seen each other perform, there’s this sense of innocence that can’t be shaken from their budding relationship. He likes that Yoongi isn’t like other guys he’s dated, catching one glimpse of his body and refusing to speak of anything else until they get him in bed. It bores him, it’s always bored him, and Yoongi’s anything but boring. Yoongi’s quiet, maybe a little shy but confident in his own way, he’s sweet, and it’s refreshing.

Which makes this message all the more alarming.

With trembling hands, he makes his way into his building, completely blind to everything but those five words on his phone screen. He can’t even think of constructing a reply, not just yet – he needs to get inside, lock himself in his bedroom and maybe yell into his pillow for fifteen minutes. God, he hopes Jimin and Taehyung aren’t feeling particularly mischievous tonight.

His apartment is quiet save for the sound of gunfire and the mumbled back-and-forth between his roommates drifting from the lounge. He slips off his shoes and makes it about three strides into the hall before –

“Kook?”

Damn.

“Yeah.”

“Dinner’s on the-”

“Thanks, hyung, but not hungry.”

“I didn’t cook!” The tail-end of Taehyung’s plaintive whine is cut off as he slams and locks his bedroom door.

He drops his bag by the end of the bed and collapses into his desk chair, his phone still clutched in his white-knuckled grip. He has to reply. It isn’t long before nine, and Yoongi will be setting up – maybe the elder will even be prepping. A thought he swiftly drives out of his head as he forces himself to type out a response.

sent to Yoongi-hyung [20:46] *do you want me to watch?*

He’s all but gnawing a hole in his lip as he waits, staring down at those stuttering three dots that mean the elder is replying. He can’t help but imagine what kind of state Yoongi might be in right now, what he might be wearing, what he’s planning as he sits in his candlelit bedroom. Something about it feels so intrusive, so strange, and he’d never, ever let his mind wander this way if Yoongi hadn’t first brought it up – even so, he’s nervous. He’s nervous that he’ll accidentally cross a boundary that he won’t be able to take back. Then again, haven’t they already watched each other fall to pieces?

His phone buzzes, jolting him from his anxious musings.

Yoongi-hyung [20:49] *I think so*

Yoongi-hyung [20:49] *yeah, I do*

Jungkook’s mouth has never been drier. He reaches out and blindly turns his laptop on, still staring down at the elder’s messages. They’d never spoken about their camshows this explicitly before and it’s taken barely any time at all for a swirling, tightening heat to coil in his stomach.
sent to Yoongi-hyung [20:51] then ill watch

God, he’s terrified. He doesn’t know why, but he’s terrified. The second his laptop has booted, he loads up the camsite, locating Yoongi’s page easily because he’s *that* popular, a link to his stream appearing on the home page, for fuck’s sake.

There’s the familiar black screen with the timer, and the comments box beside it, already blurring past with the usual pre-emptive thirst and praise. He feels a strange combination of pride and possessiveness as he reads a few of the comments, even though he has no right to feel either. Like, he’s *thrilled* everyone can see how pretty Yoongi is, and he knows the elder deserves to be told a thousand times over, but he’d much rather climb through his laptop screen to whisper the words into Yoongi’s stunningly pearlescent skin. But he’s working on curbing that particular urge.

Jungkook watches the timer tick down to zero, doing his best to pretend his heart isn’t trying to fall out of his ass, and then he’s there, waving and eye-smiling at the camera, surrounded by candlelight.

“Hi, everyone,” Yoongi begins. Jungkook remembers the first time he’d watched the elder’s show, how he’d scoffed at Yoongi’s idle conversation with his viewers; now, he leans closer to the screen, his gaze hungrily taking in the elder’s sparkling dark eyes and the bob of his throat as he swallows. He may be imagining it, but he’s sure Yoongi’s voice is a little higher than usual, his chest heaving just a little bit more than it should be at this stage. “Feels like a lot’s happened since I last saw you. Hope you’ve been good.”

**chogiwa:** much better now youre here!

**piscesstan:** you look so pretty baby

God, he really does. He’s wearing a black button-down, open to expose his lean, pale abdomen. Jungkook can see Yoongi’s crescent moon tattoo and it strikes him how much he likes it, how much he wants to trace the outline with his tongue. As seems to be tradition, the elder is wearing a choker, a different one this time; it’s a simple black band, soft-looking and maybe made of velvet. His underwear is black and deliciously tight, hugging the lines of his narrow hips and the tops of his thighs. He’s seated comfortably at the head of his bed this time, the fairy lights softly illuminating him from behind in a way that’s far too artistic for standard pornography, though there’s nothing, *nothing* standard about Yoongi.

Jungkook watches the elder glance to his right, presumably reading comments on a laptop he’s positioned at his side. It’s bizarre, so bizarre seeing him through a camera again, knowing he’s been on a date with Yoongi, made him laugh, given him a shy kiss goodnight. There’s no way Jungkook would have done this without the elder’s permission, but knowing that the gorgeous boy onscreen wants him there, wants him to watch – it’s doing all kinds of things to Jungkook.

Yoongi laughs, his sleepy eyes narrowing into crescents, and even now, even in this setting, Jungkook warms at the sight.

“You’re sweet,” Yoongi mumbles, readjusting his mask a little more securely around his mouth. “You guys wanna choose what I do today?”

The comments practically explode at the suggestion, the sound of donations ringing through like someone dropping a full coin purse.

**stardust14:** last week was hard for you right? don’t push yourself too hard

**sugarkittenn:** use a toy please
Jungkook isn’t entirely sure what the comments are referring to but it’s almost touching to see the sheer number of people worrying about Yoongi and comforting him, not making requests but encouraging him to spoil himself. The elder seems to understand, a softer smile lighting up the exposed half of his face.

“Thank you for your concern,” he says quietly, turning to the camera. “I was – yeah. Kind of tired and anxious. I’m much better this week, though,” he drops his gaze to his hands, picking at his nails with that same glowing smile, like star shine. “Much better.”

That could be about anything, anything at all, but just the sight of it makes Jungkook bury his face into the hem of his hoodie, an almost painful grin stretching his features. He really, really hopes that it’s about him.

Yoongi’s tone brightens and it makes Jungkook look up, watching the boy sit up straighter and rub his hands together delightedly. “So I get to do what I like today, huh?” Jungkook lets out a gentle laugh as the elder scrambles from the bed, clattering around off-cam. “In that case - ouch - I want -”

He reappears a moment later, a deep purple dildo clutched in one fist and a comically bright smile on his face. Jungkook laughs again, wrinkling his nose at the boy’s absurdity. How can Yoongi be this endearing whilst literally preparing to fuck himself on camera?

“How’s this? This okay?” he asks, glancing to the laptop at his side.

Yoongi lets out a breathy laugh as he settles back against the headboard, slipping down in his seat. He fumbles underneath his pillow for a moment to retrieve a small bottle of lube, resting it on his stomach as he hooks his thumbs under the waistband of his boxers.

“I prepped already,” he mumbles, a little huff escaping him as he struggles out of his underwear and kicks them out of sight, and *jesus christ* how can he look so cute and soft with his achingly hard cock bobbing into view? Jungkook swallows thickly, heat pooling in his lower abdomen, and this time he doesn’t ignore it, doesn’t deny himself; he leans back in his seat, shifting the hem of his hoodie higher and pressing his nails into the firm skin of his navel.

Yoongi starts lubing up his fingers distractedly, his gaze on his laptop, and Jungkook watches the movement of his hands greedily. One of the elder’s legs lifts up, his foot resting flat on the bed, and his hand wanders lazily down his body, between his legs, past his cock and – god, this shouldn’t be as sexy as it is. Jungkook can’t take his eyes off Yoongi, the way his glistening fingers press gently against his rim, the way his eyes flutter shut and the way his head falls back against the headboard with a dull ‘thunk’.

“Mm-ah,” Yoongi moans, cutting off into a gasp as two fingertips slip easily inside his hole. Jungkook can feel himself rapidly hardening, unbuttoning his jeans and tugging them down just enough to wrap a hand around his cock. He hisses softly at the sensation, at the relief from the fast-building ache he feels, though he doesn’t move his hand yet. He wants to last, wants to watch Yoongi until the very end.
With his free hand, he picks up the toy from the bed and uses it to nudge his mask up his face ever so slightly, bringing into view a plush lower lip. He lifts the toy to his mouth and gently, slowly presses his lips to the head, his pink tongue lapsing kittenishly at the indigo silicone. Jungkook groans aloud, covering his mouth with the neck of his hoodie and sinking his teeth into the fabric. A fit of madness overtakes him and he waits until Yoongi’s eyes flicker back to his laptop before leaning up slightly, his free hand reaching for his keyboard.

goldenboy97: you look so good hyung, so good

Jungkook sees Yoongi’s movements falter for just a moment, sees the elder’s pretty eyes widen the tiniest amount, before he smiles against the toy held to his lips. There’s something so enchanting about that smile, so gorgeous and so filthy, and he falls heavily back against his chair, shifting his grip on his cock just so and swiping a thumb over the precum collecting at the tip.

“Thanks, baby,” the elder breathes, and Jungkook’s next inhale catches in his throat.

Fuck.

He’d maybe kind of deserved that, sure, but he hadn’t expected how much he’d love hearing that word tumbling from the boy’s lips. He has to still the movements of his hand for a moment, closing his eyes and resting his head back, or he’s in real danger of finishing in his boxers.

When at last he feels it’s safe to open his eyes, Yoongi is generously coating the toy with lube, his mask back in place and his dark eyes sparkling when they glance up at the camera as though he knows, he knows exactly what he’s doing to Jungkook, knows the younger has a hand on his cock and is desperately wishing it was Yoongi.

“You want me to start?” Yoongi asks, his voice low and gravelly in a way that Jungkook hasn’t heard before. The elder just spreads his legs obscenely and waits, his gaze on the laptop, one eyebrow quirked expectantly, and Jungkook almost has to laugh. Like clockwork, the donations begin pouring in once more, the numbers climbing higher and higher, all without Yoongi moving a muscle.

Jungkook’s gaze rakes over the ethereal boy onscreen, and yes, he’s hyperaware of the toy lazily rubbing against Yoongi’s entrance, somehow completely attuned to the soft little gasps escaping the boy’s lips, but there’s just so much else to see. Even through a camera, he can trace the pale blue veins crossing the backs of Yoongi’s hands, can see the gentle rise and fall of the elder’s chest with every trembling breath, can even make out the slightly glazed-over quality to his dark eyes, as though he’s zoned out for a moment, lost in thought.

The obnoxious sound of a particularly large donation seems to jerk Yoongi from his reverie, at last prompting a flash of something dark in his gaze. God, he’s just mesmerising, every little movement he makes, and Jungkook can only stare open-mouthed as Yoongi begins easing the toy inside himself. His eyes flutter shut, those dark lashes fanning over his cheekbones, and his brows pull together, a pleasure so intense that it looks almost painful overtaking him. Jungkook swears under his breath as he hears the shaky drag of Yoongi’s breath and grips his length a little tighter, beginning a slow, steady slide of his hand.

He watches as the elder’s long fingers adjust their grip on the base of the toy, fully sheathing it before painstakingly slowly easing it back out, nearly all the way, his sopping hole greedily clinging onto the tip. Yoongi sets up a leisurely, teasing pace, his body shifting slightly every time he presses the toy deeper. He already looks so blissed out, so utterly out of it, completely lost to the sensation.

His mask shifts as though his lips have parted, a choked gasp escaping him. “G-god, it’s so good,”
he breathes dreamily, lifting his head with what seems like a great deal of effort and watching the toy disappear into his entrance, again, again. “Fills me up so good, I love - fuck - love feeling full.”

Jungkook lets out a whimper, immediately transported away by filthy thoughts of Yoongi, filling Yoongi up with his fingers, with his cock, swallowing those delicious gasps and moans from the elder’s swollen lips. His fingers are coated in precum, his hand moving slickly and easily, and it strikes him just how indecently wet he is just from watching Yoongi, just from touching himself to the sight of Yoongi’s unravelling.

The comments are still blurring past, of course, dozens and dozens of men and women alike getting off over Yoongi, but Jungkook can’t bring himself to read any, can’t even tolerate acknowledging anyone else right now. He just wants to watch Yoongi, wants to memorise every faltering whine and every fresh bead of precum pearling on the head of the elder’s untouched cock. He wants to taste, wants to know what Yoongi’s lips taste like, wants to flick his tongue against the sweat on his hyung’s throat.

Jesus, he’s losing his fucking mind.

Yoongi continues to move the toy at the same pace, fucking himself slow and deep, and though his sounds are quiet, they pour from his lips uncontrollably, every breath ringing with a shuddering gasp and every movement prompting a moan he just can’t stifle. His free hand moves up to his neck almost unconsciously, his fingers curling around his throat and pressing into the pearlescent flesh as though – Jungkook can’t even think the words, can’t even begin to form his thoughts into meaning – as though Yoongi wants something there, around his neck, pressing down into his skin and making him gasp for air. The thought alone makes Jungkook’s cock pulse in his fist and he twists his wrist on the next upstroke, catching the sticky clear fluid pooling along the sensitive underside.

He knows he’s being too loud, really, knows even his breathing is bordering on too much, let alone the growls and whimpers that keep escaping him, and – well, he just hopes Taehyung and Jimin are absorbed in their game.

“I wanna come so bad,” Yoongi whispers, his voice agonised and hoarse. His head lolls to the side with one particularly well-aimed push of his toy, a new sort of sound escaping him, a high, desperate sound, and he struggles to focus on his laptop screen. Jungkook, out of curiosity, glances over.

**gangbangtan:** make yourself cum please omg

**piscesstan:** fuck yourself faster babe

**bandit224:** please come please

Yoongi lets out a breath of laughter, his head falling back to the headboard again as his eyes drift shut. He thrusts the toy deeper, holding it against his sweet spot and hissing at the torturous pleasure. “Y-you know I won’t,” he says lowly, a smirk curling his words. “You know I like it like this – I like it slow, ah, like how – how hard it makes me – makes me come – oh –”

It’s getting to him now, Jungkook can see it, in the way his thighs are trembling and in the way his chest heaves, the way his moans are climbing higher and higher in pitch. Honestly, it’s kind of getting to Jungkook, too. The way Yoongi falls to pieces so slowly is taking Jungkook apart, to the point where things just stop making sense. He just chases the pleasure, slipping one hand beneath his hoodie to press his nails into his stomach, daring to move the hand wrapped tightly around his length that little bit faster.

Yoongi’s hips start to shift, rocking down onto the toy, the added movement seeming to help him hit
his prostate a bit more firmly every time. His free hand slips into his hair, tangling in the inky black locks and tugging, tugging hard, his head tossing from side to side as though he can’t bear it. Jungkook desperately wants him to come, and not just so he can follow suit; he wants to watch the boy fall apart, wants it with such a sudden intensity that it surprises him.

Last time, he’d watched Yoongi come, sure; he’d seen the elder unravel and it’d been hot, so hot, there’s no denying that. There’s also no denying that there’s been a definite shift between them now they’ve been on a date. There’s something different in watching Yoongi’s show, knowing that the elder wants Jungkook there. He wants the elder to feel good, and he wants the elder to come knowing that his gaze will be hungrily following every movement, every moan, every twitch of his cock until he’s utterly spent. He wants the elder to come knowing that he’s made himself come too, just from the sight. He wants.

Jungkook can hear the soft, wet sounds of his own hand, can hear the lewd, slick sounds of Yoongi’s toy filtering through his speakers, can hear the breathy whines and desperate whimpers the elder makes, sounding like the most tempting song in the world. He’s not going to last long, and by the looks of it, neither is Yoongi.

“Close,” the elder whimpers, as though reading Jungkook’s mind. His hand doesn’t speed up, not even a bit, though he must desperately want to. Jungkook’s head spins at the sheer thought of how much control that must take, at how Yoongi’s primal impulse to tease overtakes everything else. “God, so close – tell me I can come, tell me.”

He’s begging, of course he’s begging, but he phrases it like a demand, refusing to lay down the reins of authority for even a moment. Jungkook bites down hard on his lower lip, letting out an embarrassing whimper that’s almost a sob – he’s so close, so fucking close, ready to come the second he sees the elder lose control.

But he doesn’t. The seconds tick by, the comments flood in imploring Yoongi to come, to please come for them, but he doesn’t. He stares at his laptop with huge, glistening eyes, as though afraid he’ll miss something. Jungkook waits, confused, desperate, and then Yoongi lets out this pitiful, frenzied whine, and he gets it. How he doesn’t come in that moment, he’ll never know.

He scrambles to sit up, typing as fast as he can with his clean hand.

goldenboy97: oh god please come hyung please, I need you to

The second he hits enter he collapses back against his seat, stuffing the neck of his hoodie back into his mouth, and he sees Yoongi’s eyes widen with recognition and then immediately scrunch shut, his head falling back.

He keeps the pace of the toy achingly slow but relents, wrapping his beautiful long fingers around his length, the precum stringing between his hot, hard flesh and his fingertips, and he strokes, so slowly, once, twice, and then he’s coming, the most delicious moans of relief spilling from his lips. Jungkook doesn’t dare close his eyes, watching the boy’s release dripping down over his hand, and he realises then just how fucking perfect Yoongi’s hands are, how badly he wants to lap the elder’s come from those blue-pale knuckles.

Jungkook carries on watching even as he releases, his gaze blurring with tears as he fucks up into the wonderfully tight, wet heat of his fist, spilling over his abdomen and arching his back with the sheer force of the pleasure that strikes him, like a palm on his sternum slamming him back into his chair, forcing his climax from his cock relentlessly, torturously.

He comes down faster than Yoongi, trembling from head to toe – jesus, that was intense – and he
blearily watches as the elder strokes himself into oversensitivity, still twisting the toy in tiny, teasing thrusts. His whimpers slowly give way into sighs and he eventually slips the toy out, immediately pushing two fingers into his hole as though he can’t bear the emptiness, and the sight honest-to-god almost has Jungkook twitching back into semi-hardness.

“Mm,” Yoongi sighs, clumsily shifting his mask up once more and lapping the come from his fingers. Jungkook can still hear him panting around the wet sounds of his tongue against his skin. He wipes his other hand on the towel beneath him, running his hand through his hair. “I worked hard, huh?”

Jungkook laughs breathlessly, lazily tugging off his jeans and underwear and using his boxers to clean himself up. The comments are still racing past but Jungkook doesn’t read them, couldn’t even if he wanted to, instead choosing to watch Yoongi and hoping the elder is only thinking of him, too.

“I’m gonna rest now, and you should too,” Yoongi says, wagging a teasing finger towards his camera. He smiles, dazzling even beneath the cover of his mask, and waves sleepily. “’Til next week. Take care of yourselves.”

There’s another moment, a second longer of him waving and smiling, looking for all the world like the light of the full moon, and then the screen flickers black.

Jungkook doesn’t move for a minute or two, in too much of a daze to do anything but sit and stare and relive the last hour of his life. Belatedly, he realises he doesn’t really want it to be over, doesn’t want to just head to bed without acknowledging what just happened but also doesn’t really feel that acknowledging it outright is the way to go. After all, he’s loved the face-value innocence of their interactions so far, loved the underlying tension of what’s gone unsaid, like the undercurrent of the ocean but much more wicked, much more tempting, made of silks and satins and velvet.

He stands up shakily and strips, wandering over to his bedside cabinet and pulling out clean boxers before he collapses onto his bed, letting the cool air play over his sweat-dampened skin. Jungkook unlocks his phone, finding it still on his conversation with Yoongi. He has to say something. He has to let the elder know - something.

**sent to Yoongi-hyung [22:06] goodnight, hyung**

It’s nothing close to what he wants to say, but he can’t bring himself to say anymore. Even this short, ostensibly harmless message has nervousness curling in his chest. He settles a little more comfortably on his bed, kicking his feet beneath the sheets and plugging his phone charger in. Jungkook can’t help but stare at the message, gnawing at his lip, waiting, waiting.

He must doze off, because he jerks awake to his phone vibrating in his hand.

**Yoongi-hyung [22:19] night kookie, sweet dreams ♡**

Jungkook pushes the phone beneath his pillow and rolls over, burying his face in his sheets and curling into a tight ball. Only when the flushed burning in his cheeks subsides does he manage to fall asleep, and admittedly, that takes some time.
HELLO IT’S YA GIRL
How is everyone?? I’m so sorry it's been a long time! I've missed you all! Disneyland was amazing (naturally) I met Ariel who is my Number One Bae and also Daisy Duck so I'm pretty much on cloud nine. I hope everyone has had a good fortnight!!!
This is a bit of a slow filler chapter, at least that's how it felt to write, but I really hope you all enjoy it all the same!
Let me say again tHANK YOu for your feedback on this fic! 5k hits?! 500 kudos?!? Nearly 100 bookmarks?!?? You kids are high. Stop. I’m soft.

Please enjoy this chapter and leave feedback as always! I love hearing from you!
♡

Yoongi’s world is ending. He isn’t usually one for theatrics (outside of his camboy persona, of course), preferring to leave that to his excitable roommate, but there’s just no other foreseeable outcome to this situation. His world is ending, and it’s everybody’s fault except his.

“Would you please,” Hoseok begins, pinching the bridge of his nose and squeezing his eyes shut.
“Please get off that fucking bed and settle on something to wear?”

“No,” Yoongi replies simply. He’s lying face down on top of his sheets, his voice muffled by a pillow, his arms resting uselessly by his sides. “I can’t wear any of it. I’ll have to go naked, and then my friends will disown me, and I’ll probably end up fired and homeless, all because I have to go naked.”

“Being naked isn’t such a drastic change of circumstance for you, is it?” Hoseok says scathingly, his expression and tone only softening when Yoongi fixes him with a look of deepest self-pity. “Why are you worrying so much about what to wear? It’s only Joonie.”

Yoongi drops his head back into the pillow, groaning helplessly. He hasn’t told Hoseok about Jungkook, though it isn’t for lack of trying. He’s been so close to telling his best friend at least a dozen times, the words nearly tumbling from his tongue over every meal together, during every commercial break; he even once came close to telling Hoseok over text, but he knew the younger deserved better than that. Something has stopped him every time, whether it’s Hoseok’s phone ringing, or Hoseok starting a conversation, or just Yoongi’s own nerves getting the better of him.

He takes a deep breath. He has to do it. Fast, like a band aid, or else he’ll never tell Hoseok, and he’ll end up hiding Jungkook from his best friend for the rest of their undoubtedly brief relationship, resulting in him losing one or the other, or maybe both.

Okay, perhaps he has a slight tendency for theatrics.

Yoongi slowly turns over, flopping one arm over his eyes and steeling himself. “Okay, so, there’s this guy,” he says haltingly, but that’s as far as he gets. Hoseok lets out a sound so high-pitched that it probably smashed a window somewhere in the apartment, and then proceeds to launch himself on
Hoseok is too overwhelmed by this information to do anything but wriggle and screech unintelligibly for some time. When at last he manages to gather his excitement into semi-interpretable syllables, all Yoongi can make out is ‘why didn’t you tell me’ and ‘what the fuck’.

Yoongi struggles to shove the younger boy away, whining pitifully. “Quit it, Seok, I need to talk to you,” he pouts. Perhaps it’s something in his expression, but Hoseok finally settles, folding his arms over Yoongi’s chest and resting his chin on his hands, but not before one desperate question escapes him.

“He’s coming tonight?” Hoseok squeaks, his voice still wavering with repressed excitement.

Yoongi sighs once more. He nods slowly, prompting another wriggle of thrill from the younger boy. God, how is he supposed to say the words aloud when even the thought of them is completely absurd? It isn’t judgment that he fears; Hoseok has had plenty of opportunities to judge his hyung, and has never shown Yoongi anything other than love and support. It’s just – Christ, it’s just a lot to admit to, a lot for the younger to take in. But he has to do it.

“You know…” Yoongi’s voice cracks with nerves. He clears his throat and tries again. “You know that – that other camboy?”

Hoseok nods, frowning, and for one awful moment Yoongi thinks he might actually have to go into detail, in which case his world will definitely end. Then, thank fuck, Hoseok’s eyes widen to the size of dinner plates, and the younger boy gasps like a fish out of water.

“Him? He’s – he’ll be – you – what?” he splutters, pushing himself up onto all fours to stare at Yoongi, who promptly groans and covers his face in a pillow.

“We went on a date last week,” Yoongi mumbles, defeated. Hoseok screeches again. The mattress shifts as Hoseok drops heavily to lie beside Yoongi. “And we’ve been texting.”

“How did you meet him?” Hoseok asks at once, as though he physically cannot restrain his interest.

“He lives with that dancer kid Namjoon and I always fight over practice rooms with,” Yoongi replies. “I bumped into them one day on campus and recognised him. Joon invited them last weekend.”

“You asked him out?”

“No.” Yoongi pushes the pillow down to his stomach and hugs it tightly, frowning at the younger, a little affronted. “He asked me.”

Hoseok doesn’t reply for a moment, staring at the ceiling with an unreadable expression. When at last he looks back to Yoongi, his gaze is strangely sad. “You didn’t tell me.”

The younger’s tone isn’t accusatory, which only makes Yoongi feel worse. He sighs, his hand dropping onto Hoseok’s stomach. “Seokie,” he begins, his tone gentle. “I’m sorry. You were always the first person I wanted to tell. I just – I didn’t know if it was worth talking about yet.”

“You like him?” Hoseok asks. Yoongi nods, feeling his cheeks burn in a sheer betrayal of his intentions, and Hoseok softens at the sight. “I figured as much. You always keep things to yourself if they’re a big deal.”

“Well, thanks for the psychological analysis,” Yoongi grumbles, shoving the younger away.
The younger laughs, unaffected, before clambering to his feet and moving back to stand before Yoongi’s smouldering wreckage of a wardrobe, hands on his hips.

“Alright, I’ll help you,” Hoseok says determinedly. He glances sharply over his shoulder at Yoongi, pointing a threatening finger at the elder’s unmoving figure. “But we’re talking more about this other camboy later.”

“Jungkook.” Yoongi says the boy’s name without thinking, hoping Hoseok doesn’t pick up on the way he frames the word almost reverently between his lips.

Hoseok’s gaze softens again, a knowing smile playing across his face. “Jungkook, right.” He turns back to the wardrobe, crouching down and plunging his hands into the mountain of clothes before him. “Okay, get up and help me find those jeans that make your ass look good.”

Yoongi drags himself from the comfort of his bed to help his friend. “All of my jeans do that.”

“Don’t be lame.”

“I get it from you.”

By the time they arrive at Namjoon and Seokjin’s apartment building, they can already hear the party underway on the other side of the door. Yoongi is anxious, hiding his sweaty palms in the pockets of the huge black and pink bomber jacket Hoseok picked out for him under the assurance that ‘pink looks, like, stupidly good on you’.

They stand by the doormat for a moment, allowing Yoongi a moment to steady himself.

“You okay, hyung?” Hoseok asks, clapping Yoongi on the shoulder.

The elder swallows thickly, his mouth suddenly drier than it had ever been in living memory. “I mean, no. Not really. Ask me again in a few hours.”

“You look hot as fuck,” Hoseok says in what he probably assumes is a comforting way. “Jungkook’s going to see you and want to tap that pornstar ass. Right in the middle of the party.”

“Thanks, Hoseok, that’s great,” Yoongi groans, hiding his face in his hands.

“Come on, you need a drink.” Hoseok pushes the door open before the elder can protest and they are immediately surrounded by the chaos of the party, hot air and the sharp smell of alcohol and the noise of utter inebriation enveloping them and swallowing them into the apartment.

They pause by the door, attempting to make sense of the disorder through the dim lighting. There are a lot of unfamiliar faces, most of them a good head or two higher than Yoongi and so handsome he wants to cry; no doubt they’ll be Seokjin’s friends he’s met in the industry. There are some familiar faces, too, friends from his and Namjoon’s course; he spots Kihyun pouring himself a drink in the kitchen and waves. He can’t see the one person he’s looking for, though, not until the bodies in the room rearrange themselves and the far wall comes into view.

It seems he’ll never quite get used to just how fucking good-looking Jungkook is, his stomach doing some strange, embarrassing little flip at just the sight of the boy. He’s wearing a sweater, grey and soft with oversized sleeves hanging down over his hands, and black ripped jeans, tight enough to leave very little to the imagination. He isn’t looking over at Yoongi, talking instead to his roommates, laughing so that his eyes are scrunched into sweet little crescents.
Jesus, how is Yoongi already this whipped?

After the initial restarting of Yoongi’s heartbeat that seems to be customary when around Jungkook, the first thing that fights its way to the forefront of the elder’s mind is the show that had taken place just two days previously. Yoongi tries to repress it, he really does, but he just can’t help it – his subconscious all too readily presents vivid memories of Jungkook reclining in his desk chair, a red hoodie unzipped over his bare chest, his hood up and his blunt nails scratching burning lines over the taut muscles of his abdomen as he works his cock.

Yoongi had commented during the live stream, naturally; Jungkook’s comments during his own show had been perhaps the best surprise ever, and he wanted to return the favour. The younger hadn’t explicitly acknowledged his comments, but Yoongi remembers the way that Jungkook’s head had fallen back after every new message, helpless moans slipping from his perfect, swollen lips at just the thought of the filth Yoongi typed to him. It hadn’t differed all that much from the first show Yoongi had watched, not that that mattered. He doubts he’ll ever get tired of watching Jungkook.

There had been one thing that was different, maybe not worth mentioning in the opinion of other people but for some reason Yoongi had fixated on it; Jungkook had worn his glasses during his show, these huge, circular, wire-framed glasses that reflected light in an icy blue hue, the size only emphasising Jungkook’s gorgeous doe eyes. Despite the setting, despite the fact that Jungkook had literally been jacking off to an audience of thousands, Yoongi couldn’t help but coo at the sight of the younger boy. He hopes Jungkook would wear them to one of their future dates.

Assuming they’ll have future dates, as in order for that to happen, Yoongi will need to work up the courage to go and talk to the kid, and he is in no way ready to do that just yet.

As Yoongi does his best to summon the blood in his body away from his crotch, Hoseok notices the elder’s preoccupation, following his hyung’s gaze to the beautiful boy standing by the opposite wall.

“That’s him?” Hoseok asks quietly, sliding his arm over Yoongi’s shoulders.

Yoongi nods, letting out a heavy, pained breath. He can’t look away, following Jungkook’s every movement with greedy eyes. “Yep.”

Hoseok lets out a long, low whistle. “Jesus Christ.”

“Yep.”

As though he can feel a gaze on him, Jungkook suddenly looks away from his friends, his eyes searching the crowd of people until he finds Yoongi. Something immediately changes in his expression, something warm and soft, and he smiles, wide and dazzling. Yoongi feels all the air leave his lungs as though he’s been punched in the gut.

“Jesus Christ.” Hoseok breathes, and Yoongi feels rather than sees his roommate shake his head in disbelief.

Jungkook raises a pawed hand, waving shyly at the elder, and Yoongi does his best to smile back, lifting a hand in greeting. Only when the younger looks away does Yoongi turn back to Hoseok, all but collapsing on his chest and groaning in anguish.

“I have so many regrets, Seokie,” he mumbles helplessly into Hoseok’s collarbone, letting the younger boy wrap a comforting arm around him and gently pat his back.

“I’m actually impressed,” Hoseok admits, chuckling. “He’s ridiculous. Good luck, hyung.”
“Please,” Yoongi looks up with the biggest puppy dog eyes he can muster. “Please find me a drink. A strong one. A double. A triple.”

Hoseok releases his friend and salutes before disappearing into the crowd, heading into the general direction of the kitchen. Not a second later, Yoongi is joined by Namjoon, who wraps a strong arm around the elder’s shoulders and pulls him further into the room.

“Hyung! You made it,” Namjoon crows happily. Yoongi decides not to mention that he can smell rum on the taller boy’s breath. “You look great.”

“Thanks,” Yoongi mumbles, craning over the younger’s shoulder to catch a glimpse of Jungkook. He hasn’t moved, still leaning against the wall and watching Jimin with a distractedly fond look on his face, somehow looking for all the world like a Greek god.

“Is Seok-ah here?” Namjoon asks, glancing around.

“Mm,” Yoongi replies vaguely. “Went to get a drink.”

“Seokjin-hyung is here, somewhere,” Namjoon informs the elder, and as if on cue, Seokjin’s wheezing laughter drowns out the hum of chatter and the muffled bass line filling the space around them. “He’s in his element. Won’t stop talking in acting jargon. I’ve been desperate for you to get here so we can torment him with studio-speak.”

Yoongi laughs inattentively, his gaze still fixed on the Adonis in the background. Namjoon finally cottons on, frowning and following the elder’s gaze. When he spots Jungkook, he grins knowingly, nudging Yoongi.

“Oh, that’s Kookie,” he teases. “Want me to introduce you?”

“No, I – uh,” Yoongi begins, scratching at his nape and ducking his head as he feels his cheeks burn. “We’ve – we’ve already met.”

Namjoon grimaces, groaning and taking a step away from the elder. “Oh for fuck’s sake, hyung, you fucked him?”

Yoongi does his best to shush the taller boy, very aware that Namjoon had more or less shouted those last few words. “No, you moron, we just – we went on a date, that’s all,” Yoongi hisses, praying to whatever higher power might be listening that Jungkook hadn’t heard Namjoon’s outburst.

Namjoon quirks an eyebrow, looking down at the elder curiously. “Really? You and Jungkook?” he asks.

“Yeah, why?” Yoongi scowls. “What, you don’t believe me?”

“No, no,” Namjoon replies unconvincingly. He holds his large hands up in surrender, a dimpled smile growing across his face. “I just, uh – wouldn’t have seen it coming.”

Yoongi snorts, shoving his hands back into his pockets. “Neither would I.”

“Hey, seriously though,” Namjoon says, his voice lowering. Yoongi notices that the younger boy draws himself up to his full height, rather unnecessarily as he’s taller than Yoongi anyway. “I hope it works out, I really do, but he’s a good kid, hyung. Don’t mess him around.”

“Oh jesus, Joon, you’re gonna give me the talk?”
“No,” Namjoon sniffs in what he probably assumes is a dignified way. “Just – look, I trust you, I know you’re a good guy. I just want to look out for Jungkook.”

“Namjoon,” Yoongi laughs, taking hold of the taller boy’s shoulder. “Don’t worry. I’ll play nice.”

“Right. Yes, well,” Namjoon huffs, his cheeks flushing as his gaze darts around the room. “I’ve been meaning to talk to you, anyway. I’ve been in touch with Big Hit Bar about working out a set list - they wanted to do a show in, like, a fortnight. You in?”

Yoongi nods immediately, eagerness shooting through his veins like a drug and at last tearing his attention away from Jungkook. “Definitely!” he grins.

It’s been far too long since he performed, and even longer since he performed with Namjoon. Thankfully, they seem to have left enough of an impression on the most popular bar on campus that they are directly contacted whenever a show is being planned. Yoongi isn’t one to brag, not without reason, but he knows he and Namjoon are fairly popular within the student community. It’s a wonder that Jungkook and his friends have never seen them perform before. He’ll have to invite the younger once all the details are sorted out.

“Great, I’ll email you the info they’ve sent me so far,” Namjoon nods, satisfied. “Oh, and Jihoonie’s been looking for you, I think he needs help with a project proposal.”

“I’ll find him,” Yoongi promises. He scans the room, wondering if he’ll have any chance at spotting Jihoon considering the kid is at least half a head shorter than Yoongi, and that’s saying something. Instead, he catches Hoseok’s eye, watching the younger wave two red cups in his direction. “Oh, Seokie’s got my drink. I’ll catch you later?”

“Sure, hyung, have fun,” Namjoon smirks, winking slyly at the elder and disappearing into the crowd before Yoongi can grab him and rub his smug face into the carpet.

Yoongi works his way through the crowd, gently easing his way between two large groups of cackling girls, no doubt invited by Namjoon in his never-ending quest to get laid. After tripping over a face-down, unconscious person, and only narrowly avoiding being slapped in the face by someone he recognises as Seokjin’s close friend, Ken, Yoongi manages to slide into the kitchen.

Hoseok holds out Yoongi’s drink wordlessly and the elder takes it with a sigh of thanks, draining three quarters of the tart liquid in one gulp. He can’t help grimacing at the taste as he resurfaces, making Hoseok snort.

“Jesus,” Yoongi splutters, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. “What is this?”

“You did ask for a triple, hyung,” Hoseok shrugs, leaning his arm on Yoongi’s shoulder and looking over the elder’s head at the party. “So are you gonna introduce me to loverboy, or what?”

Even after downing the rest of his drink (and proceeding to cough in disgust for a moment or two), Yoongi can’t quite make that suggestion sound like a good idea. He holds his empty cup out to Hoseok. “Get me another and then I’ll think about it.”

“You sure you want to be drunk when you see him?” Hoseok asks, quirking an eyebrow as he takes the elder’s cup and turns to the kitchen counter to refill.

Yoongi nods determinedly, having sought out Jungkook in the crowd, now perched on the windowsill with Jimin and Taehyung. “Liquid courage and that,” he mumbles vaguely. He watches as the boy leans his temple against the glass of the window, looking out at the world beneath him as he sips his drink. “And if I throw up on his feet, it won’t be because of the alcohol.”
Hoseok whistles lowly, pouring a generous measure of cheap paint-thinning vodka into their cups.
“You’ve got it bad, hyung.”

Jungkook seems to have zoned out a little, choosing to ignore his bickering roommates. He’s chewing on his lower lip, his wide brown eyes slightly glazed over as he stares out of the window. Yoongi knows he’s staring, pretty much drooling at the kid, but he can’t bring himself to care. He’s only jerked from his reverie when Hoseok nudges him, a neat little row of shots between them and a pair of refills, absolutely reeking of ethanol.

“Liquid courage,” Hoseok says triumphantly, nodding towards the shots.

Yoongi does his best to brave the shots of unknown origin, only spluttering once or twice, and Hoseok Pretends not to notice. It’s all too soon that Hoseok takes a hold of the elder’s elbow and steers him through the crowd to the window where Jungkook is perched, like some kind of ethereal, short-haired Rapunzel.

And then, Jungkook’s looking at Yoongi, blinking softly and backlit by the streetlamps outside, and Yoongi realises he’s just sort of stood in front of the kid, silent and staring. Hoseok’s fingertips press into the elder’s shoulders as he squeezes him from behind, grounding him and reminding him that, you know, he has an audience of around fifty people.

Jungkook laughs gently, his cheeks colouring as he glances sideways at his friends. “Hey, hyung,” he smiles. Yoongi notices, through the burning embarrassment, that Jungkook looks and sounds genuinely pleased to see him.

“Hi, Kook,” Yoongi says, his voice coming out an octave or two higher than usual. Jungkook’s teeth are pressing into the pink swell of his lower lip, his little freckle beneath his mouth drawing Yoongi’s attention, and the elder thinks he’d rather enjoy pressing kisses to the freckle, maybe hearing the younger boy giggle below him.

“Hello, hyung!” Jimin sings, leaning into Yoongi’s face and beaming, too sweetly. “Fancy meeting you here!”

Taehyung grins widely, draping over Jimin from behind and nearly causing the shorter boy to topple into Yoongi. “Long time no see!”

Hoseok clears his throat significantly and Jungkook drops his gaze, flushing a pretty rosy pink. “Oh, right,” Yoongi says distractedly, stepping to the side and bringing Hoseok into the circle. “This is Hoseok, my roommate. Seokie, this is Jimin, Taehyung, and – and Jungkook.”

He gestures to the others in turn, doing his best to avoid everyone’s eyes. This is going probably a thousand times worse than he’d imagined. Absolutely not how he’d expected seeing Jungkook again. That being said, he probably should have assumed as much, considering his roommate is the most mischievous person alive, rivalled only by Jungkook’s roommates.

If they ever make it on another date, it’ll be a fucking miracle.

“Hoseok-hyung,” Taehyung says suddenly, leaning forwards and fixing the boy with a contrived expression of interest. “I wonder if you could help me and Jiminie with something – uh, over – over there.”

He didn’t gesture to anywhere in the room, instead opting to give the elder an exaggerated wink, one which Jimin mirrors almost perfectly. Jungkook lets his head fall back against the window with a dull ‘thunk’, his eyes closed, probably feeling the same vague longing for death that Yoongi feels.
“Absolutely! I love to help friends with things! My favourite hobby!” Hoseok replies enthusiastically, capturing the two younger boys by the elbow and dragging them away from the window, bursting into a fit of snickers the second they’re out of sight.

Yoongi groans, covering his face with his hands, and he hears Jungkook laugh sympathetically. Even in this situation, the sound does something strange to Yoongi’s insides. “Oh god, there’s three of them,” Jungkook sighs.

The elder resurfaces, grinning through the ferocious burning of his face. “Yeah, sorry about that,” Yoongi replies, hopping up onto the windowsill beside Jungkook. “I take back everything I ever said about Hoseok being the best person ever.”

Jungkook laughs again, open and happy, his eyes creasing and his still-pink cheeks bunching up either side of a dazzling smile. Yoongi has to remind himself to breathe.

They settle into an easy sort of silence, busying themselves with their drinks and with shy, stolen glances at one another. Yoongi pretends not to notice the way that Jungkook’s eyes rake over him as he sips at his drink, something dark and fiery flickering in the younger’s gaze.

Once again, Yoongi’s mind decides to summon images of Jungkook’s show, of what the younger must look like beneath those clothes, of what sounds are capable of tumbling from those kiss-swollen lips. He remembers Jungkook’s comments on his own show just a few days previously; remembers the boy praising him, begging him to come. It’s everything he doesn’t need right now, swaying precariously on a ledge with a beautiful boy, alcohol beginning to churn through his system, but Yoongi thinks he sees something similar simmering in Jungkook’s expression, beneath his skin, in the curvature of his lips.

“You look really good, hyung,” Jungkook says lowly, just loud enough to reach Yoongi. It isn’t lost on the elder that the boy almost quotes one of his comments on Yoongi’s show earlier that week word-for-word. He swallows thickly.

“S-so do you,” Yoongi replies, taking another gulp of Liquid Courage. “I’m – it’s good to see you again.”

Jungkook softens at that, blinking so that the dark fire in his eyes fades to a soft sort of smoke, slow and undulating. He smiles, shifting in his seat to fully face Yoongi. “Yeah, you too,” he breathes.

The way Jungkook looks at him is getting to be a bit much, so Yoongi drops his gaze, toying with one of the rips in his jeans. “How’s your week been? Class going okay?”

He knows it’s small talk, and he knows he is the advocate of anything but small talk, but he’d say anything if it meant getting to listen to Jungkook’s voice a little bit longer.

The younger groans, more animated than before, and Yoongi can’t help but smile. “I think this might be the first time I’ve sat down in days,” Jungkook complains, rubbing the side of his thigh distractedly. “Sometimes I wonder why I signed up to so many societies and volunteer events. Like, it looks good on paper, but at what cost, you know?”

Yoongi snorts, shrugging as he sips his drink. “Honestly, I’ve never been like that. I barely show up to lectures, let alone all of your extra-curricular stuff.”

“Yeah, I can see that,” Jungkook grins mischievously, earning him a half-hearted shove from the elder.

Like before, Jungkook moves quickly, his fingers wrapping around Yoongi’s wrist, tight enough to
stop the elder from escaping, tight enough to press achingly into his flesh. Yoongi feels his cheeks burn again, daring to glance up at the younger, who seems a little surprised by his own boldness. He releases his hold on Yoongi’s wrist but slips his fingers to tangle with the elder’s, keeping their skin pressed together.

“How’s your week been?” Jungkook asks quietly, as though they aren’t holding hands for the first time, as though their faces aren’t gradually staining a deeper cerise with every passing second.

“Oh – fine, you know,” Yoongi replies. He has to drag his conscious away from focusing on the places their skin is connected, making an effort to concentrate on Jungkook’s face. “Put in some good hours in the studio. Nearly finished with a couple of tracks that I feel pretty good about.”

Jungkook is staring at his mouth, he’s hyperaware of it, and the younger has started moving his fingertips gently over Yoongi’s skin, outlining shapes and letters that only Jungkook can see. It’s a real struggle for Yoongi to not knock their drinks aside and lean over to see if the younger’s lips taste as good as they look.

“I’d love to hear them sometime,” Jungkook mumbles idly, his eyes glittering as though he knows exactly what he’s doing.

Something about the way their fingers are intertwined, the way Jungkook is tracing patterns into his knuckles – it’s doing something strange to Yoongi’s head, filling it with cotton and making his ears buzz, so that he doesn’t plan on the words that next come out of his mouth.

“Are you busy next week?”

Jungkook smiles sheepishly. “I mean, only every day,” he reminds the elder gently. “But I can make time.”

Yoongi hears the unspoken words, the ‘for you’ he knows is tagged onto the end by default.

“Let me take you out for dinner? Wednesday night?” he asks, unable to keep the hopefulness out of his voice but sort of beyond caring at this point.

Jungkook all but lights up, another sparkling smile spreading across his face. “I’d love that,” he says happily, his fingers tightening around Yoongi’s.

It’s bizarre, he knows it is. They still haven’t acknowledged how they know each other, or the things they’ve seen one another do through a camera, but Yoongi kind of loves it. Everything seething beneath the surface of their ostensibly innocent and flirtatious interactions is heady, addictive, like the alcohol swirling in their long-forgotten cups. He wouldn’t mind if this was all they did for the next month, for the next year; talking, getting to know one another, shy and hesistant, pretending that this is all there is to their relationship. Whatever Jungkook wants, Yoongi’s game.

They are shaken from their sweet moment of affection when somebody nearby shrieks and the crowd shifts to make way for a swarming tangle of limbs.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” Jungkook sighs, slumping forwards in defeat.

It takes Yoongi a moment to make sense of what’s in front of him, but after a moment, he manages to distinguish between the two figures tangled together against the wall. It’s Taehyung and Jimin, completely wrapped up in one another, kissing passionately and ferociously as though it’s a battle, all bitten lips and growls and desperate, grasping hands.

“What the -” he lets out a breath of shocked laughter, turning questioningly to Jungkook who peers
“Please can we pretend we didn’t see this? Can we never speak of this again?” he mumbles miserably.

“Are they – uh, are they together?” Yoongi asks, eyeing them nervously, wondering if perhaps he should move to give them more space. He flinches as Jimin lets out a particularly loud whimper.

“No,” Jungkook groans, hiding his face once more. “I mean, sort of. Not really. They just do this.”

Yoongi laughs again, gently carding his fingers through Jungkook’s hair. It strikes him as a terribly bold move, but the younger doesn’t seem to mind, visibly relaxing at the elder’s touch and letting out a contented sigh. “No judgment here,” Yoongi says truthfully, smiling. “As long as it doesn’t make it weird for you to live with them.”

“Oh, no, it’s only when they’re drunk,” Jungkook says. His eyes are closed, leaning into Yoongi’s ministrations through his soft chestnut hair. “They’ve done a lot worse than this. I guess they’re toning it down while you’re here.”

Yoongi laughs, turning back to the pair and catching Hoseok’s gaze on the other side of the room. The younger boy looks delighted, pointing at Jimin and Taehyung and barely restraining his laughter. Yoongi sees him mouth the words ‘this is great’, and turns back to Jungkook, completely done with everyone he has anything to do with.

Thankfully, the rest of the party passes without much incident. Namjoon trips over and accordingly breaks the coffee table, apologising profusely to a furious Seokjin whilst Yoongi howls with laughter. Taehyung and Jimin manage to separate long enough to engage in some dubious and no doubt maniacal scheme, dragging Hoseok over to the kitchen and spending the rest of the party conspiring in low voices. Jungkook and Yoongi remain on the windowsill, having firmly established it as Their Spot, talking quietly between themselves and teasing one another.

Yoongi kind of really, really wants to get out of there, and to take Jungkook with him, but he’s determined to take this slowly. Whatever he has with Jungkook, he doesn’t want to ruin it by charging headfirst into bed with the kid. He loves getting to know Jungkook, loves making him laugh and, though he’d never admit it, even loves letting the kid torment him, testing the boundaries of respect with his hyung.

So, when at last it comes time for Yoongi to drag a deeply inebriated Hoseok home, he forces himself to say goodnight to Jungkook, leaning up onto his tiptoes and pressing a clumsy kiss to the corner of the younger’s lips.

Whatever he’s feeling, Wednesday is only a few days away. He can wait until then.

Chapter End Notes

♡ twitter ♡
Chapter Notes

HELLO IT IS I how's everyone been? Good I hope? Missed you!

Thanks again for all your lovely comments on the last chapter, I don't deserve you guys at all♡

And thank you for your patience, I know I've been taking a little longer to update and I just wanted to apologise. I work full-time and I've just really been struggling with it lately, really unhappy where I am, and though I love writing for you I wouldn't want to post something that I know isn't my best, especially after all your lovely praise and support. Thanks for your understanding, I'll keep working hard to make you guys happy!

Please leave feedback, and take care until the next update!♡
♡ twitter♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi-hyung [14:06] important q

Yoongi-hyung [14:06] do you like thai food?

sent to Yoongi-hyung [14:58] I like all food

Yoongi-hyung [15:04] easy to please, I like it

sent to Yoongi-hyung [15:06] is this for dinner tonight?

Yoongi-hyung [15:10] ¯\_(ツ)_/¯

sent to Yoongi-hyung [15:12] dress code?

Yoongi-hyung [15:15] wear a shirt

sent to Yoongi-hyung [15:18] you wear a shirt

♡♡♡

Irritation has been scratching and scraping beneath Jungkook’s skin for two whole days, only starting to dissipate now that he dresses for his date with Yoongi. Tuesdays are a struggle at the best of times, but yesterday may have officially entered his Top Ten Worst Days. He’s having a difficult time shaking off the lingering frustration, replaying the misery over and over in his mind, his fingers trembling on the buttons of his shirt.

First, his tutor had decided it would be appropriate to demand Jungkook write a twelve-page-minimum essay to justify his subject matter for his latest project proposal. Then, he’d had a meeting with the other student events planners and had to physically restrain himself from punching Cheon
Yejin in her overly-powdered face. He tends to make a point of not hitting women, but when she’d vetoed his summer ball theme suggestion for the third week in a row, not to mention flipping her split ends in his face so hard it stung, he’d nearly lost all sense of honour.

Five straight hours in the library and a severely delayed bus journey home later, all in the midst of what may as well have been a tropical rainstorm, Jungkook thought he understood what drove some people to commit murder. Because that’s the worst part; he’d gotten home so late, he’d missed Yoongi’s show.

It sounds petty and childish, he knows that, but it goes so much deeper than just missing out on a chance to watch a hot guy fuck himself to orgasm. Sure, he loves watching Yoongi fall apart, but - fuck, it’s difficult to explain.

He’ll admit that part of it is down to just wanting to see the elder, all pastel pale skin and ink black hair, elegant fingers ghosting over flushed skin, glittering tears slipping down over spit-slick lips. The thing is, Jungkook can’t help but associate the quiet chemistry between them with one another’s camshows, knowing the other is always watching, knowing that those images must linger in the other’s mind the next time they meet face-to-face. He doesn’t want that chemistry to go away. So yes, he’s worried, even if he knows it’s silly, and that worry has followed him around like a little raincloud all day.

It’s apt, then, that the rain outside has yet to cease, clattering against his bedroom window and reminding him of the sheer futility of trying to look nice for Yoongi. His shirt will soak through and his hair will get all flat and his VS body mist will wash straight off. There’s just no point.

His phone buzzes from the bed just as he finishes tucking his wine-coloured shirt into his black jeans and he crosses the room, picking it up and unlocking it.

Yoongi-hyung [18:52] will be there in like 10, be ready

sent to Yoongi-hyung [18:53] yes hyung

The butterflies come in earnest as he presses send. He busies himself with slipping on his rings and pulling on a pair of black boots, before grabbing his phone and his – fuck. Where’s his wallet? He’d left it on the end of his bed, making sure he took it out of his rucksack before he jumped in the shower.

He all but tears his room apart, throwing his sheets to the floor and emptying his rucksack onto his bare mattress. He definitely put it on the bed. There’s just nowhere else for it to be. He starts to panic; yes, Yoongi might have asked if he could take Jungkook to dinner, but wouldn’t it be kind of rude for him to show up without any money? It’s just got to be in his bedroom, unless -

When the realisation finally hits him, he’s a little ashamed at how long it took him to figure it out.

He pulls out his phone and opens his conversation with Yoongi.

sent to Yoongi-hyung [18:58] come straight up please hyung the passcode is 130613, ill explain when you’re here

Shoving his phone into his back pocket, he takes a deep, steadying breath and opens his bedroom door, the noise of his friends’ chatter and laughter immediately shattering the brooding silence of his own company. In any other situation, he might even enjoy it, but not tonight.

He closes the door firmly behind him and makes his way to the lounge, leaning in the doorway with
his arms folded to take in the sight of his two roommates and a third, unknown individual, their back to him, sitting on the floor in a circle.

“Where is it?” he says flatly.

Everyone turns to look at him, expressions more animated and amused than he’d like, and he sees that the third person is Hoseok, Yoongi’s eerily clone-like equivalent of Jimin and Taehyung.

“Hi, Jungkookie!” Hoseok beams, waggling his fingers up at the younger boy.

“Hyung,” Jungkook nods curtly in greeting, feeling the need to observe the niceties around Yoongi’s roommate, before turning back to his friends with a scowl. “Where is it?”

“Where’s what, babe?” Jimin asks sweetly, leaning his chin on one hand. “We’ve just been sitting here this whole time.”

“Having a séance,” Taehyung nods.

“I –” Jimin looks like he’s about to question his friend, frowning and glancing at Taehyung questioningly, before he seems to think better of it. “Sure. A séance.”

“Where is it?” Jungkook says, a little more urgently, taking a step into the room. They actually coo at him, at which point he deeply regrets the turn of events that led him to be born after his idiot friends.

“Now, Jungkookie,” Taehyung begins, raising his eyebrows and fixing the youngest with a rather scholarly expression. “Whatever it is that you’ve lost, and I’m sure that I don’t know, you’ll do much better within yourself once you dispense of any attachment you might feel towards tangible articles of the physical realm. Do you see what I’m saying?”

“Yah!” Jungkook snaps. “I don’t have time for this!”

Hoseok starts to reply this time, but whatever it is the elder intends to say, Jungkook never finds out. He hears the squeak of the handle on the front door and turns, and as cheesy as it sounds, it’s like someone’s clamped their hands around his ears, muffling everything in favour of taking in every detail of the sight before him.

Yoongi pokes his head around the door shyly, spotting Jungkook at once. He blinks a little dazedly, his perfect pink lips parting in an expression that makes Jungkook flush. As he steps through the door and closes it behind him, Jungkook thinks he might actually be about to nope the fuck out, his knees legitimately trembling like they’re about to give way. Surely it’s illegal to look as good as Yoongi does right now, surely someone, somewhere is hurtling towards Jungkook’s apartment right this second with the sole intention of stopping Yoongi.

His black hair is messy, sort of fluffy, falling into his eyes and shifting gently every time he moves. He’s wearing a black V-necked t-shirt beneath a plain black blazer, the sleeves ending just shy of his narrow, elegant wrists, the veins crossing the back of his hands disappearing beneath the cuffs. His black jeans are tight, wickedly so, drawing attention to what Jungkook can’t quite believe he’s never realised are the best pair of legs he’s ever seen, by far.

Jungkook’s just overwhelmed in the best way, only distantly aware of his roommates and Hoseok muttering in the next room. Yoongi looks so good, so effortlessly gorgeous, and jesus, Jungkook just can’t stop staring at his hands, at his beautiful pale skin contrasting against his dark clothes, at those sparkling dark eyes. Yoongi’s eyes are raking over him, too, something in the elder’s expression sparking flames in the pit of Jungkook’s stomach.
He hadn’t realised that Yoongi was moving towards him until they’re about a foot apart and the elder is hesitating, catching himself, as though he’d just wanted to push Jungkook back into his bedroom and write the night off. Instead, he lifts his hand, his calloused fingertips ghosting over Jungkook’s jawline, and shivers erupt from the place he touched.

A charming chorus of retching tears them from their wordless greeting as they turn to take in the three apparently undomesticated boys on the floor.

“Seok?” Yoongi says, shocked, staring suspiciously down at his roommate who manages to stop pretending to vomit long enough to grin up at his hyung. “What the fuck are you doing here?”

“Operation Codeword!” Hoseok replies triumphantly, leaning back on his hands.

Yoongi blinks, completely lost, as Jimin and Taehyung snicker between themselves. “What?”

“We – we haven’t come up with a better operation name yet. That’s being discussed,” Hoseok shrugs, glancing at the other boys who nod seriously.

Yoongi seems to realise that he’s fighting a losing battle and turns to Jungkook, his tone immediately softening and his hand coming to rest on the small of the younger’s back. Jungkook represses the urge to swoon. “What’s the matter?”

“They’ve hidden my wallet,” Jungkook answers, pouting, and Yoongi’s expression steels as he turns back to their roommates.

Before he can speak, Jimin pipes up. “If Yoongi-hyung is a true gentleman, he’ll pay for dinner, so Jungkookie won’t need his wallet,” he says, clearly very proud of himself. Taehyung and Hoseok nod enthusiastically.

“But I am paying for dinner,” Yoongi replies blankly.

“But Kookie doesn’t need his wallet!” Taehyung grins, clapping his hands. “Problem solved.”

“Actually, hyung, I do,” Jungkook snarls, very much losing his patience. He’d much rather be alone with Yoongi than bickering idly with their friends, who must have been sent to him as a punishment for some misdeed in a past life. “So I can hire a fucking assassin on the way home.”

“Jung Hoseok,” Yoongi says sternly, his hand gently stroking down Jungkook’s spine as though to calm the younger. Jungkook shudders, hoping Yoongi doesn’t notice. “I have an Uber waiting outside. Give Jungkook his wallet. If we miss our reservation, I will personally flay you.”

Hoseok visibly gulps, his eyes flickering to Jimin and Taehyung, who almost imperceptibly shake their heads. Jungkook almost feels for his hyung, seeing the helplessness in his gaze, but then again, he can practically feel the irritation rolling off Yoongi, and the thought quickly passes.

“You’ve got me in a box here,” Hoseok whines, looking imploringly up at his hyung.

Yoongi takes a deep breath through his nose and his fingers twitch on Jungkook’s back. “If your intention is to make sure I pay for dinner, you’re sabotaging yourselves. If you don’t give Jungkook his wallet now, we won’t make it to dinner. Your call.”

The three boys on the floor exchange glances, equal parts confusion, dawning realisation and sheepishness. Clearly, this hadn’t occurred to them. So much for ‘Operation Codeword’.

“Fine,” Jimin huffs suddenly, leaning to the side and pulling Jungkook’s wallet out from beneath his
ass. He throws it at the younger with no small amount of spite, and Jungkook catches it easily.

“Gross.” Jungkook wrinkles his nose, quickly pushing it into his back pocket.

“C’mon, Kook,” Yoongi says gently, his hand dropping to the younger’s and leading him to the door. They are followed out by a lazy chorus of well-wishing, their victory over their friends apparently disheartening the group of boys still in the apartment.

Once outside, Yoongi opens the taxi door for Jungkook, who flushes a furious red rivalled only by the colour of his shirt. They try to hurry, the rain still pouring down in sheets and bouncing off the cement. The driver lifts his head from his phone at the sound and Jungkook spots, with a strange thrill of triumph and camaraderie, the display locking over what was definitely Neko Atsume. Yoongi clambers in beside him, apologising graciously and entering their destination into the app.

The second the vehicle pulls out of Jungkook’s street, he turns to the elder, guilt roiling in his stomach and his hands wringing together in his lap. He opens his mouth to apologise, just as Yoongi makes to speak, too, and they hesitate.

“You first,” Kook mumbles shyly.

“Just – I’m sorry about Seokie,” he says quietly, pushing his lips to the side. “That was out of line. I’ll talk to him.”

“What?” Jungkook frowns in confusion. Why is Yoongi apologising when it’s his idiot friends that have clearly influenced Hoseok? “Don’t say that. I was going to apologise for Jimin and Taehyung, they almost made us late.”

Yoongi blinks. “But you don’t need to apologise.”

“Well, neither do you!”

A smirk begins to slowly curl over the elder’s lips as his eyes flicker over Jungkook’s face, but before he can reply, his phone vibrates twice in quick succession in his lap. He glances down, distracted, unlocking his phone and reading the messages, and Jungkook watches as Yoongi rolls his eyes and snorts with laughter.

“Look,” he says lowly, holding out his phone to the younger.

Seokie [19:09] I’m sorry hyung, don’t be mad at seok-seok :<

The message is followed by a picture, a selfie of Hoseok, Jimin and Taehyung, all smushing their cheeks together and gazing beseechingly at the camera. Jungkook quirks an eyebrow and glances nervously up at Yoongi, but thankfully, the elder is smiling.

“I’m so happy they found one another,” Jungkook says drily, and Yoongi laughs, more shaking shoulders and crescent eyes than any sound of laughter, but Jungkook rather likes Yoongi’s way better.

The younger’s phone vibrates in his hand and he glances down, reading the message from his locked display.

Tae-Tae [19:10] pls do not hire an assassin to kill us, if u do there will be no one to cook for u

Jungkook grins, unlocking his phone and tapping out a reply. Yoongi reads over his shoulder, humming with laughter, and Taehyung replies immediately.
Jungkook locks his phone and shoves it into his back pocket, not wanting to be rude. When he looks up, Yoongi is already looking at him, dark, feline eyes reflecting the street lights outside. The rain hammers off the roof and sides of the car and the road underfoot jars the suspension, but Jungkook doesn’t really mind. He wouldn’t mind if this drive lasted forever.

Of course, that thought is a little bit mortifying, so he quickly speaks to distract himself. “Wh-where are we going, hyung?”

Yoongi leans forward, looking through the windscreen. “Just a Thai place I found,” he mumbles, his cheeks darkening visibly even in the dim light. “It’s a little off-campus. Not too far, now.”

Jungkook has to take a deep breath to steady himself. From this angle, the sharp line of Yoongi’s jaw is thrown into stark relief, and his thick eyelashes cast shadows over his high cheekbones. His skin is dusted a pretty, petal pink, and the street lights illuminate him from behind, highlighting the blue-black tones to his hair. After a moment, he leans back to settle in his seat, glancing curiously at Jungkook and tilting his head. Shyly, Jungkook quickly smiles, dropping his gaze to his lap.

The elder must turn to look out of the window, as he doesn’t comment. After a long moment, Jungkook finds himself staring at Yoongi’s hand where it rests between them on the seat. He’s probably spent an embarrassing amount of time admiring the elder’s hands, and he doesn’t know exactly what he likes about them so much. They just look so strong, so veined and angular, and his fingers are so long and delicate. There’s something strangely elegant about them.

In what can only be described as a moment of complete lunacy, Jungkook reaches out and takes Yoongi’s hand, pulling it into his lap and turning it over, tracing the lines on the elder’s palm with his fingertips. He realises what he’s done a beat too late and freezes, staring up at Yoongi in mortification. He can actually feel the tips of his ears about to burst into flame.

“Oh my god – I’m so sorry, I don’t – I don’t know why I did that,” he mumbles, dropping the elder’s hand and averting his gaze.

Curiously, Yoongi’s hand remains in his lap, palm-up. He glances up at Yoongi, trying to gage his reaction, and sees that the elder is looking at him curiously, maybe a little fondly, his cheeks as furious a pink as Jungkook’s.

“You’re okay,” Yoongi says quietly. “I liked it.”

Jungkook swallows thickly, taking the elder’s hand once more with trembling fingers and resumes his ministrations. They don’t speak for the duration of the journey, and Jungkook does his best to focus on memorising every detail of Yoongi’s hands, the calloused pads of his fingers and the blue veins criss-crossing beneath his translucent skin. He pretends not to notice when the elder’s breath hitches in his throat.

They arrive maybe fifteen minutes later, just on time for their reservation, and Yoongi thanks the Uber driver politely before they clamber out. It’s still raining rather heavily, and Jungkook barely has time to look up at the restaurant before Yoongi pulls him inside by his wrist, chuckling under his breath as he tries to shelter from the rain.

A tiny waitress shows them to their table, blushing a little as she glances up into Jungkook’s face, which Yoongi seems to find absolutely hilarious. They slide into the thankfully secluded booth,
managing to shake off the shy, lingering attendant after a moment or two, and Yoongi peers over the top of his menu at Jungkook, who is still scowling after the waitress.

“What’s up?” Yoongi asks softly, attracting Jungkook’s attention.

“She’s still looking over here,” Jungkook mumbles crossly, watching the girl pretend to busy herself with clearing a table. “Surely she can see we’re on a date -”

“No, I meant,” Yoongi begins, shaking his head and smiling. Jungkook feels Yoongi’s feet slide either side of his, tapping against his ankle gently. “You mentioned yesterday that things weren’t going well, and you still seem a little distracted today.”

Jungkook flushes. The elder pays closer attention to him than he’s realised. “Oh,” he says quietly, staring blindly at his menu. “Yeah. I just had a bad day. Really busy. And, uh – I didn’t get home until, like, nearly midnight.”

His eyes flicker up to Yoongi, watching realisation flicker over the elder’s face. “I see,” Yoongi says slowly, and to his credit, he doesn’t smile. “Well – you know, there’ll be other Tuesdays.”

As he speaks, Yoongi’s leg slides against Jungkook’s, innocent and slow but somehow setting a fire in Jungkook’s stomach. “Y-yeah,” he mumbles, unable to take his eyes off the elder. He becomes aware that his tongue is somehow far too big for his suddenly bone-dry mouth.

Yoongi smiles, a little smugly, and sets his menu down, picking up the wine menu from the end of the table. “Wanna get drunk?”

Jungkook laughs, though he hesitates for a moment. It probably isn’t the wisest decision, to get drunk with someone he so desperately crushes on. Sure, he’s had a difficult week; sure, he needs something to lift his spirits, something to stop him from being such miserable company on the date he’s looked forward to so eagerly. It’s just - what if he makes a total idiot of himself? What if he does something really embarrassing, like bringing up their camshows, or telling Yoongi how completely fucking perfect he is to Jungkook?

Then again, the elder is looking at him, one eyebrow quirked and a mischievous smile playing over those stupidly pink lips, and Jungkook kind of wants to see what Yoongi is like after a few drinks, just the two of them, no roommates to distract them.

And in any case, he really, really fucking needs a drink.

"Absolutely," he replies, beaming, and he only melts a little bit when Yoongi beams right back, gummy and open and happy.

It doesn’t take much persuasion from Yoongi for Jungkook to decide on ordering an obscene amount of tamarind duck, probably enough coconut rice to feed a small village and so many appetizers and sides that they will be in real danger of collapsing their table. They haven’t even ordered drinks yet and Jungkook already feels a little drunk, his cheeks burning and aching from smiling so much, from Yoongi’s gentle teasing, from the occasional slide of the elder’s leg against his. It feels intimate, tucked away in a booth as they are, the low-hanging, overhead lighting casting a halo of golden light over Yoongi’s hair, and it’s just unfair how stunning the elder looks. He keeps toying with the silver rings wrapped around his long, pale fingers, keeps leaning forward so that the low neckline of his shirt slips to reveal his collarbones, his shoulders, the pearlescent skin of his chest.

He’s staring so shamelessly that it takes a gentle nudge from Yoongi to realise he’s being spoken to, and the elder has the good graces not to tease Jungkook, though he’s blushing a little.
"Sorry - what?"

"I said," Yoongi reprimands playfully. "That waitress is on her way over. Let's give her something to stare at."

Jungkook isn't entirely what the elder means and blinks confusedly for a moment, before Yoongi's hand reaches for his over the table, intertwining their fingers and smoothing his thumb over Jungkook's knuckles. Surely, he's going to burst into flame. His shirt is suddenly far too tight, perspiration gathering at his nape like gasoline, and Yoongi's igniting touch is far, far too close for comfort.

He doesn't even notice when the waitress arrives, only looking up once Yoongi speaks, greeting her warmly as though he can't see the way her mortified gaze is fixated on their joined hands. Without being prompted, he rattles off the name of some expensive-sounding wine followed by their lengthy list of food, and the waitress seems to have glitched, staring blankly at them before jumping and quickly scribbling down their order with a beetroot-red face.

"I think that's everything," Yoongi says thoughtfully, leaning towards Jungkook with a suddenly warm expression. "Did you want anything else, gorgeous?"

Jungkook chokes, on what must be his own spit, or air, or perhaps just sheer shock, and hides his burning face in his forearm, spluttering for breath. Distantly, he feels Yoongi's free hand patting his arm, hears the elder chuckling fondly, but he's struggling to focus on anything what with the hot, churning, tightening in the pit of his stomach. God, he wants to hear Yoongi call him that word over and over again, wants to hear that word grumbled first thing in the morning and whispered last thing at night, wants to hear all the other things Yoongi might come to call him.

It takes a great deal of effort to yank his consciousness back to the restaurant.

"Oh, dear," Yoongi coos, his hands smoothing over Jungkook's exposed wrists. "Perhaps some water for the table?"

The waitress makes to move away, still somewhat scandalized, and whilst she's still within earshot, Yoongi decides to hammer the final nail into the poor girl's coffin.

"Are you okay, baby?" he whispers, a very staged, carrying whisper, and if Yoongi hadn't been distracted momentarily by the waitress noisily dropping her notepad, he might've heard Jungkook's desperate, knee-jerk whimper at the elder's words.

Still spluttering, his eyes watering, his cheeks burning, all blood in his body rushing south and his stomach roiling painfully, Jungkook manages to fix Yoongi with his best scowl. "Are you trying to fucking kill me?" he snaps, somehow resisting the urge to pull his hand out of the elder's grasp.

"Not just yet," Yoongi mumbles, his dark eyes glittering with mischief. He lifts Jungkook's hand to his mouth and gently kisses the boy's knuckles, prompting yet another round of spluttering, before he seems satisfied, having done enough damage, and withdraws his hands to fold them innocently on his lap.

The bottle of wine arrives rather promptly, by a new server, they both notice, and Yoongi wastes no time in pouring a pair of large glasses for them. Jungkook, still kind of hoping the ground will swallow him up, busies himself with drinking a probably socially unacceptable amount in one gulp, though Yoongi doesn't react beyond a quirked eyebrow. He seems to pick up on Jungkook's indignation and prattles on for a while, people watching, pointing out sights of interest around the room and trying to coax a smile out of the younger. Thankfully, he doesn't seem to mind Jungkook's
silence, that infuriating smirk still curling his lips and his eyes flashing with something that makes the younger boy's stomach jump. He knows exactly what he's doing to Jungkook, and Jungkook kind of fucking hates him for it.

And then the food arrives, and all thoughts of hatred are swiftly driven from his mind.

He does try to tone it down a little, he really does, but Jungkook’s never been very good at self-restraint. He all but inhales his coconut rice, demolishes a sizable portion of the sides, and doesn’t even pretend to protest when Yoongi insists on piling more duck on his plate. The elder seems amused, if anything, watching Jungkook fondly as he unabashedly stuffs his cheeks like some kind of crazed, starving hamster.

Jungkook doesn’t have a chance to feel self-conscious; within a few minutes of their meal arriving, Yoongi reaches out with a napkin folded around his finger, wiping the corner of the younger’s mouth. “You eat so well,” he coos, his pretty lips struggling to hold back the smile threatening to break loose.

It’s around half an hour later that Jungkook finally slumps back in his seat, admitting defeat. “Oh my God,” he groans, rubbing his stomach. “That was insanely good.”

Yoongi laughs gently, nudging Jungkook’s knee with his own, and even this small movement makes the younger boy whine in discomfort. “Want another bottle?” Yoongi asks, gesturing to the now-empty bottle of wine between their plates. Jungkook hadn’t even realised they’d finished. He nods, a little bit too full to speak, and Yoongi waves over a waiter.

Once their table has been cleared and they’ve been supplied with another healthy dosage of wine, Jungkook finds himself more relaxed than he’s been all week, warm and full and completely content. Yoongi is spinning his wine glass between his fingers, glancing up at Jungkook every few moments with something affectionate and shy shimmering in his eyes. Jungkook’s having real trouble focusing on anything other than his date; it’d be a lot easier if Yoongi stopped running his hands through his hair, or tugging his plush lower lip between his teeth, or staring at him with those fucking eyes.

“Stop staring at me,” Jungkook grumbles, all too aware of the tips of his ears burning self-consciously. “You’re supposed to be getting drunk.”

Yoongi chuckles, scratching his neck and taking a reluctant sip. “But wine gets me drunk so quickly. You’ll be carrying me home,” he whines, leaning his elbows onto the table and pouting at the younger boy.

“I absolutely won’t,” Jungkook protests. “I’m the one who’s had a bad week. And anyway, wine gets me drunk easily, too. My parents never let me have a glass with dinner, I’d always get really rowdy.”

The elder laughs a little harder at this, his nose scrunching up in a way that makes Jungkook’s stomach do a stupid sort of flip. He notices that Yoongi covers his mouth when he laughs this hard, hiding the stunning openness of his smile, and without thinking, he reaches out, tugging the elder’s hand away.

“Don’t do that,” Jungkook says, frowning. “Isn’t fair.”

The alcohol in his system is making him reckless and brave, he knows that, and tomorrow he may well wake up cringing himself to death, but something about Yoongi’s expression makes it worthwhile. He blushes, ducking his head and weakly trying to tug his fingers out of Jungkook’s, but his eyes are warm and soft, his lips still curved sweetly like he can’t help but smile. Jungkook
watches the elder scramble to change the subject.

“Wh-what are your parents like? Your family?” he asks, shyly glancing up at Jungkook as he more firmly links their fingers together, only this time, it isn’t for show.

Maybe it’s silly, but the fact that it’s Yoongi bothering to ask, taking an interest in Jungkook’s home life even though it’s their second date and he has absolutely no reason to, is making the younger’s heart pound against his ribs. He swallows thickly, trying to gather his thoughts beyond Yoongi’s calloused fingertips moving against the back of his hand.

“They’re, uh – the same as any other family, really. There’s me, my mom and dad, and my hyung; he’s in the military. And my dog, Cloud,” Jungkook grins at this last mention. He fucking loves his dog.

“You get on well with them?” Yoongi asks, smiling softly.

Jungkook shrugs one shoulder, busying himself with refilling their glasses. “Not always. It’s better now,” he replies vaguely. He tries to avoid Yoongi’s questioning gaze, he truly does, but the elder is annoyingly persistent. Jungkook sighs before reluctantly going into further detail. “So, I mentioned that growing up I was always good at everything. I think that made my parents expect a lot from me. Dad wanted me to be an athlete, mom wanted me to be a doctor, or an entrepreneur, or something. Hyung resented me for a long time.”

He pauses at this, the memory still a little difficult to swallow. Yoongi’s fingers tighten around his and he looks up into the elder’s concerned face, so attentive and so gorgeous. “That’s rough.”

Jungkook shrugs again. “When I told them I was majoring in art, it caused a huge argument. They thought I was going to end up wasting my life, amounting to nothing,” he grumbles, staring at the way the dim lighting reflects off the curve his wine glass. He knows it’s a bit of a deep subject for such an early stage of their relationship, but Yoongi is listening, to every single word he says, and now he’s started, he can’t seem to stop. “They’ve only recently come around. Dad doesn’t like to talk about it with me, but mom is making more of an effort. Asks about my recent projects, gets me to send her photos. Hyung even bought me art supplies before he enlisted.”

Yoongi’s expression has softened, watching Jungkook brighten with pride. The elder doesn’t say anything for a while, and Jungkook wonders if maybe he’s made things awkward, but Yoongi’s fingers remain firm around his. “Well done, though,” he says quietly. Jungkook tilts his head, questioning. “For sticking it out. Not everyone would have.”

There’s far too much attention on him, and the burning in his ears has returned, so Jungkook drinks more wine and leans forward, towards the gorgeously pale boy before him. “What about your family, what are they like?” he asks, hoping to lighten the mood.

Yoongi grimaces, laughing humourlessly. “I wouldn’t know, these days,” he says, and Jungkook’s heart sinks. “A similar situation to yours but without a happy ending. They cut me off when I majored in music. In retrospect, I probably shouldn’t have come out in the same argument, but that can’t have helped.”

Jungkook doesn’t know what to say. Him liking men was the least of his parent’s worries, thankfully, and he had no real experience of such intolerance beyond a few brief interactions with ignorant, hate-filled strangers. He sets his wine down, taking Yoongi’s hand between both of his. The elder is doing his best to make light of it, to keep the pain from his face, but Jungkook sees it, in the darkness of his eyes and in the slight downturn to his perpetual pout. It doesn’t feel nice to see Yoongi’s unhappiness.
“My hyung has recently reached out, we keep in touch now,” Yoongi says, raising his eyebrows and trying to smile. “He finished his service last year. He works back in Daegu, close to mom and dad. It was tough, at first, but it’s much easier now. I almost had to drop out – my music was really struggling with the stress of it all, and starting afresh here had me really, really fucking broke. Couldn’t afford the right equipment. That’s why – uh, that’s why I – do what I do.”

He colours a little at this admission, ducking behind his wine glass and taking a fortifying gulp. Jungkook swallows thickly, trying to both dismiss the lump in his throat from Yoongi’s words and trying not to freak out at the closest they’ve come to discussing their line of work. He had no idea that Yoongi has had such a difficult time, had to fight through so much to get to where he is, to even study. Jungkook is in real danger of doing something stupid, like wrapping his arms around the elder and refusing to let go, like welling up with tears and telling Yoongi how proud he is, so he does his best to break the tension.

“I just do it because I’m a slut,” he says brightly, and Yoongi chokes on a sharp intake of breath around another mouthful of wine, coughing and laughing, his cheeks a furious red. Jungkook notices, with a lurch of affection, that Yoongi doesn’t attempt to cover his wide smile.

It was meant to make the elder laugh, and Jungkook is rather proud for having achieved that, but he hadn’t anticipated Yoongi’s deep, steadying breaths once he has recovered, the slow heaving of his chest and the way his eyes flicker over Jungkook, over the column of his throat and over the movement of his tongue against the juncture of his lips. It makes Jungkook’s skin erupt with gooseflesh, makes him set alight at the attention, at the openness of the elder’s gaze, all over him. He hadn’t expected this, but he isn’t complaining; far from it.

Yoongi is making a tremendous effort to calm himself down, almost biting his lips red raw with restraint – the image alone is doing horrendous things to Jungkook’s imagination – and after a moment, he finishes his wine and pulls out his phone. “You mentioned you have a dog,” Yoongi says, quirking an eyebrow. Jungkook nods. “No offense, but I bet my dog could kick your dog’s ass.”

They spend perhaps another hour in the restaurant, bickering playfully about their dogs, showing one another pictures and planning a Cloud vs. Holly showdown. Jungkook regretfully has to admit that Yoongi’s dog is pretty fucking cute, all soft, auburn curls and huge puppy eyes. When the elder doesn’t burst out laughing at Cloud’s snaggleteths, Jungkook decides then and there that Yoongi is boyfriend material.

It takes a little prompting from the wait staff, but Yoongi pays the bill, encouraging Jungkook to finish off the wine because ‘you’re the one who’s had a bad week, aren’t you?’ The younger is kind of flattered that Yoongi was so reluctant to leave their table, to put an end to their date; he’s had a really good time. His mood has lifted so significantly that he can barely remember why he was so grumpy to begin with. As they leave the restaurant, side by side, he isn’t even shy about taking Yoongi’s hand, his heart flipping in his chest when the elder smiles up at him and squeezes his fingers.

It’s stopped raining, at long last, though there’s a lingering chill in the air that has Jungkook doing his best not to shiver. Yoongi quickly orders them another Uber, and Jungkook watches the elder’s breaths drift away in the cold night air.

“It’s like, three minutes away,” Yoongi mumbles distractedly, pushing his phone into his pocket and looking up and down the street. When he turns to Jungkook, he raises an eyebrow; clearly, Jungkook isn’t fooling anyone. “Are you cold?”

“N-no,” Jungkook insists, cursing when his teeth chatter.
Yoongi rolls his eyes and takes a step towards the younger. He rubs his large, warm palms over the boy’s arms, clucking disapprovingly. “I’d offer you my jacket, but,” Yoongi pauses, trying to wrap his fingers around Jungkook’s bicep. “You’re kind of huge.”

Jungkook lets out a breath of laughter, purposefully flexing and watching, enraptured, as Yoongi bites his lip at the movement. “No, hyung, you’re just kind of tiny.”

The elder decides not to dignify this with a response, instead focusing on warming Jungkook up until their Uber arrives. Yoongi manhandles Jungkook into the car, grumbling that the younger will get sick, and Jungkook can’t even protest once the heavenly warmth of the vehicle envelopes him.

The journey home seems to take less time than the journey there, and Jungkook really has to try not to doze off. He’s just so warm, so comfortable and content, full of food and his veins still thrumming with the buzz of alcohol, his and Yoongi’s hands entwined together and resting on the elder’s thigh. Only Yoongi’s voice jerks him from his sleepy state, prompting him to sit up and stretch a little.

“Stop here, please,” Yoongi requests, raising his voice over the music. “I’ll be right back.”

They’ve stopped around the corner from Jungkook’s front door, as though Yoongi would rather they don’t have an audience for their goodbye, and Jungkook does his best to stifle the butterflies suddenly storming around in his chest. They clamber out of the vehicle and wander slowly around the building to the entrance, dragging their feet, hands shoved in their pockets.

Jungkook still feels a little buzzed, kind of clumsy, so he makes his way over to one of the parked cars in front of the building and leans against the side of the bonnet.

Yoongi raises an eyebrow, coming to stand in front of the taller boy, a careful distance between them. “You’ll get wet,” he mutters, nodding to the rain still pooling on the car. Jungkook shrugs; it isn’t like he’ll notice the feeling anyway.

Some strange confidence has overtaken him – probably a result of the wine, he did try to warn Yoongi – and prompts him to reach out, gently toying with the elder’s fingers. “I’ve had a really nice time, hyung,” he says quietly, watching the way their fingers twist together. “Thank you.”

Yoongi doesn’t reply, and when Jungkook looks up at him, he’s smiling, so widely and openly, and it’s absolutely dazzling. The streetlights overhead reflect the lingering mist in the air and surround Yoongi with a kind of buttery glow. His face is in shadow but his eyes still sparkle, somehow, as though lit from within. That smile - Jungkook doesn’t think he’ll ever get used to it, and it’s all he can do to smile back, as brightly and honestly as his hyung.

The elder takes another step closer, lifting his hand, and Jungkook feels the pad of his thumb pressing into the swell of his lower lip, gently dragging down. “You know,” Yoongi muses quietly, his eyes trained on Jungkook’s mouth. “You kind of look like a bunny when you smile like that. Those teeth.”

He isn’t sure what prompts him to do it, isn’t sure what madness overtakes him and replaces all sense, but he reaches out with his free hand, his fingers curling in Yoongi’s open blazer, and he tugs the elder closer still. Yoongi’s hand slides from his lower lip to his cheek, to his jaw, his fingertips toying with the piercing in his earlobe and his thumb brushing over his cheekbone. They’re so close now, so close, Jungkook feels like he could count the elder’s eyelashes, wonders why he’s never seen those pastel-pale freckles dusted over the apples of Yoongi’s cheeks.

With a final, firm tug of his hand, he closes the distance between them, and he barely hears Yoongi’s desperate huff of breath before their lips meet, soft and tentative and shy but jesus, so good, so long
overdue, and he forgets everything except the boy in front of him.

Yoongi is warm against him, warm and impossibly soft, and he holds Jungkook like he might break, like he doesn’t want to hold any tighter in case it’s been a dream all along. Jungkook pulls his other hand free and gently reaches for Yoongi’s waist, his fingertips chasing the warmth radiating through the elder’s thin shirt. He feels Yoongi’s arm snake around his neck and wrap around his shoulder as he leans a little more heavily into Jungkook and they’re completely flush, Yoongi’s hips tight between Jungkook’s knees, hearts hammering disjointedly against one another, and they both pretend not to notice.

The elder’s parts his lips and breathes Jungkook in, his tongue shyly smoothing over Jungkook’s lower lip. He can feel himself shaking, and maybe it isn’t because of the cold, but somehow Jungkook musters the courage to let Yoongi prise his lips apart, their tongues meeting gently, demurely, still so hot and wet and completely dizzying. Jungkook is glad that he chose to perch on the parked car; if he hadn’t, surely his knees would have given way by now.

Yoongi tastes like rain and wine, like woodsmoke and peppermint, and Jungkook doesn’t even realise he’s letting out a soft groan until Yoongi’s fingers are tightening where they grip onto him, until the elder is licking into his mouth with more confidence, more desperation. He could do this forever, Jungkook thinks idly, could spend hours, days figuring out every single noise he can draw out of the elder using only his lips, his tongue, memorising the taste, the feel of him beneath Jungkook’s fingertips. Yoongi kisses him so slowly, so thoroughly, so carefully, and it’s maddening and aching but good, so good, and he completely loses himself to the feeling.

He doesn’t know long it’s been when Yoongi pulls back, his hands curling in the collar of Jungkook’s shirt. All Jungkook can see, can make sense of, are the elder’s swollen, glistening lips, still inches from his own, so vexingly tempting.

It seems Yoongi is taking the moment to catch his breath, to steady himself, his forehead leaning against Jungkook’s, his eyes closed. Jungkook watches patiently, gently stroking the elder’s waist through his shirt, feeling much more inebriated than he did ten minutes ago.

When Yoongi opens his eyes, they’re pitch black, swirling and swarming dangerously, though his smile is soft. “You should get inside, you’ll catch a cold,” he whispers, his hands flattening over Jungkook’s collarbone, sliding down to rest on the younger’s chest. Jungkook doesn’t want the elder to stop touching him, maybe not ever. “I’ll text you, okay?”

Jungkook nods stupidly, too busy staring and focusing on Yoongi’s hands burning holes through his clothes. Yoongi smiles, leans forward, kisses him chastely, once, twice, and then he pulls away, his cheeks flushed and his lips still so swollen, and Jungkook just stares, just watches, as the boy walks away.

He isn’t sure how long he sits there after Yoongi is out of sight, but he hears the Uber pull away. It’s only when a window opens overhead and a deafening chorus of catcalls in three obnoxiously familiar voices fills the street that Jungkook gets to his feet, somehow finding the motivation to head upstairs and fucking murder his friends.

Chapter End Notes

♡ twitter ♡
Yoongi loves dogs. He’s always loved dogs. He loves his dog especially, his Holly, though he doesn’t get to see him all that often since his parents cut all ties. Sometimes his hyung will look after Holly for a weekend and send pictures, cute videos; sometimes he’ll even invite Yoongi over to see the auburn little bundle of curls and cuddles. Those weekends are good. He misses Holly.

He misses just the company of a dog, and more than once, he’s debated buying a dog of his own. It’d be nice to have someone to look after again, to cheer him up when he’s feeling a little down, to get him out of the house when he hasn’t left his desk in nearly three days. It’d be nice. A nice addition to his apartment.

Then again, Yoongi isn’t entirely sure why he’d bother, as he’s apparently already the owner of a puppy.

Jung fucking Hoseok has not stopped following him around the apartment and yapping like a hungry Pomeranian for the best part of two hours. Yoongi is about to fucking snap.

He sighs, again, having lost count of the number of times he’s done so, trying to carry out his chores with a kind of forced composure. He’s doing the dishes, his fingers trembling with irritation inside his marigolds. Hoseok, lingering like a bad fucking smell, is draped over the kitchen counter behind Yoongi, his head hanging upside down from the edge of the surface.

“Hyung, no word of a lie, we could hear the noise he made from the window,” Hoseok snickers. Yoongi doesn’t even glance at the younger, instead taking out his frustrations on a particularly stubborn patch of sauce on a plate. “What was that song you wrote – something about ‘tongue technology’? I always thought you were all talk, but apparently not.”

Yoongi hums idly, desperately hoping his roommate will pick up on his absolute disinterest in this conversation. He will quite happily discuss Jungkook and his date with Jungkook and kissing
Jungkook and Jungkook with anyone, for any length of time, but Hoseok is being the definition of the word ‘brat’. He should know better than to needle at his hyung for this long.

And yet.

“And when you walked away, hyung, when you walked away, he just sat there,” Hoseok says animatedly, gesticulating wildly in delight. “Just staring at you. If we hadn’t started yelling at him, he’d probably still be sat out there, heart-eyes and all.”

“You don’t say,” Yoongi replies flatly. He can feel the temperature of his face rising, no doubt turning beetroot-red at Hoseok’s words. He hadn’t realised Jungkook had sat there for so long after he’d left. Part of Yoongi wishes he’d stayed, just a little bit longer, maybe even all night – but no, Yoongi, you know better, you wanted to take it slowly, get a fucking grip.

“And then, when he came up to the apartment, you should’ve seen his face, hyung.”

“Seokie,” Yoongi interrupts, his voice sickly sweet. He abandons the plate and sponge in his grasp and resigns them to the depths of the basin, gripping the edge of the sink. “I’m going to need you to stop talking.”

He hears Hoseok right himself, chuckling softly, and glares over his shoulder to watch the younger lean his elbows on the kitchen counter. Yoongi pulls his marigolds off with threatening snaps, neatly folding them over the faucet.


Yoongi sighs, reminding himself that it is probably bad manners to beat the shit out of his best friend. “I’m going to bed now.”

Hoseok quirks an eyebrow, side-eyeing the clock hanging on the wall. “Uh-huh, sure. Five minutes to nine on a Thursday. Bed sounds likely.”

The elder curses under his breath as he feels his cheeks burning, betraying him, and Hoseok snickers knowingly.

Maybe he could trade his roommate for a dog. Surely they’d be worth around the same amount.

Yoongi grabs his phone from the kitchen counter beside Hoseok, refusing to look at the younger boy. “I’m tired. And you’re annoying.”

As the elder turns his back on Hoseok, heading for his bedroom, he (unfortunately) catches his roommate’s farewell.

“Try keep it down, yeah?”

Yoongi can’t possibly be held accountable for what he does next. It isn’t his fault that Hoseok left his weights right by Yoongi’s bedroom door, and he certainly can’t be blamed for flinging one of the fuckers in his roommate’s general direction. He hears a squawk of indignation and the younger boy disappears from view as he ducks, the dumbbell flying over his head and hitting the far wall with a heavy thud.

“Hyung!” Hoseok whines, clambering back to his feet. “What if that had hit me? Or knocked a hole in the wall?”

Yoongi shrugs. “I’d have paid for your medical bills. And to get the wall fixed.”
“You’re such a -” Hoseok begins, but Yoongi never finds out what he is, as he slams his bedroom door behind him over the younger boy’s wails.

He all but flings himself onto his bed and retrieves his laptop from beneath his pillow, impatiently booting the thing up. His brief altercation with his friend has him running a little late; sure, it doesn’t really matter if he’s a couple minutes behind schedule, but he doesn’t want to miss a single second if he can help it.

Yoongi impatiently opens his browser and opens the page to Jungkook’s stream, because yes, okay, he has it bookmarked, and drums his fingers on the mattress as he waits. He’s never felt such seething animosity towards the buffering symbol before, never felt so desperate just to see someone’s face, and it surely takes at least a month for the fucking page to load, and then –

**God,** it’s like he forgets how good Jungkook can look. The first thing he fixates on is the boy’s face, his eyes downcast, his eyelashes gorgeous and dark and thick over his cheekbones. That godforsaken mask covers his perfect lips but his skin is flushed a pretty, rosy pink. Yoongi actually forgets to breathe for a moment, staring shamelessly at Jungkook’s mask, imagining those sweet bunny teeth and those sinful plush lips. He’s reminded all too vividly that he’s actually had the privilege of kissing those lips, tasting them, and surely no one would blame him for losing himself to the memory for a moment or two.

And then – then he sees the rest of Jungkook.

The boy is wearing the usual unzipped hoodie paired with some dangerously low-riding sweatpants, his sleeves pushed up to his elbows. There’s just so much skin on display, golden and lean and softly muscled, that Yoongi feels himself getting a little dizzy at the sight. Jungkook seems to be in a teasing mood, gently stroking the outline of his hard cock through the fabric of his sweatpants. The boy fixates on the small damp patch over the head of his length, lightly rubbing his fingers over the wet material and hissing at the sensation.

It’s almost embarrassing how quickly Yoongi can feel himself hardening.

He glances over at the comments habitually, wondering what Jungkook’s audience makes of his seemingly slower pace this evening.

**wideawake:** love how wet you get baby

**goldennoona:** golds teasing us today~

**busanfirst:** take those offfff

Jungkook isn’t paying them any heed, none at all, too occupied in the movement of his hands, his eyes slightly glazed over and hooded. He looks so good, so completely filthy, and Yoongi can’t help but slip his hand beneath his sweatpants and gently wrap his fingers around his rapidly hardening length.

When the boy does finally look up, his gaze only distractedly wanders over the scroll of comments, his thumbs absent-mindedly hooking beneath his waistband and dragging the fabric down to his thighs. He’s wet, so wet, precum visibly leaking from the slit of his cock, and he wastes no time in covering his palm with the clear fluid.

“How’s this, hm?” he mumbles, his voice much deeper than it ever is in person, one eyebrow quirking arrogantly. Yoongi bites down on his lower lip to suppress a whimper. “You wanna taste? You want me to taste?”
There’s something so obscene about even the thought of that, Jungkook sucking his own precum from his fingertips, and Yoongi isn’t entirely sure he has the strength to witness such a thing and not come immediately. His grip tightens on his cock, willing himself to calm down, before he turns his attention back to the comments.

babynochu: vgnddfsvgkld did he just

foxberrie: god yes please tell us how it tastes

The boy smirks devilishly, palming his length once, twice, and then he lifts his hand to his face, gently pushing the mask out of the way before slipping a fingertip between his peony pink lips. The moan that filters through the speakers of Yoongi’s laptop is unrestrained, completely pornographic, and it sends tendrils of flame straight to the pit of the elder’s stomach. He takes a steadying breath, maintaining his tight grip on the base of his cock.

Jungkook’s fingers slip from his mouth with an obscene pop, his lips glistening with precum and saliva before they disappear from view behind the mask. “I’m not going to tell you how it tastes,” he growls, and Yoongi can hear the smirk in the younger’s voice. “You’re going to have to come here and find out.”

Something unpleasant curls in Yoongi’s chest. It’s silly, and completely unreasonable, but a strange, dark possessiveness is taking root inside him. He doesn’t want Jungkook inviting anyone over to pleasure him; that should be his job, and his job alone. A calmer, more rational part of his mind gently reminds him that it’s all an act, that Jungkook has pretty much confirmed that how he acts in his shows isn’t how he really is, but a dull roaring in Yoongi’s ears drowns that voice out.

Jungkook’s enjoying this. Low growls and moans slip from beneath the black mask he wears, his eyes fluttering shut every now and again and his free hand pressing half-moons into the flesh of his thigh. He’s paying too much attention to the comments, his eyes flickering back and forth as he slowly, teasingly strokes his cock. Yoongi wants that attention on him. Maybe Jungkook is distracted for a reason; maybe he wants some reassurance that Yoongi is watching, a comment or two, telling him how gorgeous he is.

Yoongi can do better than that.

Ignoring the sudden swarm of nervousness in his chest, Yoongi snatches up his phone from beside him on the bed, opens Jungkook’s contact details and presses call, making sure to act quickly so that he doesn’t second-guess himself.

He watches the younger boy jump as his phone vibrates on the desk beside his laptop, a look of panic flashing over the exposed half of his face. Jungkook leans up to read his phone screen and his eyes visibly darken, the apples of his cheeks flushing even further, his chest heaving as he takes a deep breath.

Jungkook picks up his phone, his fingers trembling a little on their advance, and answers the call.

Yoongi hears the boy panting down the line, first, the sound alone prompting him to move the hand still wrapped around the hot, hard flesh of his cock. It’s strange, seeing Jungkook through the screen and hearing him on the phone, knowing that the boy can’t see him, but there’s something oddly freeing about it. This provides enough distance for Yoongi to say what he wants to say, do what he wants to do, all without overstepping the boundaries they have so carefully structured.

“Kook,” he says, his voice coming out deep and gravelly with arousal, and he hears Jungkook whimper. The boy is staring at the camera as though hoping he’ll catch a glimpse of Yoongi, the
ministrations of his hand stilling. He looks so gorgeous, so pink and tense and ready to crumble at the slightest touch.

Yoongi hears him let out a trembling breath. “Hyung, you’re watching?”

“Mm,” the elder hums idly. His eyes rake over Jungkook’s body through the screen. He wants Jungkook to touch himself again, his attention fully focused on his hyung. “You look so good, Kook.”

The boy shivers pleasantly at the compliment, his cock twitching in his hand. Yoongi can see how wet he is, can see the precum dripping over his knuckles. God, he’s just never wanted so ardently, never wanted to taste something quite so badly. Maybe calling Jungkook was a ballsy move, but if the younger’s visceral reaction is anything to go by, it’s paying off.

“Why’ve you stopped?” Yoongi asks, eyeing Jungkook’s hand. He hears another shuddering breath, and then those long, strong fingers begin moving once more, sliding easily over the swollen flesh of the younger’s thick cock. Yoongi mirrors Jungkook’s speed, not daring to move any faster; if he loses focus for even a second, he’ll be in real danger of coming too soon.

“Are – are you –?” Jungkook gasps, gently twisting his palm around the tip of his cock.

“Am I what, bunny?”

Jungkook squirms, maybe at the nickname as well as having to speak the words aloud, and Yoongi finds that he loves having Jungkook at his mercy like this, although maybe that shouldn’t be so surprising. The younger’s cheeks flush even pinker, the colour spreading down over his neck and exposed collarbones. His skin is far too tempting, the lines of his softly muscled chest drawing Yoongi’s gaze down, making the elder imagine marking Jungkook’s pretty, flawless flesh with scratches and bruises.

“Are you – touching yourself?” he whines. His grip is tight around his phone, his knuckles white. He seems close, though it’s far too soon; his breath keeps hitching in his throat, his voice jumping higher and higher every time he speaks, his thighs trembling with effort.

“Of course,” Yoongi replies nonchalantly, and the younger whimpers, just the most filthy sound the elder has ever heard, and it makes him dig his thumbnail into the slit of his leaking cock. “How does it feel?”

Jungkook’s head drops back onto the headrest of his chair, his eyes drifting closed and his brows pulling together. Yoongi notices that the younger’s hand speeds up as he chases the pleasure, immerses himself in it, spoiling his cock as he pleases. “So good, hyung, so good,” he breathes, and his words are followed by a moan, long and low and unrestrained, unlike anything Yoongi’s heard out of him so far. His hand is moving quickly, the slick sounds audible through the laptop speakers. “Want – I want –”

“What do you want, Kook?”

“Mmm – want you here, hyung, want you to take c-care of me,” Jungkook pants, lifting his head with some difficulty and watching the movements of his hand, his thumb flicking out to catch the precum pooling on the underside of his cock. “Want you to make me come, want your – your hands –”

That thought seems to overcome Jungkook, his head falling back again and a stifled moan escaping him. Yoongi just watches, wonders what’s going through the younger’s head as he strokes himself.
Yoongi’s hand continues to move leisurely, teasingly, but Jungkook’s grip is tight and his pace is starting to lose rhythm, his thigh muscles flexing, his stomach tensing and rippling.

Rather belatedly, Yoongi realises the boy is going to fucking come.

“You close already, bunny?” Yoongi coos lowly.

Jungkook whimpers, nodding, his eyes scrunched shut. “I c-can’t help it, hyung, your voice, I’m gonna –”

“Stop.”

Yoongi isn’t entirely sure what he expects, but it isn’t for Jungkook to release his cock at once, his eyes glazing over with something docile and obedient, his chest still heaving. He doesn’t seem to realise what he’s done, blinking blankly at his laptop for a moment or two. It isn’t what Yoongi expected, but he isn’t complaining; far from it, in fact. He’d never have guessed Jungkook, filthy-mouthed, muscled Jungkook, would have such a latent submissive side. That’s definitely something to remember.

“Wh-what -”

He’s stammering, looking confusedly between his hand and the webcam, as though seeking answers. Yoongi can still see the precum glistening and stringing between the boy’s fingertips and the sight sends something hot swooping into his abdomen, his cock twitching in his grasp.

“Good boy, Kook,” he purrs, watching Jungkook gulp in response. “Going to be a good boy for hyung?”

Jungkook nods, his wet hand hovering in mid-air as though awaiting permission to touch himself once more. “Y-yes.”

“Say the words.”

“I’m going to be a good boy for hyung.”

“Okay, Kookie, you can touch yourself again, but you aren’t going to come until hyung does, right?” Yoongi says. Honestly, he isn’t entirely sure he isn’t overstepping a mark here, but Jungkook visibly shivers at his hyung’s words and slowly, shakily wraps his fingers around his length.

He exhales at the sensation, his head tipping back and his eyes closing. “Yes, hyung.”

Yoongi feels like he should be awarded some kind of medal for not completely losing his fucking mind over the sight before him. The boy is just to die for, a pearly sheen of sweat over his collarbones and chest that Yoongi wants to lather with his tongue, all flexing muscles and smooth, golden skin, and he’s actually doing what Yoongi says, teasingly stroking his cock for his hyung. How the elder hasn’t come yet is a fucking miracle, and he daren’t move his hand any faster, drawing out the pleasure bit by bit. He’s hard, achingly so, and desperate to come, but he doesn’t want this to end, doesn’t want to stop hearing those gorgeous huffs of breath and gentle moans, doesn’t want to stop watching the beautiful boy unravel on the other side of the laptop screen.

“Tell me what you’re imagining,” Yoongi says lowly, trying to distract himself. “Tell everyone watching what you want hyung to do to you.”

Jungkook whimpers, his gaze helpless. “I want hyung’s hand on – on – on me,” he breathes. His cock is so hard it looks almost painful, flushed a deep red, visibly straining and desperate for release.
“I want hyung to talk to me whilst he touches me.”

Yoongi’s stomach flips and he groans at the thought. His eyes close as he is momentarily overcome with images of Jungkook’s cock in his hand, the boy’s skin beneath his fingertips, those gorgeous whines and whimpers against the shell of his ear. “God, that’s so fucking hot,” he growls, burning pleasure shooting through his veins and coiling in his stomach. “You like hearing my voice, bunny?”

The boy’s cock leaks at his words as Jungkook squirms in his seat, his thighs tensing and un-tensing. It seems to be a struggle for him to keep his head upright, his hand trembling around his length as though he’s really trying hard not to give in to it, not to lose himself to the pleasure. “Nnn-ah, hyung, yes –”

“You remember what I said about coming before me, don’t you?”

“I won’t, I won’t, just – oh, talk to me hyung please please –”

“Fuck,” Yoongi hisses under his breath, teasing the sensitive, pulsating head of his cock, and he can fucking feel his balls tightening already, can feel the heat stretching and straining in his abdomen. “Look so gorgeous, Kook, so good, and your dick’s so pretty, baby. Hyung’s so hard for you.”

Jungkook’s head drops back once more and he seems to go a little boneless, his moans running into each other, his breaths grating in his throat. “I – I’m close again, hyung, please,” he pants, near enough sobs, the sound shooting straight to Yoongi’s cock.

“Not yet, bunny, hands off,” the elder coos softly, watching the boy’s desperation and loving it.

“H-hyung – I’m –”

Jungkook doesn’t stop. He barely seems to have heard his hyung, his jaw falling slack and his eyes scrunching shut. Yoongi steels himself.

“I said hands off.”

The boy’s hand flies off his cock like it’s burning hot, coming to rest over his heart, helpless, frustrated whimpers escaping him. His cock twitches pitifully but he doesn’t come; Yoongi can only imagine the amount of effort that required.

“That was cheeky, Jungkook. Nearly disobeyed me,” Yoongi says lowly. Jungkook doesn’t reply, still panting, his eyes closed tightly. “Take off your clothes.”

One pretty, dark eye opens and glares at the camera. “What?”

“C’mon, baby. Take them off for hyung.”

Jungkook takes a deep, steadying breath, fixing the camera with an icy scowl that makes Yoongi chuckle, before he rests the phone on his desk. He lazily kicks off his sweatpants, a little clumsy with need and exhaustion, and Yoongi gets completely distracted by the sight of the boy’s thighs. They’re just impossibly sculpted, thick in the best way, probably the best canvas he’s ever seen, and he wonders how many blossoming bruises Jungkook would let him suck into all of that lean, golden flesh. Then, the boy is shrugging off his hoodie, his broad shoulders and curved biceps and tiny, tiny fucking waist coming into view.

This might have been a mistake.

Yoongi’s grip on the base of his cock is like a vice, willing himself not to come on the spot.
Jungkook picks his phone back up, oblivious and irritated, huffing down the line as soon as it’s by his ear once more.

“R-read the comments, Kook, out loud,” Yoongi gulps weakly, needing a moment to calm down. “Tell me what everyone’s saying about you.”

Jungkook settles back in his seat, one hand resting over his stomach, his attention turning to the laptop screen. He blinks a couple of times as though struggling to focus and, even in this situation, Yoongi experiences a minor explosion of oh my god what the fuck how cute.

“Um,” he begins, his nose scrunching. “I’m – I’m going to come just from looking at hi-his body’, th-that’s one.”

“Okay, keep going.”

His mask shifts as he smiles, his eyes sparkling mischievously as he reads another comment. “That hyung of yours better treat you good and make you come hard’. Did you catch that, hyung?”

Yoongi chuckles, rolling his eyes. “No need to worry about that, bunny. One more.”

Jungkook swallows thickly, his gaze flickering as he scrambles to make sense of the blur of comments. “Everyone’s jealous of you, hyung, want my attention on them and not you,” he mumbles amusedly, and Yoongi’s stomach flips pleasantly. He couldn’t care less about the audience, but hearing Jungkook admit that his attention is fixed on the elder – that’s nice to hear. “Here’s one -’want you to come for us, nice and loud, all over yourself, like a good boy’.”

“You think I should let you come?” Yoongi muses.

Jungkook’s manner changes instantaneously, the amusement and impatience disappearing from his pretty face to be replaced by desperation, submission, those gorgeous eyes wide and imploring.

“Young, please, please, I’ve been a - a good boy like you asked,” he begs at once.

Jesus. This side to Jungkook is so unexpected that Yoongi isn’t entirely sure he’ll ever get used to it. He gulps again, gently twisting his palm around the sopping skin of his cock, so hot and hard that it feels ready to burst. “Okay, baby, you can touch yourself. Wait for hyung though, yeah?”

The younger doesn’t wait to reply, his hand immediately wrapping around his length again, and he sighs at the relief of contact. He doesn’t move too quickly, wanting to obey his hyung, but there’s just so much precum on the boy’s cock and on his hand that the sound is obscene, wet and slick and loud.

“You’re driving me crazy, Kook,” Yoongi breathes, matching his pace to Jungkook’s. The movement is almost painful, after so much denial and neglect, his cock overly-sensitive and desperate for attention.

Jungkook’s head lolls to one side, trapping the phone between his ear and his shoulder, and his free hand drifts down to his stomach to scratch hard over the gently flexing muscles of his stomach, the lines staining his flesh a white that slowly deepens to an aching red. His palm closes around the head of his cock with every upstroke, the sound of suction so filthy to Yoongi’s ears but Jungkook seems beyond caring.

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“Please,” he whispers, his eyes squeezing shut for a moment and then gazing into the camera. Yoongi realises with a jolt that the boy’s on the verge of tears, and fuck, that shouldn’t be as hot as it is. “Are – ah, are you close?”
Of course Yoongi’s fucking close, he’s been close since the second Jungkook answered the phone. Whatever herculean self-restraint he’s been temporarily blessed with, he’s thankful for it. He finally, finally lets his hand move that little bit faster, gliding easily thanks to the indecent amounts of precum he’s leaked all over his himself, his head falling back against his headboard with a ‘thunk’. “So close, baby,” he replies through gritted teeth. He has to will himself to keep his eyes open, focused on Jungkook, who is just seconds away from falling apart entirely.

“Can I come?” Jungkook asks, a tremor in his voice. His free hand is now digging into the flesh of his inner thigh, so hard he’s in danger of breaking the skin. “Please hyung, please, tell me I’m a good boy and tell me to come.”

Yoongi moans helplessly as he lets out a breath, Jungkook’s words knocking the air out of his lungs. The coil in his stomach is so tight, so tight it will break any second, but he has to watch Jungkook first, needs to –

“Bunny’s been so good for me, such a good boy,” he pants, his hand tight and wonderfully wet and hot around his cock. He’s so fucking close his vision blurs, his mind fogs, his heart pounds. “Go on, come for me, come for hyung –”

Barely a second later, he does, his hand stilling and his back arching so beautifully, his impossibly narrow waist flexing, and the sensation must be so very, very much for the poor boy that he can barely whimper as he comes, spurts of white coating the hard planes of his chest and his stomach. He’s trembling, from head to toe, his hand Shakily drawing the pleasure out of his cock so slowly, so torturously, and Yoongi is so focused that when his own orgasm hits him, it’s with a gasp of surprise. The elder comes hard, his head dropping forwards and then throwing back against the headboard, and he can’t be sure, but he thinks he whines Jungkook’s name.

When he recovers, Jungkook is still lazily stroking his length, his lower lip tugged between his teeth. “Hyung,” he breathes, sated, fucked out, so beautiful.

“Good boy, bunny,” Yoongi pants, melting back into his bed. Jungkook smiles, and though the younger can’t see it, Yoongi can’t help but smile back. “You did so well.”

Jungkook’s gorgeous smile widens, his pretty bunny teeth making an appearance, and he pulls the phone away from his ear, still gnawing at his lower lip as he ends the call. The boy seems embarrassed now he’s left alone with his audience, scratching at his nape as he leans towards the screen.

“Uh – that was different,” he mumbles, laughing shyly. “I’ll, uh – see you next week.”

He throws up his usual sideways peace sign and then the stream ends, the comments still blurring past with a confused jumble of what looks like envy, anger and thirst.

lottieco: who was that guy I need to know

goldennoona: he likes men am I dreaming

busanfirst: gold baby please show us your hyung

daffyx: WHAT JUST HAPPENED

Yoongi grins, pushing his laptop away and pulling a box of tissues from his bedside table. He’s a little clumsy, his movements heavy and his mind still a little dazed, so he isn’t entirely sure how much later it is when he hears three quick raps on his bedroom door.
“Thought I told you to keep it down, you slut.”

It’s nearing midnight, and Yoongi’s fucking exhausted, but he’s got far too much work still ahead of him to call it a night yet. He pushes his glasses up onto his head and rubs his dry, sleepy eyes, blindly reaching for his flask of coffee (black, sweet, ice-cold).

He’s in his makeshift studio in his apartment, the converted third-bedroom that he’d managed to bully Hoseok into letting him monopolise for his music. It’s not that big, not really, but he’s filled the space with all of his equipment, paid for with his own hard-earned money (ahem). His equipment isn’t top-of-the-range, not by a long shot, and he still makes use of the studios on campus, but this is enough to save him from too many late nights in the drafty, high-ceilinged rooms of the music department.

And besides, this is his studio, so he can decorate it as he sees fit. No matter what Hoseok says, Yoongi rather likes his little Kumamon figurines.

Opting to take a small break, he picks up his phone, seeing he’s missed a few text messages from Jungkook. His stomach flips a little at just the sight of the younger’s name – god, he’s whipped – and with more haste than is necessary, he unlocks his phone, opening his conversation with Jungkook.

Jungkook-ah [23:24] hows your night going hyung?

Jungkook-ah [23:36] I guess hyungs working hard~ wish I was TT

Jungkook-ah [23:49] q: do you know if ‘my hyungs are annoying me’ would stand up as a proper motive for murder in court

Yoongi laughs, pressing the ‘call’ button and lifting the phone to his hear. Jungkook answers almost immediately.

“Hey, hyung,” the boy says, lacking some of his usual enthusiasm. “You okay?”

“Yeah, Kook, just saw your messages,” Yoongi replies, reclining comfortably in his chair. He’ll never get tired of the sound of Jungkook’s voice. “Sorry, been working. Everything alright?”

The younger huffs with frustration, pausing before he replies. “I don’t want to bother you, hyung, not if you’re working.”

“C’mon, what’s up?” Yoongi prompts gently.

“I just – I have a project due on Monday and I’m trying really hard to work on it, but Taehyung and Jimin are fucking hammered,” he whines. “Not even for any reason! And they’re just being so loud. I’m so worried I won’t be able to finish it, hyung. I just needed to – I don’t know, complain to someone.

Yoongi pushes his lips to the side thoughtfully, hesitantly. He’s not sure if this is too forward, but seeing as he had phone sex with the younger not two days ago, it’s probably safe to offer. “I mean – you could come study here, I’m just in my studio and there’s a sofa and a table,” he mumbles, feeling, for some reason, a little shy. “I won’t be much fun, but I have a shit-ton of coffee. And
Hoseok won’t bother you.”


“Of course not,” Yoongi replies, breathing a little easier. “Just let me know when you’re here and I’ll let you in.”

“Hyung!” Jungkook yelps happily, and Yoongi chuckles, leaning away from the phone at the sudden increase in volume. “You’re the best! Holy shit, I could kiss you – no, I will kiss you. You’ve literally saved my life.”

Yoongi’s grinning, so wide his cheeks ache, and maybe he’s a little pink, too, though he’d never admit it. “Bring some ramen and we’ll call it even.”

“Yes, hyung! Be there soon!” Jungkook chirps, and then the line goes dead.

Thankfully, Yoongi’s still dressed from earlier, an oversized sweater, a pair of ripped jeans and a beanie saving him from looking too homeless in front of Jungkook. He gets to his feet with the intention of putting a fresh pot of coffee on for the younger boy, and to make sure Hoseok didn’t leave the apartment in a state of utter disarray before his night out clubbing with his dance class.

He’s still tidying when his phone buzzes from his back pocket, several of his roommate’s shirts thrown over one arm and an empty cup of ramen in his hand.

Jungkook-ah [00:19] here, hyung! could you buzz me in? or shall I spiderman the shit out of this building?

Yoongi snorts, shaking his head, steadying the cup between his forearm and his belly as he replies.

sent to Jungkook-ah [00:20] I’m gonna call your bluff, you can spiderman

All the same, he walks to the door and presses the intercom, letting the younger in. Hurriedly, he drops the ramen cup into the trash and flings Hoseok’s clothes through his bedroom door, slamming it closed behind him. He isn’t sure why he’s so skittish; he’s been to Jungkook’s apartment, and he didn’t really notice what state it was in. Then again, the boy in question had been prettied up like a fucking meal, all for him, so perhaps he was a little distracted.

There’s a quiet knock on the front door and Yoongi rushes to answer it.

As he opens the door, he’s greeted with the very welcome sight of Jungkook, bouncing on his heels, a rucksack thrown over one shoulder and a shopping bag in one hand. The boy is beaming brightly, all crescent eyes and sparkling bunny teeth, and Yoongi all but melts then and there. He steps aside, letting Jungkook pass.

“I wasn’t sure what ramen you like, hyung, so I bought them all,” he announces triumphantly, handing the bag to the elder as he kicks off his boots

Yoongi chuckles, taking the bag and moving to drop it onto the kitchen counter. “Want some coffee? Fresh pot.”

Jungkook groans, only a little bit indecently. “Oh my God, please.”

“Studio’s through there,” Yoongi smiles softly, nodding towards his open studio door. Jungkook waddles out of the room as Yoongi busies himself with pouring two mugs of coffee, trying to pretend he isn’t hyperaware of the fact that a ridiculously gorgeous boy is in his studio, making sweet
little sounds of interest that carry through to the living area.

When he follows the younger into the smaller room, kicking the door shut behind him, Jungkook hasn’t moved from the centre of the space, staring open-mouthed at Yoongi’s equipment. He turns at the sound of the door, starry-eyed and just. Gorgeous. Even in his plain white t-shirt and sweatpants. Especially so.

“This is so cool, hyung,” he says, amazed.

Yoongi grins, setting Jungkook’s mug down on the coffee table by the sofa and moving to place his on his desk. “Thanks,” he replies, not bothering to be humble. He’s fucking proud of his home studio, and rightly so. God only knows how much money’s worth of equipment sits in this room. “I’m going to have my headphones in, so grab me if you need anything, okay?”

Jungkook takes a moment to reply, and when he turns to face the younger, he sees that the boy still hasn’t moved. There’s a strange, unreadable expression on his handsome face, and Yoongi is all the more aware of how small the room is, how little space there is between them.

“But hyung, I owe you a kiss,” Jungkook says lowly.

Yoongi gulps.

He doesn’t move – isn’t entirely sure that he can move, for that matter – and so Jungkook takes the first step, slowly moving towards the elder until there’s barely a hand span between them. This close, he can smell Jungkook’s perfume, something floral and woodsy, and he catches himself inhaling deeply, leaning towards the boy. A hand wraps around his hip, gently tugging him closer, until he has to catch himself by planting his palms firmly on Jungkook’s muscled chest. His mouth is dry, far too dry, and when he looks up into Jungkook’s dark, starry eyes, he has to remember to breathe.

The boy’s other hand snakes around his nape, firm and comforting, his fingertips gently tangling into the hair poking from beneath his beanie. Jungkook’s staring at his lips, moving so slowly to close the distance between them, and when the younger slots their lips together carefully, gently, Yoongi’s fingers curl in the material of Jungkook’s shirt.

It’s been maybe a week since they last kissed but god, it feels like longer, much longer. Yoongi feels like he hadn’t appreciated the sheer sensory experience that is Jungkook last time, hadn’t committed the cherry-sweet taste of the boy’s lips to memory, the feel of Jungkook beneath his hands, the warmth of the younger’s skin and breath. Jungkook’s lips move slowly but firmly, keeping the kiss chaste for the moment, but somehow still managing to take Yoongi apart entirely. The elder can feel his head swimming and his knees threatening to give way but he knows he won’t collapse, knows it would take a fucking army to pull him out of Jungkook’s grasp.

It’s Yoongi that loses patience first, needing more of Jungkook, more of that rosy, fruity taste on his tongue, and he cooly flicks his tongue over the boy’s cupid’s bow, the seam of his mouth, the swell of his soft lower lip. Jungkook lets out this sound, a rumble from deep within his chest that Yoongi feels beneath his fingertips, and his tongue meets Yoongi’s, gentle, hot, wet and so, so good.

Yoongi takes a deep breath through his nose, pulling Jungkook down to meet him a little more just as the younger wraps his arms fully around Yoongi’s waist, tugging the elder up onto his tiptoes. Jungkook kisses so carefully, so thoroughly, his tongue sliding against Yoongi’s slowly and consuming the elder’s senses altogether. He feels hot from head to toe, hot and kind of cloudy, like he might float away if he lets the kiss carry on, and so it is with great effort that he pulls back.

Jungkook’s lips are red and wet, his throat flushed a pretty baby pink, his eyes black, wanting, but he
smiles. He leans down, presses another chaste kiss to the elder’s lips, before he lets go, taking a step back and moving to the sofa.

“Thanks for the coffee, hyung,” he says quietly, and Yoongi can hear the tremor in his voice.

Granted, it takes a little while for Yoongi to remember how to focus once more, his mind still completely wrapped up in that kiss, but he manages to immerse himself in his songs, only distantly aware of Jungkook sitting behind him. He thought he’d be more distracted, but strangely, they work quite well together, both accustomed to the quiet and both comfortable in their companionship. Once or twice, Jungkook gets up for fresh coffee, wordlessly bringing the elder a mug with a smile and a kiss on the cheek, and once he even brings Yoongi a cup of ramen, letting the elder choose between black bean and shrimp.

It’s almost four a.m. when Yoongi finally admits defeat, pulling off his headphones and resting them on the desk. He stretches, his spine clicking satisfyingly in several places and his head swimming a little with the movement, before turning to face Jungkook.

The younger has dozed off on the sofa, his head lolling on his chest, a mechanical pencil still clutched between his fingers. His pink lips are parted, his hair falling into his eyes, and he just looks so fucking sweet and perfect that Yoongi is sorely tempted to take a picture – but no, Yoongi, you’ve been on two dates, don’t be weird.

He quietly moves over to Jungkook, taking the pencil from the boy’s grasp and moving the sketchbook from his lap. He crouches down, gently shakes the younger’s shoulder, his other hand reaching up to cradle Jungkook’s cheek.


Jungkook’s eyes open blearily, blinking in confusion once he spots Yoongi. “Hyung?” he mutters, then seems to remember where he is, rubbing his face with his hands. “Didn’t even realise I’d fallen asleep.”

“Did you get enough work done?” Yoongi asks, his thumb still soothing over Jungkook’s shoulder.

“Yeah,” Jungkook nods, his eyes resting on the sketchbook on the table. “Yeah, I can finish it tomorrow.”

“C’mon, you can take my bed,” Yoongi says, straightening up and holding a hand out to help Jungkook to his feet.

There’s a moment where Jungkook looks like he wants to say something, chewing on his bottom lip and hesitating as he often does, before he lets out a breath. “Okay, hyung. Thanks.”

Once Yoongi has seen the younger boy safely and happily to bed – in which Jungkook had almost immediately passed out with Yoongi’s Kumamon teddy, bless his heart – he heads to the sofa in his studio, pyjamas, blanket and pillows in tow. He doesn’t mind all that much; honestly, the sofa is pretty comfortable, and he’s spent too many nights in there to really mind.

As he settles down, he finds himself wondering what Jungkook had wanted to say to him, wondering if Jungkook had debated asking the elder to sleep with him that night. Yoongi is trying his best to be an advocate of moving slowly, he really is, and even if the younger had offered, Yoongi would have insisted – but still. The elder falls asleep to wonderful, comforting thoughts of Jungkook wrapped up in his arms, that floral scent surrounding him, and he hopes that the boy’s perfume clings to his bed sheets after he’s left.
Chapter End Notes

❤ twitter ❤
Chapter Notes

HI I KNOW I'M SORRY.
Life just - fucking happened, as it likes to do, and I had to take an impromptu break.
More for my own well-being than anything else. But I'M FINE and things are GREAT and I'm READY to annoy you all with this piece of shit.
Not much happens in this chapter - call it a warm-up - but next chapter is when it all starts to get kinda juicy.
Hope everybody's well!! I've missed you all loads!
A ton of you have already said hi on twitter which I LOVE so please if you haven't come and be my friend?!

♡ [twitter] ♡

Please leave feedback and take care til the next update! x

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

An autumnal chill has begun to creep into the air, just enough to prompt Jungkook to shrink into the comfort of his oversized hoodie. Every time somebody enters or exits the coffee shop by the door beside him, he feels a wash of enticingly warm air, and really, it’d make more sense for him to wait indoors, but he’s nothing if not stubborn.

It’s still fairly early in the morning for the majority of students to even be out of bed, and the few that have dared to venture clutch their coffees like a safety blanket, puffy-eyed and quiet. Jungkook wouldn’t be awake at this ungodly hour if it weren’t for his project deadline. Thankfully, he handed the pieces in first thing, and thoroughly intends to return to the safety of his bed – after he sees Yoongi, of course.

Jungkook’s incessant texting had managed to drag the reluctant elder from the depths of sleep, and he’d only been a little grumpy, brightening up fairly quickly once Jungkook promised to buy him an Americano the size of his head if he came to see his self-proclaimed ‘favourite dongsaeng’. So Jungkook waits, patiently, for the most part, refusing to give into the tempting warmth of the café because if he waits outside, he gets to see Yoongi sooner. Though, of course, he’d rather die than admit that to the elder.

It’s the same café in which they had first met face-to-face, a fact that had escaped Jungkook’s consciousness entirely until well after he’d made the plans with Yoongi. The knowledge makes him a little nervous, but it isn’t exactly unpleasant. Sure, it hadn’t been the smoothest of meetings, but Jungkook would never have expected that he and Yoongi would reach this point. Hell, he hadn’t even expected Yoongi to hand over his phone number. Jungkook knows they’ve only been on a couple of dates, and he knows that things are hardly set in stone but – well, he isn’t about to complain. Not one bit.

The rush of a passing bus jerks Jungkook from his reverie and he wraps his arms around himself, the cold pushing its way to the forefront of his mind once more. He turns, scanning the street for the sight of a familiar face, and sees, with an embarrassing flip of his stomach, the sleepy eyes and wind-bitten cheeks of his hyung.
Jungkook does his very best not to lose it altogether, but despite his best efforts, he’s fairly sure that if he had a tail, it’d be wagging at just the sight of Yoongi. The elder spots him, a shy, open smile lighting up his handsome face as he makes his way over to Jungkook. The significance of the location doesn’t seem to be lost on Yoongi, his cheeks pink with maybe more than just the cold as he greets Jungkook with a brief, gentle kiss.

“Hi,” Jungkook mumbles, flushing a little at the unexpected display of affection. Yoongi only smiles in response, holding the door open for Jungkook to pass.

Jungkook lets out a breath of relief as the warm, coffee-scented air envelopes him, the café quiet other than the sleepy hum of idle morning chatter. Yoongi guides Jungkook further into the room with a hand on the small of his back, leading them over to the counter. Though Jungkook orders Yoongi’s monstrous Americano and a cinnamon latte for himself, fully intending to make good on his earlier promise, Yoongi waves him away when he pulls out his wallet, swiping his card with a cheeky wink. Honestly, Jungkook is still too dazed from Yoongi’s good morning kiss to complain.

They find a table towards the rear of the café, the only other customer nearby a very panic-stricken student, bent low over her laptop and typing frantically. The second Jungkook sits down, Yoongi’s hand reaches out, his fingers wrapping loosely around the younger’s wrist and his thumb brushing over his skin.

“Well done for finishing your project,” he says quietly, calmly, in that voice of his that never ceases to send Jungkook into a minor meltdown. “You worked hard.”

Jungkook shivers pleasantly, both at the elder’s touch and the comforting timbre of his voice. His gaze drops shyly to the table, his hand shifting to lace his fingers with Yoongi’s. “Thank you, hyung,” he replies. Yoongi’s eyes sparkle fondly at him over the rim of his mug as he takes a fortifying gulp of coffee, a sigh escaping him when he rests the cup down.

“Hope you know I wouldn’t get out of bed this early for just anyone,” he grumbles, though his fingers tighten around Jungkook’s for a moment.

“I’m honoured.” Jungkook quirks an eyebrow. The cosiness of the room around them, of the plush chair beneath him and of Yoongi’s hand in his own is making him a little lazy, a little drowsy, and he settles back into the cushions behind him. “I’d never have finished it without your help over the weekend. When I got home Sunday morning, Taehyung and Jimin were still going. Even tried to get me to join them.”

Yoongi laughs, bright and pretty and open, and Jungkook notices that, for once, the elder makes no attempt to hide his smile behind his hand this. He isn’t entirely sure why, but this detail sends shivers down his spine and prompts a rush of affection for the dark-haired boy before him.

“Well, sometimes you need a friend to help you out, but you still did all the hard work on your own,” Yoongi says, having restrained his laughter long enough to reply. He takes another thoughtful swig of coffee before he goes on. “I remember back in my second year, I had this project due, a track that I hadn’t come anywhere close to finishing. It was due the next day but I had my – my show to do, you know, and I was so worried I’d just pass out and not finish the song. Seokie was so great, he told me to get on with my show whilst he ran out and grabbed me dinner and a ton of energy drinks. He literally saved my entire education.”

The elder always gets this look on his face whenever he talks about Hoseok, a kind of sparkling beneath his skin, and Jungkook usually loves it, he really does. As Yoongi continues on his spiel, however, something makes Jungkook’s heart sink into the pit of his stomach.
It isn’t that he’s jealous; Jungkook isn’t so insecure as to suspect something is going on between Yoongi and Hoseok. It’s just that the mention of him has brought to the surface thoughts and worries that Jungkook has tried very hard to ignore.

Yoongi had made several passing comments that revealed that he’d told Hoseok about his camshows some time ago, with thankfully positive results. Jungkook, however, has yet to tell Jimin and Taehyung, more out of fear than anything else at this point. Lately, Jungkook has realised that his need to keep that part of his life secret has impacted upon more than just his own happiness.

Hoseok, Jimin and Taehyung have become fast friends. More often than not, Jungkook will come home from class to the sound of Hoseok’s voice ringing through the apartment, either in person or in whatever multiplayer game the boys have been playing that day. Jungkook doesn’t mind; in fact, it makes his life a lot easier, his friends and Yoongi’s friends getting along. Sure, it means a little extra volume, a slightly busier apartment, but it’s nothing to worry about.

The thing is, it had escaped Jungkook until quite recently just how much his secret is affecting other people. Hoseok will have to watch what he says around his new friends, constantly having to make up stories to cover for what he really wants to say, for Jungkook’s secret, and it’s really starting to bother Jungkook that his secret is fast becoming a lie.

He wants to tell Jimin and Taehyung. Really, he does. He’s just terrified of what they might say, how they might react. They’re good to him, they’ve always taken care of him, but they’re known for being overly playful and excitable. Who’s to say they won’t take the whole thing as a huge joke and decide to spread it around campus to get back at Jungkook? Who’s to say they won’t dismiss the whole thing entirely and put Jungkook in an even worse situation?

“Kook?”

Yoongi’s gentle voice brings Jungkook back to reality with a guilty lurch of his stomach. He shakes himself a little, leaning towards Yoongi. The elder is still smoothing shapes into the back of his hand with his coarse fingertips. “Fuck, hyung, I’m sorry,” he says sincerely. “I completely zoned out. What were you saying?”

Yoongi smiles understandingly and shakes his head. “It’s alright. What’s the matter?”

Trust Yoongi to see right through him. Jungkook sighs, slumping over the table and pulling his latte closer for comfort. He has to remind himself that this is Yoongi. If he can trust anyone, anyone to point him in the right direction, it’s Yoongi.

“I just,” he breathes, struggling to find a place to start. Yoongi squeezes his hand, smiles comforting and settles back into his seat, sipping absent-mindedly on his coffee. Jungkook takes a deep, steadying breath. “I’ve been thinking that I need to come clean with Jimin and Taehyung. It’ll make everyone’s life a lot easier; it’ll mean Hoseok doesn’t have to tiptoe around them, it’ll mean I won’t have to lie to them about what I’m doing every Thursday, or about how I met you.”

Yoongi doesn’t seem surprised. He nods thoughtfully, his dark eyes flickering over Jungkook’s face. “I think it’s a great idea, but please don’t make a decision like this based on how you think you’re affecting other people,” he replies quietly. “Hoseok doesn’t mind, not at all.”

“Even so,” Jungkook insists. “I have to tell them. I want to tell them. I just don’t know how.”

The elder quickly glances around before lifting Jungkook’s hand and pressing a quick kiss to the younger’s knuckles. It’s a small gesture, and it’s almost sad that he needs to make sure nobody is looking their way, but Jungkook’s heart swells with affection all the same.
“When I told Hoseok, I think I was feeling how you must be feeling now,” Yoongi says, his voice low and careful. Jungkook’s heart is pounding; it’s always strange discussing their camshows, but moments like this make it a little easier, make Jungkook feel a little braver. “I’d convinced myself that he must already suspect something was going on and it was driving me crazy. I liked him, you know, I didn’t want to mess up what we had, but I had to be honest with him.”

“How did it go?” Jungkook asks. Yoongi’s never discussed this with him in detail before; honestly, he’d never really given it much thought. Yoongi’s friendship with Hoseok is unwavering, anyone can see that, and Jungkook can’t imagine the pair ever having even a disagreement.

“I mean, I was fucking terrified,” Yoongi grins sheepishly. “I’d built it up in my head to be this huge, life-changing thing. I was so sure Seok would kick me out straight away. But it was honestly great. He was shocked, sure, but he was really - supportive, you know? Really interested and calm. I’m so glad I did it.”

“S-so you think Jimin and Taehyung will be the same?”

“Can’t see why not,” the elder shrugs. “These are the boys that very nearly fucked in the middle of Namjoon’s party, right? I can’t see them being particularly prudish about this sort of thing.”

Jungkook snorts at the memory. That had certainly been an interesting way to further integrate Yoongi and Hoseok into his circle of friends. “Yeah, I guess.”

“Hey.” Yoongi reaches over the table with his free hand, gently tilting Jungkook’s chin up to meet his gaze. “They’re your friends. They love you. Everything will work out.”

Jungkook feels himself relax at the elder’s touch, his body going boneless and the anxiety roiling beneath his skin finally, finally ceasing. He trusts Yoongi; perhaps he’s known that for some time, but in that moment, the realisation hits him hard. He can give into Yoongi. He can let the elder take the reins and be completely, utterly happy with it. It’s – new, to say the least, but it isn’t unwelcome.

“Promise?” Jungkook pouts, maybe laying it on just a little.

Yoongi smirks, gently tugging Jungkook’s lower lip down with the pad of his thumb before withdrawing his hand. “I promise.”

Mollified, Jungkook nods, settling back into the cushions and sipping his sweetly spiced latte. He’s glad that he discussed this with Yoongi. He feels a lot better, a lot safer, and suddenly, the thought of having that conversation with his roommates doesn’t seem so scary.

“Speaking of your friends,” Yoongi says airily, though his voice is a little too high to be natural. He avoids Jungkook’s gaze, peering into his coffee and gnawing on his lower lip between words. “I, uh – Namjoon’s probably already told them, but I wanted to ask you myself – we’ve got a show this Saturday, Namjoon and I, performing some of our stuff, and – only if you wanted to, I mean, but it’d be cool if you could – uh, if you could come.”

Jungkook’s beaming before he even realises, leaning over the table and staring at Yoongi with rapt attention. “You’re performing? You mean you’re rapping? And I can come?”

Yoongi clears his throat, glancing up at Jungkook hopefully. “Y-yeah.”

“Hyung!” The younger squeaks, actually bouncing in his seat with excitement. “Oh my god, I’d love to! And Jimin and Taehyung can come?”

“Of course,” Yoongi grins, much more relaxed after seeing Jungkook’s enthusiasm, his cheeks pink.
“You really want to?”

“Yes!” Jungkook nods so hard that his chestnut brown hair flops down over his eyes and Yoongi laughs fondly. “That’ll be so cool, hyung, thanks!”

They don’t remain in the café for much longer, finishing their coffees and planning the coming weekend, though when they part it’s with lighter hearts than when they met. Jungkook’s skin still tingles in all of the places that Yoongi touched him, his hands, his fingertips, his lips, and he feels – just better, like he walks without burden for the first time in days.

Wordlessly, Yoongi tugs Jungkook past a few shop fronts until he finds a narrow passage between buildings, swathed in shadow and removed from the streets that are just beginning to fill with people.

“Hyung?” Jungkook says questioningly, tilting his head as Yoongi glances around them, but he doesn’t get a response.

The elder walks Jungkook backwards a step or two until his back gently hits the brick wall, leaning up to press their lips together with a firmness that suggests he’s been wanting to do that all morning. Jungkook hears the embarrassing little whimper of surprise that escapes him, but he isn’t about to complain, not when Yoongi’s hands are on his waist and the elder’s lips are warm, so warm.

Yoongi flicks his tongue over Jungkook’s lower lip and Jungkook gasps, his breath leaving him in clouds of white that hang in the air around them. He lets Yoongi deepen the kiss and curls his fingers in the collar of the elder’s jacket, keeping him close, chasing the body heat and the dizzying taste of Yoongi on his tongue. Yoongi kisses like he always does; slow, careful, so thorough that Jungkook’s knees are already beginning to tremble. He lets out another sound, a sigh of contentment, and Yoongi moans appreciatively against his lips, the noise vibrating beneath his fingertips.

Only when they run out of air is the kiss broken, their heated breaths colouring the autumn air a wintry white. Yoongi keeps Jungkook close, winding his arms around the younger boy’s waist and letting his gaze flicker over Jungkook’s face. Jungkook is fairly sure Yoongi must be able to feel his heartbeat against his own chest, pounding as it is; he isn’t used to being looked at like that, at those dark, feline eyes staring hungrily at his spit-slick lips.

Yoongi leans up once more, pressing a much sweeter, gentler kiss to Jungkook’s lips, and Jungkook wants it to last a lifetime longer than it does. The elder smiles, his fingertips brushing over Jungkook’s cheek as he releases him.

“I’ll see you soon, yeah?” he mumbles lowly, tugging Jungkook’s hoodie closer to his throat to keep him warm.

“Y-yeah, hyung,” Jungkook stammers weakly.

When Yoongi leaves the alleyway with a parting wave, flushed, pink cheeks and swollen lips that betray exactly what he’s just been doing, Jungkook remains for a moment or two longer, really needing that extra time to steady himself.

♡ ♡ ♡

Jungkook has no fucking idea what’s possessed him. It’s a stroke of lunacy unlike anything he’s ever experienced before. He’s insane. He’s insane and he’s lost his mind and he’s apparently hell-bent on making everybody around him aware of it. It’s the only explanation.

He just – he’d had innocent intentions, okay, he’d only taken a shortcut through that part of town because the events volunteers had chosen to meet up in some hipster vegan café about forty blocks
away from his building, it isn’t like he went there intending to buy something. He just so happened to have walked past this particular shop, and – it isn’t his fault that he saw something in the window that immediately made him think of Yoongi.

It’s insanity. That’s all it is. It’s Tuesday, the day of Yoongi’s show, and he’s insane.

But god, the elder would look fucking incredible with it. He really would. Just the thought makes Jungkook’s mouth water.

Somehow, his feet had brought him back to the main square on campus, his hand nervously curled around the thankfully discreet shopping bag. He’s convinced the people around him know, completely paranoid that there’s a tear in the bag or an annoyingly inconvenient transparent patch, or something. What kind of pervert goes to a sex shop in the middle of the day? He’s probably on all kinds of registers now. This was a terrible idea.

He pulls his phone out and opens up his conversation with Yoongi.

**sent to Yoongi-hyung [14:09]** *where are you, hyung?*

He sits down heavily on a nearby bench, the bag pressed beneath his knees in an attempt to further conceal it. Jungkook knows he’s being paranoid; if anything, he’s probably drawing more attention to himself by glancing around like a maniac every few seconds. He nearly jumps out of his seat when his phone vibrates in his hand, scrambling to read the elder’s response.

**Yoongi-hyung [14:16]** *campus studio, the one jiminie uses. everything okay?*

Jungkook doesn’t bother to reply, immediately leaping to his feet and heading towards the music department. Thankfully, he knows the exact room, having visited there with Jimin more than once to watch his hyung practice. He’s only been to the practice room, never the boxy little studio tacked onto the side, but – at least he has a heading.

It takes him maybe ten minutes to reach the building, and he immediately heads for the stairs, taking them two at a time because the sound of his boots hitting the old wooden floors chases the insecurity out of his mind.

By the time he reaches the right floor, he’s panting - trust Yoongi and Jimin to choose a room on the fifth floor - and he takes a moment to catch his breath before he opens the door into the hallway leading off into the music rooms. It’s a long corridor, the vague thrumming of music and of heavy, choreographed footsteps shaking the floor and walls around him, and he has to count the doors on his right so as to not lose his way.

Room two, three.. Room four, and he’s there, and he lifts his hand to knock, but he’s scared. This is a terrible idea. Yoongi will think he’s vile, probably never want to speak to him again for this. It’ll probably all be over after today.

But – but if it isn’t over, if this pays off, if Yoongi wants to – god, Jungkook’s in for a show later tonight.

He opts to text Yoongi instead, realising that the elder probably has his headphones in anyway.

**sent to Yoongi-hyung [14:29]** *can I come in?*

 Barely ten seconds later, Yoongi opens the door, headphones around his neck and a beanie pulled low over his eyes. He looks up at Jungkook, confused and concerned.
“Bunny?” he says, his voice cracking from underuse. He reaches out, his fingers curling around Jungkook’s wrist, and the touch makes the younger boy shiver. “What’s the matter?”

“I – I just –” Jungkook stammers. Yoongi is peering up at him with so much affection, his dark eyes flickering between his own as though trying to perceive the problem. “I’m fine, hyung, I don’t want to bother you. I just – um, here.”

Jungkook holds out the bag unceremoniously. Yoongi looks at it confusedly, slowly taking it and glancing at Jungkook before opening it slightly.

“D-don’t,” the younger boy says quickly, his hand closing around Yoongi’s. “Not here.”

“What is it, Kook?” Yoongi asks, frowning, clearly kind of freaked out.

“I’m sorry, I’m making a mess of this,” Jungkook laughs nervously, shaking his hands out at his sides. He clears his throat. Regains his footing. Peers at Yoongi through his lashes. “I saw this and thought of you. I thought – thought you could use it. In your show. For me.”

Realisation dawns over Yoongi’s face, something changing in the depths of his eyes, and he gently lowers the bag to his side. “Oh,” he says lowly, swallowing.

“If you hate it, you don’t have to. And we don’t have to talk about this – like, ever. Just,” Jungkook shrugs, all too aware of his cheeks burning. “Maybe, think about it.”

“Of course, baby,” Yoongi nods, smiling, his eyes strangely dark and blank in a way that makes Jungkook’s stomach swoop. “Anything for you.”

“I’m – uh, gonna go. Have a good day,” Jungkook mumbles clumsily, turning to leave, before he remembers that that’s just terrible courtesy. He ducks back into the doorway, his fist curling in the front of Yoongi’s hoodie as he kisses the elder, brief and simple but somehow blazing, somehow promising, and it’s with a huge effort that he doesn’t guide Yoongi back into the seclusion of the studio and try out his new purchases then and there.

He doesn’t remember his route out of the building, doesn’t remember anything about his walk home, barely remembers greeting his roommates before he throws himself onto his bed.

Jesus fucking Christ, he can’t wait until nine o’clock.

Chapter End Notes

♡ twitter ♡
HI
this was like 50% written over the space of the last month, 50% written today with a
two-day hangover, so I have no idea how this has turned out, but here you all are
I've got a Halloween drabble that I've been working on ready to post on Halloween so
please look out for that!
hope everyone's had a lovely Halloween weekend, you'll all hear from me very soon!
please leave feedback, say hi on twitter and vOTE FOR BTS ON MAMA kay love you
guys
♡ twitter ♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yoongi’s dating a camboy.

This, he’s known for some time. It’d be rather concerning if he hadn’t known, by this point. He’s
well aware that Jungkook has an adventurous streak. Sure, Jungkook doesn’t partake in the same
theatrics as Yoongi, doesn’t have a Little Black Box filled to the brim with all manner of wicked toys
to tickle his fancy, but – he literally jacks off on camera to make a living. The kid is any flavour but
vanilla.

That being said, Yoongi hadn’t anticipated this.

Ever since Jungkook stopped by the studio earlier that day, shyly handing the elder a shopping bag
and departing with a kiss dripping with desire, Yoongi had faced an internal war. It had taken every
ounce of his self-restraint not to rip the damn thing open the second Jungkook left the room, and he’d
had to all but throw the bag across the studio, just to get it out of arm’s reach.

Needless to say, he hadn’t completed a great deal of work all day. He couldn’t get Jungkook out of
his mind, not for one second. Every time he came close to focusing, he’d remember the strange, dark
intensity in the younger boy’s eyes, the passionate press of those impossibly soft lips, and he’d be
back at square one. It is with great difficulty and no small amount of perseverance that he remains in
the music department until just after six o’clock, and with even greater determination that he doesn’t
open the bag until he’s thoroughly set up and prepped for his weekly show.

His hands had only trembled slightly as he upturned the unremarkable, unassuming shopping bag,
spilling the contents over his bed. He’d taken them in, one by one. And he hasn’t moved since.

How is he supposed to think past the heavy, hot arousal drip-dropping into the pit of his stomach, the
thick fog slowly rolling around in the cavity where his brain should be? His hands haven’t stopped
shaking, his mouth has been hanging open for so long that his tongue is dry, his cheeks burn with the
knowledge that Jungkook has pictured him like – like this.

Jungkook’s bought him a toy; long, deliciously thick, ridged and veined like a real cock, and – not to
be weird, or anything, but kind of stunning. It’s jet black and, judging by the divot it creates on
Yoongi’s mattress, made entirely of heavy glass. It sparkles dully in the candlelight, like the first stars to awaken at dusk.

He’s also bought Yoongi a new choker, so suited for the elder that Yoongi can’t quite believe he doesn’t already own one like it. It is constructed of a simple band of black leather, held together in the front with a silver crescent moon, exactly the same as Yoongi’s tattoo. Hanging from the moon is a silver ring, just the right width for someone to slip their finger inside and pull Yoongi towards them by his throat.

Yoongi appreciates these gifts, more touched that the younger boy already knows his tastes so well than anything else.

It isn’t these items that steal the breath from Yoongi’s lungs.

What catches him out is the surreptitious little packet of pink tissue paper, spread open like flower petals to reveal a bundle of black, netted fabric.

Fishnet stockings.

Now, Yoongi isn’t really a lingerie kind of guy. He’s never liked dressing up, not really. He’d much rather wear something dark and simple, something that fits his aesthetic, something easy to pull off. It isn’t that he’s particularly averse to lingerie; he’s just never felt the need to wear it.

That being said, there’s something about this situation that makes his stomach twist and coil hotly. Jungkook bought him those stockings. Jungkook saw those stockings and pictured Yoongi wearing them. Jungkook has thought about Yoongi wearing them for him. So what if Yoongi doesn’t care for it – if it’s for Jungkook, Yoongi is fucking game.

Fingers still shaking, his tongue poking out to wet his lips, Yoongi picks up the choker first. The leather feels luxurious against his skin, soft and supple. He turns to the mirror on his closet door and clasps it into place around his throat, admiring the dark material against his pale skin, the gently sparkling silver of the moon reflecting the candlelight. Perhaps Jungkook has pictured this exact scene: Yoongi wearing nothing but the choker, fingers drifting over the still-cold metal, the warm leather, cheeks flushed with anticipation.

Yoongi’s mouth is somehow even drier than before when he moves to perch on the end of the bed, picking up the stockings in his hands. They’re flimsy little things, and Yoongi isn’t entirely sure how he’ll get through the show without ripping them, but he can worry about that later. He slides one on, easing it over his foot and letting the material gently stretch over his calf muscle, the curve of his knee, until it won’t give any more. The hem sits at his mid-thigh, and honestly, it doesn’t look half bad, at least not from this angle.

He slips on the other stocking, fussily making sure the hems sit even over his thighs before he stands back up and wanders to the same mirror. It’s certainly not something he’s ever imagined himself wearing, but he can understand why Jungkook might want to see him like this. There’s something inherently filthy about it, but prettily so, the black netting contrasting nicely against his fair skin.

Yoongi finds himself excited to wear this for Jungkook, to know that the younger boy is watching him, to know what the boy thinks of his legs in these stockings. It’s like a slow, dawning realisation for him, that oh, this is the appeal in dressing up. Okay. He gets it.

It must only be a few minutes before nine now. Yoongi hasn’t bothered to check his phone, having not spoken to Jungkook since their brief but intense encounter in the studio earlier. His equipment is all set up so he grabs his usual black mask from the desk and perches on the end of the bed, his new
toy and a travel-size bottle of peach-flavoured lube set just off-camera. His laptop is on his desk a few feet away, already on the page for his stream, the font size enlarged so that he can read comments from where he sits. Already, people are waiting, watching, excited to see him.

He gets a little thrill of adrenaline at the thought that Jungkook is one of them.

Hurriedly, he adjusts his mask into place and grabs an oversized black sweater from the back of his desk chair, pulling it over his head and nestling into the warm fabric. It hangs a little lower than necessary, almost kissing the tops of the stockings, though Yoongi doesn’t mind. If he’s dressing up, he might as well take some pleasure in making a show of undressing, too.

As the countdown trickles into the seconds, Yoongi busies himself with scanning the comments, recognising a few regulars and smiling as he sees their excitement. Of course, not all of Yoongi’s regulars are so polite, but he supposes that’s to be expected in this line of work. He prefers to just ignore the occasional demand or borderline insult that filters across his stream. Yoongi can’t see the one name that he particularly wants to see, not just yet, but that’s fine; he knows Jungkook will be watching.

The stream window momentarily flickers to black, readying his camera, and he fixes on a smile in the split-second before he sees himself on his laptop screen. His lower body is out of sight for the moment, just his waist and upwards visible, softly backlit by the string of fairy lights wrapped around his headboard and by the candles dotted around his bedside tables.

“Hey, everyone,” he says, waving at his camera. The comments blur past at his initial appearance, and he doesn’t even try to make sense of them until they slow down. “I hope you’ve all had a nice week.”

He hears Hoseok’s bedroom door open and glances up, wary that perhaps he’s disturbed his friend, but a moment later he hears the shower and settles, smiling to himself. It’s an old tactic of Hoseok’s to spend the hour of Yoongi’s stream in the shower, drowning out any unfortunate sounds he might hear in the running water.

When Yoongi looks back to his stream, the comments have slowed somewhat, and he takes the time to read them more carefully. It’s mostly compliments, bringing a soft smile to his face, and he’s pleased to see most of his viewers have had a nice week.

amsterdamg: hes so sweet im dead

burningupx: clothes tho,,,,

piscesstan: how was your week oppa?

He chuckles a little, scratching beneath the seam of his mask in embarrassment at the overwhelming attention, something he’ll never quite get used to.

“My week’s been fine, you know,” he smiles, shrugging. “I mostly studied. But, uh, I did have a bit of a treat earlier today.”

The comments momentarily increase in frequency as everybody briefly freaks out at whatever the word ‘treat’ could entail; Yoongi grins indecently. Honestly, his viewers are the wildest people; the suggestions vary from a fucking orgy to a particularly calorific dessert. He barely manages to refrain from rolling his eyes.

“No, you freaks,” he scolds, though it’s said light-heartedly. “I got a few gifts from – let’s say from a
particular viewer of mine.”

chogiwa: no what I cant

koreabooo: wHAT GIFTS SHOW US

Yoongi chuckles again as he reaches out for the remote to control the camera. “This choker was one of them. Pretty, right?” His fingers drift once again over the skin-warmed metal of the crescent moon as he speaks. “And – uh, I’m wearing another gift – hang on a second –”

He’s shaking a little as he fumbles with the zoom of the camera, watching himself in the stream window until his legs come into view, neatly folded beneath him. It’s a little unusual for him, something he hasn’t ventured into before, and though he knows Jungkook will love it, he also kind of hopes that the rest of his audience doesn’t object too strongly. The last thing he needs right about now is for his main source of income to dry up.

The comment box turns into a blur and for a moment, one horrifying moment, Yoongi truly thinks everyone is outraged. There’s just a mess of capital letters and exclamation marks, nonsensical keyboard-smashing and every curse word under the sun, and – fuck, maybe he should just rip the damn things off straight away.

And then, things slow down, people start talking sense, and Yoongi immediately settles. Everyone seems to really like his stockings, showering him with compliments, praising his skin, his pretty legs, and Yoongi feels that familiarly heady cocktail of flattery and power slipping down his throat.

“You like them?” he asks quietly, though the answer is perfectly clear. It’s one answer in particular that he wants, that he’s waiting for, and he isn’t left waiting long.

goldenboy97: you look so perfect hyung

Yoongi feels a shiver ripple through his body just at the sight of those five small words on his screen. It’s the opinion he cares about the most, the person he most wants to please, wants to look nice for. He can’t do anything about the flush that creeps up his throat to the rounds of his cheeks, nor about the dull ache between his legs as his cock thickens with interest. Typical; he doesn’t get hard when prepping for his show, seeing it as more of a task to finish than anything really exciting, but five words from this bunny-toothed kid and he’s raring to go.

Teasingly, he hitches the hem of his sweater a little higher over his slender thighs, enjoying the sight of himself on the screen. Yoongi isn’t vain; far from it, in fact. There’s just something about this, about performing, that makes him feel powerful, comfortable in his own skin, and if just shy of three thousand people think he’s hot, well, he must be doing something right.

“There’s something else,” he says lowly, switching on the voice, deep and teasing, almost purring. “But I’m sure you guys don’t want to see that, right?”

His viewers know him too well. The second he stops speaking, the sound of coins dropping into a bank ring through his speakers, and he laughs. Perhaps it’s a little manipulative, but Yoongi’s always operated that way. He’s certainly not going to put himself out of his way for nothing. These shows take it out of him; he wants to be rewarded appropriately.

He waits, making a show of examining his nail beds and picking at a loose thread on his sweater, letting a sly smirk curl his lips. The donations continue, almost obnoxiously, and only when the donation counter reaches half a million won does he relent, leaning back onto his hands and grinning indecently.
“So generous,” he coos, as though he hasn’t just held a mini-strike. He looks around, laying it on pretty thickly as he taps his fingers against his mask and frowns in confusion. “Hm, now where did I – oh, would you look at that!”

His gaze rests on the toy, just off-camera, exactly where it’s been sitting for the last several minutes, and he does his very best impression of surprise. When he picks it up and pulls it into frame, he notices the levels of excitement reach a peak once more in the comments, and he chuckles, letting his hand lazily wrap around the length of it.

“I thought I’d use this tonight,” he says, eyeing the camera through his lashes, phrasing it like a suggestion but dipping his voice so that the audience knows, he’s going to use it whatever they say.

**piscesstan:** omg use whatever you want we want you to feel good

**skywire:** jesus christ look at him

**moonchildx:** those fuckign stockings im dead

Jungkook seems to be keeping quiet for the moment, though Yoongi doesn’t mind. He just - god, he wants Jungkook to be here. It’s a thought he doesn’t usually allow himself to entertain, insisting that he take things slowly, treat the boy right, but tonight seems different somehow. He’s wearing lingerie that Jungkook bought for him, specifically with the intention of Yoongi wearing it for him. Yoongi almost feels like he’s been given permission to imagine Jungkook’s dark, enraptured gaze raking over his body, that tiny fucking waist between the elder’s hands, all manner of sinful sounds tumbling from kiss-swollen lips –

“O-okay,” Yoongi says, perhaps a little louder than necessary, his voice cracking as a wave of hot, heavy arousal washes over him. His cock is throbbing, untouched and leaking all over the inside of his sweater, and he needs to feel something before he fucking explodes. “You guys want me to start? I kind of want to start now.”

Naturally, nobody objects, and Yoongi is faced with such a level of encouragement that it’s almost overwhelming. With cheeks a little pink from all the attention, he slowly, slowly lifts the hem of his sweater, crossing his arms and tugging the fabric from his body, making sure to arch his back as he does so. The comparatively cooler air of the room meets the burning flesh of his cock and he bites back a whimper. As much as he’d love to give in, to wrap his fingers around his length and chase the release he so craves, tonight isn’t about his pleasure. Ironically.

He throws the sweater off-cam and settles onto his knees, thighs spread a little to show off his stockings. Yoongi can feel himself shivering, though it’s not from the cold. All he can think about is Jungkook. He wants Jungkook here, on his knees, wants those gorgeous lips easing down around his cock, those doe eyes gazing up at him imploringly. It’s a dangerous line of thought, if the tendrils of arousal curling and spreading throughout his body are anything to go by, but - fuck, he just can’t help it. He’s far more turned on than he has reason to be so early in the show, and it might all be over far too soon, but Yoongi can’t quite bring himself to care. Without realising, he’s sort of frozen, staring at the screen desperately for some kind of affirmation from the younger boy, and of course, Jungkook gives him exactly what he wants.

**goldenboy97:** jesus hyung so fucking hot, want you to fuck yourself for me

The air rushes from his lungs like he’s been winded, and the effect is dizzying. He can see himself on
the screen, heavily lidded eyes and flushed chest heaving with every laboured breath. Yoongi doesn’t even pretend to read any of the other comments; he only has eyes for Jungkook.

“How do you want me to fuck myself, hm?” he asks, voice low and breathy. “Tell me.”

Donations begin to sporadically sound from his speakers, and though it isn’t what he intended, he’s hardly going to complain. Yoongi waits, teeth buried in his lower lip as he slowly and carefully slicks up two fingers, hoping that his deliberate movements might prompt a quicker response from Jungkook.

He’s hard, there’s no denying that, but he doesn’t seek the relief of wrapping a hand around himself. The ache he feels is different, somehow, deeper and harder to reach. He needs to be filled, stretched out, needs his itches scratched. For the first time, he lets himself imagine getting to that point with Jungkook, having that gorgeous boy stretched out beneath him as Yoongi sinks down onto his cock – or, maybe, even throwing Jungkook’s legs over his shoulders and sinking deep into that wet, tight warmth. He wonders which way Jungkook prefers, which way would drag the most desperate moans from the younger.

Fuck, he really needs to come.

The wonderfully familiar username filters through his subconscious and tears him from his reverie with a jolt straight to the pit of his stomach.

**goldenboy97:** grind on it like you’d grind on my cock, please show me how you’d want it

Yoongi isn’t entirely sure how he doesn’t come on the spot but he doesn’t, miraculously, instead sort of semi-drooling at the screen for a beat longer than necessary. He’s only dragged back to his senses by the almost obnoxious amount of sweet-smelling lube now dripping from his hand and onto his thigh, and he scrambles to wipe it away before it hits the fabric of his stocking.

“R-right,” he nods shakily, easing himself up onto his knees and reaching back to circle his hole with two slicked-up fingers. He’d been thorough in prepping himself, so thorough that his fingertips immediately slip inside the ring of muscle, drawing a surprised gasp from his chest. “A-ah, I already – already prepped, and I really, really want to come, so –” He laughs breathily, the sound catching on a choked moan as he presses another finger into the wet, velvety heat.

Through his hazy vision, blurred with want, he scans the comments, making sure his audience are ready for him to begin. Jungkook hasn’t left another comment, but that’s okay; Yoongi doesn’t doubt that he’ll be hearing from the boy again before the show is over, and in any case, the comments he sees are so sweet and eager that his cheeks burn.

**sugarkittenn:** those stockings are fucking killing me

**mysticzen:** god please gorgeous please touch yourself

**chogiwa:** so hard n so pretty

With trembling fingers, Yoongi picks up Jungkook’s toy, the cool glass soothing against his burning skin. He upturns the bottle of peach lube over the thick head, watching it drip tantalisingly down the sides as he strokes his hand back and forth over the length. In his dazed state, he uses more lube than is probably necessary, but it isn’t a problem; a little part of his mind reminds him that Jungkook likes it this way, messy and lewd and loud.

He positions the toy upright on the bed, the flat base allowing him to balance it beneath him as he
steadies himself above it. It’s perhaps just a little longer than Yoongi is used to, but he’s too far gone to care. He’s been careful in his preparation, as always, and if anything he finds himself looking forward to the stretch, to the deep, probing ache he’s about to feel.

That thought prompts him to ease down, the cool, firm head of the toy catching on his rim before it slips inside, and – fuck, *fuck*, he’s needed this, needed to feel this stretching filling pleasure, needed to fuck himself with Jungkook watching. His head tips back as he sinks down a little further, one large hand keeping himself spread as the toy slides deeper, deeper, the smooth length gliding easily inside.

“Yes,” he gasps, embarrassingly already a little breathless. He can hear, distantly, the donations going wild, the automated sound of coins bouncing together mere background noise beneath the rushing of blood in his ears. It feels so good, so fucking good, and it’s somehow a lifetime later and only a heartbeat later when he bottoms out, impaled on the toy. It stretches him out so sweetly, presses the deepest places inside him, the pleasure so intense already that he can barely stand to keep his eyes open.

Yoongi falls forward, catching his weight with his hands pressed to his net-covered knees, and his head hangs heavily as he tries to calm down. It won’t do to come too early, though he’s sure it would make Jungkook smug as fuck. The thought brings a lazy smile to his lips and he manages to look up, still breathing deeply and slowly.

He can’t really make sense of the comments, though they always tend to slow down at this part of the show – three guesses why – and he finds himself just staring, staring at his reflection on the screen, at the pale, trembling, stockinged person on the other side of the camera. The mask covers most of his face but his eyes are dark, almost blazing, a sleepy kind of fire curling and twisting in his gaze.

He wonders if Jungkook is touching himself already to this very sight.

As though the younger knows Yoongi is looking, waiting, he sends a comment.

goldenboy97: *fuck, look at you*

goldenboy97: *grind on it for me hyung show me how you like to be fucked*

Yoongi whimpers, actually *whimpers*, all without moving a muscle. He starts gently rocking his hips back and forth on the toy, keeping his movements miniscule because *fuck*, it’s intense, already taking him to pieces from within. He’d love to show Jungkook how he likes to be fucked, love to take his time and be his teasing self, but – he isn’t sure that’s an option tonight. He’s shaking all over, the stuttering movements of his hips keeping the toy so, so deep inside him. All he wants is to come, so badly that he can feel it beneath his skin, in the fog of his mind and in every huff of breath.

“So feels good,” he pants, straightening up as best he can so that his audience can see his face. Every time he tries to read the comments, the toy presses against his sweet spot and stars burst behind his eyelids. Yoongi isn’t used to being filled like this. He can barely move without wanting to fall apart, but somehow he keeps going, keeps gently grinding down onto the toy, doing his best not to moan *too* loudly because, Tuesday or not, Hoseok is still barely metres away.

After a minute or two, he can move a little more confidently, can drop his full weight onto the toy without feeling like he might explode. He leans back onto his hands, arching his back and letting out a sigh of relief and pleasure. His hips lift off the bed ever so slightly, and every time he grinds back down the toy slips deeper, harder. The ache in his neglected cock is barely noticeable, not now he can fuck himself so well, and - *fuck*, he just never wants this to end.
Yoongi manages to lift his head enough to peer blearily over at the screen, experiencing a little jolt of arousal at the sight of himself like this. One stocking has slipped down his leg a few inches, and the choker emphasises the unmarked, slender column of his throat. He’s used to doing this for an audience, has always got a little kick out of showing off this way, but doing it for Jungkook is different, somehow, filthier but also more intimate, more secret, and he loves it.

The near-constant pressure on his prostate is almost becoming too much, and Yoongi is all-too aware of the increasing pitch and volume of his desperate moans. He straightens up, albeit rather shakily, and sinks his teeth into the heel of his hand through the mask in an attempt to stifle the sounds he no longer has the strength to hold in. His other hand presses to his abdomen, the skin almost indecently wet with precum, his nails pressing into the unmarked, lean flesh as though it will ground him, stop him from losing it entirely.

He knows Jungkook told him to grind on the dildo but he can’t help it, he can’t help but slowly, carefully ride it, every ridge and vein working deliciously against his rim and every bounce sending a supernova of pleasure through his body. Rather belatedly, he realises his face is wet with tears, tasting salt on his tongue and feeling moisture slip down his arm.

“This – this fucking toy –” Yoongi lets out a breath of laughter, wiping at his eyes with the backs of his hands. “I can’t, I’m losing my mind –”

All he wants to do is chase the pleasure and lose himself entirely but he knows he shouldn’t, not yet, not until his audience has agreed to let him come. He tries to focus on the comments, first catching sight of the sheer mess he’s made of himself on the screen; precum drips down his thighs, his flushed, achingly hard cock twitches with every torturous roll of his hips, his hair sticks to his forehead with sweat. Perhaps he should feel a little embarrassed but all he can think is that Jungkook likes it messy, Jungkook likes this, keep going, keep going.

**koreaboooo:** please make yourself come

**inferno44:** this is so fucking hot

**goldenboy97:** hyung wants to come? for me?

The sight of Jungkook’s username takes Yoongi by surprise and a strangled moan escapes him, louder than before, and he should really make an effort to be careful, but he just can’t think straight. He catches himself nodding desperately, his hips working a little faster at the thought of finally being able to come, of Jungkook watching him, of Jungkook coming too, all over his own hand and moaning the elder’s name –

“Yes, yes,” he pants, unable to keep the petulant whine from his voice. “I wanna come, tell me to come, I wanna –”

He can feel the pleasure coiling hotly in his stomach, tendrils of it reaching along his limbs and making him clumsy. Yoongi knows if he only wrapped his fingers around the aching length of his cock, he’d surely come within seconds, but he holds back; coming untouched is something of a specialty of his, and it always feels so, so much better. The pressure deep inside of him builds, releasing more and more every time the dildo presses against his prostate, and he’s so close he can taste it, one hand burying in his hair to tug hard, the other gripping the flesh of his inner thigh.

Jungkook is taking his time to reply and Yoongi is barely holding on. The build-up was too much, the arousal bubbling in his stomach since he’d seen the younger earlier that day, and everything that’s happened since then – the toy, the choker, the fucking *fishnets* – has only made it infinitely harder for Yoongi to wait this long. It isn’t until Yoongi’s next moan comes out as a sob that
Jungkook replies, perhaps thinking he’s made his poor hyung wait long enough.

goldenboy97: god please come for me hyung want it so bad

goldenboy97: you look so fucking good

The second Yoongi sees Jungkook’s comments, his head falls back, completely overcome with the attention. He bounces a little harder on the toy, scrambling a little for something to grab just to steady himself, just so he doesn’t collapse altogether. He knows he’s being far too loud, whimpering and whining and moaning, and he can’t find it within himself to care, not when it feels so good, not when Jungkook wants him to come.

“F-fuck, yes, yes, I’m – I’m gonna –” he pants, working his hips on the toy so that the pressure on his prostate is unrelenting, and then he’s coming, so hard, with an intensity that blackens out his vision for a long few moments. The pleasure seems to build instead of diminishing, wrenching the most desperate, sinful moans from his throat, and he can feel his own come slipping down over the length of his neglected cock in hypersensitivity, his hands buried in the towel beneath him.

If he accidentally moans Jungkook’s name, he definitely, definitely has no memory of it.

Yoongi doesn’t know how much later it is when he comes down from his high, propped up by his trembling arms and tremors still rocking him to his core. He looks up dizzily, doing his best not to notice the absolute debauchery that is his own reflection in the camera, white stains on the hems of his stockings and pink half-moons dotting his thighs and stomach. He wants to read his comments, hoping to see another message from Jungkook, but he can’t make sense of the words on screen, too exhausted to even hold his head up for longer than a few moments.

“I’m – um, I’m gonna go clean up,” he manages to say, his words slurred and running together. “T-take care, everyone, and I’ll – I’ll see you next week.” He lifts a hand in farewell, managing an embarrassed sort of half-smirk, before he clumsily grabs the remote for the camera and switches it off.

As soon as he’s out of sight, Yoongi lets himself fall back onto his bed, not even bothering to remove the toy because, if he’s being completely honest, he doesn’t like to feel so empty so soon after coming. His head is swimming with satisfaction and sleepiness, stars are still bursting behind his eyelids every time he blinks. He knows he should clean up and get a drink, at least, before he lets himself fall asleep, but a more pressing matter is pushing its way to the forefront of his mind.

He really, really wants to talk to Jungkook. Seeing the boy’s comments is always great, but – he wants to hear his voice, wants to talk to him. Yoongi isn’t sure if it’s okay to do this yet, isn’t sure if it’s okay to cross this kind of line that they’ve so shakily structured around themselves, but he’s too fucked out to care. Hopefully Jungkook won’t mind.

Yoongi rolls over onto his front, scowling in the glare of his fairy lights before he spots his phone resting on his bedside table. He grabs it, only fumbling a little, and then flops onto his back as he locates Jungkook’s contact in his phone and presses ‘call’.

When he hears the dial tone, he’s immediately plagued with all kinds of nervousness and regret. Why the hell has he just called Jungkook seconds after his camshow? What if Jungkook wasn’t finished? What if Jungkook sees the call and ignores him? Yoongi suffers the briefest of meltdowns and he’s just about to launch his phone to the other side of the room when the dial tone ends, and Jungkook answers the call.

There’s a beat, a pause of hesitation, before the boy speaks, his voice breathy and shy and perfect.
“Hyung?”

Yoongi’s insides somehow simultaneously set alight and turn to mush at the knowledge of what Jungkook must have just been doing to make him sound like that. He has to take a moment to steady himself before he replies. “Hey, Kook.”

Jungkook doesn’t reply right away. He seems to struggle for a moment before he laughs, a sweet, quiet sound that makes Yoongi smile. “Didn’t expect you to call.”

“I wanted to hear your voice,” Yoongi replies honestly. He takes a deep, fortifying breath. “And I wanted to thank you for – for the gifts.”

He hears a choked, quickly stifled whimper down the line. “Did you um, did you like them?” Jungkook asks, his voice high though he tries to sound nonchalant.

“Yeah, I really did,” Yoongi says. “The collar is perfect.”

Jungkook hums in acknowledgement, before another pause. “You looked incredible in those stockings, hyung,” he says quietly, shyly. “So gorgeous.”

Yoongi’s cheeks burn at the younger’s words. He’s so nervous, can feel tiny wings of panic fluttering against his ribcage, but Jungkook is helping to put him at ease. “I’ve never worn anything like that before,” he admits gently. “But I wanted to try it for you. I – I liked it.”

“I liked it too,” Jungkook replies.

There’s a moment of silence before they both laugh, the sentimentality of the moment proving to be a little bit much. Yoongi still feels like he might pass out at any moment, but he isn’t quite ready to say goodnight yet. He swallows thickly, feeling, for some reason, very small and shy. “Tell me about your day?”

When Jungkook replies, beginning a long spiel about his lectures, his latest assignment, his lunch with the events committee, even telling the elder about the shop in which he’d bought his little surprises, Yoongi can hear the smile in the younger’s voice, and it warms his heart like nothing else. He listens attentively, and then Jungkook asks him about his day, and they even discuss the camshows in more detail than they’ve ever, ever dared before, until suddenly it’s close to midnight. Yoongi would happily stay talking to Jungkook for even longer, but he’s all-too aware of how very desperately he needs a shower.

“Yeah, I kind of need one too,” Jungkook admits, snickering.

Yoongi clears his throat, trying not to imagine why that might be. “‘Kay, Kook. Don’t stay up too late.”

Jungkook hums noncommittally. He seems to be feeling a little shy all of a sudden, hesitating to answer and trying to draw out their conversation, and Yoongi can’t help but melt. “I’ll talk to you tomorrow?”

Yoongi smiles. “Of course.”

“‘Kay. Night, hyung.”

“Night, bunny.”

When Yoongi finally collapses into bed maybe an hour later, freshly showered and his filming
equipment safely stored away, his mind swarms with thoughts of Jungkook. Not with the boy’s comments during his camshow, or with imaginings of what Jungkook must have been doing whilst he was commenting, as one might expect; Yoongi can’t quite believe that they’d finally discussed their shows privately, unrestrainedly. He falls asleep with his heart thumping hard against his bones because he’s honestly never felt closer to the younger, and tomorrow can’t come soon enough.

Chapter End Notes

💖 twitter 💖
Chapter Notes

HI HELLO! HI! I'VE MISSED YOU!
Hope everyone is well! It's holiday season~ everyone stay warm (or cold, I guess, depending where you are on the planet) and eat well and get lots of rest and make sure to moisturise. Important.
I fell out of this for a little while didn't I? I think it needed to happen, I'm feeling super motivated about the story again and I can't wait to show you guys the next two chapters, all the great juicy stuff starts happening. Not that this fic isn't overflowing with juiciness already. I don't really like the word juice anymore.

Please leave feedback, reading your comments makes my day! And take care of yourselves til next time!

♡ twitter ♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Bunny, hey,” Yoongi’s voice is coarse with underuse even over the phone, and Jungkook smiles to himself at the familiarity of it all. No doubt the elder has been burying his head in his music all day and Jungkook’s call has prompted him to resurface. “Everything alright?”

“Yeah, hyung, ‘course,” Jungkook replies. Honestly, he’s a little nervous. His fingers twist and untwist in the fabric of his shirt and his teeth are steadily boring through his lip, but he doesn’t want to disturb Yoongi. “Are you busy?”

“Not really, I’m just in my studio. What’s up?”

Jungkook takes a deep breath. He falls back onto his bed with a soft huff of breath and squeezes his eyes shut. “I’m going to tell Jimin and Tae. Like, today. In – in a few minutes, probably.”

He hears the elder’s calm, steadying sigh. “Right. What made you choose today?”

“I’m sorry I didn’t run it by you first,” Jungkook mumbles sheepishly. “I felt like – if I talked about it, I’d convince myself not to do it. I guess I’m trying to catch myself off-guard.”

Yoongi laughs softly. “Don’t apologise, Kook, this is your decision,” he says warmly. “Whatever works for you.”

“I’m terrified.”

“I know.”

There’s a kind of comfortable silence, then, and Jungkook can hear the creak of Yoongi’s desk chair over the phone as the elder swivels back and forth. Perhaps it’s strange that they aren’t saying very much, but Jungkook takes a great deal of comfort just from Yoongi’s presence.

“Is this anything to do with your show being later today?”
“I don’t know. Maybe.”

“Kook, don’t force yourself to do something if you don’t feel ready.” Yoongi’s voice is soothing and low as ever, and despite the situation, Jungkook’s stomach flips at the sound. “You’re in control here.”

“No, no, I’m ready, I want to.” Jungkook shakes his head even though the elder can’t see him, his free hand curling into a fist. “It’s just scary.”

“It is, baby,” Yoongi says gently. Jungkook experiences a brief shiver of pleasure at the endearment, though he works on supressing that particular feeling for the moment. “You’ve just got to remember that they’re your best friends, and they love you. How would you react if things were reversed?”

Jungkook pauses for a moment, musing. “I’d probably tease them like hell, but – but I wouldn’t hate them, or anything. They’re my friends.”

“Exactly,” Yoongi replies. “So, you know, expect a fair amount of harassment, but it’s coming from a place of love. I had the same with Seokie.”

Jungkook wrinkles his nose. “‘A place of love’. Gross.”

Yoongi’s laugh brings a smile to Jungkook’s face and he feels his spirits being lifted. “Fuck off,” the elder says, the effect ruined slightly by the grin still in his voice. “I’m just saying. Try and be brave, okay?”

“I’ll try.”

“Good boy,” Yoongi says, and if Jungkook wasn’t already lying down, that would definitely have knocked him the fuck over. He can’t make any response beyond a kind of strangled whimper, but thankfully, Yoongi seems not to have heard. “You’ll call me and let me know how it goes, right?”

“Y-yeah, totally,” Jungkook stammers. It’s a little hard to form sentences with the words ‘good boy’ floating around in his head and coursing through his veins, though Jungkook knows it’s something to be filed away and explored another time, when Jungkook isn’t nervous as hell and when Yoongi is here to take care of him.

“I’ll be here,” Yoongi replies, entirely unaffected. “You can do this.”

“I can.” Jungkook nods again. “I definitely can. I should – I’ll go and do it right now.”

“You sure?”

“Yes. Kind of. Yes.”

Yoongi laughs softly. “’Kay. Good luck, baby.”

Jungkook knows Yoongi is laying it on a little thick just to reassure him and he appreciates it, even if it means his heart is working double time and his stomach is coiling and writhing hotly. He does feel better, a resilient kind of hope twinkling through the fear and apprehension, because he knows that however this goes, Yoongi will have his back.

He just hopes that Taehyung and Jimin will, too.

“Thanks, hyung. Talk later.”

Jungkook hangs up, dropping his phone on the bed beside him and taking a moment to rally himself.
It’s a little after two in the afternoon, so naturally, his freeloader roommates are both home, taking one of their self-appointed lecture-free days. He can hear the television in the lounge, the dialogue of what he suspects is Adventure Time filtering beneath his door. It doesn’t sound like they’re busy. It should be okay to talk to them now.

It still takes him a fair few minutes to summon the courage to stand up, and another few minutes to leave his bedroom. Thanks to his conversation with Yoongi, he feels better than he did earlier, sure, but his hands still tremble so fiercely that he has to hide them in the pockets of his hoodie.

As he enters the lounge, he spots his friends sitting haphazardly on the sofa, with – sure enough – Adventure Time playing on the television. Jimin lies with his legs up the wall and his head hanging from the seat cushion, and Taehyung’s head rests on Jimin’s chest, his long body stretched out across the sofa. Neither shows any sign of acknowledgment to their youngest roommate, both too immersed in their cartoon.

“U-um, hyungs?” Jungkook begins, his voice tiny and shy. They grunt in unison, still not looking up. “I – I need to talk to you about something.”

That prompts a response, two pairs of dark eyes flickering in his direction. Clearly, something in his voice is betraying his nervousness, his hyungs’ gazes becoming more concerned as they take in the teeth-torn flesh of his lips, the way he can’t quite conceal the trembling of his fingers in the hem of his shirt.

“Everything okay?” Jimin asks, frowning.

“Yes, everything’s fine, I’m fine,” Jungkook replies hurriedly. “I just have something I need to tell you.”

Jimin promptly rights himself, knocking Taehyung’s upper body to the floor unceremoniously. It is a testimony to their care and concern for Jungkook that Taehyung doesn’t even complain, instead easing himself to the floor and fixing the younger with his full attention. Jimin mutes the television, though Jungkook rather wishes he hadn’t, certain that they can hear his heart pounding away at his ribcage.

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“Erm, right,” he begins shakily. His voice cracks. He swallows thickly, staring at the floor. “So, basically, there’s – there’s something that you don’t know about me, something that I’ve kept from you for a long time, and I feel like – like now it’s become something that might come between us. And I don’t want that.”

There’s a pregnant pause after he speaks, and he glances up nervously to see Jimin and Taehyung exchange a bewildered look.

Taehyung lets out a nervous breath of laughter. “Shit, Kook, what is it?”

Jungkook opens his mouth to continue, but his words get caught in his throat. He can’t do it. He’s too afraid. Ridiculously, he feels his eyes pricking, and scoffs impatiently, hiding behind his hands.

“You’re scaring me,” Jimin says, his voice high with nerves. “You can tell us, Kook, nothing is going to come between us.”

He takes a deep, trembling breath. He lets his hands fall to his sides. “I know. You’re right.” Another deep breath. “Just – try not to think badly of me, okay?”
His hyungs exchange another glance, their eyes wide and confused. “Okay,” Taehyung nods slowly, turning back to face Jungkook.


Jimin frowns. “You have a job?”

“Well – *kind of*, but – but that’s what I’m trying to explain.”

They’ve turned to one another again, and Jungkook can see them doing that telepathic communication thing that they do, and he *hates* it, not knowing what conclusions they’re drawing, not having control over the situation. He just needs to spit it out. He’s making it worse.

“I – I perform,” he splutters. They turn to him, brows pulled together. “I mean - on camera.”

“You mean,” Jimin says slowly. “Like, a singer? Or a YouTuber?”

Jungkook shakes his head, his gaze back on the floor. Never has he felt ashamed of what he does, but here, in the face of his friends’ confusion, knowing full well that he’s lied to them every Thursday for months, he feels ashamed.

Nobody speaks for a while, and after a painful few moments, Jungkook looks up, just in time to see a look of dawning realisation on Jimin’s face.

“Oh.”

Taehyung whines and shoves Jimin’s arm. “What? What does he mean?”

“Jungkookie,” Jimin begins, ignoring Taehyung. His tone is gentle, careful, like he thinks Jungkook might bolt any second. “Are you a camboy?”

Jungkook lets out a breath he hadn’t realised he was holding. “Yes, hyung,” he replies, his voice barely more than a whisper.

There’s another silence, though it’s much heavier than before, every second dragging by painfully like needles on Jungkook’s skin. They’re just looking at him, sitting there and staring, as though torn between believing him and dismissing everything he’s said.

Then, with a terrifying swoop of panic to his navel, Jungkook watches a dark frown fall over Jimin’s face like a storm cloud.

“But – does Yoongi-hyung know?”

“Y-yes,” Jungkook replies hurriedly, eager to ease the situation in any way he can. At once, Jimin’s face lightens. “That’s – that’s actually how we met.”

Taehyung snorts, his nose scrunched, and the familiar sight helps Jungkook to breathe a little more freely. “What, he used to watch your shows?”

“Erm – no, not exactly. He – he’s one of my rivals, actually.”

Jimin makes a strange sort of sound, like he’s tried to gasp but choked on his own spit, and splutters noisily for a minute or two. Taehyung absent-mindedly pats the boy’s back, still staring up at Jungkook in disbelief. “Hyung is a camboy too?” Taehyung says loudly over Jimin’s coughing.
“Yes.”

“J-jesus, Kook, this is a lot,” Jimin gasps, his eyes watering. “How long - get off, Tae, I’m fine – how long have you been – performing?”

Jungkook shrugs. “I guess around as long as we’ve all lived here.”

“Did you need the money, Kook?” Taehyung asks, something unhappy in his gaze. “You could have just asked us if you needed help.”

“No, hyung, it wasn’t that,” Jungkook replies gently. He’s a little touched by Taehyung’s generosity, though the guilt in his chest rears its ugly head once more. “I just – I don’t know, I’m into it, I enjoy it. And if I’d never started it, I’d never have met Yoongi.”

Jimin wrinkles his nose in disgust. “That’s kind of cute.”

Taehyung is still staring, now slowly shaking his head in disbelief. “Your sex life must be fucking unreal.”

It’s Jungkook’s turn to splutter, now, his cheeks burning as he scrambles to correct them. “Wh-what? No, hyung, no, we haven’t – it’s not – I’ve not –”

“You haven’t fucked yet?” Jimin asks, scandalised. “That’s just a fucking waste, Jungkookie.”

“It really is.”

“Wait – you aren’t mad?”

“I’m fucking furious! How is it that two camboys haven’t had sex after weeks of dating?”

“No, hyung, I mean – you aren’t angry that I lied? You don’t think I’m gross or – or weird?”

Taehyung and Jimin, though eerily synchronised at the best of times, are downright disturbing as their gazes simultaneously soften, their heads tilting to the left, the same gentle smile curling at their lips.

“We’d never think that, Kook.”

“It would have been nice if we’d known sooner, but we understand why you were nervous to tell us.”

“Thank you for being honest.”

Jungkook smiles, hardly daring to believe it. He nods shyly, trying his best to avoid their eyes.

At once, they are on their feet, hurtling towards him with outstretched hands and pinching fingers.

“Our little Jungkookie! So brave!”

“So sweet and shy! How can this baby be a camboy?”

“Don’t say that, Tae, he’s very handsome.”

“Oh, totally. I’d jack off to you, Kook.”

“Oh my god, hyungs, no.”
“I told them,” Jungkook says breathlessly, barely a second after Yoongi picks up the phone. “I told them.”

“How’d it go?” Yoongi asks, his voice high with nerves.

Jungkook flops back onto his bed, his heart light as a feather and a comfortable smile fixed securely on his face. He’s returned to the shelter of his bedroom, sensing his roommates needed some time to discuss this new revelation, though he isn’t worried. Their acceptance was genuine. Everyone knows Jimin isn’t that good an actor.

“It went – really well.”

Yoongi lets out a long, relieved breath. “Oh, I’m so glad,” he says. “Not – not that I didn’t think it would. I just – I’ve been thinking about you.”

“I know, hyung,” Jungkook says gently, smiling. “Wanted to tell you.”

“What did they say?”

“Basically what you said they would. They understood why I was scared, they were a little worried that I was doing it for the money, but they weren’t grossed out or anything. I – I told them that it was how we met. That you’re a camboy too.”

Yoongi is quiet for a moment, and his tone is unreadable when he replies. “Oh.”

Jungkook’s stomach twists uncomfortably. “I hope that’s okay? Shit, I should have asked, I’m sorry –”

“No, baby, it’s fine, I should have expected it,” Yoongi says quickly, his voice much warmer. “Uh – what – what did they say? Just out of interest?”

“They don’t find it weird, if you’re worried about that. I think they found it kind of intriguing. They – uh, they actually – uh –”

Yoongi chuckles, the sound even rougher than usual through the phone. “They what, bunny?”

“They – think that our sex life will be amazing.”

Yoongi hesitates, then lets out another breath, though not of relief this time; this breath is heavier, lower, somehow shakier. “Oh,” he replies, his voice higher than usual. “I mean – I’m sure they aren’t wrong.”

Jungkook giggles. “Seriously, though. Thank you for encouraging me. I’d never have been brave enough to do it alone.”

“Sure you would,” Yoongi says nonchalantly. “Taehyung and Jimin are your friends, you’d have told them sooner or later.”

“Mmm,” Jungkook hums noncommittally. He isn’t too sure he’d ever have owned up if he didn’t have Yoongi, someone to support him regardless of the outcome, but he appreciates the elder’s faith in him all the same.

“Speaking of, have you invited them to our show on Saturday yet?”
“Not yet. Hold on,” Jungkook replies, moving the phone away from his face and raising his voice so that the others can hear him from the lounge. “Hyungs!”

There’s a distant thud, like the sound of a body hitting the floor, followed by what might have been glass shattering, punctuated all the while by Yoongi snickering down the phone. The floor shakes – actually shakes – as two pairs of heavy footsteps race towards Jungkook’s bedroom door with all the subtlety and grace of a scene out of Jurassic Park. If his bedroom door had not already been open, Taehyung and Jimin would surely have hurtled straight through; however, it is open, and they crash into the doorframe instead.


“Cough once for alive, twice for dead,” Taehyung pants from the floor, one hand using Jimin’s jeans to drag his body upright.

“Hyungs,” Jungkook says, ignoring them. Yoongi hasn’t stopped laughing and Jungkook bites back a grin. “Yoongi-hyung asked if you want to come to his and Namjoon’s show this weekend.”

“‘Show’?” Jimin asks incredulously. “Don’t tell me Namjoon is a fucking camboy too?”

Judging by the screech of mirth down the phone, Jungkook may be in danger of losing Yoongi altogether.

“No, hyung, they’re rapping.”

“Oh. That’s much nicer.”

“Not – not that being a camboy isn’t nice, Kookie, Tae didn’t mean that –”

“Of course, I only meant – better for the environment? No. More child-friendly?”

Jimin snorts, fixing his friend with a scathing look. “Are we bringing children?”

“We could.” Taehyung pauses, then gasps. “Can we bring Soonshim?”

“Hyungs. Focus.”

“Sorry.”

Jungkook hears Yoongi calling his name and holds the phone back to his ear. “Yes?”

“Just tell them it starts at eight at Big Hit Bar, but everyone is meeting at our place for drinks at six. Joonie and I will be on towards the end. Seokie will be there.”

“It’s fine, hyung, they’re coming.”

“As the actress said to the bishop.”

“Taehyung, would you shut up –”

“Okay, hyung, I’ll text you later,” Jungkook calls over the outbreak of bickering from his doorway. Yoongi is chuckling again, the sound doing something embarrassing to Jungkook that calls to mind the word ‘butterflies’.

“And I’ll see you later, gorgeous,” Yoongi purrs teasingly, and Jungkook flushes – the excitement of
the afternoon had almost driven his camshow from his mind entirely.

“Y-yes, hyung,” Jungkook stutters. Yoongi ends the call, and Jungkook does his best to will away the burning blood rushing to his face, looking up just in time to see Jimin trying to stand on Taehyung’s head.

♡ ♡ ♡

The rest of the afternoon passes fairly uneventfully. Taehyung and Jimin steal away to Taehyung’s room, where they remain suspiciously quiet for a few hours. Jungkook knows better than to find out what they’re doing, and honestly, he’s thankful for the peace and quiet. Heaven only knows it’ll be destroyed soon enough, in any case.

He takes a long shower, the water so hot that steam billows around the bathroom and seeps beneath the door, so hot his skin turns a flushed pink and he feels like he might melt, but in the best way. When he at last steps out, the apartment is still eerily quiet, not even the sound of his friends’ chatter drifting through the walls. He almost feels unsafe in just crossing the hallway to his bedroom, but he has a show to prepare for, and thanks to his excessively long shower habit, he’s cutting it fine.

Jungkook makes sure to close the door firmly behind him as he changes, pulling on the usual pair of sweatpants (without underwear, obviously) and a zip-up hoodie which he leaves hanging open. He used to make the effort of blow-drying his hair, but after a recent admission from Yoongi that the elder is weak for his fluffy hair, he’s decided to just rub a towel through it and leave it be.

He picks up his phone to check the time – about ten to nine, he has time – and sees he’s missed a message from Yoongi.

**Yoongi-hyung [20:31] work hard tonight bunny, cant wait to see you ♡**

It’s fucking absurd, he knows it is, but Jungkook feels like he’s swallowed a fucking firework just at the sight of the elder’s name, let alone at the cotton candy sweetness of the message. His cheeks burn and he bites down on his lower lip, suppressing a smile and cringing at the sentimentality of it all as he types out a reply.

**sent to Yoongi-hyung [20:49] i’ll call when i’m done hyung!**

He turns to his desk, resting his phone beside his laptop as he sits down and switches it on, the screen already open because it’s just easier for him to have his webcam already set up and balanced on the –

Where the fuck is his fucking camera?

Jungkook pauses, frowning to himself. He checks behind the screen, behind the back of his desk, in the narrow space between the desk and his drawers, even amongst the wires beneath his feet. Nothing. And it isn’t like he takes it anywhere else, what would he do with a fucking webcam anywhere other than his laptop?

He huffs impatiently. He doesn’t have time for this. His show will be starting soon and he needs to be set up before the timer finishes, and he’s never missed the start of a show before. There’s nowhere else it could be. He knows he hasn’t moved it. The only way it could have possibly left its designated seat is –

*For fuck’s sake, again?*

Jungkook pushes his chair away from the desk and storms to the door, throwing it open so hard that
it crashes against the perpendicular wall. He isn’t sure why this didn’t occur to him sooner. Last time something had gone missing, it had ended up under Jimin’s ass, so he doesn’t even want to imagine where his camera has ended up.

He heads straight to Taehyung’s bedroom door and pushes it open impatiently, not bothering to knock because apparently respecting one’s roommate is a myth in this fucking place, and the first thing that hits him is the sharp smell of alcohol.

Great.

The second thing he notices is that his roommates are sprawled ungracefully over Taehyung’s bed, both very much shirtless, wrestling with the sheets and with the buttons on their jeans and mid-air, by the looks of things.

“What the fuck are you doing?” he snaps. Apparently, they hadn’t noticed him bursting in, as Taehyung’s response is to shriek with panic and fall backwards off the bed, whereas Jimin’s is to pull the sheets to his bare chest as though to protect his dignity.

“Oh! It’s – you! What are the chances?” Taehyung slurs, his head and shoulders appearing over the side of the bed as he tries to drag himself back onto the mattress.

“I live here.”

Jungkook takes in their dishevelled hair, their foggy, hooded eyes, the clumsiness of their movements and the two – no, three empty bottles of something scattered around the room. He honestly doesn’t know why he’s surprised. Why wouldn’t two hard-working, dedicated students get absolutely shit-faced on a fucking Thursday evening?

“Of course you do!” Taehyung replies loudly, smacking his forehead as though remembering an important fact. “He lives here! And we live with him, don’t we Jiminie? Our friend – uh – our friend –”

Jungkook sighs, exhaling several years’ worth of pain and suffering. “Have you seriously forgotten my name?”

“No! Kungjook!” Taehyung replies, affronted.

Jimin nudges him, whispering out of the corner of his mouth. “Jungkook.”

“That’s what I said.”

“Be quiet,” Jungkook scowls. Jimin seems to be the more sober of the pair – though it is admittedly difficult to tell – and so he speaks directly to him, fixing the elder with his iciest glare. “What are you doing and where is my camera?”

“We’re filming a sex tape!” Jimin replies brightly, as though reporting that he’d found some money on the sidewalk. “We’re going to be pornstars like Jungkookie.”

“Absolutely not.”

“You can’t stop us!” Taehyung says petulantly, clambering onto the mattress so clumsily that his hand slips and he all but faceplants the sheets. “We’ve already filmed loads of super-sexy foreplay, haven’t we Jiminie?”

“That’s right.”
Jungkook narrows his eyes, glaring around the room, and spots his webcam perched on Jimin’s desk, nowhere near a laptop or computer of any description, the wire hanging loosely from the edge of the surface.

“Okay, well, I’m taking it back.” He steps over an empty bottle of vodka on his way to the desk, snatching up the webcam and shoving it into the pocket of his sweats. “It’s my show tonight and I need it.”

“Your show?” Taehyung asks, sitting bolt upright, suddenly seeming a lot more sober than he did ten seconds ago. “You didn’t tell us it was tonight.”

Jungkook grimaces. Perhaps he shouldn’t have divulged that particular piece of information. “Nine p.m., every Thursday. Stay out of my way.”

“Can’t we join in, Kookie?” Jimin pouts, batting his eyelashes. “I promise it’ll be fun.”

“No.”

“Please?” Taehyung whines.

“No.”

“But – but – we were so nice to you when you told us! We were super nice and supportive, and –”

“– and if you don’t let us join in, we’ll withdraw our support.”

“Yes! Good idea, Tae, we’ll do that.”

“Your support is non-refundable.” Jungkook turns his back on them, carefully leaving the room and trying not to stand on any week-old pizza crusts or small animals that may have moved in.

“Then I want to speak to a manager!” Taehyung shouts defiantly as Jungkook reaches the bedroom door. Jungkook glances over his shoulder to see the elder kneeling up on the bed, one hand raised in a fist, the other clenched by his side. Jimin folds his arms grumpily, nodding in agreement.

“Don’t have sex,” Jungkook says sternly, before closing the door sharply behind him.

He isn’t sure how long that deeply unpleasant interaction lasted, but he has a feeling he’s running a little late, dashing into his bedroom and firmly locking the door as he goes. He throws himself into his desk chair and scrambles to plug in his webcam, impatiently loading up the cam site as he waits for the thing to connect. He has barely a minute to spare and he swears, running a hand through his hair and doing his best to get into the right headspace as he pulls a mask out of his desk drawer and snaps it over his mouth and nose.

Think sexy thoughts. Think about anything other than Taehyung and Jimin trying to film a sex tape. Think sexy thoughts.

The timer flickers down to zero, and a beat later, he sees himself on camera, the comments scrolling by in a blur at the sight of him. He raises his hand in his usual sideways peace sign, trying to make it look like he didn’t just sprint across his apartment after scolding his roommates.

When the comments slow in frequency enough for him to read, he takes his time to scroll through a few.

bibimbang: best day of the week yes bitch
sorrybae: *dont he look mad tho??? so hot*

busanfirst: *you always look so good omg*

He smiles, letting the compliments wash over him and feed his ego. This is what he needs to perform, needs to feel just a little bit cocky, a little bit arrogant, just for this one hour a week. He slides down in his seat, taking a deep breath to relax.

“You think I look good, huh?” he says, quirking an eyebrow. Honestly, he does make himself cringe a little bit when he’s performing, but his audience never seems to complain. And, more importantly, neither does Yoongi. His stomach coils hotly at the knowledge that the elder is watching, as it always does. “It’ll take more than that to get me started.”

Almost immediately, the comments pick up in frequency once more, every single one praising him, begging him to take his clothes off *already*, the sound of donations clinking satisfyingly from his speakers.

He takes another deep breath. Imagines Yoongi, sitting in his room, staring intently at Jungkook through the screen. He wonders what Yoongi imagines when he watches Jungkook’s show, wonders if the elder fantasises about being the one to please him, make him moan, push him to release.

*There we go,* he thinks, as he feels his cock beginning to thicken with interest. *Took you long enough.*

And then, inevitably, the sound of two heavy bodies colliding with his bedroom door makes him nearly jump out of his skin and he swears under his breath.

“Hey! Are you filming? Are you doing it right now? Are you live?”

“Hi, pervy people at home! Have a nice time masturbating over our friend!”

“Oh my fucking god.”

Jungkook can only groan, slumping forward in his desk and hoping the earth swallows him up. Why, out of everyone in the world, *why* did he end up living with Taehyung and Jimin? Why couldn’t he have moved in with that nice, quiet boy from his course, the one who always has watercolour stains on his face, or that friendly girl from the volunteers committee?

“Make that money, babe! We’re cheering for you!”

Taehyung makes a sound like he’s suddenly overcome with emotion, fighting back tears. “I’m so proud. He’s growing up so well.”

“He really is, isn’t he? I remember when we first met him, and he hadn’t grown into his teeth yet –”

“Remember when he fell over in front of everyone after the welcome lecture? Or –”

“– or when he got so drunk that he tried to sext his professor, that was a good time –”

“Oh my *fucking god,* guys, go away.” Jungkook forces himself from his state of despair, turning to the camera with a grimace. “I’m so sorry, my roommates – I only told them I do this show earlier today.”

His audience don’t seem to mind. On the contrary, everyone seems to be highly entertained; maybe
even more than usual, which is a concern.

daffyx: *im fucking howlign*

chimchimcharee: *this may have been a weird time to start watching your shows*

blackpisces: *this is great. this is so great.*

Jungkook scowls when he reads Yoongi’s username, biting back the curl of his lips. His gaze flickers over to his door, on the other side of which Taehyung and Jimin are still reminiscing about every embarrassing thing he’s ever done in his life, before he looks back at the screen.

“Well, I’m fucking glad you’re all enjoying yourselves.”

“– the time when he accidentally said ‘thanks mommy’ after I handed him a coffee –”

“– or when he admitted his first crush was Scar’s nephew from The Lion King two –”

“I’m going to *fucking murder you both.*”

Chapter End Notes

♡ twitter ♡
Chapter Notes

Hello darlings!!! I hope everybody had a lovely holiday period and a fun New Year's! This is a long'un, strap yourselves in. This was FUN TO WRITE I liked this chapter. I hope you all like it too.

Just a quick update! So this year I'll actually be moving to South Korea (in like 6/7 months, hopefully) and until then I'm taking a teaching course and also a Korean language course, whilst still working full time. In other words, I'm going to be SUPER FUCKING BUSY. You guys know this fic is my baby and I work hard on it, so if updates come a little slower in the future, I want you to know that it isn't because I've forgotten it, it's just because I'm biting off more than I can chew, as always. One thing I am definitely going to make time for is Yoonkook Week, Feb 19th - 25th! I have everything planned out already and I'm going to write some things in advance so I can definitely post them all on time. Please anticipate that!

As always, leave feedback and let me know what you think, and come say hi on twitter if you haven't already! Take care!

♡ twitter ♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yoongi doesn’t get pre-show nerves, not anymore. Back in his early days of performing, those ice-cold moments of waiting alone backstage whilst he listened to the crowd roaring for Namjoon, self-doubt plaguing him and threatening to destroy everything he’d worked for – those moments used to be all too common. Nowadays, before a performance, all he feels is an impatient kind of excitement, a sort of restlessness, an itch to get back on the stage.

That being said, Jungkook is on his way over. Jungkook is coming over to Yoongi’s apartment, bringing his friends, to spend time with Yoongi’s friends, before his show. The show which they will all be attending together. Jungkook is coming to watch Yoongi’s show. Great.

Okay, he’s really fucking nervous.

Hoseok hasn’t stopped fussing over Yoongi’s appearance for the last ten minutes, his long fingers pushing Yoongi’s dark hair this way and that, insisting on threading a pair of small silver hoops through the elder’s lobes and pushing rings onto his hands, and Yoongi feels like he might start hyperventilating.

“Seok,” Yoongi says through gritted teeth. “Stop it.”

“Okay, okay, I’m almost done,” the younger says, one firm hand pressing onto Yoongi’s shoulder to keep him seated. The elder watches with dread as Hoseok pulls a long, thin bandana from a loop on his jeans, tying it to sit beneath Yoongi’s bangs. “There.”

Hoseok takes a step back, hands on his hips, appraising his handiwork. Yoongi does his best not to look self-conscious. “Well?” he grumbles.
“I’m a genius,” Hoseok replies, nodding smugly. “You look ‘daddy ay-eff’, as the kids say.”

Namjoon snorts from the sofa perpendicular to the one Yoongi sits on, his gaze on his phone. “What kids? You don’t know any kids.”


“I wouldn’t advertise that, Hobi,” Seokjin calls good-naturedly from the kitchen. “You’ll end up on a register.”

“What’s wrong with an adult male having a healthy, platonic interest in children?” Hoseok stands up crossly and moves toward the kitchen, ready to confront Seokjin.

“Please end this conversation before Jungkook and the others arrive,” Yoongi says drily. It goes unheard – or, more likely, Hoseok and Seokjin simply chose to ignore him – so he heaves a sigh and heads to his bedroom.

Even as he paces back and forth, tightening the bandana at the nape of his neck, straightening his sheets, he doesn’t know why he’s so nervous. He can’t wait to see Jungkook, sure, but they’ve never done this before, an exclusive get-together with all of their closest friends. It almost seems like a test, though Yoongi’s almost positive they’ll all get along just fine.

He pauses in the middle of his room, taking a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down. Jungkook’s never seen him perform before. It would be nerve-wracking even without the subject matter of some of his songs, but Jungkook has no idea that Yoongi’s ever suffered from depression and anxiety. It’s his own fault, he knows that. He’s never found the right time to open up, and he isn’t all that great at those deep conversations in the first place. All he can do is his best, as he always does, and hopefully Jungkook will understand.

“Hyung?” Namjoon’s voice filters through from the lounge. “I think that was the buzzer.”

A shiver of panic darts down Yoongi’s spine and he shudders, hurrying out of the room.

“What, your legs stopped working or something?” Yoongi grumbles as he passes Namjoon.

“Curiously enough, yes.”

“Asshole.”

Yoongi buzzes them in with trembling fingers then disappears into the bathroom, nervously checking his appearance. He isn’t entirely sure how he’s supposed to wear his hair over this fucking bandana. It isn’t something he’d ever have chosen for himself, but it isn’t like it looks bad, and he is going to be on stage, after all. Hoseok had picked out his outfit, as usual, forcing him into a white t-shirt, some black ripped jeans and a khaki jacket. He’d felt confident about it earlier, but now he isn’t sure if he should change. What the fuck do rappers wear these days? Is he wearing too many rings? How is he supposed to wear this fucking bandana?

There’s a knock at the door and Yoongi swears, almost slipping in his socks as he darts out of the bathroom and across the lounge. He takes a moment, breathing deeply and willing away the clamminess of his palms – unfortunately not going unnoticed by Namjoon, who snorts cruelly – before he opens the door, standing back to let his guests in.

It’s Jungkook, of course it’s Jungkook, but for a moment, the younger just stands there, his gaze unreadable, whilst Jimin and Taehyung peer curiously over his shoulders, altogether looking like some kind of three-headed gargoyle.
“What’s happening?” Jimin says, frowning. “Why is there traffic?”

“Kook,” Yoongi prompts gently, reaching out to tug the boy indoors. Jimin and Taehyung propel him forwards as they burst into the apartment, the ensuing chorus of screeching suggesting that they have located Hoseok, but Jungkook doesn’t move, gazing at Yoongi like a doe stuck in headlights. “Erm, hi?”

Jungkook lets out a breath, long and low, and Yoongi only distantly realises how close they’re standing. The younger’s dark eyes rake over him and Yoongi can almost feel their path over his skin, a trail of shivers in their wake.

“How, you look – you look –” Jungkook says softly. He seems unable to find the right words and it brings a fierce flush to Yoongi’s cheeks. He’s never seen that look in Jungkook’s eyes before, not to this extent, never been so close to that dark, undulating smoke in the younger’s gaze, never felt the heat of his every exhale without a camera and a laptop between them.

Yoongi gulps. His hand is still curled around Jungkook’s wrist, and he wants so badly just to lean up and kiss the boy, but he knows it isn’t a good idea. It isn’t like they’re alone, and if their friends see them –

“Please stop eye-fucking and close the door,” Hoseok calls lazily. Jungkook turns away at once, the tips of his ears a flaming red, and Yoongi snaps the door shut with a scowl.

When Yoongi turns back, it’s just in time to see Jungkook hiding his face miserably against Taehyung’s collarbone, whilst the older boy pats his back fondly. Yoongi hadn’t noticed before, but fuck, Jungkook looks like a fucking meal, a plain white t-shirt beneath a black leather jacket, his pale ripped jeans clinging indecently to his gorgeously thick thighs. He gulps thickly.

Jimin is greeting Namjoon warmly, a kind of camaraderie evident between them that Yoongi hadn’t really expected, though it isn’t an unpleasant surprise. Seokjin moves towards the new arrivals, smiling graciously and good-naturedly waving away Taehyung and Jungkook’s bows.

“Don’t be silly, any friend of Yoongi’s is a friend of mine,” Seokjin says, grinning cheesily. Yoongi groans.

Then, Jimin joins them, introduces himself, and says the worst thing possible. “Oh, you’re the actor hyung, right?”

Seokjin’s chest immediately puffs out and he beams dazzlingly. Jungkook catches Yoongi’s eye and has to press his lips together to hold back his laughter. The sight makes Yoongi’s heart thump.

“Why, yes, that would be me,” Seokjin says proudly, laying it on just a little thick. “You’ll have to keep an eye out for my new drama, it airs in just a couple weeks, you know! The director is brilliant and my co-star is just the most wonderful girl, I tried to invite her tonight but she had other plans –”

“Drinks, anyone?” Hoseok calls over Seokjin, his tone bored. God only knows how many times he, Yoongi and Namjoon have had to sit through Seokjin’s rambling. “Beer, Joon? Yoongi, Kook?”

“Vodka soda,” Yoongi replies. Jungkook has caught his eye again, but this time, he won’t look away, and Yoongi can see the way his chest heaves through the thin material of his shirt.

“Kook?” Hoseok prompts.

“U-um, same, hyung, thanks.”
Yoongi glances at the others to make sure they’re occupied – Seokjin is still chattering away to Taehyung and Jimin who, to their credit, actually look interested, Namjoon hasn’t looked up from his phone and Hoseok is busying himself rifling through their alcohol cupboard – then turns back to Jungkook, tilting his head towards his bedroom. At once, the younger understands and heads straight for the closed door.

Yoongi follows, snapping the door shut behind him. The chatter from the lounge is immediately hushed, muffled, and in the darkness of Yoongi’s bedroom, the whole thing suddenly seems much more intimate. It’s too dark to locate Jungkook right away and he blinks impatiently, waiting for his eyes to adjust. They don’t have much time, he knows that, but Yoongi just needs to have this moment, to greet Jungkook properly, to tell him how gorgeous he looks and – and –

“Hyung.”

A pair of strong hands takes firm hold of Yoongi’s shoulders and he’s suddenly forced against the wall, a wonderfully warm body pressing against him. Yoongi feels Jungkook’s impatient breath over his lips before he feels the clumsy press of Jungkook’s mouth against his own, insistent and demanding. Jungkook’s hands tangle in Yoongi’s hair and the elder can only hold on for dear life, his fingers curling beneath Jungkook’s jacket.

Jungkook wastes no time in prying apart Yoongi’s lips, a depraved sound escaping him as his tongue curls against Yoongi’s. The taste of him coats Yoongi’s tongue headily, sweet vanilla and fiery cinnamon, and it’s doing something interesting to the elder, his insides swirling and roiling, his head foggy and unfocused.

He’s just – he’s never been kissed like this before, never been held like this before, so much desire and need burning through Jungkook’s nerve-endings that it seems to make the air around them crackle. Yoongi doesn’t know what’s gotten into the kid, though he isn’t about to complain; the sounds muffled against his mouth are as heavenly as they are sinful, and Jungkook’s fingers are tightening in his hair just right, his body so warm and firm and so, so close –

“K-Kook,” Yoongi manages to choke out, trying to pull back just a fraction, wrestling with Jungkook to swap their places. The younger’s back hits the wall and a huff of discontent escapes him as he tries to drag Yoongi’s lips back to his own. “What –”

“Kiss me, just kiss me,” Jungkook breathes urgently, still tugging desperately at the collar of Yoongi’s jacket, and honestly, what chance did Yoongi ever have of resisting?

He relents with a low groan, pressing against Jungkook and winding his arms around the boy’s tiny waist as their lips meet once more. Jungkook moans into the kiss and the sound sets Yoongi alight, only made worse by the fact that the boy won’t stop squirming in Yoongi’s arms, as though determined to eliminate every molecule separating their bodies.

Yoongi can’t think, can barely breathe. It’s never been like this before, never been so heated, so tenacious as it is now. Jungkook’s arms wrap around Yoongi’s shoulders and hold him in place, his tongue sliding against the elder’s, hot and wet and desperate. Their kisses before now have been slow, careful, tentative, and this is new territory, this is teeth sinking into lips and moans swallowed by greedy tongues, this is roaming hands sliding beneath t-shirts and nails scraping over hot, firm flesh.

Their legs slot together in such a way that their hips press flush, and Yoongi isn’t sure if it was intentional or not, and oh god he can feel Jungkook pressing against him, not fully hard but almost, almost.
There’s a series of quick knocks on the door that have the wood shaking against the frame, but Yoongi can’t bring himself to pull away. Jungkook jumps in his arms and seems to hold on tighter, his fingers curling in the fabric of Yoongi’s jacket. The kiss breaks with a wet sound and a whimper - though Yoongi isn’t sure whether it came from him or Jungkook – and then it’s just breath, hot and sticky and fast, their noses still bumping together from proximity.

“Okay so, I have your drinks, and like, there’s ice, and – I’m just gonna leave them on the table, ‘kay? Sorry to – erm, to interrupt. Oh god, this is awkward.”

It’s unmistakably Hoseok, though his voice is high and strained. Jungkook laughs breathily and Yoongi groans, scrunching his eyes shut.

“Guess they noticed,” Jungkook mumbles, and when Yoongi reopens his eyes, he sees that strange intensity still roils in the depths of Jungkook’s warm irises, making his stomach flip nervously.

He clears his throat, taking the slightest step back and letting his hands slip round to rest gently on Jungkook’s waist. “C’mon. We’ll have more time later.”

Yoongi isn’t sure why he says that, isn’t even sure of the implications of his words; of course they’ll have more time later, they’re spending the whole evening together, but he finds himself needing another moment like this, hopefully minus the interruptions. The thought of what might happen makes him swallow thickly, his head dizzying for a moment.

Jungkook’s lips part and he lets out a low breath, his gaze dropping to Yoongi’s lips. He nods dumbly, though doesn’t move to disentangle himself. Yoongi’s chest thumps almost painfully at the sight.

The elder leans forward and presses a kiss to Jungkook’s lips, brief but sweet, and at last he feels the younger relax in his hold. When he pulls back, Jungkook smiles, his hand finding Yoongi’s in the darkness as they move towards the door.

As soon as they step into the lounge, five pairs of eyes fix them with knowing, wicked stares, and Yoongi watches as Hoseok holds his hand out to Jimin, accepting a ten-thousand won note from the younger boy.

“Told you,” Hoseok says smugly, pocketing the money and preening a little.

Jimin pouts, frowning at Jungkook. “I honestly thought you were too shy around us to sneak away and make out with your boyfriend,” he grumbles. Taehyung makes a small sound of sympathy and massages Jimin’s nape. “You’ve changed, man.”

“We – I didn’t –” Jungkook stammers. Yoongi looks over to the younger and immediately cringes; Jungkook’s lips are unmistakably swollen, stained a cherry red and still slick from their bruising kisses. It’s fucking hot, make no mistake about that, but it leaves no room for imagination as to what they’ve been up to. Needing to do something, anything, he gently tugs his hand free from Jungkook’s and moves to fetch their drinks from the coffee table, his cheeks burning as he hears the boys snicker around him.

They have just over an hour before the taxi arrives and, despite Yoongi’s fretting, everybody seems to get along. He isn’t drinking much, not before a performance, and so he’s perfectly happy to perch on the arm of the sofa and observe, sipping his drink quietly. Jungkook seems to have found a kindred spirit in Seokjin, even despite their age difference, and the younger barely leaves the elder’s side, the sounds of their cackling laughter filling the apartment so much that Yoongi honestly starts to worry about disturbing their neighbours. Hoseok and Jimin have been muttering with their heads
together all evening, occasionally joined by Taehyung – probably something to do with Operation Codeword – although the latter spends most of the hour by Namjoon’s side, deep in conversation, his bright eyes wide and fascinated. Yoongi smiles at the sight; Namjoon tends to have that effect on people.

Yoongi’s nerves steadily build as the time goes on, though he knows it’s mostly anticipation. The rest of it is entirely down to Jungkook’s presence. It’s bad enough that Jungkook is about to see a part of Yoongi’s life that he never, as a rule, never shares with people he doesn’t trust or value; just having him here feels like some kind of admission of Yoongi’s feelings towards him, which is all kinds of terrifying. On top of that, Yoongi’s head is still swimming with the intensity of their kisses, with the undiluted want he had seen in Jungkook’s gaze. He doesn’t know what it means, doesn’t know what’s going to happen, and all of it combined is making Yoongi’s mouth dry, making his tongue feel two sizes too big.

Inevitably, the night slowly begins to spiral into madness, as it so often does when Hoseok is supplied with alcohol. Yoongi only has one more drink, and only because Jimin presses the shot glass into his hand with a look that suggests his life will be a lot easier if he complies. Seokjin gathers everybody together between the sofas and says something brief yet encouraging about Yoongi and Namjoon’s show, something that Yoongi blocks out entirely from embarrassment and something that makes Jungkook’s increasingly bleary gaze turn warm with pride.

During a moment in which the others seem to be too busy to scold Yoongi for being boring, he sidles to the kitchen to pour himself a glass of water. There’d be no use in performing with a dry throat, he reasons; he’d only end up straining himself. As he fills up the glass, watching the water ripple as it climbs higher, he can hear Jimin’s pretty, high laughter, can hear Seokjin ranting in that way he does when he starts to run out of breath, can hear Hoseok clapping enthusiastically. He doesn’t mind the racket, really. It’s helping to distract him from the nerves.

“Hi.”

Yoongi peers over his shoulder to see Jungkook, hands in his pockets, looking just a little sheepish and just a tad tipsy. “Hey, Kook,” he smiles, turning off the faucet and setting down his glass before he turns to face the younger. “What’s up?”

Jungkook seems nervous, glancing back at their friends as he takes a step towards Yoongi, a step that makes the elder’s breath stutter in his throat. “Not – uh, not had a chance to really talk yet,” he says lowly, pulling his shoulders up around his ears. He struggles to keep eye contact, his stare flickering from Yoongi’s eyes, to his lips, to the column of his throat or the way the elder’s hands grip the edge of the counter. He takes another step closer, the tips of their boots nudging together. “I’m really excited about tonight.”

“Yeah?” Yoongi asks, mimicking Jungkook’s hushed tones. His hand curls around the younger’s wrist where it pushes into the pocket of his jeans, and it’s supposed to be comforting, but judging by the hitch of Jungkook’s breath, perhaps it isn’t.

“Y-yeah.”

Yoongi just wants to put Jungkook at ease, wants to drain the tension from those muscles and soothe the ragged flesh of his lower lip. He doesn’t know why the kid is coiled so tightly. He lifts his hands, resting them on Jungkook’s chest and sliding them up, up, up to link at his nape. Gently, slowly, he eases their bodies closer, until he can feel Jungkook’s frenzied heartbeat against his ribcage, rattling his bones.

“’M glad you’re here, baby,” he murmurs, and Pretends he can’t feel the full-bodied shiver that
ripples through Jungkook.

The younger lets out a long, low breath, his hands tentatively coming to rest on Yoongi’s hips. He doesn’t speak for a moment, and despite the chaos around them, it feels like silence, like a pause in the world, just for them.

“I – just – fuck, hyung, you look so good,” Jungkook breathes, barely a whisper and forced out between his teeth as though he just needs to get the words out, and Yoongi can’t even bear to look into the younger’s eyes because he knows that dark fire will be back, thick and smoky and undulating.

He swallows thickly, daring to tangle his fingertips into Jungkook’s hair. “So do you,” he replies, staring at the boy’s lips. He’s been biting them a lot, it looks like, flushed red as they are and torn here and there. They look sore. He should kiss them better.

Yoongi doesn’t really realise he’s leaning up towards Jungkook until he feels their noses bumping affectionately, but he isn’t about to complain, not when those warm, soft lips are so close to his own. He tightens his arms around Jungkook’s neck and lets out a premature sigh of relief, letting his eyes drift closed –

“Uber’s outside!” Seokjin calls, clapping loudly. “Nobody look at Yoongi and Jungkook, they’re seconds from coitus.”

“Jesus christ, hyung, why?”

“What, Namjoon, it’s true.”

Yoongi’s fingers curl in the fabric of Jungkook’s jacket, hard, unyielding leather, before he tries to pull back, his heart thumping. Jungkook doesn’t release his grip, his arms tight around Yoongi’s waist.

“Let them, let them look,” he mutters. Yoongi goes rather boneless, smacking Jungkook weakly on the shoulder.


If Yoongi didn’t know any better, he’d swear that Jungkook actually growled before he released the elder, though he links their hands together and waits for Yoongi to hurriedly gulp down his water. Yoongi allows himself to be lead from the kitchen and towards the others, and the only thing holding him to this planet is Jungkook’s hand as the taller boy turns back for the briefest second, leaving his hyung with a promise.

“Later.”

♡♡♡

Namjoon’s already disappeared backstage, and Yoongi waits with Hoseok, Seokjin and Jungkook, seated around a comfortable booth towards the rear of the venue with a good view of the stage. Jimin and Taehyung had forced their way to the very front of the crowd and, if Yoongi squints, he can just about make them out, pressed against the barrier eagerly.

Jungkook is close to his side, touching wherever possible but it isn’t enough, nowhere near enough. Yoongi’s fingers toy with the rip in the knee of Jungkook’s jeans, and though he tries to avoid brushing against the younger’s skin, he can’t help it, and every touch makes him shiver.
“Don’t you need to go backstage, Yoongi?” Seokjin asks, leaning over the table.

“Not yet. I’ll watch Joon’s set first.”

“This is so cool,” Jungkook says, his eyes huge and awestruck as he takes in the crowd before them. “All these people are here to see you, hyung?”

“And Joonie, yeah,” Yoongi replies, flushing a little. “I guess we have a few fans on campus.”

“A few?” Jungkook snorts. “This is unreal. I can’t believe I’m dating a rapper.”

Yoongi laughs, wrinkling his nose. Hoseok rolls his eyes and Seokjin mimes vomiting over the side of the table. “Don’t get too excited, I might suck.”

“You know you don’t, hyung,” Hoseok cuts in, his triangular lips downturned. “Kook, you’re totally going to want to suck his cock for like, a week.”

“That’s quite enough, thank you,” Seokjin says loudly, his voice carrying over the sound of Jungkook choking on his drink. Yoongi thumps him on the back until it subsides, pressing a kiss to the boy’s knuckles by way of apology.

At that moment, the lights in the venue dim and the noise of the crowd surges in excitement. Yoongi turns in his seat to face the stage, Jungkook sitting comfortably behind him with his hand on the elder’s hip.

“A week, huh?” Jungkook mutters in his ear, too low for the others to hear, although Yoongi’s cheeks burn all the same. He reaches behind to smack Jungkook on the side of the leg, earning him a wicked snicker in response.

Namjoon walks onstage to a chorus of cheers, immediately grinning and leaning down to bump his fist against Jimin’s. Yoongi hears Jungkook whistle lowly behind him and he knows why; Namjoon always looks so different on stage, so confident and powerful, compared to his usually goofy and somewhat clumsy self. The arms of his long-sleeved t-shirt is pushed up to his elbows and he has a pair of black Raybans perched on his nose, his hair pushed back off his face. He spins the microphone in his hand – a nervous tic, Yoongi recognises it from their years of performing together – and, a beat later, the music begins to play, a steadily ticking metronome that has the crowd shrieking from the first.

Yoongi settles back into Jungkook’s hold as he watches his friend perform. Namjoon stalks the stage like he was born to do it, never missing a beat, somehow both effortless and passionate as he purrs his lyrics into the microphone. Yoongi loves watching Namjoon perform, always feels himself swell with pride. Jungkook seems to be enjoying it, too, gasping and exclaiming lowly, drumming along to the beat on Yoongi’s hipbones.

The seats vibrate beneath them, the floor shaking under their feet, the sound of Namjoon’s music is so loud that Yoongi’s ears pop, and he feels completely at home. This is what he loves, the music, the performance, the sound of the crowd singing along as though they’ve known the lyrics forever. It’s where he belongs, he knows that, has always known that. Sitting here with Jungkook seems to reinforce that feeling, somehow, and at last, his nerves drain away, to be replaced with a powerful excitement to prove himself to the boy whose arms steadily snake around his waist.

They’ll both be playing fifteen-minute sets, plenty of time for four or five songs, and as the first song blends almost seamlessly into the second, Yoongi leans back more comfortably into Jungkook’s chest, crossing his legs on the seat in front of him.
It isn’t until the third song begins that he starts to feel it, Jungkook’s lips ghosting over the skin just beneath his ear, slowly, slowly making their way down his throat. Yoongi shifts in his seat, antsy and prickly, tilting his head just so to allow Jungkook easier access. He feels the boy’s warm fingertips inching the neck of his shirt out of the way, and then one stuttered heartbeat later, those same plush lips pressing painfully gentle kisses to the juncture of his shoulder and neck. He sighs, the tiniest moan escaping him, and he thinks it’s been lost in the sound of the thumping bass and cheering crowd, but –

“God, do that again,” Jungkook murmurs against Yoongi’s skin, so deep and low that he can feel the vibrations coursing through him. He shivers, his head falling back onto Jungkook’s shoulder, just for a moment.

“You –” Yoongi begins, his words getting lost in a gasp as he feels the first scrape of Jungkook’s teeth against his flesh. The kid isn’t making it easy for him to focus. “Y-you should be watching the stage, Kook.”

“Mm, I am,” comes Jungkook’s response, and when Yoongi strains to look, he can see the younger staring up at the stage through his lashes, his lips secured to the elder’s shoulder.

It’s a painful few minutes before Namjoon’s performance ends. Yoongi really has to work hard to focus on the stage, what with Jungkook’s wicked tongue and teeth working slowly and steadily against his skin. Every time a sound escapes him, Jungkook’s hands tighten around Yoongi’s waist, an appreciative rumble emanating from within the younger’s chest. When, at long last, the crowd erupts with a final deafening cheer for Namjoon as he bows deeply, his dimples visible even from where they sit at their booth, the lights brighten somewhat and Yoongi hurries to right himself, hoping Jungkook hasn’t left any visible marks.

Apparently, he isn’t fooling anyone.

“Oh, so you two are finished, are you?” Seokjin says drily, eyeing his friends as he takes a deep gulp of his drink.

Yoongi flushes furiously. “I tried to tell him to focus on the stage.”

“Yeah, you really gave him a hard time there, didn’t you hyung?” Hoseok rolls his eyes. There’s no malice there, Yoongi knows that, but his cheeks still burn with embarrassment all the same. Jungkook’s hand curls around his knee, meek and apologetic, and Yoongi’s too weak to do anything other than melt at once and link their fingers together.

Namjoon reappears a few moments later, his tanned skin still glistening slightly and his chest heaving. His pupils are blown with adrenaline and he can’t seem able to keep the grin off his face. “How did I do? Was I okay?” he asks, the bottle of water in his hand trembling.

“You fucking killed it!” Hoseok screeches, so loudly that Jungkook winces; Yoongi, having lived with it for years, barely reacts. Everyone clambers to their feet, clapping Namjoon on the back and pulling him into hugs. He flushes a little at the attention, though it’s obviously well-deserved. Namjoon is the best performer Yoongi knows and watching him always reminds Yoongi why this is his passion, the thing he wants to do with his life, the mark he wants to leave on the world.

When the others have quietened down and given Namjoon some space, either charging off to the bar to buy him drinks or choosing to hype up his performance between themselves, Yoongi reaches up to squeeze Namjoon’s nape, helping to ease away some of the residual lactic acid. “The crowd loved you,” he tells the younger quietly, knowing it’s what Namjoon needs to hear. The younger keeps his gaze on the ground but smiles warmly. “You did really well, Joon-ah. Good job.”
“Thanks, hyung,” Namjoon replies lowly. He glances up then, around at their friends, back to the stage, and then towards Yoongi. “Ah, the stage manager said to send you up. Where’s Jiminie?”

“Still in the crowd, I imagine,” Yoongi shrugs, trying to peer through the haze to locate their friends. “I’ll head up now.”

“Hyung, it’s your turn now?” Jungkook appears by their side, his eyes bright and eager.

Yoongi smiles. It’s just getting silly how little Jungkook has to do to send Yoongi into a minor meltdown. “Yeah.”

“Oh my god, oh my god, I’m so fucking hyped,” the younger buzzes, bouncing on the soles of his feet. His hand finds Yoongi’s, squeezing lightly. “Good luck, hyung! I’ll be watching!”

“See you soon,” Yoongi replies, still grinning, leaning up to press a kiss to Jungkook’s cheek. He waves to the others as he heads towards the stage, a chorus of enthusiasm and well-wishing following him as he goes.

It’s pure adrenaline that carries him, his heart *pounding* against his ribcage and his fingers itching to wrap around the cool metal of the microphone. The crowd pay little heed to him as he weaves through the sea of bodies, but he knows that in only a few moments, all eyes will be on him, everyone will be shouting his lyrics back to him, and he’ll be on top of the world.

Even as he moves further away from the booth, he can feel Jungkook’s gaze on him, burning through his clothes and setting his skin alight. Really, it’d be a lot more helpful if he could forget about Jungkook, *just* for this performance, just so that the nerves don’t get the best of him, but there doesn’t seem to be a good chance of that ever happening.

As he nears the stage door, he spots the stage manager, towering over the stagehands that scurry back and forth.

“Sejin-hyung,” Yoongi calls, lifting a hand in greeting as the manager turns.

“Ah, Yoongi, it’s good to see you back,” Sejin smiles. He envelopes Yoongi’s hand with both of his own, large and warm and comforting. “We’re ready when you are.”

Yoongi does his best not to bounce up and down on the spot like an over-excited puppy. “I’m good to go, just point me at the stage.”

Sejin laughs in that lazy way of his and points over Yoongi’s shoulder. “Subin-ssi has your mic. Break a leg.”

Another minute or two and Yoongi finds himself waiting just onstage, rolling the joints of his neck and shaking out his hands. His mind is blank, as it always is just before a performance. In just a moment, he’ll be out there, hands reaching towards him and music, *his* music, thrumming through the floor of the club, but for now, it’s just him and the mic in his hand. He hears his track beginning, a drunken, lurching violin, almost completely drowned out by the sudden surge in sound from the crowd, and then someone is gently pushing him towards the stage, and his feet move of his own accord.

He can’t see at first, not with the harsh lights aimed directly at his face, but he can hear, applause and cheers and bodies shifting together, and then the bass kicks in, heavy and dirty and earth-moving. When he lifts the mic to his mouth it’s second nature, when he grits out his lyrics it’s as organic as voicing a thought. His legs carry him back and forth across the stage and the cheers follow him, hands stretching towards him and even, even a few people who shout the lyrics back to him, and it
feels amazing, like it was always supposed to happen and like it will always happen again, inevitable, prophesied.

It takes Yoongi a while for his eyes to adjust to see beyond the harsh, biblical white of the stage lighting, but when they do, his gaze is immediately drawn to the centre of the crowd, right against the barrier. A charmingly familiar mess of soft chestnut hair, a pair of startlingly bright eyes, a smile wider and more dazzling than the night sky. Yoongi grins despite himself, trying not to lose focus. He can feel his cheeks burning and fuck, all he wants to do is jump into the crowd and kiss the life out of that fucking kid, but he doesn’t. He can’t. He shouldn’t.

Jungkook is sandwiched between Jimin and Taehyung, both of whom are going absolutely ham for Yoongi’s performance, screeching and squealing like a pair of fucking school girls, their hands grabbing at Yoongi’s coat whenever he passes. Jungkook dances with them, sometimes, laying it on thick and giggling as he reaches towards Yoongi, but sometimes he forgets, and he just stares, letting the swell of bodies shift him this way and that.

The first song ends, and in the space of a breath between tracks, Yoongi throws caution to the wind. He crouches down before Jungkook and grabs the boy’s hand, pressing a kiss to his palm. He doesn’t mean to, but as he glances up, there’s a second of eye contact that honestly, honestly nearly kills Yoongi. Jungkook’s eyes are just fucking blazing, wanting, desperate and dark and only for him, only for Yoongi. He has half a mind to hop down from the stage and drag Jungkook into the nearest taxi, but then the second track begins, a rattling, marching band drum riff, and he’s propelled to his feet once more.

Those fifteen minutes of stage time passes by like a flash of lightning, and before Yoongi knows it, the music is replaced by voices upon voices screaming his name. He bows low, panting, sweat dripping from the tip of his nose and hitting the floor. The next few minutes are a blur. He stumbles from the stage, a tiny stagehand prying the microphone from his grip. Sejin grabs his shoulders, says some words, a broad smile on his face. Someone gives him a bottle of water and he downs the whole thing in one go. As he makes his way back to the booth where his friends are, he passes by dozens of people who call his name, clap him on the back, try to shake his hand. Later, he won’t remember any of it.

Namjoon finds him first, hurtling towards him and enveloping him into a bone-breaking hug. “That’s how it’s fucking done!” the younger says, pulling back but holding onto Yoongi’s shoulders. He’s pushed his sunglasses up onto his head and his cheeks are a little rosy from the several hundred drinks he’s probably been plied with in Yoongi’s absence. “Hyung, you went so hard, it was fucking dope.”

Yoongi can only grin in response, so wide his cheeks begin to ache. Hoseok grabs him next, bouncing up and down and squealing, bony fingertips pressing into his shoulder blades, his biceps, every space between every rib. “You’re the coolest motherfucker in the world hyung I swear, I just want to pinch you –”

“Get off me, lunatic.” Yoongi grumbles, knowing Hoseok will only ignore him.

It’s Seokjin, next, who speaks so enthusiastically and quickly that Yoongi only catches a few words – ‘yah, so handsome’ and something about ‘revolution’ and ‘evolution’, Yoongi isn’t exactly sure – before he’s pushed into a very sweaty hug with Jimin and Taehyung, and then, then he’s face-to-face with Jungkook.

“Kook –” Yoongi begins, not entirely sure what he wants to say, but it doesn’t matter anyway. Jungkook’s arms wind around Yoongi’s neck with a sudden strength, pulling him close. They’re both a little sticky and it’s just a little gross, but Yoongi isn’t sure he minds, not at all. His hands rest
on Jungkook’s waist beneath his jacket, his fingertips *just* slipping beneath the hem of his t-shirt, warm and searching.

“Hyung,” Jungkook says lowly, breathlessly. His arms are tight, vice-like, almost suffocating. Yoongi would rather this than breathe, anyway. “Hyung, take me home.”

Yoongi’s stomach just about falls out of his ass and he swallows thickly, his fingers curling in the damp fabric of Jungkook’s t-shirt. When he doesn’t reply, Jungkook pulls back, his gaze questioning, and Yoongi can only nod stiffly.

They make their farewells rather hurriedly, Yoongi graciously turning down any of the drinks pushed into his hands – “really, guys, I’d better go before I crash, I’m totally exhausted” – though he doesn’t quite miss the knowing glances exchanged by their friends, nor the way Jimin and Taehyung pull Jungkook aside for a quick word. It doesn’t seem to do anything to dampen the younger’s determination, however, as the second he’s out of their grasp, he links his fingers with Yoongi’s and all but drags the elder from the club.

Yoongi’s heart is pounding against his chest; it’s never been like this before. Jungkook’s never been like this before. He’s already addicted. “Baby, taxi, come on.”

There’s a lot of things Yoongi would happily do to Jungkook, without a moment’s hesitation, but this is *Jungkook*. He deserves more than to be groped in a grimy fucking alleyway. The younger doesn’t seem at all eager to move, but Yoongi pushes gently at those broad, strong shoulders, doing his best to slow down the kiss, until Jungkook pulls away, pouting. His lips are swollen and slick, his hair messy where Yoongi’s fingers have roamed and tugged and pulled, his eyes blown with – with things Yoongi isn’t sure he’s ready to think about just yet.

They hail a cab without much difficulty, and Yoongi steels himself for what’s sure to be a painful ten-minute journey home. Their hands stay tightly linked on the seat between them, though Jungkook maintains the distance for now. Whenever Yoongi looks over, he sees the younger’s chest still heaving, the muscles in his throat twitching with restraint. The sight makes his stomach swoop hotly and he has to bite down hard on his lip and stare out of the window until his head stops fucking swimming.

Once inside the apartment, things seem to slow down. Jungkook’s quiet, his hand gentle and warm in Yoongi’s, staring determinedly at his feet as Yoongi kicks the door closed, turns on a lamp in the lounge for Hoseok, and eases open his bedroom door.

Yoongi’s fingers are shaking slightly so he pulls his hand free, not wanting Jungkook to notice. He busies himself with turning on his bedside lamp and clearing the bed of a few throw pillows (mainly in place for the sake of his camshow), then tugs off his jacket and folds it over the back of his desk chair. When he turns to look at Jungkook, the younger hasn’t moved, still standing nervously by the door.

“Baby?” Yoongi asks quietly, taking a step towards him. Jungkook looks up through his lashes, all
round doe eyes and soft pink lips. “You okay?”

Jungkook nods, taking a trembling deep breath. Yoongi reaches out and hooks his pinky finger through Jungkook’s, tempting a smile from those gorgeously plump lips. “I – I’m more nervous than I thought I’d be,” the boy admits, laughing breathlessly. “I just – I –”

“Hey,” Yoongi says, taking another step closer and smoothing his hand up Jungkook’s arm comfortably. “That’s okay. That’s so okay, baby. You don’t need to explain yourself.”

It seems he wants to, though, his eyes scrunching shut for a moment before he exhales heavily. “I just, I’m not drunk, but I’ve had a few drinks and I – I don’t want that to be how we – how we – for the first time, I don’t –”

Yoongi shushes him gently, moving his hands to cup Jungkook’s jaw with a feather-light touch. Jungkook won’t make eye contact with him, not yet, and if Yoongi were a dramatic person, he’d admit that it hurt all of the spaces in his chest that Jungkook touched. “I can call you a cab, Kook,” he murmurs, his thumbs brushing over the boy’s cheekbones. Jungkook glances up, finally, his eyes wide and shy. “It isn’t a problem. I can do that.”

“No, hyung, don’t,” Jungkook replies in a whisper. “Can I – can I still stay? Is that okay?”

Yoongi kind of wants to fall to the floor and shoot through the roof at the same time. Everything is shaking inside him, everything, and somehow he doesn’t explode, not even when Jungkook’s hand tentatively comes up to rest over one of his own. “Of course, baby,” Yoongi smiles, thanking the powers that be that his voice remains steady. He leans up and presses a kiss to Jungkook’s lips, sweet and chaste, and it draws a contented sigh from the younger. Yoongi wants to commit the sound to memory.

Really, he should shower, but he’s more tired than he realised, his bones aching in a deep and languorous kind of way. He pulls out a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt for Jungkook and himself, averting his eyes to let Jungkook undress as he hurriedly changes out of his own clothes. This isn’t entirely necessary, he discovers, as when he turns around he sees that Jungkook has only changed into Yoongi’s sweatpants, apparently deeming some kind of shirt utterly useless. He doesn’t seem to notice the way that Yoongi nearly chokes on his own tongue at the sight.

Yoongi excuses himself for a second, fetching Jungkook a glass of water and some aspirin, just in case. He takes a moment to pour a drink of his own, his throat already cracked and raw from the performance, and tries to steady himself. His heart hasn’t stopped pounding since they left the bar, even though he knows nothing is going to happen tonight. It’s – he just – they’re spending a night together. He gets to fall asleep with Jungkook in his arms, something he hasn’t even allowed himself to imagine before this point on account of it being so damn soft and sentimental. He needs to get a grip. He never used to be this fucking soft before Jungkook.

When he re-enters the room, Jungkook is perched on the side of the bed, staring down at his hands as they wring together. He looks up at the sound of Yoongi’s bedroom door closing, his cheeks a little pink.

“Brought you these,” Yoongi says unnecessarily, resting the glass and the pack of tablets on the table closest to Jungkook. “Uh – are you tired?”

“A little,” he admits, scratching at his nape. “Do you mind?”

“No, babe, course not.”
Jungkook waits until Yoongi’s clambering into bed before he eases his legs under the covers, shifting a little further down the bed. Yoongi curls onto his side, as he always does, but Jungkook just looks uncomfortable, at a loss for what to do. He glances at Yoongi like he wants to move closer, but like he isn’t sure if that’s okay just yet. It’s just so gorgeously endearing, so Jungkook, and Yoongi melts all over the damn mattress.

“Baby, come here,” he says softly, holding his arms open. At once, Jungkook closes the distance between them, slipping between Yoongi’s arms and nuzzling into the elder’s chest with an ease that seems almost practiced.

He lets out a breath that seems to carry everything; relief, affection, happiness, contentment, a million other things that Yoongi can’t put a name to because his vocabulary is painfully limited around Jungkook and he isn’t soft, okay, he isn’t. One hand begins to gently card through Jungkook’s hair, prompting a small sound of satisfaction from the younger, and his other arm rests over Jungkook’s bare waist. He’s just so young, so tall and yet somehow so small in this moment, curling into Yoongi’s body and sliding one leg shyly between Yoongi’s. Body heat radiates from him like a furnace and Yoongi lets it soak through to the cores of his bones, enveloping him completely.

Jungkook’s arms slide around Yoongi’s waist, one beneath the elder’s body and one over it, and he rubs his cheek against the fabric of Yoongi’s t-shirt. Really, Yoongi should turn off his lamp, but he can’t bring himself to move a muscle. He’s comfortable, in a way that means more than it means, in a way that he isn’t sure how to explain. His heart is still thumping. He hopes Jungkook can’t hear it.

“Night, hyung,” Jungkook mumbles, his voice slightly muffled and already thick with sleep.

Yoongi doesn’t feel like he can safely shape words just yet, so he presses a lingering kiss to the top of the kid’s head, breathing in the smell of bar smoke and alcohol and Jungkook, flowers and fresh air and forests.

With a deep breath, he resigns himself to his fate. Maybe he never used to be, but he’s definitely turning all kinds of soft for the beautiful boy in his arms. That isn’t so bad.

Chapter End Notes

♡ twitter ♡
GUYS! HI! I missed you so much!

I know it's been fOREVER and I'm so sorry, I never intended to leave you guys waiting this long. I put this on hold to work on my seven fics for Yoonkook Week, something that I knew I'd want to put a lot of thought and effort into, and though I'm so super proud of myself for doing that I think it really, really drained me creatively. I've had a hard time writing since then - I promise you guys, at least three times a week since Yoonkook Week, I've opened the document for this and just. Stared. It's been bugging me but I'm so happy to finally update!

To everyone that waited so patiently, thank you so much, you guys have been such a huge support to me. To those of you that were a little more impatient, thank you for your enthusiasm and for giving me the occasional kick up the backside!

This is a long chapter (like 9.2k, yikes) so buckle in, maybe read the last chapter to recap. As always, I really hope you enjoy, and I'm so happy to be back posting for you all!

Please let me know what you think in the comments, come say hi on twitter and please take care until next time!

♡ twitter ♡

When Jungkook wakes, it’s to a deep, permeating warmth, the scent of something wonderful and familiar but still kind of different, and a noticeably dry tongue. He isn’t quite ready to open his eyes yet, even as he smacks his lips uncomfortably, burrowing further into the pillow beneath his cheek. The fabric smells amazing, something he wants to bury his face into and inhale over and over, something he feels stirring in his chest – something like woodsmoke and peppermint –

His eyes snap open, immediately resting on Yoongi’s sleeping form on the other side of the bed, and the previous night’s events trickle into his still-groggy mind.

Oh god.

Yoongi looks so peaceful, so gorgeous, his dark hair shifted away from his face and his thick eyelashes skimming his pale cheekbones. Jungkook remembers at once how Yoongi had been so calm, so sweet, letting Jungkook stay even after – even after he’d basically pounced on the elder like a rabid dog, and then completely wimped out before anything even happened.

Jungkook cringes and hides his face in the sheets again. Why does he always have to be such a fucking dork? Why did he have to make such a big deal over a few drinks? Why did he drag Yoongi away from his friends just to go to bed early, when he probably wanted to celebrate?

Hoping to distract himself, Jungkook pushes himself up into sitting and reaches for the glass of water
Yoongi left last night. It’s cold from being left out, refreshing against his fingertips, and he takes a long gulp, letting the liquid soothe his cracked throat. As he sets the glass back down, he hears Yoongi shifting behind him, feels the elder’s body heat as he moves closer.

“Baby?” Yoongi grumbles, voice all low and gritty with sleep, and that alone has Jungkook swallowing thickly. He feels Yoongi’s hand clumsily wrapping around his arm, trying to pull him back beneath the sheets, and when he turns to look, he sees that Yoongi hasn’t so much as opened his eyes.

“Yeah, hyung,” Jungkook replies, wriggling back under the covers. “Was just thirsty.”

Yoongi makes a low, rumbling sound, pulling Jungkook back against him with a surprising strength for someone still half-asleep. Jungkook allows himself to be manhandled until his face is nuzzled against the overwhelming warmth of Yoongi’s chest, the thrum of his pulse sending waves of that wonderful, homely scent through Jungkook’s senses. He’s shaking, he realises, trying to curl his fingers in the material of Yoongi’s t-shirt, and god, he’s so aware of Yoongi’s hands on his bare skin, soothing over his spine, over his waist, and – he really should have worn a shirt. This was a mistake. Surely Yoongi can feel the hammering of his heart against his ribcage.

The elder heaves a sigh, long, happy and comfortable, and his arms tighten imperceptibly around Jungkook’s frame. Perhaps he’s drifting off to sleep again. Jungkook could sleep a little more – it must still be early – only he’s so nervous, so full of anxious energy, that even keeping his eyes closed is difficult. Why is he so nervous? They cuddled like this last night, this isn’t any different; except for the whole situation reeking of a ‘morning after,’ except he’s worried to hear what Yoongi might say when at last the elder does wake up, except he can’t focus on anything other than the heavenly feeling of Yoongi’s rough fingertips against his bare flesh –

“I can hear you thinking,” Yoongi murmurs from somewhere above him, and Jungkook jumps a little at the sound. “Relax, baby.”

“Trying,” Jungkook mumbles, embarrassed. He buries his face further against Yoongi’s throat and the elder laughs softly, dipping to press a kiss to the crown of Jungkook’s head. The action does something embarrassing and sort of fluttery to Jungkook’s chest.

A long few moments pass, quiet and still, in which Jungkook does his very best to steady his breathing. He wishes he could be as calm as Yoongi, who is already sinking back to sleep, by the sound of it, his breaths long and deep. Jungkook inches back and glances up, his gaze flickering over Yoongi’s peaceful face.

He knows he doesn’t need to be nervous. Yoongi clearly isn’t fussed about the previous night’s events – if Jungkook remembers correctly, he’s pretty sure the elder was so tired that he was fast asleep in seconds – and he’s certainly in no rush to kick Jungkook out of his bed. Even so. It’s more intimate than they’ve ever been before, and it’s a little scary.

More than that, though, it’s nice. Really nice. Jungkook could get used to this.

“Baby,” Yoongi breathes, making Jungkook jump slightly. He’d been so busy staring at Yoongi’s lips, impossibly soft and pink and tempting, that he hadn’t noticed his hyung’s eyes fluttering open to peer curiously down at him.

Jungkook flushes at once. He didn’t mean to stare, really, just – Yoongi’s lips, man, they’re something else. The pretty, kittenish downturn of his perpetual pout, the curl of his upper lip, the dusted rose, icing sugar sweetness of his mouth.
Shit, he’s staring again.

He’s jerked from his gawping by a feather-light touch on his jawline; Yoongi’s fingers, rough and soft in equal measure, sliding over his throat to press against his nape whilst the elder’s thumb firmly tilts his chin up, up, and then –

And then Yoongi’s kissing him, so sweetly that it makes Jungkook’s chest ache, so softly that he isn’t entirely sure that he isn’t just lingering in some wonderful, wonderful dream. Yoongi holds him close, the pair nestled in the warmth of sleep. Jungkook’s hands rest limply against his hyung’s chest, his fingers only slightly curling into Yoongi’s t-shirt, because – because *don’t let this end, keep kissing me, don’t stop, not ever*.

The first tentative touch of Yoongi’s tongue sends something warm swooping through Jungkook’s abdomen. He finds himself surrendering entirely, letting Yoongi deepen the kiss, letting him take control, letting him take *anything*, anything he wants. It’s – it’s a nice feeling. Different, but nice. Yoongi makes him feel small, safe, taken care of. He feels like he’s sinking, though not in a bad way, more like sinking into a warm bath, like sinking back into a plush pillow, like sinking into sleep between a pair of strong arms.

Yoongi’s tongue strokes against Jungkook’s slowly, almost teasingly, tantalisingly, and Jungkook can’t help but whimper, a sound wrenched straight from the pooling heat in his gut. The sound of it seems to do something to Yoongi, who pulls back from the kiss, his lips flushed and glistening, his pupils dark. For a moment, it’s as though Yoongi’s about to say something, his gaze raking over the bare expanse of Jungkook’s chest and his throat bobbing as he swallows thickly, but Jungkook – Jungkook doesn’t want the moment to end just yet.

Rather recklessly, he chases Yoongi’s lips, pressing their lips back together with perhaps just a little more force than he intended, but Yoongi doesn’t seem to mind. The elder moans lowly at the sensation and his arms encircle Jungkook, winding tightly around his waist, pulling their bodies flush together. Jungkook feels like he’s been set on *fire*, scrambling to move impossibly closer to Yoongi, his hands grasping at his hyung’s shoulders and one leg slipping between Yoongi’s.

Yoongi wastes no time in deepening the kiss, angling Jungkook’s jaw with his long, strong fingers as he licks into the younger’s mouth. If Jungkook were standing, his knees would be trembling. If he could speak, he’d surely be stammering. If he had even half his wits about him, he’d be flushing at the lewd sound of their lips meeting, again and again.

That’s when he feels it. The tell-tale press of something firm against the juncture of his hip, against the rapidly hardening swell inside his sweatpants. He isn’t sure who started it, but their hips have started a leisurely grind together, enough to have Jungkook’s fingers pressing that little bit harder.

They should stop. They need to stop.

Yoongi pulls back once more, a tremble in his breathing. “We – we should stop, Kook.”

*Please, god, no.*

“Don’t want to stop,” Jungkook mumbles. His cheeks burn furiously and he can’t meet Yoongi’s gaze, not yet, he just – he doesn’t want this to stop. He likes how Yoongi makes him feel, the smallness, the safeness, and he finds that he wants what he was hesitant to give into last night. The fog of alcohol has lifted, only to be replaced by a fog of a different kind, a fog that smells just like Yoongi, feels like him, *tastes* – “Please, hyung.”

Jungkook hears the sound of Yoongi swallowing thickly, feels the elder’s hands readjust on his hips.
“You’re sure? You promise? It’s okay if –”

“I’m sure, I’m sure,” Jungkook says hurriedly, craning to capture Yoongi’s lips once more. “I want to keep going. Really want to. Kiss me, hyung, please.”

Yoongi relents with a quiet groan, pushing Jungkook onto his back and leaning over him, dark intent flickering in his eyes. When they kiss now, it’s – it’s different, it’s new, oh god, it’s better. Yoongi’s body weight over Jungkook is as dizzying as it is grounding, and he’s hyperaware of all of the places where their skin meets – their lips, Yoongi’s hands, one against his throat and the other against his waist, and a sliver of skin where Yoongi’s hip presses against Jungkook’s, warm and electrifying. They fall into the kiss easily, deeply, and Jungkook can barely hang on, clinging to Yoongi’s waist like a lifeline.

This angle is more dangerous, Jungkook quickly realises, what with the way their legs slot together, with the way Yoongi keeps up this slow, relentless grind down that has Jungkook trembling from head to toe. He craves more, more of whatever this is, more of Yoongi, and Yoongi seems all too happy to acquiesce. He doesn’t seem able to decide where he wants to hold Jungkook, those long-fingered hands grasping at his waist, at his hips, at the curve of his biceps or the line of his jaw. The kiss is deep, slick and slow, so much that Jungkook can feel it in the hollows of his ribs, in the very pit of his stomach.

Yoongi’s so hard against him, rutting into the juncture of Jungkook’s hip and his thigh, sliding alongside Jungkook’s own achingly hard length. Jungkook wants so badly that it smarts. He wants Yoongi, with a force that surprises him. He’s normally much more forthright, more confident, but Yoongi has him in pieces. Maybe it’s this veil of submission still filtering down over his mind like a gentle downpour of spring rain, or maybe it’s – it’s just Yoongi, this hyung who has taken up such a huge part of Jungkook’s life since they met, occupying so many thoughts.

Jungkook likes him. So much. He knew that, but now he feels it, as though for the first time. It’s like he said last night; he wants to do this right.

The elder pulls back slightly, only to trail a path of kisses from the corner of Jungkook’s swollen lips to his throat. “Can’t get enough of you,” Yoongi mumbles, his mouth wet against Jungkook’s skin. “So gorgeous, Kook.”

He doesn’t mean to, but Jungkook just moans at his hyung’s words, far too loud in the silence of the apartment. It only serves to make Yoongi kiss more hungrily, grind down more desperately, and Jungkook feels like he might explode.

“Jesus, hyung, you’ve – you’ve gotta touch me,” Jungkook gasps, his fingers pressing into Yoongi’s ribs, sneaking beneath the fabric of the elder’s shirt. “Please, please touch me.”

“But I am touching you,” Yoongi murmurs in a voice like velvet.

Jungkook shudders. “Hyung,” he all but wails, “please, properly.”

Yoongi shushes him gently, a smile in his voice, before he settles between Jungkook’s legs, kneeling up and pressing his palms against the bare, burning skin of the younger’s chest. Those glistening pink lips are parted as Yoongi breathes heavily, his gaze fixed on Jungkook’s body. It makes Jungkook feel exposed, scrutinised, but in the best way. The sheets fall from his shoulders and rest crumpled at the foot of the bed, the cold morning air kissing Jungkook’s heated skin.

“So hot how noisy you are, Kook,” Yoongi says lowly, pausing to drag his tongue over his lower lip in a way that makes Jungkook whine. “I’ve always thought that. Love listening to you.”
Jungkook squirms beneath Yoongi’s hands. He’d forgotten that the elder has seen him like this before – not in person, but through the screen of his laptop, through Jungkook’s webcam. The reminder makes him flush, turning to hide his face in the pillows as his hips buck weakly upwards.

Yoongi hums idly under his breath as his hands slide torturously slowly down to the waistband of Jungkook’s sweatpants, his fingertips just tucking beneath the edge of the fabric. Jungkook can’t think straight, not past the pounding of his heartbeat or throbbing of his cock, so close to Yoongi’s hands but not close enough.

“Can I, babe?” Yoongi asks, prompting Jungkook to resurface. The elder is staring up at him through his thick lashes, and Jungkook can’t think straight, can’t think beyond how badly he wants. “Is it okay?”

“Yes,” Jungkook replies breathlessly. “Please.”

Yoongi’s fingers tighten their hold and slip Jungkook’s sweatpants down, over the hard line of his hips, just enough to free his cock. He blushes again, whining gently with shame and need. There’s the space of a heartbeat, maybe two, in which Jungkook can hear only the sound of his own blood rushing through his ears and Yoongi, exhaling shakily at the sight of Jungkook laid bare before him. And then – and then Yoongi’s palm wraps around his cock, and it’s warm and wonderful, a little dry but so good, just – maybe not enough, maybe not what he needs –

“Lower,” Jungkook gasps, his back arching and his eyes pressed shut. Maybe he should feel shy, or nervous, and maybe he will later, but in this moment he doesn’t notice. “Please, hyung, lower.”

Jungkook doesn’t dare open his eyes, not yet. He’s apprehensive of what he might find in Yoongi’s gaze, but more than that, he’s nervous of how badly he wants this, how the need stretches and rolls inside of him like dough. He wants Yoongi to take care of him, to make him feel small and safe, and – that’s new, it’s new and it’s terrifying and it’s happening, just not fast enough.

“You –” Yoongi begins, and then pauses, swallowing thickly. Jungkook dares to peer up through his lashes. “You want me to touch you like that, Kook? Have you ever done that before?”

Jungkook’s cheeks are burning. He resists the urge to hide behind his hands like a child. “No, hyung,” he mutters, trying to look at anything other than Yoongi’s face.

“Oh,” Yoongi replies, voice low. His hands have gravitated to Jungkook’s spread thighs, rubbing soft circles over the fabric. “Are you sure? It kind of hurts a little the first time.”

“Would you want to?” Jungkook blinks shyly. It occurs to him that perhaps Yoongi isn’t into this at all, maybe Yoongi doesn’t like taking charge, maybe Jungkook has read the signs totally fucking wrong – “We – we don’t have to, we could – or I could –”

At once, Yoongi shushes him soothingly, sliding his hands up over Jungkook’s body to take hold of his waist. It’s nice, comforting, in a way that Yoongi always is. Jungkook suppresses a shudder. “Hey, baby, hey. It’s not that I don’t want to, I just don’t want to hurt you. I don’t want you to do anything because you feel like you should.”

Yoongi’s gaze in that moment is so intense, so soft and sweet and searching, that Jungkook has to look away. “It isn’t that, hyung,” he mumbles, toying with the string of Yoongi’s pyjama pants. “I just – I want it, I want it to be you.”

Jungkook feels rather than hears Yoongi’s long, slow, steadying breath, feels the way it trembles through his body and presses through his fingers against Jungkook’s skin. “Want it to be me, Kook?”
he asks lowly, voice thick and slow like syrup in Jungkook’s veins.

Jungkook doesn’t know what to say, doesn’t even know what he means, and can only whine in response, throwing his arms over his face to hide. Yoongi chuckles, his hands slipping down to tug Jungkook’s sweatpants off before the younger can protest.

That’s when it all starts to feel very real to Jungkook. He hears the soft thud of his sweatpants hitting the floor, the sound of Yoongi’s bedside drawer sliding open and the snap of a bottle cap opening. He suddenly becomes very aware of the fact that he’s completely naked, sprawled out in front of Yoongi on his bed, and Yoongi is still fully dressed. It makes him feel exposed, nervous, but – but small, too. Taken care of. Safe.

He whines again, softly, prompting Yoongi to smooth his hands over Jungkook’s inner thighs once more, shushing comfortingly. “You want me to stop, just say so, alright?” Yoongi murmurs. Jungkook surfaces, peeping out from beneath his arms, and nods as bravely as he can.

Yoongi manoeuvres Jungkook’s legs until they’re spread apart, feet planted firmly on the mattress, and Jungkook has to bury his fingers into the sheets just for something to do, just to hold onto something solid and grounding. Yoongi looks nervous, the high peaks of his face flushed a gorgeous rosy pink, his cheekbones and the bridge of his nose, but there’s something else in his gaze, too, something different. He wants this, Jungkook realises, Yoongi wants to do this. There is a determination in his movements, slow and steady, and the slightest tremor in his laboured breaths. Something hot swoops behind Jungkook’s navel at the sight.

His gaze drops to Yoongi’s fingers, to the meticulous way he coats two in a thick, clear liquid. Jungkook sort of wants to draw his legs together, nervousness coiling in his chest, but he forces himself to stay calm. He watches the movements of Yoongi’s hands instead, admires the shape of them, the largeness, the squareness, the wide knuckles and bluish veins beneath the skin. Yoongi looks nervous, the high peaks of his face flushed a gorgeous rosy pink, his cheekbones and the bridge of his nose, but there’s something else in his gaze, too, something different. He wants this, Jungkook realises, Yoongi wants to do this. There is a determination in his movements, slow and steady, and the slightest tremor in his laboured breaths. Something hot swoops behind Jungkook’s navel at the sight.

It isn’t dreadful, Jungkook thinks, stiffening up at the first touch but quickly telling his body to relax. It’s new, all of this is new, but it isn’t dreadful. Yoongi’s fingers circle his rim slowly, comfortably, and – he’s even warmed the lube up for him, how sweet, how very Yoongi – it’s almost nice, sort of relaxing, and he tries to sink into it. Yoongi keeps kissing his face gently, as gently as he touches. Jungkook sighs contentedly and lets his hands slide up to Yoongi’s defined collarbone, seeking the warmth of skin.

That’s when Yoongi chooses to push in, just the very tip of his finger, and Jungkook can’t help but stiffen up again. It doesn’t hurt, not really, he’s just never felt anything like that before. It has to feel good eventually, he knows that. He’s watched Yoongi fuck himself with things much thicker and longer than his own fingers, for heaven’s sake, and Jungkook would be damned before letting Yoongi out-brave him, that’s for sure. He’s just – he’s adjusting, he’s trying.

“Relax, sweet thing,” Yoongi murmurs in a voice like honey, pushing just a little bit deeper. “Try and breathe.”

“I am,” Jungkook replies with a slight snap. Yoongi only hums with laughter, rocking his finger back and forth and stroking wetly around Jungkook’s rim with another finger.
Bit by bit, moment by moment, it gets easier. Yoongi pushes deeper and deeper, ever so gradually, so carefully, pressing kisses to Jungkook’s face, throat, shoulders as he goes. After what seems like an eternity but can only be a few minutes, Jungkook feels okay. He even starts rocking on Yoongi’s fingers, just a little bit, chasing the intimacy of having Yoongi inside him, wanting to hurry things along.

“Want more?” Yoongi coos, and Jungkook pouts, nodding petulantly. “Need another finger, honey?”

“God, please,” Jungkook mewls, rocking more insistently.

Yoongi pulls back, searching blindly for the bottle to dribble lube around Jungkook’s hole. It’s cold, and he feels filthy, but it isn’t entirely unpleasant. He gasps, arching a little at the sensation, and almost at once, Yoongi’s hand smooths over his bare stomach, warm and grounding. A moment later, there’s a stretch, a sensation almost like burning, and he flinches, pulling his legs up to his chest.

“I know, I know,” Yoongi says softly, shifting down to press his lips against the soft skin of Jungkook’s inner thigh. When he speaks, his lips brush wonderfully against the sensitive skin, feather-light. “So brave, love. Doing so well.”

“T-talk,” Jungkook says, blurtling the first thing that pops into his head. He needs distracting, something to focus on other than the strange, unfamiliar intrusion, less pleasant than before. “Talk to me.”

Yoongi hums thoughtfully and litters kisses over Jungkook’s thighs, over his pelvis, along the hard line of his neglected, aching cock. “Did you ever,” he begins, pausing to kiss lingeringly at the base of Jungkook’s cock. “Ever watch my camshows before we met?”

Jungkook knows that Yoongi already knows the answer to this. How else would they have recognised each other that first day in the coffee shop, already so long ago? Still, he knows Yoongi only wants to help, and plays along.

“Yes,” he whispers. The burn isn’t so bad now but it’s still not great, Yoongi’s thick fingers sliding back and forth, scissoring and stretching gently. “Once. Wanted – ah, wanted to see what all the f-fuss was about. You were grinding on a – a toy.”

Yoongi hums again. Jungkook dares to look down, meeting Yoongi’s catlike, narrow, black eyes. He can’t see his hyung’s mouth, but can feel the movement of those cashmere-soft lips against his perineum, so obscene it makes his stomach coil hotly. “Did you touch yourself?”

Jungkook squeezes his eyes shut as a particularly potent combination of pain and pleasure shivers through his body like a current, his head dropping back onto the pillows. He shakes his head wildly, one hand reaching down to seek out Yoongi’s. “No, no, I – didn’t, but I wanted to, so badly, hyung, more –”

“You didn’t?” Yoongi asks as the fingers of his free hand link loosely with Jungkook’s. “That’s a shame, bunny. Too stubborn to give in, huh?”

“Ah, hyung,” Jungkook bleats helplessly. His cheeks burn with shame and pleasure at Yoongi’s needling, at how much he likes it. Yoongi’s fingers keep working him, the wet sound of it making his stomach churn. He can’t get his words out, can’t think past the look in Yoongi’s dark eyes.

“My stubborn baby boy,” Yoongi purrs. Jungkook barely notices the sting now, letting his body sink
into the unfamiliar, heady sensation of being fucked open. He wants more, he realises. He doesn’t hate this. He doesn’t hate this at all. “Didn’t want to play with yourself even though your cock was so hard. You’re so cute.”

Jungkook’s insides squirm at this and he whines, long and embarrassing and high. His fingers tighten around Yoongi’s and he scrambles for something to say, anything to distract from the glazed fog trickling into his senses and dulling them. “Did – did hyung –”

“Did I touch myself?” Yoongi interrupts idly, easing another fingertip inside Jungkook’s hole alongside the first two. Jungkook keens, barely noticing the stretch now. “Yeah, I did. Had to, bunny. Watching you made hyung so hard.”

Jungkook can’t speak, though he tries his best. He’s entirely overcome by the image of Yoongi stroking his cock whilst watching Jungkook’s camshow, not to mention the sensation of Yoongi working him open with three wide-knuckled fingers. He feels exposed, like his secrets are out in the open for Yoongi to see, like he’s falling apart and Yoongi is catching the pieces.

It’s all getting just a bit much for Jungkook; Yoongi’s fingers, god, his fingers, they’re so deep inside him and yet not quite deep enough, circling and skimming a place inside Jungkook that make him gasp at the slightest press. He needs more, and though he’s a little shy about asking for it, he can see how hard Yoongi is through the material of his sweatpants. Maybe, if he can just be brave enough, maybe Yoongi will want this as much as he does, maybe –

“H-hyung, Yoongi-hyung,” Jungkook manages to gasp through the deep pleasure wracking his body. Yoongi hums distractedly, his gaze on Jungkook’s entrance, his lips parted and glistening as though he’s hungry for something. “Hyung, I want –”

But his words are cut off, tumbling unbidden into the heated air between them, as a well-aimed crook of Yoongi’s fingers drags a cracked moan from Jungkook’s lips. Yoongi chuckles lowly. “Want what, sweetheart?” he coos.

Jungkook can’t stand it. His hands fly up to Yoongi’s shoulders, desperately trying to claw the elder down towards him, to press their bodies together. He whines when his fingers encounter fabric rather than bare skin and grapples with it weakly. Yoongi laughs softly, steadying himself with a hand on the mattress, trying not to jostle his fingers still buried inside Jungkook’s rim.

“Want you to fuck me, please,” Jungkook pants. His voice sounds unnatural and high to his own ears but he’s too far gone to feel embarrassed. Yoongi’s fingers halt their ministrations at once and Jungkook daren’t look up, not yet, his eyes squeezed tightly shut. After a moment, Yoongi leans down, slowly and carefully. When he speaks, Jungkook feels the elder’s warm breath over his face.

“You sure, Kook?”

Jungkook feels like he’s trembling from head to toe, his fingers still curled in Yoongi’s t-shirt. “Yeah,” he breathes, barely making a sound. He clears his throat and tries again. “Yeah, hyung.”

Jungkook opens his eyes a fraction just in time to see Yoongi’s throat bob slowly. “Jungkook,” he begins, as though choosing his words carefully. Jungkook has to force himself not to rock on Yoongi’s unmoving fingers. “Just because we’ve come this far, we don’t have to – it’ll hurt, baby, it’ll be so much more than fingers.”

“I – yeah, but I –” Jungkook whimpers. He has to take a deep breath, swallow down the need still threatening to boil over. “I’m sure, hyung. Please.”
Yoongi just stares at him for a moment, all dark eyes and low, rumbling breaths, and Jungkook thinks for one frozen moment that Yoongi is going to tell him it’s too soon, it’s not time, he can’t—but then Yoongi kisses him, hard, his fingers shifting ever deeper and making Jungkook gasp. The kiss is blazing, burning, frying Jungkook’s nerve endings and sending shivers through his whole body. Yoongi seems to be trying to stretch him out as best he can, twisting and pressing so that wet sounds reverberate around the room. Jungkook is all kinds of thankful that Yoongi is still kissing him, because the desperate moans muffled against the elder’s lips are enough to make Jungkook flush an even deeper pink.

When Yoongi pulls back, there’s something wild in the depths of his eyes, his gaze jumping from Jungkook’s aching, hard cock to the contents of his bedside drawer, still half open. Distractedly, he grabs the collar of his t-shirt at the back, tugging it up and over his head. Jungkook’s breath hitches as he takes in the expanse of pale, firm skin, damp with sweat and flexing as Yoongi tosses his shirt onto the floor. Weakly, Jungkook reaches out, pressing gentle fingers against the lines of the elder’s chest.

His eyes are drawn to the fine lined crescent moon at the base of Yoongi’s sternum, beautifully dark against his pearly skin. Absent-mindedly, he brushes a thumb over the shape, loving the responding shiver that courses through Yoongi’s body.

“Kook,” Yoongi chokes out, almost pained, and Jungkook’s gaze flickers up to his hyung’s face. There’s something so intense there, so wanting and yet so restrained. It dawns on Jungkook then that oh, this is happening, this is really happening, and that realisation makes him want it more than ever. With trembling fingers, Jungkook reaches for the waistband of Yoongi’s sweatpants, his shy fingertips dancing over the solid swell of Yoongi’s hard cock. Yoongi gasps softly above him and it encourages him, prompts him to snatch the forgotten bottle of lube from the sheets. He pulls the fabric of Yoongi’s sweatpants down, down, until Yoongi’s cock springs free, hard and thick and tantalisingly wet with precum.

A pretty, rosy flush seems to be spreading over Yoongi’s throat and chest, travelling down his body to meet Yoongi’s cock. Yoongi shuffles his sweatpants off clumsily and lets them drop over the end of the mattress. Before he settles, he reaches into the bedside drawer and pulls out a condom from a box, and then his hands come to rest on Jungkook’s bare thighs. Jungkook is momentarily blindsided by the amount of bare skin, of body heat, his chest and stomach already damp with sweat and his skin burning where it presses against Yoongi’s. He soon comes to his senses, taking a deep, steadying breath before he takes the condom from Yoongi’s hand.

He rips it open impatiently with his teeth, loving the way Yoongi seems to shudder at the sight. When his hand wraps around Yoongi’s cock, Yoongi lets out a depraved sound, his eyes closing and his head falling back. Jungkook does his best to roll the condom down over Yoongi’s swollen, heated flesh, and then upturns the bottle of lube over the tip of Yoongi’s cock. Jungkook can only stare, trying to focus on slicking Yoongi up but finding himself distracted by the shining column of the elder’s throat, the deep, trembling movements of his chest, the slightest press of his nails into Jungkook’s thighs. The weight of Yoongi’s cock in his hand is nice, grounding, and he slips a little further, letting out a soft sound of comfort and need.

After some time, Yoongi has to gently knock Jungkook’s hand aside, his breathing laboured and the line of his lips thin and tight. Quickly, Jungkook wets his fingers and reaches between his legs, a little surprised by the unfamiliar sensation of his rim, slick and loose under his touch.

Distantly, he realises he’s trembling.
Yoongi eases down over Jungkook, leaning up on his elbows so as not to rest too heavily over the younger’s body. His lips are so close to Jungkook’s now, so close, and Jungkook can feel the press of something blunt, hard and wet against his inner thigh. The sensation of their bare skin pressing together makes him reel, struggling to catch his breath. He doesn’t know where to put his hands and flails for a moment, before resting them on Yoongi’s narrow waist.

“Uh,” Yoongi rumbles, staring at Jungkook’s parted lips. “Okay?”

Jungkook nods, swallowing thickly. Yoongi’s so close to him like this, so close that Jungkook could maybe count each and every thick, dark eyelash. “Yeah, hyung.”

Past the prettily flushed cheeks and the desperation in his eyes, Jungkook thinks Yoongi looks rather nervous as he reaches down to take a hold of himself, almost as nervous as Jungkook feels. On a whim, he leans up, pressing his lips against Yoongi’s so softly that he feels it in the chambers of his chest. Yoongi moans against his mouth, gentle and low, and before Jungkook can pull back, Yoongi lines up his cock with Jungkook’s hole and begins to ease inside.

It feels – wider than Yoongi’s fingers, by just a little, thicker and hotter, and while it isn’t the worst thing he’s ever felt, it’s enough to make Jungkook tense and hold his breath. Yoongi shushes him soothingly, peppering kisses over his face as he inches forwards, bit by bit. The slide is easy enough, it’s just the stretch, the slight yet distinct burn of the movement. Jungkook has a high pain tolerance, he’s always been that way, but this is unlike anything he’s felt before. Yoongi’s hips kick forward, seemingly of their own volition, and Jungkook hisses, his hands flying up to grip hard at Yoongi’s shoulders.

“Sorry, baby, sorry,” Yoongi groans, burying his face against Jungkook’s throat. It’s nice, Jungkook thinks, intimate, and he arches into it, letting it distract him. “It’s just, you – fuck, you’re so tight, Kook.”

Jungkook can only whimper in response, shivering as Yoongi bottoms out. He must be pressing a little too hard into Yoongi’s shoulders, as a moment later, the elder seeks his hands out and gently presses them into the mattress either side of his body, linking their fingers together. Yoongi seems to sense that Jungkook needs a minute to acclimatise, and he holds still, nuzzling kisses below Jungkook’s jaw.

A few minutes pass until Jungkook thinks he might be okay, giving an experimental wiggle on Yoongi’s cock that has the elder gasping in surprise. “I think I’m okay, hyung,” Jungkook breathes, and Yoongi resurfaces, glassy-eyed.

“Sure?”

“Mm,” Jungkook hums. He’ll never get used to this if they just lie here. He has to be brave.

Slowly, carefully, Yoongi pulls back just a few inches, and when his hips roll forwards once more, Jungkook feels the head of his cock just ghost that place inside him, the one from before, the one that Yoongi teased with his wicked fingers. It doesn’t feel good, exactly, not just yet, but Jungkook feels like it might, if – if Yoongi just –

“Keep doing that,” he says breathlessly, squeezing Yoongi’s hands. “S-slow. Please.”

Yoongi smirks, his damp hair falling into his eyes. “Bossy,” he replies, but he acquiesces, setting up a slow, lazy roll of his hips.

It seems to be doing a lot more to Yoongi than it is to Jungkook, but that’s okay. Jungkook is
perfectly happy to stare up at his hyung, watching the expressions that flit across his flushed face, listening to the low, deep moans of pleasure. Yoongi’s hips move with a fluidity that surprises Jungkook, and his hands grip with a strength that has Jungkook feeling sort of loose-limbed and soft. Of course he wanted to experience this with this man, he thinks, of course. Who else would take such good care of him?

Yoongi’s next thrust is a little sharper, a little harder, and the dull sound of flesh meeting flesh seems to ring throughout the otherwise quiet room. Jungkook gasps, shifting an inch or two up the mattress. Yoongi’s cock seemed to slide even deeper inside him that time, slipping ever closer to that spot, and it – it felt good. Stars erupt behind Jungkook’s tightly closed eyelids and his jaw falls open.

“Shit, sorry,” Yoongi pants, one hand coming to cradle Jungkook’s face. “Sorry, baby, I didn’t mean to.”

“No,” Jungkook chokes out. He squirms beneath Yoongi, trying to tempt the elder into moving again, chasing that burst of pleasure. “More, please.”

“Yes?” Yoongi repeats lowly, surprise in his voice but a thick, molten amusement, too. “More what, sweetheart?”

“Fuck me like that,” Jungkook bleats. His free hand flies to Yoongi’s hip impatiently, gripping tight. “Hyung, please, please –”

“God, Kook,” Yoongi whispers, before he shifts, kneeling up and sliding his hands to the underside of Jungkook’s thick thighs. He’s still so deep inside Jungkook that the slightest movement has the younger gasping, arching, writhing beneath him, trying to get even closer.

Jungkook feels exposed like this, Yoongi’s large, strong hands gripping him firmly beneath his knees, holding his legs open and apart. Yoongi’s gaze is so hungrily intense that Jungkook feels a little overwhelmed, whining and throwing his arms over his face. Peeking through a gap between his forearms, Jungkook watches Yoongi’s gaze rake over his heaving chest, his flexing stomach, to where his rim is still wrapped snugly around Yoongi’s cock. Obscenely, almost ridiculously, Yoongi licks his lips before he eases back on his haunches, pauses a moment, and then slams forward.

Jungkook wails, entirely unbidden, the sound only somewhat muffled by his arms. The feeling is indescribable, unlike anything, anything he’s ever known, so sudden and piercing and deep, and god, he wants more, needs more. Yoongi understands, of course he does, and gently shushes him before he continues, easing back almost painfully slowly and then fucking back into Jungkook with a force that has the younger’s whole body rocking back and forth.

It’s hard not to moan aloud at every liquid roll of Yoongi’s hips now, the pleasure coursing thickly through his veins and sparking, crackling from his curled toes to his creased, blissed-out brow. It feels impossibly good, and he doesn’t even have to do anything, doesn’t have to move a muscle because Yoongi’s got him, Yoongi’s in control, taking him to pieces with his cock. Jungkook sinks his teeth into the flesh of his forearm, moaning and whimpering unabashedly as Yoongi pounds into him.

“You like it like this, huh?” Yoongi asks breathlessly, his palms slipping on Jungkook’s thighs, slick with sweat. “All spread open, getting fucked nice and hard?”

Jungkook whines, the sound jumping in his throat in time with Yoongi’s thrusts. He does like it like this, he feels tiny, helpless and shy but so safe and spoiled in Yoongi’s hands. Weakly, he moves one hand, fumbling and covering Yoongi’s beneath his leg.
“Like – like it, hyung,” Jungkook hiccups, letting his other arm fall loose and pliant beside his head on the pillows. “I – ah, fuck –”

The air between them is hot and sticky, skin slipping on skin and sweat trickling down their throats. Yoongi’s dark hair is plastered to his forehead and Jungkook absent-mindedly reaches up, pushing it back off his face. Yoongi glances up and grins, turning his head to press a kiss to Jungkook’s wrist.

Jungkook lets his eyes fall closed as he loses himself to the sensation, his moans weaker and breathier with sheer bliss. He feels so good, Yoongi is making him feel so good, that nothing else matters. He barely feels the mattress beneath him, barely remembers where he is, only aware of skin against skin, the addictive sound of Yoongi’s moans, the feel of his cock so fucking close to where he wants it, needs it, so close so close so close -

The angle changes suddenly and Jungkook feels something hot and wet swirl around his nipple, his body arching almost painfully off the bed in surprise.

“Oh fuck, hyung,” Jungkook chokes. His hand is full of Yoongi’s hair but he doesn’t remember moving it, doesn’t remember making the decision to keep Yoongi’s mouth in place, just knows that he doesn’t want this to stop, maybe not ever.

Yoongi hums amusedly and he rolls the hardening bud between his teeth, his wickedly soft tongue laving over the sensitive skin. Jungkook trembles from head to toe. He knew he had sensitive nipples, but fuck, this is something else entirely.

Yoongi doesn’t stop pounding into him, but it’s slower now, deeper, less bouncing and more – more rocking, more grinding. Jungkook is more or less pinned to the bed beneath Yoongi’s body, and god he feels full, so full, wrapped tightly around his hyung’s cock in the filthiest way possible. He knows, distantly, that he’s making too much noise, his gasps and whimpers climbing higher and higher with every teasing flick of Yoongi’s tongue, but there’s nothing he can do. He’s in pieces.

And he wants more.

Yoongi leans up, one arm dropping Jungkook’s thigh to curl around the nape of Jungkook’s throat and pull him into a blistering, bruising kiss, and that’s when Jungkook feels it. His body stretches out just a little bit, Yoongi’s hips slide ever so slightly closer, and suddenly, Yoongi’s cock is pressing against his spot with an unrelenting pressure that has sparks crackling through his trembling legs and dancing behind his eyelids.

“Holy shit, hyu–” he begins, but his words are lost in the air as Yoongi purposefully grinds his cock right against Jungkook’s prostate.

Through the rippling embers of pleasure, Jungkook hears Yoongi laugh lowly, the vibration of it against his sweat-dampened chest. “There, huh?” Yoongi purrs against Jungkook’s jaw, keeping up the slow, deliberate roll of his lips that sets Jungkook’s entire body alight. “Like that?”

Jungkook has to catch his breath to reply, the wind knocked out of him, his hips desperately working against Yoongi’s. “Y-yes that, there, that,” he babbles, tossing his head to the side as Yoongi traces a wet path of kisses down his throat. “I – ah, yes, fuck me, fuck me fuck me –”

Yoongi shushes him fondly and something warm unfurls in Jungkook’s chest. He sinks back into the mattress loosely as Yoongi kisses him once, briefly, before kneeling up once more and gripping tightly onto Jungkook’s hips. Jungkook’s gaze is blurred with sweat and his lashes sparkle with clinging tears, but he can see Yoongi more clearly than anything else in the room, his usually pale skin flushed and glistening, his lips swollen, his chest heaving.
“Wanna make you come,” Yoongi says quietly, lowly. Jungkook wonders why he’s stopped until he sees the question in Yoongi’s dark eyes, the hesitance as he stares down at Jungkook. *He still wants to make sure I’m okay,* Jungkook thinks, feeling bizarrely like he might start crying.

He finds Yoongi’s hands, linking them together with a grip like a vice, like he’s anchoring them together. “Please, Yoongi,” Jungkook replies simply, breathlessly, and Yoongi lets out a long, steadying breath.

Yoongi fucks him like they’re running out of time. He holds tightly onto Jungkook, as though he might never get to do this again. He stares down at Jungkook, at the glassiness of Jungkook’s eyes as he slips lazily deeper into subspace, at the heaving pink canvas of his chest still marked by Yoongi’s lips, as if trying to commit the sight to memory. Jungkook’s pulse pounds in his ears and he can barely hear the urgent slapping of his thighs against Yoongi’s pelvis, the choked, high-pitched sound of his own moans.

He’s so nearly there. He’s never felt anything like this, never been taken care of so well, he loves Yoongi, he *loves* Yoongi, if his hyung would just give him a little bit more he’ll – he’ll –

“Close,” Jungkook grits out between his teeth, trying and failing to keep his eyes open as Yoongi fucks into him, meeting his prostate dead-on every time.

“Yeah,” Yoongi replies, sounding just as ruined as Jungkook. Only then does it occur to Jungkook how badly he wants to see Yoongi come, to reach that peak together. His stomach does a strange little flip at even the thought, and he feels even closer, closer than before.

He manages to blink open his eyes just in time to see Yoongi wrapping one large, bluish-pale hand around Jungkook’s cock, the slide wickedly easy with just how fucking wet Jungkook is, precum leaking out of him like honey. Yoongi’s hand twists and Jungkook’s head flies back against the pillows, the pleasure mounting dangerously inside him.

“That’s it, *that’s it,*” Yoongi pants somewhere above him, working Jungkook’s aching cock with lewd, wet strokes, fucking into Jungkook with a stuttering, deliberate rhythm. “You’re gonna come for me, right bunny? Gonna come nice and hard for hyung, there’s my good boy.”

“A-ah, Yoongi-hyung, hyung,” Jungkook chants like a prayer, and he wants to reply, wants to answer that he *loves* being Yoongi’s good boy, but it all just gets a little bit too much.

He feels – boneless, infinite, the pleasure wracking through his entire body, trembling through his muscles and coiling between his legs as he finally, finally comes, fucking up into Yoongi’s hand and back onto his hyung’s hard cock. The sound he makes is nothing short of pornographic, but he’s too far gone to care, tremors ripping him to shreds as he spills through Yoongi’s fingers and onto his sweat-soaked stomach.

Yoongi manages to thrust forwards once, twice more, before he stiffens, almost falling forwards over Jungkook, a gorgeously deep groan slipping between his swollen, scarlet lips that sounds just enough like Jungkook’s name to send a fresh ripple of pleasure through the younger.

Barely a moment passes before Jungkook tugs Yoongi down on top of him, nuzzling into the elder’s throat and whining softly, breathlessly. He still shivers with the force of his orgasm, can still feel his cock twitching between their stomachs as though it isn’t quite spent, but he – he couldn’t wait another second. He needed this. Needed to feel Yoongi’s skin, warmth, heartbeat against his body. He doesn’t really know why, but that doesn’t matter right now, not when Yoongi’s arms wind around him without question, hands carding gently through his hair and lips pressed firmly against his throat.
“So good, baby,” Yoongi murmurs, still panting, the muscles of his back beneath Jungkook’s fingers still flexing from sensitivity. “Did so well. My gorgeous baby boy.”

“Hyung,” Jungkook replies weakly, not really having anything else to say. Yoongi makes a deep, warm sort of sound against his neck and they lie like that just a little longer, coming down together, tangled and overheated but blissfully contented.

It’s Yoongi who moves first, gently easing out from between Jungkook’s arms. He glances up into Jungkook’s face for a moment, his gaze slowly raking over the younger’s features as though scanning, checking for anything out of place. Jungkook, too sleepy and sated to do much else, smiles weakly, and Yoongi’s expression softens. He leans down, kissing Jungkook so sweetly and carefully that Jungkook actually lets out a sigh once it’s over, revelling in the cool morning air against his skin after Yoongi moves away.

Yoongi plucks a towel from his laundry basket and cleans himself up shakily and slowly, before he turns to Jungkook and cleans him, too, with a touch as soft as satin. Jungkook barely notices; his head is still foggy, still heavy with the glittering afterglow of what is easily the best sex he’s ever had, but there’s – there’s something else there. Something kind of unsettling and intrusive peeking out from behind the fog, waiting for it to clear.

Impatiently, Jungkook whines, grappling for Yoongi to return to bed. Yoongi only smiles, pulling on his discarded sweatpants before he clammers back onto the mattress, curling close to Jungkook at once. Jungkook squirms, wriggling around until his head is pillowed against Yoongi’s chest and his leg is hooked around Yoongi’s hips. He must be kind of heavy, but Yoongi doesn’t complain, not for a moment. He only presses a kiss to the crown of Jungkook’s head and tugs him the tiniest bit closer.

The unpleasant something is still there, filling up the space in Jungkook’s chest that had been previously swelled with smallness and safeness. He feels like maybe – maybe he’s done something wrong. Maybe this isn’t right.

Maybe he should talk to Yoongi.

Gently, he looks up, propping his chin on Yoongi’s collarbone. His hyung is still awake, though his eyes are closed, his pretty lashes just kissing the soft skin of his cheeks. “Hyung?” Jungkook murmurs, testing.

A faint smile flickers across Yoongi’s otherwise unmoving face. “Mmm?”

“I, um,” Jungkook begins, not really sure what he wants to say. He takes a moment and swallows thickly. Perhaps his hesitance doesn’t go unnoticed, as Yoongi reaches up to take his hand a second later, resting them lightly against his bare chest. “I’ve never been – been small like that before.”

Yoongi’s eyes flicker open and he peers down at Jungkook. “You mean you’ve never bottomed?”

“No – I mean, yes, but what I meant was something else,” he continues. His mouth is very dry. “I felt like – like you were taking care of me. Like I was giving – giving something up? And giving it to you.”

Yoongi doesn’t reply right away. He blinks, and when his eyes reopen, there is a new alertness in their dark, glossy depths. “Small?”


“You’re sure it wasn’t bad?”
“Hyung, no, it wasn’t – it was amazing,” Jungkook mumbles, flushing. Yoongi’s thumb brushes once over his knuckles, soothingly. “Only, afterwards I felt a little… Um. I don’t know.” He stops, thinks for a moment, chewing his lip, and then tries again. “Hyung, is it okay that I felt small?”

“Baby,” Yoongi says, his voice changing entirely, warm and full of love and concern. “Of course it is. I want to take care of you. It makes me so happy to take care of you, Jungkook.”

Jungkook manages a small smile, his cheeks staining a deeper pink. “I – just, it isn’t how I normally am. I’m not normally like that. I’m not used to it and I didn’t hate it, hyung, I really liked it, it’s just – it’s a little strange for – that I –”

“Hey, baby, it’s alright,” Yoongi soothes, easing back just a little bit to tuck a finger beneath Jungkook’s chin and tilt his jaw up, peering straight into his eyes. There’s an intensity and sincerity there that takes Jungkook aback, and he has to gulp, his words lost. “Just because we’ve done this, it doesn’t mean this is how we always have to do this. Right? We don’t ever have to do this again if it didn’t make you feel good, sweetheart.”

Jungkook glances down, shy, before he manages to look back up. “It made me feel really good, hyung,” he replies softly.

Yoongi seems to melt. “Then we can try it again. But we can do things any way. Every way. There’s no rules here, baby. Just because I’m taking care of you doesn’t mean I have to be the one fucking you.”

The crassness of Yoongi’s language seems at odds with the sweetness of the moment and Jungkook squirms, whining slightly. “You’re happy to take care of me, though? Promise?”

“I’m so happy, baby. I promise.”

The unpleasantness in Jungkook’s chest dissipates at once, as though it had only ever been part of the fog all along. He lets out a happy sound, snuggling back into Yoongi’s chest and letting the steady thrum of Yoongi’s heartbeat lull him into calm. Above him, Yoongi’s breathing steadies, deepens and slows, but the steady movements of his thumb over Jungkook’s knuckles don’t cease for even a second.

It’s nice. It’s warm, and it’s safe, and it’s – something new that Jungkook doesn’t have a name for, something that, if pushed, he might describe as ‘right’. He has no idea what time it is, no memory of what he should be doing today, but it’s hard to care right now. Relaxed by Yoongi’s heartbeat and appeased by Yoongi’s words, Jungkook dozes off.

They wake some hours later to sounds of life in the apartment. The noise of the television filters beneath Yoongi’s bedroom door along with something that might be Hoseok humming to himself as he prepares a meal. Jungkook stirs first, rubbing his eyes sleepily until Yoongi begins to wake.

“Hyung?” he breathes, shifting up his hyung’s body so that his forearms rest over Yoongi’s chest. “We slept.”

“Mmm,” Yoongi grumbles in response, opening one bleary eye to peer up at Jungkook. He blinks a couple of times, then leans up to press a soft, chaste kiss to Jungkook’s lips. When he pulls back, he looks significantly more awake. “Hey. Hungry?”

Jungkook is, in fact, always hungry, so he replies by scrambling from the bed and tugging on his borrowed pyjama pants and the t-shirt Yoongi had offered him last night. Yoongi chuckles, easing from the bed much more slowly.
While Yoongi dresses, Jungkook waits by his hyung’s desk, still set up with his computer and his expensive-looking webcam. His stomach keeps doing these nervous little flips about emerging into the apartment, about seeing Hoseok for the first time since last night. It’s going to be fairly obvious what’s happened; even now, in the semi-darkness of the room, Jungkook can see in the mirror several dark blossoms of colour over his throat, and his hair looks like – well, like he’s been fucked to kingdom come. Still, he supposes, that’s nothing to be ashamed of. It isn’t like Hoseok hasn’t guessed how much Jungkook likes Yoongi. It’ll be fine.

As though reading Jungkook’s thoughts, Yoongi straightens up, his lithe form swimming in an oversized hoodie, and makes his way towards the younger boy. “You okay?” he asks softly, his hands slipping to find their place on Jungkook’s waist.

Shivering pleasantly at the affection, Jungkook nods, stepping closer and resting his hands on Yoongi’s biceps. “Yeah,” he breathes, gently ducking down to nudge his nose against Yoongi’s before he captures his lips for a kiss, for a real good morning kiss.

It’s slow and slick, their lips dry with sleep but their tongues wonderfully warm and wet. Jungkook sighs again, the kind of sigh that catches on the way in because – because there’s so much there to get caught on, so much of Yoongi fluttering away inside the spaces of his chest. Even now, even like this, Yoongi makes him feel safe, and Jungkook is quickly coming to terms with how much he craves that feeling.

When they break apart, Yoongi takes Jungkook’s hand in his own, smiles reassuringly up at the younger, then opens his bedroom door.

As expected, Hoseok is nothing short of his sunny self, greeting them both brightly and wordlessly putting on a fresh pot of coffee. As they sit down on one of the sofas, he fills the quiet by telling Yoongi and Jungkook about what had happened after they departed the club the previous night; by the sounds of it, Namjoon got horrendously drunk and kept trying to undress, and Jimin nearly got kicked out for indecent exposure. Jungkook isn’t entirely sure what might have happened, but he thinks he can probably guess.

Jungkook curls close into Yoongi’s side, pulling his feet up beside him on the sofa and worming beneath Yoongi’s arm. Hoseok plies them both with coffee only a minute or two later and sits down with a bounce on the other sofa, snatching up the remote to flick through channels.

Yoongi’s hand tangles gently in Jungkook’s hair at his nape and Jungkook, wanting to touch his hyung but not wanting to be gross in front of Hoseok, settles for toying with the hem of Yoongi’s oversized hoodie. It’s kind of domestic, but he likes it. It isn’t awkward, and the sound of Hoseok and Yoongi chatting easily puts him at ease.

Jungkook doesn’t fall asleep, but he drifts a little, snuggling against Yoongi’s shoulder to get more comfortable. When he sees Hoseok glance at him, then up at Yoongi, a smile on his face that seems to be equal parts teasing and delighted – maybe just a little more delighted – Jungkook pretends not to notice.

Chapter End Notes

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