Chasing Broken Dreams

by Priska

Summary

Fanboy Jimin meets his favorite idol Jeon Jungkook at a concert and they have a one night stand which results in two bundles of joy. Sadly, Jungkook is nowhere to be found when Jimin wakes up on the dirty bathroom floor, between toilet and mop, and the Omega decides to forget about him. That is until they meet again, seven years later.

Notes
Let's cry over Jikook on:
Tumblr
Twitter

See the end of the work for more notes.
Let me know whether I should continue this or not. ♡

I think it's kind of cute... I just love Jimin with children! Like, even more than I love normal Jimin!
King Tae

Jiminie!
You're back?! How was the concert? Did you meet BTS?!
No, more importantly, did you meet jeon fucking hot mess Maknae and thighs like a God jungkook?!

Chim Chim

I did.

King Tae

u srs?! Oh lord, bless that backstage pass you won!
So??

Chim

Wat

King Tae

What u mean 'wat'??
How was it?! Gimme details pls???
I wanna know all the dirty little secrets

Chim Chim

Really?

King Tae

Ofc?!!

Chim Chim

Well, the toilet I woke up in after Jungkook fucked me into a goddamn delirium, was pretty dirty for starters. And there was a janitor who poked me with a freaking mop, which was also dirty as hell tbh.

King Tae

Wat...?
WAT!!
JEON JUNGKOOK FUCKED YOU IN A FREAKING TOILET STALL?? LIKE, AGAINST THE WALL?!! JUST HOW LUCKY ARE YOU?
Wait no. Actually, you're not lucky! This is all thanks to me, you should call me God, or Savior, or daddy if that's what you're into, cuz this would've never happened if I hadn't replaced your suppressants!! I knew it! No freaking alpha can resist your scent, even when his name is Jungkook
and he's the fucking hottest idol on planet earth!! I literally gifted you the best night of your life! You better invite me to your wedding!

Chim Chim

You did what...?

King Tae

You're welcome bae!

Chim Chim

Kim Taehyung. Do you even understand wtf you did??

King Tae

Huh?
Yeah, I think so.

Why?

Chim Chim

ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS?? YOU WANNA DIE OR SOMETHING?! I HAD A ONE NIGHT STAND WITH AN IDOL WHO LITERALLY DUMPED ME, AFTER I PASSED OUT, ON THE MOST DISGUSTING BATHROOM FLOOR I'VE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE! AND THEN HE JUST WALKED AWAY LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED!! AND NOW I CAN'T EVEN BE MAD AT HIM BECAUSE I PROBABLY FORCED MY SCENT ON HIM LIKE A FUCKING BITCH IN HEAT!

King Tae

Oh shit... Sorry Jimi-

Chim Chim

Don't you dare say you're sorry!
You don't even know how much I'm freaking out rn!
This was my first time and you fucking knew it, Tae! YOU KNEW!

My ass hurts like hell, and WE DIDN'T USE ANY PROTECTION!! what if I get pregnant, Tae?! What am I supposed to do?? We're sixteen years old, we're TOO FUCKING YOUNG FOR THIS SHIT! His career will be over, and my life, too! We’ll be forced to mate and then everyone thinks that I'm some kind of leech or bitch that planned all of this. They gonna think I slept with him just to bind him and his money to me!! Everyone's gonna hate me!

King Tae
Wow... Chill. When you freak out like that it really looks like you're pregnant

Chim Chim

KIM TAEHYUNG

King Taehyung

Okay okay, I'm sorry!!
Look, we don't even know whether you're really pregnant or not! Omega's usually don't catch anything from their first time.
The odds are totally against you!

Chim Chim

Yeah... Yeah, you're right.
Sorry, I'll calm down.

It's kinda my fault, too. I should've noticed something's wrong but I was so happy... I wanted it.

But you're right. There's no way that I'm that unlucky..

Let's...let's just pretend this never happened, ok?

"Congratulations!"
Warm eyes and a sweet smile.
Jimin can't help but wonder how someone can look so friendly and excited while destroying a fellow Omega's life.
He can hear his mother gasp, his father groan, and his little brother hums a quiet and amazed, "Oh..."
while staring intensely at the elder's stomach.
Soon it'll be too obvious to hide.

"Are you telling me there's a baby inside of my baby?!" his mom screeched in shock, voice climbing higher with every word while she closes her arms protectively around Jimin's shaking shoulders.

Calmly, the nurse replies, "No. That's not what I'm saying." but the expression on her face doesn't change, almost as if she tries to forcefully smile the bad atmosphere away.
It doesn't work.
"So...he isn't pregnant then?"
Hope and relief fills his father's strong voice, rubbing off on Jimin who now sighs and allows himself to relax in his mother's embrace.
Everything's fine. Nothing happened.
He'll be okay.
That's what he thought until the nurse dared to speak up again, releasing the fatal words that would change Jimin's life forever.

"No, no! What I meant to say was, it's not just one baby but two! Twins! Congratulations, I'm sure the father will be very proud!"

"Are you sure it's okay to drink in your...uh...current state?"
Concern echoed in Taehyung's voice, showed on his face, while he threw a worried glance at his teary-eyed best friend who had one of the many Soju bottles already pressed against his pale pillow lips, and Jimin instantly trembled.
A sob shook his body, lips quivering as the tears started flowing again. Leaving wet traces on the young Omega's cheeks.
"Oh, believe me, Tae. Never in my life did I have a more valid reason to get wasted. It'll be the last time anyway. Having fun won't be an option after tonight."

Sighing deeply, Taehyung scooted closer.
"You're overreacting..." he mumbled while rubbing the other's rounded back, kneading the pain and stress caused knots out of his muscles, but Jimin just snorted a sarcastic laugh.

"Really? Leaving High School and giving up on going to university with you seems like a pretty big deal to me. Not to mention that I can forget about becoming a dancer. I have no idea what kind of job I can even take at this point."

"You can still go to university, though... And you can still dance, Jimin. It'll just take a bit longer than expected. Once the babies are in kindergarten or school, you can go back to working towards your dreams. You'll still be young then."

Shaking his head, Jimin sniffles again.
"I'll be in my twenties... That's so fucking old! I just... I wanna do so many things before that. All the fun and stupid stuff we do, I don't wanna stop just because I have to be a good role model!"

With his head leaning against Taehyung's shoulder, Jimin stares into the far distance. Eyes trailing over all the red and brown rooftops, the dimly glowing lights radiating from the small street lanterns, and the people who rush through the streets, the laughing couples.
The world will never stop, no matter how much Jimin prays for it to pause, begs for a time out.

"Everything's gonna be alright, Chim." Taehyung mumbles softly after following Jimin's gaze.
"You might be pregnant, but you're not dead. I'll help you as much as I can, after all, this is partially my fault. For now, though, it's still only you and me, and I'll make it my mission to make this the best night of your life."
He pauses, boxy smile turning into a scrunched up frown, before he mutters, "For real this time..."
Taehyung didn't lie. It was definitely one of the most amazing nights they had experienced together. Jimin couldn't stop smiling and giggling while they made their way through the streets, dancing and running, and Taehyung held his smartphone up high above their heads, music vibrating loudly through the night until people opened their windows and started yelling at them to turn it off.

The short journey ends on a small playground where Jimin instantly curls up in one of the swings, the ones that look like small, rounded nests. They're his favorite, especially with Taehyung's warm body wrapped around him, giving him safety, while they slowly sway back and forth. Jimin feels dizzy, light-headed when all the alcohol settles in his system, breath and thoughts slowing down in comfortable unison until Taehyung nuzzles into his pastel pink dyed hair, voice a soft whisper.

"Jiminnie... I think you should talk to Jungkook. It would make everything so much easier for you, and even if he's an idol, he's responsible for what happened. I mean, why the hell did he fucking knot you?! A random stranger!! That's just stupid. He could've easily avoided this whole mess. It's his own fault!"

He's right, Jimin knows he is, but he can't bring himself to face the famous singer. It's embarrassing for him to even think about it. Degrading. Besides...it's obvious at this point that Jungkook must be a pretty big asshole, someone he probably wouldn't want to have around his children if he can avoid it. After all, he could've waited for him to wake up, he could've told him that he needs to go. Fuck, he could've written at least a goddamn note!

So, no. He doesn't confront his regrettable one night stand, in fact, he pretty much erases the event from his memory and acts like it never happened. Pulling a face whenever Taehyung mentions the idols name.

Then, months later, the twins are finally born into this world, and Jimin didn't know it was possible to feel so much love for a human being, before he held them in his arms. The euphoria didn't last long, though.

"Jimin." his mother sighed as soon as they stepped through the door of their family home, baby boy in one arm, baby girl in the other. "You know I love you, sweetheart, but you have to tell us who the father is! We just...can't support you financially. That should be the father's job."

Instantly, Jimin turns away and stubbornly avoids any eye contact, his voice is as bitter as it is broken. Regret spreading on his tongue as he speaks. "I told you, mom. I can't remember him. I'm sorry."

But his father wasn't having it, and after shooting his eldest son a glare, he stomped towards them and grabbed the Omega's arm. Making Jimin flinch. "I told you, mom. I can't remember him. I'm sorry."

"I don't think you quite understand the situation you're in." he growled, and Jimin instantly lowered his head in submission, whimpering quietly. "I'm sorry, father..."
"I don't need your apologies!" slowly, the elder's voice became angrier, louder, until the neighbors could probably hear him. "I need the name of the fucking bastard who disgraced our family! Do you even understand how people look at us, how they look at you?! You'll never get a mate like that! How do you plan to survive, huh?! You're clearly old enough to fuck around, so stop acting like a child and take responsibility for your actions! You either tell us his name, or you leave right now!"

Jimin isn't stupid. He knows it's an empty threat. His father is trying to bait him, to pressure him into revealing Jungkook's identity, but the Omega isn't willing to play along. He swallows his pride, buries the pain and his tears, and nods slowly. "I understand. I'm leaving then. I don't wanna be a burden to you anyways, I wasn't planning on staying."

His mother gasps, eyes getting wet as she gently places a hand on her beloved son's shoulder, eyes wandering to her mate, searching for help. "No, please... Don't go, Jimin-ah! I'm sure we can find a way... Honey, please tell him he can stay!"

But the man just snorts and turns around, arms crossed in front of his chest. There's no arguing with him. When it comes to stubbornness Jimin and him are pretty much on the same level. Even in the past, they headbutted over the most trivial topics. "Let him go. He will beg for help soon enough."

Jimin leaves with his most important things, his children, and a clenching heart. If he's honest with himself, he knows that his father isn't as wrong as he'd like him to be, because the truth is, he really doesn't know where to go. At first, he's just wandering around, sitting on benches and playgrounds, but as the evening rises, and the sun falls, it starts raining and the cold air creeps beneath his clothes.

With shaky hands and the whining of his children stuck in his ears, he fishes for the smartphone in the pocket of his jeans and dials the only number he can think of. "Taehyungie...? Sorry, I-I don't wanna disturb you, but I need help... P-Please, help me..."

"Grandma said you can stay as long as you want. Here, you can have my clothes, yours are drenched. She made something to eat, too, if you feel hungry..."
Both boys sit in Taehyung's small room, eyes watching the small human beings in front of them who are now sleeping quietly and peacefully after screaming for almost an hour. Jimin honestly can't hold it against them. He, too, feels like screaming and crying, and he'd love to run into his mother's protecting arms.
But he can't. "Thanks...but I'm not really hungry. I don't wanna be a burden to you." "Oh please, you will never be a burden! You're my best friend, and my family loves you! You're always welcome here, Jimin. You know that."

Finally, something that resembles a small smile lights up Jimin's features, and when Taehyung's opens his arms wide, Jimin thankfully curls up in his embrace. Without even noticing it, he begins to cry, tears start flowing, and his body starts trembling, until exhaustion and Taehyung's gently hummed songs, calm him down. Even though... He can't really tell whether he's calm or simply numb at this point.
"Do you have names for them?" his best friend suddenly asks and it only shows just how long they weren't able to see each other. 
"Of course. I can't just call them baby one and baby two, can I?"
Taehyung huffs a laugh, hand muffling the loud sounds to make sure the children won't wake up. 
"So? What names did you give them? Ji and Min?"
Grimacing, Jimin shakes his head before a small giggle makes it through his lips and he leans forward to lovingly caress his children's heads.

"Don't laugh, okay? The girl is called Minji and the boy Minju. I thought it's cute since they're twins..."
Humming in agreement, Taehyung nods and shows off a comforting smile, boxy as always. 
"It's not just cute, it's adorable!! Great choice, Jiminie!" he hums, before suddenly falling silent. His expression softens.
"Jimin... I asked around, and one of my friends said he has to quit his bartender job at the club of his parents. Technically, you're too young...but I told him it's an emergency and he said he can get you the job if you want. It would be at night, so you can spend the days with those little cuties. I'd babysit them while you're gone."

Sniffling, Jimin looks at the other Omega, gratefulness shining in his eyes while he whispers, "You'd do that...?"

And Taehyung smiles in return, hand ruffling through the faded blonde of Jimin's hair.
"Everything for my best friend. My little drama queen."
Jimin pouts and Taehyung giggles, but at least for now, the world looks a tiny bit brighter.

7 years later

"Pups! Breakfast!"
Jimin's voice fills the small one room apartment easily as he hurries back and fourth to get his children's meals ready in time. He knows very well that simply calling them won't do it, but it's a ritual he got used to over the years.
"Minju, don't." he then warns, eyes following his son who was leaning out of the only window they have, big and amazed eyes following a butterfly that fluttered teasingly close to his nose.

Frustrated, the boy growled, small paws reaching out to catch the sneaky thing, but Jimin gets him just in time, snatches him by the collar, and pulls him away.
It earns him a whiny, "Eomma!" as he sits child number one down at the table.

"Don't Eomma me." he huffs while already glancing at child number two. 
"Being curious is nice and all, but not when you constantly have your head in the clouds, sweetie. I don't want that cute little nose of yours to get hurt."
He flicks a finger against said button nose, making his son's face instantly scrunch up in the cutest way possible and Jimin can't help but wonder where the hell he got that from.

There's no time to dwell on it, though, as he quickly ducks down to ruffle through his daughter's hair. The Raven haired little princess had been totally engrossed in a drawing ever since she woke up. Even though, judging from the droopy-eyed look on her face, Jimin kinda doubts that she was really awake and not just sleepwalking through the tedious tasks of getting ready for school.

"You too, Minji. You can finish your masterpiece later. Breakfast is more important."
She silently pouts, eyes squinting before she lifts her hands, reaching for Jimin who giggles, but
willingly carries the young lady to the table, sitting her down by her brother's side.

The old radio quietly plays in the background while the children eat, rattling from time to time, but Jimin's head still perks up when the new song from BTS is announced.

I need you.

With his eyes closed, Jimin listens to the emotional tune, chest clenching as soon as Jungkook's voice charms it's way into the Omega's ears, and through them, into his heart. It still hurts, even after all this time.

He could stay like this forever, just listening to the voice he once adored so much and drifting away, but his eyes snap open as soon as small fingers pinch his cheeks.

Minju almost crawled onto the table to reach Jimin's face, but he looks more than satisfied with the result of his stunt when the Omega finally reacts and stares back at him.

"Don't be sad, Eomma." he says softly, and Jimin could hit himself for slipping like that, for forgetting about his sweet babies and, even worse, making them worry.

"We'll be late for school if we don't go now." Minji now also pipes up, and Jimin smiles while petting both of their heads.

"I'm not sad, don't worry. And yes, you're right. We should go."

"Don't forget about our birthday tomorrow!"
It's cute how excited they are, how they remind Jimin every ten minutes until they reach the school gate.

"I won't. How could I ever forget the most important day of the year?"
Both children giggle happily while allowing Jimin to place a loving kiss on each cheek and just when they disappear in the big building, Jimin's phone rings.

"Hello?"
It's Taehyung's voice that answers him, and Jimin slowly feels his body relax, pressure falling from his shoulders, as he slowly shifts into free time mode.

"Yo, Jiminie! On a scale from 0 to 100, how nervous are you about tomorrow?"
Rolling his eyes, Jimin huffs, "There's nothing to be nervous about, Tae. It's their birthday and they wanna see BTS, that's all. I won't deny them to see their favorite band just because I have a weird history with one of the members. Besides...I don't really care about Jungkook anymore. It's been so long ago, I hardly remember what happened."

There's a pause before his friend coughs a sarcastic, "Suuuuure. That must be why you still refuse every freaking Alpha who asks you out. Because you're SO over him. Also, I'm pretty sure the reason why they're so into BTS is because you keep staring at their music videos, or pictures. Shit, last time you stopped in the middle of the street because there was a picture of Jungkook on a bus! I thought you're suicidal. You get this weird look in your eyes whenever you see him. It's scary. Seriously though, what does 'weird relationship' even mean? He's their FATHER!"

Sighing, Jimin slowly maneuvers through the packed streets, trying hard to keep his voice down, even through the city noise. He can't wait to get home, to finally get some sleep after working all night.

"I know, you don't have to remember me. Just...don't worry, okay? I'm fine, I swear!"
"Did you eat today?"
"Are you my mother?"
"You wouldn't live in that small ass apartment if I was."
Jimin smiles because he can imagine what a doting parent Taehyung would be. He really is lucky to have such a good friend who's always by his side. Even during the first two years, when Minju and Minji screamed through the whole night whenever Jimin was at work, Taehyung would still come over to look after them, despite having to go to school early the next morning.

"I'll eat later, I promise. Hey, why don't you come over tomorrow evening?"
Snorting, Taehyung mumbles, "So you can cry on my shoulder?"
"No. To celebrate their birthday, jerk. I took the day off, so we can watch a movie or something. Only child-friendly stuff, though."
"Oh! Sure, I wanna see the ballerina movie!"

A giggle dances on Jimin's tongue as he opens the door, body finally plopping onto the bed and his eyes instantly flutter shut.
"Minji's gonna hate you for that. She says she hates ballerinas more than carrots these days."
"I'll survive the rage of our little princess. You sound tired as hell, though. Go and get some sleep while you can, I'll see you tomorrow."

Jimin only manages to hum in agreement before he drifts off into a deep and comforting sleep.
The morning of the twins' birthday is always a big event. It begins with Jimin's excitedly yelled "Happy Birthday!" when he pulls his children's blankets away, hugging them tightly before he sings a cheerful birthday song.
"Everyone who wants to go to the concert this afternoon needs to get up and get ready for school in exactly thirty seconds." he then sing songs without really expecting much, but damn, never before did he see his children run, or brush their teeth, so fast.

Later, after dropping them off at school, Jimin spends his free day making lunch boxes and packing backpacks until there's nothing else to do.
Having no work gives him a weird feeling of emptiness, reminding him of how lonely he is when the noisy pups aren't with him.
With a low sigh, he relaxes on the old couch, eyes closing for barely a second before they snap open again.
He can't sleep.

A groan escapes his lips, but there's no forcing it, so he decides to grab his laptop instead. Distraction is the next best option.
And no, he wasn't looking for bts related videos. He really wasn't.
One of the newer interviews just so happened to be on his dashboard, and he just so happened to click on it.

The questions range from, "What are your plans for the future?" to, "What is your favorite food?" but it's not until they get asked how their favorite mate should be like, that Jimin pays attention. Everyone's explanations are kind of vague, but at the same time not surprising for fans who have been following them for a while.
The only one who stays awfully quiet is Jungkook.

"So... What about the golden Maknae?" the MC asks curiously, eager to tickle something interesting out of him, and Jungkook's smile freezes, as always when he tries not to let his nervousness show. "Uh..."

Shifting uncomfortably, he looks at his grinning Hyungs, unsure what to say, and in the end, it's Hoseok who's more than happy to answer for him.

"Our Jungkookie is into nice butts!"

A slap echoes through the room when the younger Alpha hits him. The rest of the group starts laughing in obvious amusement when they notice Jungkook's flushed cheeks.

"It's not like that..." the younger mumbles, but he looks so embarrassed, it's quite obvious that it's probably exactly like the elder dancer suggested.

"I like Omegas who can't act cute." Jungkook finally admits, and the female MC frowns, confused as to why that would be something anyone would desire.

"Why's that?"

With his head tilted, the Alpha scratches his neck before he can finally bring himself to elaborate. Unwillingly so.

"Because they're usually naturally cute, even though they're not aware of it. It's adorable when they try to convince you how totally not cute they are. It's charming. And... a pretty smile is nice, too. I like Omegas who aren't docile and who I share interests with. Like, dancing! I really like Omegas who can dance."

The rest of the interview is nothing but white noise in Jimin's ears as he leans back, head dropping against the backrest of the couch. This gives him way too many flashbacks.

And with his eyes closed, lips parted just slightly, he remembers how Jungkook looked at him that night. How he told him, "You're kinda cute somehow." and after Jimin huffed a pouty, "I'm not!" Jungkook smirked and whispered, "So damn cute."

Then he leaned forward and kissed him gently, pressing the Omega's lean body against the wall while Jimin pulls demandingly on the thin material of his shirt, tongue running over Jungkook's soft lips, tasting the slightly bitter sweetness of the alcohol they had consumed just minutes ago when they were still strangers. Fan and Idol.

Jimin was so nervous when they first met, barely able to look at him until Namjoon pretty much dragged him towards the Maknae who didn't seem very interested in the shy Omega, like, at all.

That was until the alcohol started flowing.

It wasn't long until Jimin felt comfortable, words coming out as easily as if he's with friends. Jungkook and him especially, had instantly clicked thanks to their mutual interest in music, dance, web comics, and games.

Whenever their eyes met, Jimin couldn't help but feel the tension. Tongue wetting his lips on instinct while Jungkook's eyes followed his movements, gaze flickering from the Omega's lips to his eyes and back again before he copied the seductive gesture.

Jimin's heart was racing in his chest, breath catching in his throat while he tried to resist the urge to squirm under the other's unmoving gaze. Jungkook is just too cool. Too hot. Too sexy. And he's so fucking close, reaching out would be all he has to do to touch.
Jimin startles awake when a police siren goes off in the distance, pulling him away from the dream, the memory, that he tries so hard to run away from. It's late, he realizes as he glances at his smartphone. He must've fallen asleep.

With a sigh, he shakes his head to get rid of the images in his head, jaw clenching in anger. Taehyung was right, he needs to get over him. Think about something else, he tells himself, something more important. Like his birthday pups who deserve all his attention today.

"I need three tickets, please. Two children, one adult."
The young man behind the counter, in front of the concert hall, frowns as he eyes the small family. The children at first, then Jimin, and suddenly the Alpha smirks while leaning closer. Casually touching when he hands the tickets over. Satisfaction settles on his face when he can't find any bite marks, nor smell another Alpha on the small male. "Your siblings are so cute." he coos, and it's impossible to ignore the flirtatious undertone in his voice, the sly smile, and the way his gaze shamelessly analyses Jimin's body. Every curve and muscle, every patch of skin. "I only have two brothers, must be nice to have a little sister."

"Well, I wouldn't know about that." Jimin purrs in return. "Those two little angels aren't my siblings, they're my children."
Surprise is followed by disgust when he looks Jimin up and down again, but the sweet smile on the Omega's face is a perfect facade without any sign of fear or insecurities. He knows what this guy must be thinking right now, and he's not in the mood to deal with it, not in front of his children anyway, so he hastily grabs the tickets, his pups, and turns around to leave. "Bitches these days have no decency." One of the Alphas nearby huffs smugly, making the Omega on his arm giggle. "They're not even trying to hide how much they whore around."

Ignoring the hurtful comments, Jimin holds his head up high. He's used to this kind of treatment. Being very young when having pups is already looked down upon, having them without a mate is even worse. At least find a mate after you got pregnant, that's the normal thing to do, and it really doesn't matter who it is or where he comes from. At least make it look like you fucked with the intention of mating and creating a family.

So yes, Jimin can handle the jokes and condescending statements that are made against him, what makes him angry is that they do it in front of the children who're clearly uncomfortable and well aware of the negative attention they get. While Minji looks like she's about to yell and throw a tantrum, small hand clinging to Jimin's, her brother suddenly makes a beeline towards the snickering Alpha. Gasping in shock, Jimin runs after him, but he can only watch how the small child kicks the man's leg. "Don't talk about Eomma like that!" he squeaks angrily, and Jimin instantly feels his heart drop to the pits of his stomach when the guy slaps the young child without thinking twice.
"Get away from me, you little pest!"

It's enough to send his instincts into overdrive, making him growl and bare his teeth while he pulls the shocked pup into his arms. "Don't put your fucking hands on my children, asshole!" he hisses, while, from the safety of behind Jimin's back, his daughter throws a small twig at the man, angering him even more. Before Jimin gets a chance to react, the Alpha storms towards him, fist hitting his face so hard that he's thrown to the ground. "Get your brats under control then, slut!"

If he was younger, without the pups by his side, he would've fought back long ago. But he can't. He needs to set a good example for them, needs to prove everyone wrong who thinks he can't be a good parent without having an Alpha by his side. Therefore, instead of fighting, he just stumbles back on his feet with as much grace and dignity as he can muster, and pulls his children into the next open bathroom he can find.

"I'm... I'm sorry for being bad and throwing stuff at people..." Minji whines, hands clutching into her skirt and cheeks glistening from tears until Jimin lifts her onto the bathroom counter to clean her muddy hands. "You weren't bad, baby...don't worry about it. He was the one who did wrong. Only fools fight with children."

Meanwhile, her brother, who sits to her right, adamantly shakes his head with his teeth clenched, scratch covered face scrunched. "I'm not sorry! He deserved it!" he declares stubbornly, and Jimin sighs before pulling both of them into a warm hug. "Yes, he did, I won't argue that. But, sometimes, we just have to ignore what people around us say. Even if it's hard."

And with a small smile, he adds, "Thank you for defending me, though. That was really sweet of you. Just make sure to not put yourself in danger next time, okay? Your health is more important to me than my pride."

Both children nod, and Jimin kisses their cheeks, making them giggle, before soothingly rubbing his wrists over either of their necks and scent glands, scenting them thoroughly. It's something most parents don't do anymore these days, because it's seen as old fashioned and overprotective, but, to Jimin, bonding with his children is the most important thing in the world. Smelling himself on them makes him feel like they're protected, even when he can't be with them. It's weird how, before he cut ties with his parents, he hated it when they did stuff like that. After all, he wasn't a child and independent, and having your parent's scent stick to you is just embarrassing. But now... He's just like them. Maybe even worse.

As bad as the first impression might have been, the concert itself is undeniably awesome, and the children can't stop grinning after leaving the concert hall, more skipping than walking towards the exit. Packed with his pup's backpacks and bts merchandise, Jimin struggles to concentrate on both, keeping the things in his arms from falling and watching his children, so he doesn't notice how, once again, Minju gets distracted and slowly leaves his family's side.
It's not until Minji pulls on Jimin's shirt, a big pout on her face and finger pointed at the fansign event that followed the concert.
"Eomma... Juju is breaking the rules again... He left without asking!"
The young girl sounds extremely displeased, even though it's probably more because she wants to go as well, but doesn't dare to just wander off like that.
After all, she loves being praised much more than being scolded.

Jimin didn't plan on allowing the twins to attend. It would take hours of waiting in line before they even get to the BTS members, and besides...seeing Jungkook on the far away stage was one thing, standing directly in front of him, breathing the same air as him, and talking to him, was something totally different!
As much as he loves his cute babies, the bitter memory of how they came into existence is still there, and once he sees Jungkook's carefree and oblivious smile, Jimin might just slap his stupidly happy face.

Either way, it seemed like his absent-minded son had other plans.
With the small children's camera Jimin had bought him for his last birthday, Minju crept closer and closer, through the masses and screaming fangirls, until he stood right in front of the table.
Right in front of Jungkook.
The Alpha looked at the young child, curiosity sparkling in his eyes while he tilted his head to the side, pulling a face that made Minju giggle.

Frozen in place, Jimin could only stare at the almost surreal scene in front of him while his heart stuttered, fluttered, and clenched at a confusing rate.
Before seeing them together, seeing them stand in front of each other, Jimin wasn't aware of how much those two actually have in common.
From the way they scrunch their noses, to how they laugh, and those big, curious eyes. They're so alike.
It's hitting him hard.
For the first time, it feels like he has to accept the fact that there's a part of Jungkook in his children, a part that Jimin maybe can't relate to.
For the first time he feels like his babies aren't just...his, and even if Jimin doesn't like it, even if Jungkook isn't aware of it, there is a bond between them.

"Cutting in line isn't very nice!"
Hoseok suddenly stands behind Jungkook, reaching over the table to take the camera away from Minju who now becomes aware of the fact that he stood pretty much nose to nose with Jungkook the whole time.
The poor child is clearly confused and can't decide whether to be amazed, shy, or horrified by the fact that his precious camera got taken away.
He trembles, tears forming in his eyes.

Luckily, Jungkook resolves the situation before the young boy starts to cry. He snatches the camera from Hoseok's hands and chuckles, "Don't be mean, Hyung." before returning it.
"He's right, though, you should wait until it's your turn. But... I guess you didn't realize what you did, huh?"
Nodding, Minju snuffles and lowers his head until Jungkook laughs and ruffles through the younger's hair.
"Don't worry about it. I know that feeling."
Then, suddenly, he stops and frowns. Eyes lingering on the scratches covering the boy's face. "What happened there? Did you fall?" he asks gently, voice low in honest concern, and Minju sends him a shy glance before he mumbles, "I-I had to protect my Eomma..."

That's not exactly a calming reply. If anything, it just deepens the frown on Jungkook's face while he exchanges uncertain glances with Namjoon. "Where is your Eomma?"

This question seems to finally shake Jimin awake. With Minji by his side, he hastily makes his way through the crowd until he gets a hold of his son and pulls him into his arms. "He belongs to me! I'm so sorry...he's a little airheaded sometimes. Apologize, baby."

Glancing at the ground again, Minju whispers a heartfelt, "Sorry..." and Jimin rewards him with a loving kiss onto the fluffy crown of his hair. "Sorry for interrupting. We're leaving now."

"Wait!"

As he attempts to leave, Jungkook suddenly gets up and grabs the Omega's arm, holding him back, and Jimin squeaks in surprise before he awkwardly turns around again. Jungkook is staring at him, at his mouth, and as much as Jimin wants to ignore it, he can't stop his tongue from darting out and from swiping over his upper lip.

Jungkook's reaction is instant, and still the same as years ago, when he mimics the Omega's action. "You..." he says slowly before stopping himself and clearing his throat. "You...uh...you're bleeding. Are you okay? You should take your sunglasses off to make sure it's nothing serious."

Jimin quickly looks away and tries to stop his heart from racing, cheeks heating up in embarrassment. Why the hell is he acting like a fucking sixteen year old again?! This is Jeon Jungkook, the same guy who didn't care enough to fucking wait for Jimin to wake up. The one who didn't care enough to say goodbye.

"That's really not necessary. I'm okay." But a simple no isn't enough to stop Jungkook from getting his will, and Jimin learns this the hard way when the Alpha simply reaches out and swiftly removes the sunglasses from his face.

"Yah!" Jimin growls, voice agitated. "Are you crazy?! I said no! Don't touch me without permission!"

But he stops his tantrum when he notices Jungkook's expression. When he sees the realization in his eyes. Shit. He knows.

He definitely remembers.

With his hand reaching out, Jungkook carefully touches Jimin's cheek. It's such a light and gentle gesture, almost as if he fears Jimin could break and disappear under his fingertips, and after flinching away at first, Jimin slowly feels how his anger dissolves and he closes his eyes on instinct when he leans into the touch.

Why does this feel so warm and comforting...?

It's not fair.

"Did someone hit you?" Jungkook then suddenly whispers, but Jimin keeps his mouth shut, unwilling to create any more drama. It's none of Jungkook's business anyway.

"It's nothing...We... We should really go."

Again, he turned and tried to leave, but the Alpha's grip around his wrist wouldn't budge. "I said, I wanna leave! Let go!"
"Jimin..."
He whispered his name so softly, carefully. Jimin couldn't stop the shudders from running down his spine.
He even remembers his name...? What kind of joke is this? Why can't he just leave him alone?
Why can't they both just forget about everything?

But then the cameras around them started flashing, and Namjoon quickly got up to pull Jungkook's hand away and free the Omega.
"That's not how we treat our fans, Jungkook." he growled, the warning obvious in his words.
For a second it looked like the youngest wanted to say something, mouth opening and closing again with frustration and annoyance shimmering in his eyes.

However, when he looked at the crowd and into the cameras, the fake smile was plastered on his face again. Wide and toothy.
"Yes. I'm sorry." he then said towards Jimin and the twins.
"Please, be careful on your way home and talk to the security guards when someone bothers you."

"This isn't just about you." Namjoon adds with a glance towards the cameras.
"Our concerts are supposed to be safe. We can't allow someone who hits children to walk around here."
Then he gives Jungkook a short, barely noticeable hit against his shoulder, making him wince and stand up before he throws one of those artificial smiles of his towards the cameras.
"Right...we don't want our fans to get hurt after all. Be careful everyone."
But his eyes keep twitching towards Jimin, stealing shy glances, until the Omega bows down deeply, his hair almost touching the ground.
Then, he finally takes the small paws of his children and hurries away, but as always, the two young trouble maker had other plans.
This time, it's Minji who trails behind and stares.
Mouth agape and cheeks flushed while hey fingers clench around her own small camera. Silently she heaves the device above her head, towards Jungkook, and the Alpha smiles when Jimin tries his hardest to convince her that it's time to go.
The little princess stubbornly stays in place and puffs her cheeks as she pouts.

"It's okay." Jungkook finally snickers.
"One picture won't hurt, that's our job, after all."
With that, he lifts both children onto the table, gives the camera to Jimin, and poses with a bright smile which, this time, even reaches his eyes and transforms them into beautiful crescents.

Later, after the twins graciously allowed Jimin to leave after bowing and apologizing several times, they're finally on their way home.
Jimin feels dizzy, like walking on air, hot and cold, while, at the same time, a disgustingly bitter taste spreads on his tongue.
It must be the stress, he thinks hazily.
There was the fight before the concert, then talking to Jungkook.
It's probably too much.
He'll be fine in a moment.

But he isn't.
The longer they walk, the more his vision blurs, and he staggers dangerously before he gives up and crouches on the ground. Face pressed against his knees.

Take deep breaths, Jimin. You'll be fine. Just get your fucking lazy ass up and take your children
His jaw clenches when he begins to realize that, this time, the internal pep talk isn't helping as much as it usually does.

"Eomma..." The twins sound worried, rightfully so, but Jimin somehow manages to force a smile on his face while he stumbles back on his feet. "I'm fine... just needed a break. Let's go home quickly, okay?"

Nodding, the children take both of his hands, but they don't come far because, suddenly, a black car halts by their side. When one of the tinted windows scrolls down, Jimin can barely hold back a groan and a growl because, God, will this horrible day ever end?

"Uhm...are you okay? I saw you sitting on the street. Do you need a ride?"

Jungkook shyly leans out of the window, looking horribly cool with the big sunglasses on his nose and the black mask covering the lower half of his face, but Jimin isn't swayed. "No, thanks. I'm totally fine, and I'm pretty sure you have more important things to do than caring about a random stranger."

But even when he starts walking again, the car would still slowly roll by his side, with Jungkook's gaze following him, until Jimin snapped, turned around, and hissed, "Why the fuck are you staring at me?! Are you a goddamn stalker or something?! Leave me alone!"

Gasping, the children by his side flinch. "Eomma! You said bad words!" Minji scolds wide-eyed, and Jimin covers his mouth with his hands before apologizing quietly as he tries to rebuild his composure, but Jungkook isn't giving up just yet. "Please, let me take you home. You don't look like you're doing very well."

Before Jimin can decline once again, one of the front windows scrolls down, revealing Namjoon's serious face. "You don't look like you'll be able to make it home at this rate and I doubt you want your children to see how you get transported to the hospital. Get in."

He isn't wrong, and yes, Jimin might be biased when he takes Namjoon's offer and not Jungkook's, but he really does feel a little wobbly on his feet, and he does want his children to be safe...

So, after some hesitation, he and the twins are climbing inside the van. Only Jungkook and Namjoon are in there. "We have two cars." The leader explains after seeing the Omega's confused face, and Jimin nods as the car slowly speeds up.

For the most part, it was very quiet in the spacious car. Especially when the twins started dozing off, and nobody was willing to disturb their peaceful slumber.

Then, the car stopped in front of Jimin's old, crumbling apartment and the Omega couldn't help but feel embarrassed upon seeing Jungkook's shocked and even more worried face. Just when the young Alpha opened his mouth to say something, however, Namjoon cut him off. "Jungkook. Take the children and wait outside for a while, would you? I want to have a little chat with Jimin."

With a frown, Jungkook looked from one male to the other. "Why? You don't even know him, why would you talk to him?"

"You don't really know him either, but you begged me to take him home. It's not that different, is it?" The elder shot back. Jungkook pulled a face but shrugged before freeing the children from their seatbelts and taking them outside.
"Well." The leader then said while leaning back, arms crossed in front of his chest. "You're the Omega who won the backstage pass seven years ago, right? I remember your face because I was surprised how well you and Jungkook hit it off."

It's probably too late to deny this fact, so Jimin simply nods, motioning Namjoon to go on with whatever he wanted to talk about.

"How old are your children?"
This was the moment when Jimin realized what the elder was playing at, but he didn't let it show and just stared blankly.

"It's their seventh birthday."
A short pause followed where the Alpha looked at him as if he waited for Jimin to confess something.
He didn't.

"Do you have a mate who takes care of you? Or is the father of your children around?"

"I don't think that's any of your business."

Amused by the feisty tone in his voice, Namjoon smirked as he allowed his gaze to wander outside where Jungkook and the children had kidnapped a stray soccer ball which they kicked back and forth between them. The longer Jimin looked at them, the more glaring the similarities between them became. He wondered if it was just his imagination or if Namjoon saw it too.

Meanwhile, the latter focused on Jimin again, studying the Omega's expression carefully. "Let me rephrase the question then. Tell me honestly, are those Jungkook's children?"

For quite a while Jimin said nothing. He had expected a question like this, but hearing him say it so bluntly was still a little shocking. He hadn't talked about it in years, not even with Taehyung.

"I don't mean to pressure you, but Jungkook is our Maknae, and we love him. Not to mention that he and his talent is important for the success of the group. If there's anything that could be used against him, I need to know about it."

Oh. Of course.
Jimin barely held back a sarcastic laugh. So this is about damage control. He should've known that he would be seen as a threat to Jungkook's career. After all, that's why he kept quiet in the first place. He probably shouldn't feel as offended as he did.

"Look, I don't know what your problem is. I never said anything about them being his pups. I never asked for anything either. But if it makes you feel better then no, they aren't his children. I don't know who the father is because I'm a disgusting bitch who fucks with everyone, okay? Nothing will threaten your sweet and perfect Maknae's career, don't worry. I'll be leaving now. Thanks for taking us home, Namjoon-ssi."

Chapter End Notes

Okay so, the story is about to really begin. Starting from the next chapter there will be much more Jikook, I promise! ♡
Sorry for the late update! Q_Q Writing on two fics at once is a little bit harder than I thought...but I try my best!
Thanks for all the lovely comments and sorry that I barely answered any.
I have some trouble at home atm and yeah...but I really enjoy and read all everything you guys comment! <33 It makes me so extremely happy, you don't even know!
Thank you

"So...Jungkook didn't realize that the children are his, but Namjoon did?!!"

Sighing deeply, Jimin grabs a few toys from the floor of the twin's pastel lilac painted room to throw them into one of the big boxes in the corner.
"I'm not sure how much he knows...I told him Jungkook isn't the father."

"What?!" Taehyung screeched. "You lied?!!"
He was loud enough to tempt Jimin into holding the smartphone away from his ear, waiting for his best friends to calm down before he attempted to reply.
"Well, what was I supposed to say, Tae? Namjoon made it more than clear that children could be dangerous for Jungkook's career. And he's right, I don't plan on destroying his life."
There was a pause before Taehyung released a sharp, "Tche." and finally huffed, "So you rather destroy your own? Self-destructive love isn't sexy, Jimin."

"I don't love him. Hell, I don't even really know him."
Bitterness was laced into Jimin's voice, and Taehyung knows there's no point in arguing when the other is so stressed, his voice wavering and switching between tired low and hysterical high notes. It sounds as if he's about to cry.

"Alright...fine, let's forget about Jeon clueless asshole Jungkook for a while." Taehyung finally sighs as he tries to change the topic and hopefully stop Jimin from breaking down.
"How about you grab the children after school and we meet up at their favorite playground? I miss you guys, and studying is so boring...let's just hang out for a while."

He makes it sound as if it's Jimin who does him a favor, but Jimin knows that's not the case.
Whenever they hang out, Taehyung makes sure to play and distract the children for as long as he can just to take some of the weight and pressure from Jimin's shoulders.
More than once, Jimin found himself drifting off into a short lived dream, sleeping for a few hours, before Tae woke him up to tell him he needs to go back and study.
He's just as busy as Jimin...but he always makes time for them.
Jemin loves him for that. He will never find a friend like this again.

As promised, they meet a few hours later, and the twins are more than excited. With squeaks and squeals, they run into Taehyung's arms.
One could think they haven't seen each other in years, in actuality, it was barely a week. But Jimin won't complain when his children look so happy and satisfied, all smiles and giggles while they try to talk the Omega into carrying them around, piggyback style.

"Why don't you sit over there while we play?" Taehyung then suggests, but, as always, it's more of an order than a question. Jimin only pouts for a second before wandering towards one of the big nest swings where he sits at first, and then finally curls up to get some sleep. He feels exhausted. Lightheaded once again. Maybe he's getting sick.

"-min... Ji...n.... Jimin!"
Gasping, the Omega startles awake when someone grabs his shoulders and shakes him violently. So much, it makes Jimin's head spin, makes him want to vomit, and then he hears Taehyung's voice. "Oh my fucking God, you're alive!"
Alive...? Of course. Why wouldn't he be?
The situation feels strange, almost comical, but the faces around him make it clear that this isn't a joke at all.

When his friend grabs him by his cheeks and pulls until it burns, Jimin groans, and gets up slowly. Careful to not trip when his vision blurs.
"Why are you yelling...? What happened...?"
"You wouldn't wake up! That's what happened!"
Taehyung seemed honestly shocked, and Jimin felt guilty for putting him, and the weeping twins, through something like this, so he mumbled a quiet, "Sorry, I'm fine." even though, he's anything but that.
His heart is still racing and hurting in his chest while every other part of his body feels like gummy. Strengthless.

There was no point in lying, though. Taehyung didn't believe him either way.
"Let's look for a hospital. You should get a check up, just in case."
"That's not necessary."
"It is more than fucking necessary when you lose consciousness in the middle of the day! What if something happens to the twins while you're out of it?!"
That's enough to break Jimin's resistance.
His babies will always be his weak point and number one priority, so he just nods in defeat while Taehyung helps him get on his feet.

The next nearby hospital is quickly found, thanks to google, and soon Jimin awkwardly sits in the waiting room. The walls are completely white, bare, and weirdly sterile looking. He hates it. Everything in this room reminds him of the day when he shut down his emotions and comforted his crying mother after they heard about the twins for the first time. He had avoided hospitals ever since.

Being here makes him feel sick, makes him feel emotions he tried so hard to bury, for his children's sake.
"Taehyungie..." he whispers quietly, inaudibly enough to make sure the two young ones can't hear him. They shouldn't notice the weakness in his voice. "Can you take Minie and Juju home? I don't want them to be here. I'll give you my keys, and you can raid the refrigerator if you want. Or watch TV, or whatever."

At this, Taehyung glares in skeptical distrust but takes the key anyways before telling the twins to follow him. "Don't run away. I'll call the doctor and ask how it went." is the last thing he huffs, making Jimin roll his eyes until Minji's small hands close around his own. "Don't be sick, Eomma..." she says demandingly, but her eyes are red and worried when she adds, "I'll make you tea! Disgusting tea is good when you're sick!"
Laughing, Jimin gently places a kiss on her cheek before whispering, "Then, maybe, you too should drink the disgusting tea I give you when you don't feel well, hm?"
A small nod is followed by embarrassed flushed cheeks, and then his best friend and children leave the room, excited to get some ice cream on their way home.

When the door opens again, a beautiful nurse enters the room. She smiles as soon as their eyes meet. "Park Jimin-ssi, please."
Nodding, the Omega follows her into the doctor's office where she motions him to sit down. "You mentioned earlier that you blacked out today, right?"
"Yes. My friend told me to get a check up, just in case it's something serious, but it's probably nothing."
The young woman laughs softly, hands roaming through white drawers until she reaches for a thin needle.
Jimin's stomach instantly turns. "We'll see about that. It's always better to be safe than sorry. I have to take your blood if you don't mind."

Well, as a matter of fact, he did mind it a lot. But since he promised Taehyung to be good, he just silently lifted his arm while looking away and scrunching his nose in dissatisfaction. One small prick and it was done. Easier than he remembered. When he was pregnant, the nurses had to try several times just to find his veins.

"Alright." The nurse then hums, all sweet and chipper. She's definitely a little too happy for Jimin's taste, or maybe he's just not in the mood for a positive mind set like that. "I'll let the doctor know about your problem, and he'll talk to you in a moment."

Time passes agonizingly slowly, and after what feels like hours, a man clothed in white, Alpha from what Jimin can smell, enters the room. He's not alone, though, and Jimin's eyes widen as soon as the familiar scent hits his flaring nose. Strawberry and peppermint, mixed with the scent of a forest after an early morning rain shower. Gentle and sweet, but filled with fiery temperament, that's what Jungkook smells like. It's carved into Jimin's brain, his memory, into his whole existence. He would never forget it or mistake him for someone else. He couldn't, even if he wanted to.
Visually, however, he would've never guessed it's him. Jungkook is hidden behind a long, fluffy coat, which definitely is too warm for the current season, a mask, and a baseball cap that's pulled so deep into his face, his eyes are barely visible.

He must've noticed Jimin's scent as well because his body language instantly changes when he walks into the room, body tensing and eyes twitching towards the stunned Omega. Both don't dare to say anything.
"I'm sorry for the long wait. I hope you don't mind my little brother." the doctor meanwhile says while walking up to the Omega and Jimin instantly gets up to bow down deep. "It's okay... it wasn't that long, and no... I don't mind." To be honest, he isn't thrilled at all about Jungkook being here, but saying that would be rude, so he doesn't.

Smiling gently, the elder nods before turning towards Jungkook again, voice instantly less formal and more commanding. It's weird to hear someone talk to the idol like that. "Lie down over there. I'll do your check up after I'm done with him. And stop complaining, brat. It's your fault for being late."

At first, it seems like the younger of the brothers wants to disagree. Face scrunching and fists clenching, but then he sighs and does what he's told. Does he still think Jimin didn't realize it's him? Is that why he keeps quiet...?

"Alright. So, Jimin-ssi, would you please remove your shirt?"
Taking his clothes off in front of a doctor isn't a first for him, Jimin did it a million times. However, this time he had to do it in front of his former celebrity crush whose eyes are glued to his back. Burning holes into him. It makes Jimin nervous, makes him feel uncomfortable and insecure. "I... Do I have to...?" he stutters, eyes pleading 'please don't make me' while his voice wavers and his scent turns sour in distress.

Picking up on the weird tension in the room, the doctor's nose crinkles and his gaze shifts from Jimin to Jungkook, a frown forming on his face as he tries to understand what the hell is going on. "Is there a reason why you stare at my patient like that?"
A low growl follows his words, making Jungkook flinch and duck his head in respectful submission before he turns around to give Jimin some privacy.

"Alright. I'll take a look at the blood tests now, but you'll have to come back in about a week to get the full results." the doctor says after he's done with the Omega, and Jimin nods while putting his clothes back on, eyes following the leaving Alpha.

They're alone now. Jungkook and him. But the singer doesn't seem willing to talk, so Jimin decides to take the first step instead. "Jungkook-ah. It's you, isn't it?"
There's a thump of something heavy meeting the ground, a yelp, and Jimin quickly turns around, just to see the other's flailing body after he must've fallen from the small, white couch he was sitting on. His hat fell off, the mask slipped down to his neck, and his identity was undeniable now.

But no matter how funny it looks when Jungkook squirms on the ground, like a fish without water, Jimin still can't stop himself from jumping up and running towards him with worry painted all over his soft features. "Oh my God... are you okay?! What the hell are you doing?"

The young Alpha finally manages to sit upright, cheeks flushed and voice nervous. Big, shy, doe eyes looking up at Jimin while he mutters, "Y-You knew it was me...?"
And this is all it takes for the Omega to break down, laughing. The Jungkook in his memories, and in his imagination, was always cool and perfect, a little flirty and a smooth talker. A calm and collected Alpha who's got everything under control. The person in front of him, on the other hand, wasn't like that at all. More like the total opposite. A sweet, excited, and insecure dork. Clumsy like the cutest pup. Adorable.
In a way, it makes Jimin feel old, even though they're the same age. It's crazy how he matured while Jungkook didn't.

"Yes... Yes, I knew it was you." he finally giggles upon seeing Jungkook's slightly upset face. "Are you okay? Why are you here anyway? Isn't it dangerous for you to walk into a public place like that?"

With his cheeks reddening even more, if that's even possible, Jungkook averts his eyes and fumbles with his pants in an attempt to ease the nervous tension in his body. "Yeah... it's annoying. My mom won't leave me alone until I visit Hyung for a monthly check up. I diet a lot, and it worries her, that's why Hyung usually hooks me up with tons of vitamins to make sure my health stays on track."

A dejected, "Oh..." is all Jimin says before falling silent while staring at his shuffling feet. He never thought about it, but of course, Jungkook's parents worry about the young idol. They must be very proud to have such a talented and adorable Alpha son. They probably meet often. Something creeps into Jimin's heart, a bad and ugly emotion that he's not willing to accept. He's not jealous. He can't be. It's just not right. Jungkook deserves a nice family, and it's not his fault that Jimin left his own behind. Besides, he's happy with his twins. They're all he needs in life. It's okay.

"Jimin!"
The Alpha's hand suddenly closes around Jimin's shoulder, giving him support when the Omega sways dangerously and almost falls. "Are you okay?! That was fucking close..."

Jungkook falls silent, eyes growing wide when a horrible thought forms in his head. "Wait..." he then whispers in shock. "Are you seriously sick?! Oh, God... I shouldn't have... I'm so... Shit, Jimin, I'm so sorry! Tell me if you need anything, like at all. I don't care what it is. I'll help you!"

Confused, Jimin steps away from the suddenly so overly emotional Alpha. Smelling the fear and protectiveness in his scent just makes his head spin even more, and it throws his own emotions into a fucking rollercoaster ride. "Wait, wait... What are you even apologizing for?"

Jungkook pauses, teeth digging into his bottom lip while he reaches out to grab Jimin's hands, just to awkwardly pull away again before they touch. Instead, he just holds onto the edge of Jimin's sweater, pinching the soft material between thumb and index finger. Pulling gently, carefully. "You know why..." he then mutters. "When we first met, I... We... I just didn't think-"

His nonsensical explanation ends when the door opens again, and Jungkook's brother returns. Their current position must be quite a sight to see because the elder Alpha seems to need a moment of recollecting before he clears his throat and arches an eyebrow. "So you DO know each other. I knew something was weird about the way you two act."

It's only when his gaze wanders to Jungkook's fingers, which are still shyly pulling the Omega's sweater, that Jimin's cheeks start glowing crimson and he quickly slaps the idol's hand away. "We only met once before..."

"Twice." Jungkook corrects as if it fucking matters.
"But Hyung! What's wrong with Jiminie? Is he very sick? He felt dizzy earlier..."
"I'm fine."
And even if he wasn't, Jimin doesn't like how Jungkook suddenly sticks his nose into something so personal like his health.
He could've done that years ago.

"I wouldn't call it sick, no." The older Alpha mumbles. "But, maybe, you should treat your little Omega friend to a meal when you're done here."
After seeing the puzzled look on both of their faces, the doctor sighs and explains, "Jimin-ssi. Did you, by any chance, eat lunch today?"
The Omega thinks for a moment but soon his face twists into a mixture of realization and embarrassment. He knows what the other is trying to say, and he doesn't like it at all.
"I-I was asleep at that time..."

"Breakfast?"
"No...I was busy."
"What about yesterday? Any dinner?"
This time, there's hesitation in Jimin's voice. He knows his eating habits aren't the best, he's not stupid.
But sometimes there's just no time for stuff like that. Besides...he's already unhappy enough with how chubby his body looks. If he starts stuffing his face all day, he'd just get even fatter than he already is.
"I have to work at night. It was a busy week, that's all. I'll be fine once everything calms down."
He probably should've known that it's not so easy to fool someone from the medical field, but to be honest, he didn't think it was that obvious.
Not until the man grabbed his hands.
"Your nails are riffled, that's a sign for malnutrition." he explains. "Your hair and lips are dry, your skin is pale, it sheds, and your blood sugar is extremely low. Things like that don't happen after one busy week. If I had to guess, I'd say you haven't eaten properly in months. Definitely not three meals a day, at least."

Everything he says is almost freakishly accurate to the point where Jimin has to swallow hard to keep his composure while quickly pulling his hands away.
"I'm just not as hungry as other people. I can't help it!" He snaps aggressively, but the elder just crosses his arms in front of his chest. Still annoyingly calm.

"It's not just about you, though. I looked over your files and noticed you have two children and no mate. I have to report it to the authorities when I feel like you can't take care of the little ones."

Shocked, Jimin recoils. Horrified by the thought of having his children taken away from him and, for a brief moment, he can only stand there. Frozen.
The person in front of him turns into something dangerous, threatening like a poisonous snake that could end his existence at any moment.
His eyes feel drowning wet, tears about to spill over, jaw clenching in anger, and heart racing, but he won't cry.
He needs to be strong, needs to show everyone that he's responsible and able to take care of his family.
Without his children, there would be nothing left.
He'd be nothing but an empty shell without any reason to stay alive.

Just when the emotions inside him become too much to handle, choking him with his worst fears, someone takes his hand. A warm touch. Firm and strong.
Jungkook is by his side, leans into him until their shoulders touch, and his presence alone seems to calm the Omega. His protective scent drowns him, fills and taints him to the core.
It's exactly what jimin needs right now.
Maybe what he always needed, but he would never admit that.

"Stop it, Hyung." Jungkook meanwhile growls lowly. "Don't be so mean. From what I saw, Jimin takes really good care of his pups. He works hard. It's not fair to threaten him like that."
A short glance at the pale Omega by his side makes him pause. Lips pressed into a thin line before he speaks up again.
"If it's really such a big problem, let me take him out for dinner. I'll make sure he eats."

At first, the elder seems surprised, eyebrows rising until he cracks a knowing smile.
"My antisocial brother who makes the weirdest plans on how to avoid any contact with other human beings, and plays games in his room all day, is willing to actually invite someone else for dinner? Are you joking?"
And as he stares at Jimin's and Jungkook's entwined hands he adds dryly, "Where's my baby brother who yelled he never wants a mate, Omegas are annoying, and any physical contact makes you wanna puke? Don't tell me you're growing up after all those years of acting like the biggest brat?"

Flushed cheeks and embarrassment answers him when Jungkook blinks sheepishly, fingers releasing the Omega's small, lifeless, paw while he tries to hide his heated face behind his arm.
"Shut up, Hyung, you're so annoying. I was way younger when I said that stuff. Besides, this is different. It's not about me, I just really don't think Jimin deserves to get shit like that. He's... He's really nice."

At this the elder scoffs, still focused on Jimin who returns his stare blankly. Eyes damp and glassy. Dead.
Truth be told, it's a heartbreaking sight, but that doesn't mean there isn't a problem that needs to be addressed.
However, it's not like he really wants to get the young Omega in trouble, especially when his little brother is obviously very fond of him and goes as far as to defend him so strongly.

"Nice, Huh."
The doctor sighs.
"Alright then. You should escort your..."
A pointed look is thrown towards the Omega, almost as if he's searching for something in Jimin's soft features, but whatever he looks for, he doesn't seem to find it, so he just shrugs.
"Your friend, you should take him home. Going alone could be dangerous in his state. Also, Jiminssi, please go to the front desk. The young lady there will give you some vitamin and fruit sugar pills and I highly recommend to take them daily until you regain some strength. Besides that, three meals per day should be normal for Omegas your age."

Jimin agrees to all of that with a curt nod before he turns around and storms away, a nervous Jungkook hot on his heels.
They don't talk. Mostly because Jimin doesn't want to and Jungkook doesn't know what to say.
The singer was always bad at communicating, but Jimin doesn't know that. He only knows the bubbly, silver tongued idol from his TV and computer screen.
Even when they met, Jungkook wouldn't allow the cool and perfect idol mask to fall.

Just when he attempts to leave this damn hospital, Jungkook grabs his wrist and pulls him back into a corner of the entrance hall, into the shadows.
Obviously, he's used to sneaking around, but Jimin isn't, he sees no reason to be quiet or hold back when he growls and pulls his hand away.
Clearly intimidated, the doe-eyed Alpha flinches and takes a small step back to give the smaller male some space. Head tilted, and uncertainty evident in his quiet voice when he pulls his hat deeper into his face and whispers, "My driver is waiting in the parking lot..."

The distrust in Jimin's face is hard to ignore, a little painful too, and since he refuses to move, Jungkook finally takes the lead. He grabs Jimin's hand and pulls him along, despite the Omega's unwilling hisses. Once they're in the car, though, they both fall silent again. Eyes following the passing scenery, the lights, and rushing people outside.

Time moves on until Jimin's attention strays. Being in a vehicle with tinted windows is a first for him, and after a while, he finds it surprisingly funny to grimace and stick out his tongue whenever the car stops and someone nosily tries to take a peek at the non-see-through windows. Curious as to who the celebrity inside could be. He's so caught up in his little game, all giggles and cutely snorted laughs, that it takes several minutes before he notices Jungkook's amused facial expression. One of those cute little bunny smiles plays around his lips, not the one he shows on TV, but a real one that makes his eyes disappear in pretty crescents.

He looks cute. Too cute. The sight makes Jimin feel warm and fuzzy, and it would be really great if those feelings were directed towards someone other than the Alpha who once hurt him so much. "Don't look at me like that..." the smaller male mumbles. Face falling into a mask of uncomfortable coldness again while he sinks deeper into the expensive leather seat. He's embarrassed by what he just did, and by how quickly he got comfortable in this mess of a situation. He shouldn't enjoy this. He shouldn't have fun.

Quietly he turns away, eyes focused on everything and nothing as long as it's not Jungkook, and then he whispers, "Tell your driver to stop the car. I can walk home from here."
"We haven't eaten yet."
"I don't wanna eat with you. I don't wanna be seen in some fancy restaurant with a random K-pop idol. People would start asking questions."

Sparks of a challenge twinkle in both of their eyes, strong personalities and stubbornness clashing in heavy silence until Jungkook crosses his arms in front of his chest and leans back. "Fine. We won't go to a restaurant then. I'll take you to our dorm. We can eat there."
This actually catches Jimin off guard, and his eyes grow wide in a mixture of horror and unreasonable excitement. "To your dorm?! Like, where Namjoon, Jin, Yoongi, and Hoseok are?!
He asks like the fanboy he used to be, just to bite the inside of his cheek shortly after. Instead of being excited, he should be horrified. Not everyone is as oblivious as Jungkook, and the idol's friends won't accept a low-class Omega like him. If they ever were to find out, they would hate Jimin for destroying Jungkook's life, maybe even destroying the whole band if his little secret ever gets exposed by the press.

He needs to get out of here before he gets too comfortable in his lies and hopes.

Jungkook, however, is unaware of the Omega's inner turmoil. "Uhm...I don't know who's there at the moment." Frowning, he looks at his phone. Fingers quickly typing a message to his bandmates. "But Yoongi usually doesn't leave his room unless he has to, so you probably won't see him."
"Stop the car, Jungkook."
Suddenly, Jimin's voice is urgent, threatening, and the Omega fumbles with his seatbelt as if he's ready to jump right out of the moving vehicle.
"Wait... What?!" gasping, the alpha unbucks as well. Hand reaching out to grab Jimin's sweater, almost climbing on top of him to hold him in place.

"What are you doing?! Sit the fuck down!" he yells in shock, but the Omega is just as loud and emotional.

"Shut up! I won't go to your dorm! I don't wanna see Namjoon and everyone else, and I don't wanna eat with you, either!"

"You have to! I don't want you to be sick!"

At this, Jimin falls silent. His body goes limp in Jungkook's grasp, eyes getting empty and dull.
"I don't get it. Why do you suddenly care so much...? You didn't care about me when you left me seven years ago. You didn't care when I passed out and was lying there, half naked, and for everyone to see. Like a fucking worthless bitch. I'm not dumb, Jungkook. I understand that I was nothing more than a one-night stand for you. It's okay. I'm not a child anymore. I'm over it. You don't have to act like you care."
But even after saying that, even after telling himself so many times that it's okay, that he doesn't mind what happened, Jimin's voice still sounds desperate and broken when he whimpers, "Please...just stop it. Don't be nice to me."

It's quiet. Emotions are cooling down, anger fades, and all that's left is broken dreams and tragedy. Jungkook is the first to break the silence.
"I'm...sorry. I was stupid and clueless back then. After you passed out... I-I panicked. You wouldn't wake up, and I thought I seriously hurt you. My...uhm... My contract says I'm not allowed to do anything with fans. I can't have relationships either. That's why I didn't call a doctor and just left you there. Namjoon would know what to do, that's what I thought. But when I returned, you were gone."

After releasing a shaky breath, Jimin looks up, looks at him.
Thoughts and emotions all over the place.
"I thought you regretted what we did and left..."
"I thought the same about you." Jungkook replies.

It's ironic, hilarious in a hysterical way, and Jimin would've laughed if things were different. If his life hadn't been shattered and in pieces.
Like this, however, he just stares at the Alpha and waits for some kind of solution. For something that finally gives an ending to their story.
Closure.

But Jungkook just leans over him, hands to the sides of Jimin's head as if he still fears the Omega is about to run away. He's lost in Jimin's glistening eyes. Fascinated by how the smaller wets his lips and scrunches his nose.
He won't end this. There's no way. He won't let Jimin slip through his fingers again, even if it means taking a risk.
The petite and stubborn Omega is definitely worth it.
But he knows he's walking on thin ice. Depending on how he acts and what he says, Jimin could vanish in seconds.
He definitely won't push his luck. He's determined to take it slow, to rebuild the trust between them. It's not that hard-

The thought is cut off when the car suddenly stops, and Jungkook stumbles forward, towards Jimin
who squeaks in shock and presses his hands against the other's chest to keep him from collapsing on
top of him.
"Fuck..." the singer gasps before opening his eyes and realizing that he's nose to nose with the
Omega beneath him.
Both of them freeze. Breath held and hearts beating faster in their chests while Jimin's fingers curl
into the other's shirt. Clawing and releasing again as if he can't decide whether to hold onto him or
push him away. The way they drown in each other's eyes, inhaling each others scent, isn't helping
either.

It's not that hard to take it slow with Jimin, Huh?
The Alpha must've been crazy to think that.

Carefully, Jungkook leans in, but stops right before their lips touch, eyes flicking up to meet Jimin's
nervous and still shocked gaze.
He's testing, asking for permission without uttering a word, and Jimin isn't resisting.
He's not saying no. Isn't pushing the taller male away.
That means it's okay, right?

Apparently, it doesn't, because Jimin stops him by covering the Alpha's mouth with his hands. A
confused frown dances over his face, hurt sways in his voice.
"What...are you doing?"
The question is enough to paint Jungkook's cheeks in flushed pink, voice stuttering, while his self-
control and composure slowly returns. His brain starts working again, and he could kick himself.
"I...uh...I was just-"
"Does your contract still say you can't have a relationship?" Jimin interrupts his mumbled
explanation, and the other needs a moment to catch himself, surprised by Jimin's bluntness, before he
lowers his head and bites his lips.
"Yeah...it does."

"Then don't fucking touch me. Don't look at me like that either. I don't care how you feel towards
me. I won't be anyone's secret little plaything."
Chapter Notes

Awkward Jungkook is my life. ;w; Don't be mad at him <3<3

To be honest, Jimin thought Jungkook wouldn't want to be with him after the Omega spoke his mind so clearly.
He was wrong.
After looking like a kicked puppy at first, he obediently pulled away and took off his jacket to drape it over Jimin.
Mask and hat followed.
"Just in case there's someone outside. You don't want to be seen with me, right?"
Then he took the smaller male's hand and pulled him along.

If Jimin had to describe the dorms with one word, he'd say, 'small.'
Even smaller when he considers they're supposed to be the most famous, and best earning group in Korea.
How the hell do lesser known bands live when even they can't move into a bigger place?!
A bit less shocking, but still prominent, is the distinctive Alpha stench. The whole place reeks of it.
It's also quite messy, with different items littered all over the place. It almost reminds him of his children's bedroom after playtime.
Almost.
There's definitely nothing childlike about the suggestive magazines with half-naked Omegas on the cover.

"Sorry, our place is a mess..." Jungkook mumbles and Jimin acknowledges with satisfaction that, at least, the Alpha is embarrassed about it.
Somehow he manages to mutter a soft, "That's okay." even though the urge of wanting to clean this disgusting mess almost takes over.
They carefully make their way through the hallway and towards the kitchen where Hoseok, Namjoon, and Jin are already waiting.

"There they are." Jin chimes while putting down the steaming hotpot he's holding.
"Look at our baby..." he sniffs dramatically. "Yesterday he was still complaining about this one Omega guy who dared to talk to him, and today he's already introducing his future mate to us. I'm touched."
Hoseok laughs, Namjoon chokes, and Jungkook barely holds back a groan while pushing Jimin towards one of the chairs.

"It's nothing like that." he mutters, and Jin instantly frowns.
"Then why did you announce it like that? Why not just bring him here instead of writing us beforehand?"
Jungkook sighs and lifts a hand to massage the bridge of his nose. A whirlwind of annoyance and still lingering embarrassment mixes in his scent, and it almost makes Jimin smile. Seeing them bicker on TV is one thing, but this is real life.
He still can't believe he's really here.
"I told you about it because a stupid part of me hoped you'd maybe clean the place a little when I bring a guest home. I thought it's obvious."
Silence followed until Namjoon sighed in relief, Jin let out very disappointed, "Oh." and Hoseok toppled over from laughing.
"Well, sorry kookie. You don't usually bring random Omegas home, so we kind of just assumed it must be something serious. Besides, how did you think your weird message was obvious?! You only said, 'Have omega with me. Don't embarrass me.' We thought you meant we should put some clothes on or something!"
At this, Jin hums in agreement.
"Exactly. That's what I would be most worried about anyway."

After another sigh, Jungkook muttered, "Well, at least you prepared something to eat." before pulling his jacket, mask, and sunglasses from Jimin's small frame.
At first, it seemed like he wanted to throw all of it into a corner of the room but, with a glance at Jimin, he decides to act like an adult for once, and stores the items at their proper place in the hallway instead.
It earned him a muffled laugh from his band mates before they took a closer look at the Omega and choked.

"Wait...aren't you the one from the fanmeet?! The one with the twins?!!" Hoseok huffs and Jin follows up with, "He totally is!"
Namjoon now also opens his mouth to mumble, "He won a backstage pass seven years ago, too. The one that made Jungkook act like a premature school boy who feels the need to flex his muscles for the Omegas who giggle about him in the corner of the playground."
He doesn't seem surprised at all that it's Jimin who was hiding under Jungkook's clothes. He must've remembered his scent and probably picked up on it as soon as the Omega entered the dorm.
His disapproving glare makes Jimin remember the little talk they had in the car, and he instantly begins to nervously squirm on his chair.
Jungkook returns a second later and sits down by the Omega's side, showing him a sweet bunny smile before humming, "Let's eat."

"That's not it...it's really delicious! I'm just not hungry."
Jin snorts.
"You can't tell whether something is delicious or not unless you eat one bowl of it, though."
A battle of his head and his manners rages in Jimin, but he still can't bring himself to move. Eyes glued to the food in front of him as if it's his worst enemy.
"Man. If I wasn't an idol, I'd eat all day, every day." Hoseok sighs with just a little bit regret.
Jungkook agrees wholeheartedly before snatching the chopsticks from Jimin's hands, loading them up, and pushing them past the Omega's beautiful pillow lips.
Jimin almost chokes until he manages to swallow and yells, "Yah! Are you trying to kill me or something?!"
"Quite the opposite actually." is Jungkook's dry response.

The battle continues until Jimin finally drowned half of his bowl. Jungkook is satisfied, at least for now, and upon seeing the massive pout on the Omega's face, he can't help but laugh.
"You're like a child." he mumbles softly.
It earns him a growl and a dangerous death-stare before Jimin hisses, "When I'm a child, you're not even born, Jeon Jungkook."
The other Alphas laugh at this, clearly amused by the feisty Omega who's got their Maknae so perfectly whipped.

"What the hell is going on here...?" a gravely voice suddenly rumbles behind them, and Jin instantly chimes a happy, "Good morning, Yoongi-ah." while everyone else quietly watches how the small Alpha shuffles towards the table and grabs a bowl for himself.
"Are you kidding me? It's noon."
"I thought you just woke up."
"No. I wasn't sleeping. Had to finish a song."
He stops in his tracks to stare at the shyly bowing Omega.
"Ah." Yoongi then mumbles. "It's you." and with that, he nods in acknowledgment before shuffling back to his room.
"Aww. Yoongz likes you." Hoseok hums.
Jimin isn't sure why, but everyone seems to agree on that.
They talk and joke for a little longer until Jimin's phone vibrates, and a worried message from Taehyung pops up.

CreatorOfTheUniverseTae
Hey
Where are you?!
Are you okay??

It has Jimin jumping up in seconds as the guilt over leaving his children alone, while he himself is having fun, overcomes him. Demandingly, he pulls on Jungkook's shirt to get his attention.
"I need to go home, Jungkook. Now!" he whispers, and the Alpha looks at him in confusion before realization spreads on his face.
"Are the twins okay?"
"They're fine. I left them with a friend, but I can't leave them alone for so long."
Nodding, Jungkook gets up.
"Give me five minutes. I'll take you home."

"Should I call the driver?" Hoseok suggests, but Jungkook just waves off.
"Nah. I'll drive." He says before disappearing into the general direction of his room.
"Let me clean this up," Jin hums as he grabs all the plates and disappears into the kitchen.

"So...you and Jungkook, huh." Hoseok whistles and Jimin can't keep his cheeks from heating up, even though he instantly shakes his head.
"There's nothing going on between us. " he mumbles. "We met at the hospital, and he just dragged me along."
"Ahh... Right. He was supposed to get a check-up today, Huh?"
The Alpha laughs.
"I hope he didn't annoy you too much. He can be quite a handful."
At this, Jimin slowly shakes his head, bottom lip catching between his teeth while he throws a careful
glance at Namjoon who looks right back at him. Picking up on the tension between them, Hobi sighs and mumbles, "I think I should go and help Jin Hyung."

He leaves, and heavy silence fills the room once again until Namjoon suddenly clears his throat. "Listen, Jimin. I think you misunderstood me. When I talked to you last time, I didn't mean to scare or offend you. I'm just worried."
"I understand." Jimin mutters, but the elder shakes his head and grabs the Omega's arm. "No, you don't. I'm not just worried about Jungkook, but about you, too. The press would tear you apart if you went and told them."
"I won't tell them, though. Why would I do that? I just want to be left alone."
Upon hearing this, the Alpha seems a bit calmer, voice a lot softer when he says, "Okay. You know, if you want to tell Jungkook, that would be something totally different. Especially when you need help."
"I don't."
"Just think about it."

Noise erupted from the hallway before Jungkook suddenly popped up in the doorframe. He was wearing a rather thick leather jacket. One hand lifted as he waved some keys around. "We're off, Hyung! Come on, Jimin." and the Omega is already getting up when Namjoon holds him back once again and pulls him closer. "Jungkook loves children." he whispers. "He always throws around how he never wants to mate, but I'm pretty sure he actually wants children."
A smirk plays around his lips as he releases the young Omega who stumbles red cheeked, and confused, towards the already waiting Jungkook.

"Are you okay?" The latter asks upon seeing his face, and even if he tries to hide it, his protective scent and the insecure frown on his face shows clearly that he isn't approving of how Namjoon treats the Omega, even though he respects his Hyung more than anyone else in the world.
Jimin stares at him, blinks twice, and finally nods. "Mhm..."
"You can tell me if Namjoon bothers you. I'll talk to him, and..."
"No, it's alright. Let's go."

Surprisingly, Jungkook isn't leading him to the car this time. Instead, they stop in front of a motorbike where the Alpha waits with a helmet and a smile. "Are you even allowed to drive that...?" Jimin asks skeptically, prompting Jungkook to roll his eyes before he simply sticks the helmet on the other's head and pulls him onto the heavy machine. "I'm twenty-three, Jimin. I'm allowed to drive whatever I want. It's easier to stay unnoticed like that, because of the helmets."
That's the last thing Jimin hears because, after that, the motor roars loudly and swallows everything they say.
What he does understand though, is that Jungkook wants him to hold on tight. It's easy to tell from the way he pulls on Jimin's arms, forcing them to close around his waist.

The next time Jimin dares to open his eyes, they're rushing past the cars around them as they cross a bridge. There's a river beneath them, the ocean and the setting sun sparkling somewhere in the distance, and Jimin takes in the sentimental sight as he presses his cheek against Jungkook's back. It's almost as if he can feel the other's heartbeat through the rough leather, and he breathes in sync as the scenery around them melts into a whirlwind of forms and colors. It reminds Jimin of all those times when he saw couples his age go on dates while he took care of his
pups, saw them ride a bike together and giggle stupidly. Drunk on love.
He used to watch them with envy, wondering what it feels like to go on dates like that. Without a
care in the world.
Is this what it feels like? The date he always wanted?

They slow down and finally come to a halt in front of Jimin's house, but he can't bring himself to let
go just yet. Can't force himself to give up on the warmth, and the fantasy in his head.
Meanwhile, Jungkook waits patiently for the Omega's hands to uncurl from his jacket.
"Are you okay?" he asks while throwing a glance over his shoulder.
A small nod against his back answers him.
"How was it? Pretty awesome, huh?"
At this, Jimin finally looks up. Nose scrunched and lips pushed forward in a cute pout.
"Cold."
Jungkook just laughs and gets off the bike, followed by a rather shaky Jimin.
"You can wear warmer clothes next time."

Next time.
There won't be a next time.
That's what Jimin wants to say, but his mouth stays clenched shut.

They stand there for a moment, in insecure silence, until Jungkook nervously rubs his neck, fingers
playing with the short strands of his black hair.
"So...uh...can I get a glass of water or something? My throat gets dry when I ride this thing."
For barely a second, Jimin considers getting the water and bringing it outside, but then he sighs.
It's impossible for him to be that rude, even if Jungkook confuses him.
Even if those blooming feelings scare him more than anything.
"Follow me." Is what he mumbles instead as he grabs his key from his backpack and opens the front
door.

After climbing the stairs, and walking into the small one room apartment, they finally dare to take off
the helmets, and Jimin almost laughs at how cute Jungkook looks when his hair stands up all wild like
that.

"Aww, look who came home!" Taehyung sing songs from inside their small bathroom and the next
thing they hear is a mixture of excited screams and squeals before two freshly bathed pups storm into
the living room.
They're clothed in slightly too big, pastel blue, pajamas. Almost stumbling over their own feet when
they reach out to demand a hug from Jimin.
When their eyes catch sight of Jungkook, however, both of them freeze.
"Uhm...hi." Jungkook mumbles with a small smile that makes Minji gasp and blushes hard. She
hides behind her just as flustered brother.

By now, Taehyung also left the bathroom.
He's a mess, wet from head to toe. A towel covers his hair and half of his face.
"Eh? Did you bring a guest, Jimi-" he begins to say but stops as soon as he sees who it is Jimin
brought along.
"Oh..." he mouths quietly. Eyes flashing to Jimin as if to ask whether he's okay, but the other Omega
just bites his lips and looks away.

"Hello!" Jungkook says again, more polite and respectful this time while bowing down deep.
Taehyung almost jumps backward, surprised and confused by the Alpha's shy and nervous behavior.
"Ah...uh...hi. You don't have to bow for so long, you know? It's really not that serious unless you
want to ask me for permission to marry Jiminie or something."
Jungkook instantly stands up straight again, eyes wide and cheeks red. It's so cute how flustered he is, Jimin can't help but giggle.

"Don't tease him, Tae. He's thirsty, that's why I brought him here."

Jimin handed the Alpha a glass with water which the Idol took a tentative, slow sip from, and Taehyung chuckled before whispering to himself, "I bet he's thirsty for more than just water."

And loud enough for Jimin to hear, he added, "Do you need me to stay, Jiminie?"

"No, it's fine. You're probably busy, and I already made you look after the children for way too long."

Nodding, Taehyung grabbed his stuff and, after throwing a glare at Jungkook that told him to better behave if he wants to stay alive, he left and quietly closed the door behind him.

Meanwhile, Jimin let himself sink to the ground where he pulled both of his children into a tight hug, nose running along their necks as he scented them for minutes under Jungkook's fascinated gaze.

"You really do this a lot." The Alpha mumbles and Jimin instantly stiffens.

"I'm just...worried. I feel better when they smell like me. And scientists say it strengthens the bond between parents and children."

"You don't have to defend yourself. I didn't mean to criticize you. I think it's cute."

They fall silent again.

When he's honest with himself, Jimin knows he's not just doing this to strengthen their bond. When he isn't scenting them, closes his eyes, and buries his nose in his children's hair, he can still smell it on them.

Jungkook's, their father's, scent that mixes with his own.

It's unsettling to him, makes him restless and nervous, so he tries to cover it with his own as good as he can.

But he can't tell Jungkook about that. The only thing Jimin can do is stay silent and wait for him to leave quickly.

Unsurprisingly, he didn't leave nearly as soon as the Omega had hoped.

When Jungkook had finished his water, the children gathered around him, urging him to stay and play with them.

They were excited, fascinated, and Jimin couldn't hold it against them. Other than their friend's fathers, or maybe a teacher, they rarely got to interact with Alphas. Especially not with those around Jungkook's age.

Jimin likes to think that it doesn't matter, that there's really not that much of a difference between Alphas and Omegas.

But that's not true.

It might be subtle, but the way young Alphas play with their children, and how the young ones react to it, is different.

He can see it clearly when Jungkook throws Minju in the air, making the young boy squeal, and Jimin's heart stop, until he safely lands in the singer's arms again.

They wrestle and growl, roll around while biting playfully.

By instinct, they play a lot rougher with him than they'd ever do it with Jimin or Taehyung and, deep inside, the Omega knows that's a good thing.

It sharpens their instincts, releases stress, and helps them learn playfully how to fight for dominance. Especially for Minju, who Jimin expects to present as Alpha, this should be very important.

He knows all that, but still, he can't stop himself from rejecting the pure Idea that they might need Jungkook.

That, maybe, they would be happier if they had their father around. They're his children. He cared for them and raised them. He fed them and stayed awake all night
whenever one of them was sick. He doesn't want to lose them just because there's something he lacks. Something he can't give them. He sighs while shifting on the chair he's sitting on. Head tiredly sinking onto the table in front of him before he closes his eyes and listens to the calming, happy noises his children produce.

At the same time, Jungkook stops the play fight by rolling on his back. "Okay, okay. I give up. Please stop tickling me! That's totally not fair!" He groans with a wide grin plastered on his face. His arms and legs are spread out in defeat, and he laughs when the giggling twins crawl on top of him to lie down on his chest. Noses rubbing cutely against his neck as they take in the new but strangely familiar scent.

Jungkook quickly grabs both pups to lift them into the air again. "Yah...that's nothing you should do with someone outside of your family. You know that, right?" Well, and with potential mates. But Jungkook doubts this is the right moment to tell them about stuff like that.

While Minju nods obediently, the young girl just wiggles her nose and shows off a pout that's so cute and so...Jimin, that Jungkook can't help but pull both of them close again. As he cuddles the pups, his eyes wander to Jimin who must've drifted into a well-deserved dream.

Just like he did so many times since they met again, he can only wonder in fascinated amazement, how the Omega had managed to produce those absolutely perfect little rays of sunshine. It almost feels as if he had poured everything good about him into his pups. His beauty, adorable cuteness, his sharp mind and the addicting smile. He just can't fathom how someone could even think of leaving them. How someone couldn't be totally satisfied with the perfection that is Jimin and his little family.

Sometimes, he feels a little angry, too. The Jimin in his memories was bright, blinding like the sun, and always positive. Everything about him had screamed confidence and health. The way he moves. The melodic words falling from his lips. Jungkook was attracted to all of that ever since he first saw him through the window of the dance studio back in Busan when he was still a child with big dreams but no confidence to make them true. Jimin changed that.

After begging his parents for weeks, they finally allowed him to join the same dance studio. It was a bold move for young and shy Jungkook who barely managed to utter a full sentence when he's with friends, not to mention strangers. So, naturally, he would only stare at the young Omega from afar, not daring to talk to him. After a few weeks of holding his breath whenever Jimin walked past him without even glancing his way, he started to hate himself.

He hated himself for not being brave enough to initiate a conversation. He hated himself for being utterly talentless when it comes to dance, which was probably the reason why Jimin ignored him in the first place. Surely he would be embarrassed to be seen with someone who falls every three seconds and flexible like a freaking stone wall.

But Jungkook had always been stubborn, giving up wasn't part of his vocabulary. One day he decided to arrive an hour early, determined to practice more than ever before, and when he opened the door, he was surprised to see he wasn't the only one. There, on the ground, was a sweaty Jimin who whimpered a little as he leaned forward and stretched his body. Legs spread out in the perfect split he was so famous for.
Jungkook swallowed hard as his face heated up and everything in him screamed to just turn around and run, but then...Jimin looked up.

His hair was a mess, skin glistening and eyes big in surprise before they suddenly turned into crescents.

Jimin smiled. At him. At stupid, unimportant, talentless, Jeon Jungkook.

"Wow, you're early." He had chimed with this perfect voice of his. Every word sounded like a song in itself, like those small bells which ring so prettily when you poke them.
"You must be really dedicated. I like that."

Jungkook had just nodded while he silently walked into the studio, dropped his bag in the corner of the room, and started warming up as well.

Sadly, he was hyper aware of the way Jimin watched him, stared at him, and it only intensified the way his body was shaking and quivering in nervous anxiety.

Suddenly, without any warning, there was a hand on his back, and it almost made him squeak like the squirrels in front of his window while his eyes flickered towards Jimin's gentle gaze.

He was so close. Nose on nose, almost.

Jungkook instantly wondered whether breathing the same air was considered an indirect kiss.

Sharing a drink was.

He made a mental note to share a drink with Jimin someday.

"I noticed..." Jimin now said. Voice soft as he chose his words carefully.
"You have some trouble in class. I know it's hard to keep up at first. Most people get frustrated and stop after some time."

Shyly, Jungkook nodded and lowered his gaze, searching for something to say, but Jimin smoothly kept talking.
"I was wondering if you're one of them, but now you're here. That's awesome!"

Looking up again, Jungkook was met with a blinding smile.

He opened his mouth, thoughts racing as he gathered every ounce of confidence in his body, and then he whispered, "You're a great dancer."

Jimin beamed at that.

"Thank you! I want to be an Idol one day, you know? Like the ones on TV. That's my dream. Do you have a dream?"

Quietly, almost ashamed, Jungkook ducked his head before he finally admitted, "Me too. I want to be an Idol, as well. But I don't think I'm good enough..."

"No way!"

He almost jumped when Jimin yelled those words into his ear. Confused as to why the Omega gets so worked up over someone else's failure.
"Eh...?"

"You can't think like that! If you have a dream, you need to believe in yourself! Look, I believe in you! You can do it! You'll be the most famous Idol in Korea, the world...the universe!!!

After a moment of stunned silence, Jungkook started laughing.
He laughed harder than he probably ever did in his life, so much that tears streamed down his face.
"I think the universe is a bit too much." He mumbled once he calmed down, and Jimin pouted.
Cheeks puffed in the most adorable way.
"See. You're doing it again. Stop being so negative and have some confidence!"

"Fine, fine. I'll conquer the universe." He chuckled, and Jimin smiled.
"That's right. Come on, I'll practice with you. What's your name?"

"Kookie."

"I'm Jimin. Let's work hard, kookie."

Back then, Jungkook foolishly thought they had all the time in the world to get to know each other,
but he was wrong.  
This one day would be the only precious memory for a while because, a day later, Jimin was gone.  
He had moved to Seoul.  
His friends knew, of course, but Jungkook didn’t. Jimin hadn’t felt the need to tell him because they weren’t friends. They weren’t anything.  

But still, thanks to Jimin, Jungkook kept pushing forward. The Omega’s "I believe in you’s" always on his mind as he did so.  
And then, years later, a miracle happened.  
It’s crazy how Jungkook almost missed it because he wasn’t exactly eager to interact with squealing fans.  
If Namjoon hadn’t pulled the Omega towards him, he would’ve never known.  

"Hi! I'm Jimin!" The short boy with the backstage pass had said while beaming like the freaking sun.  
And with flushed cheeks he had added, "I'm...I'm a really big fan of yours. You're, like, my inspiration for everything I do, and I seriously admire you."  

Me? Jungkook had thought as he stood there, totally frozen.  
How can I be your inspiration when you are mine?  

Jimin didn't recognize him, but that wasn't surprising since Jungkook had changed a lot.  
The Idol way of growing up, they had called the transformation.  

Jimin, on the other hand, didn't change at all.  
There was still a glow about him, his voice was still the most beautiful melody Jungkook had ever heard, and he was still as confident as ever with a certain spark in his eyes whenever he leaned closer to whisper and giggle into Jungkook’s ear.  
This time, however, Jungkook knew how to fake it. How to match Jimin's confidence with his own, or at least the one of his stage persona, to impress him.  
And he loved it.  
He loved how shy Jimin was when he acted all cool and bubbly, how his eyes got wide and clouded whenever Jungkook touched him by accident.  
And God. He smelled so good. Irresistable. Like flowers and perfumes.  

It was mind-blowing to him how willing the Omega was to follow him into the freaking bathroom stall. How he instantly took the lead when Jungkook hesitated and how he pushed him against the wall with those small paws of his while licking his lips and smirking as if he fucking owns him.  
Owens Jungkook and the place by his side. Owns his heart.  
And Jungkook couldn’t deny that he was right about that.  
If Jimin asked him to, he’d ignore the contract, ignore everything.  
He wanted him. Loved him so freaking much ever since he first saw his smile.  

But they were still young. Young and helplessly drunk.  
When Jungkook woke up again, he found himself on top of Jimin who was lying in his own vomit and wouldn't wake up.  
It was a nightmare, and he didn’t know what to do other than shaking him and cry.  
With his mind barely clear enough to put one foot after the other, he stumbled through hallways and rooms until he found Namjoon and stuttered something that was close to an explanation before both of them rushed to where he left Jimin.  
But he was gone.  
It was probably the worst panic attack Jungkook ever had. He was crying and screaming, gasping for air as he formed barely audible sentences.  
"What if he's dead? What if they took him away and I can't even say goodbye?"
"Calm down. He can't be dead." Namjoon had muttered. Confused by the younger's strong reaction. "If he was, there would be much more of a ruckus and police. He probably left by himself. He's fine."

And that's what Jungkook kept telling himself for the following years when he couldn't find Jimin in the crowd of fans in front of him, even though he felt like he should be able to.

He's fine.
He sits somewhere in a nice home, with a mate who treats him well.
Someone who isn't fucking him in dirty bathrooms because he feels like he needs to show how cool and grown-up he is.
Someone who isn't just faking confidence.
He found himself wondering how Jimin looks at him. Whether he beams like he did with Jungkook or not. Maybe he'd show his mate more of a soft smile, like the one he had when he helped Jungkook at the dance studio.
It drove him crazy to think about it, but he knew this is for the better.
Jimin deserves happiness, even if it's without him.

That's what he thought.
But now he's here, in Jimin's small home, and the anger bubbles under his skin.
Jimin is still beautiful, of course, he will always be. But he looks so weak, sick and faded.
This wasn't the life he had imagined for him.
If he knew who did this to him, if he ever met him, he'd....
Lost in thought he nuzzled into Minju's soft hair and was met by the most calming scent he ever smelled.
It was Jimin's scent, flowery as always, but there was something else.
Something weak but unmistakable.
The realization drained every bit of color from his face, and his eyes widened, mouth falling open in utter terror while a knowing voice started screeching in his head.
It's my scent.
Oh god...oh god... please, no. No, no, no!

Silently, and with shaking hands, he peeled the snoring children from his body and carried them into what he assumed was the bed they all slept in together.
Then he walked towards the door, mind hazy until a small hand grabbed his jacket and he turned to see a sleepy Jimin who rubbed his eyes and looked at him with the most innocent and pure gaze.
"Yah...where are you going? Are you leaving?" He rasped, and Jungkook opened his mouth to say something, but no sound left his throat.
They stood in silence until Jimin's eyes grew in shock.
"Hey...why are you crying? Oh God, are you okay?"

But all the Alpha could do was stand there and bawl his eyes out while Jimin jumped up and hugged him as if he deserved it. As if it wasn't him who's at fault. As if it wasn't him who destroyed his life.

"I-I'm sorry, Jimin...I'm so fucking sorry, oh God...I won't leave! I'll never leave unless you want me to!"
"Wait, what? What the hell are you sorry for...? You're scaring the crap out of me right now. Please, tell me what's wrong."
With the calmness of a parent, he rubbed Jungkook's back, whispered soothing words into his ear until sobs turned into small hick-ups and Jungkook once again felt pathetic. Felt worthless.
He'd never be good enough for Jimin.
Perfect and so endlessly caring Jimin.
He fell in love with an angel and cruelly dragged him into hell, that's what he did.
"Eomma. Is he sick, too?" Minji asks while sitting up and rubbing her eyes in the exact same fucking way Jimin did before.

"I don't know, baby." The Omega replies softly. "Did something happen while you were playing?"

After thinking for a while, her expression turns into something that resembles horrified guilt and she quickly gets on her small feet to stumble towards Jungkook, followed by a quietly yawning Minju who decides to lean against Jungkook's thigh and snooze away.

Minji, however, looks like she's in tears and Jimin internally groans. Once the small girl gets emotional, it takes hours until she calms down enough to fall asleep. The total opposite of her brother who's out like a light once his eyes start drooping.

"Are you sad because we did the nosy thing?" Minji meanwhile asks, fear evident in her voice. She hates to be scolded for making mistakes.

"Nosy thing?" Jimin repeats with a frown, and the girl nods.

"The thing you do to us. We did it to him, and he said we can't do that to people outside of family."

"I don't think that's why he's sad, right Jungkookie?"

He shook his head and the Omega sighs, defeated.

Somehow he got a feeling that they won't come far like that. Not when Jungkook hardly reacts to any question thrown his way.

"Alright, first of all, you two should go back to sleep. Jungkook, follow me. I don't think the children should see you break down like this."

Upon hearing this, the Alpha instantly shuts up and holds his breath.
Suddenly, he was afraid.

Afraid that he isn't just a bad person, but even worse, could be a bad father.

The thought made him panic again, and tears flooded his cheeks as soon as the bathroom door closed behind him.

After making the Alpha sit down on the edge of the bathtub, Jimin reaches for some toilet paper to clean Jungkook's still quivering nose.

"Come on, Baby. That's enough crying."

"D-Don't call me tha-that...I'm not a ba-baby..."

"Then stop acting like one."

His words are rather sharp but his voice is as gentle as always while he carefully wipes the tears from Jungkook's face.

He's so sweet. So damn perfect.

With shaking hands Jungkook looks for his wallet, just to shove it against Jimin's chest once he found it.

"T-Take this." he whimpers, but seems to change his mind shortly after, since he pulls away again to take out a small card instead.

"What are you."

"No. You know what? Just take my credit card. There's no limit. Buy whatever you want, I don't care. I can get you a pretty house in a nice neighborhood, too, if you want."

"Wait...what?"

"Or... I don't know... If you want a nice m-mate who takes care of you, I can try and find someon-"

"Jeon Jungkook, can you please shut the fuck up for a second?!"

Shocked by the sudden outburst, and Jimin's choice of words, Jungkook closes his mouth and stares at the Omega who now stuffs the credit card back into the wallet.

"I don't want your money."

"But..."

"No buts. If that was what I wanted, I would've contacted you way earlier, so stop it. You're really making me look like a money hungry bitch."

Obedient silence follows, and Jimin continues to clean Jungkook's face until he suddenly freezes. Gaze trailing to the Alpha's desperate and watering eyes.
"Wait..." he then mumbles, hands sliding from Jungkook's shoulders as he takes a step back.

"Do you... know?"

With his face in his hands, Jungkook becomes even smaller, body sinking into itself, while muttering again and again, "I'm sorry...I'm so sorry..."

Jimin stiffens. Stress and sadness fills his nose and he's taken aback by the intensity of the negativity in Jungkook's scent. Heart clenching even more when Jungkook doesn't dare to look at him.

"For you to cry like that...is me having your children really so horrible?"

"What?! No! Of course not...they're perfect! You are perfect! It's me...I'm crying because I'm the worst asshole ever..."

That, at least, allows Jimin to relax a little as he takes a deep breath, and steps closer again. A hand snaking around Jungkook's neck to push the Alpha's face into the crook of his neck.

"Breathe." he then mumbles. "Omega scent calms Alphas down."

Indeed, his hectic breath slows down almost instantly, even though, Jungkook could swear it was Jimin's own distinctive smell that helped him and not the simple presence of an Omega.

But he won't argue with him. Not now.

"I know this is a lot to take in." Jimin continues softly.

"Believe me, I've been there. But I swear it'll get better."

He feels Jungkook's nose rub against his neck as he nods, feels his breath hot on his skin. Jimin can't stop himself from shivering before pushing the other boy away. Softly and gently, but firm enough to let him know he's serious.

"You...you should go home and sleep. Try to calm down."

But Jungkook isn't listening.

Fearing to do the wrong thing again, he sticks to Jimin like glue. Fingers curled into the Omega's shirt as he holds on tight. Craving affection and forgiveness which he isn't sure Jimin is willing to give him.

"I'll take care of you!"

The stubborn whimper isn't convincing, not when there's still snot running from Jungkook's nose, but Jimin can't deny that the idol's surprising cuteness and honesty caught him off guard.
"Seriously..." he sighs lowly. "I don't know why I was even mad at you. You're a mess. Worse than I was when I found out about the twins."

"Because it's my fault!"

"It's not, though. I mean, yeah, I was angry at you for the longest time, but that was because I thought you're the worst douche on the planet. In the end, it was all a misunderstanding. I should've looked for a way to tell you about the children."

"I should've stayed with you." Jungkook whimpers, and with a light frown, Jimin counters, "I should've waited."

"I should've went to the police and asked them to find you."

At this, Jimin laughs.

"Now you're overdoing it."

It's a high-pitched, sugary sweet giggle that Jungkook hasn't had the pleasure of hearing since...that night.

It goes straight to his heart. Making it flutter and dance while his head tells him to squeeze even more of those lovely sounds out of the Omega.

"Seriously, though. You should go. I'll have to leave for work soon."

Surprisingly, Jungkook has the mind to throw a worried glance at the bathroom door before focusing on Jimin again.

"You leave the children at home? All by themselves?"

There's no accusation in his voice, just unsure worries, but Jimin gets defensive anyway.

If there's one thing he can't stand, it's when people criticize his parenting. He knows leaving them alone is wrong, there's no need to rub it in.

"They're asleep, it's fine. I can't keep asking my friend Taehyung to watch them. He's got his own life."

You could get a babysitter, Jungkook wants to say, but doesn't. Jimin is already agitated enough and he fears it'll turn into real anger.

"Okay..." is what he whispers instead. His voice is soft. A hint of soothing Alpha coating his words, even though he probably isn't aware of it himself.

Jimin is, and tenses. He doesn't like to be manipulated by his instincts.
"I'll walk you to the door, Jungkook."

Leave. Is what he really means. The Alpha understands that much.

Minji is awake when they finally leave the bathroom, probably still scared of being the reason Jungkook is upset.

Shuffling closer, the singer crouches by her side, hand gently patting the girl's head with an apologetic look forming on his face.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. I wasn't sad because of you, sweetheart."

It's hard to tell what the little girl is thinking. For now she's just studying the elder's face, trying to decide whether she should believe him or not.

But then, she reaches out. Small arms opened wide to demand a hug that Jungkook is more than willing to give her.

His scent on her is so weak. Almost foreign under the protective layer Jimin had left on her soft skin.

After glancing at the Omega who's waiting silently for them to finish, Jungkook dares to rub his cheek against his daughter's, delighted when she relaxes in his hold and returns the gesture.

He'd love to scent Minju as well, but decides against it when he sees him sleep so peacefully.

Fortunately, Jungkook can't see how Jimin stiffens behind him. How he clenches his hands into small fists and bites his bottom lip in an attempt to calm himself.

Children are smart, they feel the invisible bond between them and their parents. Jimin knew they would probably show affection towards Jungkook.

He knew it, saw it, but it still hurts. Especially since Minji usually isn't one to open up so easily. Even towards Jimin, she rather stays silent and bottles things up. Jungkook, on the other hand, managed to gain her trust so easily. Naturally. It's just not fair.

Quietly, he watches how Jungkook rubs their noses together for one last time before telling her to sleep, which she instantly does. He carefully ruffles through Minju's hair, who stirrs in his sleep but doesn't wake up, and then, finally, Jungkook returns to Jimin's side.

Without hesitation, the Omega gives him the helmets, his jacket, and opens the door.

"Well... Bye then. Thanks for taking me home."

But Jungkook doesn't move. He just stands there and stares with this burning gaze of his that makes the Omega's legs wobble.

"Jungkook-ah... You should go." he tries again, almost pleading, and Jungkook moves. Suddenly, those warm arms are wrapped around Jimin's slender figure. Squeezing him so tight, it makes his
body ache.

His body, and his heart, too.

"I'm sorry."

When they part again, Jungkook's scent sticks to Jimin and he can smell the desperation. The regret and affection.

It makes him choke. Eyes clouded and body shaking while the emotions between them are raging and flickering like a fire that stubbornly refuses to die.

"Leave."

It's all Jimin manages to whisper. Any more of this and he'd be tempted to say things he'll regret.

He hates it. Hates how the Omega in him remembers every touch, all the whispered promises they exchanged while being so helplessly drunk and stupidly hopeful.

It's the Omega part in him that is weak. The part that whimpers and begs to give in to 'his' Alpha. To forgive and forget everything just to feel his touch again. To feel save and protected again.

Maybe even loved.

But Jimin knows better. He's painfully aware of the fact that Omegas get attached to the first Alpha they sleep with, even more when they have children together.

What he feels isn't love. It's primal instincts telling him that he needs Jungkook to survive.

This isn't what he wants.

Jungkook, however, isn't willing to give up so easily.

"Can I...see them again?"

Can I see you again?

The question lingers between them, and for some reason, the bitter, "No." on Jimin's tongue just won't come out.

"I told you not to look at me like that." Jimin says so soft, it's barely even a whisper, and while holding his breath, he watches how the other's eyes obediently flicker to the ground. Long, dark eyelashes flutter on Jungkook's flushed cheeks like black butterflies.

The Omega swallows down the desire to touch them, to touch his lips, jawline, or anything at all. Instead he grabs a napkin from the bar he's working at, and scribbles his number on it.
"Call me when you want to see them. I don't want to hear from you unless it's about the children."

After closing the door behind him, Jimin wanders through the apartment.

Somehow, it never felt this small before. As if the walls are crushing him, caging him, and it's so unbearable hot. So hard to breathe.

He wills himself to warm up some food, but after sitting for minutes, chopsticks roaming unwillingly through rice and vegetables, he shoves it away.

With a thump, his head drops onto the table, a shaky sigh leaving his lips while he hides his face behind his arms.

He was never one to fear Alphas, but right now he does.

Jeon Jungkook is dangerous. To Jimin it feels like he can shatter his existence. Can break and crush him until he's nothing more than a helpless, stupid Omega. A useless, whimpering and sobbing mess.

It's scary, and Jimin promises himself not to fall for those big eyes and innocent smiles. He won't allow Jungkook to have this kind of power over him.

Not again.

A few days later Jungkook still hadn't called.

It would be a lie to say Jimin wasn't relieved because he definitely was, but he also felt uneasy.

Was he too harsh?

Jungkook has the right to see his children. It's not like Jimin wanted to take this from him. Especially since the twins got so attached and keep asking about him.

"Yah. Earth to Park Jimin. Can you hear me?"

After flinching and blinking in confusion, Jimin looks up to see Taehyung's face right in front of his own, sharp eyes drilling into his soul.

"Ah...sorry, Tae. What did you just say?"

"I asked how things went with Jungkook. You've been acting weird ever since he was here. Did he do something?"
"No, but..." Jimin hesitates.

"But what?"

"It's just that he's different from what I expected. He's so much more childish, shy, and cute...he wasn't like that when we first met. It's confusing."

The confession is followed by awkward silence when Taehyung simply stares and Jimin fiddles nervously with his sweater.

That is until Taehyung starts grinning as if he just hit the jackpot and teasingly pokes the other Omega's side.

"Awww, Jiminie likes cute bunny Jungkookie more than sex God Jeon Jungkook!"

"I never said I like him! It's just confusing!"

"Really? Didn't know you blush when you're confused."

With his fingers instantly reaching for his heated cheeks, Jimin cursed and turned around.

"Whatever. I have to work."

"Yes, yes~ have a nice day, best friend. You know I love you."

After standing in the doorframe for a few seconds, Jimin gave up, turned around with a sigh and pecked his friend's cheek.

"Love you too, Tae. Even when you're annoying as hell."

KARD is the name of a rather suspect looking bar in one of the darker alleyways in the otherwise so bright city.

People who come here usually do so because of two reasons.

It's either the homely and family like atmosphere, or the undeniably sexy and flirty Omega barkeeper behind the counter.

Jimin doesn't mind a little flirt here and there. Nothing serious, just a smile, or maybe a teasing sway of his hips.

A lingering hand on a shoulder if the guest is especially handsome.

Today, however, Jimin isn't in the mood. Not at all.
He felt dizzy ever since he started working and after downing a few shots, it got even worse.

Now he's sitting in the middle of the bar, hands shaking while he picks up the remains of a few shattered glasses.

His only co-worker, Jackson, helps him clean the floor, but a glance at their boss is enough to let Jimin know he's in trouble.

The man angrily waves him over and after a comforting slap on the back from Jackson, Jimin walks towards the frowning man.

"Jimin..." he sighs surprisingly gentle. "I don't know what's going on with you, but you can't keep destroying things. You fainted several times, too."

"I-I'm sorry!" The young Omega stutters. "It won't happen again."

But the Alpha in front of him just shakes his head in dismissal.

"You've said that before. Listen, after today I want you to take some time off. A few weeks, maybe a few months. Sort out your problems and then you can come back and re-apply."

For several minutes, Jimin tries to talk his boss into letting him stay, but even when seeing Jimin's tears and hearing his horrified sobs, the Alpha is relentless.

The rest of the night goes by in a daze. A horrible nightmare. Once his shift is over, and the guests are gone, Jimin can only pray he will wake up soon.

His upper body is slumped on the counter, head buried under his arms, when two big hands start massaging his back.

"I'm sorry." Jackson mumbles while putting some extra pressure onto the Omega's tense shoulders and Jimin quietly shakes his head before relaxing under the Alpha's strokes and squeezes.

"It's not your fault. I'm just stupid."

"That's not true, Jimin."

After a short pause, Jackson leans over him. Mouth on the Omega's ear when he whispers, "Should I help you relax?"

Slowly, his hands slip lower until they sit firmly on the smaller male's hips, and Jimin licks his lips while glancing over his shoulder.

Yeah, this is what he needs. A distraction from his pain, his worries and...from a certain Alpha who somehow always manages to creep into the back of Jimin's mind.

It wouldn't be the first time that he and Jackson have a little fling after work because one of them is stressed or worried.

They're compatible, definitely attracted to each other, and he's the kind of Alpha Jimin was always
Strong, a bit quick tempered, and dominant. Totally different from Jungkook.

A small nod is enough confirmation for Jackson to grab Jimin's neck. Pressing him back on the table while grinding his clothed erection against the Omega's ass until the sweetest pants and whimpers fall from the Omega's lips, muffled whenever he sucks almost violently on his puffy bottom lip and eyes swimming in a delicious mixture of desperate need and blind lust.

"Please... Alpha..." Jimin pants as he grinds back. It's his way of fighting his instincts. His way of showing the hissing Omega in him who's in control even though it keeps growling, "Not him! I don't want him!"

Jimin is stubborn, even when it means having a war with himself.

He decides who he wants, not his fucking primal urges.

"Imagine I'd do this to you in front of the guests. Showing them how fucking needy you are...you'd like that, wouldn't you?"

He leaves wet kisses on Jimin's neck, making him moan a breathy, "Fuck... Ye-Yes, Alpha, please, w-want everyone to see-ah..." while the taller hooks his thumbs into the waistband of Jimin's jeans, pulling them down slowly as he licks playfully on the Omega's neck.

"It's really a shame," he then rasps. "If only I had met you sooner. I would've marked your whole body as mine, Jiminie. Would've fucked you so good, every day, until your cute little tummy is round and filled with my pups. Imagine how pretty and perfect your twins would be if I was the father. Fuck, I would've treated you so much better than that asshole, Baby."

He's so wrapped up in his little fantasy that he doesn't notice how Jimin freezes beneath him, how low growls start erupting from his throat. He stays oblivious until Jimin snaps.

In one swift motion, the Omega turns around and slaps the perplex man behind him so hard that the sound echoes loudly from the walls.

"Don't fucking talk about them like that! My pups are perfect just the way they are and their father is none of your business! You don't know him. You have no fucking clue what he's like, so shut up!"

Jimin pants, exhausted from screaming and his boiling rage, but after thinking it over, and looking at the other's shocked face, and painfully red cheek, he suddenly regrets his little tirade.

He's not even sure what exactly he's so angry about.

"Look... Jackson. I'm really sorry for yelling at you like that. I just...can't deal with all the shit that's happening at the moment. Sorry, I wanna go home."
And with that he jumps from the counter and runs.

Runs from the pain, from embarrassment and hopelessness, until he stops in a dark corner and slides to the ground where he starts crying.

He feels horrible.

Dizzy still.

He lost his job, hurt one of his best friends, and is haunted by his past.

Suddenly, his smartphone vibrates and, after glancing at the lit up display, he takes the call.

"Y-Yes?"

"It's me."

Speak of the fucking devil.

"What do you want, Jungkook?"

Taken aback by the sharp edge in Jimin's voice, the singer hesitates before he finally asks, "I wanted to ask if I can see the twins. I mean...not now, I have dance practice at the moment, but maybe in a few hours? After they come home from school?"

An aggravated, "No! Leave me the fuck alone!" lies on the tip of Jimin's tongue, but after taking a deep breath, he forces himself to calm down.

Lashing out at everyone around him won't help.

"Yeah...sure. Come over whenever you have time, they missed you."

Silence again.

Only Jimin's muffled sobs vibrate through the air while Jungkook tries to decide how much he's allowed to push the Omega without making him angry.

"Jiminnie...are you okay?"

"Why?"

"Uh...it sounds like you're crying."

Unsure of what to say, Jimin gets up and starts walking into the direction of his apartment.

He needs to go home, but his vision is blurry from tears, dizziness making him stumble and sway, and he sobes again before whimpering.

"J-Jungkook-ah...I don't f-feel good."

"What? What's wrong? Stay where you are, I'll take you home."

"No...no, you're busy. J-Just keep talking to me until I'm home, okay? I'll be fi-"
But fate won't let him finish the sentence. While noise and screams suddenly erupt around him, the last thing Jimin sees are blinding lights coming closer and closer, until he's hit and thrown to the ground, and somewhere, far away, Jungkook yells his name until everything around him fades to black.

The sound of beeping hospital machines is what wakes Jimin an hour later. That, and the warm hand that's squeezing his smaller paw.

"Jungkookie..." he whispers upon seeing the familiar face, and for the first time he feels something like relief when seeing the Alpha. It even paints a small, shaky smile on his face when the other's head snaps up and tear-filled eyes meet his own.

A breathless laugh leaves the Omega's dry throat.

"Ah... Don't cry, Baby. I should be the one who cries."

Jungkook sniffs. "Don't call me baby." but there's no anger in his voice, only fear and worry.

Jimin's body is aching, pain surging through up and down his spine whenever he moves. And when Jungkook reaches out to gently caress the smaller male's cheek, Jimin leans into the touch with a pained mewl. Desperately seeking the comfort and warmth Jungkook can give him.

It's only when the melody of Jungkook's smartphone fills the room that both of them unwillingly pull away.

Hesitantly, Jungkook takes the call.

"Hey, Hobi Hyung. Yes...I know, Hyung. I'm really sorry. I swear, this is..."

He throws a glance at Jimin before looking away again, and a slight flush blooms on his cheeks.

"It's something like a family emergency. Mhm...seriously, I'm sorry. I'll do extra hours tomorrow."

Right... Jungkook should have dance practice right now.

But he still came to help him and even stayed until Jimin woke up.

For the stubborn Omega, It gets harder and harder to ignore the satisfied voice in his head that purrs, 'He's reliable. A good Alpha. A good mate.'
He won't fall for that. Wanting Jungkook would only end in heartbreak.

After hanging up, Jungkook turns towards him again. Gaze soft while he pets the Omega's head. Then the door opens and the doctor walks in.

"Hyung." Jungkook says. "Jimin is awake."

The man frowns at that, but steps closer. Hand reaching out to shake Jimin's before he sighs.

"Park Jimin. Again."

"I'm sorry." the Omega mutters in return while sending a sweet smile towards the elder in an attempt to get on his good side. One of the blinding ones he's so famous for.

Much to his satisfaction, the doctor indeed seems startled for second before he clears his throat and gives him a stern look.

"You're really lucky, Jimin. Other than some nasty bruises, your body seems to be okay."

Instantly, Jungkook sighs. Body relaxing while he mindlessly runs a hand through the Omega's hair, fingers soothingly trailing down to soothingly caress his shoulder.

Jimin shudders, but tries to concentrate on the situation at hand.

"So...how did this happen?" The doctor then asks, and Jungkook stops in his movements to look at the squirming Omega.

"Ah...about that..." Jimin mumbles quietly. "I-I just didn't notice the car. It was an accident."

"Oh, really? So, it wasn't because you didn't eat and fainted again?"

"I wasn't fainting, I was just dizzy."

Jimin regrets the words as soon as they leave his mouth, even more when he sees the pained expression on Jungkook's face.

"Jiminnie..."

But his brother cuts him off with a wave of his hand.

"So, it was because you refused to eat and felt dizzy. I'm sorry, but you need help, Jimin. And your children need a place to stay while you recover."

Paling instantly, Jimin whimpers a heartbreaking, "No..." and only a second later, Jungkook jumps on his feet.

After swallowing hard and fisting his jeans, he finally speaks up.

"I'll take them, Hyung. Both, the children and Jimin. They can live with me and I'll make sure they're okay. Please, don't send them away."
"Don't be ridiculous, Jungkook. You're living in a dorm with four other Alphas, I doubt this is the best environment for a mentally unstable Omega, and even less children. Besides, this has nothing to do with you."

Another deep breath. Then his fists uncurl and a defeated expression appears on the young Alpha's face.

"It has something to do with me, Hyung. Because...they're mine. My children."

Tension fills the room and the elder laughs nervously.

"Don't joke about something like that. It's cute that you want to help but-"

"I'm not joking. You can smell it when you get close enough."

After staring into his younger brother's honest and serious eyes, the doctor groans and slumps into a chair nearby. Face covered by his hands.

"Oh God... Jungkook... How?"

"I don't know. It just happened."

At this, the elder's head snaps up again and he glares angrily at Jungkook who instantly shudders and ducks his head. That's not saving him from being yelled at, though.

"It just happened?! Don't give me that shit! What about protection, Huh? I thought we went over this for, like, a million times! How old were you when it happened? 15? That's... Shit, that's crazy! You were a fucking child!"

"I was 16..." Jungkook growls quietly, almost inaudible, and it earns him another glare from his brother before he turns towards Jimin.

"What about you? What's your excuse?"

The whole situation is horrible for Jimin. Degrading. He was always scared of telling people about what happened and now he has to do it in front of Jungkook's brother who's obviously pissed.

He'll be judged.

Jimin would've cried if it wasn't for Jungkook's comforting hand on his back, rubbing calming circles on his cold skin.

"I...I forgot to take my suppressants, and it was the first day of my heat. Everything was my fault."

"No." Jungkook instantly mumbles. "It wasn't because of your heat. I knew what I was doing. If anything, it was me who took advantage of you. I knew you were drunk and in no position to make any decisions."

At this, the elder groans again.
"So you were drunk while being underage, too? I really can't believe that. How am I supposed to explain this to our parents?"

"You don't have to." Jungkook mutters. "I'll talk to them. But...please allow Jimin and the children to stay with me. I swear, I'll find a way to make it work. Just tell me what Jimin needs to get better."

After thinking for a moment, the man seems to give up and starts to scribble some words onto a sheet of paper.

"Fine. I guess it's good that you take responsibility, at least."

He pauses before giving Jungkook the small list he made.

"He definitely needs therapy, starving yourself is no joke. Make sure he really goes. Secondly, of course, he needs to eat. If he doesn't...try giving him high calorie shakes, I wrote the name down. Just ask in the apothecary. One of them has 500 calories and he needs at least three per day. However, this is in no way enough to sustain him forever. If he takes them for longer than three days and still refuses to eat, bring him here. We'll have to force-feed him."

Jungkook gulped at this, but nodded.

"Oh and Jungkook."

"Yes, Hyung?"

"Children need proper meals. Three per day and not just pizza, understood?"

"I know, I know..."

Finally, the older Alpha turns towards Jimin again who still looks exhausted and devastated. Nose twitching before he notes dryly, "And by the way, Jimin-ssi. Please refrain from any sexual activities for now. Your body is too weak to handle things like that."

Embarrassed, Jimin mumbles a quiet, "Okay..." after realizing that Jackson's aroused scent must still be all over him.

He briefly wondered if Jungkook smells it too, but a glance at the Alpha's clenched jaw and flaring nose answered that question.

A tense silence filled the room after the doctor left. That is until Jimin sighs and hesitantly pulls on Jungkook's thin shirt. He didn't even dress properly...all because of him.

"Jungkookie..." The Omega said as softly as possible, and Jungkook instantly scooted closer to comfort him again.

After one gentle hug, Jimin pushed him away, eyes locked when he said, "You can scent me."

When Jungkook only tilts his head in confusion, the Omega reveals his neck. Voice shy and cheeks flushed.
"Me and him... Jackson, we didn't do anything. I left before something happened, but I-I know it bothers you. His scent, I mean. I'm very thankful for your help, so...you can scent me and cover his smell if it annoys you too much."

For a moment Jungkook just stares and Jimin feels stupid for even suggesting it. They aren't close enough to scent each other. Hell, they're barely something like friends.

But then, suddenly, Jungkook pushes Jimin back into a lying position before leaning over him and licking his lips.

"You sure?"

Jimin nodded, eyes wide. Then his head rolled to the side and he willingly revealed the intimate patch of thin, and beautifully soft skin.

Jungkook took a deep breath, willing himself to stay calm even though his excitement was quite obvious from the red that slowly bled into his eyes.

"I'll do it now." is the last thing he mumbles before leaning down. Nose running from Jimin's shoulder over his neck and along his jawline before moving back to the Omega's scent glands. There, he rubbed his cheek against Jimin's neck, enjoying how their scents mix, before he, after some hesitation, finally licked over Jimin's heated skin.

The Omega's breath instantly hitched, body squirming and shivering from the pleasure and dangerous thrill that instantly took hold of his body.

Jungkook could kill him with one bite. The same bite that he could use to mate, or mark him.

For the first time, he and the Omega in him seemed to be on the same page.

Thrilled, satisfied, and a little scared.

A second later, the door flies open.

Taehyung and the twins, all of them teary-eyed, enter the room but the Omega freezes as soon as his gaze falls on the intimate scene in front of them.

"Oh my fucking God!" he huffs while covering the pup's eyes with his hands.

"Can you not?!"

The doctor behind them just sighs, and shakes his head.

"Are the words, 'no sexual activities' really so hard to understand?"

The embarrassed pair quickly pulls away from each other and Jungkook steps away to make room for Taehyung and the twins who instantly greet Jimin with endless hugs and kisses.

Later, Jungkook explains what happened and after hitting Jimin once for not treating himself properly, Taehyung agrees to help by getting Jimin's and the twin's most important things on their
By now, Jimin is totally exhausted. Eyes drooping and mouth only opening once to protest softly when Jungkook, who's hidden behind mask and coat, carries him to the car.

Maybe...he was wrong, Jimin thinks in a haze.

Maybe, Jungkook would make a better mate than he thought.
Chapter Notes

Why can't I write something that's not angsty for once?! qq ugh..
Anyway, I know the ending of this chapter might look like things are moving super fast...but believe me, that's actually not the case. Jimin is just confused and hurt and acted on impulse. u.u

Jimin is still half asleep when he's, once again, led into the bts dorm kitchen, and placed on a sturdy wooden chair. The children sit by his side. Heads lying on the cold table and eyes drooping.

"Stay here." Jungkook whispers while carding a hand through the Omega's black locks. The vibrant, orange color long faded.

"I'll look for Namjoonie Hyung. Be right back."

Nodding, Jimin gives his okay, and Jungkook rushes away.

Seconds later, Taehyung stumbles after them with the rest of his friend's luggage, and the children's backpacks on his shoulders.

"Woah...I can't believe I'm here. On holy ground!" he mutters while staring at the stained kitchen tiles beneath him.

"I mean, who knows what they did here!"

Jimin grimaces at that. Eyes rolling in playful annoyance while he follows the other's example and stares at the floor.

"Something dirty from the looks of it."

Giggling, Taehyung takes a deep breath and releases a sigh shortly after. He looks dazed. High on Alpha scent.

"This is like my personal wet dream."

"Please, don't tell me you masturbate to the father of my children!" Jimin groans as quietly as possible while his friend gasps. A fake, shocked expression playing on his sharp features. Head shaking.

"Of course not!"

He pauses before a shit eating grin stretches all over his face.
"His bandmates are the ones I masturbate to."

Just when Jimin leans over to slap his best friend, said bandmates join them and both Omegas lower their heads in a slight, submissive bow. Embarrassed.

A tired yawn slips through one or two mouths before a very nervous, and very antsy, Jungkook speaks up.

"I'm sorry for waking you guys, but I have to tell you something important." he mumbles rather quietly which captures the attention of everyone surrounding him.

Jungkook isn't usually known to talk about serious stuff.

"Is it about the four brats over there?" Yoongi growls. A sleep deprived rumble that has Jimin glare because he hasn't been called a brat in a long time, and he doesn't plan on allowing this nickname to surface again.

"I'm a working adult."

He says as a matter of fact, before suddenly pausing because, technically, he isn't working anymore. Yoongi, however, seems to acknowledge the Omega's courage, liking the way Jimin stands up for himself. He's well spoken too.

"I see." he mumbles before shrugging. "Three brats then."

Gasping, Taehyung purses his lips. Voice low as he huffs a pouty, "Yah!" but that's all he can bring himself to utter. Well aware that, 'I'm studying', won't help with his grown up image.

Yoongi acknowledges the other's helpless response with a smirk that has Taehyung boiling, and the Omega almost jumps from his chair while turning towards Jimin.

"You're fine now, right Jiminie?! Call me when you need anything, I'm going home now." he huffs while holding his head high in proud stubbornness, making Jimin flinch before he nods slowly.

"Sure...thanks, Tae."

After the two Omegas hugged and said their goodbyes, Jin accompanied him to the door.

Meanwhile, Jungkook sighs and nods. "Yes. It's about Jimin and the children."

Namjoon, who had been quiet for the most part, frowns but motions him to continue which Jungkook hesitantly does.

"Yeah...well, actually... I need a room for the three of them. I-I want them to stay here. Not forever...just for some time."

Disbelieving stares answer him, mouths agape at the, frankly, impossible request.

"You're joking, right?" Hoseok mumbles, but his gaze softens when his eyes begin to scan over
Jimin's bony and unhealthy body. He noticed it before, but Namjoon is the one who voices his concerns.

"Is there something wrong with you, Jimin? Are you sick?"

Unsure what to reply, the Omega stares at his feet before glancing at Jungkook who flashes him a calming bunny smile, nodding slightly to let him know it's okay to say whatever it is that's floating through his mind.

"I'm...I'm not sick, I think...I don't know..."

"He isn't physically sick." Jungkook helps. "It might just be the stress that gets to him. For now he just needs a place to stay and some help. I have to... No. I want to help him."

"Why though?" Yoongi questions with a frown. "I get that he's got problems and stuff but why do you want to help him so badly? Frankly, it's really not your problem, no offense Jimin. But I mean, you already missed dance practice twice and vocal lessons once, if this goes on you won't be able to catch up."

"No! I swear I can do it, Hyung! You know I'm a fast learner, there won't be any problems, I promise!"

Squirming, Jimin follows the conversation. Feeling uncomfortable about the fact that he's the reason why Jungkook is falling behind on what he should do.

What he loves to do.

"It's okay, Jungkookie..." he whispers and there's guilt written all over his beautiful features. "I can take care of myself. That's what I did for the past years, and I was fine."

"No. You're not fine." Jungkook huffs in return. "No matter what it is that keeps you from eating and exhausts you like this, you definitely need help. I want to help you, please let me."

The Omega falls quiet, eyes glued to the ground again while his cheeks flush in a pale rosy pink.

He never expected Jungkook to be like that. So...supportive. And it fills him with a weird feeling. It feels nice.

"I don't think I understand what's going on here..." Hoseok admits with a sigh, and Namjoon finally steps forward, a hand warm on Jungkook's back.

"They won't understand unless you tell them the reason why you want to help him. We're family, Jungkook. They deserve to know."

But Jungkook still hesitates. Eyes searching for Jimin with a questioning gaze. Unsure whether the
Omega is okay with him telling them.

Surprisingly, though, there's nothing but trust in Jimin's tired eyes when he nods, so Jungkook braces himself and attempts to reveal the truth.

"It's... It's because...I-I...him...

After minutes of senseless stuttering, Jimin decides to lend the nervous Alpha a hand and mutters, "We had something going on when I came backstage and my children are the result of it."

Thankfully, said children are sounds asleep and unaffected by this revelation. Everyone else, however, gapes in shock.

"Ah." Jin finally gasps uncomfortably before adding a stiff but hopeful, "I-I see, you should've told us about your mate then, Kookie."

At this, Jungkook gulps and whispers even quieter, "We're not exactly m-mated, Hyung."

As if he waited for it, Yoongi slams his hands onto the table in front of him. The growl emitting from his throat makes Jimin flinch while Jungkook's head instantly snaps up to meet the rapper's angry glare.

"Seriously, Kook?!" he hisses. "Are you trying to sabotage us or are you just really dumb?! It would've been bad enough if you mated him, but this is just..." he shook his head. "This could destroy everything we worked so hard for! Jimin could've gone to the press and made you look like a total asshole or a fucking Alpha whore for getting him pregnant and not claiming him! This could've been a major scandal!"

That's enough to make Jimin snap. He's leaning closer to Jungkook now who went awfully quiet all of a sudden, eyes dangerously wet and glassy. Just looking at his devastated face made Jimin's heart crumble, the need to protect burning hot in his chest.

"Don't fucking yell at him! You wouldn't claim a random one night stand, either." he snarls, earning him surprised gasps from everyone but Yoongi himself.

"Maybe. But here's the thing, Jimin-ssi. You can fuck around all you want, I honestly don't give a shit, but we have contracts. We don't fucking do one night stands."

"Oh really?" Huffing dryly, Jimin rolls his eyes. "Well, it seems like Jungkook follows different rules than you do."

A bitter laugh follows before Yoongi directs his attention towards the younger Alpha again.

"Are there more children you forgot to tell us about, Jungkook-ah? How often did you meet fans after concerts, huh?"
Shocked, Jungkook shakes his head.

"No! Hyung, it's not like that! Jimin is..."

Special.

He's special because what he had with Jimin wasn't supposed to be a one time thing, and because Jungkook did plan to claim him at some point.

He still would.

But he can't say that.

Not when Jimin looks at him with those innocent and clueless eyes that make the Alpha feel like a total creep. Almost like a stalker.

He'll definitely think of Jungkook as weird when he suddenly announces his love for the smaller and tells him where they really know each other from.

Jimin won't like him anymore and that's a scary thought.

"He's the only one I ever broke the contract with, Hyung. I just...I guess, I wasn't thinking about rules that day."

Yoongi pauses, finally, and something sparks in his eyes when he crosses his arms in front of his chest. Eyebrows rising.

"Do you regret it?"

Thrown off by the sudden question, Jungkook's eyes widen and Jimin freezes by his side. Tension thick between them while Jungkook's gaze shifts to his sleeping pups and finally back to Jimin.

"No. I don't."

Surprisingly, Yoongi looks oddly satisfied. Jimin on the other hand, clearly didn't expect Jungkook's answer to be so firm, filled with pure honesty, because his mouth drops open in surprise before he hesitates and looks away.

Still, Jungkook can see the small, unsure twitch of his lips, almost a smile. He can smell the sugary sweetness of unfiltered happiness in his scent, and it almost makes him fall over because, damn happiness smells so good on him, Jungkook wants more of it.

Their little moment of stunned stares and shy glances ends abruptly when Namjoon steps between them to block their line of view and, after clearing his throat, he hums, "I think that's enough for today. It's late and no matter what, I refuse to wake the pups just to throw them out. Sleep is important at that age. Let's discuss everything else tomorrow."
"But Joonie..." Jin whispers hesitantly. "Where are they supposed to sleep? Jungkookie is the only one with his own room, but even he can't share his bed with more than one person...there's no room on the floor either."

The other Alphas nod in agreement, and after thinking for a moment, the leader shrugs while pointing at the couch in the corner of the living room.

"The children are small enough to sleep comfortably over there, and Jimin can share a bed with Jungkook. Problem solved."

It doesn't seem to be solved for the Maknae, though, because his doe eyes grow in shock. Expression so terrified, it's almost comically, while he shakes his head.

"No! I-I want to sleep with my children..." he mutters, and Namjoon can't help but laugh upon seeing the younger's frantic behavior.

"That won't work, Jungkook-ah. You move way too much in your sleep and we can't risk you rolling over the pups and smashing them. There's nothing wrong with having Jimin as your roommate, is there? I thought you'd be happy."

The Omega himself looks just as confused, maybe even a little hurt, but stays quiet. After all, he's just a guest and wouldn't want Jungkook to feel uncomfortable because of him.

"Hyung..." Jungkook meanwhile whispers and Namjoon leans in close to hear the younger's quiet and desperate complains.

"Jimin is an Omega!"

The leader nods, clearly not understanding the issue while Jungkook's cheeks flare in an embarrassed pinkish red until he finally hisses, "I can't sleep in the same bed as him!"

The whole room stares at the youngest. Amusement in everyone's gaze. Everyone's but Yoongi's, who rolls his eyes and huffs, "Seriously. Grow up and get your hormones under control, kid."

There's no more arguing once Namjoon announces a clear decision, and after making sure the pups are sound asleep on the couch, Jimin quietly follows Jungkook to his room.

"Uh...make yourself comfortable, I guess..." The Alpha mumbles. Hands twitching nervously towards heaps of dirty clothes and games, embarrassed by the chaos, but Jimin quickly soothes him with a smile and a hand on the Alpha's shoulder.

"It's fine, you don't have to stress yourself because of me. I won't stay for long, anyway. Let's just go to sleep, okay?"
Shyly, the Alpha agrees, but halts only seconds later.

"Ah...the bathroom is outside, on the corridor. Most of us don't mind showering together, but I guess you would, so...don't forget to lock the door. I'll tell everyone else to be a bit more careful, too."

"Okay." Jimin hums, and he honestly can't wait for a hot shower before finally getting some sleep. He's so exhausted, and his whole body had been crying out in pain for the last few hours.

Before disappearing towards the bathroom, though, Jimin turns around again.

"Uhm...Jungkookie. I usually sleep in sweats, is that okay?"

"Only sweats?"

"Mhm."

Apparently it's not okay, because Jungkook instantly grabs one of his shirts and shoves it into the Omega's face. Eyes blinking sheepishly and bottom lip caught between his teeth.

It's cute, and Jimin releases a sweet giggle after leaving the room and heading towards the shower, the Alpha's shirt firmly pressed against his nose.

Thirty minutes later, both of them settle under the blankets of Jungkook's bed. Quiet and without facing each other.

That is until Jimin slowly rolls around and allows his eyes to wander over the Alpha's strong neck and broad shoulders. Appreciating the nicely formed figure that makes him feel so much smaller. Older and uglier.

Sure, he always thought of Jungkook as handsome, but when they first met he still felt somewhat equal. Or at least he was confident about his own qualities.

Right now, however, he can't help but feel inferior, because damn, now that he takes his time to scan the other's body up close, he can't help but realize that Jungkook looks even better than when they first met. Manly with a hint of boyish youthfulness. Probably more than a hint, but it's really hard to focus on the young and almost innocent sides of him when the grown parts jump right in your face.

Like, the perfectly trained body. Muscly but still lean enough to keep it aesthetically pleasing. Perfectly formed, thick dancer thighs and a nice ass. All things Jimin used to pride himself with when he was younger but lost once he stopped working out.

God. He's so ugly, so fat.

They just don't match anymore.

It's still hard for him to understand why Jungkook even goes through the trouble of helping him, but something about the way the Alpha treats him, makes it hard for Jimin to forget about him. About them.

He's nice. Not in a 'I want to get in your pants' kind of nice, but really sweet and willing to listen. As
if he really cares.

But why would he care? Why would he worry about someone like Jimin who could cause so much trouble in his already stressful life?

No. Jimin can't understand what the other is thinking, but he can't deny that the way Jungkook treats him feels good. Warm and safe, almost like the family he left behind.

"Baby." he whispers, not really thinking about what he's doing, and even without a reaction, Jimin knows the other boy is awake from the way he flinches upon hearing the hated nickname.

"I'm just as grown up as you are..."

Even more adorable giggles leave Jimin's throat while he teasingly and boldly runs a finger over Jungkook's spine. Amazed by every shudder that follows the simple touch.

"You can't even look at me."

"I can."

"Then why don't you do it, mister oh so grown up?"

The sheets rustle when Jungkook turns and demonstrates impressively that his competitive character isn't just for show but indeed more than real.

For several minutes he stares into the Omega's eyes, nose scrunched in concentration while a small, sharp line forms between his eyebrows, but Jimin can be just as stubborn and resists the urge to look away.

"I can't sleep like that..." Jungkook finally admits after almost an hour, making Jimin chuckle in amusement before he tilts his head. All innocent sweetness.

"Why's that?"

"You're distracting, that's why."

Slowly, the Alpha's eyes flicker to where the shirt, that's way too big, falls from Jimin's shoulder and reveals his skin. Smooth and pale. The healthy tan is long gone and his collarbones are razor sharp, but still, Jimin looks gorgeous.

Too tempting for Jungkook who usually watches Omegas from a healthy distance, even the ones he doesn't feel attracted to, which means pretty much everyone other than Jimin.

Said Omega is dead silent while holding his breath. Body tense and very aware of the Alpha's gaze that lingers for a bit too long on the body that Jimin had learned to hate so much.
He couldn't help but fidget nervously while asking himself what Jungkook sees when looking at him.

He's not grossed out, is he?

Suddenly, Jungkook seems to realize how long he's been staring, and his head snaps up. Eyes locking with Jimin's before he reaches out to pull on whatever is left from Jimin's signature chubby cheeks. It's the same little gesture Minju used to do whenever he wanted his Eomma to cheer up.

"Don't worry, Jiminie. You will be healthy and in top shape before you know it."

He hums and it sounds like a promise. It reminds Jimin of something that happened a long time ago, when he was extremely sick and felt like dying.

His father came rushing into his room right after work, a warm hand on Jimin's sweaty cheek and voice unusually gentle.

"Don't worry, son." he had muttered awkwardly. "We'll make sure you get back on your feet in no time."

Then, for the first time in years, he had cuddled and scented his child as if he's the cute pup he used to be and not a bratty teenager who shoves his parents away and complains about how embarrassing they are.

Jimin had never felt as loved and protected as in this night.

Now, however, he looks into Jungkook's eyes and sees something similar to his family's love, not quite the same but close enough.

"If you were a real adult...you'd hug me." Jimin whispers, appealing to the Idol's competitive nature again, and Jungkook instantly moves closer to wrap his arms around the slender boy. Alpha pride too eager to impress the Omega to comprehend how he's being played.

That is until Jimin's eyelashes flutter, and he mutters against Jungkook's chest, "You'd scent me, too."

The sudden change in Jimin's behavior, the eagerness for physical contact, makes Jungkook wonder if, maybe, this is all just a test. If so, then he probably already failed miserably when hugging him.

But it's the glistening sheen covering Jimin's eyes that tells him otherwise.

He isn't testing, he's just broken.

Desperate for something to hold onto when it feels like he's drowning, when everything spins out of control.

"You want me to scent you again?" Jungkook asks, just to be sure, and Jimin's voice is still muffled by his shirt when he nods and whispers a quiet, "Yes, please."
"Don't say please, Jiminnie. It's weird." Jungkook huffs slightly irritated. "I mean, it's not like scenting you is that much of a burdensome thing to do." He doesn't like how weak Jimin looks in his arms, how pliant his body feels under his hands when he carefully brushes the hair around his neck away before leaning down and pressing his nose against the shuddering Omega's skin.

The Jimin he remembers would've made sure to remind his Alpha how lucky he is to leave his scent on him.

He wants him back, the proud Omega from years ago. He must be in there somewhere.

In all honesty, though, Jungkook feels like the whole process of rubbing his nose over Jimin's scent glands does more for himself than the Omega.

While Jimin stays quiet and pliant beneath him, Jungkook feels himself calm down. The Alpha in him rumbling in sick satisfaction because Jimin leans into every touch with total submission.

For Jungkook, it's painful to watch, but he can't stop.

Partly because it's Jimin himself who demanded for him to do it, and Jungkook wants him to be happy.

The other part of his brain has less glamorous reasons. Most of them involve feverish kisses and ripping the shirt, his shirt, from the smaller male's body.

It's not what Jimin needs, though, and Jungkook is painfully aware of it.

What he needs is the innocent feeling of having someone close, not the heat of rushed 3am sex.

But, God, he looks so good in his clothes. He'd be gorgeous in the sweater he bought a few weeks ago, too. Or maybe his stage outfit from their last concert...

Actually, it really doesn't matter what he wears as long as it has Jungkook's scent on it.

Jimin whimpers, and it's only then that Jungkook realizes he was about to fall asleep on top of him. But that's not even the worst part. In his tired delirium he had switched from nosing along Jimin's jaw and neck, to licking and nipping on his shoulder.

He can see the red marks on Jimin's otherwise unblemished skin, glistening from the wetness of his tongue.

He pulls away with such force that it makes him lose his balance, body crashing from the bed and meeting the ground while a string of curses leaves his mouth.

"Fuck! Jimin, I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to-"
He's cut off by a sound he never expected to hear. Not right now, and definitely not in a situation like this.

But it's there, and it's as beautiful as ever.

Jimin's laugh.

Unable to contain himself, he holds his stomach. Giggles and laughs vibrating through him so violently that he closes his eyes and buries his face in a pillow while Jungkook is sitting on the floor. Stunned.

Jimin slowly rolls over baby blue silk sheets until he falls down as well. Compared to the Alpha's hard fall, though, Jimin lands safe and secure in Jungkook's lap where he curls himself into the warmth of Jungkook's body again. Arms wrapped around his torso as he simply returns to hugging him. Nuzzling against the Alpha's chest, and inhaling his calming scent.

"You're so...different. Childish." he chuckles. "So cute and funny, it's unfair. I bet you'd be even more popular when you acted like that on TV and stuff."

Laughs turn into giggles, giggles into small sobs, and Jungkook knows what's going to happen before it even really begins.

"Jimin..." he whispers helplessly, but the Omega is already falling apart in his arms, short fingers fisting jungkook's tear drenched shirt, almost angrily, while his small body starts shaking.

"It's unfair..." Jimin whimpers again when Jungkook tries to calm him by running a hand through the Omega's hair and down his neck.

"What is?"

Jimin only cries harder at the question, shrinking into himself.

What is so unfair? He's not even sure himself.

There's the fact that they barely have anything in common anymore, for once. Or maybe the thought of where Jimin could be right now if he wouldn't have been so stupid. A careless and hormone driven child.

That he can't even be angry, because he loves his children. Of course, he does. But sometimes he just wants to be alone, wants to curl himself into a dark corner and cry his eyes out without anyone noticing.

But there was never time for something like that. No time to think about anything but making sure his pups are okay, no time to think about what could've been.

He could be where Jungkook is. Eye to eye, without feeling ashamed and useless.

Instead, he's forced to depend on the Alpha who, as he now realizes, he never really knew to begin
The worst thing, however, is that he's falling.

Even now, all grown up and rational, he's still falling for Jungkook all over again. Maybe even more than before because this time he sees the real person, not just a fake smile through the screen of his laptop.

The fact that Jimin finds his real character even more appealing than the perfectly polished Idol version, isn't helping. If anything, it makes the Omega more frustrated with himself.

He doesn't want to feel like that. Scared of the impact that's unavoidable.

Reality will hit him at some point and spit in his face like it always does because life isn't a fairytale.

He doesn't want to be weak, doesn't want to be crushed again and again.

He won't allow himself to fall in love with Jeon Jungkook.

In an attempt to prove his willpower, he looks up and blinks through his tears, just to be thrown off by Jungkook's ever-so patient and worried gaze again.

Stop acting like that, Jimin yells internally. Stop being nice and stop looking at me as if you want me!

Stop luring me into making mistakes.

But instead of throwing all of that at the unsure looking boy, his body betrays him and acts on his own. Hands finding Jungkook's cheeks as he smashes their lips together in an attempt to find something, anything, that could give him hope and comfort. Something that could mask the pain that's rooted so deep inside of him, he doesn't even know where it's coming from anymore.
I don't know why but ao3 won't let me post the whole chapter... 〒 _〒  
Is there a limit to how long a chapter can be? But the chapter isn't even that long...UUgh, anyway. I'm gonna upload it in 2 parts.

Also, I feel like I say it every time and I feel kinda stupid saying it again, BUT THANKS FOR ALL THE SWEET COMMENTS OMG! ♥♥♥♥

Also, I'm sorry.. Again. I know there are several comments and questions I haven’t answered yet, but I will! I'm gonna answer them slowly, one by one! (〒_〒)  
I think I said it before, but I have trouble in real life ATM and it's just...difficult, still. But I appreciate every single comment, they give me strength, so thanks again!

Jimin awakes surrounded by the gentle warmth of Jungkook’s embrace. The Alpha's big nose nuzzled into his hair.

Content.

But then, with force, he realizes what exactly is happening, what happened last night, and flinches away. Struggling to sort his thoughts and get on his feet.

The taller scrunches his nose ever so cutely, unhappy to lose his human sized cuddle pillow, but soon enough Jungkook's breathing evens out again. Body relaxing in a calm slumber.

He looks like a child, Jimin thinks when the singer's mouth falls open. Lips looking soft and shiny. Kissable, maybe.

But that's a thought Jimin pushes to the far back of his mind. The memory of what it felt like to awkwardly press their mouths together is still there. The thought alone leaves him with a throbbing headache.

What the hell was he thinking?

Carefully, Jimin gets up and sneaks outside, into the living room, where the twins are supposed to be sleeping. They aren't, though. The couch is messy and abandoned, making the Omega's heart thrum harder.

"Minnie! Juju!" he yells. Panic barely contained.

With his nose held high and wiggling, he scents the air in search of them. Frowning, when he realizes how different they smell now that their father is close to them. A nice mix of their parents.
Strong and protective.

He stumbles through the corridor before stopping in front of a door. Slightly ajar.

Music filters through, his pup's voices, too, accompanied by low hums.

He knocks, lightly, and Yoongi's rumbling voice invites him inside.

The picture is enough to calm every alarming thought that might've troubled Jimin just a second ago.

The small Alpha sits beside his computer, Minji plays with a guitar on the ground, fingers pulling lightly on strings, while Minju stands in front of a small keyboard. His fingers are spread over the keys, black hair falling into his chocolate colored eyes, and a concentrated frown decorates his otherwise totally smooth forehead.

He's thinking hard, Jimin can tell.

Then, finally, he's pressing down. One note bleeding into the next, forming a melody under Yoongi's attentive gaze.

"Jungkook's pups." He mumbles, and it almost sounds proud.

"So obvious."

Jimin isn't sure what the elder means but even he is surprised how relatively nice the music, if you can even call it that, is that his child produces.

He probably plays it simply by ear and memory, a talent Jimin deeply admires. Only one other person he knew was able to do that. Or maybe saying he knew him would be too much. It was a fleeting moment, really.

What was his name again?

"Kookie."

"Ah." Jimin hums. "Right, that's what it was. Such a cute name. Well, why don't you sit down, Kookie? Let me help you warm up."

Instantly, the young Alpha stumbles to the ground. It took him a moment of untangling before he was
able to take the position he was supposed to. Legs spread, upper body slowly lowered towards the ground until he could feel the stretch and the burn, unable to rest his arms and chest comfortably on the floor like Jimin does.

"That's as far as you can go?" He hears the Omega question behind him. There's no accusation in his voice but Jungkook still feels embarrassed. As a dance student he should be way more agile.

"Uh... Yeah. Sorry."

"That's okay, just relax."

But that's easier said than done when Jimin leans his front against Jungkook's back, full weight pressing down on the taller whose nose now almost touches the ground. Body complaining as he oversteps his limits more and more.

It's not the burning pain that wrecks Jungkook's brain, though. Despite feeling like he's split in half, all his senses are totally occupied with the sensation of having Jimin's body pressed against his.

They're only twelve years old, somewhere between going to innocent playmate sessions and presenting for real, but Jungkook can smell it.

It's a hint, nothing more than a fragile illusion, but the sweetness that's so typical for Omegas already sticks to Jimin's skin like a curse.

It's kind of overwhelming and makes his head spin.

"See! You can do it!" Jimin squeals in the meantime. Face glowing as if he just won a contest instead of simply helping Jungkook stretch, and the Alpha does his best to focus but can't swallow down a small high-pitched mewl.

Jimin instantly pulls away, allowing Jungkook to breathe.

"Oh, sorry... are you okay? Does it hurt?"

That's not it, Jungkook wants to say but only shakes his head instead. His voice too weak to form words while the Omega keeps fussing over him.

"Sorry, sorry. Come here, sit up. Let's take a break."

Great, Jungkook groans internally. They barely started and already Jimin is forced to take a break because of him and his stupidity.

"Do you have hobbies? Like, besides dance." Jimin asks out of nowhere, and it takes a few seconds for Jungkook to adjust before he can catch up to the sudden change of their conversation.

"I like sports." He mumbles. "Soccer, basketball, baseball, wrestling. Stuff like that. Uhm...I like to draw, too. Art in general, taking photos, and everything about music."
“Many hobbies, I see.” Jimin hums with a soft smile while he absentmindedly massages Jungkook's tense shoulders. “What about musical instruments? Can you play something? Like...the guitar?”

“No. You?”

Instead of answering, Jimin jumps up and leaves the room. A minute later he's back with a guitar that's almost taller than himself. Beaming proudly.

“I've been taking lessons for a year. Actually, I have my next guitar lesson today after dance practice.”

Then, he slides back to Jungkook's side, snuggling closer as he clumsily plays a song.

Upon noticing Jungkook's amazed gaze, the Omega stops and giggles.

“Wanna try?”

A nod, and then Jimin hands the instrument to the eager boy who frowns deeply while trying to imitate what the Omega did before.

It takes him five tries, five fails, before he manages to play the song flawlessly, leaving Jimin speechless.

“Awesome! How did you do that?!?”

“Memorized what it sounds like and how you moved your hands.”

“Woah...you're a quick learner, huh.”

They switch back and Jimin plays a few more songs before he feels the weight of Jungkook's head against his shoulder. The slender body shaking under soft snores.

Jimin laughs while ruffling through the Alpha's hair.

“Am I that boring?”

“Maybe he'd be less exhausted if you wouldn't throw yourself at him like that.”

The dry comment comes from a tall, short haired Alpha who leans against the wooden door frame. Unnoticed by the pair, and eyes narrowed in a mixture of anger and annoyance.

“You're too touchy with Alphas, that's why they get so attached to you. It's not how future Omegas should act. Besides, shouldn't you dance? This isn't your personal hobby room.”

For a moment, Jimin contemplates whether the roll of his eyes is enough of an answer but decides that it's not, and growls, "At least I'm not bullying him like you do. He's just a sweet baby and both of us haven't presented yet. There's no need to be so mean.”

“But he's weird and creepy! He keeps staring at you and he can't even dance! I don't get why you give him attention!”
"You know, Jun. Everybody can learn how to dance, but you can't fix your shitty attitude. He's nice and talented, and while you're busy putting others down, he'll learn and grow and go further than all of us. Seriously, don't just go around calling people weird. It's not nice and I don't like it."

When the other boy stays quiet, jaw clenched, Jimin simply shrugs and concentrates on the sleeping boy by his side again.

Ever since Jungkook walked into the studio for the first time, Jimin noticed it. His scent. At first, it was a rather confusing experience for the Omega whose senses are still not developed enough to pick up on more than the general direction of someone's smell. He can tell Omegas and Alphas apart but that's about it.

Jungkook, however, was different. There was a certain edge to his scent that made it easy for Jimin to recognize. He could tell he's close even before he walked into the room, and compared to other Alphas, Jungkook smelled lovely. Subtle but relaxing. Like a flowery perfume.

Sure, scents change once they present, but Jimin honestly can't imagine how this is supposed to get any better.

Those feelings were exciting but also a little scary. It was the first time that someone's scent affected him in any way, which meant he slowly matured. Even though, it would still be a few years before Jimin honestly needs to think about all the hormonal changes inside of him, he couldn't help but wonder what it would be like once he presents and finds a good match. How mind-blowing it'll be. Sweeping him from his feet. And then there's his heat. His parents said he's too young to think about those things, but Jimin was undeniably curious. Would he be alone when his first heat hits or with his future mate? They say it's painful when you're alone, so he'd certainly prefer the second option.

Jimin sighs and shakes his head to get rid of those unholy thoughts.

"I'll be gone after tomorrow, anyway." he whispers, and there's sadness in his voice. A hint of regret over the loss of his friends, not to mention that he would've liked to get to know the boy with the nice smell, whose name is Kookie, a little better.

Surprisingly enough, the troublemaker of the class isn't just throwing a mean comment at him. Instead, Jun walks closer and cuddles against the side of Jimin that's not claimed by Jungkook.

"But...you'll come back home someday, right Jiminnie?"

The smaller male sighs.

"I'm not sure...finishing school takes years and who knows what happens after that."

Another pause follows until Jun breaks the fragile silence.

"I like you."
It's so sudden, so surprising and unexpected, that Jimin can't help but laugh.

"Yeah...sure."

"I'm serious, Jimin! I always liked you and thought you'd be my Omega once we're all grown up!"

So many things seemed to be wrong with that statement, Jimin wasn't sure whether to laugh again or get angry. In the end, he settled with a rather uncomfortable but shy expression. Eyes trailing back to Jungkook's relaxed features as if he was looking for support or comfort, but the boy just kept sleeping.

"I... I'm sorry." Is what Jimin finally whispers.

They stayed like this for a while, the silence heavy between them, before the Alpha got irritated again.

"It's because you like him, right?! You like the weird brat and that's why you don't want to be with me!"

Annoyed and confused, Jimin shook his head and instinctively placed a protective hand in Jungkook's hair. Not wanting him to be dragged into this ridiculous argument.

"That's not true. If you really liked me, you'd know that I could never be with someone like you. Someone who doesn't care about other people's feelings. You'd know that I don't like it when people say, 'you will be my Omega' because I'm not a thing that you can just own. We don't work, not even as friends, that's just how it is, and it's got nothing to do with Kookie. Leave him alone."

The door squeaks, a stern looking woman enters, and Jimin sighs in relief. He doesn't like to argue, so the arrival of their dance teacher, and the warning glare she throws at Jun, is much appreciated.

A gentle nudge is all it takes for Jungkook to wake up and after everyone else slowly arrived, dance practice begun as if nothing ever happened.

Thinking back at it now, it's kind of funny how many expectations Jimin had when it came to mates and the whole mating process.

In reality, Jimin's parents would put him on suppressants as soon as the slightest chance of him getting sexually active even existed, and he wouldn't know what it feels like to be in heat until Taehyung switched his pills. The fateful night with his favorite Idol.

But even that was only a hint, a gentle breeze, as he found out once he lived alone and couldn't afford his medication this one month. For a whole week, leaving the bed felt like an unreachable dream, and he's got no clue as to how he would've made it through the full-blown hormonal breakdown if it wasn't for Taehyung's help.
Koo... Koo...ah, his name was something along these lines, Jimin thinks. The adorable boy used to be very quiet before Jimin started talking to him. Long bangs always covering his face, and fingers nervously playing with his hair, rubbing his neck.

He was slightly shorter then Jimin. Body extremely slender, and movements childishly insecure. Almost helpless, like a newborn giraffe.

That's all Jimin remembers, though. Most memories of the shy pup are a blur. It's been so long ago, such a fleeting moment, but the Omega still wonders what happened to him.

Screeching screams and squeals dragged Jimin back into the present where Minji persistently tried to hug and cuddle a weirdly helpless looking Yoongi while Minju now mindlessly punched the keyboard. Frustrated that it doesn't go as smoothly as he'd like. The small boy gets annoyed easily when he needs a long time to learn something. At some point, he just loses interest.

Jimin giggled softly while watching them before he finally hummed, "Good morning." and when Yoongi turned around to look at him, the Omega couldn't help but grin even wider.

The elder looked flustered, cheeks red from either exhaustion or embarrassment, but his gaze was surprisingly soft.

"Morning, kid."

"Didn't we agree that I'm an adult?"

"Nope. I agreed that you're probably not a brat, that's all."

The peaceful morning turns into pure chaos, something Jimin is used to, but Yoongi clearly struggles to keep the twins in check.

A few minutes later, the Omega decides to help the rapper out. He pulls Minji from his back, the other hand reaching out to grab his son by the collar, pulling him away from the instrument he's torturing and into his arms instead.

"That's enough, you two. It's time for school. Say bye bye to Yoongi-ssi."

Both children pout, cheeks puffed in the same way Jimin does whenever someone does something he doesn't agree with.
The small girl is the first to huff, "Do we have to go to school...?" and her brother instantly follows up with, "We want to stay here. It's much more fun!"

"Nope. No skipping school as long as you're living with me, pups." Is Jimin's resolute reply, unfazed by the pleading puppy eyes the small ones are sporting.

He's about to drag the pups outside when Yoongi waves his hand, motioning him to stay, and Jimin backtracks in confusion, literally walking backwards, which made the Alpha chuckle.

He wouldn't admit it just yet, but he likes the troublesome and sharp-tongued Omega. It could be because Jungkook adores him so much and the Maknae is, without a doubt, very much loved and spoiled by all his Hyungs. So, of course, they would try to get along with the pretty boy named Jimin.

Or maybe it was the charming Omega himself who had somehow managed to stumble into Yoongi's heart. Once again literally, because the careless boy stumbled while walking backwards and only found his balance again after Yoongi got a hold of him.

"What is it, Hyung?" he then finally asked. Eyes blinking so innocently it made Yoongi snort. The elder then frowned, mouth twitching, but it was hard to say whether it was anger or amusement.

"Who allowed you to call me Hyung, huh?"

"An eye for an eye. You call me kid, I'll call you Hyung. Fair?"

Yoongi simply shrugged but Jimin could tell he's pleased, could smell it through the motionless facade.

"Whatever, I don't care." the Alpha grumbled and Jimin giggled.

"So, what did you want from me, Hyung?"

"Ah...right. I was wondering if you would maybe consider letting the twins switch schools. There's a private one only a few bus stations away. It focuses on music and arts, everything else is normal. A few of my acquaintances sent their children there and said it's a good school. Very...safe. I'm sure Jungkook would love to pay for his pup's education. They seem to be quite interested in music as well, so it would be a great choice."

It's not hard to understand what he's trying to say.

A school for the famous and rich, for Idol children, would make it easier to keep rumors under control. Teachers stay quiet and won't ask as many questions, the children are used to difficult circumstances so they wouldn't look at the twins as different or weird, and everything is handled in a way that protects both, children and parents.

It would be a save haven when, for whatever reason, the public finds out who the twin's father is.
But Jimin isn't willing to jump deeper into the rabbit hole. He wants to go back to his own life, his own home, at some point. Switching schools would be a permanent change. Like, admitting something he didn't want to admit to anyone yet. Not even to himself.

"Thanks, Hyung. But no, thanks. They're still pups. Yes, both of them are interested in music but who knows what they want to do in a few years. Last week Minji still dreamed about becoming a living scarecrow, and Minju wanted to be a sword fighter. They're talented in many ways and I don't want to push them into one direction. Besides...I really don't want to depend on Jungkook's money that much. I need to be able to survive on my own, otherwise it'll just be confusing to the children when Jungkook goes in and out of our lives."

That's not what Yoongi wanted to hear. Not what he expected, either.

"He won't just disappear and leave you hanging, Jimin. That's not how this works. Even when you move back into your own apartment, he's still supposed to take care of you. And he will."

We'll see about that, Jimin wants to shoot back, but decides to simply smile instead. After all, who is he to doubt the Maknae in front of his friends? It's clear how much they trust and love him, it's just that Jimin doesn't know him like they do and can't trust him fully. Not yet.

It's always better to be careful. To have a plan B. Just in case.

The Omega turns, for real this time, and almost bumps into a broad chest behind him.

"Who the hell..."

Angrily, he looks up. Curses trailing off into silence as he stares into big, chocolate colored doe eyes. So familiar. Just like Minju's.

"Morning." Jungkook mutters. Fingers nervously scratching his neck and eyes darting towards a corner of the room to avoid Jimin's startled gaze.

What happened between them was just a kiss. Acting weird over something like that would be nothing less than childish, Jimin thinks to himself.

Then again...maybe that's why his heart flutters so rapidly. Because it was 'just' a kiss, nothing more, and it's difficult to decide how he's supposed to act. How to feel.

Should he acknowledge what they did or just ignore it?

They didn't do anything. Not really. It was a peck at best, a kiss for comfort at worst.

There's no reason to be awkward, is there?
Jungkook, at least, seems to think there is because his cheeks are burning up and he shuffles his feet without looking at the Omega in front of him.

It makes Jimin wonder what he's thinking. Having some random Omega freak out on him must've been horribly annoying.

"Jungkook-ah..." Jimin says slowly before licking his lips which instantly catches the Alpha's attention. Cheeks glowing even brighter and mouth falling open to copy the small gesture as if just staring at Jimin's puffy mouth is enough to remember very vividly what had happened.

"I...I was in a bad place yesterday. You know that, right?"

At this, Jungkook's eyes instantly flicker upward to meet Jimin's gaze. Head nodding slowly to acknowledge the Omega's words and to prove that he understands.

A sigh of relief, then Jimin continues.

"So...what happened didn't mean anything. I was just...confused. I'm sorry for troubling you. It must've been uncomfortable."

"Not uncomfortable..." Jungkook hurries to say, even though he does look dejected. Hurt almost. But he still manages to put up a brave front. Nose crinkling cutely when he smiles.

"You stopped crying and slept like the dead, so that's a good thing. I'm glad I was able to help you for once. Please rely on me more, Jiminie." And, with a much lighter tone, he added, "Besides, you were really cute in your sleep. Like a koala. Clingy, and hugable, and you were drooling, too!"

"Yah! I wasn't drooling!" Jimin huffs.

Eyes wide in terror and embarrassment, but the strong reaction only strengthens Jungkook's urge to tease him. Too endearing is it when Jimin's controlled facade falls just to leave a flustered, almost childishly pouty Omega behind.

"Well, you wouldn't know since you were asleep, so don't even try to argue with me."

One last time Jimin puffs his cheeks in mild annoyance but is soon comforted by Jungkook's bright and playful smile. Heart skipping when the singer teasingly pinches his cheeks and grabs his hand.

"Let's get some breakfast." he hums, and Jimin finds himself nodding in an almost trance like state as he allows Jungkook to pull him along.

Yoongi just sighs behind them. Tongue clicking, and shoulders shrugging while he mutters, "Stupid pups." because that's what they are. Grown, hormone driven pups. But that's all he's gonna say. They will have to figure things out by themselves.
"It's late." Jimin growls for the seventh time this morning. They've been sitting here for over an hour and, while the twins inhaled their meals in less than a second, Jimin himself kept stirring his small bowl of cereals as if it's the totally unnecessary dessert after an overwhelming three course menu, which, Jungkook doubts Jimin had the luxury of tasting in those past years. He's not even sure if the Omega had a small cereal portion like that on a normal morning.

Right now, the children are busy washing up and getting ready. Yes, they're late. The pups for school and Jungkook for his vocal lessons. His band mates are long gone but he refuses to move before Jimin eats at least something. Anything, really.

Even a carrot would be fine, but Jimin turns out to be way more stubborn than one would expect.

With one of many heartfelt sighs, Jungkook rests his elbows on the table, chin on his hands and eyes on the smaller male, while waiting patiently.

"Eat up, then. We can leave as soon as you finish."

He knows pressuring Jimin isn't the best way to go about this but...it scares him to see how the Omega still refuses to eat the food he so obviously needs.

His cheeks are hollow, fingers nothing more but bony sticks, and what used to be firm muscle on his arms and legs is now non-existant. The thin shirt and sweats are making it even more obvious.

Bringing him here was supposed to take some stress off his shoulders. He doesn't need to cook, doesn't need to clean. Jungkook even promised to pay the rent for Jimin's old apartment while Jimin won't be there.

There's literally nothing he has to worry about, so why?

Why is he still starving himself? How can he even function like that?

Jungkook tried horrible diets himself, his band mates did too, but at some point promotions are over and concerts begin where they need the energy.

They need food. Jimin included.
Jimin, however, didn't lose his bite, yet, and as soon as the children aren't around he seems to turn into one himself. A rather feisty and unruly one at that. The kind that always talks back and hates when things don't go his way.

Then again, that's exactly the vibe he used to have when he was younger. Before all of 'that' happened.

It's weirdly soothing to know that he didn't change so much after all, even though it makes things much more difficult now.

"Don't you think it's pretty irresponsible of you to stop me from taking our children to school? Will you talk to the teacher and explain to her why they're late, Jungkook-ah?" Is what the Omega now hisses through clenched teeth. Eyes glistening in a way that has Jungkook shudder in thrilled excitement and terror at the same time because, God, Jimin looks pretty like that. As if the stars, the universe, got caught in his iris. Sparkly and shining.

But still, he can't handle a crying Jimin. Doesn't want to see him so sad, and his heart wavers. But not only because of the Omega's broken expression.

"Our children' he had said.

Jungkook could melt from the warmth that spreads inside him when hearing those words but he still tries his hardest to show a stern expression. Always focused on the problem at hand.

"Come on, Jiminie, you promised to at least try!"

"I'm never hungry for breakfast."

"You're never hungry in general."

At this, Jimin releases a frustrated growl and throws his spoon towards the other side of the room where it hits the wall with a loud pang.

Damn.

"I don't fucking want to! Stop harassing me, Jungkook! You didn't care those past years, just keep it that way. I'm fine! Don't waste your time with me!"

When the Idol stays quiet, Jimin turns his head to look at the Alpha. Burning anger turning into regret when shock and insecurities stare back at him.

He shouldn't have said that, none of this is Jungkook's fault, but his nerves are fluttering. Stomach turning just from thinking about the feeling of being disgustingly full. Feeling heavy.

Jungkook just doesn't understand. He's so handsome, talented, and young. Physically and mentally. Those muscles look good on him, those wide shoulders and a broad chest.

Even if he, for whatever reason, would gain some weight, he'd still look good.
He'd never understand what it feels like to be in Jimin's body. An ugly, fat, and abused body. Abused by Jimin himself.

The Omega still remembers how he tried to get back into dance once his life felt somewhat stable again. He had a job, still lived with Taehyung and his grandparents who were willing to look after the children while Jimin would finish his studies. After all, he worked insanely hard to get into the famous school for music and arts in Seoul. It's why he worked on his dancing skills ever since he was five years old.

Practice instead of playing. Practice instead of meeting friends. Practice until the blood from his tortured toes painted his socks and shoes red.

He gave his life for a dream and wasn't willing to give up on it just because of one mistake. Just because of this one time when he put a fucking concert above his studies.

So, he walked through the gate, determined, but with every step he took the air seemed to become thinner. Colder.

People stared.

He recognized Omegas and Alphas he used to dance with, used to study with, and he smiled at them, like he used to, but they would just whisper with each other. Eyeing him with something that looked like pity while others stared in disgust. A few laughed and giggled but not in the nice way Jimin was used to. It was malicious amusement, forcing icy cold shudders down his spine.

All of them knew why Jimin wasn't at school. The Omega didn't try to hide it, didn't see why he should. After all, they used to be friends. He got along with everyone. Surely they wouldn't think badly of him.

Well, clearly he had been too optimistic and, for the first time in his life, he was scared of other human beings. Felt anxious and sick just from being close to them.

The final blow, though, was given by the woman who used to be one of his favorite teachers. She was nice, always there to give him advice and compliments. Telling him how talented he is, and how there's a bright future waiting for him as long as he keeps practicing hard. One of his biggest supports besides his parents.

That day, she looked surprised. Eyes gentle as ever but clearly concerned.

"Oh my, Jimin-ah. You're coming back already?" She whispered and Jimin nodded with a hopeful and excited smile. He missed dancing. Needed it to feel alive and complete again.

But the woman stayed weirdly silent for a long time, eyes wandering slowly over Jimin's body before returning to his face.

"Please, don't take this the wrong way...I'm glad you're so enthusiastic but I think you should take your time. I have children myself and I know how exhausting it can be."
Confused, Jimin had frowned. Unsure as to why she would say something like that even though he knew very well that he was allowed to return after giving birth.

"I'm fine, really. I want to start training as soon as possible. It'll be hard enough to get back into it after one year."

Another pause and then she sighed.

"I know how you feel, especially since age is a really difficult topic when it comes to dance, but I really don't think you're ready...physically. You should take your time, maybe start training at home and go to the gym. Rebuild some muscle, you know? If you start now, you will stress your body too much and that won't help anyone. You could get hurt and that could end your career all together."

When Jimin left, he felt lightheaded. As if this is some kind of dream. A nightmare.

Back at home he would stand in front of Taehyung's full-body mirror for hours. Staring and turning, scanning every part of his body with critical eyes.

Sure, he ate more than he used to while being pregnant, mostly because of the stress or whenever he cried. Not exactly the most healthy things, either. But Taehyung never gave him weird looks or the feeling that something had changed. That he looked different.

It might sound a bit arrogant, but Jimin simply didn't worry about gaining weight and losing muscle. Never did.

As long as he can remember, he was always very thin. Nothing but lean strength covering his bones due to the hard training, and a burger or two didn't change that.

Of course, he gained weight while being pregnant but that's normal, isn't it? It couldn't be that much.

Well, now that he looks at it, maybe he gained a little more than he thought. Maybe his stomach was soft and flabby, his cheeks chubby. Thighs thicker and butt bigger...

Did he become fat without noticing? Was that what his teacher had tried to say and the reason why his classmates seemed to suddenly dislikes him?

Was he ugly?

Deep inside, Jimin knew he was overreacting. Knew that this wasn't what his teacher had tried to say, that she was only worried about his health and wanted him to build some muscle and not lose ridiculous amounts of weight. He also knew that it wasn't his body that made his classmates stare and whisper. It was prejudice and the excitement over other people's misery.

All of that would've probably resolved itself over time, but Jimin had changed.

After everything that had happened, the loss of his family and a part of his freedom, his confidence had suffered. Everything suddenly seemed a lot more scary, goals so much harder to reach, and the way people looked at him when they see him with his babies turned the previous social butterfly into
a shaking mess.

The need to be loved, admired, and appreciated was overwhelming and while it was something he easily obtained before, it wasn't anymore.

With his shirt pulled above his chest and bottom lip caught between his cutting teeth, Jimin stared at his reflection. Heart beating faster and vision blurring as he tried to calm down.

It's okay. He can lose weight. Everyone does it, so it can't be that hard. He just has to diet to get rid of the fat and then he'll exercise to rebuild his muscles.

Easy. A piece of cake. Something simple like that won't stand between him and his dreams.

It was the first time that he skipped a meal.

"I'm sorry, Jungkookie..." Jimin whispered quietly, guiltily, with his hands clenched and head lowered in silent submission. Cheeks suddenly wet.

"I didn't mean to yell or throw things. I was acting childish. It's just that I feel... uncomfortable when people watch me eat."

It's a difficult thing to say. To open up that much, until he feels naked and exposed.

And in a cruel twist of fate, the twins returned in just that moment. Small feet tapping on the floor. Pure music to Jimin's ears ever since they started walking.

"Eomma! Why are you sad again...?" Minji squeaked from beside him. Eyes big and worried as her small hands curled into the hem of Jimin's sweater.

"It's...it's nothing, sweetheart." The Omega forced a smile. "I just thought about the baby bird we found last year and wondered if it's okay."

The small girl nodded in understanding, her eyes getting wet as well while Jimin smoothed a hand through her hair to calm her.
With determination she claimed, "I'm sure it's fine! Maybe it found it's family again."

Chuckling, Jimin nodded before his eyes trailed to his son who stood by Jungkook's side. The Alpha had pulled him close, a comforting hand resting on his small shoulder. The poor boy looked just as worried as his sister, the tip of his thumb hidden between his lips as he growled quietly. Not in an aggressive way, but definitely stressed.

Jimin sighed and got up from his chair.

"Don't bite your nails, baby. I'm okay, don't worry." he said while picking Minju up, allowing him to cuddle against his chest while he rubbed his nose against the child's cheek to scent him.

"I'll protect you, Eomma..." the small one muttered, making Jimin giggle.

"I know, baby. You're my knight in shining armor."

Finally, the children relaxed, laughed, and when Jimin glanced at Jungkook he could see a soft smile on his face. Proud and loving, and Jimin's heart stuttered at the sight. Cheeks flushing cutely which made the Alpha grin even wider.

"How about we give Eomma a little break, hm?" Jungkook hummed while taking his son from Jimin's arms and grabbing Minji's hand.

"Would the prince and princess allow me to give them a ride to school?"

Excited, both children nodded and squealed.

"In the big car?!"

"Yeah, the big one. And later we can watch a movie together." Jungkook promised before lowering Minju to the ground to link their pinkies instead.

"Pinky promise."

The idea didn't sit well with Jimin, though, as he was still not sure how much help from Jungkook he should really accept.

"No..." The Omega mumbled nervously. Sweater paws finding the Singer's arm. Short fingers pulling on his shirt. "Jungkook, you're busy. What about your vocal training?"

"It's fine. I'll just drop them off real quick."

"You'll be late! I can't-"

After glancing at the twins, and making sure both were busy with the difficult task of putting on their shoes, Jungkook swiftly leaned closer, mouth finding Jimin's for less than a second to shut him up. It worked surprisingly well, leaving Jimin wide-eyed. Mouth falling open in shock, confusion, and wonder, as he stared at the Alpha whose cheeks were tinted in pink, despite him acting so brave just a second ago.
"It's fine. Relax, and take the time you need. I promise everything will be alright." Jungkook whispered. Boyish bunny smile lighting up his features before he ushered the children outside and yelled a playful, "See you later, Jiminie!" that was instantly mirrored by the laughing children.

"See you later, Eomma!"

With the door slamming shut, Jimin's heart comes back to life. Racing furiously as he can't help but stare at the place where Jungkook stood just a second ago. Overwhelmed by the way Jungkook kissed him so...casually.

How the fuck is he supposed to react to something like that?! What the hell does it even mean?

------------------

Who knew driving children to school could be so fun? Jungkook certainly didn't but enjoys it nonetheless when he turns up the volume of the music, his own music, and shamelessly sings along. Behind him, the twins are flapping their arms and legs in an attempt to dance despite being caged by the seatbelts. Voices screeching and breaking as they sing against the noise of the radio and Jungkook's clearly stronger vocal chords.

Jungkook loves the way they sound, but maybe he's biased.

He glanced at a woman who walked across the street in front of them. Terrified gaze glued to the, thankfully, tinted windows of Jungkook's car.

Yep. He's definitely biased.

But maybe, just maybe, he could try and convince Jimin to get them a vocal coach and then they could record some songs together.

Just for fun and personal use, of course. Some Christmas songs would be nice. They would play them every year while the twins open their presents and in a few years it would be a fond memory.

Sighing contentedly, the Alpha wonders whether Jimin can sing or not. He never mentioned anything, but he probably can, Jungkook soon decides, because Jimin's speaking voice is already heavenly. There's no way that someone like him can't sing.
Again, his thoughts halt when another question sparks in the depth of his mind and warms his flushed cheeks.

Does Jimin want more pups someday...?

Jungkook does, and he can't help but grin stupidly at the thought. Especially since the Alpha in him is still a little annoyed knowing that he missed the, without a doubt, beautiful sight of his heavily pregnant mate.

Well...not mate. Not even boyfriend, actually. And who knows if he ever will be.

But no, Jimin's health and happiness is what's important, not what Jungkook wants.

He should've taken care of him. Of his Omega. Jimin probably doesn't even want him anymore.

Without realizing it, Jungkook released a frustrated growl but stopped when an empty water bottle collided with the back of his head. The twins giggling happily in the back.

"Yah." Jungkook pouts, and Minji instantly slaps her brother's arm while puffing her cheeks.

"You're so mean, Juju!"

The boy scrunches his nose but doesn't seem to care enough to argue. Instead, he fiddles with the small camera in his hands and snaps some pictures through the window.

Jungkook smiles. Eyebrow rising while he concentrates on Minji's cheeky, chubby-cheeked face. She's definitely got Jimin's round and soft features. His fiery temperament, too, despite looking so innocent at first glance.

"I know it was you who threw the bottle, princess."

He nods towards the small mirror above his head, chuckling when his daughter pouts, but soon her expression turns into something more sad and helpless.

"Is Eomma okay?"

At this, her brother looked up as well. His lips thin lined, and tiny knuckles turning white around the camera.

Jungkook stiffened, unsure what to say.

"Of course." Is what he finally mumbles under his breath. "He needs some time but he will be okay. I'll take care of him."

Pleased with his answer, the twins grin and Jungkook grins back before reaching towards the backseats to tickle their sides. A hand ruffling through their soft hair.

When they stop in front of the school, Jungkook hands them their bags and is quite surprised when
both pups lean forward. Allowing the Alpha to scent their necks.

It must be because they can smell Jungkook on themselves. They know by heart he's family.

One last time, he reminds them not to mention that it was him who brought them here. Then, he pushes his sunglasses up the bridge of his nose, pulls the mask over his mouth, and sinks deeper into his seat. Waiting until both children slammed the car doors shut behind them.

It wasn't until they disappeared in the building that Jungkook sighed in relief and finally dared to leave.

Jungkook wasn't lying when he promised to spend the evening with them. In fact, it wasn't just him but also Hoseok, Jin, and Taehyung who invited themselves with nachos, beer, and some movies that Taehyung claimed were the cutest shit since baby unicorns had been invented.

Minji wistfully argued that this would be impossible since unicorns, clearly, had always existed. Before humans, and definitely before those movies, at which Taehyung huffed the unicorns would've been bored out of there minds all by themselves, and that's why they made movies long before humans did.

The weird discussion ended when Hoseok and Jin started talking about their several bodily fluids, and gasses, which supposedly looked, smelled, and tasted like their unicorn counterparts.

Upon hearing this, Jungkook and Jimin jumped up in perfect unison to cover their pup's ears. The Alpha red cheeked from shame and embarrassment, mumbling something about not knowing those two, while Jimin snarled at them to behave in front of the little ones.

The twins giggled even without knowing what's going on, and soon, when Taehyung slapped Hoseok's ass as playful punishment, Jimin was breathlessly laughing along. Always protectively watched by Jungkook's fond gaze.

That was until Namjoon joined them with a face that spelled amusement as well as seriousness.

"Jungkook-ah." He called while leaning against the doorframe. Hand motioning the younger to
follow him.

"Bang-nim wants to see you."

The room fell silent at that, bodies tensing and jaws clenching because they all knew very well what this was about, and Jimin felt guilty. He felt guilty for bringing Jungkook into this situation where he had to defend himself.

It's one of the moments where he regrets having told him anything.

The young Idol, however, smiles through the nervous sparks in his stomach and, after cuddling the twins, he runs his thumb soothingly over Jimin's cheek. Calming the distressed Omega with his scent.

"Don't worry, Jiminie, it'll be fine."

When Jungkook returns, everyone is sleeping soundly. Everyone but Jimin, that is.

Much to Jungkook's surprise, the smaller male is sitting on his bed, clothed in nothing but one of the Singer's baggy shirts, and a drooping towel on his head.

His hair looks fluffy, lips puffy, and glassy eyes filled with worry.

When noticing the Alpha, Jimin freezes. Bottom lip quivering dangerously and Jungkook is already on the bed, already hugging him, when Jimin whimpers a broken, "Jungkookie...I'm sorry..."

"You didn't do anything wrong. Don't worry, it's okay." Jungkook promises while kissing the top of Jimin's head, heart melting as he nuzzles into the fluffy crown of the Omega's hair to inhale his strong and emotional scent. The urge to calm him, to make him feel safe, is overpowering.

After a while, Jimin calms down. Voice still quiet but less wavering.

"Did you get in trouble because I'm here...?"

Grinning, Jungkook shakes his head.

"Not at all. Bang PD-nim is really nice and rarely scolds me. I explained what happened and he said we'll find a solution. You can stay for now, for a month at least, but we have to be careful and keep a low profile."

Nodding, Jimin pulled away.
"Thank you."

But Jungkook wasn't done yet. With his steadily widening bunny smile, he revealed a small, white box that had Jimin stare in curiosity. Nose wiggling as he tried to find out what it contains.

"Is that..." he muttered in confusion, and Jungkook nodded proudly as if he hunted the food himself.

"Gimbap. I skipped dinner, and asked Jin Hyung to give me the leftovers so I can eat with you tonight. I thought you'd probably rather eat with me alone than with the whole group."

"You skipped dinner because of me...?"

Another proud nod, and Jimin felt like crying again. Partly because he didn't want Jungkook to be influenced by his bad eating habits, wanted him to stay healthy, and partly because it touched a disgustingly competitive core in him. A part that couldn't stand, almost feared, when someone ate as much or less than him simply because it made him feel like a pig that mindlessly stuffed his face. Made him want to eat even less.

He hated this. Felt stupid for being so difficult and messed up.

But somehow, weirdly, Jungkook always managed to make it easy for him.

The way he playfully fed Jimin with unwavering enthusiasm, endless praises and compliments spilling from his lips like a fountain even though the Omega took ages just to chew a few bites. Barely eating anything, really.

It made him feel just a little more confident, a little more brave and hopeful.

"You did great!" Jungkook hummed again once they were done, and Jimin shyly turned away to hide the embarrassment on his face, fingers playing with his sweaterpaws.

He's not used to so much innocent but honest affection. So much care.

"I didn't even do anything..."

"But you're trying, Jiminie. In my eyes you're amazing for trying, and for working hard."

After yesterday's unintentional cuddle session on the floor, this is the first time they actually share a bed. Jungkook on the right, Jimin on the left, and enough space between them to fit at least one other person.

It's awkward. Both of them hyper aware of the other's presence, and unable to sleep, even with their
backs turned to each other.

After hours of lying awake, it's Jimin who finally can't take it anymore and turns around. Eyes trailing towards Jungkook who's clothed in a simple black shirt and sweats.

He wants to do something for the Alpha. Wants to say thank you, and give something back, so he rolls closer. Arms snaking around Jungkook's waist, and nose buried somewhere between his shoulder blades.

The Idol stiffens visibly before whispering, "What are you doing?"

The question is insecure, unsure, and Jimin can't stop his lips from twitching into a fond smile. Eyes falling into perfect crescents.

"I want to make you relax. This is your bed. Your home. You shouldn't be sleepless and tense because of me.

There's a pause. The sounds of rustling sheets. And then Jungkook turns around as well. Eyes dark and deep, like the endless sea at night.

It takes Jimin a second or two to swallow and realize he's been holding his breath.

"I think you're the one who's tense." Jungkook whispers with a smirk that makes the Omega giggle. Eyelashes fluttering, and gaze coyly cast downwards.

"Just a little nervous. It's been a while since I last shared a bed with someone other than my children."

He looks up. Eyes glistening, sparkling more beautifully than ever, and Jungkook would've been worried about potential tears if it wasn't for the beaming smile that lit up the Omega's face.

"I want to thank you, Jungkook. I'm still not sure how I deserve your help and attention, but I'm grateful."

"You deserve the world!"
Chapter 8

"You deserve the world!"

Jungkook didn't mean to say that. Didn't plan to be so straightforward and honest, but he wanted Jimin to know. Wanted him to realize how much he's worth. It's still embarrassing, though, and makes the Alpha look away, head ducked shyly to hide from Jimin's surprised and confused gaze. But all of that doesn't protect him from Jimin's signature giggle. Half shy, half amused. It has the Singer nervous and tense in seconds, enough to make him grab Jimin's hands simply because it calms him. Those cute small paws, and those incredibly small fingers. Jungkook loves to look at them. Loves to play and fiddle with each one, from thumb to pinky, like he does right now.

"Jungkookie...you're really cute." Jimin whispers softly, ever so gentle, and Jungkook finally meets his gaze.

"How did you plan to make me relax?" the Alpha asks. Butterflies swarming wildly in his stomach, even more when Jimin brings their foreheads together. Eyes closed and warm breath dancing over Jungkook's lips. He's not sure whether Jimin knows what he does to him or not. Isn't sure whether the Omega even cares.

Slowly, Jimin allows his head to fall to the side. It's the smallest movement, nothing Jungkook hasn't seen or done before. His mother scented him like that. His Hyungs did it, too, and sometimes he'd scent them back. Affectionate and playful. Nothing special.

But this is Jimin. Jimin who is cute and adorable, and doesn't trust people easily, never lets them come too close. Who makes Jungkook's heart race and palms sweaty.

Jemin who is special.

"It's supposed to be calming, isn't it? An Omega's scent, I mean."

He mumbles when Jungkook isn't doing anything but stare in a daze, and the taller feels his face heat up. Tongue darting out to nervously wet his lips. Hands letting go of the smaller's paws and hovering over his shoulders or sides instead. Not sure where he's allowed to touch. "I guess so..."

And, of course, Jimin is right. After rubbing his nose over Jimin's scent glands, Jungkook drifts into the deepest sleep he had in a while. The sugary smell numbing his senses, and making him feel like he's lying on clouds while the Alpha in him purrs because he's got to mark Jimin as his, and he's so addicted to the feeling. Addicted to the undeserved, possessive claim. Undeserved, because they aren't mates. They aren't anything that would give Jungkook the right to feel things like possessiveness or the heat that curls in his stomach whenever Jimin's fingers dance
over his skin. Caressing him so sweetly, so innocently, and so unaware of the burning traces he leaves on the Alpha's cheeks, arms, and chest.

__________

Despite their insecure and awkward adventures at night, the days go by smoothly, and soon Jimin finds himself unable to imagine his mornings and evenings without the father of his children. He loves the giggles waking him as soon as the sun rises. Loves that he can roll around in bed for a little longer while he hears playful growls and squeaks. Minji throwing a tantrum because she lost a game again while Minju laughs happily and asks for one more time. Then there's Jungkook who proudly and smugly claims that nobody will ever beat him in anything because he's awesome like that, at which more growls and high-pitched screeches follow before a door slams shut. Yoongi's voice fills the whole apartment, yelling at them to shut the fuck up because how the hell is one supposed to sleep like that but, in the end, he's dragged into the game as well, even though he keeps grumbling and complaining about it.

When Jimin finally gets up and stumbles into the kitchen, he's greeted by Jin who's busy preparing breakfast, Minji who's helping him, because that's the polite thing to do, while she dutifully holds Yoongi's hand and drags him along as if he's her personal slave, and Yoongi doesn't care because, surprisingly, he's weak for Minji's demanding cuteness. Meanwhile, Hoseok dances and raps to some English song on the radio, Namjoon sits on the table, scrolling through the news on his phone, while Jungkook and Minju are busy doing forward rolls on the floor, positively being in the way of everyone.

"Good morning." Jimin hums while praying for the scene in front of him to be tattooed into his mind because it's just so damn beautiful and he loves seeing his children so happy. Loves the family-like, domestic feeling he gets by watching them. Several Good morning's echo back at him, but only the youngest Alpha jumps up to welcome him with a warm hug before he pulls Jimin towards the table, pulling him into his lap after he sits down on one of the chairs. It's the perfect position for Jungkook to cuddle against Jimin's back, the perfect excuse to be close enough to fill his lungs with the Omega's addicting scent without someone else noticing it.

"Jiminie?" Jungkook whispers later while the twins put their jackets and shoes on. Both parents watching them out of habit, but upon hearing Jungkook's voice Jimin tears his gaze away in order to throw a questioning glance at the young Alpha who shuffles his feet before leaning closer to continue his question.

"Can we go somewhere tonight? I want to show you something."
There's a spark in Jimin's eyes, a slight smirk on his face, and his voice is playful. Sweeter than honey.

"You're taking me on a midnight date, baby?"
Upon seeing the Idol's furiously flushed cheeks, Jimin giggles. All cute and heavenly, like always, and he bumps his shoulder against Jungkook's arm while innocently linking their pinky fingers.

"I'm kidding. Sure, I'll go with you."

But the sweet promise is almost forgotten when, on the early afternoon, Jimin's phone rings.
"Park Jimin-ssi?" The high-pitched voice of a woman asks, and Jimin finds himself nodding and frowning, while cleaning the kitchen with his free hand, before he finally states, "Yes, that's me." The women sighs in relief.
"I'm sorry for calling so suddenly, but this is about your children..."
OMG I LOVE THE NEW ALBUM! Ever since I listened to it for the first time I'm in love with every single song and my favorite changes daily!
Also... Damn, the choreography for mic drop is lit!! I can't, just thinking about it makes me die a million times, oh man! I mean... Granted, maybe it's just the heat of the moment and because it's new, but I feel like it's my new favorite choreo! ♥♥♥ gotta admit, at first I only stared at Jimin and prayed that I'll somehow make it through the whole song without squeaking and squealing his name but after watching it 10 times or so, I managed to look at Jungkookie as well, and damn, he pulls it off amazingly! I don't know but in my eyes the choreography really suits him. Or maybe I'm just Jikook biased...rofl

Either way, thanks for all the comments under my last chapter! All of you are really sweet ♥

Jimin is still sitting on the big kitchen table with his phone stuck between ear and shoulder when Jungkook returns. His bottom lip is swollen, abused by his teeth, and a deep frown decorates his pretty face.
"Yes...yes, I understand the rules. That's not the problem, Miss. I simply don't agree with them."
The Omega releases a throaty growl that has Jungkook stop in his tracks with his eyebrows shooting up while he nips on a glass filled with brightly colored orange juice.
A quick wave of said glass asks the silent question whether Jimin would like one as well, but the Omega only shakes his head before turning his attention back to the call.
He's clearly stressed which is never a good sign.

"No!" the Omega suddenly yells, and even Jungkook is flinching upon hearing the sharp edge in his voice.
"I fucking birthed them so don't tell me what I can or can't do!"
Jungkook can only guess that one of the two must've ended the call when Jimin slams his smartphone onto the table and takes a deep breath. It's not helping all that much, though. He's still shaking from the burning anger that heats his emotions and Jungkook can smell every little hint of rage, desperation, and frustration that's flashing through the smaller's tense body.

"Did something happen to the children?" Jungkook dares to ask. He watches how Jimin brings one of his small hands to his face. Covering his eyes before massaging the bridge of his nose, and finally shaking his head.
"The twins are okay."
At this, Jungkook sighs in relief, already wanting to relax when Jimin continues.
"They had their dynamic tested at school today."
"Oh! So, you know what they will be?"
"I do."
Honestly, it's not that big of a deal. A standard procedure at that age. Every six months or so, a doctor tests the young ones until their dynamic is clear.

Jungkook doesn't care whether his pups are Alphas or Omegas, but he's still excited. Thrilled by the
thought that he's able to see them grow up.
It makes him wonder even more why Jimin's mood dropped so drastically, and there's only one possible reason that comes to mind.

"Did it turn out to be something you don't like?"
There are still parents who aren't exactly keen on having Omega pups, Jungkook knows, but he truly can't picture Jimin to be one of them, and he isn't. It's obvious from the shocked expression he shows and his shaking voice.
"Of course not. I don't care what they are."
Of course not. Jungkook feels himself relax again, hope filtering through his worst expectations before he hugs Jimin. Nose going to his neck automatically and, much to his surprise, Jimin returns the gesture as he himself cranes his neck in order to place a few kitten licks on Jungkook's neck. The Alpha hums happily at the touch but soon returns to voicing the questions on his mind.
"What's wrong then?"

His chin is resting on Jimin's shoulder now. Alpha scent strong to potentially calm him down. A good decision it seems, because Jimin releases a shuddering sigh before leaning more into the touch, the protecting warmth and calming odor, until he can bring himself to answer reluctantly.
"It's not their dynamic I'm worried about." He finally whispers. "Their teacher called me this afternoon and she mentioned how they should start having playmate sessions. She's right, obviously, so I looked it up online and chose a play group that's close. Everything was fine until they told me it has to be an Alpha who brings them. They don't even care who it is, any Alpha is apparently better than I am. I mean, how fucked up is that?! They're my babies, damn it!"

For a while, Jungkook listens quietly. He knows Jimin is pissed and needs some time to rant before he's willing to hear his, or any Alpha's opinion on a matter that's clearly a lot more difficult and painful for Omegas than for their unaffected counterparts. This isn't about logic or rationality. It's about the feeling of having your children ripped away from you. Of losing the right to protect them just because you're deemed crazy and hormone driven. No Alpha would understand what it feels like, and most of them probably don't ever want to experience it, either.

"But Jiminie..." Jungkook finally sighs in an attempt to soothe him. "Omegas are too caring...too protective. I heard there was this one guy who accidently killed an Alpha pup just because the children played a little roughly...ever since then it's been like that."

Offended, Jimin scrunches his nose. Horrified by the thought and unable to fathom how any Omega in the world could ever hurt a pup. Even if it's not his own. A part of him recoiled and whimpered at the thought that Jungkook could think he's like that. The possibility alone is humiliating.
"I wouldn't do something so horrible!"

Jungkook instantly nods while rubbing the smaller male's shoulders in an attempt to calm his raging temper.
"I know, I know! I'm just saying, it's for safety reasons. You want our pups to be safe, right?"
A pause. But then, finally, Jimin nods with his shoulders slumping in defeat and expression turning into something helpless, almost fragile, while he looks up through his lashes and shows off the most heartbreaking puppy eyes Jungkook's ever seen.
"I do..."

Despite looking so sad, the bitter hint in Jimin's scent weakened and made room for something way softer. Sweeter. Something that made Jungkook want to kiss and hold him. Marking him all over just to visualize his claim on this adorable, amazing, and stunning creature that, clearly, did such a perfect job at raising and protecting their children. He wanted to comfort him. Needed to tell him just how
perfect he is and how there's no need for him to be so sad.
But even though he was already high-key gushing in his mind, he decided to go the more subtle way consisting of gently patting the Omega's fluffy head and throwing him an appreciative smile.
Be responsible, Jungkook, and act like the grown up you are. Be the kind of person Jimin needs in a situation like this! He pep talked himself.

"Now don't be mad anymore, okay? I'll go with them and send you pictures while I'm there so you know they're okay." he promised with his hand on his heart. Well aware that Jimin wasn't the biggest fan of leaving Jungkook alone with the pups. Partly because the trust between them was still a slippery slope, so easy to break, too.
Also, in Jimin's humble opinion, Jungkook took way too many risks. Sure, if someone asked he could just say those are his niece and nephew or something, but it wouldn't take too much research to realize it's a lie, and Jimin didn't like the thought of his children being dragged up and down the internet.
On a minor note, he also didn't want to burden the already busy Idol.

At least when it's about the latter reason, Jungkook felt determined to prove him wrong. Wanted to make Jimin understand that this isn't a burden, even though Jungkook himself didn't quite feel like a father yet. More like the Hyung he always wanted to be. Everything just happened so fast, it was hard to stomach. But then again. He IS the father, and he should act like it.

"Really...? You'll send pictures?" Jimin meanwhile utters without much enthusiasm, just like Jungkook had predicted, but the Alpha won't give him any reason to back out of the deal, and quickly assures, "Of course. I'll find a way to make everything go smoothly."

Still. Jimin isn't happy, not at all, but Jungkook's wafting, comforting scent is too distracting to dwell on it. For now he just sighs while pouting adorably as he finds Jungkook's hands on his shoulders and squeezes them lightly. When their eyes meet, the Omega's scent sweetens even more, and Jungkook barely manages to swallow down the strangled squeaking noise that's sitting somewhere deep in his throat. He choked on it instead.

"You alright?" Jimin whispers. The question innocent enough, nothing but gentle concern, but Jungkook's sensitive nose can't focus on any of that. Not when there are suddenly so many new and unexplored hues in Jimin's scent. So warm, and welcoming. Almost inviting. It's driving him nuts. Never before did Jimin react to him like that. Never did he wholeheartedly accept and depend on him to the point where Jungkook was able to smell the appreciation and gratefulness on him.

They stay like that, in a total daze, until another wave of Jimin's pleasant scent fills the room. This time threaded with a glint of attraction, and maybe even arousal, that has Jungkook swallow hard to keep himself from drooling.
"Thank you..." Jimin then says softly, eyes never leaving the Alpha's. Positively keeping him enchanted.
"Thank you for taking care of them. I know you don't have to do all this."
"I do. I have to." Is Jungkook's simple reply before he adds, "And I want to."
The effect is instant. Jimin's eyes fall into crescents, mouth stretching into the most dazzling smile he's shown so far, and his voice is like honey. Dripping from his mouth straight into Jungkook's ears. "I appreciate it."

Neither of them would've minded to continue whatever it is that's happening between them. Sadly, the buzzing sounds of their phones is enough to put an end to the sweet moment.
"Ah...my manager..." Jungkook sighs, and it's followed by an apologetic smile from Jimin who just shrugs and finally gets up from the chair. Hand running nervously through his hair to get his
traitorous emotions under control.  
"I have to go and collect the pups from school."

At this, Jungkook's head whips towards him, excitement and enthusiasm sparkling in his eyes while he slams a fist against his chest as if this would make him look more capable in Jimin's eyes. Which it didn't, but it was cute to look at either way.  
"I'll drive you."
"What about your manager?" Jimin giggles, and the taller grins.  
"He rescheduled a few things for me so I can take the children to school and back home without getting in trouble. Only for a while, though. I won't be able to keep this up once we start to promote seriously. Even less when we're on tour...but I want to spend time with them while I can." And with you, Jungkook wants to add but bites his lips instead. Jimin, however, is satisfied with the endearing explanation, and hums in approval. A warm and affectionate glow lingers on his features while they get ready to leave.

It's only half an hour later when the pair waits near their children's school. Hidden from curious eyes, but still close enough for the young ones to reach.  
"What if they can't find us?" Jungkook drawled nervously but it only earned him a slight roll of his Omega's eyes, even though there was just as much fondness in those same orbs.  
"They aren't stupid, Jungkook."
"But..."
The Alpha's whines are brusquely cut off by a small knock, and when he opens the car door, his children are looking up at him. Round faces painted with sulking impatience.

"You're late." Minji huffs as if the young man in front of her is a personal servant and not the well-known Idol he is. Meanwhile, Jungkook can't bring himself to do anything but stare dumbly, while Jimin giggles knowingly by his side.

It's a faint clicking noise that finally draws the Alpha back to reality, and when he focuses on the cause, he's horrified to see Minju behind his sister. Face hidden behind his camera and a childish smirk making his lips curl. Confused, Jungkook attempts to say something but is again stopped as he notices a patch of fluffy, brown hair behind the corner of the nearest house, accompanied by quiet sounds of amazement. Following those Ah's and Oh's, he comes to find a whole group of pups, staring at him, wide-eyed and certainly amazed.

Click.

Slowly, the camera sinks in Minju's hands. The slender boy with jet-black and ruffly hair giggles shamelessly before breaking into a beaming smile.  
"Yoongi Hyung said natural shots are the best, and it's true!" he exclaims, fully satisfied with the picture of Jungkook's baffled features. The Alpha himself, on the other hand, is quite obviously at a loss and helplessly overwhelmed. The restless group of children cornered him in a way that would've made a war tactician proud. Small hands grabbing everything they can reach. Pants, sweater, shoelaces.  
"It's true!" One of the pups then squeaks. She's a cute little thing. Chubby in all the right places which gives her the innocent look of an angel. Something she definitely isn't.  
"It's really Jungkookie Oppa!"
And then hell breaks lose.

An hour later Jungkook finally managed to stop those little devils from screaming and yelling,
knowing that it would've been loud enough to draw the attention of every human being nearby towards them. Hell, even someone who's ten miles away would've been able to hear those rascals. Either way, he bought himself free by signing their textbooks and snapping a few more pictures, and now, he as well as the pups, were once again safely situated in the car.

Jimin waited patiently through the whole ordeal. Right now, though, he's livid as he leans towards the backseats and angrily pulls on the seatbelts to make sure they're properly wrapped around his pup's delicate bodies. Unable to rest until he knows with certainty that their bones, which could so, so easily break and snap, won't do anything of that sort even if they were to get into any kind of accident.

"What the hell were you thinking?!" he then finally hisses, but while Jungkook jolted as if he's the one being scolded, his pups didn't even bat an eyelash. "It was Minnie's idea." was Minju's only comment and it made the little girl glare, elbow finding her brother's side before she bit her lips and glanced through her fluttering eyelashes. "I'm sorry, Eomma... But I had to bring them along. I had no choice! Besides, Juju made bets over whether it's really Jungkook Oppa or not just because he's too lazy to do his homework! He's terrible!"

"I get good grades even without doing my homework. Can't say the same about you." Minju replied smugly and Minji looked close to exploding as she puffed her cheeks.

"Stop it. Both of you." Jimin sighed in resignation while pressing a finger against the painfully aching point between his eyebrows. Then, after sorting his thoughts and the information he's gotten so far, the Omega decided to question his daughter again. There's more to the story, call it motherly instinct but he can smell it in the air.

"So why did you have no choice but to bring them, Minnie? Did someone pressure you?" With flushed cheeks and glistening eyes, his daughter unwillingly shook her head. Eyes traveling towards her feet as she busied her small fingers with the hem of the frilly, black skirt she was wearing. "I had no choice because otherwise they wouldn't have believed me that we live with BTS." she explained as if it's the most obvious thing in the world, and even her brother couldn't suppress a snort while Jimin frowned.

"They weren't supposed to know about that in the first place, child."

Surprisingly enough, Jungkook was the one who now squirmed in his seat. Eyes darting from the road to Jimin and back. "Uh...I think this is my fault, Jiminie." The Omega only gave him a pointed look.

"How so?"

"I told them to keep quiet about me taking them to school, not about them living with us." The pups nodded eagerly, but Jimin wasn't fooled. He's not stupid, and he knows his cheeky children too well to not understand how their little brains work.

"Don't let them play you, Jungkook-ah. They know very well what you meant. It's definitely not your fault."

For a moment they drove in silence. That was until Minju stopped nibbling on his bottom lip and yelled what seemed to have bubbled in the back of his throat the whole time. "Kyungie said he'd admit that Minnie is pretty when she proves that it's really Jungkook Hyung who takes us home!"

Everyone freezes while Minji gasps and visibly pales. "Yah! Shut up!"

Through his sisters screeches and whirling fists, the boy somehow managed to duck his head while laughing gleefully before he adds, "He promised to kiss her, too!"
"A kiss?!
This time Jimin is the one to gasp. Voice screeching and hitching while his eyes widen in terror and he almost hits Jungkook with his elbow in the process of turning around in his seat to the point where he's on his knees. Hands grasping the headrest until his knuckles turned white. "Nobody kisses my baby!"
"Jimin. Please, sit down and put your seatbelt on. It's dangerous." Jungkook meanwhile mumbles nervously, sensing that the situation slowly spirals out of control. He's patting the Omega's butt in an attempt to get his attention but the smaller isn't reacting at all. It stays loud and crazy like that until they finally make it home.

Jimin already left the car and took Minju's small paw when he realized that someone's missing. "Minnie!" he calls. His voice much softer now that all of them calmed down. Well, not all of them. His daughter was still hiding in the backseat of the car, legs pulled towards her chest and face pressed against her knees. The sight breaks Jimin's heart and he instantly attempts to turn on his heels, ready to hug his baby, but Jungkook won't let him.
"Don't worry, I'll get her."
One more time, Jimin glances at his beloved daughter. Everything inside him hates the idea of leaving the helpless pup alone when she clearly needs to be comforted but Jungkook resolutely pushes the Omega and his son towards the house.

"Hey, princess."
Reluctantly, the girl lifted her head, a sniffle escaping her nose as she blinked a few tears away. "Hey..."
The broken voice had Jungkook shudder. Throat constricting almost painfully upon noticing the faint distress in his daughter's usually so beautiful and carefree scent.
"It's that bad?" he asked softly, and her features instantly scrunched up. Lips pursed in a pout and tears dwelling again.
"Juju promised not to tell anyone."
"About the kiss?"
She froze again, the red on her cheeks deepening before she nodded. "It was a stupid bet."

"Well, in my opinion..." Jungkook hummed while placing an arm around her back and under her legs to lift her out of the car. "If it takes a bet to make him kiss you, he's most definitely not worth it."
She sighs in resignation, obviously not agreeing with the Alpha's opinion.
"It's just that all my friends said they've kissed already and I'm the only one who hasn't..."
Jungkook internally groans at that because what the hell is going on with children these days?! They barely learned how to read and write, and already feel the need to think about stuff like that? Crazy.

Gently, he places the girl on her feet. Hands ruffling through her hair until she swats them away and throws him a glare that makes Jungkook chuckle. "Come here." he hums while pulling her close. "I'll give you a kiss if you want it that badly."

A chaste peck finds his daughter's chubby cheek, and the pup instantly squeaks and squeals, and hides her burning face behind her hands, clearly embarrassed, while Jungkook can't stop an amused smirk from appearing on his face. Minji might be a little too demanding at times, a little too dramatic and emotional, but he still loves her. In fact, those traits make her even more precious in his eyes.
She's so much like Jimin in that sense, it's incredible. "So? Was it to your satisfaction, milady?" He asks. His voice is pure teasing laced with fond sweetness but Minji still keeps her head high despite her flustered state. Eyes glittering proudly and voice only wavering a little. "It...it was okay...." "Okay? That's all?"

She grimaced before gracefully extending her arms, allowing the Alpha to carry her inside. "It wasn't a real kiss anyway." she mumbles, and Jungkook snorts in return. "I didn't get a 'real' kiss until I was sixteen, and you won't either, Missy." "Maybe I'm not a late bloomer like you, though, Oppa." "Excuse me?!"

It's only minutes later when all of them sit in the kitchen where Jimin prepares some food while Jungkook keeps the pups busy.

As expected, Minju turned out to be a proud Alpha in the making, and his face glows with beaming satisfaction when he tells Jungkook about it. Minji on the other hand, will be an Omega, which is mildly surprising because she's a fiery one to be sure. Then again, what else did he expect with a parent like Jimin. Of course, she'll be just as amazing as her Eomma.

When the girl only huffs gruffly upon being asked how she feels about it, though, Jungkook makes sure to tell her more than once how there's no reason to be upset. "Omegas are so pretty and strong!" he claims with a proud nod towards Jimin. "I mean, just look at your Eomma. He's amazing, isn't he?"

There's no denying it. With Minju in his arms, a faint flush on his cheeks, and a serene smile on his face, Jimin looks nothing less than ethereal. Even Minji seems satisfied with the thought of being compared to her mother, and after hugging Jungkook for one last time, she jumps up and runs to hug both, Jimin and her sometimes so horribly annoying brother.

As they watched how their beautiful and perfectly healthy children worked their way through several meals, Jimin's eyes found Jungkook's for a brief second. Long enough to add fuel to already overflowing emotions. Thickening the tension which had been evident ever since earlier that day. Jungkook felt his heart hammering harshly in his throat, felt the blood rushing loudly in his ears, long before he felt Jimin's toes carefully bump against his own. Caressing and teasing so innocently, he wasn't sure if it's even real.

But it was. The delighted smirk on Jimin's face and the way he subtly bit his lips before bashfully looking away was confirmation enough. Bursting was the closest thing Jungkook could think of when asked how to describe the current state of his heart.

The unrealness of it all was almost enough to make Jungkook forget about less important but nonetheless existing things. Things like his job.

But thankfully, or dreadfully, Jungkook's manager was more than willing to remind the Idol as he called him nonstop. Annoying not only him but also Jimin who soon leaned closer and whispered into his ear to stop staring and take the fucking call. Always mindful to whisper low enough for the children to not hear a thing. Jungkook left not too much later to attend a show, with his invisible tail between his legs and a
considerably worse mood than before.

And so, Jimin as well as the pups soon settled in front of the TV, popcorn and cuddle blankets ready, when BTS stepped in front of a camera. All of them somewhere far away and perfectly polished with designer clothes and tons of makeup. Barely recognizable now that Jimin got used to disheveled hair, washed out colors, and too pale, almost boringly normal faces.

Seeing them like that was weird. Jimin used to watch them all the time and it always felt smooth. Totally natural. Now, though, he could clearly distinguish the Idol from the real person, could see the facade and the sometimes forced act. It was honestly a confusing experience.

"So...your fans sent us a few questions." the female Omega Host said in a perfectly controlled but still annoyingly cheery voice before looking down on a small piece of paper in front of her. Then she rattled down what was written there, question after question, while the Idols did their best to answer in the most entertaining way possible.

It was the usual stuff. Possible girl or boyfriends, new music, the next hair color and favorite songs at the moment.

Jimin honestly didn't care about those things. When it came to Jungkook, though, his ears automatically perked up.

As she read the question quietly at first, even the host had to pause and force away a small giggle before she cleared her throat and reclaimed control over her features.

"Now, Jungkook-ssi. When it comes to relationships...who's in control? Who's got the upper hand?"

There was a pause, followed by a confused frown on Jungkook's face before he finally, with determination and a wink, replied, "I am, of course. I'm the Alpha after all. It's my job to make decisions, to take control and the lead no matter in what situation. I can't let an Omega order me around, even though I'd might let it slip once when he or she is as cute as the audience today."

Probably every single Omega in the audience squealed whereas Jimin settled on snorting in mild amusement.

"Well then." the host continued with now prettily flushed cheeks. "So, what would you do when you meet a beautiful Omega backstage who's clearly interested in you?"

At this, Jimin actually leaned forward. Bottom lip worried between his teeth and nose crinkled in displeasure.

He never thought about it, but the singer really does meet many beautiful Omegas backstage, huh. Somehow the realization didn't sit right with him, and he had to force down an agitated growl while telling himself how stupid it is to be annoyed over something trivial like that.

Again, Jungkook took his time to think his answer through, but then his expression changed from concentrated to absentminded, dazed, and finally realization as he seemed to remember where he was.

"Uh..." he hastily cleared his throat. "I don't really care about looks to be honest, and I rarely notice Omegas these days. I have to concentrate on my work...and stuff."

This time, Jimin really laughed. So much, he drifted until he was lying on his side with his tongue swiping over his lips and his black hair sprawled over the red fabric of the couch while something warm spread in his chest. A fuzzy feeling accompanied by a challenge.

So, you don't look at any Omegas these days, Jungkookie?
The sun had already made room for the moon when the Idols returned to their apartment. Jungkook was the last to stumble through the door, a yawn leaving his mouth as he kicked his shoes into the general direction of the already existing pile. None of them had the energy to do anything more than shrug off those pesky clothes. He was tired, yes. Exhausted, definitely. But his newly changed schedule didn't leave any room for breaks, and before he could even begin to complain, he noticed the pups on the couch, curled into each other and snoring happily. It reminded him instantly of why he does this, making him grin happily while he rubs his nose against their cheeks to scent them carefully. He wants to be with them during the day, even if it means he has to work through the night.

Jimin isn't here, though, so Jungkook retreats to his room in hopes of finding him there, and indeed, the Omega is already waiting. Jungkook's jaw drops at the dazzling sight. The prettiest doll wouldn't be able to compare to the Omega's perfectly accentuated features. His chocolate brown eyes seemed to be glowing with the faint hint of eyeshadow and liner surrounding them. His cheeks looked rosy, not too much but enough to make them look shyly flushed while his lips were painted in a flowing gradient from pale to a slightly brighter pink. It makes him look unreal. Like a painting.

The book in Jimin's hands sinks painfully slow, eyes flickering lazily towards the singer's face where they stay for a while until a grin stretches across the Omega's soft features. "Welcome home, Jungkookie."

Jungkook squeaks at that, and Jimin's giggles only make things worse. "You...you look different." Is the first thing he manages to mutter, but Jimin only tilts his head to the side. Eyes sparkling and lips puckered in a playful pout. "Oh. You noticed?"

"Of course! How can I not notice...that!"

His gaze traveled lower, past the oversized, black and white sweater which was loose enough to fall over one of Jimin's shoulders and expose razor sharp collar bones. A sexy and alluring sight. It was combined with ripped jeans that showed just the tiniest patches of slightly tanned skin. Just enough that it had Jungkook swallow nervously.

"Yah, Jungkook-ah."

Upon hearing the Omega's impatient voice, his head snapped up again just to be greeted by Jimin's demanding gaze. "Didn't you say you'd take me somewhere tonight?"

Right...Jungkook wants to slap himself because, of course, Jimin makes himself look all nice and pretty when he thinks they're about to go out. There's definitely no other reason, and he should stop drooling like some braindead asshole.

"Right...should we go then?" he asks, but Jimin only pouts some more while reaching out and wiggling his fingers, making grabby hands. A cute little motion that has Jungkook's heart melt in less than a beat. "Nah, I'm tired and thirsty."

It's a low whine, nothing more, but to Jungkook even the shortest breath this Omega takes feels like a command he happily wants to follow. That's why he now leans closer and pulls the boy into his arms.

"I'll carry you then. Don't worry, the place where I want to take you isn't that far away. You can sleep there, too."

Since Jimin seems satisfied enough, and willingly holds onto the Alpha's neck, Jungkook lifts him from the bed, bridal style, and carries him towards the kitchen where Hoseok and Namjoon are still awake and busy talking.
"What's going on with you two?! I didn't realize we missed the wedding!" Hoseok laughs loudly when noticing the pair, and Namjoon quickly reminds him to be quiet since it's late and some people might want to sleep. 'Some people' might be Yoongi who's deadly when tired. But still, even the leader cracks a smile.

Meanwhile, Jungkook lifts his chin proudly. Arms tightening around the Omega's slender figure as he pulls him closer to his chest.
"We're leaving for a while. Can you look after the pups while we're gone, Joonie Hyung?"
"Sure, sure."
Another one of those sweet, impatient whines grabs the attention of every Alpha in the room, and Jungkook's heart almost jumps right out of his chest when two adorable, small hands curl into his shirt and start tugging demandingly.
"Jungkook! Thirsty!"
Obediently, the Alpha places Jimin back on his feet and the smaller slowly wanders towards the refrigerator to search for something drinkable, carefully followed by everyone else's eyes.
"What's with Jiminie? He's acting strange, isn't he?" Hoseok wondered with an amused chuckle, but Jungkook is too far gone to care. Too enchanted by the creature that managed to possess his heart and brain without any effort at all.
His Hyungs seem to be aware of it, too. They shared a glance before shrugging and enjoying the show.

A milkshake. That's what Jimin decided to get, and Jungkook quietly waddles after him through the whole process of making it, literally like the most adorable puppy in the world.
Jimin almost squealed whenever he glanced over his shoulder and, after putting a straw into the tall glass, the Omega beamed as he held it right in front of Jungkook's confused face.
"Take a sip."
Just like before, Jungkook was on his best behavior and obediently started drinking. That was until Jimin started gigging again and petted the Alpha's head.
"You know..." Jimin suddenly hummed with a grin still plastered all over his face. "It's really great that you're the one in control when it comes to our relationship, baby. After all, 'It's your job to make decisions, to take control and the lead, and you can't allow an Omega to order you around.' Right?"

Jungkook froze. Eyes going wide as he choked, and coughed, and squatted on the ground to find his breath and calm himself. He wasn't sure what shocked him more, the fact that Jimin had seen him on TV or that he just called the thing between them a fucking relationship! Either way, he died from pride and embarrassment. A bad mixture.

It was only when he saw Namjoon and Hoseok, who were crying from laughter, that a pout found it's way on his scrunched up features.
"That's not funny."
But Hoseok was still lying on the table, face hidden in his arms while he gasped for air, screeching. "Oh, believe me gguk, this is more than funny. I don't think I ever saw you being so whipped for someone. It's hilarious! You two are the most hilarious couple I've seen, like, ever!"
Namjoon agreed while using both his hands to wipe the tears from his reddened face. "True... but it's cute."

The Maknae wasn't amused, though and after announcing that, "We're leaving!" he firmly grabbed Jimin by the wrist and hastily pulled him away.
It wasn't until they stood outside, in front of the building, that he halted and took a deep breath. The Omega had stopped laughing long ago. Now, his face was overshadowed with worry and regret as he nervously looked up at the taller. Unsure how to approach the situation.
"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to embarrass you, I just thought you were cute. Are you mad...?" is what he finally blurted out and after a few minutes Jungkook's clenched jaw relaxed as the breath he had held
left his lungs.
"No, I'm not." he sighs. "It's just that this wasn't what I planned. I mean, I wanted to prove that I'm a responsible adult, but somehow, I always end up feeling like a naive child when I'm with you. It's frustrating."

Again, Jimin muttered a heartfelt, "Sorry," before stepping in front of the Alpha and wrapping his arms around his hips. Pulling him close and into the shadows where, hopefully, nobody would be able to see them. Just in case.

"I know you're not a child," Jimin then whispered as he placed small, fleeting kisses along Jungkook's jaw, nipping and teasing.
"You're doing a great job with our kids. Good enough that I trust you to watch over them while I'm not there. I wouldn't do that if I thought you're immature, and besides..."
He pulled away. A teasing glint in his eyes and a smirk on his glistening lips.
"It would be pretty alarming if I wanted to do things like that to a child."
Jungkook's breath hitched, eyes big and round in curious wonder as he whispered, "What things?"

The answer wasn't delivered through words. Instead, Jimin bravely pushed Jungkook against the wall, hands running languidly over the other's chest while he initiated another one of those slow and shallow kisses.
Shallow it was, until he playfully licked Jungkook's upper lip, not knowing how willing the latter was to open up. How much he welcomed it when Jimin tested the waters and licked into his mouth. Tongues dancing ever so slowly while their hands begun to wander and explore, heat and curiosity taking control. Leading their intentions.

The wall in Jungkook's back was uncomfortably cold, sharp stones pressing painfully into skin and muscles, but the warmth he got from Jimin, the rush of adrenaline, was definitely worth it.
Being seen and maybe even photographed, though, was not. And so, with an unwilling groan, he slowly pushed Jimin away. Hands still on the smaller male's heated cheeks and eyes connected, but the warmth he had felt was mostly gone.
He hated the feeling. The emptiness. And the way Jimin looked at him, with his hooded eyes being all sultry and his bottom lip jutted out in a questioning, sulking manner, wasn't helping at all. If anything, it made Jungkook want to kiss him again and again and again. Endlessly, like a never ending love song sung with their mouths and composed by their hearts.

"We should go..." Jungkook muttered after staring for a while. Drowning in Jimin's glistening eyes. Surprisingly, or maybe not, Jimin reacted with a disapproving growl, low and throaty. The kind that sends chills of excitement and nervous tension down Jungkook's spine.
That's exactly how he remembers the Omega, sensual and demanding, and he loved it. Loved it so much, in fact, that he silently contemplated whether he should just forget about the surprise he had planned for Jimin and drag him into the next bed instead, or not.

Then, finally, Jimin breaks the spell that must've undoubtedly clouded their minds, by backing away and sighing.
"Right."
But it took only seconds for him to go back to his perfectly composed self. Smiling and winking as if nothing ever happened, while his voice started bleeding into a promising purr.
"We shouldn't waste time. Show me what you planned for our midnight date, Jungkookie."
The Alpha blushed adorably at the implication, nose crinkling and lips pursed as he crossed his arms in front of his chest. Almost defensive, but the way he instinctively, and instantly, leaned towards the Omega again made it clear how big the affection and trust between them truly is.
"It's not exactly a date...and it isn't midnight, yet, either."
"Exactly. Not yet. But it will be once we're done." Jimin giggled. He playfully slapped Jungkook's
shoulder as they slowly continued to move down the street.
True, it wasn't midnight. But it was late enough for the streets around here to be rather empty which
was a blessing, really.
Jungkook visibly relaxed the longer they walked without getting disturbed at all.

"Close your eyes." Jungkook demanded at some point, and while Jimin wasn't sure what to think of
such a weird request, he still did it. Even like that, while holding Jungkook's hand and stumbling
blindly, the Omega still managed to look graceful and the cute giggles that left his mouth whenever
he swayed or bumped into the Idol, made him only more adorable in his Alpha's eyes. Enough to
make Jungkook's heart stutter as he lead the smaller into a building and helped him climb some stairs.

In the end, silence engulfed them both as they stood there without uttering a word and it was Jimin
who finally grew too curious and antsy to wait any longer.
"What is it, Jungkookie? Can I take a peek? Just a small one?"
Jungkook laughed at that. His hand finally releasing Jimin's before he hummed in agreement.
"You can open your eyes. Don't worry, I know you'll love it!"

That's what he said, but nothing in the world could've prepared Jimin for what he now saw. The
once so beaming smile instantly faded, eyes widened, and his stomach turned as shock and panic
slowly caught up to him.
Jungkook didn't know, he couldn't, but this was Jimin's worst nightmare, and all he wanted to do
was turn on his heels and run.
So many people knew what's about to happen! I was so surprised and I had so much fun reading all the comments! All of you are amazing! ♥♥♥

Now, I have to warn you guys, cuz there will be some angst in the first half of this chapter...but there's also tons of fluff and love, and all that tooth rotting good stuff.

It's a dance studio.
Of all things...

To be fair, Jungkook had the best intentions. Jimin knows that, and he really doesn't want to destroy the moment. Not when Jungkook looks at him like that. With sparkling eyes and clear expectations. Smile, Jimin tells himself. Smile and don't let him see your weak and disgusting self.
But it's too late.
All he can focus on is the mirror wall behind the Alpha. His own reflection staring back at him in utter terror, and his bottom lip wobbling.
He looks horrific. Wide eyed, scared, and body weirdly hunched in fear. Like a rat in front of it's predator.
Ugly, ugly, you're so damn ugly.
Jimin whimpers quietly, hands coming up to cover his eyes.
He's so fucking pathetic.

It's been years since he last stepped into any kind of dance practice room. Years since he had to face the turmoil inside himself.
And it hurts. It hurts so fucking much.
Everything comes back to him at once. The force knocking the air out of his lungs and forcing him onto his knees, gasping desperately for every little breath he can get.
There are voices fluttering through his head, talking over each other and mixing into a screaming mess, making his head spin until he feels dizzy and about to throw up.
It took him so much energy to seal those voices away. To tell himself over and over again that he didn't hear what his 'friends' said. Didn't saw how they looked at him.
Living in denial made it bearable, and he feels disgusting for being so needy. For depending so much on other people's love, appreciation, and opinions. But he can't help it. It's just how he is, how he's always been.

Slut, they called him.
He's sleeping around a lot, why else would he be pregnant without being mated. He must've had orgies or something, that's why he doesn't know who the father is.

No, he's got an affair with a teacher. Maybe even with several of them. That's why they keep praising him so much and why he gets the good part in every performance. He's just fucking his way to the top.
But that won't happen again. Not with that body of his anyway.
His classmate's judgment is that, his thighs became too huge, his ass too fat, and his arms look like...
useless, flabby, chicken wings.
He looks obese and disgusting, they claimed. Old.

What broke him wasn't the words alone, though. Alphas are always quick to throw painful comments towards Omegas when they get frustrated. Jimin's used to that and always shrugged it off without hesitation before continuing his life carefree and lighthearted.
But those insults, which were more viscous than anything he ever heard, didn't come from Alphas. It was his own kind that tried to shatter him. Other Omegas. The ones he had always trusted, enough to allow them into his closest personal space. The ones he shared his dreams and fears with.
The ones who knew his weaknesses better than any Alpha ever would.

In his head, Jimin is haunted by hushed laughter and giggles. By eyes scanning his body with smug satisfaction. The way they talk so openly, so casually, about his body and the end of his career is mind boggling to him.
He's right here, isn't he? Why do they talk as if he can't hear them? Why are they suddenly so mean when they joked and laughed together before? They used to buy him drinks and food, stuffed animals, and movie tickets. Best friends necklaces and rings, and all that sappy stuff. They used to tell him how cute and great he is, how amazing, and how he should help them and give advice. Maybe ask their teachers to give them better grades and better parts in the next performance. And Jimin did. He was a good friend, after all.
Was it his fault?
Was he too naive and spoiled? Maybe he was the one who did them wrong somehow and this is karma.
Back in Busan, he was friends with everyone. Even without having to do things for each other, people simply liked him for the positive and bubbly person he was.
He didn't know how to deal with his demanding classmates in Seoul.

"Jimin?! Hey...what's wrong?"
Warm hands settled on the Omega's quivering shoulders, strong and comforting, and Jimin leaned into the touch. Leaned into everything Jungkook so willingly gave him and clung to it as if it's his lifeline.
The line that suddenly seemed so strained, always close to snap, but Jimin hadn't noticed before. He didn't allow himself to do so.
He needed to be strong for his pups, for Taehyung who did so much for him. For his parents who he hurt and disappointed. For his brother who used to look up to him and who must be utterly embarrassed by his pathetic Hyung.
Yeah, he needs to be strong. But right now he just can't. Not when Jungkook holds him so close, so secure, and tells him to let it go.
"It's okay, Jimin. I'm here. I've got you. You can cry or scream, it doesn't matter. Nobody will hear."

So, he did.
Jimin screamed until his voice was nothing but a hoarse whisper, bawled until he was blinded by overflowing tears, and even hit the Alpha who silently held him. Jungkook didn't mind the dull pain of Jimin's fists against his chest. Not when the Omega's scent is so filled with pain and desperation. Wide, watering eyes looking at him in such an insecure way, searching for affection or simple comfort. It breaks Jungkook's heart.

No matter how hard he tried to understand what had happened, to him it was a mystery how an angel like Jimin could fall so rapidly. He always thought the pretty boy would easily reach the top. He almost waited for him to suddenly appear beside him on one of the big stages. A dazzling sight with crinkling eyes and a big smile.
Everyone thought he would reach his dreams with ease. But now he's here, in Jungkook's arms. Trembling and sobbing, scared and broken. That's not what should've happened and Jungkook wants nothing more but to switch places with him, because compared to him, Jimin deserves this so much more. After all, Jungkook wouldn't even be here if it wasn't for him.

After sitting on the ground in silence for a while, Jungkook pushed a finger under Jimin's chin, forcing him to look up. Attentive gaze studying carefully Jimin's glazed orbs and his slightly parted lips. He looked exhausted, but a lot calmer and more relaxed than before. Then, without warning, the Omega spoke. Slowly but clearly.
"Jungkook-ah. Tell me honestly, am I really that ugly?"
Jungkook frowned at that, clearly caught off guard, but he answered instantly. His voice was strong and unwavering, leaving no space for any kind of doubt.
"Of course not. You're beautiful."
Jungkook waited, but when Jimin's eyes still remained unsure, he carefully dug deeper.
"Why would you even ask something like that? Did someone tell you otherwise?"

It was difficult but Jimin told him.
He explained everything, from what happened after he found out about the pregnancy, to how people suddenly treated him differently, and even about the job he lost, the one at the bar. Once he was done, he felt weightless, and for the first time in years, he was able to breathe effortlessly. As if all those problems and dark thoughts had strangled him all along and now he was finally free.
He didn't dare look at Jungkook, though. Unsure how he'd react. Would he be angry? Disappointed? Disgusted?
His scent, at least, had a spicy hint of subdued rage, making Jimin shudder and lower his head in submission.
Usually, he wouldn't submit so easily, but he was too tired to fight.

"Jimin."
The Alpha's voice was surprisingly calm, giving Jimin the confidence to meet his gaze, and what he saw surprised him.
There was a hint of anger, yes, but mostly pain and worry. Maybe even guilt.
"Please, believe me when I say that those...people..." Jungkook hesitated to title them something so civil because, in his opinion, only a monster would be able to hurt a pure souled being like Jimin. But it wasn't his intention to scare the Omega or, even worse, make him angry. He only just managed to calm down and the Alpha would like to keep it that way.

"Those people weren't your friends, Jimin. You have to understand that. I don't know them, but from what you explained, I feel like they used to be nice because they hoped to get some kind of advantage through you."
Jungkook knows what he's talking about, sadly. He himself had learned the hard way that it's dangerous to be too trusting in this business and he chose his friends wisely ever since.
"B-But..." Jimin whispered quietly. Voice still unsure and insecure.
"What if it was my fault? What if I did them wrong somehow? Or maybe...maybe they simply said the truth. I mean, you and Taehyung like me. I know you wouldn't hurt me even if there was something wrong with me..."

"There's nothing wrong with you, though." Jungkook exclaimed with a frustrated groan. He didn't know how to make Jimin understand. Didn't know how to fix his confidence. But he would try, no matter how long it takes until the Omega recovers.
"It's really hard for me to imagine what someone like you could've done to offend them so much, and even if you did, that doesn't mean it's okay for them to say those things. What they did was
disgusting and you don't deserve that.
The Omega didn't object but stayed quiet, eyes fixed on the ground until Jungkook touched his cheek to get his attention.
This time, when he looked up, Jungkook instantly leaned forward to place a fluttering kiss on Jimin's nose, prompting the Omega to lift his hand and touch the tickling spot in confusion. "I love your nose." Jungkook then hummed softly, voice low and hushed, barely audible, but Jimin caught every word.
"It's small and cute, and there's a little bump that makes it even more adorable."
Before Jimin got a chance to react, Jungkook moved on to kiss the tender skin just beside his eyes.
"Those are the most beautiful eyes I've seen in my life. I could stare at them for hours. I love how they crinkle and disappear when you smile."
He went on to do the same with the Omega's cheeks, forehead, ears, and chin before allowing his mouth to hover over Jimin's lips.
"Your lips..." he stared, struggling to find the right words to describe just how mesmerizing Jimin's lips are.
"I want to kiss them all the time. They're so pretty. So soft." he finally whispers. Head once again dipping forward, halting only for a second to check whether Jimin is okay with it, but the Omega had already closed his eyes and was waiting patiently. Mouth opened slightly and body shaking in nervous anticipation.

Slowly and softly, their lips met. Only for a second at first, a simple touch, before Jungkook pulled away. But it didn't stay that way. They kissed again and again, mouths lingering longer each time until Jimin finally kissed back, lips moving just slightly at first until he started to nip shyly on Jungkook's lips. All tender and careful.
They had several heated kisses before, but this was perfect. Calming. Especially since Jungkook wasn't done yet.
His hands gently gripped Jimin's thighs, squeezing slightly while a smirk crept on his face and Jimin blinked slowly, flustered.
"And don't even get me started on your thighs or ass. There's nothing fat about them, in fact, they're so beautiful and sexy that it's really hard to keep my hands to myself! You don't even know how many Alphas stare when you walk past them. It's kinda annoying, to be honest. You should take how-to-not-be-totally-perfect-and-sexy lessons so I won't have to worry about all those hot guys who could try and flirt with you."

Jimin giggled. Finally.
Tears still sparkled in the corners of his eyes but his features definitely looked more relaxed than before. Jungkook released a relieved sigh while Jimin halfheartedly slapped his chest.
"You're too dramatic, Jungkookie."
The Alpha huffed, "Am not!" but Jimin's continuous chuckles made it hard for him to keep up the offended facade.
The teasing and laughing went on until Jimin sighed. Voice soft when he mumbled, "You're so good to me, baby. You don't even know me that well and still..."
"I know you better than you think."
Jimin frowned while looking up at the suddenly fidgeting young man.
"What do you mean?"
It took Jungkook a few moments to get his nerves under control but once he did he sighed and stuttered, "I...I knew you long before we met at the concert. Back then... when you still lived in Busan... at the dance studio..."
He stopped rambling and looked at Jimin's blank face instead. The Omega didn't seem to understand, so Jungkook tried a different approach. He took Jimin's small hand in his own, squeezing lightly while cutely tilting his head to the side.

The teasing and laughing went on until Jimin sighed. Voice soft when he mumbled, "You're so good to me, baby. You don't even know me that well and still..."
"I know you better than you think."
Jimin frowned while looking up at the suddenly fidgeting young man.
"What do you mean?"
It took Jungkook a few moments to get his nerves under control but once he did he sighed and stuttered, "I...I knew you long before we met at the concert. Back then... when you still lived in Busan... at the dance studio..."
"Hi." he muttered with a sudden shyness in his voice that wasn't there before.
Jimin blinked, still totally lost and unable to understand what's going on, but he still returned the gesture.
"Hi."
Another deep breath, and then Jungkook rattled down what had been on his mind for the longest time.
"My name's Kookie. I love to sing, that's why I wanna be an Idol one day. To be honest, though, I totally suck at dancing. Because of that, I already gave up on becoming a performer, but then I saw you through the window. I saw you dance, and you were so amazing! That's why I decided to try again, because I want to be as amazing as you. Please help me, park Jimin!"
He paused and watched anxiously how Jimin's eyes widened in sudden realization. His breath hitching and catching in his throat while his hands clasped tighter around Jungkook's.
He didn't say anything at first but then, hesitantly, his shaking voice filled the room.
"Kookie..."
Again, he fell silent, and Jungkook swallowed hard as he waited for more.
Jimin didn't disappoint him.
"I guess... I'll have to help you practice then." he whispered, still in awe, and Jungkook started beaming.
"I'd love to hear you play the guitar again, too!"

It took another minute of baffled stares before Jimin really came around and started squealing in excitement.
"No way! You can't be the same person, I don't believe it! I mean, you look so different! You can't tell me a pretty face like that was hidden behind that ugly fringe!"
"Yah!" the Alpha's eyebrows furrowed, face scrunching up as he pouted.
"My haircut wasn't that ugly..."
But Jimin only laughed. Sweet and high-pitched, and Jungkook couldn't find it in him to be mad when the Omega was finally loosening up and looking happy again.

"Wait..." Jimin frowned, and Jungkook tensed visibly because he could already imagine what's coming.
"That means...you knew who I was when you slept with me and you didn't say anything."
"Yeah... Sorry, Jimin. I didn't mean to hide it, but I was drunk and I didn't know how to bring it up... I thought we could talk later but... Well, things happened."
"Things happened." Jimin echoed. His cheeks flushing pink at the memories flooding his brain before he finally whispered, "That's crazy..." and with glistening eyes he added, "Holy shit, you really did it, Kookie...that's amazing! I'm so proud of you..."
"You can congratulate yourself on that because I wouldn't have done it without you. You believed in me when nobody else did, not even I myself, and that's what kept me going over the years."

There it was again. The blinding smile that made Jungkook's heart swell and his legs wobble, and suddenly he didn't care anymore.
He already did an emotional striptease, so he might as well tell Jimin everything, even though he still feared the Omega's rejection.
"I love you, Jimin."
They looked at each other. Jimin surprised and Jungkook a nervous wreck.
When Jimin didn't say anything, he felt the need to elaborate.
"I think I've already loved you when I first saw you...I know it sounds creepy, but I just knew you're the only one I ever want. Oh God...it really sounds weird, doesn't it...? Please, don't be grossed out! I swear I didn't do weird stuff while thinking of you! I just wanted to be with you, talk to you, and things like that."

A small hand covered his mouth. Jimin's hand.
The Omega didn't look like he'd be able to stop grinning any time soon and his scent was literally bursting with sugary satisfaction.

"Don't. You're not weird. I mean, I fell for someone I only knew from TV shows. That's a lot more strange if you think about it. And I'm sorry to say this, baby, but I actually did... 'things' while thinking of you. I might've jerked off to your picture once or twice." he paused. Bottom lip caught between his teeth while he watched the Alpha's face turn redder by the second.

"I might've thought about you while getting fucked, too. But in my defense...you're pretty hot." his voice turned into a low, raspy purr. Tongue swiping over his lips and eyes so piercing, they wouldn't allow the Alpha to look away. Taking him hostage with one sultry glance.

"I thought about what it would be like with you, Jungkookie...every time I-" Once again, Jungkook could only squeak. Less because of the embarrassment and more because, holy shit this can't be happening. Park Jimin isn't just confessing something like that to him!

But the Omega giggled away, totally amused and not bothered at all.

"You're so cute, baby. So innocent." he cooed softly while pecking his lips. "Did you really not sleep with anyone besides me even though all those pretty Omegas are literally throwing themselves at you? Like, not once? How is that even possible?"

With his head shaking, no, Jungkook dared to look at him again. Doe eyes big and round and so fucking deep, Jimin felt like he could lose himself in them.

"I'm not..." Jungkook started but felt the embarrassment dwell beneath his prickling skin again. The fear that Jimin wouldn't like a weird Alpha like him. But there was nothing but patient softness in Jimin's eyes as he waited. Giving Jungkook the confidence he needed.

"I'm not good with people...especially Omegas. I mean, I've always been shy but whenever I'm close to them I feel extremely uncomfortable. You're the only one who I feel good with, even when you touch or hug me. I usually can't stand that. Well...I'm okay with my Hyung's, too, of course. But it's different with them. They're different from you."

As he waited for Jimin's probably crushing verdict, he couldn't help but sniffle. Only once. But he hated himself for being so stupid. So weak. It's not how an Alpha should behave. Man up, his father used to yell.

Don't act like such whiny little bitch! You're a fucking Alpha damn it!

So Jungkook tried. He really did! It was just...hard. Always thinking about the right answer, the one that people wanted to hear, was exhausting. But he knew it was his job now. His fans liked him that way. The flirty, confident Maknae.

"I don't see anything wrong with being shy. It's not like you have to jump every Omega that crosses your way." Jimin meanwhile said while caressing the Alpha's cheek, and Jungkook instantly felt the need to kiss and hug him some more because he's just so perfect. A patient and understanding angel. Nobody should ever be allowed to hurt him.

"But...shouldn't I at least feel something when I look at them...?"

Jimin scoffed. Eyebrows rising in playful offence.

"You don't feel anything when you're with me?"

"Eh?! Of course I do! That's not what I meant..."

His panic was quickly soothed with more giggles as Jimin leaned closer.

"I know, I was teasing. It's just... your view on some things is kinda funny. A little screwed, too...but mostly cute."

Leaning back, Jimin thought for a moment before crawling to the Alpha's side. small, pudgy fingers playing with the rough material of Jungkook's jeans and the teasing touch had Jungkook suck in a sharp breath that made Jimin smile knowingly.

"Being an Alpha doesn't automatically mean you have to be a condescending asshole who treats Omegas like shit. You don't have to drool over all of them, either. I know many people see it that
way these days, but you won't find any biology book confirming stuff like that. It's just what society teaches us."

"But you said it, too. That you like a dominant Alpha..." Jungkook muttered with his head hanging low, lips pursed and eyes so confused, it made Jimin laugh.
"Well, yeah...but it's not like you aren't dominant. I'm not sure if you remember but you fucking held me up against a wall and growled at me while we had sex! Not to mention that you glare at other Alphas who do as much as look at me and you always try to make sure I'm safe. If that's not dominant, I don't know what is."
Jungkook ducked his head in shy embarrassment because, of course, he remembers. It's kind of impossible to forget about Jimin's drawn out moans and full lips that kept sucking bruises into the sensitive skin around Jungkook's neck. Leaving marks for days.
"It's not about your character but about your instincts." Jimin continued. "And believe me when I say, you're a perfectly healthy Alpha when it's about that."

The Omega cuddled into Jungkook's side, nuzzled into the crook of his neck, and purred softly when the singer dragged his fingers through the soft, black hair.

Then, a few minutes later, Jungkook awkwardly cleared his throat.
"Uhm...Jiminnie. I actually have to practice tonight, you know? Because I didn't do it earlier and I'm already lagging behind..."
"Oh...sure."

It wasn't hard to notice the wary glance Jimin threw at the mirror. Body stiffening once again when he stared at his reflection, but Jungkook quickly ended this by turning the lights off.
"Stop staring. You can judge me instead of yourself. Go, sit with your back to the mirror."
Jimin grumbled but did what he was told while Jungkook fiddled with his phone and searched for the music he needs.
It took him a while to get into the choreography, but Jimin could see how concentrated he was.
Totally focused on every step, every movement of his hands, arms, and even his expression.
He did it again and again until he managed to do it almost flawlessly.
Almost.

"Your foot..."
The Alpha froze upon hearing Jimin's unsure voice, eyes traveling to the boy who leaned with his back against the mirror. Legs pulled to his chest and chin resting on his knees.
He looked so horribly frail and small.
Jungkook blinked once.
"Huh?
"Uhm...I'm pretty sure your foot is supposed to point outwards, not inwards. It would look better at least."
"Oh."

He kept Jimin's words in mind while he went through the choreography one more time. After he finished, his gaze returned to the Omega who still looked up at him. Mixed feelings clearly painted on his face and eyes glistening.
Slowly, Jungkook stuffed his hands into the pockets of his jeans and walked towards the smaller and stopped right in front of him.
Both stayed silent. Breath held and eyes finding each other before Jungkook reached out, waited for Jimin to take his hand, and pulled him to his feet without ever letting him go.
"I wanted to ask you for years..." he whispered, and his gaze softened upon seeing the other's nervous expression.
"Well...but I guess even if I had asked back then, our dance teacher wouldn't have allowed me to blemish her favorite student's perfect reputation. Only the best were allowed to be your partner after
Another pause and then he threaded their fingers. A smile tugging on his lips while he studied Jimin's sparkling eyes.

"Park Jimin. Will you dance with me?"

The song changed to a sensual beat, and Jimin seemed more confident now, with the memory of how many people had asked the same question back then. So many eyes following him longingly. He smirked before leading the Alpha's hands to his hips and placing his own on Jungkook's shoulders.

"I hope you feel honored, Kookie. I wouldn't dance with every random person. I only chose you because I think you're very talented."

Before the Alpha even got a chance to reply, Jimin already rolled his body against his, hands sliding from the other's shoulders to his chest, and he threw his head back. Mouth opening with a barely audible moan that left Jungkook dazed and shuddering. The Omega circled his hips ever so perfectly, like the professional he used to be. Then he licked his lips, and playfully swirled around. Away from Jungkook.

It's always been like that. Despite being an Omega who was supposed to follow his partner's lead, it was always him who took control and lured Alphas, unpresented or not, with his teasing movements and small touches into coming after him.

Jungkook saw it before, and he was still captivated by the raw power behind Jimin's elegant movements. A mixture of ballet, contemporary, and hip-hop which, Jungkook is sure, only Jimin can pull off that effortlessly. He makes it look easy, like it's meant to be. Every move absolutely flawless. And the temperature in the room is rising, bodies burning up.

With the ending of the song, their moves also subsided into soft swaying motions combined with heated kisses. Jimin being caught between Jungkook's hard muscles and the wall in his back while his chest was heaving rapidly from exhaustion and lack of air.

He liked it, though, if the breathless sighs and whimpers were any indication.

"Jungkookie, my baby...my Kookie..." Jimin moaned between the smacking sounds of their sloppily meeting lips.

It was honestly surprising how much of an effect the old nickname had on both of them. It felt intimate, like a secret only the two of them know, a bond, and Jungkook growled possessively while nipping almost violently on Jimin's spit covered bottom lip.

Even the last bit of distance between them was closed when Jimin slung his arms around Jungkook's neck. Bodies flush to the point where every move they made felt like an explosion of endless sensations, and Jimin couldn't stop himself from wanting even more. Hips thrusting forward, into Jungkook's, in one harsh move. Leaving the taller gasping, his eyes fluttering shut upon feeling the delicious pressure on his cock.

Jimin's a tease. Always.

Once he tasted the pleasure of having Jungkook grind back against his rolling hips, he intensified the drag of their lower bodies even more. Already so close to ripping the clothes from the Alpha, desperate to get what he wants. The type of physical love and confirmation he needs.

Only for a moment did Jimin's gaze wander to the mirror again. Eyes squinting, but all he saw in the almost pitch-black darkness was a faint silhouette of their melting bodies. Jungkook was instantly there, fingers gentle on Jimin's jaw as he pulled the Omega's face around and into another kiss.

"You're pretty. Concentrate on me." he whispered into Jimin's shoulder, teeth dragging slowly over
soft skin, and the Omega's toes curled from the feeling and the words he was so desperate to hear.
"Say it again." he whimpered while Jungkook's mouth trailed to his collarbone, sucking harder.

 Enough to leave marks.
Upon hearing a shuddering sob in Jimin's hitching voice, though, he looked up, still panting.
"You're so pretty, Jimin."
Jimin's head fell into the crook of Jungkook's neck, cheeks wet and sticky while he inhaled the Alpha's comforting scent, and Jungkook held the small, shaking bundle tightly in his arms. Nose pressed into his fluffy hair while he kept praising.
"So, so beautiful and gorgeous, and all mine. Perfect for me."

Their heartbeats slowed, breaths stopped stuttering, and Jimin started nibbling softly on Jungkook's earlobe. Pulling teasingly on those pretty, silver piercings while his hands slipped under the Alpha's shirt. Eager to distract himself by feeling those perfectly sculpted and hard earned muscles under his fingertips.
He only stopped when Jungkook grabbed him by the waist and pushed him away, slamming Jimin into the wall with obviously more force than he meant to use. The Omega groaned from pain just as much as from arousal while Jungkook had to fight hard for self-control and whispered a strained, "No..."

Jimin gaped in utter confusion and disbelief, face scrunching up as he deadpanned, "No?"
He couldn't believe Jungkook rejected him like that and his body instantly tensed, chest feeling tight while his bottom lip wobbled.
He isn't usually that sensitive, but the whole evening had been an emotional rollercoaster already, and he was exhausted. His strength and the protecting walls around his heart broken down.
"You...you don't want me? Why?"
The sight threw Jungkook right back into a state of total panic, all pent up lust forgotten as he lifted his hands to cup Jimin's cheeks. Kissing every single tear away.
"No, no, no! Of course, I want you! You're so amazing, I don't think any Alpha in his right state of mind wouldn't. But...I want to do it right this time. In the right order." JMin sniffled but seemed to calm down, even though the confusion didn't leave his face.
"I don't get it. What do you mean?"
"I mean, I want to get to know you, kiss you, and take you on at least three dates before we have sex."

Silence followed until Jimin suddenly broke down, laughing. Even a few more tears spilled from his eyes while he leaned against the Alpha's chest. Unable to hold himself upright with the force that took a hold of his body. Unbelieving amusement showed on his face.
"Babe..." he gasped. "We're living together. Shit, we even sleep in the same bed! What do you mean, 'right order'? And who even does the 'three dates before having sex'-thing these days?"
The pout on Jungkook's face showed clearly how serious he was about the whole thing, so Jimin willed himself to calm down. Not wanting to hurt his feelings.
I don't care what everyone else does." Jungkook sulked cutely. "I want to do this properly. I want to court you, show you off to my family, and all that stuff."

Jimin's gaze softened at that. Heart fluttering and voice trembling.
"You wanna tell your parents about me?"
"Well, duh! They should know who I'm gonna mate."
A gasp followed those words, and Jimin's small hands clenched as he gripped Jungkook's sweater.
Eyes wide, pupils blown, and his scent pretty much exploding in the Alpha's sensitive nose.
He sounded hopeful, almost a little scared. So adorable.
Even though...it really irks Jungkook how desperate Jimin seems to be. Someone like him should have millions of possible mates, tons of Alphas who're ready to bow down and kiss his feet. They should be the ones begging, not Jimin.
"You would mate me?!” The Omega asks excitedly. "Like, officially?? With mating bite, documents, and in front of our parents and friends?! Even when...I have pups?"
The last comment had Jungkook laugh dryly, guilt once again tainting his features and mixing into his voice.
"Jimin...don't be ridiculous. They're MY pups. Why would I hold them against you?"
The Omega stayed quiet after that. Only a small whimper leaving his mouth when he stepped closer and pressed his face into Jungkook's chest. Silently asking for comfort and cuddles which Jungkook more than willingly gave him.

"You better take me out for the stupid dates soon, though." Jimin huffed after a while, the sass back in his voice and a sneaky smirk lighting up his tear drenched face.
"I bet you won't be able to hold back for that long anyway."
Frowning, Jungkook pulled away. Hands sliding suggestively to the Omega's ass, and mouth ghosting over Jimin's glistening, pink lips. A silent promise.
"Oh, don't worry, I can control myself. I'm not sure about you, though."
Jimin's huffed laugh turned into soft giggles, and finally a challenging smile.
"I can make you beg, baby. I'm ready to bet on it."
"Bet?" Jungkook's eyebrows shot up in interest. "What do I get when you lose?"
"Hmm..." Jimin hummed while biting his lips and mindlessly tugging on Jungkook's pants. Thoughts wandering as he tried to come up with a suitable prize.
"When I win...you have to write and compose a song for me." Is what he finally announced.
"And I have to do it for you if I lose."

Jungkook can live with that, no, he looks forward to it! After all, he never loses and the thought of hearing Jimin's soft voice while he sings the lyrics he wrote especially for him makes his heart explode in his chest.
Both of them love and live music. It's the most special way to communicate their emotions.
Fuck, he wants this. He wants it a lot.
"Alright. Whoever makes the other beg for sex first gets a song."

Giggling, Jimin nods.
"Yep. We still have to seal the deal, though."
Without giving him a chance to back out, Jimin grabbed a handful of Jungkook's hair to pull him down and into one last breathtaking kiss. Only for a second, though, and when he pulled away just enough to rub their noses together, he whispered, "From now until the end of our third date. Good luck, Jungkookie."
A wink followed before he ducked away under Jungkook's arm and disappeared through the nearby door, leaving a stunned and dazed Alpha behind.
A second later, Jimin's head popped back into the room. Voice all cute and alluring purrs.
"Come on, my big, strong Alpha. Take me home."

Hey! Sorry, I know it took me forever to write this chapter. xx
I'm not the biggest fan of this one, tbh, that's why I tried to change and tweak it over the past weeks. But I feel like the more time I spend on it, the less I like it, so I decided to just upload it now.
Besides...i can't wait to write the next chapter. ♡

Anyway, thanks for reading and commenting!

A week is what it took Jungkook to figure out how to safely escort the pups to their playmate sessions without being seen.
A week, and the help of his manager who looked everything but excited when Jungkook made him stop the car in front of the big brig stone building and shooed him outside, pushing the children after him. Once the three had safely entered the building, the singer slowly maneuvered the car towards the back entrance and followed.
It was 9 pm. Long past the usual closing time.
The loud and excited crowd of children that normally fills those rooms is replaced by a clearly smaller group of ten boys and girls, Alphas and Omegas, accompanied by their respective Alpha parent, or whoever decided to take their place.
His own pups looked rather lost, waiting all by themselves in a corner of the room. Clearly intimidated.
Upon seeing Jungkook, though, both of them scurried towards him. They whimpered shyly, faces hiding in the Alpha's arms and cheeks rubbing on his neck and wrists to get the protective scent on themselves. Tiny bodies quivering.
It caught Jungkook off guard how insecure they were. Seems like they don't do well with new situations and environments when Jimin isn't around.
Nobody looked at them, and he prays to God it'll stay this way.
Even if this is a small selection of idols, actors, models, and everything along those lines. People who probably suffer from the same lack of privacy Jungkook does. He still wasn't keen on small-talk.
Especially since he wasn't sure how to explain where the two eight year olds suddenly came from and why he hadn't cared for them before.

A few moments passed before a short, red-haired, Omega woman entered the room. She greeted children and adults with a small bow and lead the pups into a room right next to this one.
It would've been a nerve-wracking experience if it wasn't for the glass wall between the two rooms that left no space for Jungkook's vivid imagination as to what could happen behind closed doors.
Still, the twins didn't seem to approve of the whole situation as they sat quite far away from the group and tensed whenever another child came close.
Jungkook tried his best to calm them with his nose pressed against the glass. Cross-eyed.
And, indeed, Minju soon started giggling while his sister's cheeks reddened in embarrassment. She covered her eyes with her hands in hopes of making Jungkook disappear, and the Alpha chuckled to himself. Pleased with his father skills.
That was until a petite boy with hazlenut colored hair, and drawing supplies in his hands, sat down in front of his pups. Their attention shifted, and Jungkook couldn't stop the pinching feeling of jealousy that crept into his heart. Some unknown little person shouldn't interrupt the quality time he had with his two angels.

"Stop growling at my child, would you?"

Jungkook flinched. Growls fading into a soft whimper as he turned slowly. Chocolate orbs glancing up through dark lashes to see whose child he had irrationally threatened. "Uh...sorry..."

"Wait. Jeon Jungkook, is that you?"

Again, his body shrunk into itself and, oh God, he knows who this pretty face belongs to. Someone he'd rather not see right now.

"Ah...Taemin Hyungie... didn't know you've returned from your vacation..."

Seeing him smile felt surreal. A beaming grin that stretched over his face and spelled nothing less than happiness where, in Jungkook's opinion, shouldn't be any. But the elder made everything look much easier, simpler, than it actually was.

"Well, life has to go on at some point. I can't just sit around and cry all day. Not with Jungsu around anyway."

So this was his son, Jungsu. He sure grew a lot over the past year. Jungkook barely recognized him.

Taemin frowned slightly. A small motion that didn't stop him from looking even more dazzling. Whenever they met, Jungkook felt like the insecure trainee he used to be. With shuffling feet, tied tongue, and wide eyes whenever one of his more experienced Hyungs talked to him. Taemin was one of the few who didn't mind the younger's shyness. One of those who looked past the sometimes rude facade. He talked enough for both of them, initiated every hug, and didn't mind the silence that usually arose between them at some point. In a way, he had reminded Jungkook of Jimin. Gentle and fearless. Always willing to go the extra mile to explore someone else's real character and making sure they're okay.

He was comfortable to be around. Normally, that is. Right now, Jungkook was sweating bullets.

The problem wasn't that Taemin would judge him because of the twins or anything like that. No. It's way more serious. More severe. His brain felt empty, totally blank, and his mouth went dry at the thought of saying the wrong thing. Making him hurt more, even though, all he wants to do is to return the love and comfort he used to receive from the man in front of him.

But then again, nothing he says will change anything. Taemin's mate won't come back to life in some magical way. She died in a car accident one year ago and Jungkook had avoided his Hyung ever since out of fear to do or say something stupid. He simply didn't know how to handle situations like that.

They stood in silence as they observed how their children giggled and played. How they slowly got used to each other as if it's the most natural and easiest thing in the world. Well, it probably is. Sometimes it feels like Jungkook's the only one struggling.

Suddenly, Taemin spoke up, and Jungkook cursed himself for flinching again. For being so tense. "So..." The elder hummed softly. "Those are your..."

He paused. Eyebrows drawn together and lips pursed as he studied Minju's and Minji's faces. "Siblings?"

Snorting, Jungkook shook his head, no. His parents knew better than to produce another set of
demons. He and his brother already stole enough of their life energy, they used to say.
"Hmm...cousins?"
One more time, no, and this time his friend's eyes widened. A hand sneaking to his mouth as if to keep himself from yelling.
"Jesus, Jungkookie! Did I time travel or something?! Or maybe my vacation was longer than I thought, because I'm damn sure you didn't have children before I left! They look like six year olds or something!"
"Eight."
"No way! That would mean you were a baby when they were born!"
"Yes way. And don't overreact, I wasn't that young."

But Taemin still gapes. Their children must've been born around the same time, the same year at least, which is why he remembers the time very vividly. And, more importantly, he remembers what Jungkook was like.
A shy and insecure child, young adult if he's being generous.

The, back then, only recently presented Alpha had trouble warming up to other Idols and fans. People in general, really. Taemin saw him more than once at the edge of a crowd when they celebrated after a big show. Always nervous and tense.
Sure, it could've been puberty that led to the twins. Hormones and instincts. But no matter how hard he tries, Taemin can't imagine Jungkook being with any Omega in the world, no matter how pretty or tempting. Not when he's not even able to talk to them in private. Granted, they probably didn't need to talk much while creating those pretty, little sunshines, but still.

"You're not mated, though." he finally mumbled with a quick glance at what he could see from Jungkook's neck and shoulder.
"Did you break up or something?"
"We weren't together to begin with, Hyung. It was more like...a one time thing. Well, it wasn't, but it turned out that way. We only found each other again recently."

But his Hyung wasn't exactly satisfied with a half-assed explanation like that. Jungkook was a sweet boy, and he feared the younger could've found himself a lunatic. The type that sleeps with celebrities in hopes of getting pregnant and leeching off their money.
"It's been eight years, Jungkook. Why didn't he contact you earlier? I mean, you're on national television and not exactly hard to find."
"It's difficult..."
"I'm sure it's not. His Alpha probably left him, and now he needs someone else who takes care of him and the pups."
"It's not like that."
"You don't know that."

Taemin wasn't sure what he expected. It definitely wasn't the aggressive growl that slipped past the younger's lips, though, and neither was it the flashing red in his eyes. The clear warning.
"Don't talk about him like that, Hyung. He's a good person and he never asked for anything. He needs help, and I want to give him what he deserves. That's all. We aren't together or anything like that, don't worry."

Yes, they still haven't talked about their relationship status, and it's more than unnerving, but Jungkook isn't sure how to go about it. Courting someone turns out to be surprisingly difficult when you're not allowed to be seen together in public.

Then why do you get all protective over him, Taemin thought dryly, but decided against voicing those thoughts. Instead, he went a gentler route.
"Well...he must be a beauty for sure. Those pups are gorgeous and I doubt it's thanks to your genes." he teased. But instead of giving a snarky reply, Jungkook stayed awfully quiet. Eyes glazed and distant while a faint hint of a smile graced his lips.

"I agree."

"...Wait, what? You agree? Seriously?"

"Mhm. Jimin's gorgeous. A true beauty. No one can compare."

Taemin groaned.

"Uhu. And there's definitely nothing going on between you two. I get it."

As if he's read Jungkook's mind, Jimin called only seconds later. Video called him to be exact, and Jungkook rolled his eyes at the other's lack of trust.

"Are they okay?" Was the first thing the Omega threw at him. Eyes wide and watery, and Jungkook suddenly felt his chest tighten. Did he cry?

Behind the small male, Jin tried his hardest to peel Jimin away from the phone, only to get a growl and painful looking slap in return.

"Sorry, Gguk!" The eldest groaned. "I tried to keep him busy but he just won't calm down!"

Jimin whimpered at that, guilt washing over his features while Jungkook's heart clenched. It shouldn't be like that. His Omega shouldn't look so crushed and defeated when Jungkook isn't there to comfort him.

"I cooked for you..." Is what Jimin now whined sweetly. A small whisper that had Jungkook shudder. "Please come home...Alpha..."

The pain in his voice was unbearable and just as illogical. Jungkook sighed while he willed his purring Alpha instincts down.

"You don't have to bait me, Jimin. I don't plan on kidnapping your babies. We'll be back in an hour. Just sit down and relax. You can use my Xbox or computer. Play Overwatch or something."

"I'm bad at that stuff..."

"I'll teach you later. Come on, it's only an hour. You can do it. Be good for me, okay?"

Another whimper ripped Jungkook's soul into pieces and even if Jimin would've calmed down right now, Jungkook probably wouldn't be able to.

Suddenly, Taemin's head popped into the frame, making both boys flinch.

"Oh! You must be the dashing beauty Jungkook was drooling over earlier!" The older singer beamed. "Damn, I thought he was just bragging but you really are a pretty one! No wonder your pups look like that. I knew it couldn't be thanks to that dork."

He ruffled Jungkook's hair who growled and swiftly swatted him away, just to be startled by Jimin's sudden squeals. His eyes sparkling with excitement and cheeks flushed. A reaction Jungkook hadn't seen before, and he knew it was stupid, but it irked him that Taemin was the one causing it.

"Oh my God! Taemin-ssi, I'm your biggest fan!"

"Aww! That's cute, thanks for supporting me, sweets. You can call me Hyung if you want."

One more excited scream exited Jimin's mouth, head nodding violently and all worries forgotten.

Jungkook, however, was pouting. He puffed his cheeks, nose wrinkled.

"I thought you're MY biggest fan!" he accused. Voice a low whine that had Jimin giggle. He loved when Jungkook was acting cute and the Alpha would use it to his advantage if he had to.

"I was. Well, I still am." Jimin mumbled carefully. "But you know how disappointed and angry I was. Through his music I managed to get my mind off you."
And before Jungkook could think it through, before he could stop himself, he angrily blurted out, "Must be nice to be able to erase me so easily from your mind and run after someone else just because you need someone to stare at when you're horny."

Silence.
The words felt bitter, like venom on Jungkook's tongue, and he regretted his emotion fueled action immediately because Jimin was staring wide-eyed, baffled, before his face turned crimson. Bottom lip quivering.
He was close to exploding, Jungkook could tell, and Taemin's muffled laughs didn't help.

"Jeon Jungkook." the Omega growled. "Can you stop being such a goddamn brat and grow the fuck up?!"
His tone was sharp, frightening, and Jungkook lowered his gaze submissively, head hanging low.
A helpless whine sat tight in his throat and he clearly struggled with himself. The fear of losing Jimin finally winning over the Alpha in him who wanted to fight back and turn the Omega into an obedient mess because he belongs to him. Only him. How dare he flirt with someone else?
Terrified by his own thoughts, Jungkook shook his head and mumbled a shaky, "S-Sorry..." and, before the situation could escalate, the eldest of the three jumped to the younger Alpha's rescue, a calming hand on his shoulder and gaze wandering to the shaking screen of the phone.
Jimin looked offended and his scent must be tainted with the sourness of his distress because there's quiet shuffling in the background, soft mumbles. The other Alphas at home clearly tried to calm the shaken Omega. It's a natural instinct, but the thought of it only added to Jungkook's insecure anxiousness.

"Don't be mad at him. Jungkookie isn't used to this." Taemin tried to soothe and, thankfully, it seemed to help. All anger soon faded from Jimin's face while a soft, acknowledging, sigh left his lips. He could see how hard Jungkook tried, and he was aware of the struggle inexperienced Alphas often went through because of their raging instincts. Some of Jimin's first relationships, all of them playful and innocent, had ended pretty badly because of it.
But that was before Jungkook. Before Jimin had liked someone enough to actually work for a relationship. Enough to have some empathy, and not just throw everything away because it's too much trouble.

"I know..." is what he finally brings himself to mumble. "Can I...please see the twins? Only for a second."
As if it was an order, not a question, Jungkook nodded his head furiously, and he almost stumbled while turning his phone towards the glass wall. Giving Jimin a chance to soak up the peaceful picture in front of him.

His children were sprawled over the floor, totally relaxed and visibly content, as they rummaged through a mountain of crayons before diving back into their own little world.
Jungsu continued to act fussy around them. Making faces and tugging on Minju's hair, begging for attention, even though the boy blatantly ignored him. His sister, at least, let a few delighted giggles slip.
It was the moment when Jimin allowed himself to relax. He released a shaking breath, prompting Jungkook to face the Omega again.
"Satisfied?"
He nodded and, finally, treated Jungkook to one of his blinding smiles.
"Yeah, more than satisfied. It looks like they're having fun. Thank you, Jungkook. Seriously, thanks for bringing them."
He meant every word he said, the gratefulness in his tone made it obvious even without being able to
sniff his scent, and Jungkook felt like jelly. Knees almost giving up while a shy smile spread on his face, mirroring the Omega's.

Minutes passed and while Taemin was more than amused by how the two could stare at each other for ages without uttering a single word, he still couldn't help the need to tease his usually so cold and controlled friend. Scratching on his perfect facade simply to get a reaction or two. Nudging closer, he claims their attention by waving a hand between them, which draws a dissatisfied whine from the younger who he interrupted from counting the specks of gold in Jimin's brown eyes. The Omega himself giggled happily, amused and delighted to be the cause of Jungkook's blanked out mind and lightheadedness. Seeing the Alpha being so gone for him, so utterly whipped, made him feel special. Loved. He really, honestly, enjoyed those moments the most. More than anything else in the world.

Taemin sighs dreadfully. The corners of his mouth pulled one extra tad downwards just to make sure he looks as sorry as he sounds. "I don't wanna interrupt, but..."
He glanced at the younger Alpha who shot him a burning glare. Nose scrunching and lips pushed forward, obviously pouting. He could've yelled, "Then why do you?!" and it would've been the same thing.

"But!" Taemin straightens up, eyes sparkling in sneaky mischievousness.
"It's my fault that poor Jiminie got in trouble with you...and I feel bad. I should take him out for a lunch date and apologize.

Lunch... Date?
Jungkook blinked blankly as he tried to comprehend the meaning behind those two words, the second one being even more annoying and irritating than the first. He wants to take his Jimin on a date? His cute, innocent Jimine who showers the world with his sweet smiles and cuddles against him at night. His Omega. His mate.

The more he thought about it, the darker his expression was. Clouded, until a spray of red surged into his eyes and exploded in his iris. The growl erupting from his throat was much lower now, threatening.
"No, you can't."

Jungkook heard Jimin gasp but, frankly, he didn't care. There was only so much he'd tolerate and leaving his Jimin alone with another Alpha who was almost as flirty as the Omega himself simply wasn't an option. No thanks.
Not when Jimin was still recovering from all his emotional scars from the past. When he's still so frail and easy to trip.
That's what the Alpha in Jungkook hissed, at least. Realistically, he knew Jimin wasn't weak. Knew that he didn't need and even less appreciated to be caged by an overly protective Alpha.

But his rationality was weak, his instincts strong, and before he knew it, he had his Hyung grabbed by the collar while he was openly and shamelessly snarling at him.

Taemin didn't flinch. Not one bit. His face was a canvas, empty and void of any emotion. A real poker face.
"Why not, Jungkookie?"
And the younger's answer was instant, filled with almost innocent honesty and fueled by possessiveness.
"Because he's mine. My mate. Only I get to touch, smell, and kiss him. I'm the one who takes him on lunch and dinner dates. I love him, and I won't give him to you!"
Suddenly, his gaze cleared. Expression faltering and voice hitching weirdly. Like a helpless pup
that's about to be punished. Shit. Jimin's gonna hate him. "U-Unless h-he wants to g-go..."

"Jungkook-ah..." Flinching, the young Alpha turned his head, ready to face Jimin and accept his cruel fate, just to see the Omega's head lowered. Hair falling into his face, hiding his pretty features, but he still noticed the flaring red burning all over his cheeks, and nose. Oh God. Jungkook wanted to whimper like a kicked pup. Wanted to curl up behind his mom and hide in her shadow. He's dead. So. Fucking. Dead. Jimin doesn't even look at him, and Jungkook is sure he must be so mad.

"You better come home soon, Jeon Jungkook. I'm waiting."

With that, the call abruptly came to an end, leaving Jungkook stunned and with held breath. Body shaking. "Hyung..." he whispered, almost whined, and Taemin's eyebrows shot up in a questioning manner while he pried the younger's stiff fingers off his collar. "He...he'll kill me, Hyung..."

A definitely inappropriate laugh and a brotherly slap on the back answered him. The amused twinkle in the elder's eyes was not what he had expected. "Gguk..." he chuckled. "Believe me, I know what a pissed Omega looks like and that wasn't it. I bet everything I own that you, my friend, will be a very, very happy Alpha tonight. Don't worry, you can thank me later. Take me on a dinner date or something."

He winked.

Embarrassment washed over him, and Jungkook wanted nothing more but to disappear. But still, he couldn't bring himself to believe in his Hyung's positivity and adamantly shook his head. "No. I'm sure he cuts me into pieces and throws me into the next ocean he can find. The twins will never know who their fath-"

"Appa!"

Jungkook froze completely. Scared his ears might've deceived him, but even more frightened they didn't. It was clearly Minji's desperate voice reaching out to him, there's no mistaking it. He felt it tugging on his heartstrings.

When he turned towards the glass wall he must've moved at lightning speed, but to him it felt like slow-motion. Every nerve in his body, every instinct, was screaming at him to protect, protect, protect.

But, surprisingly, it wasn't his sobbing daughter who found herself in trouble. Instead, Minju was the one cowering on the ground with Taemin's son, Jungsu, on top of him. Biting him.

Jungkook had a hard time controlling himself. He growled and snarled, eyes burning red, and he would've stormed into the room next door to take his children away from any potential danger if it wasn't for Taemin holding him in place. "Jungkook, don't." he said firmly. "They've got it under control, everything's okay."

Indeed, some of the employees already jumped to separate the two boys and Jungkook relaxed slightly. A sigh leaving his chest before he frowned.
What was that? Alphas only bite each other when they battle for dominance but not at that age, and definitely not around the neck and shoulder area. This place is reserved for mates, they should know it instinctively.

Either way, the children soon calmed down and hesitantly returned to whatever they were doing before. Everyone but Minju, that is. The boy looked confused, a little pale, and definitely just as uncomfortable as Jungsu who was placed beside him again. They didn't want their meeting to end with a bad experience, the employees said.

Minji was still wary, though, maybe more than Jungkook and Minju together, because she stayed unnaturally closer to her brother the whole time. It was cute, especially when she protectively took his hand, or rubbed their cheeks together to calm him.

Seeing this made Jungkook feel just a little bit lighter because the way they comforted each other was...Jimin. How they scented their cheeks first, then wrists, and finally neck, when most people could barely be bothered to scent their relatives necks alone properly. It was a family thing, and seeing the children copy it made him feel warm. Proud.

"We're really sorry!" Taemin yelled for the umpteenth time. He was being overly dramatic in hopes of animating his son to do the same, but the boy didn't budge, only sucked thoughtfully on his bottom lip while staring blankly at a red cheeked and quiet Minju who, in turn, stared at his feet to avoid the other's gaze.

After clearing his throat several times, without any result, Taemin gave up. This time he simply grabbed his son by the neck and pushed him down, into a bow. His button nose almost hit the ground.

"We're really sorry! Biting Juju was wrong!"

It was more of a growl this time, a warning, but instead of parroting his father's words, Jungsu simply wiggled free and ran away to get his clothes and shoes.

Taemin sighed, defeated, and despite being so worried about Minju, Jungkook felt bad for him. The sudden tiredness in his eyes, the resignation, was hard to ignore.

"Seriously. I'm sorry this happened." the elder finally stated while rubbing his temples. Eyes twitching under the pain that instantly spread and made him groan. Another one of those stress induced headaches.

"I don't know what he was thinking...actually, I rarely understand what's going on in this little head of his these days. He used to be much more open about his feelings and problems but ever since my mate is gone..." he stopped himself and his eyes looked distant, glassy, before he finally shook his head and seemed to return to the present. Lips pressed into a tight line.

"She was good at making people talk even if they didn't want to. I'm not, and it shows. I'll try, though, and I hope he'll apologize next time. What he did wasn't right."

Jungkook slowly shook his head, voice stiff but without anger while he carded his hands through his children's fluffy hair, making them instinctively lean into the touch.

"Don't worry about it, that's exactly why they're here. To learn how to control their instincts and how to treat others." There was a moment of total silence before Taemin nodded, halfheartedly, but he looked a little less worried nonetheless.

"Right..." he glanced at the twins before lowering himself to be on eye level with them. Smiling warmly.
"You two are so nice and patient. Two little angels. And you behave so well..."

Jungkook couldn't stop himself from snorting before he shrugged.
"Don't fall for it. They get in more than enough trouble, they simply don't get caught as much."
Laughing, Taemin nodded while watching Minji's ears turn red. Lips falling into a pout, but she didn't disagree.
"Yeah, I can picture it. But you still did a good job raising them."
"No," Jungkook hummed truthfully.
"Jimin did. They only turned out this way because he worked really hard and because he loves them to death. He's amazing."
"Eomma is the best!" Minji agreed proudly before nudging her brother who hummed in agreement, even though he still looked rather absentminded and confused. Eyes still glistening.

Later, Taemin was already waving his hand in goodbye, when Jungkook held him back with a nervous, "Wait, Hyung!"
The elder stopped, surprised, and Jungkook wrecked his brain for the right thing to say. A way to convey what he feels.
Jimin would know. He's good at reading people, at telling them what they want to hear.
He swallowed down the anxiousness and tried to, mentally, hold onto the picture of Jimin's beaming smile. The smile that had always given him strength when he struggled.

"Hyung...thank you for...always taking care of me." he finally muttered. Hands clenching and releasing the rough material of his jeans. "Also...I'm sorry. I know it's late, but I'm so sorry for what happened to your mate. If you ever need help...please don't hesitate to call me."

It took a while for the surprised expression on Taemin's face to fade, but when it did, it was replaced with a smile that was brighter than before. More honest.
"Jungkook-ah..." the elder's voice broke as he stepped closer and hugged him tightly.
"Thanks, Pup. Now, go home quickly and have fun with the Omega you're so head over heels for. Make sure to love and kiss him lots, claim him properly, and enjoy the time you have together, okay? Don't make him wait, you never know what could happen."

They left the house in the same way they arrived. Quiet and in secret. But while the car used to be filled with buzzing excitement before, it's now eerily quiet.
"So..." Jungkook said as carefully as possible while turning around to look at the twins, not bothered by his manager who minded his own business and was busy driving.
"Can someone explain to me what exactly happened?"
When no answer came, he decided to turn towards his daughter first since she was usually the first to break down, despite being the bigger troublemaker of the two.
"Appa. That's what you said, wasn't it?"
And, sure enough, it took only one more second, and a slightly stern, fatherly glare that Jungkook had practiced for hours in front of a mirror, for the little girl to start bawling.

"I-I'm sorry...I know it's supposed to be a secret but I was scared and Juju didn't move...and I thought he was d-dead!"
"Shh... Alright, alright."
After shushing the little girl by tugging on her snotty nose, Jungkook calmed her with playful smile
which his daughter instantly mirrored. Only now did he dare to dig a little deeper into the issue.
"I'm not mad, so stop crying, princess. Yes, it's a secret, but not between us. Not between family. Since when did you know?"
"I... I don't know. We smelled you and just knew."

Yeah, that makes sense. Pups are supposed to find their parents by scent, after all. Jungkook should've thought about that instead of lying to his children. He sighed and turned his attention towards his son. The boy didn't look like he followed the conversation. Instead, he leaned with his head against the window, cheek pressed against the glass, and eyes following the scenery outside.
"Juju."
He flinched, despite the soft tone his father used, and his dark eyes suddenly looked a lot more wary. Insecure.
It made Jungkook wonder if it was really just the bite that had disturbed him so much, or maybe something else.
It shouldn't have been a painful encounter, at least. Not with those baby fangs.
"What happened?"

Instead of giving him any kind of explanation, Minju stared quietly. Bottom lip tortured by his teeth, and hands scratching nervously over the leather seat beneath him, before he simply looked away. Not interested in talking, clearly.

In the end, it was Minji who decided to spill the beans and she explained hesitantly how Jungsu kept talking to her brother even when the latter rarely reacted. Juju was like that. Jungkook discovered quickly how hard it is to get his attention once he's really into something. Especially drawing or taking pictures. He couldn't blame him, though, since he was the same and it was usually Jimin who took it upon himself to scold the boy. Always telling him to be careful and more attentive. To not get lost or run into things, and how dangerous it is to climb on something just to get the perfect shot.
Funnily enough, Jungkook usually felt like those words weren't only directed at the child, but also himself, which made him often lower his head with a guilty frown. A gesture that made Jimin smirk, a knowing glint glistening in his eyes.

Anyway, it seems like Jungsu wasn't one to give up easily. Again and again did he try to get the other boy's attention. Would cling to him, or ask him to play a game. Minji said she offered to play with him instead, but he wanted Minju, no matter what. It seems like, after getting ignored for a while, he got frustrated. From there, it went from cuddling, to pushing Juju down, to playful growls and rolling around.
It's nothing unusual, the playful testing of boundaries. First tries to show off their strength in hopes of earning a higher and more respected rank in their pack hierarchy. Not that it matters these days. They live in cities rather than packs, and people are respected for far more things than raw strength, but still...hints of their instincts, their history, still exist.
However, biting each others neck isn't something pups usually do. Even when being really angry, it would be more natural and logical to go for the throat and not the delicate place that's reserved for their future mate's bite.
It made no sense.
Coming home should've been a nice experience. Comforting, with peaceful silence, his loving friends, and the bed he couldn't wait to drown himself in.
What Jungkook didn't expect, and didn't appreciate, however, was the sight of Jimin on the couch, curled up against Namjoon's side. He looked tired, his eyes drooping, while the Alpha carded a calming hand through his soft locks.

Upon hearing the front door, though, the Omega's head perked up. Eyes instantly big and sparkly, and Jungkook easily forgot about the bitter taste of jealousy on his tongue because Jimin's signature sunshine smile, and enthusiasm, left no room for negative emotions. None whatsoever.
The smaller jumped to his feet and ran towards him, arms open wide, and Jungkook felt his head spin from the sweetness that assaulted his nose. A scent filled with love, adoration, and obvious relief that had him smile dumbly, but happily, as he returned the gesture and opened his arms as well. Ready to take everything Jimin was willing to give him which was....

Apparently nothing.

Much to the young Alpha's confusion, Jimin passed him without a single glance and, instead, rushed to the twins who he quickly engulfed in a tight embrace. Sobbing and crying about how glad he is to see them safe.
Now, Jungkook understood the other's worries and the need to make sure his babies are okay. Really, he did. And no, he definitely wasn't jealous.
Okay. Maybe a little bit.
But still, he patiently waited for the squeals and hushed endearments to quiet down. Hour after hour, until a small tug on his sleeve startled him awake from his light slumber. He was sitting on the ground, cross-legged, while Jimin was crouching in front of him with his legs pulled to his chest and a fond smile on his face. Small paws pressed against his cheeks.

"Hello, Alpha brat." He hummed in a teasing tone while leaning forward to casually peck his lips, and Jungkook blinked.
He was sleepy and confused. Head cute-ly tilted to the side as he uttered a raspy, "Hey..." which made Jimin giggle as sweet as always, before he switched to a more sultry, tempting gaze. Eyes hooded and voice a soft purr. Filled with promises.
"Let's go to your room. I want to show you something."
Chapter 12

Thank you so much for all the lovely comments guys! I really enjoy them and I feel so bad for not answering most of them these days; ;w; I only have internet a few times a week and I usually use those times to catch up on bts... So yeah... And I still haven't watched all the run episodes ugh~
Anyway, I'm extremely thankful for all the support! ♡♡♡ I'll try my best to work harder!

Btw, those are the last waves of fluff before all the smut and some more angst happens haha~ enjoy it while you can.

"Are you going to kill me?!"
That's the first thing Jungkook asked after entering his room and watching how Jimin pushed the door shut behind them, making the Omega laugh out loud.
"Babe...I won't kill you. I'm not that crazy. I mean, I might eat you up, but I doubt you'd mind that.”
Gasping, Jungkook shook his head. Cheeks flushed, and gaze glued to the ground. A desperate attempt to calm his excitement before his mouth falls open because Jimin lets himself fall onto the bed. Arms reaching out, making grabby hands, and eyes glistening. His legs shifted easily. Thighs parting and falling open just as gracefully as he moved through every part of his life, and his voice was softer than velvet. More dangerous, and commanding than a lions roar but just as alluring.
"C'mere."
When the singer didn't move, Jimin puffed his cheeks, pouting. "Alpha..."
The word alone was enough to make Jungkook choke, overwhelmed by their aroused scents filling his room, even more when his Omega put on a show for him. Only for him.
But he still couldn't believe this was real, and his dazed gaze scrunched up into a disbelieving frown.
Does Jimin test him? Play with him? What does he expect him to do?
"I want you to cuddle me, Alpha."
Still stunned by the almost surreal situation, Jungkook slowly moved closer. Hands violently fisting the annoyingly innocent looking, white blanket before he climbed after the smaller just to feel Jimin's hands caress his cheeks as soon as he was able to reach, pulling him into another lazy kiss.

"Uh...Jiminnie?"
The Omega hummed in reply. He had settled on top of the Alpha, hands on his softly heaving chest and head resting on top of his paws while his feet lazily dangled above his butt and lower back. Upon hearing Jungkook's unsure voice, though, he cracked one eye open.
His legs stopped moving while the short fingers on Jungkook's chest started tapping.
"Mmh? What's wrong, babe?"
It was distracting, the feeling of Jimin's teasing fingertips through his thin sweater. Tickling and scraping.
"Uhm...this is nice and all, but aren't you mad at me?"

The tapping stopped and, at the same time, Jimin's hair tickled Jungkook's neck in the most torturous way possible as he lifted his head to throw a playful glare at the Alpha.
"Dunno. Should I be mad, Jungkookie?"
A frantically shaking head answered him. Jungkook's lips were shut tight, eyes big, and Jimin just couldn't hold it in anymore. He started laughing.
"Don't look at me like that. I'm just kidding."
"Oh..."
The hint of disappointment in Jungkook's voice drew another giggle out of the smaller before he rolled over, upper body hanging over the edge while he grabbed something from under the bed.
"I wasn't kidding about having a surprise, though. Wanna see?"

The dazed hum Jungkook absentmindedly replied with might have been a little too obvious, too telling, because Jimin halted in his movements. Hands and head still half-way beneath the bed and perky butt up in the air, right in front of Jungkook's face. The Alpha's eyes were glued to the pretty swell. Admiring the roundness until Jimin purposefully wiggled his behind, earning him a small gasp.
"You're not staring at my ass, babe, do you?"
"N...No...?"
"Good. 'Cause only a pervert would do something like that."
He wiggled some more, acting as if he struggled to get back onto the bed, before he finally turned around to the sight of Jungkook's burning cheeks, slack jaw, and glazed eyes.

Jimin smirked, voice reduced to a soft purr and hand combing through the Alpha's brown locks.
"Look at you. Such a naughty little liar. Bad, bad Alpha."
An embarrassed signature bunny squeak was followed by a whine, and a half-moan, when Jimin pressed his warm plush lips against Jungkook's. Barely moving, just holding still and enjoying the feeling, the delicious pressure, before pulling away with a quiet smacking sound.

Neither of them had bothered to switch the lights on. Only the lanterns, or passing cars from outside the window, cast a soft glow onto their skin. Half lidded eyes glistened, and only their breaths provided a constant background noise. It didn't sound erratic, the short, shaky, pants. A little nervous, maybe.

"Do you know what this is?"
Jimin's question sparked confusion in the Idol who found himself staring at a pair of wine glasses, one in each of the Omega's hands.
"Uh...it's a glass."
The smaller giggled.
"Yes, but that's not what I meant."
Then, after putting them down, he pointed at a plate with chocolate cookies, grinning widely.
"Is this supposed to be a picnic or something...?" Is Jungkook's unintelligent comment, much to Jimin's disappointment. The Omega puffs his cheeks, pouting, before slapping the taller's chest and huffing, "It's a date, Jungkookie! A date!"
Now, that's enough to leave Jungkook wide eyed and sputtering. A reaction that ends Jimin's sulky mood instantly, replacing it with a satisfied smile.

"You've been so busy these days. I thought instead of going outside, we could have a little date night at home. Do you like it?"
"I like it!" Jungkook yells without having to think for a second, only to hesitate shortly after.
"I'm not the biggest fan of wine, though..."
Jimin laughs at that, head playfully cocked to the side, eyes twinkling. "Oh, really? You should at least try before you judge, though."
And then, he fills one glass. Lips finding the edge as he took a few sips and swallowed. The small movement of his Adams apple was sharply followed by the Alpha's gaze. Eyes showing clear interest. Soon, Jimin leaned closer again. Lips connecting and moving away several times before the Omega bit Jungkook's bottom lip, luring him into opening up, tongue slipping in without any resistance.
Both moaned and whimpered as they fought for dominance but Jimin soon surrendered. His body went boneless in Jungkook's hold, eyes closing while he allowed Jungkook to lick into his mouth, fully at his own pace, tugging and sucking on his tongue.
He never planned to put on a fight, anyway.

"So? How is it?" The smaller asks once they part, every word accentuated by his riled up, heavy breath. He hooks his thumbs into the belt loops of Jungkook's jeans, pulling ever so often simply to get a reaction. Gasps and moans, mostly.
"Sweet..." Jungkook finally mumbles in an attempt to answer the question, making Jimin giggle again, eyes falling into crescents.
Jungkook loves the sound, loves the sweetness of Jimin's voice and the way he can instantly tell whether the smile is real or not.
Jimin's taste, sounds, looks, never failed to make him feel dizzy. High, like he's floating above the ground.

"Are you sure it's the wine and not me that's sweet?"
And there it is again, the teasing spark in those pretty eyes that has Jungkook groan in desperation. He won't let it show, though. After all, two can play this game and Jungkook's never far behind when it's about driving someone crazy.
"Dunno." He shrugs innocently. "Guess you'll have to let me try again. Give me a preview."
"A preview, huh." Jimin snorts, knowing exactly what the other has in mind, but he's ready to play along anyway.
His fingers dip into the glass, thoughtfully, until he drowns two of them in the red liquid and swirls them around.
Then, he presses the digits against Jungkook's lips until they part and pushes them inside just to pull out again. Slowly. Jungkook swallows around them, hot tongue dragging along the skin. Eyes never leaving Jimin's.
Not once.

"Enough?"
Jungkook shakes his head, no, and the Omega licks his lips before pulling his sweater over his head and reaching, once again, for the glass. He wets the same fingers, and drags them across his shoulder. His collarbone. Even over the sensitive scent glands, which has the taller growl for half a second because the disgustingly strong smell of wine effectively taints Jimin's usually so delicious scent.
He's over it soon enough, though, when the head of the small male in front of him rolls back. Eyes closed, neck and chest, and everything bare for him to see. For him to touch.
And touching he does. Without hesitation he leans closer, licking through the red mess, over boiling skin, and it burns. Like a fire, slowly licking up and swallowing their bodies whole.
It's so overwhelming, Jungkook has to grip Jimin's hips for leverage. Clutching hard enough to leave bruises.

"How is it?" Jimin asks again, panting harshly with every lap of the Alpha's tongue. There's a growl rumbling in the deepest depths of Jungkook's throat in response. Low and possessive, and so fucking dominant, it makes Jimin mewl in desperation.
"Say it again! What you said on the phone, I mean." He begs when Jungkook doesn't attempt to answer the first question. It takes the Alpha a whole while to understand the demand in itself but then it finally clicks and he stops licking the sweetness from Jimin's skin in favor of ravishing his lips. "Mine. My Omega. My mate."

The words alone are enough for Jimin's body to prickle in excitement. He moans, neck bared obediently at the implication of Jungkook marking and claiming him as his. He wants it so bad. Would want it, if it wasn't for the stupid bet.

He's too stubborn, too competitive, to give up on the prize. To give in and be the first to beg.

"It's the second." Is what he forces himself to say instead, and Jungkook looks up at him, unsure. "Second?"

"Second date. Well, only if we count the midnight dates at the dance studio as firsts. That means we have one to go. Joonie said tomorrow is your last day off, after that you have to go back to your old schedule. So, you better think of something nice."

Whimpering at the thought of not being able to see his future mate and children, Jungkook bumped his nose against Jimin's jaw, on a quest for affection, and was rewarded with several adoring pecks in return.

"Cookies. Eat them." The Omega then sighs. He doesn't want to stop, his body being even less willing than his mind, but he knows things will spiral out of control when they continue. It's already amazing to him that Jungkook hasn't simply pushed him down, yet. Patience isn't usually a trait Alpha's possess. Right now, though, Jimin feels like he's the one lacking morals and self-control and, to be honest, it makes him feel more than a little uneasy.

Ever since he discovered that Jungkook is the same person from his past, the same sweet child, his fogged memories had gradually started to clear up. He remembered how curious he was when the boy entered his class. Remembered the way his skin had prickled whenever the newcomer stared at him, always so amazed and fascinated. Eyes filled with something more. Something warm and comforting.

The truth is, Jimin was aware of the other's interest. He enjoyed the attention and the way Jungkook seemed to be utterly amazed by everything he did. It excited him and filled him with confidence. He didn't know why that is, of course, but he might've moved with a bit more intent than usual. A bit more elegant just to impress and get a reaction that'll boost his ego, making him feel good.

Now, however, he isn't sure how to feel about his behavior back then. He had always understood that Jungkook was a rather shy and innocent pup. Less experienced and socially awkward despite being the same age while Jimin had always been playful and ready to use his flirty cuteness to get what he wants. It feels a bit like manipulation. As if Jimin lured him into falling in love simply out of curiosity. If it wasn't for him, Jungkook could've fallen in love with someone better, someone less damaged.

But, obviously, they were both children without a plan or experience. Neither of them could've possibly known how much this fateful encounter would really affect them in the long run. Jimin especially had no idea.

He didn't know what it's like to be in love, how it feels to really, honestly care about someone. Someone special.

Now he does.

In fact, he already realized with a start that, even if there was someone who could be a better pick for the idol, Jimin still wouldn't want to let him go.
For the Omega it was a steady evolution from interest, to like, to appreciation, trust, adoration, and now love. The longer they're together, the more his feelings grow. There's even a hint of possessiveness which is just as thrilling as it is scary because it's a trait Jimin used to hate on others but can't fight in himself.

He sighs, eyes wandering to the object of his desire who's munching away on the cookies Jimin had lovingly baked with only a little help from Jin. He looks so happy, Jimin observes with mild amazement. Happy and calm, as if he wasn't just kissing and licking Jimin's body in a way that made it look like it's the only food he needs for the rest of his life.

Jungkook had tucked a cookie between his bunny teeth, one half hidden behind those pretty lips, the other poking out temptingly. He looked adorable. So much so that Jimin couldn't help but touch. It wasn't much, only his fingertips on the taller's forehead, brushing away his caramel hair and purring when Jungkook looked up in curious interest.

"Sorry. You looked cute." Jimin drawls, and Jungkook hums softly in response. He leans closer, the sweet treat still secured between his teeth. A silent invitation. It's become a habit by now, sharing their food that is. While Jimin feels a lot more comfortable knowing he won't have to work through more than half a meal, Jungkook is just glad they've managed to establish some kind of routine. It's probably not the healthiest way to cope, but it's something.

They start tasting each other again, always under the pretense of cleaning their lips from chocolate and crumbs. Small nips and licks. Messy kisses. Jimin holds onto Jungkook's shoulders who, in turn, rests his palms on the Omega's thighs. The pace is slow, gentle, even when Jimin eagerly climbs into his Alpha's lap, hands finding Jungkook's neck to pull him closer, tongues sliding deeper.

"Do you give up?" Jimin mumbles while rolling his ass against Jungkook's crotch, effectively pulling some gasps and moans out of him. "Never." Jungkook replies with a smirk. He grabs Jimin's butt to cheekily squeeze the soft globes, enjoying the way Jimin's mouth falls open, expression going blank in a helpless attempt to look unaffected. "What about you? Ready to beg, yet, Jiminie?"

A high-pitched and pretty laugh erupts from the smaller's throat, hips grinding and circling desperately even though his voice is almost eerily calm. Expression switching back to smug after recollecting himself. "You wish, Baby boy. I can keep going like this forever, you know? How about we make this quick and change the rules, hm? Whoever gets the other off first wins."

His words are accompanied by another nasty body wave. One that has Jungkook's clothed dick press against the small dip between Jimin's ass cheeks. God, he can feel it even through both of their pants. Every curve. The maddening friction.

Jungkook groans, head falling back just as his mouth drops open to supply a constant string of heavy pants, and needy whines. He looks wrecked, feels like it, too, and he knows he won't be able to win this challenge, so he pushes Jimin away and makes him roll over, away from him.

Now, Jimin lounges on the other side of the bed.
The Omega lies on his stomach with his chin resting on his hands and a winning smirk on his face. "No changing rules now." Jungkook finally huffs, breathless, before climbing from the bed in a weak attempt to get away from the lewd sight that, slowly but surely, breaks his self-control.

Jimin turns him into a total mess, he thinks with a small smile while looking for shorts to wear after showering.

Jimin who smiles flirtatiously, eyelashes batting against golden skin, and eyes sparkling, delighted. His top half is still naked, skin covered in blotchy red wherever Jungkook had sucked the wine from his body, and the Alpha instantly feels how the heat he felt in his crotch slowly rises back to his cheeks. Proof of his embarrassment.

It's a mystery to him how Jimin manages to reduce him to pure instincts in a matter of seconds and, while he certainly enjoys the thrill, he's still not sure how much he can allow himself to approve of it. Hurting Jimin while his instincts take control would be his worst nightmare.

Then again, Jimin himself isn't worried at all. If anything, he looks fucking pleased with himself while he rolls over the soft covers of the bed. Spreading his scent and purring loudly. Marking it as their nest.

Jungkook's Alpha growls in satisfaction and nearly screams at him to go back. To praise and reward his Omega for doing so well and preparing everything so nicely.

However, Jungkook stops himself when he realizes for what he prepares exactly and swallows hard. He heard about the nesting rituals some Omegas tend to dive into whenever their next heat is close. It's rare today, a little old-fashioned, and something people like to make fun of, but it's still said to be a sign of fertility. A sign of love.

Looking at Jimin now makes it hard for Jungkook to understand what it is that people laugh about because this is the fucking hottest thing he's ever seen.

Or maybe it's not the act itself that's sexy, but Jimin who somehow makes it look like a damn peepshow.

"Yah! Stop it! You're just trying to manipulate me, that's not fair!" he quips, offended, but Jimin only giggles while burying his nose in the sheets and pushing his butt up in the air, wiggling playfully.

"Does it work, Alpha?"

"No!" Is the singer's immediate answer but he curses himself as soon as both of their gazes travel lower only to stop at the annoyingly obvious bulge in Jungkook's pants.

Damn it.

Without another word, he turns around and storms out of the room, leaving a very amused and giggling Jimin behind.

Later, after both of them showered and changed into more comfortable clothes, they cuddle up in bed with their bodies flush, legs tangled, and content satisfaction laced in their scents.

"Jiminnie?" Jungkook then suddenly whispers and Jimin sleepily turns around to face him, sheets rustling under his lazy movements.

"Mh...?"

"About the play mate thing..."

"Mhm."

"You know, actually, something happened."

It's almost funny. Jungkook can see the exact moment when the Omega really processes what he just said. His eyes snap open, pupils thin, and lips curling into a dangerous snarl as he hastily sits up, blanket falling from his shoulders.

"What?! Did someone hurt my pups?!"

Sighing, Jungkook grabs the smaller's arm, pulling him back down and into a hug.

"No. You saw them, they're okay."
That's enough to make Jimin relax, surprisingly, and he releases a quiet sigh before looking up at the Alpha with wide, worried eyes. Voice unsure.
"What happened then?"
Jungkook hesitates but finally explains the whole ordeal.

"So...Minju got bitten by Taemin's kid?"
Jungkook nods.
"But, like, not in a way Alphas bite each other! More like how I would bite you!"
The realization of what he just said once again paints Jungkook's cheeks pink while Jimin still tries to understand what it is he's trying to say.
"You mean a mating bite?"
"Yes! I mean, every normal Alpha pup would've fought against it, but Juju just held still and submitted to him!"

Jemin stared at him, blankly, and Jungkook only realised he's made a mistake when the Omega opened his mouth, his voice a dangerous warning. Gaze empty.
"What are you trying to say, Jungkook? That my child isn't normal? That he's into Alphas and you're gonna leave us because it's weird and sick?"

Instantly, Jungkook's eyes widened in shock, clearly taken aback by the threat in the other's voice and his assumptions.
He didn't mean it like that, of course not, but ever since he got closer to Jimin he found it increasingly difficult to word things right, in a more sensitive way.
Well, to be fair, it's possible that he simply never noticed how hard it is because he hadn't made an effort to talk this intensely to someone before.
Not about important things, anyway.

"No." he says firmly while shaking his head and pulling Jimin closer to his chest, not wanting him to misunderstand.
"That's not what I meant. It's just that Juju was extremely down after it happened and I didn't know what to do or say. You're better at this stuff, that's why I'm telling you about it. I thought you could talk to him."
"Babe, he's eight..." Jimin sighs, a little calmer now but still tense enough for Jungkook to press a kiss to the crown of his head while the Omega keeps talking.
"He probably doesn't even know what he wants, yet."
Jungkook wants to object. "If we had met at eight years old, I still would've known I want you." he wants to say, but stops because even he understands it would sound weird and creepy as hell.

"We should just wait and see, that's what I think. We can't be sure until he presents. And if it turns out he likes Alphas, well, that's fine...right?"
It was less a question and more of a test, Jungkook knows from the glint of hope in Jimin's eyes. The fear.
And he nods to reassure him because, yes, it's fine. Of course it is.

"He better picks a good Alpha, though." Jungkook mumbles after a while, earning him raised eyebrows from his Omega.
The taller flushes.
"I mean...otherwise I'll have to kick the ass of whoever hurt our baby, right? I'm bad at stuff like that."
That, at least, has Jimin snort just before he's straight out laughing. Indeed, the thought of Jungkook getting into a fight with some unruly teenage brat really was kinda weird, maybe even funny, but it's still good to know that he would go that far for them.

"Don't worry." Jimin giggles softly as he hooks his leg over Jungkook's hip, cuddling close again and getting comfortable.

"They'll have to get past me first and I doubt they will survive that encounter."

The first thing Jimin sees after leaving his therapy session the next day is Jungkook's car. Sleek, black, and with tainted windows, as always.

The familiar sight warms his tummy and makes the Omega's heart flutter despite the grumpy mood he had sported only seconds before.

He skips a few steps, eager to greet his future mate, and rips the car door open in a way that makes Jungkook tilt his head in confusion when their eyes meet.

Well, they would've met if Jungkook wasn't wearing those creepy ass big sunglasses and the usual black face mask which sits under his chin at the moment so Jungkook can suck on a hot pink Popsicle.

Yep, that's exactly what Jimin likes to see when he's not in the best mood.

"Hey, babe." he purrs after closing the door while Jungkook maneuvers the sugary treat out of his mouth in order to lean over and press a deliciously sweet and domestic kiss onto Jimin's pretty mouth.

"Hey. How was it?"

"Okay, I guess. Same as always. Lots of family stuff."

They kiss again and the Omega's reaction is instant as his tongue darts out to swipe over his pillow lips, chasing the taste, before he grabs the Alpha by his shirt and pulls him in for one more round but longer this time. Deeper and passionate, with their tongues entangled in a hot, wet mess. Barely concealed moans escaping their throats.

"Ew. Can you stop?"

After turning in his seat, Jimin is met with the scrunched up faces of his very much annoyed and disgusted twins.

"Joonie and Jin Hyungie said you're not allowed to do stuff like that in public. They said it's too much npc or something..." Minju huffed, and Jungkook bit his cheek to keep himself from laughing when he corrected, "You mean PDA, pup."

Jimin, clearly, didn't have that much self-control and doubled over, laughing, before leaning back to ruffle his children's hair. The smile on his face was so blinding, Jungkook had to blink several times.

"Hello to you, too, my lovely children. Too bad this isn't a public place but a very private car. Guess you'll have to deal with it or walk."

He turned back to Jungkook then. Eyes flickering up and down to give him a once over before halting at his sunglasses and a blonde wig. He smirked.

"Nice wannabe superstar outfit, babe. Suits you."

A groan answered him, followed by rolling eyes and an embarrassed expression.

"Can't do anything about that. We can't risk someone recognizing me."

Jimin hummed softly. "I know, I know." before resting a hand on Jungkook's instantly tensing thigh.
Fingers drawing small, teasing circles against the rough material of his pants. "I don't mind. You look hot."

Even with half of his face covered, Jimin could still see the pink dusted all over Jungkook's cheeks and nose as he started the car.

It was their third date but the first outside, in public, and it turned out to be just as amazing as it was nerve wrecking.

Every glance and every pair of eyes that lingered longer on them than necessary made Jimin's heart pound harder in fear of being found out.

Thankfully, their first stop was a rather fancy restaurant with a private table in their VIP section which should help them relax. Or so they thought.

"So, what would you like to drink?" Jungkook asked his small family. He regretted it instantly when all three of them answered in unison, "Coke!" to which Jungkook replied with a disbelieving, relentless, "Uhm. No."

The following picture was priceless.

The children, as well as Jimin, showed off the exact same puffy cheeked pout that had Jungkook contemplate his life choices until Jimin started whining like a fucking eleven year old.

"What do you mean no?! I want a coke...now!"

He sighed.

"You've been living off sweets the whole day. All of you. And I'd like it if you were sane for a moment instead of high on sugar and caffeine. It's not healthy. Get orange juice or something. You know, vitamins and nutrients and shit."

In the end, the three troublemaker still got what they wanted because, apparently, the Parks won't settle for second choices.

A statement after which Jimin threw a weirdly satisfied glance at Jungkook, mouth twitching and eyes crinkling as he smiled at him.

Jungkook rolled his eyes at that, but truth be told, all of them got their fair share of childishness that day.

Besides, it's Jimin's first real date ever, not just a random hookup. So, Jungkook supposes, it's fine to let him act like a spoiled teen. Whiny, bossy, and clingy. The full program.

A cinema is their second stop. Granted, it's probably not the kind of film they would've watched if it was just the two of them, it's a tooth-rottingly sweet children's movie, but it doesn't matter because ten minutes in Jungkook shyly searches for Jimin's small paw to lace their fingers. Hearts racing and breath catching in their throats whenever one of them squeezes carefully or writes sweet nothings on the other's palm.

To their right, the twins bombard each other with popcorn and, Jungkook thinks, this must be true happiness.

They drive home afterwards, in comfortable silence.

The children are asleep in the back and Jimin looks nothing less than blissful as he stares out of the window to watch the sunset.

"I love you, Jungkookie." he whispers at one point without daring to look at the Idol, and Jungkook smiles softly as he takes Jimin's hand and holds on tight.

"Love you, too. Always."
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Heyy! Sorry, this isn't proof read, like, at all. I haven't read it once because it's late and I have to go home and I wouldn't be able to update this week if I don't do it now! Q_Q I hope it's okay, though.

Also, as a small warning: this chapter is nothing but smut. So, if you don't like that you might want to skip this. It's still extremely fluffy, though. Especially the end. ☼ beware of tooth rotting, disgusting, sugary, fluffiness.

Enjoy~

Gonna run now, bye!

(Thanks for all the comments, though qq you're all very sweet and I love you)

"Who lost the bet?" Jungkook asks after tucking the children into bed. They kiss them goodnight, enjoying the sight of their sleepy yawns and drooping eyes.

It's a good question. One Jimin had anticipated with nervous excitement and bated breath whenever he heard Jungkook sing along with the radio music or their own songs, humming softly with Jimin's ear pressed against his chest. Music and dreams vibrating through them.

"Guess we both lost." he says with a nonchalant shrug. He's trailing after the Alpha, towards their room. Jungkook hums in agreement.

Despite both of their stubborn natures and undeniable perfectionism, neither of them is especially sad about the unsatisfying outcome which, admittedly, isn't exactly surprising considering it was a win-win situation from the beginning.

"So...we both have to write a song then?" Jimin muses with the sweetest smile that ever had the pleasure of gracing his features, and Jungkook couldn't help himself. He just had to lean in and claim those magical lips which seemed to control his heart so easily. Making it slow down or burst with the slightest up or downwards quirk.

"I guess so." he then uttered. "Do you mind?" and once again Jimin overpowered him easily with as much as a simple giggle.

"Not really. I mean, who would mind getting a song from a famous Idol? I can't promise mine will be as good as yours, though. I'm not exactly a singer or songwriter."

"You can ask Yoongi Hyung for help. I'm sure I'll be asking for advice as well. It's not like I can do everything by myself."

The Alpha paused for a second before biting his lips and glancing at Jimin who was sitting on their bed still. Waiting.

He wasn't looking at Jungkook but stared at his feet instead, seemingly fascinated by his own wiggling toes which, in Jungkook's humble opinion, is understandable because they are probably the cutest toes he's ever seen. It's still a little unsettling, though. Jimin's almost eerily calm. Not unsure at all. Silence before the storm.
With a nervous snifflle Jungkook decides not to dwell on it and to take the lead instead. That's what a proper Alpha is supposed to do after all, being strong and reliable in order to make his Omega feel safe. Or something like that...
"Hey, you wanna take a shower first?"
There's a smile on his face, voice barely shaking. He wants to give himself a clap on the back for acting so perfectly chill and unbothered.

Finally attentive again, Jimin looks up and returns the smile. Swiftly, he jumps on his feet. His hair is a mess, his clothes slipping from his body, but he doesn't seem to mind the way his sharp collarbones are exposed, his shoulder bare and ready to be kissed. To be claimed.

"Ah, sure." Jimin mutters, but before disappearing through the door, he turns around again, his head tilted innocently. Grinning cheekily.
"Won't you join me, Jungkookie?"

The silent blankness on Jungkook's face, who very obviously struggles to stay composed, gives Jimin only more reason to snicker before he assures the younger he was joking and finally disappears towards the bathroom.

Jungkook sighs in relief and agony.

Later, when the Alpha himself returns from a hazy and mind numbing shower, the tension is still there. Tenfold.
Jimin's on his bed again, curled into himself, small and adorable. His chest is heaving softly, lips parted, and eyes glued to the screen of his phone.
The light of it illuminates his face, skin glowing and a little shiny, pretty as always, and Jungkook's heart does this thing again where it's flipping and twisting as if it's about to jump out of his chest.

Upon noticing the other's presence, Jimin looks up. His eyes are beautiful. Chocolate brown mirrors pulling Jungkook in like the sea, like the vast endlessness of the starry sky, the universe. They're filled with beauty and secrets, with broken dreams and loneliness.

"Hey..." Jungkook whispers. Eyes roaming over Jimin's body, over his own sweater on the smaller's frame.
It's bunched up along Jimin's ass, exposing way too much of his soft, thick, honey thighs, nothing but skin. Flushed and naked.
Jungkook feels hot, like butter, melting under the burning sun, because Jimin is here and he's waiting for him. Pliant. Willing. Bare under Jungkook's clothes.

Jimin sits up upon realizing the other isn't moving away from the door. He sits with his legs crossed, cute grabby hands reaching for the taller and mouth twitching into a petulant pout. The kind that has their children's eyes rolling because Jimin's an adult and adults aren't supposed to sulk like that. Aren't supposed to be so good at it, at least.
"Come here. I want cuddles."

Those quiet whispers work like magic. They caress Jungkook's soul, pulling him out of his trance and breaking the spell that kept him frozen.
As requested he walks closer. His feet feel heavy, shuffling over the ground until one of Jimin's small hands can reach, can touch, fingers trailing over damp skin. Over dips and crooks. Outlining the Alpha's muscles.
He's not wearing anything but a towel around his slim waist, didn't think it would be necessary, but he regrets it now, with the teasing and feathery touches painting his skin in desire.
"Today was nice." Jimin hums, a serene smile playing around his lips and nose crinkling. "I know it's been stressful for you ever since me and the pups moved here but you still went out of your way to take me on this childish date. I...really enjoyed myself, Jungkookie, and I'm grateful. So, so grateful for everything you did."

Before the Alpha can even process those words, Jimin shifts and uncurls until he's kneeling on the edge of the bed with Jungkook standing in front and looking down on him. Jimin barely reaches his chest like that. His head falls back when he looks up, makes eye contact, and the small movement leaves his throat completely bare, unprotected.

Ever so tender, Jimin's hands find their way to Jungkook's hips, holding on tight while he spreads kisses all over the Alpha's chest, licking and nibbling on warm flesh. At first, Jungkook's fingers stay tangled in Jimin's hair, curling and uncurling in a steady rhythm, but soon they wander as well. He rubs his palms along Jimin's sides. Gently. Up and down. Sometimes, he'd drag the sweater along, lifting it with his trailing hands until the Omega's sharp hipbones are exposed and Jimin shudders. Then he'd move his hands down again, allowing the soft material to fall back in place.

They continue to kiss. Slow and chaste. The urgency they felt those past days and weeks, maybe even years, seems to be swept away by the need to take things slow, enjoy the moment, and savor the taste of each other's lips.

After a while, Jimin pulls away. His eyes are glistening and he's breathless, chest having quicker now.

He peels himself away from the Alpha, feeling his intense gaze following him, devouring him, as he makes his way to the other side of the room. Every step has it's purpose, hips swaying slightly, but not unnaturally. The alluring aura around him, he's born with it.

After fiddling with his phone for a second, music starts to fill the room and Jimin easily matches his movements to the sensual beat. His hands roam over his chest and down his stomach, body rolling as he closes his eyes. Finally, his fingers play with the sweater, pulling it up just to let it fall again, teasing, until he finally lifts it for real and throws it into a corner of the room. Muscles and bones move under his sun-kissed skin. His golden eyes never leave Jungkook's red ones, pupils glowing as the color bleeds into them, dilated in arousal.

Jungkook takes it all in. Jimin's naked figure, the brown, perked nubs, the pretty curve of his hips and ass. He's glowing. It's too much and still not enough.

The only thing covering the Omega are the tight, black briefs, though it does nothing to conceal the growing bulge of the smaller's hardening cock.

He looks so good like that, Jungkook feels like he's shooting a fucking underwear commercial and he's completely, utterly, in love with the main model.

It's over once Jimin braces his hands and face against the wall, ass pushed back and circling, swaying from left to right in such a tempting, hypnotizing way. Jungkook feels like he's choking.

Jimin's a tease. Always.

Before he knows it Jungkook finds himself stepping closer, hands on Jimin's shoulders as he whirls him around, makes him gasp from the force of being hurled against the wall, lips meeting in a bruising kiss.

After firmly squeezing the Omega's butt, Jungkook grabs his thighs and lifts him from the ground. Forces him to hold on tight with his arms wrapped around Jungkook's neck, legs tight around his hips, and back pressed against the wall. Their kiss turns sloppy, impatient, and soon Jimin loses the last bit of stability from the wall behind him when Jungkook carries him away, lips never losing contact. Eyes burning with the same kind of
passion that shows on his face whenever he talks about his job. Music used to be his only love, his only passion, but Jimin rivals it easily.

They sway and stumble. Navigating through the small room is a struggle. More than once do they knock things over, sending them flying to the ground with a loud crashing sound. But they can't be bothered right now. Not when they're busy exploring each other's burning skin, tongues licking into mouths and meeting halfway. Moans and gasps almost overshadow the music playing in the background and they crash into another wall, a shelf. Jimin can't stop himself from laughing, voice already rough and raspy, breathless. The amusement is quickly wiped away and replaced with a low, guttural moan, though, when Jungkook moves to nibble on the scent glands on his shoulder and beneath his ear. Turning him into a mewling and withering mess, begging to be scented more. To be claimed.

"Jungkook...lube..." he mutters in his haze, but the other boy isn't even looking at him as he allows his lips to trail over the Omega's collarbones, his chest, making him flinch when he teasingly sucks on his sensitive nipples. 
"Jungkook-ah..." Jimin whines again with his hands helplessly tangled in the brown mob of the other's hair.

"Don't need it." Jungkook finally breathes against Jimin's ear, teeth tugging gently on the lobe and his silver piercings. "Gonna make sure you're wet enough with your own slick."
"It'll take a while." Jimin replies hesitantly, though his heart flutters in undeniable excitement. Their eyes meet again, and despite the dangerous red color, Jungkook's big orbs pour nothing but love and trust into Jimin's.
"It doesn't matter. We don't have to rush, do we? Not this time."

They finally make it to the bed where Jungkook lowers Jimin onto the sheets. He then climbs on top of the smaller, hovers over him for a brief second before he moves to Jimin's neck and places a soft kiss there. Right where the mating bite would be. The gentle, intimate gesture has Jimin's breath hitching and his eyes flutter shut, body arching towards the Alpha on instinct.

Jimin searches for the other's heat. For his touch and scent. All those things that make him feel safe. Loved.

Slowly but surely, Jungkook's kisses travel lower. He works over the smaller's chest, his stomach, tonguing at his navel and making Jimin squirm whose hands naturally move to Jungkook's hair. Tugging and fistimg the silky strands until he manages to pull the Alpha back up and greedily begs for another kiss. Then a second, a third. He can't get enough of the younger's lips. Like that, with their mouths attached and tongues tangled, Jungkook blindly reaches down. Fingers slipping between the stretchy material of Jimin's briefs and the pulsating skin beneath. When he boldly wraps a hand around the Omega's half-hard member, Jimin hisses. Eyes rolling back and hips bucking up before he shivers bodily.
The strong reaction has Jungkook's eyes widen in innocent surprise and he hesitates, unsure what to make of it.

"A-Are you okay...?" he finally dares to ask. Jimin almost wants to snort at the concern laced into his voice. After all, despite Jungkook's worries, his hand didn't move an inch away from Jimin's dick. "I'm fine. It's just..." he hesitates and bites his lips, unsure how to word it best. "It's been a while. A bit overwhelming."
A hint of a growl spills from Jungkook's lips, eyes pulsating at the thought of Jimin being intimate with another Alpha, but the Omega's hands on his heated cheeks soothe him easily. "I'm all yours now." the smaller whispers sweetly as he buries his nose in Jungkook's neck, kissing
him beneath his ear until their scents melt into one and both of them let out a satisfied moan.

A moment later Jungkook shifts again and settles between Jimin's legs. He makes sure to give the Omega's thighs the same treatment as the rest of his body. He bites into the soft flesh, nibbles and sucks until he feels the body beneath him quiver.

Then, his hands once again wander to Jimin's underwear, teasingly tugging on the waistband just to enjoy the Omega's whines and whimpers, before he pulls the last barricade between their naked bodies down, his own towel long lost and forgotten.

With his mouth attached to the inside of Jimin's thigh, Jungkook watches hungrily how the Omega's cock springs free, prettily flushed and twitching whenever he bites the sensitive flesh he's mouthing on.

Meanwhile, Jimin's sighing softly. It's the sweetest little sound and startlingly innocent compared to the way he looks at him, the way he shamelessly stares at the boy between his legs, small hands fisting the sheets.

His lips are red and swollen, pupils dark and blown. There's hunger in his expression, his body language, and it drives Jungkook crazy but he tries hard to be patient. Tries to keep himself in check.

His sweet, little Omega, however, seems to have other plans.

As soon as the first drops of slick leave glistening traces on his skin, Jimin gets restless. Body arching and thrashing, moans ripping through thick air. It's only when the heat of Jungkook's mouth closes around his cock, tongue eagerly but clumsily pressed against the length as he sinks down as far as he can without gagging, that Jimin's movements still completely. Obedient and submissive. It feels like he's been waiting for years and now he wants his Alpha so fucking bad.

But then, much to his disappointment, Jungkook pulls away and kneels by his side, breathless. As much as Jimin would love to admire those prettily flushed cheeks of his, or the way he nibbles on his spit drenched bottom lip, so cute and unsure, it's not what Jimin wants right now. It's not what he so desperately needs.

Determined, he wraps his legs around Jungkook's slim waist and rolls them around until he sits on top, his leaking butt planted on the taller's torso.

"Jiminie..." Jungkook gasps beneath him. "I don't wanna hurt you a-again."

But the protest is forgotten when Jimin leans down to drag his tongue along Jungkook's throat, sucking on his scent glands until the skin is flaming red and the Alpha is a whining mess, unable to grasp a clear thought.

With his lips grazing the shell of the Idol's ear, Jimin finally whispers, "But I want you to." and Jungkook can't help but moan, hands finding Jimin's rolling hips, gripping hard, probably bruising the tender skin, but Jimin only pants harsher against his cheek. Mewling and whimpering under the rough treatment.

"Want you to wreck me, baby boy. Come on, don't be shy now."

To prove his point, Jimin shifts. His cheek and upper body pressed against his Alpha's chest, ass up. Under Jungkook's wide eyed gaze, the Omega reaches back and, with a quiet gasp, prods into the slick heat of his hole. Face scrunching up in discomfort at first before his body visibly relaxes and adapts to the intrusion.

All the while, Jungkook was watching with just as much hunger as worry, thumbs stroking over Jimin's cheeks as if to brush away the slightly pained expression he showed. Soon his lips found Jimin's in a messy, distracting kiss until the Omega was soft and pliant on top of him, moaning quietly and putty under the singer's hands.

"You're pretty shameless for someone who always worries about other people's opinions." Jungkook growls harshly as more of the red color fills his iris, a darker shade, though. It's a telltale sign that his
conscience is drifting away, instincts taking over. With little to no effort he hovers over the smaller after pushing the Omega down who simply sighs, satisfied that he managed to coax Jungkook into manhandling him like that.

"I still worry." Jimin then says quietly while looking up through his dark and tear drenched lashes. His half lidded eyes spell sin, his sweat coated body even more, but his voice breaks dangerously. Raw emotions filling his sweet scent and leaving Jungkook dizzy. High on love.

"But...there's nobody here who'd judge me. It's only you and me. I trust you, Jungkookie. You make me feel like I'm still the same person who I used to be. Like I'm still strong. I know that I don't have to be ashamed when we're together."

For a beautifully peaceful moment their instincts retreat, emotions washing over them in drizzling, tingling waves as they quietly drown in each others eyes.

In a second of total clarity, Jungkook kisses Jimin again. Not exactly chaste, but calmly slow and deep. Their tongues dance to a silent, hypnotizing rhythm. Sometimes barely touching, only following the swell of each others lips, and sometimes pushing deep, fighting for the upper hand.

Once they pull away, Jungkook presses a wet kiss on Jimin's nose, an adoring smile forming on his face as he does.

"You know I love you, right?" the Alpha then whispers while Jimin struggles to hold his gaze and finally looks away with bashfully reddened cheeks, nodding slightly.

"Even if we couldn't see or touch each other, I'd still love you because I admire your strength and your determination. I love how sweet, caring, and forgiving you are. Fuck, I even love it when you're getting all bratty and demanding."

Whining, Jimin slaps Jungkook's chest and pouts.

"I'm not bratty." and with a glance at the other's face, he adds, "What are you trying to do, Jeon Jungkook? You're supposed to make me cry with your dick, not compliments and love confessions!"

Jungkook snorts. "So dirty." before pushing Jimin onto his back again, lips ghosting over the Omega's chest, blowing some hot air against his sensitive nipples, making Jimin's breath hitch and body arch.

"I used to think you're sweet and innocent. I thought you'd be the type to blush whenever I touch you."

"Well, I used to think you're an asshole who's gonna grab me by the hair and fucks my mouth. Guess we were both wrong."

Wide eyed and silent, Jungkook swallows hard and blinks owlishly. A horribly sweet and innocent motion that has Jimin smirk. Hands reaching out to cup his cheeks, thumbs drawing circles into his skin.

"What? You like that, baby boy? Want me to cry while I choke on your big Alpha cock?"

That actually earns him a slap against his thigh and a dark growl. It would be a lie to say it didn't send shivers down his spine, arousal licking on his insides as more slick gushed out of his hole and wetted the sheets beneath him. But he knew better than to test his luck by teasing too much, so he shut his mouth even though the smirk didn't leave his pretty face.

"Jiminie...I'm really trying here, you know?!" The taller sulked with a whine.

"I want this to be good and romantic, and you're not exactly helping! I hate that our first time was so... horrible. I fucking hurt you not only physically but also emotionally...I need this to be perfect or I'll never forgive myself. So let's just...uhh...uhh...y-you know..."

The Alpha's sudden stutters made Jimin giggle but he nodded nonetheless, arms and legs once again wrapping around Jungkook's body to be as close as possible.

"Okay, sorry. I get it." he mumbled, a soft on his face while they shared some more sweet nips and kisses, moaning ever so often when their naked erections brushed against each others bodies, and
while nosing into Jungkook's shoulder, nose filled with the other's scent, Jimin finally released a
content sigh.
"Go ahead then, Jeon Jungkook. Make love to me."

If Jimin ever wondered what the difference between sex and making love is, he certainly knows it
now.
Jungkook kept the pace slow, gentle, but Jimin didn't dislike it because the Alpha paid attention. He
seemed to listen for every little whine that left Jimin's plump lips, lapped it up as if it's his only
purpose in life.
Even the small shudder when Jungkook pushed his tongue into him at a certain angle while eating
him out, wouldn't go unnoticed and, after tightening the grip on Jimin's gorgeous thighs, he'd push
even deeper until Jimin was drooling and shaking. Totally blissed out.
"Alpha... Please..." the smaller whined, his hands gripping the blanket beneath him hard, bottom lip
bitten red.
"Please what?"
"Please fuck me, Alpha.."

He could get used to this, Jungkook thinks. To a pliant and needy Jimin beneath him. Delirious and
breathless, not shy to express what he really wants.
Begging.
He's got his small paws in Jungkook's hair, not even pulling or pushing, just scratching and tugging
lightly between wanton moans.
It's exhilarating, especially when his Alpha senses are soaring high, strengthened by the aroused
Omega hormones surrounding him. A whirlpool of lust and overwhelming emotions.

Once Jimin is opened up nicely, with slick pouring out of him in waves, Jungkook crawls back up to
connect their lips, making him taste himself, and
the smaller uses the opportunity to run his hands over Jungkook's body. He explores every patch of
skin he can reach, every muscle, leaving trails of kisses along the other's neck and collarbone, breath
stuttering once his fingertips brush over the Alpha's very prominent six-pack.

They scent each other for a while, noses pressed against necks, hands roaming, and eyes closed.
Inhaling deep.
Jungkook only pulls away when Jimin begins to desperately rut against him, fingers sneaking
between their bodies to get a hold of their cocks even though he's barely able to wrap his small hand
around both of them.
The friction is heavenly, though, and they both groan, Jimin gasping when Jungkook's hips jerk into
his, sending dizzying sparks through his veins.

"Wait." Jungkook says, and Jimin instantly freezes. Big, waiting eyes staring up at him as if to wait
for some kind of command.
The display of trust has Jungkook's Alpha purring in his chest and he slowly untangles their heated
limbs in favor of leaning back and gripping Jimin's legs, slowly pushing them open. Revealing
everything.
"You're so pretty." he then mumbles softly. It sounds so sweet, so honest and filled with loving
adoration. Even if Jimin couldn't fully believe those words, he couldn't totally dismiss them either
and flushed furiously, a quiet mewl on the tip of his tongue as he allowed Jungkook to crawl
between his now wide open legs.

After prepping him for just a little longer, with long fingers pumping in and out of him at a languid
pace, Jimin finally huffed a curse and demanded for him to do it. Now! Because he really couldn't
wait any longer when the upcoming orgasm already curled tightly in his lower body, muscles
twitching and clenching, hips bucking. He wouldn't last much longer.

He wanted to feel him, feel them, physically as much connected as their souls already are. Everything in him seemed to cry out for it, for them to be one, to mate, and he subconsciously found himself tearing up, the wetness sliding down his cheeks as Jungkook's length opened him up. Slowly, slowly. Always careful and ready to let the Omega's body adjust to the smallest progress even though he really didn't need it. After all, it's not like he's a virgin, God no. He knows what he needs, knows how much he can take, and he definitely wouldn't object if Jungkook decided to be a little rougher. Maybe slamming inside in one swift motion and fucking him silly.

But, he thinks, this is, surprisingly, just as intense. When he moves slow and gentle like that, Jimin finds that he feels...more. Almost as if his insides reshape in slow-motion, allowing him to feel the exact shape, the curve, and every vein filling his insides. Making him feel how his muscles work around the intrusion, slowly pulling him deeper and deeper, aiding every single one of Jungkook's small thrusts until he's finally fully seated and they both still for a short moment as they catch their breath.

"Move."
Upon hearing Jimin's small whisper, Jungkook props himself up, Jimin's legs thrown over his shoulders, bending him in half, and mouth slotted over the Omega's for a sloppy, fast paced kiss before he pulls almost all the way out just to slam back in right away. Jimin screams into his mouth followed up by a low moan, body arching off the bed and fingers scrambling for purchase on Jungkook's back, holding on as if his life depends on it.

"You okay?" Jungkook somehow manages to growl through the mess that is his brain, through the voice that screams, fuck him, mark him, mate him, make him yours! But he still wants to be sure, wants to stay in control now that Jimin's mind numbing heat scent isn't clouding his rationality.
"M fine..." Jimin's voice is barely recognizable, slurring and raspy, alluring to the point where Jungkook has to kiss him again, harder, in order to swallow the beautiful sounds he makes. Eager to test whether his voice tastes as delicious as it sounds until Jimin starts whining again. Eyes filling with tears as he rocks back and forth, trying to fuck himself on the Alpha's cock. "Please, please, please..." he whimpers between small sobs. "I need...I need to cum... Please, Alpha...make me-ah!

The sentence is easily cut off when Jungkook moves and picks up his pace, roughly slamming into the smaller's vibrating body while Jimin moans and cries out, and throws his head back, exposing his throat. It's an invitation Jungkook wouldn't recline. He mouths over the thin layer of skin, sucks bruises and feels Jimin's Adams apple twitch beneath his tongue whenever his hips meet the Omega's ass, Jimin's voice breaking and rising in pitch as he gets closer and closer to his release. Just before he's shoved over the edge, though, Jimin is thrown into one more high when he feels Jungkook's mouth hover over his scent glands, hot breath hitting his skin in small puffs, and Jimin faintly hears himself chanting yes, and please, and do it, before the Alpha's fangs clamp down on his shoulder, easily breaking his skin and drawing blood.

Jimin cums right then and there, body rigid and legs shaking. His muscles squeeze around Jungkook, tipping him over the edge as well after the thick knot at the base finally slipped past the tight ring of muscles. The stretch was enough to draw one last whine out of Jimin before he relaxes, mind and body floating in the high of the warm aftershocks as Jungkook rides out his orgasm, slows, and finally stops.
"That was...definitely the best part of the bet." Jimin croaks, and Jungkook snorts as he carefully maneuvers them into a more comfortable position where they both lie on their sides and Jimin can cuddle into his chest, cheeks flushed and fingers dancing over the mark on his shoulder. The mark that shows he's taken, loved and protected.

"It's funny, though." the Omega then muses with a smirk.

"You still haven't learned your lesson."

"Huh?" Jungkook huffs, exhausted but still trying hard to stay awake and follow his mate's reasoning.

"No knotting, babe."

It's almost funny how Jungkook gapes, face growing pale and hands smoothing frantically over Jimin's sides.

"Oh! Jiminie, I'm so fucking sorry! Shit, I totally forgot, I-I..."

"Shh, it's fine, I'm on suppressants. I'm just saying, we haven't exactly talked about it and if I wouldn't be on birth control, you'd have yourself some more babies on the way right now. You better learn how to control yourself in case I forget to take my pills and go into heat or something. It's always better to be careful."

A long pause follows, so long Jimin almost thinks Jungkook must've fallen asleep, or maybe he died from shame.

That is until he hears a teasing, "Well, I wouldn't mind some more pups." followed by a childish giggle that makes his cheeks flare.

He playfully pushes Jungkook's shoulder, nose crinkling.

"I would mind, though! A lot! I swear, I'll bite your dick off if you get me pregnant before I found a new job, Jeon Jungkook! I'm not kidding!"

But Jungkook only laughs harder as he nuzzles into Jimin's neck, rubbing his cheeks against the mating mark and kissing it softly.

"Chill, Jiminie. You know I wouldn't do anything you don't want."

He pulled away, his dazzling bunny smile lighting up his face before he pressed their foreheads together, noses brushing. He breathes a gentle kiss on the Omega's mouth, luring him into chasing his lips, chasing the fantasy, the dream, before they finally unite properly and warmth spreads inside them.

The kiss is chaste, sweet, and in the thrumming afterglow of content happiness, Jimin's smile is what finally makes Jungkook feel complete, like he did something right, just to feel how his breath is taken away once again when a simple sentence leaves Jimin's mouth. Whispered softly, and washing over him like a warm summer breeze.

"I love you, Jungkookie."

And he knows he's in love all over again, falling deeper with every new day, so deep it's almost scaring him. But he takes it, takes it all. The love, the fear, the desperation and pain. He takes it and turns it into something, into sun and butterflies, a house on a small hill and children's giggles, and with his last breath leaving his lungs he sobs and whispers a shaky, "I love you, too. So, so much. Always have, always will."
A tingly feeling was what tickled Jimin awake in the early morning hours.
He tried to ignore it, rolled around, and nuzzled into the big pillow pressed against his face.
He hugged it tightly, eyes stubbornly closed, until the faint sensation of fingertips on his skin turned
into the warmth of a mouth, soft lips leaving a gentle trail of kisses along the slight arch of his spine.

"Jungkookie..." he sighed as the Alpha tangled their legs, his toes tracing the tensing muscles of
Jimin's calf and thigh, up and down. A teasing little touch.

"Stay." Jungkook's muffled voice rasps sweetly, too sweet. Pleading and innocent. Every word tastes
like melting sugar mixed with rose honey when they kiss. When they breathe their souls, from one
mouth to the other.
"I'm not going anywhere. You're the one who woke me, stupid."

Jungkook pulls a face but snuggles closer, flooding the Omega's nose with his scent before he
mumbles a shameful, " S'cause I wanna cuddle."

Jimin indulges him despite the groaned, "You're so childish." and, while the words sounded harsh,
the fond smile on his face easily gave him away, much to the Alpha's amusement.
"You're so gone for me." he quipped smugly when Jimin scented him thoroughly.
"Park Jimin is totally, completely, in love with me and can't do anything about it!"

"Look who's talking." was Jimin's huffed reply. He flicked a finger against his newly acquired mate's
forehead, causing him to squint his eyes and scrunch his nose. Cute, oh so cute.

The love drunk Omega wants nothing more than to kiss every single line on his face.
When did he start to feel like this? He can't tell. Maybe it's always been this way. Love and affection
buried beneath loneliness, disappointment, and pain.
He's not quite ready to admit it, though. Those warm, flickering feelings will be his sweet, little secret
for a little longer.
"Don't get cocky, you're still a pup in my eyes."
"Oh yeah?"

Purely out of stubbornness, or to prove him wrong, Jungkook rolls them over and traps Jimin beneath him, kissing him breathless before licking the bite mark on his shoulder. Making him shudder.

The sharp inhale, and the small, shaky whine Jimin released, however, wasn't planned.
"Does it hurt?"
He asked softly and almost flinched when Jimin cocked an eyebrow, spit slick mouth twitching into a pout, gaze judging.
"You bit me. What do you think?"

Exactly. What was he thinking? Probably nothing. The whole night is a hazy blur, like a dream that seems endlessly far away once you wake up.

Did he even ask if it's okay to claim him? He honestly can't remember but instantly assumes the worst.

"Sorry."

It's a weak apology for something so big, even he knows that, but Jungkook can't think of anything smarter to say when Jimin looks at him like that. Gaze changing into something patient and tender. It's the gaze he reserves for him only, always did. Even when they were children, stealing shy glances at the dance studio, Jimin always looked at Jungkook with a mixture of fond adoration, amusement, and curiosity.

Jungkook had soon realized it's the same look people have on their face when gazing at a cute, helpless child. Saying it didn't bother him would be a lie.

Especially after meeting again when, clearly, he wasn't a child anymore, his pride couldn't quite fathom the fact that nothing had changed. Jimin still looked at him the same way.

However, after spending so much time together, he learned to appreciate the special treatment. To take pride in it, even. Because, despite his pouts over being treated like a pup, he still loves the attention. Loves the way Jimin worries and cares about him more than anyone else.

He knows, at the end of the day, that Jimin loves him. Not as the brat he titles him, but as a person. He can see it in his eyes, can see the subtle change compared to years ago. Barely noticeable but still there.

"I don't mind, you know."

Jimin's muffled voice tears the Alpha away from his thoughts. When he looks at the smaller, he can't help but release a faint chuckle, amused by the cute, domestic picture in front of him. A picture created in the aftermath of love. Painted with vibrant emotions.

With his body hidden beneath the blanket, his face pressed into the sheets, there's only the fluffy mop of Jimin's black hair left to see.

Though, his traitorous ears, tinted in red, still give away the blush that must decorate the perfectly sculpted roundness of his cheeks.

"I don't mind being mated to you. It's okay."

This one statement is enough to, once again, throw Jungkook's emotions for a loop. Cheeks flaring and lips trembling as he scoots closer to hug the embarrassed Omega's warm and pliant figure.

He melts in his arms, molding into the perfect form to fit against him, and Jungkook adores him even more.
As usual, it's Jimin who's getting restless first. He bites his lips, gets up just to be pulled back into the sheets. Jungkook huffs. "Five minutes, come on."

But Jimin is quick to retaliate with logic and responsibility, a mixture Jungkook can't quite ignore, even if he wanted to.
"What about work? Would you really disappoint your fans like that?"

He wouldn't, they both know, but the singer still pouts childishly and snuggles his mate with some more force, just for good measure.
"You know, I need the bathroom, like, now." Jimin then reasons and it finally seems to be enough of a reason for Jungkook to let him go, although he's still grumbling and scrunching his nose in the cute way that makes Jimin want to stay. Makes him want to crawl under the blanket for another hour long cuddle session.
Maybe, he'd suck him off while he's at it and…

No, Jimin thinks with a sigh and ruefully bites his still, or once again, kiss swollen bottom lip. As fun as it would be, one of them needs to be the responsible adult in their relationship. It won't be him, that's for sure, Jimin tells himself with a glance at Jungkook's sprawled out figure. The Alpha has headphones on, eyes glued to the screen of his phone as he hums along to a song until Jimin slapped his arm and growled, "Jungkook-ah. Move before I kick your lazy ass."
"It's your fault for being so demanding. I'm tired."

The shorter boy just rolls his eyes while searching for some clothes to put on.
"You didn't complain last night."
And even though Jungkook isn't looking at him, Jimin notices the lazy smirk that spreads on his face. He sees it from the corner of his eyes and it's enough of a reason to kick the cheeky Alpha for real.

He's all sweet words and innocent smiles when he hands Jimin his headphones, asking him to listen. Jimin should've known better. He should've known about Jungkook's strength and his own weakness.

The song he hears is familiar. In fact, it's one of his favorite songs, and Jungkook beams when he tells him as much. But then, while they listen to the man who purrs about pretty Omegas, and making love under the moonlight, Jungkook noses into the crook of his neck. Licks tentatively at Jimin's jaw, and the sensitive spot beneath his ear that makes the Omega squeak and pull up his shoulders.
He's not moving away, though, and Jungkook takes it as permission to drag him closer. He catches a soft earlobe between his teeth, pulls slightly, and listens in awe to Jimin's gasps and mewls, amazed by every reaction, no matter how small or subtle.

When Jimin finally escapes his mate's addicting embrace and playful kisses, he almost floats through the hallway, towards the bathroom. He's happy, undeniably so, but it's still a little overwhelming how easy it had been for Jungkook to destroy everything Jimin had build over several years, just to effortlessly rebuild it again. Only stronger. Better. Less of a lonely moon filled night, and more of a sun flooded morning.
A shaky wooden house turned into a sturdy castle.

It's a pained groan that pulls Jimin's attention back to the present. That, and the feeling of stepping on something he definitely shouldn't be walking on. A glance downwards confirms Jimin's fears and, upon seeing a curled up Yoongi beneath his feet, the Omega jumps back in terror.
"Hyung! Are you okay?!"
Another groan reaches his ears as the elder blinks his sharp eyes open while rubbing his head, fingers digging into tussled locks.
"Huh." Yoongi huffs. "Where am I again?"
Jimin almost laughs, though his heart is still pounding wildly in his chest. "In front of the bathroom." he mumbles while crouching down to be on eye level with the elder, a weak try to be as respectful as possible.
"What happened, Hyung? Are you hurt?"

He's not.
As it turns out, the Alpha was working until morning again and fell asleep when he attempted to take a bathroom break, which has Jimin drowned in breathless giggles before he helps his Hyung stand up.
"Anyway. It's good you're here." Yoongi groans while shaking his arms and legs, rolling his shoulders as he tries to loosen his stiff muscles.
"I need to talk to you. Alone. Follow me."
With those instructions he turned around to marsh into his room, Jimin following after him like the cutest, little puppy. The impression is only strengthened when they sit down in Yoongi's cramped studio and Jimin looks up at him with those big, questioning eyes, and it's really not hard to see where the children got their adorable cuteness from.

"So. I heard you have to write a song."

Despite his surprise, Jimin nods and opens his mouth to explain how it happened. However, Yoongi simply waves him off, clearly not interested in the details.
"Don't worry. I'll write and compose a song for you."

Jimin squints his eyes, suspicious.
"I'm pretty sure I'm supposed to do it myself."
"Can you write and compose?"
"Well...I mean, I've never tried it before..."
"See. I'll do it. Say thank you and shut up."

Stunned by the finality of his Hyung's words, Jimin shuts his mouth and watches how Yoongi writes some sentences on a stray piece of paper, apparently already thinking about some lines.
"The singing part shouldn't be a problem." he mumbles absentmindedly. "I mean, I had my suspicions before but last night proved that your voice is actually quite nice. I'm sure you took singing lessons before."

"I did. I was trained in singing and dancing since I was a child..."
The words died on his tongue. Not because of blurry, fuzzy childhood memories that made his heart ache, but because he realized the meaning behind Yoongi's casual statement.
A meaning that made his heart race and cheeks burn, a blush crawling over his skin, from ear to ear, as a strangled whine left his throat.
"Hyuuung! How can you say that?! I can't believe you eavesdropped on us!"

"It's not like you were subtle about it. Our recording and dance studio might be soundproof but the
dorms definitely aren't. I think you and Jungkook-ah syncronize nicely, by the way. You should record a song together, if you ask me."

Jimin screeched. "Hyung!"

Yoongi was surprisingly quick to apologize, almost eager to calm him down. "Alright, alright. I'm sorry. Just...let me write your song."

He paused. Face scrunching into a pained mask before he grumbled, "Please...?"

And that's when Jimin had a hunch. An idea.

“Hyung…” he said slowly.

“Are you mad because Jungkookie asked Joonie Hyung for help and not you?”

The silence following his words was answer enough but Yoongi still crossed his legs in the most casual fashion, head held high and proud.

“It doesn’t matter. Our song will be better. We’ll win.”

“This isn’t a competition... “

“Well, it is now, so you better prepare yourself.”

There's no arguing with the sharp tongued musical genius.

In the end, Jimin is a promise heavier, a few nerves lighter, and freshly showered when he steps into the kitchen where more trouble already awaits.

The scent of anger and sadness stings in his nose before he even sees what's going on. Ears ringing from the high-pitched screams that must be his daughter's.

The sound of crashing glass.

“What the hell is going on here?!” he yells into the noise, and before he knows it there's a gush of cold water slapping his face.

Wetness slowly trickles down his cheeks and chin as he blinks dumbly and stares at Jungkook's wide-eyed, triumphant face.

“I win!” he hears him squeak.

The Alpha is soaked. His hand still clenched around the big coffee mug he just emptied on his mate’s freshly blow dried hair.

However, the victorious expression freezes as soon as Jimin regains half of his mind and grabs his arm, growling dangerously.
“Jeon Jungkook. What do you think you're doing?” he hisses while Jungkook lowers his head submissively, charming his way back into Jimin's favor.

“We were just playing...” he mumbles, followed by the soft, “Sorry, Jiminnie.” that has the Omega's resolve melt in a heartbeat, though he still holds up the angry facade.

“How about you play ‘how to dry my children's hair in five seconds’ then?”

The Alpha is already up and at it, looking adorable while holding his giggling daughter's small paw, but Minju doesn't seem willing to move.

He sits on his chair, his cheek glued to the table. Eyes glassy and distant.

Minji, ever the obedient and protective sister, runs back to pull him along. They're always together after all, they wouldn't leave each other behind.

“Hurry up! We'll be late for school!” she whines demandingly. It's cute in Jimin's ears. Her brother, however, seems to think differently, and pushes her away.

“I don't wanna go!” he huffs, leaving Minji rather confused.

The young girl tilts her head and frowns. “What...? You aren't sick, you have to go!”

“Shut up! Just leave me alone!”

Minji gasps, eyes growing big and mouth falling open in shock, hands shaking.

But she does what she's told and stays quiet, though her gaze has a wet sheen to it, making it more than obvious that she's about to cry her eyes out.

Still, the Omega in her bends to the Alpha voice commanding her, even if it's only a weak hint and belongs to her brother.

It's Jungkook who regains his composure first while Jimin is still standing in the door, completely stunned.

“Yah. Don't talk to your sister like that.” he growls with one hand sitting in his son's neck to keep him still. The boy instantly goes pliant in his grip. Head falling forward and body boneless.

Jimin takes this as his cue to run and hug his daughter, pressing the small sobbing mess against his chest as he presses a kiss onto the crown of her shiny hair.

He should've known something like this would happen at some point but it still caught him off guard. They're still his babies, after all. It feels like yesterday when they crawled around on all fours, learning slowly how to walk and talk.

Did they really grow up that quickly?

“You can't use your Alpha voice to command an Omega, Juju. It's not nice and it hurts. You should apologize.”
But he doesn’t. Instead, he turns on his heels as soon as Jungkook releases him. Small feet clicking on the ground as he takes off and runs away.

But this won’t be the hardest battle they have to fight this morning as they find out when a horrified Jin enters the battlefield they once called their kitchen.

“Are you sure you’re okay with this?” Jungkook mumbles into one of many kisses they shared in the entrance area of the dorm, blatantly ignoring the groans and rolling eyes from their Hyungs.

“I could still tell everyone to suck my dick and help you take them to school if you want me to…”

The pleading voice shows more of his own unwillingness to leave his mate and pups than the actual assumption that Jimin could possibly need help.

It makes Jimin smile just a little before he frowns and flicks the taller’s nose.

“Please don’t. Someone might take it literally and i really don't wanna imagine how anyone but me sucks that dick of yours.”

Once he imagines it as well, Jungkook shakes his head and scrunches his nose in disgust, appalled by the idea, and, this time, Jimin can't hold back the laughter bubbling in his throat. Amused by how blatantly every change of his mood is displayed on the Alpha's face.

He gives him a chaste kiss on the nose before rubbing their cheeks together, eager to leave at least a hint of his scent on the world wide desired Idol.

“No need to worry, Alpha. I safely escorted your children to school for the past years and I will continue to do so. I promise.”

“It's not about that…” Jungkook sighs. “Just… Alphas can be quite a handful when they grow up and go through puberty. Evidence number one, my own experience. Evidence number two, your son.”

“I'm pretty sure he's more your son than mine. Character and looks wise, at least. I mean, just look at his nose. It's such a Jeon Jungkook nose. And he keeps getting distracted by things instead of sitting down and doing what he's told. He's got the Jeon stubbornness, too!” he huffs and Jungkook smirks before he lovingly pecks Jimin's pouty lips.

“And here I thought the stubbornness came from your side of the family.”

He catches the Omega's now pleasantly full cheeks in his hands and squishes them lightly, squishing them while giggling happily.

That is until Jimin has had enough and grabs the Alpha’s wrists, pulling them away without much trouble. Not that Jungkook resisted him, but still.

“Strong…” he huffs with a surprised frown and Jimin instantly smirks.

“That's why you take me along to the gym, isn't it? So I can defend myself from annoying Alphas
who touch me without permission.”

Jungkook huffed, “Well…yes.” But despite all agreement, he still looks rather displeased when he adds, “I should be allowed to bother my mochi, though! It's no fun when you won't let me.”

“Jungkook-ah.” Namjoon suddenly interrupts them, pointing at the door.

“We gotta go. Can you make this quick?”

As a matter of fact, they can't. After flirting for another half an hour it's only because of the grumpy mood of their children that the freshly mated couple finally lets go of each other and departs.

As they ride the elevator down, Namjoon once again directs his attention towards Jimin.

The leader is standing on the other side of the small room, arms crossed in front of his chest, and Jimin wonders briefly whether he knows that Jungkook and him had mated last night.

If so, he doesn't let it show.

“I really don't like having to pressure you like that.” he says instead.

“But we have to leave for the first bunch of our tour concerts in a week and we still have to find a new apartment for you. Jungkookie and I looked up a few that could pique your interest. It would be good if you could look through them today.”

“I will. Thanks, Hyung. I'm honestly so grateful for all the help and support. I'll pay you back for everything, someday.”

The sweet smile on the small boy's face warmed Namjoon's heart in the nicest way and he couldn't help but grin back at him.

Park Jimin seemed to have that effect on people where you find yourself craving those adorable small giggles. The way his whole face lights up when his smile is genuine, when he's really happy.

In a moment of worried protectiveness, he opened his mouth to say something but, after heaving a long sigh, decided against it and stayed quiet until they reached their destination.

Several good things happened that day.

One of them was definitely the way his children exchanged apologies through silent glances as they rode the bus before they, finally, linked their hands again.

Minji couldn't stop wiggling her feet, a happy smile beaming on her face the whole time, while Minju opted for staring out of the window with his cheeks tinted in pink.
Another thing that was surprising, but the good kind of surprise, was that Yoongi asked him for permission to fetch the twins after school to treat them for some ice-cream. A question that was closely followed by Taehyung's own proposal who seemed to have similar plans since he hasn't seen his best friend and the pups in forever. He also had something to celebrate, as he stated proudly.

Upon hearing Jimin's idea that the two of them could both, together, spend time with the twins, a literal war broke out in the usual rather silent group chat they had created a while ago.

Neither of them was willing to share the pups’ affection, nor spend time with 'the annoying, noisy, third pup', or the ‘Boring, soon to be bald, grandpa’, how they liked to call each other.

Jimin, and everyone else, found the heated back and forth surprisingly endearing and decided not to interfere.

What he didn't enjoy, though, was looking through the list of ridiculously expensive apartments Jungkook apparently deemed appropriate for him to live in.

Yes, sure, they were nice. Gorgeous, actually.

But still, everything in Jimin rebelled against the thought of moving into a place where the bathroom is as big as his whole last apartment. Not to mention that he wouldn't be able to pay for it even if he saved up for the rest of his life.

No. He definitely won't move into a freaking mansion.

In the end, it's a relatively cheap and normal looking three room apartment he chooses, even though it still costs a fortune.

He quickly texts Jungkook his decision, his chest already heavy from the pure thought of having to move away from his mate.

It should be the other way around, shouldn't it? They should be closer, not grow apart.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the city, Jungkook grins dumbly at the screen of his phone because he knew Jimin would pick this one.

It was his favorite, as well, since it's close to the dorms and they'll be able to walk to each other's homes without much trouble. The twins could visit to play whenever they want, too.

Speaking of which, Minji and Minju are currently having the time of their lives with two competing adults fussing and fawning over them, treating them to ice-cream and sweets just to rise in their favor.

Only when the twins take off towards an empty playground do Yoongi and Taehyung take a small breather. Exhausted bodies sprawled over a rotten, green, park bench.

“So, what's the big news you wanted to share so badly?” Yoongi asks as he slaps an ant that attempted to climb up his leg and the younger boy frowns, unwilling to expose so much of himself.
“It's just...Jiminie was supposed to be the first to hear about it.” he mumbles reluctantly.

Yoongi scoffs.

“Come on, you're not the type who can keep a secret, are you? I can see it in your ridiculously sparkling eyes. You want to tell someone about it.”

He did, and after fiddling with his hands for a while, Taehyung blurted out, “I've got my first role in a drama! I never thought I'd get it but I did! It's a leading role, too!!”

This new piece of information actually seems to stun the rapper for a short moment before his face turns into the usual unaffected mask, and he sighs.

“You're an actor then. I should've known. Actors tend to be loud and obnoxious, just like you. I'm sure you'll fit right into the business.”

“Does that mean you think I'll do well?”

“No. It means you're annoying.”

Taehyung only grins at that. A loveable lopsided smile which triggers Yoongi to throw back a gummy smile of his own. It makes the younger gasp in playful shock before he grabs his own chest and squeals something akin to, “Heart attack!” before he swiftly avoids Yoongi's whirling fist and ducks away, laughing.

At the same time, Jin and Namjoon have been exchanging knowing glances for a while.

They're on their way home, in the car, with a very happy, very excited, Jungkook sitting across of them.

As sweet as it is to see him like that, they both have some rather uncomfortable questions, though neither of them really wants to ask.

They didn't see the mark on Jimin's shoulder, it wasn't necessary either way when both of them have the typical mating stench clinging to their skin.

The smell of sex and blood.

They're happy for them, of course, but it's not exactly the best timing considering they have to leave the country soon and won't be back for a month, at least.

Newly mated pairs need physical closeness, it's common knowledge. Separating them in the first months, or even year, after the mating process happened can be quite tricky. Jungkook, however, seems annoyingly unbothered.

“We'll be fine.” he hums cheerfully. Bunny teeth on full display as he smiled every concern away. His phone pressed against his chest, close to his heart.

“I'm happy as long as I know Jiminie will be here, waiting for me. I mean, a month isn't that long and we can still call each other or face time.”
“It's not the same as being physically together, though.” Namjoon interjected.

“It's not the same as hugging, kissing, and loving each other. You won't know where Jimin is, who he's with, whether he's sick or sad, or just lonely.”

“You should turn this into a song, mister poetic mastermind. The way you talk about it makes it sound like some cheesy, old love song.” Jin jokes which earns him a small shove from the leader, making him purse his lips as he mumbles a sulky, “I'm just saying….”

Before the two can argue, though, Jungkook intervenes. His big eyes are filled with hope and honesty. With a sparkle that might as well be love accompanied by all the sweet things coming along with it.

Those sparkling orbs always had a certain glow of naivety to them, of unblemished innocence. They still do.

It must be why gazing into his eyes feels like having a glimpse at heaven in all it's childish purity. It helps you forget your sorrows and worries for just a moment, a short while, long enough to gather strength and move on.

Those eyes make you want to trust his words, trust him despite knowing better.

“All right then.” Namjoon finally sighs.

“Don't say I haven't warned you, though. Even without the emotional pain of not being with each other, I think you underestimate the stress of keeping a relationship secret.”

Jungkook huffs stubbornly, “I'll make it public then.” and Namjoon stares him down even harder. Eyes piercing and mouth drawn into a tight line.

“And then what? Will you watch how the press and the public rip Jimin into pieces? How they call him a bitch and gold digger, and your children bastards because they were born outside of being mated? I can already see the magazines questioning whether you're really the father. They will nitpick on everything you do, everything you say. Every mistake will be linked to Jimin. They'll destroy him, Jungkook.”

“We'll be fine as long as we're together.”

“Jeon Jungkook.” Namjoon huffs again, a last attempt to talk some sense into the thick headed Maknae who always wants to do things his own way, without thinking about the consequences.

This time, though, he understands the gravity of the situation. His clenched jaw and the angry resignation in his gaze is proof of it, and so are his words.

“I know, Hyung. I get it. But I can't do anything about who I am. I won't leave Jimin just because of what some strangers, who don't even know us, say. You don't know how it feels, Hyung! He's the only one I ever wanted and I finally got him! It's a difficult situation, I know, but I refuse to just drag him along as my dirty, little secret. He deserves better than that. In fact, I would love helping him
becoming the star he always wanted to be. I wouldn't mind opening all doors for him just so he can finally be where he belongs, on stage. I wouldn't care if people think I'm stupid and he just slept with me for fame. I don't give a fuck. But I won't do it because I know Jimin would hate it. I know he wants to do it with his own strength and I love that about him. He's not stupid, he knows the risk, and he's with me anyway. So, don't worry, we'll find a way to make this work and we'll get through this.”

“Look at the pup, all grown and ready to take on the world!” Jin exclaimed with a dramatic sigh before giving the youngest a brotherly clap on the back.

The leader himself wouldn't admit it, but he too felt a ping of pride squeeze his heart.

After all those years of watching the youngest stumble through life, without a goal or plan, he was finally glowing again. Burning for something new and unknown. Ready to fight for his family.

In a way, it seemed like Jungkook had, once again, outraced them all. Growing up faster than any of his Hyungs ever could.

Time is a stubborn, little thing. It slows when you want it to run, and flies when all you want to do is live in the moment, without having to think about tomorrow.

When Jimin moves out, Jungkook is too busy with practice and rehearsals to help. To say goodbye.

He returned to a quiet dorm, an empty room. Everything freshly cleaned and sorted, even his clothes, because Jimin knows Jungkook actually likes it that way. Even when he, more often than not, just throws his things on the ground whenever he's too exhausted to move another muscle.

He got used to it, to the messiness, but Jimin changed everything. Like a wild storm crashing down on his life.

It was then, when he broke down crying, that Jungkook should've known things won't be as easy as he imagined. That leaving Jimin, his mate, will be torture and not seeing his children will be hell.

But he refused to acknowledge it. He didn't dare to. Because, if he did, it would only be harder to leave them behind and he would have to go anyway.

Sometimes, ignorance truly is bliss.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

It took forever but I updated! Yay ;w;

It's not easy to push Kim Seokjin that far. Today, however, Jungkook managed to do the impossible. He made the oldest snap.

"You have to stop!" Jin growls after pulling the Maknae towards a quieter corner of the music and screeching footsteps filled room. "I get it, believe me I do! Being without your mate sucks but you can't allow yourself to drown in negativity! I mean, we haven't even left the country, yet!"

A sigh, and a low hanging head, was the only response he got from his dongsaeng. Heck, it's the only response he's been getting for days! That, and a softly whispered, "I'm sorry, Jin Hyungie..."
The puppy-like, apologetic expression didn't last long, though. As soon as Jin started to feel bad, his heart squeezing in his chest, Jungkook's head snapped up and his nostrils flared. Eyes sparkling and glittering as if someone dumped a bucket of stars all over them.
With a dazed smile, he rushed past his Hyungs, hands scrambling for the door handle before he almost ripped it out of the frame as he ripped it open.

There, wide eyed and breathless, was Jimin whose face instantly lit up, cheeks drenched in pink, upon facing his excitedly bouncing mate. Jungkook gasped in awe, "You're here!" and the Omega beamed even more while he reached out and cupped the taller's cheeks, pulling him into a fleeting kiss.
"I'm here." he hummed approvingly.

They didn't acknowledge the groans following their every action. They did, however, notice the frowning, blonde female who stood behind them, unable to walk past the totally engrossed couple. Their choreographer.

"What's going on? I'm pretty sure you should be practicing right now, Jungkook. Unless you magically caught up to everyone else." He didn't, obviously, and reluctantly stepped away from his mate, head guiltily lowered. "And you are...?" the teacher asked with her eyes traveling towards Jimin, brows rising in question.

Before Jimin got even the smallest chance to reply, Jungkook cut in, which earned him a scowl from his offended mate and rolling eyes from everyone else. It didn't stop him from blurting out what he wanted to say, though. "He's with me! He can stay!"

There's an awkward pause before Hoseok sighed and slapped the back of Jungkook's head, making the younger hide behind his mate. Jimin, however, was having none of it as he puffed his cheeks in a silent pout. "What"...?" Jungkook sulked while uncomfortably rubbing his neck, still unsure as to what he did wrong.
"I can talk for myself, thank you very much."
With that, Jimin stepped forward. He put on the brightest smile, the same he always wore when meeting new people. Jungkook liked to call it his showbiz smile, although Jimin claimed that it's not just for show. It's always genuine.

"Hi, it's nice to meet you. My name is Jimin, and I really admire your work! Training those guys must be exhausting."

Namjoon nodded along in approval, followed by an affronted grunt from Jin who muttered, "What's that supposed to mean...?"
"I'm not hard to train!" Jungkook added while resting his chin on the smaller's shoulder, arms loosely slung around his waist and nose nuzzled into his neck.
"I'm a born genius. A natural."

With just as much sarcasm as affection, Jimin cooed, "Sure, you are." and the dance teacher couldn't hide a quiet chuckle upon seeing Jungkook beam like the sun over such a small praise.

"Yeah. They're a handful." she finally agreed. "I'm Sungyeon. Nice to meet you."
They shook hands, briefly, but even the shortest moment was enough to send a tingling sensation down Jimin's spine, instincts sharpening as their flaring scents clashed, Alpha and Omega. It's nothing unusual, careful testing, but Jungkook still tensed upon seeing the Alpha girl's interest. It caused Jimin to let go of Sungyeon's hand in an instant while reassuringly leaning towards his mate in an attempt to calm him.

As both of them relaxed, everyone else in the room released a long, relieved breath. Almost as if they had expected the youngest to jump the potential rival. It's a thought that, despite Jungkook's restlessness, never crossed Jimin's mind. If anything, he's more scared of hurting his mate's feelings than fearing he might lose his temper. Jungkook isn't like that, Jimin was sure of it.

Sungyeon, however, was clearly taken aback. Her eyes widen, mouth hanging open in shock as she took a step back and squeaked, "Holy shit! You're mated!"
Neither of the pair knew what to say, so they just stood there, awkwardly, until Namjoon stepped up and decided to lead the conversation into somewhat safer territory.

"We're trying to keep this on the dl for now. Please, don't tell anyone."
A slow nod is the only approval he gets out of her as she continues to stare at the awkward couple, awe clouding her gaze until she finally shakes her head and mumbles, "I can't believe it. Jungkook of all people...maybe the world turned upside down while I was sleeping. I should check."
Wincing, said Alpha huffed a weak, "Yah...I'm not that bad..." but he was dismissed instantly when Sungyeon walked past him and slapped the taller Alpha's back in the process.
"Well, whatever. Good job on finding someone who manages to endure your annoying ass. That won't excuse you from practice, though. You better move before I make you stay overtime again."

Jungkook wasn't lying about being a genius when it comes to picking up new routines. After barely an hour, he had all the steps engraved in his brain, although it took a considerable amount of fine tuning until he was satisfied with himself.
As amazed as Jimin was, he couldn't help but feel envious towards his oh so talented mate. Just a little bit.

"Jimin-ah!"

Once again it was Jungkook's voice that pulled him away from the darkness clouding his thoughts. His cheerful voice that allowed Jimin to smile brightly without even trying, without having to force it.

"What is it? Keep going or Sungyeonie will get mad again."

"But I need someone who practices with me. She's always busy with Joonie and Jinnie Hyung."

It definitely wasn't the childish but adorably cute pout that made Jimin weak, made him melt and give in to whatever his Alpha wants.

It wasn't the sweat dripping down his nose, either. Or the way it ran down his throat, leaving glistening traces that Jimin just wanted to lick up before biting and marking the thin, annoyingly unblemished skin.

He startled when Jungkook pulled his nose to drag him out of his daze, making Jimin startle and flush in a way that painted a knowing smirk on the Alpha's face.

"Jiminnie." he whispered softly. Lips gracing the shell of Jimin's ear, just barely, while his heated breath collided with Jimin's shuddering skin.

"Dance with me."

He pulled back, big doe eyes feigning innocence and voice sweeter than honey.

"Please?"

Unsurprisingly, Jimin found himself on the dance floor, in front of the wall sized mirror, in less than a second. What started out as a normal, innocent dance practice soon turned into bitten lips, teasing glances, and moves that are definitely more seductive than they're supposed to be.

"That's not part of the choreography." Jimin pouted after watching his mate roll his body in the nasty way that makes him lose all focus. The singer was fast to shoot back.

"So? Don't tell me you can't freestyle."

It was a challenge Jimin couldn't decline, so it really wasn't his fault when they ended up in a heated dance battle instead of practicing diligently. Although he did feel a little bad since Jungkook was the one who got scolded once Sungyeon noticed their antics.

Then again, the brat deserves a good scolding, Jimin thought smugly while watching how his mate shrunk into himself under Sungyeon's fiery gaze and unforgiving voice.

Time passed way too fast, as always, and soon Jimin had to leave his puppy eyed mate. The latter wasn't happy about it, at all, and he made his disappointment more than clear by hugging the smaller male into oblivion.

"Hug the pups for me." he mumbled dejectedly.

It hurt Jimin's heart but they both knew, there's nothing they can do about Jungkook's lack of time. When the children woke up in the morning, Jungkook was already performing. When they went to sleep, he was busy practicing for the tour.

And it would only get worse once he leaves the country.

A gentle, "I will." was what Jimin settled on. That, and a quick, innocent peck on his mate's cheek that he hoped would cheer him up.

"Don't worry, you can see them all the time when you're back. We won't go anywhere."

He was about to slip through the door when a breathless, high-pitched voice called him back.

"Let's talk for a second, Jiminnie!" Sungyeon gasped before she stopped in front of him.
It wasn't until they left the room and closed the door behind them that the girl crossed her thin arms in front of her chest and gave the Omega a stern look.

"Listen. I really hope you know what you're getting yourself into. Dating an Idol isn't fun. You'll be alone more often than not. Even when he's here, you'll always have to be careful not to get caught. Either that, or you make your relationship public and people will judge, and criticize every single step you take. No matter what, you will always live in his shadow. You're the one who gets hurt."

After letting her words seep in, Jimin took a deep breath and nodded. "I appreciate that you worry about about me." he said while sporting his blinding signature smile, voice soft and gentle while being firm at the same time. "But I'm aware of the consequences. I went through hard times before, all by myself. I can do it again. Besides..."

He paused and looked up. There was something in his gaze, a burning fire and blazing confidence buried under all those shadows of his past. "I don't plan on living in anyone's shadow. I'm sure Jungkook wouldn't want me to, either."

He disappeared, leaving a stunned Sungyeon behind. "Feisty and stubborn." she mumbled with a wicked smile. "Just like his mate. I guess they truly are a match made in heaven. This will be entertaining to watch, for sure."

With those thoughts in mind, she ripped the door open, voice booming through the room like a battle cry. A dragon, ready for war. "Yah! Who said you can rest?!"

__________________________

One last day before the group's departure. Few last moments of peace and quiet for Jungkook and Jimin. They met up in the early morning hours and haven't left each other's side since. Even though, Jungkook's attention had undoubtedly shifted ever since the pups joined them in the afternoon.

"If I didn't know any better I'd think you only love me because I had your pups." the Omega pouted. It was more of a joke than anything but his dramatically puffed cheeks and the sulky frown was enough to have Jungkook run in circles, ready to do whatever it takes to prove his affection. "You know that's not true! I love you more...well...just as much as the pups."

After giggling sweetly, and rolling his eyes, Jimin gently grabbed the Alpha's chin and pulled his face close enough to make their noses bump. Breaths brushing over each other's lips. "That's right." he whispered. "You better love all three of us with all your heart Jeon Jungkook."

After placing a short peck on his Alpha's big nose, Jimin laughed again. Seeing him go cross-eyed as he tried to see what it is that Jimin does while he's all up in his face was somehow the most adorable and, at the same time, hilarious thing in the world. He loved it, loved him, with every cell of his being.
"Stranger!" Minji suddenly yelled from the safety of the playground's slide. She was sitting up there, right on top, while squinting her eyes as she stared into the far away distance. Jungkook reacted instantly, like a child that's about to get caught while cheating on a test and now quickly hides all evidence. Just that his evidence seemed to be his face because he hid it by dragging up his mask and pulling down the hood of his jacket at the same time. As it turned out, their daughter was right. Soon enough, a group of yelling and laughing Alpha's walked past them.

It was only when they were gone that Jimin's eyebrows rose and he gave Jungkook a glare that had the other shudder in fear. So much, in fact, that he briefly thought about leaving the hood up for a little longer, simply to escape his mate's beautiful, but accusing gaze.

"Please." the Omega sighed. "Don't tell me you turned my daughter into a freaking dog just to make sure nobody sees us."
"Well...I wouldn't call her a dog, that's for sure. Besides, it's not just your daughter, she's mine as well."
Jungkook gasped when his mate's foot hit his knee, followed by a slap against his shoulder, and a snarl.
"Don't get smart with me, baby Alpha. I raised her!"

"Stranger!"

Again, Jungkook attempted to hide once he heard his daughter's voice. This time, though, Jimin was faster and slapped Jungkook's hands away just to pull the other's hood down and into Jungkook's face with his own small paws. Instead of letting go, though, he kept pulling until Jungkook had to give in and lowered his head enough for the Omega to tiptoe and kiss him.

Their lips moved softly, slowly, until the people nearby finally left the area with a few squeals and giggles.

Jimin pulled away, pupils dilated and lips curled into a smug smirk.
"That's a better way to hide, isn't it?" he hummed alluringly, very much satisfied with himself, and Jungkook gasped, tongue swiping over his bottom lip before he whispered, "I wish you could sleep at my place tonight."
Laughing sweetly, Jimin slapped his Alpha's chest. His cheeks were beautifully flushed, heated and healthy just like Jungkook loved it. How he loved him. Happy and healthy, tan and chubby cheeked.

"Don't get too excited, babe." Jimin meanwhile huffed.
"I definitely don't plan on staying at your place just to be thrown out at 2 in the morning when you have to run and catch your flight. I don't have a babysitter, either."
"Just take the pups along and let Yoongi watch them then. I won't wake you in the morning, promise." Jimin really couldn't help himself, he started laughing, loud and unfiltered, until he almost doubled over. Only Jungkook's arm around his waist was there to keep him upright, giving him strength and stability.

"Oh, look at you acting like the brat you are. Don't make poor Yoongi Hyung babysit just so you can have your fun. He'll need his sleep just as much as you do, maybe even more considering you're younger and awake all night to play games, anyway." The pout on Jungkook's face intensified. Jimin could almost count all those excuses running through that undeniably pretty head of his.
"It's not like Yoongi sleeps more than I do. He'll probably work on new songs all night."
"Well, that's something productive, at least. You're just playing Overwatch."
With the warm feeling of victory floating through his veins, Jimin turned around to observe his playing twins until Jungkook's warmth suddenly enveloped him from behind. The Alpha hugged him tightly while resting his chin on the smaller's shoulders, an action that always, without fail, made Jimin's smile grow and his eyes glow.

"I'll miss you so much, Minnie. Every day, every second. I'm sorry for not being with you when I really should be."

It's nothing but a soft whisper against Jimin's skin, velvety and gentle just like Jungkook's temper. Like his feathery touches, his sweet kisses. It all melted together, all the good things, desire, and emotions. It melted into one body, one soul, one being. The one being Jimin wouldn't mind giving his soul to He wouldn't mind opening the path to his most vulnerable inner self.

Without taking his eyes off him, Jungkook shrugged off his jacket to put it on Jimin instead. Such an easy thing to do. So sweet, so innocent. Two words that seemed to sum up Jungkook's existence rather accurately lately. Or maybe, Jimin thought, his world is love colored, still. Drenched in pastel pinks and roses.

As Jungkook swirled him around to properly wrap the Omega into his jacket, Jimin realized too late where this leads. Noticed too late that he's caged in the huge pile of material, unable to move or simply escape. He was like a present under a tree, all nicely wrapped and lovingly presented, but he couldn't find it in him to care when Jungkook looked down at him like that. With a smile on his face, his gaze caressing every nook and cranny adorning his face. As if he was busy appreciating it all. Every curve and sharp edge of his body. And when Jungkook kissed him, his inner storm came to a halt. All the missing parts, those always missing puzzle pieces, appeared and fell into place.

When they pulled away, Jimin was dazed, his gaze beautifully glazed, and he smiled mischievously while nuzzling into the jacket, flooding his nostrils with the smell that undoubtedly belonged to his mate. "Isn't this pretty dangerous? What happened to being careful?" he then asked, but Jungkook just stared at his feet, rosy cheeked, before he finally shrugged. "Fuck being careful. I'd rather show you off to the world, anyway."

Jimin huffed and wiggled his nose. "Stupid pup."

But once again his beaming smile betrayed the scolding tone of his voice and made it more than obvious that Jungkook wasn't the only one who's absolutely, truly smitten.

______________________________

Only a few hours later, Jimin opened the door to his new apartment and ushered his heavily yawning children inside. It was late. Jimin didn't compromise when making sure the twins are warm, safe, and more
importantly, asleep.
No more playing on their phones, with their expensive cameras, or newly acquired toys.

Jungkook spoils them too much already, he thought with a sigh and a twitch of his nose when he found another expensive looking gaming console he'd never seen before.
If this goes on they'll have to either pile all this stuff in a whole different room, or throw some old toys away. The latter, he'd really like to avoid because, God, he's not ready to fight this war again.

Either way, for now he kissed the twins goodnight and quietly snuck into his own room, his own bed.
He loved the apartment, he really did! But after sharing his personal space for the biggest part of his life, at first with his children, then with Jungkook, it was still weird to be all by himself.
The bed felt enormous, although it really wasn't all that big, and so did the empty, quiet space around him.
He felt like a child lost in the woods, a scary thought.
Still, he squeezed his eyes shut and forced his nervous heart to calm down.
This is normal, how it should be. His children deserve their own space and so does he.
In the end, the world of dreams had him in it's unyielding grasp until he startled awake around 4 AM.

His chest hurt.

After rolling right, rolling left, and finally lying on his back again, Jimin took a deep breath, as if to force his constricted lungs to expand, and slowly sat up.
Something was missing. But what?
In an attempt to soothe the ache, he grabbed a pillow and hugged it tightly before burying his nose in the soft material.
It was such a weird sensation. The emptiness that took a hold of his mind got worse, horrifying, until it turned into sadness and a small sob forced it's way up his throat.
Just when it started to become unbearable, his phone suddenly went off and the low vibration noise claimed the crying Omega's attention.
He took the call.

"Hello...?"
"Hey."
Jungkook. His voice alone made Jimin's heart skip, made his face brighter and mood lighter while all the pain, the ache in his heart, seemed to simply fade away.
"I can't believe you're calling me in the middle of the night, baby Alpha."
Despite his lighthearted voice, Jungkook still sounded worried when he went on to ask how he's doing, rightfully so. But Jimin didn't like it. He didn't like to make him worried, didn't like to always be protected and smothered when he's been doing fine without help for the longest time.
It's nice sometime, sure, but he wants to show that he can stand on his own two feet from time to time.
After several minutes of trivial small talk, Jimin finally asked the one obvious question that still lingered between them, unanswered.

"Babe, why did you call?"
His voice was soft, not accusing, but nervous silence was the only answer he got.
"Jungkookie?"
"I just wanted to make sure you're okay. I mean, it's not like I think you can't take care of yourself! Just...are you okay?"
There it was again, the warmth that spread through his veins, making his heart swell with pride, with love, and adoration. How can his mate, a strong, proud Alpha, be so adorable? It's still a mystery to
him, a very enjoyable one.
Giggling softly, Jimin went back into the cocoon that is his blanket which only intensified the sudden relaxation and safety he felt.

"Yeah. I'm fine. Well...I guess I wasn't a second ago. I don't know. I was emotional and my chest hurt but it's gone now."
"You're hurt?!!"
It seemed to be the only thing of the sentence that stuck. A fact that would've made Jimin laugh if he didn't feel so bad to hear Jungkook freak out like that.
"Listen to me. I said I'm fine now. Everything's okay."
"Okay..." the Alpha echoed before sighing loudly.
"I felt the same, actually. That's why I called. I was hoping it's not because of the bond."

Ah.

Jimin's eyes widened as it dawned on him. Of course. It's the bond that caused the anxiety he was going through. It explains why it's getting worse the bigger the distance between them becomes.
Hearing each other's voice helped, they assumed, so Jungkook promised to call whenever he can before once again apologizing for not being there.
The sweetness of his words and the calmness he felt was what finally lead Jimin into a more comfortable, and lasting, type of sleep.

Like that, time flew by.
As promised, they called each other every day, texted between calls, and waited for the other's response whenever either of them was busy.
It was a tough time but both of them felt confident that they would get through this until they're finally reunited.

It wasn't until the twins had their next playmating session that Jimin really got to feel the difficulties of being alone again.
He was standing at the backdoor, one kid on his left hand, the other on his right, but the tired looking guard strongly refused to let him in.
"This is ridiculous!" Jimin huffed while biting his puffy bottom lip. He was angry, and even more annoyed, but he knew making a scene wouldn't get him far here.
"I'm just bringing them while my mate isn't here. Please, I don't know other Alphas who could bring them..."

He wouldn't budge, no matter what he said.
Jimin was about to turn around and angrily storm off but was stopped by a shiny, black car, similar to Jungkook's, with tinted windows.
A dark clothed figure opened the door on the driver's side, and Jimin couldn't hold back a surprised gasp when he saw who it was.
"Taemin-ssi!"

With a smile, the older man slid his glasses to the tip of his nose, eyes sparkling as he looked the Omega up and down, while his son trailed behind him.
"Ah, Jiminnie. I was hoping to see you here. Sorry, I'm late."
Upon seeing Jimin's very obvious confusion, he laughed.
"Jungkook-ah wrote and asked me to escort those two little devils. Minji giggled, clearly enjoying her new title, while Minju stared blankly into the distance. Jimin, who couldn't help but notice his behavior, lovingly ruffled the boy's hair in an attempt to cheer him up.
"That would be amazing, to be honest. I tried everything but they won't let me in."
"Yeah, I expected that much." Taemin huffed with a frown. My mate used to have the same problem when I wasn't here," and with a smile he added, "But don't you worry, little Omega! I'll make sure to escort them safely. We should exchange numbers, though."

At this point, Jimin did hesitate a little, a frown on his face while he stared at his phone. At the picture of him and Jungkook he used as his current background.
"I don't know...I don't think Jungkook would like that."
"Well, he won't like it when you have to wait out here in the middle of the night, either."
That's probably true, Jimin supposed, and he shrugged slightly before finally showing him his phone. After saving each other's number, the Alpha hummed happily.
"Great! I'll let you know when we're done. You should wait somewhere warm and safe. I'm pretty sure there's a nice, little cafe down the street. And don't worry, I won't call you randomly and ask you out for coffee."
He hesitated for a moment before grinning even wider.
"Actually, maybe I will. You're even cuter in real life. It'll be fun! Don't worry, Jungkookie won't mind!"
Oh, there's nothing Jimin doubted more but he only nodded halfheartedly, silent, and red cheeked.

Taemin turned around sing songing a, "Follow me, pups!" and disappeared in the building, leaving Jimin stunned and overwhelmed. Only when he finally sat in the small cafe Taemin had described did he finally look at his phone and typed, "thank you" to his mate.
A heart was the only answer he got, making him flush even more as he tried to ignore his fluttering heart.
He typed, "Don't get cocky, though. I would've found a way to get them into the building by myself somehow! You're still a snotty, baby Alpha in my eyes. A sometimes helpful, snotty, baby Alpha!"

Smooth, Jimin. Real smooth.

Or maybe not because Jungkook simply answered with a short but sweet, "Sure. Love you. ♡" that had Jimin groan in defeat before he buried his face in his hands and squealed like a fucking twelve year old who just talked to their crush for the first time ever.
When he lowered his hands, every costumer in the cafe was staring in horrified silence, probably debating over whether the Omega is just crazy or needs help.
Jimin simply smiled, a weak try to pick up the pieces of his shattered dignity, before he replied to Jungkook with a warm heart, and red cheeks, and a cute pout on his face.

"Love you, too."
Hey guys, I just wanted to let you know that I won't continue this fic because I just...don't feel inspired by Jikook anymore. I mean, they never flirt! They don't backhug or whisper into each other's ear. They don't cuddle or ride on gay rainbow unicorns.

They don't even do laundry together anymore!!

I just can't see them as a couple.

Sorry.

Okay, before anyone freaks out, I'm joking. Obviously. XD Happy April fools day and happy Jikook week. ♡♡♡♡

I hope nobody pranked you too badly.

The next chapter is actually halfway done already

(■ o 3 o)♡ I've been inspired by all your sweet comments.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Sorry, this chapter is a little short, and weird... Dunno what happened there. At first I was so into it but towards the end I just wanted it to be over. x'D I guess, those moments where Jikook aren't together really aren't my favorites but it was necessary... and the twins got some screentime, which is important for the later parts of the story.
So yay!

"Wow. You do miss him a lot, don't you?"

Taehyung’s question was blatantly ignored when, instead, Jimin's empty gaze focused on the pups in front of him. Those two rascals that looked so much like himself, but even more like...Jungkook...
He groaned, hands flying up to cover his face and hide the desperation that, inevitably, must show on his features.
"I don't miss him!"

The mildly amused chuckle Taehyung graced him with was enough to show the Omega's disbelief, yet he still decided to state a simple, "Sure. Whatever makes you sleep at night." just to make Jimin groan even more.
"Oh. Right. You don't sleep because you keep thinking about him."

Taehyung was outright laughing now, earning him an angry stare, followed by a defeated sigh because, yes, he's right. But Jimin wasn't ready to admit his glaring weakness for the Alpha, yet. He just wasn't.

"Seriously, I don't miss him. It's just irritating that he ignores me!"
"You mean...that he's not calling every sixty minutes, plus or minus thirty seconds, because he has to be on stage for the next three hours?"

Jimin clamped his mouth shut and thought for a moment but soon the pout found it's way back onto his face.
"He could've called while getting ready. Or when he was waiting to go on stage!"
Groaning loudly, Taehyung rolled his eyes and thrust his hands in the air, as if to beg some random God for forgiveness, while the two children abandoned their homework and walked up to them instead. Curiosity sparkled in those pretty, large, doe eyes.

"Why can't we just go with Jungkookie Appa?" Minji whined, and her brother nodded firmly before he added, "We could take a teacher with us, so we don't miss anything in school!"

Jimin just sighed but still pulled them closer to scent their small neck, more to calm himself than them.
"No. That's not exactly how it works. And don't say Jungkookie appa, just appa is fine." he huffed before pinching his children's adorable, small, noses. The two whined and pouted, and it only made Jimin's heart swell more, made him think of the day they were born, and how much of a blessing it is they exist.
"Calling Hyung appa is weird."
The sentence alone already sent a painful jab to the Omega's heart, and made him freeze slightly.
But he asked anyway almost as if to punish himself. "Why is that sweetie?"
"Well...because we never had one. Suddenly calling someone appa all the time is strange."

And it's all his fault, Jimin thought. He felt his heart sink, and his hands tremble while becoming horribly aware of the fact that he was the driving force that decided to keep his pups away from their father.

He regretted it, did so for a while actually, and his children's statements only worsened the guilt he felt. Before he was even aware of it, the tears started flowing down his cheeks, causing the pups gasp in unison while Taehyung jumped up and flailed his arms in an attempt to distract them. "He's fine!" he assured with a forced, cheerful voice.

"Eomma misses appa, that's all! Go and finish your homework, yeah?"

He then watched how they hesitantly waddled away before he grabbed his phone, glared at the clock, and punched in a now very familiar number.

"Where is he?" Taehyung almost growled, his knuckles going white as he gripped the device harder. "What do you mean he's taking a shower?! Drag him out of there and make sure he calls! Jimin is freaking out over here!"

As if to prove him right, Jimin started whining by his side. Quietly at first, but it gradually became louder.

"Maybe he forgot about me...or he found someone else, or he doesn't want me anymore..."

"Jimin. He's leaving the shower right now."

"I don't wanna know what he does with who in the shower..."

Taehyung stared at him, as if to check whether he's joking, but after a while he simply shook his head and groaned.

"I honestly doubt that he's got time to flirt around when he's calling you a hundred times a day and works in between. You're being ridiculous."

So what if he is, Jimin thinks angrily but opts for staying quiet. Sure, a part of him knows he's acting weird but there's an even more significant, bigger, part that's terrified and paralyzed at the thought of being left behind.

It's annoying, almost degrading, but he can't help it when the Omega inside him demands for attention he apparently thinks he deserves.

His phone started vibrating seconds later, making Taehyung release a drawn out, relieved, sigh. "Thank God." he muttered while handing his best friend the slim device. His reaction was instant.

As soon as the Alpha's voice hit his ears, Jimin started glowing, started smiling and giggling, all former doubts forgotten.

"Juju...I don't think I want to mate, like, ever. It's scary." Minji muttered with a disgusted but still adorable scrunch of her small nose. Taehyung honestly couldn't blame her. As cute as Jimin and Jungkook could be, the Omega's mood swings are honestly terrifying.

"I should go back to working at the bar. I need to do something...anything. Staying home all day makes me go crazy." Jimin whispered to Taehyung once the phone call had ended and the dopey, love-struck smile melted from his drooping, plush, lips.

"I don't think that's a good idea." Taehyung replied softly, although understanding.
"You never liked working there, and Jungkook wouldn't be thrilled about it, either. I still think you should go for something dance related. It always distracted you, and made you happy."

He's right, of course, but Jimin still can't see himself dance on any kind of stage. Not without Jungkook, anyway.
The thought alone is scary to him. Blinding lights. All eyes on him.
He's not ready.

Yet, staying away from the things you love isn't easy, and soon he finds himself creeping around BigHit's company building in an attempt to keep the memories of those last few dance practice sessions with his mate vivid in his mind.
Only when he, out of nowhere, gets tapped on the shoulder, does he flinch and turn around with his eyes guiltily glued to his black and white sneakers.
"Jimin? What are you doing here?"
It's Sungyeon who stares him down, confusion painted all over her face as she steps back to avoid making the Omega feel cornered.
"I just..." Jimin muttered helplessly before going quiet and sighing. "Sorry. I didn't mean to be a creep, I swear! I just...missed Jungkookie, and dancing, I guess."

A hum left Sungyeon's orange colored lips followed by a casual flick of her stunning, brown, locks. Then she grinned, wide and toothy.
"Well, I don't have a copy of Jungkook to spare, but if it's about a place where you can dance, I could offer one as long as you're willing to help me out a little."

Helping out, in this case, means supporting her while she tries to train a rather inexperienced group of trainees.
Most of them are sixteen, some barely fifteen, and it really takes Jimin back to when he was younger.
When he had a million hopes and dreams, his head always stuck in the clouds.
It reminded him of how strong-willed he was. How he worked himself to the bone, every day of the week, just to reach this one big dream. A dream that seemed to be endlessly far away, even though it's been so close, compared to how unreachable it is now.

Despite those bittersweet memories, teaching them was still fun. They're so motivated, even those who never saw a dance studio from the inside before which forced Jimin to start with the basics while Sungyeon showed everyone who's a little more experienced some new routines.

He's so invested, in fact, that it takes the alarm of his phone to remind him of the outside world, and the fact that his pups are waiting to be picked up from school.
In a panic, Jimin says his goodbyes with hectic bows and stuttered, "I'm sorry's" before he runs as fast as he can to catch his train.

Thank God, he makes it just in time. He reaches the school with sweat glistening on his skin and no air left in his lungs.
The Omega is rather proud of himself, to be honest, so it's kind of a harsh blow when both of his children walk past him without even sparing a glance.
"Alright...I guess we don't talk on our way home then."

Just when he's about to follow them, his children's homeroom teacher holds him back. A young woman with cute, round glasses and long, black hair.
She's clearly struggling with whatever unnerving announcement she's about to make, so Jimin waits patiently for her to gather as much confidence as she needs.
"I'm so sorry Park Jimin-ssi... Sir..." she mutters nervously. Jimin can't help but feel bad for this poor
soul. Maybe, the food got more expensive again, or something like that. Parents, or people in general, can be scary, especially when it's about money.

"What is it?" he tried to prod gently, and finally the woman looked up, uneasiness still there but contained by a teacher's professionalism.
"I'm so sorry, both of your children got expelled for a week."
It took a moment for Jimin's polite smile to falter, but when it did, the teacher looked more than a little worried. Even more when Jimin stayed stubbornly silent.
"Jimin-ssi...?"
"What happened?"
The calmness in his voice was unnerving, the lack of facial expression horrifying but the teacher powered through.

"Well..." she stuttered. "From what I can tell, your son got into a fight with a fellow Alpha classmate. For no reason, apparently. I'm guessing your daughter jumped in to help him. The other boy had a bleeding lip, a black eye, and a bite mark on his hand. I'm sorry but we can't condone such violent behavior...which is why we decided to expel both of them from school for the next seven days. Please, make sure they stay indoors. It's supposed to be a punishment after all."

Neither the children, nor Jimin dared to say a word on their way home. Even looking at their parent seemed to become an impossible task for the twins who kept shifting in their seat, guilty and uncomfortable. Especially Minju seemed to be totally beside himself as he stared at a distant, faraway, and probably nonexistent dot, gaze unfocused. He looked depressed, Jimin noted with concern.

Once they reached home, he sat them down on their pastel blue and pastel purple kitchen chairs in order to prevent them from escaping into their respective rooms.
"Well? Wanna tell me what happened today?"
It was a rhetorical question, obviously, but the twins seemed to take it very literally as they shook their heads in perfect sync and attempted to get up.

"Sit."
Small hands and thin legs scrambled to sit down again.
Sometimes, in a rare moment of weakness, Jimin still found himself long for such a slender, lithe, body. It reminded him of good times, happier times, but he forcefully shook that thought off. There's more important things to think about now.

"Fine, I'll ask some questions then. Why did you hurt your classmate?"
Unsure glances were exchanged like money at a food stall on busy Monday mornings. Not subtle at all but filled with hurt and despair.
The way they kept their mouths shut, lips pressed together as if sealed with cement, told endless tales of their unwillingness to talk, but they didn't have a choice. Jimin wouldn't give them one.

Minutes dragged on, half an hour of stubborn silence, until the young boy finally broke down. The unyielding cement between his lips crumbled.
"He wouldn't stop making fun of me! He did it for two weeks and it made me mad! When I told our teacher, she said I shouldn't worry about it and that he'll stop, but he didn't!"

Ah. That's more like it.
Jemin might be biased, he's aware, but he still couldn't believe his son would act like that without reason, without being provoked.
Yet, despite the relief he felt, there's just as much heartache because he knows how it feels to be alone. To be made out to be the villain without having anyone who's willing to listen. Sometimes, all it takes is someone who's willing to ask what's wrong because one's pride often wouldn't allow to seek help even though all those troubles are obvious, cloaking them like clouds cloak the world on those rainy, sunless days.

"Any did he make fun of you, baby?"
His tone is calmer now, softer, while his scent flared up to wrap his anxious pups in a protective cocoon of soothing sweetness, calming them down. It seemed to work.
After a while, the twins relaxed in their seats. Sharp senses giving into the endorphin inducing smell only a true parent could produce, though it might be rather similar to the way an Alpha calms his frightened mate.

"He said Juju isn't a real Alpha." his daughter huffed when the boy couldn't bring himself to reply. "They're all making fun of him for being scared of the dark and hating fights. It's stupid."
Stupid, indeed.
Still, Jimin isn't surprised. Be aggressive, be strong, don't be scared, never cry. It's the typical stereotype that's forced onto every Alpha as soon as they're born. Again and again, until it's deeply rooted in their minds, just how Omegas are trained to be quiet and demure. To be humble and ready to give up their dreams in order to care for their mate, to bear them their children. It should go without saying that Jimin was never the biggest fan of those ideals.

"Minju, come here." he called, and the boy froze for the shortest moment, as if expecting to be punished severely.
It broke Jimin's heart, even more when they finally stood before each other and the chubby cheeked, jet black haired, boy started crying.
Before he could break down completely, Jimin swept him right into the warmth of his arms, hugging him tightly, until his child's eyes finally dried again. Hiccups turning into quiet sniffles.
"There's nothing wrong with you." he whispered softly. "Don't let them crawl under your skin. Being different is a blessing, not a curse."
They slept huddled together in Jimin's bed that night, cuddling and nuzzling, until all of them drifted off into the hopeful and safe world of their dreams.

When Sungyeon called the next morning, asking him to help out again, Jimin found it hard to refuse. Teaching those kids had been fun. It forced him to focus on something other than his constant internal struggles.
But, of course, he can't leave the twins at home by themselves.
After contemplating for a while, an ongoing back and forth between what he wants and what's the right thing to do, he finally decided to take them along.
Neither of the twins used to be violent, even when being provoked. Locking them up in their rooms won't solve anything. That's how he sees it, at least, and fate seemed to agree.

From the moment they entered Bighit's busy company building, the twins showed off their most blinding sunshine smiles, eyes sparkling in overflowing excitement. It's been a while since they were allowed to come here, no wonder they enjoy it. Several times, people stopped to coo, to pinch their cheeks, and ruffle their hair. It was adorable to
look at, heartwarming to see the pups so happy, so incredibly lively.
It made Jimin wonder whether Jungkook and Yoongi were right. Maybe he should think about letting them transfer to a different school.
A school where they could be with others who're in the same position.

He was always aware that Jungkook was an Idol, sure. But he never thought too hard about the consequences. Never thought that it could have such a huge impact on his, or the twins, life as long as Jungkook wasn't part of their small, simple, life.
He didn't plan to see him again, after all. Not face to face, and definitely not on a relationship level.
Everything changed so much, so quickly.

The three of them took the elevator where Jimin watched fondly how the pups pushed at least two buttons too many before he went back to being the parent he was supposed to be, and told them to stop.
Third floor. They entered the dance studio.
Sungyeon was already there, and with her three other Alphas who, much to Jimin's surprise, seemed to be around his age.
What surprised him even more was that one of the guy's eyes widened upon seeing him. Very familiar eyes.
"Jiminie!"
The bleach blonde who apparently recognized him darted towards Jimin, arms already extended to pull him into a welcoming hug.
The Omega, though, quickly ducked away to avoid the unexpected gesture, making the other boy stumble as he came to a rather abrupt halt.
"Uhm...Sorry, but no." Jimin muttered in confusion.
The unexpected rejection must've hurt a lot if the kicked puppy look on the male's face was any indication.
Admittedly, Jimin almost felt bad. Almost.
However, Jungkook's absence made him especially sensitive these days. Having the overpowering stench of an unknown Alpha on him was the last thing he wanted to deal with.
"You don't remember me?" the stranger pouted.
Slowly, Jimin squinted his eyes in an attempt to remember, but he really didn't.
Who is that guy?
Upon seeing the blankness on his face, the Alpha rocked back and forth on the balls of his feet, shoulders pulled up and teeth digging into his bottom lip until he finally gave up, and sighed.
"Jun. Back from Busan, remember?"
At this point, it finally clicked, though not in a way Jun had hoped as Jimin deadpanned, "Ah. The guy who kept bullying Jungkookie..."
"That's all you remember me for...?"
"It was all you did whenever I was around."

Jun blushed when he heard his friends snicker behind them, which seemed to remind Jimin of their current situation and made him frown.
"What are you doing here anyway? I didn't know you're working under Bighit. Did they hire you as a backup dancer?"
This actually made the taller smile while a hint of pride flashed across he sharp features.
"Actually...I tried to go solo for a while but it didn't work out. And now..." he shuffled his feet. "I, and the guys over there, formed a new group. We're debuting in two weeks."

For the first time since they locked eyes, Jimin seemed to really look at him, eyes going considerably wider as it slowly sunk in what the Alpha just claimed. Once it did, Jimin's face started to light up, beaming so bright, one could think the sun and moon must've collided right in front of their eyes. "Holy shit, that's awesome! I'm so happy for you!" Jimin cheered and the other's cheeks burned even more. "Thanks...hearing you say that means a lot... Especially since I still l-like y-y-"

"Jiminie. Can you help me for a second?"
Sungyeon's sudden intervention effectively ended whatever the future Idol was about to say while, at the same time, claiming Jimin's attention completely.
The Omega was impressively eager and motivated, as he always was when taking on a new task. If you start doing something you might as well do it properly and with all your heart, that's what he used to tell himself.
"Sure! Just a sec!"
And with that he shoved the twins towards Jun, giving him a last, quick, smile as he bowed his head apologetically.

"Look after them for a moment, okay? And really, I'm glad you made it. I know it was your dream. Congratulations."

With that he ran off and left his former dance partner in a weirdly confused, and dazed state. Not only because he was left behind, though. The probably even bigger reason for the mess of emotions whirling through his chest was the realization, the familiarity, of the twins' huge, chestnut brown doe eyes, their inky black hair, bunny teeth, and puffy pillow lips.

Not only are they Jungkook's spitting image. No. They're a perfect mixture of them both. Jimin and Jungkook. The glaring truth was laughing right into Jun's face and he can't even be mad because, God, those two are adorable. Just like Jimin. His Jimin. Jimin who was supposed to be his mate once he apologized for his stupid, past behavior. Dammit. But despite it all, they still got along well.

At the end of the day, Jimin had the choreography of their debut song engraved in his brain and was already correcting the other three, much to Sungyeon's relief and satisfaction. Jimin's knowledge and skill, his eagerness to help, already lifted an insane amount of weight from her small shoulders.

When they finally called it a day, both twins were sleeping soundly in a corner of the room. Jimin was ready to wake them and leave, but Sungyeon as well as Jun held him back.

"I was thinking," the female Alpha started with a grin as wide as the Chinese wall. "You're really fast at picking up new routines."
She was about to go on when Jun cut her off, his voice so loud, he almost yelled and made Jimin flinch.
Still, the message was clear enough, making the Omega frown in disbelief. "Please, be our backup dancer!"

"One of many." Sungyeon corrected with a roll of her eyes before she continued. "We usually use our trainees for stuff like that but most of them went with BTS to get some tour experience, which is good, obviously, but now we have to recruit a few backup dancer from outside
to support our other groups. You'd be perfect for the job. Plus, you'd get an actual salary and a contract."

Despite the longing he felt, Jimin couldn't bring himself to agree just yet. Not without telling his mate about it first and asking for his opinion on the matter, though he really didn't expect him to be against it. And he wasn't. In fact, Jungkook couldn't contain his excitement at the thought of working in the same building as his mate, the pure possibility of seeing each other by chance during the day made him giddily squirm in his plastic chair. "It's a great idea!" he exclaimed while one of the stylist Noona's curled his now reddish brown locks. "I'd love to see you dance on stage again!"

Only when Jimin mentioned Jun, and asked in the most casual way possible why it is that he never mentioned the other Alpha, did Jungkook go quiet. His eyes found something, or someone, behind the screen of his phone, fixing themselves on it like a lifeline in order to hopefully distract his mate from his unanswered question. It didn't work.

"Wow, I thought you're just jealous of Taemin-ssi, but it's actually every Alpha, isn't it?" Jimin chuckled in amusement. He could see how Jungkook sunk deeper into his seat, ears red, and nose scrunched up in that absolutely adorable way that made the Omega's heart jump in his chest.

"I'm not jealous. I just...wait for the moment where you realize how much better those other guys are and how great your life could be with them. I know it's stupid...sorry. I guess I'm just scared of losing you because I love you so much. But I won't stand in the way of your dreams. As long as you don't mind working with Jun Hyung, I won't mind either."

"Oh Jungkookie..." Jimin cooed. His voice got softer, his smile wider. "You don't have to worry, because no matter how great they are, you're still the best. You're my one and only baby Alpha who can barely look me in the eye sometimes, who allows me to jump on his back, and carries me around all day without complaining once. Even if someone tried to flirt with me, I wouldn't notice because I'm too busy thinking about you..." he paused, just to add a quiet, "I'm too busy missing you..."

They talked for a while after that. About the pups and then switching schools, about the oddness of Yoongi and Taehyung having each others number despite not liking each other very much. They talked until Jungkook had to go on stage, and a little more when he was back at the hotel until, finally, Jimin heard nothing but snoring from the other end of the world.

"Good night, Jungkookie." he whispered softly before finally hanging up. And while staring at the now dark screen of his phone he mumbled, "I love you, too. So much...it hurts sometimes."
There's one thing Jimin hates about his newly acquired job. It's not the nights he spends practicing in the lonely darkness of his room, in front of an unforgiving mirror.

The static object can't sugarcoat a thing, even if it wanted to.

It's not the fact that he's dancing in the shadow of someone else rather than in the spotlight. As much as he wished to be in their place, Jimin still tries to stay humble while being thankful for the little things. There's nothing to complain about, really. He already got more than he deserved, even when Jungkook stubbornly tells him otherwise by arguing that he deserves better.

And while it didn't exactly boost Jimin's confidence, the bold claim still made warmth spread between the Omega's ribs. Made him pray and wonder how he deserved such a clumsy, and awkward, but also very sweet mate who, in his own way, seemed to know exactly what Jimin needs to hear in his moments of weakness and self-doubt.

So yeah. None of that was a problem.

Not for Jimin who was used to torturing his pliant body by pushing past his limits, Jimin who was used to discipline and working hard, to failure and starting over again and again.

No.
As always, the root of the problem was hidden in the social aspects of his life.
As surprising as it was, he got along well with Jun and his band mates, which was great, really. However, he's not the only one dancing for them.

He knew that, of course.
What he wasn't aware of, though, was the fact that a handful of his colleagues aren't the strangers he wished they would be.
He knows them from school, from those times that used to feel so far away but now suddenly caught up with him. A time before Jungkook, before the twins.
Right now, he's staring into the face of his worst nightmare.

If it wasn't for his pups, those two angels who didn't know a thing and tugged on his sleeves, eager to watch them dance, to meet new faces.
Jimin used to be like that, he remembers bitterly. A long time ago.

Still, the first contact with his former classmates turned out to be a lot less horrible than he expected. Most of them are nice. All smiles and bittersweet compliments whenever they practice together.
And then, for a short while, Jimin allows his guards to drop and himself to relax, allows himself to laugh with those he once called friends, to be swept away with the comfortable stream of lukewarm words and paper-thin affection.

Taehyung was the first to voice his concerns about Jimin's newfound friendships, followed by Jungkook who mumbled a muffled, "Just be careful, okay?" into the pillows of his hotel bed when they called at night.
But it would take Jimin another week until he would listen.
It was their debut stage. Jimin's first time on any kind of stage ever since he dropped out of school.

He had dyed his hair especially for today. A soft cotton candy pastel pink.
The twins loved it, so much in fact, that they wouldn't stop crying and whining until both of them sported a well placed single strand of pink in their otherwise dark midnight hair.
It's times like this when Jimin wonders whether he might've, maybe, spoiled them just a little too much.

_____________________

"I'm so proud of you, Chim!"
Taehyung almost sobbed as he grabbed his friend's hands, whirling him around until Jimin squealed, Taehyung laughed, and both of them stumbled over their own, or each other's, feet. It was hard to tell whose limbs were whose at this point.

"You're gonna blow them away!" The taller Omega squealed. "Show them who's the real pro!"
Laughing, Jimin shook his head, eyes rolling fondly while he bumped his hip against his friend's in an attempt to gently quiet him down.
"Shut up. You are aware that I'm only here to make the real pros look better, right?"
The answer he got was an unintelligible huff that made Jimin laugh even more, though their banter was soon cut off by the ringing sound of his phone.

The identity of the caller could easily be revealed, could be read off the Omega's beaming face rather than the screen of his phone.
"Baby Alpha!" he squealed loud enough to turn people's heads, yet he barely noticed. Not when his mate claimed his full attention.

"I didn't think you'd be able to call...aren't you supposed to be on stage?!"
It was Jimin's time to sob now, just like Taehyung had done earlier, but a single, charming, bunny smile of his Alpha was enough to turn those pitiful sounds into the sweetest little giggle.

"It's our ten minute break. I can't talk for long but I wanted to wish you luck, although I doubt you'll need it. You're gonna blow them away!"
"Oh stop it." Jimin huffed despite the delighted raspberry redness that started to drown his cheeks.
"But thanks...you're so sweet."
Somewhere behind him, Taehyung scoffed and muttered, "Oh. So, it's sweet when he says stuff like that but when I do it you tell me to shut up?!
And even without turning, without looking at him, Jimin already knew what kind of face his best friend was wearing. A sulky pout, probably.
He would've returned the favor with a snarky remark of his own. This time, however, Jungkook beat him to it and chirped, "That's because I'm special!"
Sparkling with pride, his eyes lit up. Mouth twitching into the smuggest of smirks while some makeup artists already started to redo and touch up whatever was smudged or not in place.

It's then that Jimin noticed the unusual amount of sweat coating his skin, the paleness of his face, and the heaviness of his breath.
"Jungkook-ah..." Jimin hesitated, unsure whether it's his place to note the other's bad state. It could be totally normal, after all. Being on stage is always exhausting.
Still, he needed to make sure.
"Uhm...you look stressed, Jungkookie. Are you okay? Didn't your concert just start?"
Hesitance settled on the Alpha's face, eyes flickering downwards until he looked up again, happy facade back in place.  
"I'm fine. I miss you, that's all, but hearing your voice makes me feel better. Don't worry, Minnie. Just concentrate on your big day, okay?"

But the sweetness Jimin should've felt when hearing all those things didn't settle. Not when a woman who looked very much like one of the nurses who are usually stationed backstage in case of emergencies, wiped the sweat from Jungkook's forehead and took his pulse.  
"Don't fucking lie to me, Jeon."
His voice hitched and trembled, fists tightening as all those possibilities started to pile, mind vomiting pictures he never wanted to see, never wanted to imagine.

Jungkook who collapses in the middle of a song, Jungkook who falls over the edge of the stage and into the screaming crowd.
Jungkook who's transported to a hospital, unconscious.

Jimin would've actually gone crazy, already felt like breaking into tears, when Jungkook finally pulled him out of it by calling his name several times, sounding almost more alarmed than Jimin himself.  
"Hey! I'm okay, I promise," he sighed. "I felt a little weak earlier, that's all. It's pretty hot over here. I guess my body just can't handle it that well."

Hearing this calmed Jimin just a little bit, though a few of his worries still remained.  
"Will you go back on stage?"
Laughing lightly, Jungkook shrugged and held his phone higher in order to allow some Noonas and Hyungs to tug on his clothes and hair. They already walked towards the stage again.  
"Of course. I can't let our fans down, plus, the Hyungs would be in trouble without me."

"Don't listen to him, Jimin-ah. We don't need him. The brat just wants to be spoiled."
Jungkook shoved his Hyung lightly, cheeks colored in roses and raspberries, before he shyly hung his head, fluffy, perfectly styled, hair covering his pretty doe eyes.  
"Was that Yoongi?" Jimin giggled, and the other pulled a face before turning his phone, pointing it at his his band mates who walked in front of him.  
"Yeah... But see, told you I'm okay. Anyway, I gotta go. Good luck with your performance, babe. Make sure Taehyung gets all the good angles when he films you. Can't wait to see you on stage."
Despite his agreeing hum, the Omega's face fell into a pout mixed with longing. Two emotional waves, crashing and merging, tugging on his fragile heartstrings.  
"Okay...just be careful, Jungkookie. Take it easy. I don't want to come back to the news of you being in the hospital."

A beaming bunny smile was the last thing he saw before someone yelled, "BTS" and, after hastily saying goodbye, the connection of their call was cut off.  

"Done?" Taehyung asked, a child on each hand, and Jimin sighed before sliding the phone back into the pocket of his jeans.  
"Yeah...he wants you to film me, but..."
Stepping closer, Jimin took the expensive camera from Taehyung's neck and slid it onto his son's instead.  
"I think our future pro photographer should be the one to do it. You'll make Eomma look really good, right baby?"
Standing on his tiptoes, Minju held the heavy device in front of his face, wheezing as he did, before he giggled cutely and lowered it again, chubby cheeks glowing with excitement.  
"Yes, I'll do my best!"
They parted ways few minutes later.
While Taehyung and the twins fought through the masses to claim their seats, Jimin tried his hardest to calm his racing heart. He stood in front of the generically white door separating him from the waiting room reserved for the dance crew he was with.
Just when he grabbed the cold handle, door barely cracked open, he heard a familiar female voice and froze.
It's Yuna, one of the girls he went to school with.
She was one of his first friends in Seoul, and one of the first to turn her back on him when shit hit the fan.
She had been nice when they met again a week ago, bringing him drinks and smothering him with endearing compliments.
He should've known it was too good to be true.

"It's you, isn't it. You're his new bitch."
A sigh followed her words, a sigh that Jimin could tell belonged to Jun. The singer sounded annoyed, deep voice almost oozing a growl when he replied.
"It's not me, I've told you a million times already."
"Then how did he manage to get a contract with Bighit, huh? He didn't even finish school!"

"Because I asked Bang-nim to give him one."
The girl gasped, the angry redness burning her skin vocally bled into her venomous voice.
"Why would you do that?! I told you what kind of person he is! He let every damn teacher in our school fuck him and even got pregnant!"
"Yuna, stop it. That's not true."
"How would you know? You weren't there. He changed."
Another sigh, resigned this time. The Alpha clearly wasn't interested in talking about any of this, unwilling to hear someone talk about his childhood friend, or rival, in such a way.

"No. He didn't. He's exactly the same as he always was, and he's definitely not the type to sleep around like that."

And he's still oh so obvious, Jun thought bitterly.
The same way he used to be.
Jun knows the look on the Omega's face, the soft tenderness settling on his features whenever they walk past one of Jungkook's many promotion pictures littered all over town.
It's the same look he used to reserve for the younger Jungkook. The one Jun couldn't help but hate for getting Jimin's attention without even trying.
He knew it, even back then, that he had lost the moment the two of them first locked eyes.

Too obvious. Both of them.

But he learned his lesson. Exposing them, hurting them, wouldn't help anyone which is why he keeps his mouth shut, face void of any traitorous emotions.
Yet, allowing her to trash Jimin's image isn't exactly easy to stomach. Especially when she throws around all those rumors that sound as ridiculous as fantasy filled fairy tales his mother used to tell whenever his three year old self went to bed.
Only crueler.

"I don't even want to know who the father of those little plagues is." Yuna hissed, eyes settling into thin lines as she squinted.
"But whoever it is, he didn't manage to breed out the ugly. They look just as dumb as their mother, fat, little midgets with weirdly big fish eyes, and those fake looking lips. Disgust."
She was cut off when the door of their room was thrown open and slammed against the wall with a loud, unsettling noise. Jimin stood there. Silent. His features looked pale and empty, mouth pressed into a thin line as he walked into the room to get his stuff, and while Jun instantly jumped to help him, to offer whispered apologies for mistakes he didn't make, Yuna relaxed.

"You don't have to bother, Jun. He never complains or says a thing. I guess he's just too stupid." Jun hissed, "Can you stop being a bitch for a second? He didn't do anything to you. Why are you so hung up on making him look like a bad person?"
It was a warning, but she didn't seem to care as she happily flipped her hair, nose up high and an angelic smile on her lips.
"Why? I'm only saying the truth. It's not my fault tha-AH!"

This time, it was Jimin's hand colliding with her cheek that shut her up, leaving her wide eyed, and clearly confused. Stunned.

"You can talk about me as much as you want." Jimin whispered. His voice was shaking despite the blankness on his face, the lack of rage and emotions.
"But don't EVER insult my children or, I swear, you will be very sorry."
A knock on their door, and a voice calling their names, stopped the tense situation from rotating out of control. With one hand in the Omega's back, and a soothing, "Let's go." Jun navigated Jimin outside. Both of them ignored the angry scream behind them.

"You never asked." Jimin mumbled once they waited to be called on stage, and Jun gave him questioning look, eyebrows raised.
"About what?"
"About who their father is."
Jemin lowered his gaze, and the Alpha followed his example by doing the same, fists clenching and releasing as he did.
"Because it's none of my business, I guess." he hesitated briefly, mouth twitching before he finally asked, "Are you happy, Minnie?"

He was, and Jimin told him so with glistening eyes and glowing cheeks, making the Alpha smile as well.
"That's all that matters."
Their name was called, the curtain opened, and Jun already followed his band mates when Jimin lifted his hands to his mouth, and called, "Thank you, Junie! I know we clashed a lot in the past but...you're a really good person."

Chuckling, the taller threw a glance over his shoulder, waving his hand with a grin.
"Nah, I'm not. Unfortunately, it turned out that I have a weak spot for a chubby cheeked, stubborn, puppy with way too much character, and too much love for someone else. That's all."

The performance itself went on smoothly. From beginning to end, it felt unreal. A beautiful dream Jimin would've never dared to even hope could become reality. But it did, and he couldn't hide the glow, the incredible amount of happiness, that radiated from his glistening skin, his sparkling eyes, and beaming smile. Despite everything that happened before they went on stage, it still felt like the most beautiful
moment of his life.

His own, personal, highlight, even when he couldn't go and celebrate with the rest of the crew
because it was late, and the twins were tired.

They still went out to eat, though. Just the twins, Taehyung, and Jimin himself.

Later that evening, when both of the overexcited children finally drifted off into a calm, peaceful,
state of sleep, Jimin finally found the quiet moment he needed to call the one person whose voice,
whose praise, he wanted to hear most.

Yet, seeing Jungkook's face didn't give him the warm, tingly, feeling he'd usually get.
Why? Because his drowsy, very nervous, mate was lying in a hospital bed, clothed in an ugly
hospital gown instead of his perfectly tailored stage outfit.

Saying Jimin was upset would've been an understatement.
Omegas are protective as it is, even more when someone close to them gets sick, and Jimin couldn't
even reach his mate. He couldn't just leave his children, his new job, and take the next airplane to be
by Jungkook's side.

It was frustrating to the point of being painful when his natural, protective, instincts kicked in, hurling
his emotional distress into overdrive.

Jungkook's claim of being fine didn't do much to placate him, not when the Alpha had said the exact
same thing just a few hours earlier, and now look what happened.
Only when Jimin started crying did Jungkook finally give in to his mate's excessive demands, and
promised to stay at the hospital for another day, at least. Since his state was caused by exhaustion, he
also agreed to take things slow for a while, as much as possible.

"I watched a fancam of your performance." Jungkook said once Jimin calmed down, a small attempt
to lift the mood.
"You did a great job."

Jimin sniffled while rolling around in bed, wrapping the blanket around himself like a cocoon,
unwilling to let go of the sulky tone in his voice, and the pout on his face, quite yet.
"It wasn't even my performance. Today wasn't about me."

Raising his brows, Jungkook huffed, "It is for me. It's always about you. I'm not the only one who
sees it that way, either."
"What do you mean?"

"I mean," the Idol hummed mysteriously. "You should look up, 'debut stage cute pink haired dancer',
on YouTube."
Now that I finished pick me up, I can finally update my other fics again, yay!
So, you can expect more regular updates from now on!
Thank you for sticking around, and being so patient. ♡ I've read all your comments, and I know many of you guys waited for a long time.
So... Yeah, I hope you'll enjoy this chapter as much as I enjoyed writing it! ♡♡♡

Let's cry over Jikook on:
Tumblr
Twitter

Being in a three-minute video on the internet doesn't mean you're famous, even when it has been watched by over five million people.
That's what Jimin kept telling himself while he anxiously watched the view counter climb higher, and higher.
It's like a glass is being filled, and he can't do anything but watch until it's overflowing.
It was too sudden, plain and simple.
Is he happy to be acknowledged? Sure. But it's still overwhelming.

Meanwhile, Jungkook seemed almost more delighted than Jimin himself which ended in a tearful, choked up phone call when, one night, Jungkook secretly, quietly, and undoubtedly innocently, retweeted a random tweet showing the video in question, followed by a short note that simply stated, "Amazing! So skilled!"
He was usually quiet on their social media platforms, which seemed to make the impact even bigger.

"Why did you do that?!!" Jimin had sobbed while the views on the video spiked to ten million views in an instant.
"I... I don't know." Jungkook had replied, his voice shaking with unsure tension. He clearly felt bad about causing his mate such distress but didn't really understand the Omega's sudden, intense, emotional response.
"I wanted to help you, Jiminie. I thought you'd be happy... I'm sorry."

But Jimin didn't want him to apologize, he wasn't mad, just scared.
So scared of whatever the consequences of this will be.
Jimin's been around for long enough to know, rising to sudden fame was never that easy.
This won't be the end of it all.

"I'm so sorry I'm making you do this again..." Jimin sighed into his phone while balancing heaps of clothes towards the already very much stuffed washing machine, pouting childishly when he didn't
manage to push the rest of it inside. "They didn't tell me the exact time for the shoot until yesterday evening, and I knew you have to get up early, so I didn't want to wake you."

He heard Taehyung munch on the other side of the line, making him feel even worse about ruining his dinner break, though his best friend sounded chipper as always. "It's fine, it's fine. You know how much I love having your cutie pies around. And believe me, I know all about last minute schedule changes."

Grimacing, Jimin pulled out the clothes which didn't seem to fit, carelessly kicking them into a corner of the room before throwing the lid shut, and violently pressing the button of the machine with an exasperated sigh.

"Why so angry? What's wrong, angel?"

Soothed by Taehyung's playful nudge, Jimin finally allowed himself to rest, slumping down on the bed in his room while curling in on himself with a petulant whine. "Jungkook's been gone for two months.... I hate this..."

He's being dramatic, Taehyung noted with a fond chuckle, and Jimin agreed. He really did act childish these days, even during those hour long calls with his mate. He'd whine, and whimper, refusing to hang up, but also not allowing Jungkook to end the call.

And, despite Jungkook's constant complaints about him being moody, being insufferable and unpredictable whenever his attitude took a sudden U-turn, he still put up with everything Jimin threw at him. Not only that, he'd even indulge the Omega with fond jokes, and teasing jabs, just to make him pout, make him laugh. Everything, really, to distract him from whatever it was this time that darkened his mood, and clouded his mind.

He acted like the perfect mate, Jimin could admit that much, and he felt stupid for being difficult despite having so much more experience when it came to relationships. He should handle this in a better, more mature way, but it seemed like he just couldn't. Not when he missed his cute baby Alpha like nothing else in the world.

He knew, of course, that it was partly their newly forged bond that made him feel this way, their raging hormones were the ones to blame. Still, it didn't help much. In fact, the thought made him feel even more miserable. He didn't want to be that type of Omega. A slave to his nature, and unable to preserve at least a hint of self-control, of his oh so treasured pride. Then again, you can't blame it all on the bond, Jungkook would always say, voice unusual loud, almost offended, because they've been just as drawn to each other before. The bond can't amplify what isn't already there.

He's right about that, Jimin supposed.

Thankfully, Taehyung managed to calm his friend, at least a little, by pointing out the obvious. Yes, those two months had been long, maybe even torturous in Jimin's eyes, but it also meant Jungkook is almost on his way home. It'll be one more week, three more concerts, before they can finally hold each other again.

First, however, he had to get through the photo shoot this evening. Usually, a simple background dancer like him wouldn't even be needed but the magazine decided to film a live performance, as well. With stage costumes, background dancers, and all. Jimin wasn't exactly thrilled about it. Not because he didn't like performing, he did, but because the tension between him and the other
dance crew members became pretty much unbearable these days. None of them was supposed to stick out, so, the fact that Jimin had managed to do just that despite the mask he wore on stage, and the black cap he had pulled deep into his face, left them with a disgustingly sour atmosphere.

That's why, while they waited for the photo shoot to be finished, Jimin slipped away with a water bottle pressed to his lips, in search of a place where he could hide from all those angry stares, and bitter words. In the end, he settled on sliding down the hard wall of the main floor, just beside the elevator. It probably wasn't the smartest idea but he didn't know where else to go. Their changing room was still occupied by a few of his fellow dance mates, leaving the building would be too far away, in case someone called him, and he sure as hell wouldn't just crash into a stranger's room.

But it was fine. The steady rumbling of the busy elevator had something weirdly soothing to it that made him want to close his eyes, and drift away. That was until it's creaking doors suddenly slipped open, right by his side, just to reveal a girl roughly his age, accompanied by an elderly, silver haired man.

Their combined, intrusive, Alpha smell hit Jimin like a truck, invading his nostrils with an uncomfortable force. That alone instantly showed him what kind of people they were. High class, probably. The type of Alphas who don't bother with restraining their hormonal stench, wearing it loud, and proud, as if to Broadcast their annoying existence to the world, expecting every Omega to crawl, and kiss their feet. As if anyone cared, or asked, to be assaulted like that.

"Are we a homeless shelter now, Dad?" the girl groaned while scrunching her nose, eyes finding her father's with a pleading glance. "That's disgusting. You should call security to throw this thing out. He might be a prostitute for all we know. I don't want to catch some weird disease."

Jimin would've gotten angry every other day, would've spit right back in her face, if it wasn't for the job he came here for. He had to control himself from now on. Giving the company he worked for a bad name would only hurt himself in the long run, especially since those two seem to be pretty high up in the food chain. So, instead of noting that, if he had such a horrible disease that could be obtained just from being in the same room they'd be already infected, he lowered his head slightly, playing his Omega charm, and his dripping, sweet, scent, to his advantage.

"Sorry, I'm with the Idol group, YUI. I'm part of their dance crew."

At this, the young Alpha girl finally looked at him. No, actually, she positively checked him out, taking her time while eyeing him from top to bottom. Much to his discomfort, her father did the same, and Jimin just wanted to turn on his heels, and run.

"I know you!" the girl suddenly exclaimed, making Jimin flinch in shock, and step away when she attempted to grab him by the shoulder. "You're that omega! The one whose video blew up on the internet. Pink hair, and perfect ass! The cute, little, thing, that danced like a God, or a stripper, or both!"

Cringing internally, Jimin shook his head, slowly. He already thought about the easiest way out, the best route to flee, but he didn't get the chance when the girl finally managed to grab his wrist, holding
him in a vice grip.
"Daddy, I want him!"

Spoiled brats like that only exist in those over the top dramatic Hollywood movies, Jimin had thought. Yet, here he was, being pulled at, and claimed like a toy, a thing without it's own will or right to choose.
But it couldn't be, right? She couldn't really plan on just taking him home, against his will. Even this society couldn't be that stupid....right?

"Uhm... sorry, Miss. I'm mated. " he huffed, just to be sure, and the girl's eyebrows instantly drew together in obvious confusion before she laughed, eyes sparkling in childlike delight.
"I don't mean it like that, silly! I've recently designed a new clothing line but I'm rather picky when it comes to choosing a model for the shoot. You're perfect, exactly what I imagined. I mean look at you, all small, cute, with pretty eyes, and lips...you're even cuter now that I see your full face! So yes, I want you, and I'm willing to pay the price."

Now, that's something Jimin hadn't expected. Not in his wildest dreams.
And, to be honest, he still wasn't sure whether trusting her was a good idea when he saved her number, promising to call should he decide to take the offer.
Only after watching her bounce away, arm linked with her father's, did he shake his head in disbelief, and returned Aaqqqto the room where Jun, and his band mates, finally wrapped up their exhausting shoot.

Unsurprisingly, Jungkook told him to go for it, fully supportive, as always. Even though, he couldn't stop himself from growling when hearing how they treated his beloved Omega at first.
He's not even sure whether he wants to work with them since they seem to be rather rude, Jimin had said to calm him, but Jungkook only snorted at that, telling him if he'd only take offers from those who're nice, he'd only get to work once a year.
A little softer, he added, "You should take your chances, Jiminie. It'll make you happy, and I always knew your place is on stages, and in front of cameras. You belong there, you deserve it. I want you to get the life that should've been yours from the beginning."

Saying Jimin didn't cry that night would be a lie.
It's hard, sometimes, to hear Jungkook talk like that. As if he's such a perfect being, a precious diamond, when Jimin himself can't help but feel inadequate.
Be it his looks, his talent, even parenting skills. He never felt good enough, never felt truly perfect.
Yet, Jungkook keeps telling him he is, keeps flattering him as if he knows exactly what Jimin thinks of himself, and instinctively works against it.
And Jimin liked it, loved it, really.
It's just that, he still didn't think he deserved it. None of it.

Jungkook's love, all the attention he showered him with, the way he'd spend hours consoling him, soothing him, and building up his confidence.
A talented, famous, sweet, and handsome Alpha like him shouldn't have to deal with a mate like that.
Rather than someone who drags him down, Jungkook should have a partner who lifts him even higher, someone who really completes him, and makes him happy.
He is that person, Jungkook claimed, but Jimin still didn't dare believing it. Jimin's too scared of Jungkook waking up one day, and realizing he isn't that someone.
Deciding to give it a try, Jimin took on the challenge of modeling and, despite his initial worries, it went rather well. Still, he was relieved to know the ad wouldn't go public for another month. It's a lengthy process, they told him, and it gives him some time to prepare for the moment he sees himself inside a magazine.

At the same time, Jungkook was packing the bag he usually took along whenever they traveled, ready to board the plane that would, finally, take them back to Korea where a last concert was held to finish the tour. Never before did he seem so enthusiastic to go home, though his Hyungs weren't all that surprised by their Maknae's recent emotional ups and downs.

Both of them could barely contain their excitement, and Jimin couldn't help but buy a ticket for himself, in hopes of seeing his mate just a little bit sooner.

There was one problem, though.

"Park Minji, I swear, if you don't stop throwing tantrums I won't take you to any concerts for the rest of the year!"

The sound of a shattering glass filled the stagnant air, followed by a scream, a wail. The petite girl stood in the middle of their tiny kitchen, hands rubbing her wet, glassy, eyes, while her small, curled, fists hit Jimin's thighs.

"I-I wanna see A-Appa..." she hiccuped pleadingly, a small, shaky, sound that always managed to make Jimin feel so horribly guilty, his heart squeezing in silent protest against his own actions.

"Baby...come on, listen to me." he sighed before falling to his knees, hands finding his daughter's tear drenched cheeks, squeezing them lovingly. "The concert is in the middle of the week. I can't let you roam the streets until midnight when you have school the very next day, and a test, too! I'm sorry. I'm sure Appa will visit you the day after, okay?"

"R...really?"

"Of course. I promise."

It wasn't the best compromise, but it was good enough. Good enough to dry Minji's tears, to paint the smallest, little, smile onto her red, blotchy, face. A small win, yet it had Jimin sigh in relief, exhausted from the constant fighting, from being the strict parent he was supposed to be in situations like this. Even after all this time, it was still hard.

"There's my little angel." he mumbled softly. "Now, be good, okay? The babysitter will be here in a minute."

Nodding, Minji craned her short neck, arms stretched upwards, begging for something to calm her nerves, and Jimin was more than willing to give it to her. He'd never get tired of scenting his Children, and he already dreaded the day when his beloved pups wouldn't need their parent's affection as much as they did now. When they would push him away, claiming it's embarrassing, and they aren't children anymore. Jimin knew the day would come, and that's fine. It's only natural to let them go, allowing them to live their own lives. But still, it made his heart ache uncomfortably.

As promised, the babysitter arrived only minutes later. A boy a little older than him, with perfectly styled, bleached hair, two silvery, sparkling, piercings on each ear, and the sweetest, shy smile.
Several platinum strands covered his eyes in a loose, yet effortless way, a perfect contrast to his black, star decorated jacket, and jeans.
"Hey, I'm Yu... Yu kwon." he muttered uneasily, shuffling his feet while he did, and Jimin tried his best to smile the awkwardness away, waving him in with a welcoming gesture.

"Hey! Thanks for coming, I'm sorry it's been so last minute."
Shrugging, Yu stepped inside, taking in his surroundings rather curiously.
"Nah, it's fine. I need the extra money, so, I'm actually glad I got the job."
"You're a vocal coach, right? I remember seeing you at Bighit's."
"Yeah... it's not going so hot, though. Trainees usually want those famous Idol coaches, and, well, I don't have that type of experience which is why I'm struggling these days."
Humming emphatically, Jimin lead the Alpha into the living room where both of his children rolled around on their favorite fluffy carpet, already clothed in their cute pastel pajamas.

Some Omegas might prefer to have others of their kind watch their pups but, after thinking about it for a while, Jimin felt he'd be a lot less worried if there was an Alpha guarding his home. They have the naturally protective instinct, as well, after all. Plus, they're generally a little stronger, just a little more aggressive, which means they have better chances when it comes to fighting off burglars, or whoever else could possibly break into their home.
Well, not that Jimin thought something like that would actually happen, but he still needed the reassurance.

Upon hearing their mother, both of the young ones looked up to stare at the newcomer with curious but still wary eyes.
"So..." Jimin started, trying to break the ice. "Those are my twins, Minji, and Minju. And that's..." he pointed at the shyly waving Alpha. "That's Yu, your babysitter for tonight."
When no reaction came, Jimin pursed his lips, eyebrows quirked in a silent command. Yet, the twins simultaneously chose to ignore him, looking back down on their games, and drawings, instead.

Unbelievable, Jimin thought with a huff, and he stepped closer, grabbing both of the pups by their neck to pull them onto their feet.
"Hey."
The low warning growl instantly showed the desired effect, making both of them perk up, their owlish gaze focused on Jimin.
The shock was obvious in their big eyes, the confusion about being chastised so strongly seeping out of every pore, tainting their scents.
And yes, Jimin felt bad, but he knew his children.
He knew, at this point, they just tried to make a statement. To show how much they dislike the idea of being alone with someone who isn't Jimin or Taehyung, or even Jungkook.

It's not like Jimin didn't get it, he did.
But still, he can't allow them to act like this, petty and rude, just because, for once, they won't get their will by being stubborn.
"You won't make me look bad, right? I'm pretty sure I raised you better than that."
It did affect them, Jimin could tell by the way they held their heads low, bottom lips tucked between their teeth to keep them from wobbling, to force the tears down.

"We don't want a babysitter..." Minju then whispered, eyes so wet, Jimin wanted to kiss him, and hold him tight while Minji quickly added, "We want Taetae!"
The way she whimpered was pitiful but there wasn't much Jimin could do about it, even if he wanted to.
"I asked him to come but he's busy with work, both of you know that. Yu here is really nice, okay? Can't you just give him a chance... for me?"
As it turned out, even his own children aren't immune to Jimin's signature puppy eyes, the pleading pout, and puffed cheeks. Only one look at him seemed to be enough for the twins to start giggling cutely, small hands squeezing the Omega's cheeks the same way Jimin himself often did it to them. "Fine..." they then agreed, still reluctant, but it was enough for Jimin who hugged them in an instant, knowing how hard it must be for them. "Thank you. I love you both." Jimin cooed happily, kissing each of their cheeks as he did. "So, so much!"

Like this, he traveled to the concert hall where bts would perform tonight. With the usual heavy traffic it took him an hour to get there which reassured him once again in his decision to leave the pups at home this time. If the way back was anything like this, they would've never managed to be home before one in the morning which, in turn, would give them barely five hours of sleep. Definitely not enough when they have a very busy day at school ahead of them.

Once he was there, though, all those thoughts were forgotten as he was squished, and shoved, back and forth in the mess of screaming fans who desperately tried to somehow make it to the front. He couldn't blame them, really. The show was amazing. And even after finishing the last song, after bowing, and saying goodbye, it wasn't over, yet. Not for them, anyways. Those lucky ones with VIP tickets, like Jimin, were led backstage for a special little fan meet. There, sitting on a long table, was the whole group, ready to hold hands, sign shirts, and answer questions they had probably heard a million times before while wishing for nothing more than a relaxing, hot, shower. Jungkook, as the Maknae, sat in the very back, meaning Jimin would have to go through the other four before being able to see his mate, to touch him. He didn't really mind, it's just that he was way too eager, too starved of physical contact, and the scent he loved to inhale. Impatient.

"Don't you think you're going too far...?" The unsure question came from a male Omega with glasses, bitten lips, and the most adorable set of freckles Jimin had ever seen. They were next in line, after him, and he was talking to a girl, his friend, Jimin guessed.

"What do you mean? Nothing goes too far when it's about him!" The boy scoffed, though there was nothing malicious in his voice when he uttered, "I honestly don't want to be part of your weird 'how to get Jeon Jungkook' plan. He'll never take you backstage. Even if he wanted to, I doubt he's allowed to do that."
"Oh, he will!" the girl said, chest proudly puffed, a healthy amount of confidence sparkling in her eyes.

Jimin's ears perked in an instant, brows shooting up in disbelief. He knew his mate was popular, but hearing it so blatantly, with words chosen so carelessly, still made stomach churn, heart beating painfully in his chest.

"I'm his perfect mate, a match made in heaven." she meanwhile boasted. "I watched every single interview where he described his perfect type, and I did everything to match it! Like, a few years ago he said he likes copper hair, so I colored it! He said he likes cute, and petite Omegas, so I dieted for a whole year! I bought the clothes he likes, and got my ears pierced the way he likes it, too! I swear,
there's nobody else in this room who got better chances with him than me!"

A sigh was all her male friend could bring himself to exhale as they moved forward in what could only be titled as snail pace.
Still, Jimin couldn't be mad. To the rest of the world, his Jungkookie was still single, and available. A daunting thought, though the Omega couldn't say he didn't know what he got himself into when he decided to become the Idol's mate.
Being jealous right now would be stupid, would only hurt them both in the long run. Especially since Jimin knows, well, he should know, that in the end Jungkook will always return home to him. He will only hug him, only kiss him, and he'll rush whenever Jimin needs him in any way.

Yes, Jimin should know this, but the burn is still there, the possessive need of showing every single one of them who his Alpha belongs to almost unbearable.
He never expected it to become so bad, so painful, and the longer he listens to the squeals around him, the harder he bites down on his lips, eyes stoically zeroing in on his mate.
Only a few more steps, a few more minutes, and he'll be able to look him into the, to hold his hands, and feel the comforting warmth he's been missing for the longest time.

Meeting the other group members went by in a haze.
Namjoon seemed surprised to see him but soon ushered the younger along with a knowing smile, Yoongi stared blankly, not looking surprised at all, while he held Jimin's hands without much enthusiasm to keep up the facade.
Hoseok was a lot more excited about the unexpected meeting as he smiled away, chattering happily about how their day has been, groaning about the lack of sleep, followed by Jin telling him to eat well, and gushing over the Omega's clothes, complimenting his sense of style.

And then, the wait was finally over.
There, right in front of him sat Jungkook with eyes as big as plates, mouth dropping open in shock while a whole bunch of conflicting emotions showed on his face.
Granted, Jimin wasn't much better. He simply stared back, dead silent.
Both of them wanted to jump, wanted to hug, and kiss each other, no matter who's around, no matter who's watching.
But they can't.

Finally, after what felt like hours, and a rather painful looking jab Jin delivered to their Maknae, Jungkook finally gasped, body going rigid, and hands twitching nervously.
"So... Uh..." he muttered with his eyes focused on a small dirty spot on the table in front of him.
"Do you... you know...wanna hold hands or something?"
He was so awkward, it made Jimin wasn't to scream. It hadn't even been that long but it felt like he had already forgotten how cute, and shy, his Alpha could be.
Positively adorable.
Maybe, Jimin mused, he should've gotten him those bunny ears they sold outside of the concert hall.

Finally, after what felt like hours, and a rather painful looking jab Jin delivered to their Maknae, Jungkook finally gasped, body going rigid, and hands twitching nervously.
"So... Uh..." he muttered with his eyes focused on a small dirty spot on the table in front of him.
"Do you... you know...wanna hold hands or something?"
He was so awkward, it made Jimin wasn't to scream. It hadn't even been that long but it felt like he had already forgotten how cute, and shy, his Alpha could be.
Positively adorable.
Maybe, Jimin mused, he should've gotten him those bunny ears they sold outside of the concert hall.

A small cough from his right dragged him away from those thoughts rather quickly, reminding him of the girl who still waited behind him, though she now looked rather annoyed, glaring angrily as she seemed to wait for Jimin to finally move on so she could have Jungkook all to herself.
Little did she know that it spurred Jimin on even more, making him want to irritate her even more while claiming his rightful place.
There was a reason why people said Jimin was a competitive perfectionist.

"Yes, I do."
When Jungkook showed more confusion than understanding, he added, "Holding hands. I want to
hold hands."
His mate's little fangirl released a groan, much to Jimin's smug satisfaction.
"I have a question, too." he then said, and watched how Jungkook's brows shot up, head tilted slightly to the side, as always when the young Alpha isn't sure what to expect.
"You do?"
"Oh yes. First of all, I want to know what your type is. I mean, what would your mate have to be like?"

Smelling a trap, Jungkook didn't answer immediately, and Jimin almost felt bad for the very obvious question marks blinking in those pretty doe eyes of his.
He probably thought Jimin wanted to test him, and opted for the safest answer to not get in trouble. Although, what he said held a whole lot more truth than the standard answer he'd usually feed his fans.
"I guess...he'd have to be cute. But, like, ...naturally cute. Without having to try or forcing it. He should have muscles, should be healthy, and strong. I like people with cute hair colors... Like, cotton candy pink, who enjoy dancing, and life. A pretty eye smile, a cute laugh. Someone who is pushy, and stubborn, but can be emotional, and fragile, as well. He should be good with children..."

"You said 'he'" Jimin interrupted. "Does that mean you'd pick boys over girls?"
Sputtering, Jungkook leaned back in his chair, a hand awkwardly rubbing his chin before letting it settle in the back of his neck as if to comfort, to ground himself.
He looked conflicted, eyeing Jimin's sweet smile with scepticism as he tried to search his brain for the best possible response.
One thing, however, he already knew. This lovely Omega, his beautiful mate, with this perfectly angelic smile of his, and those innocent looking eyes, would be the death of him.
"I... No. I wouldn't say it like that. It's more about character."

Jimin hummed while looking at him expectantly, wiggling his hands in front of the Alpha's face until Jungkook seemed to understand, and quickly went back to holding the Omega's hands like he was supposed to.
"Jungkook-ssi."
A purr, a soft wisp of nothing, but it was enough to send several shivers down Jungkook's back, making him swallow hard, his grip tightening around Jimin's adorably tiny paws until the Omega continued.
"I always wondered what it's like backstage."
Not even a heartbeat passed before Jungkook leaned forward, almost eagerly drinking up the emotions in Jimin's eyes while he tenderly whispered into his ear, "Then why don't you go there? Wait in our dressing room. I can't wait to have you all to myself."

Now that was a response Jimin appreciated.
It wasn't loud enough for others to hear but he still noticed the gasp from the girl behind him, shocked by the closeness, by the barely there physical contact that, surely, couldn't be appropriate between Idol, and fan.
It pleased Jimin on an instinctual level, satisfied him in a way it really shouldn't if he was being honest with himself.
But yes, Jungkook's eagerness did make him happy, made him shed those insecurities like a beautiful snake shedding it's skin.
Even the glare Namjoon sent their way, telling them they're way too obvious, couldn't wash the love drunk smile off their faces, and when he left the room to make way for all those other fans, Jungkook's manager came jogging after him, leading him quietly, and secretly, away from the crowd, and past the staff labeled doors, towards the dressing rooms.
Jungkook didn't waste any time when he finally got the chance to hold Jimin in his arms.

They kissed briefly with Jimin smiling softly against his lips before Jungkook realized they still had an audience, the other members, and dragged him away.

“Where are you taking me?” Jimin giggled when he was dragged outside, away from the safety of the room and right into the excited stream of stylists, makeup artists, and general staff.

“Somewhere more private, Jiminie. I want to greet you properly.”

The place he finally chose made Jimin shake with unconcealed laughter.

He couldn't believe this was happening, couldn't believe Jungkook was seriously attempting to repeat their history.

“A bathroom?! Really?” he gasped, his eyes sparkling with untamed amusement until he noticed the childish pout on Jungkook's face. The younger crossed his arms in front of his chest, looking away shyly.

“I couldn't think of a better place…stop making fun of me.”

“I'm not making fun of you.” Jimin cooed lovingly before tiptoeing to loop his arms around the younger's neck and press a soothing kiss onto the mark engraved on his shoulder.

“It's just...a little scary, I guess. I don't want the same thing to happen again. I mean, I don't regret meeting you and having our pups. But it was hard. Waking up, feeling messy and used without you being there to comfort me was easily the worst moment in my life...”

With dark memories crowding his mind, Jimin stared at his feet, teeth buried in the plushness of his bottom lip while he tried not to remember.

Thinking about those times was still a challenge, talking about it even more.
Even Jungkook could still see the pain, the fear and insecurities in his wavering gaze. But he drowned it all. He shooed away the chilly, grey fogs of all things that happened between them simply by hugging him warmly and holding him tight.

“This isn't the past, though. This is now and I'm here. I won't leave you again. Never.”

Jimin sniffled against his shoulder causing Jungkook to lean away just a little to grab a napkin from the back pocket of his tight leather pants.

He pressed it against Jimin's face, allowing him to clumsily blow his nose followed by another sniffle and a smile.

“Thanks, Babe.”

“You're welcome…I'm sorry for always making you cry.”

Jimin laughed upon seeing the younger's drooping mouth and flicked his nose with a playful snort.

“Don't be so full of yourself, baby Alpha. I'm not crying because of you but because I'm so damn amazing, I simply can't handle it.” and so much softer, he added, “Don't look so sad. You're right, it's in the past. Neither of us should cry now that everything's fine. Come on, I've waited so long for you to come home. You better make it worth the wait.”

Jimin was taken by a storm when Jungkook put his hands on the Omega's cheeks and leaned in to kiss him with passion. With love and need and everything else he wanted to convey so badly but couldn't quite put into words.

When they finally parted, breathless and dazed, Jungkook once again reached back before presenting the new item he held to a wide eyed Jimin like it's a fucking magic trick.

“I told you. It's different from last time.” he smirked while throwing the condom into Jimin's waiting hands.

The smaller only shook his head and released a quiet laugh before pecking Jungkook's cheek and purring into his ear, “I see, my naughty baby learned and planned this, huh.”

“Well...I did plan to see you today, although I didn't think it would be here. Now get in there.”

With a playful shove, he pushed Jimin into the toilet stall, bathing in his crystal clear giggles as he did.
Once inside, he closed the door behind him and made sure it's locked before facing the other.

So cute and small, he thought as he licked his lips. Jimin really was a flirtation master. Going from sweet and innocent to confident and sassy in seconds.

“What now, Alpha?” the Omega whispered. His glassy eyes leaving Jungkook in a breathless haze until his instincts took over and he growled.

“Turn around.”

Jimin did what he was told with unusual obedience.

He stood there, his hands braced against the wall, back arched, butt pushed in the air. Pure temptation.

He looked so perfect, so pretty, Jungkook couldn't help but watch with childlike fascination how the supple flesh bounced and reddened slightly after getting teased with a single, echoing slap.

Jimin's head was instantly twitching upwards, neck beautifully stretched, before slowly drooping between his stretched out arms again. He bit his tongue, hands curling into fists as he tried his hardest to suppress a moan that threatened to slip through.

Still, his quaking legs and curling toes easily gave him away.

“Looks like you're enjoying yourself, little one.” Jungkook hummed as he smacked the other cheek and, this time, Jimin didn't hide the moan, didn't try to fight the gasps and the flush spreading all over his face.

“Won't you say thank you?”

Another hit. Jimin's whole body flinched.

“Ah! T-Thank you, Alpha!”

Despite the sweet taste of victory on his tongue, Jungkook couldn't help but hold onto the tenderness captivating his heart when he saw Jimin press his forehead against the wall, saw some tears spill onto his cheeks.

He leaned forward, kissed along his spine, and finally bit Jimin's mark before nuzzling into his neck until he felt the small body vibrate with giggles against his own.

“You're so bad at this.” Jimin mused adoringly but he smiled when he turned his head, allowing the younger to peck his lips to his heart's content.
“I can't help it.” Jungkook pouted in return. A word breathed into every single touch of their lips. “I don't want to be too mean to you. Seeing you cry makes me nervous.”

And that's it. It's exactly why Jimin had stopped idolizing and started loving him instead.

The sweetness and gentleness might not have been his wild early teenage wet dream but it's what he needed for his heart, his soul. What he needed in order to glue his broken dreams back together.

The way he handled him with care and supported him in everything he did was what made his heart flutter, made him feel warm and tingly all over.

Innocent, honest, untainted love.

As a child, Jimin never thought he'd be craving it as much as he did.

What he craved even more right now, though, was Jungkook's lips on his skin. Sliding down his spine and leaving faint, reddening traces along the way until he was on his knees with his teeth buried in a mouthful of ass.

“Someone's gonna hear us…” Jimin whined from above, though the words were quickly cut off by a shaky moan when Jungkook pulled his cheeks apart to kiss his fluttering hole.

“They won't, as long as you're quiet. You can do that, right, Jiminie? I know you can be good.”

“Uh... ‘m good... “ Jimin replied with difficulty while dragging his nails up and down the cheap plastic wall he tried so hard to hold onto despite the full body shiver shaking him up whenever Jungkook's tongue licked into the velvety heat of his tensing insides.

He clenched his teeth, bit his lips. He tried everything to keep himself from being noisy which was honestly a difficult task. Jungkook knew that very well. By now he was more than aware of how extremely vocal the small Omega could be. What sounds he was able to produce whenever he was on the verge of mind numbing pleasure. Ready to give up his body, his pride, to shut off his constantly nagging mind and just feel.

Feel the love, the physical closeness, and trust.

Those times are the only ones when he feels completely content with himself. With his body, his flaws, and the way his life turned out to be.

Right now, he feels safe.

When Jungkook finally pulled away, it felt like he was thrown out of heaven and crashed right into
the unforgiving surface of the cold earth.

And even then, it still took him a while while before he came back to his senses, before his ears finally stopped ringing.

Only when Jungkook dragged him away from the wall and into a warm back hug instead did his mind clear up.

“Why did you stop?”

Jungkook chuckled. His hands already wandered down Jimin's sides, to his thighs, where he pulled on the pants clinging to those perfectly sculpted dancer legs.

“Gotta get rid of these clothes.”

Jimin hummed and tried to help by wiggling his hips, though it still took them a solid five minutes to peel him out of his pretty, skin tight outfit.

Once he noticed the way Jungkook's eyebrows shot up, Jimin pushed out his bottom lip in the cute sulky way that never failed to make the younger laugh.

“Don't look at me like that.” he then huffed. “I wanted to look good for you, that's all.”

“You could've worn an old sweater and dirty pants and I'd still think you're gorgeous, Minnie.”

The half hearted slap Jungkook got for the cheesy comment was definitely worth it, he thought upon seeing Jimin's flushed cheeks, his pink nose, and pretty glistening eyes.

In fact, it became even more worth it when Jimin cupped his cheeks and kissed him, all sweet and tender.

“Stop it, baby Alpha. You make me wanna cuddle.”

“I don't mind bathroom cuddles.”

After thinking it through for a few seconds, Jimin decidedly shook his head.

“Not now. Maybe later.”

The younger agreed with a hum before reaching down and sliding two fingers between the cheeks of Jimin's ass.

“You're right, you're dripping so much today, not using this opportunity would be a waste.”

Jungkook hummed with a cheeky grin, making Jimin scrunch his nose in the cutest of ways before
he rolled his eyes affectionately.

“I missed you, dork.”

“I missed you, too, my beautiful angel.”

After giggling into one last kiss, Jimin slapped Jungkook's meaty thighs and took a moment to massage them in awe before he grinned up at the taller and pulled on his pants.

“Come on, you have to take yours off, too. Let's get this over with before we get in real trouble. ‘Worldwide famous Idol fucks a dirty Omega street rat in a public bathroom’ isn't a very flattering headline and it definitely won't be good for your image.”

Snorting, Jungkook shook his head, already busy with opening his belt.

“Well, it's my lucky day then because you're neither dirty nor a street rat, so I guess it's fine.”

Before Jimin could even attempt to disagree, Jungkook shut him up by grabbing his hair and pulling lightly.

Not enough to inflict pain, though. It wasn't necessary anyway because Jimin more than willingly moved his head into whatever direction the younger wanted him to.

“You're doing so well, little one.” Jungkook cooed. “Why don't you put it on me, baby?”

Confused by what he meant, Jimin looked up with big, dazed eyes until Jungkook finally pointed at his hand where Jimin's fingers were still curled around the silvery shimmering condom package. He didn't even realize how tightly he had held onto it the whole time.

With a breathy, “Yes, Alpha…” he unwrapped it and kneeled in front of him, neatly on the balls of his feet.

Having Jungkook's cock pretty much shoved right into his face was definitely an experience and he couldn't help but laugh at how ridiculous they must look. Bent and curled around each other in this incredibly small space.

After a few kisses and quick kitten licks, Jimin stroked the younger to semi hardness before rolling the condom on with a sigh.

“I should've just sucked you off and called it a day.”

Jungkook chuckled while patting his back. “Next time, Jiminie.”

Next time.
For some reason, those words still made Jimin's heart thunder just a little bit faster.

It's an subconscious thing and probably irrational but knowing it'll happen again, being assured that they have a future together, gave him joy like nothing else did.

“Turn around.” Jungkook commanded firmly but this time Jimin clung to him with a pleading little whine. His lips puckered and gaze stubbornly strong.

“No! Wanna see you... I missed you so bad...I need to see your face. Need kisses.”

The request was so blunt and needy, so unlike Jimin, it knocked the air out of Jungkook's lungs for a very short moment before he picked up the pieces of his shattered self-control and uttered softly,

“Whatsoever you want.”

Pleased, Jimin buried his nose in the younger's shoulder, inhaling his heavenly scent while Jungkook grabbed his thighs and lifted him up until Jimin was pressed against the wall with his legs curled around Jungkook's hips.

“Can you hold yourself up like this for a moment?”

A nod was all Jimin managed before the supporting hands disappeared. He felt his own muscles tense while he tried to cling to his mate, tried to press his back harder against the wall behind him.

Meanwhile, Jungkook was once again following the gooey traces between Jimin's legs. Up, up, until he managed to rub two fingers over the smaller's readily clenching hole.

“Fuck, Jimin.” he hissed. “What’s all that slick for, huh? Are you really that eager? I’ve never seen you so fucking wet.”

“Only for you.” Jimin whispered and he rocked his hips once, as if to tempt him, lure him.

He knew it'll work.

With one hand still on Jimin's tailbone in an attempt to stabilize him, Jungkook used the other to carefully guide his cock between the Omega's drenched cheeks, sliding up and down until Jimin was a moaning mess, quivering and bending as he tried to get whatever friction he could get.

“Just do it… please, please! Alpha, just fuck me already! Don't be mean...”

Never ever could've Jungkook resisted those sweet words and denied Jimin whatever it is he was craving.

Despite begging desperately, though, Jimin still flinched as soon as the younger's length pierced into
him.

He released a shaky whimper, a whine.

His nails dug into Jungkook's sweat drenched golden skin and it made Jungkook stop, made him hesitate.

“You alright?”

He took it as a yes, the way Jimin pushed back onto him. His hips circling perfectly, sensually. The exact same way he danced. Always precise, always with passion.

“I'm f-fine. Just want you to shut up for a second… want to feel you, baby Alpha.”

Biting his lips, Jungkook nodded and, upon noticing Jimin's struggle to hold on tight while rutting down on him, he once again slipped his arms around Jimin's middle in an attempt to give him some more leverage.

But it still wasn't enough. Jimin was clinging to him, was biting his shoulder and whimpering into his heated skin until Jungkook finally slammed him against the wall, hard, and fucked into him the way Jimin wanted him to.

Jungkook wasn't surprised. In the end, the sneaky Omega always managed to make things go his way.

Not that Jungkook would ever complain. He liked it.

Soon, he felt Jimin's legs tighten around him, felt the instinctual bite in his shoulder get harder. Brutal. And he knew Jimin was close. So, so close. Just a little more, a little longer, and then…

The screeching noise of the bathroom door made both of them freeze.

Jimin was about to gasp, eyes going wide, but Jungkook was quick to cover his mouth while shaking his head.

Don't make a sound.

They stayed in that exact position, their limbs burning, bodies shaking.

Tears collected in Jimin's eyes while his hot breath crashed against Jungkook's palm and he wanted to move so badly. Wanted to chase the relief, the satisfaction of the orgasm that was about to burst inside him but was forcefully put on hold.

That's why he simply couldn't help it. He couldn't stop the subtle movement of his hips, the soft gasp
that was muffled by Jungkook's hand on his mouth while the younger squeezed his eyes shut and pressed his lips together as tight as he could to keep the small sounds of satisfaction from bubbling over.

The toilet was flushed, the sound of water filled the small room and finally, finally! The door was opened and closed again.

Jungkook fucked into Jimin the exact moment it fell shut, making him cry out and spill his release all over their stomachs and chests in a matter of seconds.

He continued through the slowly rippling waves of aftershocks, though slow and gentle, until Jimin whined and squirmed away. Overwhelmed by the intense sensation.

The Omega slumped to the ground with a sated sigh. The partly old bathroom tiles beneath him pressed uncomfortably into the skin of his butt and legs but at this point he couldn't bring himself to walk or even hold himself upright.

“Open wide, Jiminie.” Jungkook purred from above, causing Jimin to sluggishly lift his gaze before he obediently opened his mouth and watched a lowly moaning Jungkook stroke himself to completion until he came all over Jimin's face and into his waiting mouth.

After watching Jimin swallow it all with merely a small scrunch of his nose, Jungkook sunk to the ground as well.

He reached out, wiping the remains of himself from the corners of his Omega's mouth with a thumb before he smirked.

“Now they will know who you belong to. Aren't you happy?”

Jimin just laughed, tired and exhausted, but he still managed to slap Jungkook's shoulder with a huffed, “Brat.” that didn't do much more than spur the younger on in his goal to tease him or at least make him laugh some more.

“I might be a brat but you were definitely jealous."

“M'not…”

“I could've smelled it from a mile away, Jiminie. Don't lie. You'd love it if I scent you all over. You'd beg for it every day, right?”

A silent pause stretched between them.

Jimin's eyes were dark and deep. His emotions impossible to analyze. And for a short moment Jungkook feared he had gone too far, pushed him too much.

But then, surprisingly, Jimin shrugged with his eyes casted downwards. His lashes fluttering like tiny
butterflies on his cheeks and his nose flushed pink as he nibbled on his still swollen bottom lip.

“I guess... I'd like that, Alpha.”

It's one of those moments where Jungkook can't quite believe this is real.

Just like back then when he saw Jimin for the first time in years. Him and those adorable children he could now call his own.

He kissed Jimin, tasted himself and melted completely when warm satisfaction and raging possessiveness spread on his tongue.

Jimin was his, only his. With all his perfect quirks and cute character bumps His difficulties and passions.

He was only his to touch, to kiss and love. It was a dream, still. A perfect, beautiful dream.

“Love you.” he whispered. “I love you so fucking much, Jimin. I don't think you understand how valued you are.”

Of course, he didn't.

Jimin would never understand, would never believe that a person would like him so much even after seeing his flaws, seeing the scars and bruises adorning his past, his present and future. All those ugly truths.

He'd never believe it. Yet, he couldn't bring himself to doubt the younger.

Not when he looked at him like that. With those big, honest doe eyes, those glistening lips, and rosy cheeks.

He could never accuse him of lying.

So, instead, he shoved the negativity away from his heart and allowed himself to belief, to trust completely despite all those glaring insecurities.

“I love you, too. I'm glad you came back to me.”

“I will always come back to you, Jimin.”
Later, when they returned to the changing room, they found nothing but a piece of paper on the table.

“We're leaving first.” it said. “Just take the second car once you're done.”

"It was probably one of them who came to the bathroom.” Jungkook mentioned idly. “The staff has their own.”

He was so calm. Jimin couldn't believe he'd just talk about it so casually.

One of his bandmates walked in on them for fuck’s sake!

“That's so embarrassing...I won't be able to look them in the eye for at least a year if they really heard us…” he whined but Jungkook still only shrugged.

“Honestly, we already saw the worst of each other since we started living together. I doubt they care about hearing you moan my name.”

“Well, good for them but I care! And I didn't moan your fucking name!”

“True. You screamed it.”

He wasn't wrong but Jimin still puffed his cheeks, eyebrows drawn together in disagreement as he hit the younger's shoulder one more time.

“You're such a damn brat.”

“But you love it!”

Jimin paused. His features softened, lips forming just the slightest smile.

“Yeah...I'm honestly not sure why but I do.”

They decided to go home separately to lower the risk of being seen. Yet, when Jimin reached his front door, Jungkook was already there. A faithful doe eyed puppy waiting on his doorstep.
“Hey, soulmate.”

Grinning, Jimin hummed, “Hey, baby. Long time no see.” while he turned the key.

Jungkook clung to his back, arms around his middle and chin on his shoulder. Nosing along whatever small patch of skin he was able to reach.

All of that stopped, however, when they took the first step into Jimin's apartment.

Jungkook froze behind him.

“What's that smell?”

“Ah! That's the babysitter! I completely forgot about him. Wait a second, babe, I'll just pay him real quick and let him leave. I'm way too late, he must be exhausted.”

Or that's what he would’ve done if the babysitter, Yu, wouldn't have heard them already.

“You're back…” he yawned as he peeked around the corner, through the living room door. “The twins are asleep. Everything went well.”

That's a relief. He wouldn't have admitted it earlier, but Jimin did feel bad about leaving his pups at home.

How couldn't he when every single tear rolling down their cheeks teared his aching heart apart. Always.

Just when he opened his mouth to express his gratitude, however, Jungkook silenced him with a growl, making Jimin's mouth snap shut as he turned to look at him with big, shocked eyes.

“Leave.” the younger snarled at the other boy while Jimin just gasped in disbelief, unable to grasp what was happening.

“Jungkook-ah!” he snapped. “What are you doing?!”

“How can you just allow a random Alpha to watch my children?!”

“He’s not a stranger! You know very well that he works for the company just like we do. Stop being fucking ridiculous!”

“Uhm…”

Taken aback, Yu stepped forward. He moved slowly, careful to not anger the very obviously
territorial Alpha any more.

“I think, I should leave.”

Jungkook clearly agreed as he bared his teeth and Jimin shot him a last annoyed glare before leading the babysitter to the door where he gave him the money he more than deserved and thanked him once again, followed by an apology for the younger Alpha’s behavior.

Once they were alone, though, Jimin couldn't hold back his anger any longer.

“What the fuck was that?!” he hissed so sharply, Jungkook actually had the decency to flinch.

“I...I don't know... I'm sorry, Jiminie.”

“You don't know?!!”

“I just don't like seeing other Alphas near you and our babies... it makes me nervous. I want all of you to be safe...”

It was frustrating, really.

Jimin couldn't argue against the younger when he looked so honest, so sad. Like a kicked, little puppy, ready to cry.

It's not like he didn't believe him, either. By now, Jimin knew him well enough to understand he didn't mean any harm.

But still, he simply couldn't act that way towards every Alpha who did as much as glance at them.

“You have to work on that, Gguk. And you have to understand that me and the pups were fine without you all those years. I know very well how to protect them and you have to trust me on that.”

“I know! I do trust you, I'd just prefer it if you could look after them instead of someone else! Or me, or even Taehyung, or the Hyungs! Just...don't give them to someone I don't trust...”

“But neither of you had time. What am I supposed to do then, huh? Stay at home and abandon everything I'm working on?! I've done this for most of my life and yes, I survived. But I don't just want to survive anymore, I want to live a little.”

Biting his lips, Jungkook uttered, “But that's what parents are supposed to do. They're supposed to be there for their children first, everything else should come second.”

The silence following his words was icy. Loaded with unspoken anger and pain. Jimin balled his hands to fists, shoulders rising defensively. His voice shaking.
“Then you do it. You go and cancel your fucking tour, or a fansign, or all those fucking training sessions because one of them is sick. Or because they have trouble at school and they make you come talk to the teacher at the most ridiculous time. Go and tell your Hyungs you can't play with them because you have to cook them proper meals, tuck them into bed and be there when they have a bad dream. Don't you ever dare say I'm neglecting them, Jeon Jungkook, because that's exactly what I did for all those years!”

When no reply came, nothing but awkward silence, Jimin wrapped his arms around himself in an attempt to calm down despite the wetness he felt on his cheeks. Despite the hurt pride throbbing in his chest.

“You can talk like that because it doesn't affect you. You're not the one who's supposed to stay home all day. It's always the Omega. It'll always be me who gets judged for being a bad parent, not you. Is it really that bad when I want to take one evening off to be with you? Is it really so hard for you to accept that someone else watches them for a few hours?”

He looked at the younger expectantly who finally seemed to wake from his frozen state and shook his head.

“No...it's... It's fine. I'm sorry, I know it's not that big of a deal. It's just... Growing up, my parents used to always be away, always busy. I was so lonely… I don't want them to experience something similar.”

“I'm not like that, though. You know I'm taking good care of them, right? You're not doubting me?”

“I'm not! I know you're different and I know I'm stupid for overreacting. Still, I hate the thought of them being lonely and I hate the Alpha smell in here. It's annoying for me, too. But sometimes it's hard to fight my instincts. I try to work on it but it's still difficult.”

Knowing Jimin, Jungkook was ready to be yelled at some more, to be thrown out, or given the cold shoulder for a few days.

He knew the Omega wouldn't take shit from anyone. Ready to defend himself after being judged and hurt too many times.

He couldn't even be mad. Jimin really did take good care of the twins during all those years while he himself did what most normal teens their age would've done.

Playing around with his doting Hyungs, chasing his dreams and seeing the world.

That's why he was surprised, shocked almost, when Jimin's bottom lip wobbled and he stepped
closer. Arms reaching out, leaving his whole body open and vulnerable as he begged to be held.

When Jungkook did hug him gently and pulled him close, he felt a hardly hidden sob erupt against his shoulder. Felt Jimin's hands curl into the back of his shirt as he held on tight.

“I missed you, too, you know.” the Omega's broken little voice whispered.

“Your children aren't the only ones who get lonely, Idiot. I wanted to see you so badly, I couldn't wait another day.”

He understood this time. He really did.

This night, Jungkook carried him to bed and tucked him in with a million butterfly kisses scattered all over the Omega's tired face.

He cuddled Jimin under the blankets, murmured apologies and praises into his ear before promising to help him more. To not leave them again. Not for such a long time, at least.

They talked about what happened in those past weeks, talked about the twins, about their difficulties and Minju’s strange behavior.

They decided to seriously look into letting them switch schools now, hoping it would help them calm down and maybe they would finally be able to make some new friends.

None of this was as romantic or filled with desire as both of them had probably wanted their first night to be but it still eased Jimin in a way that was hard to explain.

The fact that he could share his worries, share the responsibilities, was therapeutic to him.

It gave him so much more than a simple, “I love you.” or empty promises of a bright future.

It gave him something to look forward to, to believe in. And, like this, he was willing to compromise, as well.

He'd allow Jungkook to choose the next babysitter, should they ever need one.

They both slept comfortably in each other's arms, with warmth filling their syncing hearts.

And even when Jungkook was gone in the morning, Jimin wasn't sad, wasn't lonely.

Because when he tiptoed into his children's rooms, he saw all those big and prettily decorated presents sitting on their desks.

And he could smell him.

Jimin smelled Jungkook in the room, on himself and on their children's skin.
He very vividly imagined him sneaking into their rooms at night. Imagined him nuzzling their cheeks and scenting their necks, careful to not wake the two while still letting them know he came home. He didn't forget about them.

But it still wouldn't be the last good thing to happen this day because later Jimin got a call that prompted him to facetime Jungkook in turn.

A call that made him jump on the bed, made him squeal into pillows and sheets.

“I could get a new contract with Bighit!” he'd yell at his mate.

“Apparently, people have asked about me and some other companies, too! So, Bighit wanted to make sure I won't go anywhere else. I'll get my own manager, vocal and dance lessons! I just have to sign and I'll be a trainee! After all those years... I can't believe that I finally made it after all those years!”

A bright future indeed.

However, dark clouds already hovered above their heads and a storm was sure to come when a small part of Jimin's past knocked on the overjoyed Omega's door.
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Let's cry over Jikook on:
Tumblr
Twitter

“Jihyun…?”

To say Jimin was surprised when he opened the door and found himself standing face to face with his baby brother would've been an understatement. Confused, shocked and hysterical, that's a more accurate description of his current emotional state.

“Hyunie! W-what are you doing here?!”

He definitely didn't expect the younger boy to just leap forward, to hug him without holding back. A hug so loving, so warm, it reminded him of better times. Of family and home.

Meanwhile, Jihyun pulled him impossibly closer as he sobbed against Jimin's neck, wetting his skin with his tears.

“Hyung...I found you!”

Only then did Jimin remember where he was, why he was here, and he gently grabbed his brother’s shoulders to push him away, to look into his eyes.

“But how exactly DID you find me? I thought you went back to Busan with mom and dad?”

They did, Jihyun explained. But, apparently, he returned a year ago, all by himself, as he tried to figure out what he wanted to do with his life.

Then, one day, he saw Jimin walking down the aisle of the grocery store he frequented at and he almost couldn't believe his own eyes.

He might've looked completely different but after all those years of scenting each other daily, Jihyun
knew the sweet and spicy smell surrounding his brother when he got a whiff of it.

Following him home after that was easy, finding the courage to actually knock on the door wasn't at all. It took him days to finally do it.

But now he was here, holding his older brother's hands like he'd never ever let him go.

Jimin himself was still overwhelmed, still unsure how to react and what to think, though he did feel happy to see Jihyun, to see how he had grown from a small pup into a tall, handsome Alpha who pretty much towered over him.

Time really did fly.

Of course, he welcomed him inside, gave him tea and fed him well before questioning him more.

Yet, even when he asked him later, Jihyun wouldn't quite tell him what exactly was going on in his life. A fact that worried the Omega a lot as he got the suspicious feeling there was more behind the sudden visit than the younger led on.

Still, he wasn't willing to just throw him out when the hours crept on and on. When it was getting late. Which is why, at some point, he called Jungkook and asked him to please take their children home from school in his stead, though he didn't tell him why just yet.

Jungkook, like the sweet boyfriend he was, agreed anyway. Without hesitation and ever so trusting, making Jimin's heart thump warmly in his chest while he smiled dumbly at the screen of his phone. A small detail that didn't go unnoticed.

“You've got a girlfriend or boyfriend or something?”

Almost on instinct, Jimin's hand shot up to his shoulder, feeling for the burning mark that seemed to remind him of the bond between Jungkook and him in a very persistent but also reassuring way.

“I guess…” he uttered softly but his brother wasn't stupid. Jimin's body language was obvious enough to make the younger understand. To make him gasp and grab Jimin's shirt, pulling it aside until he saw the still slightly reddish scar.

“You're mated?!” he yelled so loud, it made Jimin flinch but he kept his lips stubbornly sealed. Jihyun didn't seem to care much about getting a response anyway since he simply kept babbling to himself.

“Why didn't you come home?! Mom and dad would've been so happy to see that you finally found a mate! They would’ve forgiven you for everything that happened!”
But that's exactly the problem, Jimin thought and he couldn't quite suppress the urge to growl at the younger as he took a step away, glaring angrily and clearly hurt.

“I don't need to be forgiven. I didn't do anything wrong. I knew that mom and dad wouldn't change the way they think but I never thought you'd be the same. You're just like them, thinking Omegas aren't worth a thing without their Alphas. And here I thought you'd be different.”

It might've been a little harsh. Judging from the younger's shocked expression, he definitely didn't expect his usually so calm, obedient and family oriented brother to get angry about something like this.

But Jimin was, he was fucking pissed.

After all, he wanted his parents to love him because they're family. Because they're proud of what he became, what he had achieved, and because they love him for being him, not someone else's possession.

Thankfully, Jihyun noticed it, too, and backpedalled rather quickly.

Or he tried to, at least, while Jimin scrunched his nose in painfully blatant disbelief.

“I didn't mean it like that, Hyung! Really! You're amazing, with or without Alpha!”

“Then how did you mean it?” Jimin challenged and Jihyun sighed helplessly while nervously scratching his neck.

Cute.

Jungkook had the same habit. It almost made Jimin smile despite the anger he felt but he resisted the urge.

“I'm just saying… you're lucky. The issues you have with Mom and Dad can be fixed so easily. There are worse things they could hate you for. Things you can't change. That's why, if the fact that you have children without being mated is really the only issue they have, you should talk to them and fix it.”

Stunned, Jimin stared at his baby brother who used to be almost annoyingly carefree. Without worries, without any doubts tainting his youthful innocence.

He was different now and as someone who changed a lot himself, Jimin couldn't stop himself from fearing the reason.

Something must've happened, right?
The silence between them soon became heavy, weighing them down until Jimin saw the younger's hands coil, saw his bottom lip wobble the same way Jimin's would when he was about to cry.

That's the moment when the dancer abandoned his anger, the resentment he felt towards the past, and finally moved to hug his brother with his hands soothingly running through his hair. Through those usually so pretty, soft locks which now looked disturbingly stiff and unhealthy.

“What happened, Hyunie?” he then asked carefully, voice as soft as feathers. Sweet like melted caramel.

“What did they do to you? You're safe with me, pup. You can tell me everything and I will always support you, always try to help you if I can. You know that, right? You know that I love you.”

But no matter how much he expected it, the sudden outburst still hit him hard when his brother suddenly started sobbing and grabbed Jimin's shirt.

“They kicked me out of our home! Dad said he regrets sending you away because at least you aren't as useless as I am. At least you're giving them grandchildren! They hate me, Hyung… Dad hates me. He said I'm a disappointment, an embarrassment for every Alpha! I can never go back, Hyungie, and I don't know what to do…please, tell me how to fix this…”

“Fix what, baby? Why are they mad at you?”

“It's because…” he sniffled and coiled into himself as if he tried to hide. As if he was scared Jimin would reject him as well.

It broke the Omega's heart.

“Because they saw me kissing an Alpha…”

Surprised, Jimin moved to look at Jihyun’s face but the younger instantly flinched, his eyes squeezed shut.

It made the anger in Jimin's heart flare once again, made him want to go home just to yell at his stubborn family with their outdated values and views.

But he couldn't do that. It would be childish and he had his own life to take care of.

Still, he couldn't hide the sourness in his scent as he tried to get his rage under control until he felt Jihyun shake even more in his arms.

“Jihyun-ah… did Dad hit you?”

The nod he got in return was barely noticeable but still enough to make Jimin growl.
“A-Are you mad at me, Hyung?”

“What…? No! No, of course not, baby. I just... I can't believe Mom and Dad did this... They shouldn't have.”

With his hands on the younger's cheeks Jimin finally managed to make eye contact, his gaze gentle but serious. Honest.

“Listen to me, Jihyun. There's nothing wrong with you. You don't have to fix anything. Mom and Dad grew up in a different time and they probably don't know any better but they'll have to change at some point unless they want to lose both of their sons.”

“You won't go back to them?”

Laughing bitterly, Jimin shook his head.

“No. I didn't plan on going back before and even less now. I'll stay with you and help you. You'll be fine eventually, don't worry.”

Just at that moment, the front door opened and Jimin cursed himself for not telling Jungkook exactly what's going because now he stood in the hallway, looking confused as he stared at Jimin's hands on Jihyun’s cheeks and the younger's hands still coiled in Jimin's shirt.

Behind him, the twins tried to twist around the singer’s legs, their small hands holding onto his washed out, ripped blue jeans as they tried to get a glimpse of the scene.

Once it really settled, Jungkook’s eyes flashed red, a growl spilling from his lips while every muscle in his body seemed to tense and his aggressive scent flooded the apartment, making Jimin's heart race and his heart hurt.

“Jungkook, no!”

It was amazing, really, how the agitated Alpha instantly froze, despite his very obvious desire to drag the other Alpha away from his mate and rip him apart.

Meanwhile, Jimin tried his best to stay calm. To not let his agitation and fear show. He knew Jungkook would never hurt him or anyone for that matter but the Omega in him still wanted to whine pitifully, wanted to soothe the Alpha and apologize for angering him.

But no. He resisted the urge and shot the younger a warning glare instead.

This isn't how things work between them.

“Calm down, baby Alpha. It's not how you think it is, I promise. I will explain it to you in a second but you have to calm down for me, okay? You have to trust me.”
It took a few seconds but then, finally, Jungkook blinked and the redness slowly faded from his gaze. His shoulders slumped, muscles relaxed, his scent started fading and he nodded slowly while pulling their children’s fiddling hands away from the rips of his jeans to lead them to their room instead.

Later, they sat around the kitchen table. Jihyun on one side, Jimin and Jungkook on the other.

The Omega had a hand on his mate’s neck, scratching and drawing soothing circles into his skin while Jungkook had placed a hand on Jimin's thigh, still possessive.

“So...he's your younger brother?” he asked once Jimin had explained what had happened and the Omega nodded slowly.

“Yeah...he's got some trouble at home so he's staying with me for a while.”

Jungkook hummed, eyes absentmindedly trailing back and forth between the brothers.

“That's why you smell similar… I thought…”

“I don't even want to know what you thought, Idiot.” Jimin groaned with a roll of his eyes. “As if I would ever cheat on you.”

This finally brought a playful smile to Jungkook's face. He gently poked Jimin's side, making him squirm away with a pout until Jungkook's smile turned cocky and he huffed, “True. The sex is way too good for you to cheat. Other Alphas probably wouldn't be able to satisfy you anyway.”

On the other side of the table, Jihyun choked, his eyes going wide while Jimin's cheeks flushed bright red and he slapped Jungkook's shoulder hard enough to make the boy flinch, though it clearly wasn't enough since he continued to cackle happily.

“You're disgusting.” Jimin mumbled with a very unfitting, soft smile that made Jihyun scoff.

“Not only him. Both of you are.”

It wasn't until Jungkook pressed a last dizzying kiss onto Jimin's lips and finally left that Jihyun’s cool facade crumbled and he frantically pulled the Omega's sleeve, gasping dramatically.

“He's your mate?!! Jeon Jungkook?? Does't he mind that you have children from someone else?!! Doesn't he mind that you're not famous?? What if people find out about it? Oh my God, I can't believe you snatched Jeon fucking Jungkook from the market!”

Jimin giggled and ruffled the young boy’s hair, humming softly, “Calm down. Yes, he's my mate and no, he doesn't mind.”
He hesitated and bit his lips before leaning closer.

“Listen, Hyunie… I'll tell you a secret, okay? But you can't tell anyone.”

A nod and finally Jimin whispered, “Jungkook is the father of my children.”

Watching all color drain from the younger's face was almost funny. Especially when the realization and the understanding started to really sink in and his mouth fell open in utter disbelief.

“No way!”

“Yes way.”

“No, no, no! You're fucking kidding me, right?! Why didn't you say so earlier?! You could've sued him for so much money and you would've been fine for the rest of your life! You could've avoided all the struggles you went through and lived the life of a goddamn superstar!!”

Jimin shrugged.

“I didn't want to hurt his reputation. It's not just his fault, it's also mine and destroying his career wouldn't have done anything for either of us.”

“You're too nice sometimes.” Jihyun snorted. “Or maybe you're just whipped in which case… good for you. Congrats on getting the guy you like who's accidently also a fucking millionaire.”

Despite laughing about his brother's jokes, Jimin knew Jihyun was right.

He was lucky. Really lucky.

Not because of his financial situation or the fact that his boyfriend was famous. Not even because he was the father of his children.

No. He was lucky because, for the first time in forever, he could honestly say that he was truly happy. Completely content with the way his life was going.

He was loved, his children cared for. Jungkook took the time to kiss him goodnight and again when he woke up.

And even if they couldn't be together physically, he'd still send him a million sweet texts and voice messages until Jimin finally drifted off to sleep.

After all those years of being mad, being bitter, feeling this way was almost a little strange to him.

Never would he have thought that he'd fall for the singer all over again. For all his stupid quirks and sweet charms.

It had been so easy, had felt so naturally when the two of them met again.

As if nothing had changed and they were made to be with each other.
And even outside of their relationship, Jimin couldn't complain.

After all those years, he finally had the pleasure of seeing the wonder in his children's eyes when he explained to them that Jihyun, who smelled so much like them, like family, was their uncle.

Not to mention that he was very amused to see Jihyun looking just as amazed and awestruck upon having the two small pups climb all over him and scenting him eagerly as they tried to understand the strangeness of having more than just a mother and father.

And there was still more out there. So much more.

Uncles and aunts, grandparents. Stern and cold relatives they will never know.

It's a little sad, sure. In their world, family was all that mattered. The bond between them was supposed to protect when they felt threatened, to soothe when they were scared. But Jimin was fine with this, with their very slowly expanding family, and the pups seemed to be content as well.

In the end, this was what really mattered. Their happiness.

Jimin wouldn't let the toxic part of their family touch them.

Jihyun fell asleep in a pile of blankets and pillows with both children draped over his stretched out body. All three of them snored softly.

The sight alone was enough to make Jimin chuckle fondly, although quietly, as he carefully put another blanket on top of them.

Back in his room, however, he started feeling restless. As if the adrenaline was only now rushing through his veins, keeping him awake.

He wouldn't have dared to call Jungkook. Not at 3 am in the morning.

Luckily, he didn't have to since their bond once again seemed to be one step ahead and Jungkook's name suddenly lit up his phone.

The Alpha finally gave him an outlet to release his emotions. To express the anger he felt towards his family while still being hurt. Still missing them badly.

At the same time, he gave himself whiplash with all those different thoughts raging in his mind.

He was so incredibly happy Jihyun was here but then he felt bad for him, felt the pain he must feel. The pain he himself had experienced all those years ago.

Jungkook honestly didn't talk much during it all. But that was okay because he listened, encouraged, and that's all Jimin wanted. All he needed this night.

That and a sweet, “I love you, Jiminie. Everything will be okay, I promise. I'll be with you all the way, no matter what you decide to do.”
And God. Jimin couldn't help himself. He loved this boy so fucking much.

Having his brother at home to watch the children turned out to be more useful than Jimin had expected.

The twins loved him, Jungkook trusted him and Jimin liked the fact that he had an Alpha protect his home.

It was perfect. Especially when Jimin finally signed his new contract and became a full-fledged trainee with a rather packed schedule.

Him being a perfectionist didn't exactly help. More than a few times per week did he stay longer than expected, often until late at night, to practice some more.

Seeing Jungkook walk past him every day was a little weird at first. Even more after both of them had been briefed to not let their relationship show as long as other people are around.

It was probably the hardest task of them all. Most of the time, Jimin really couldn't help himself when he saw Jungkook and his bandmates stride past him.

He'd lift his eyes just to realize Jungkook did the same and when their eyes meet, the whole world seemed to fade out of existence.

Those were the most beautiful moments. Those seconds when it was only them in their small little bubble. Their own world.

But time ticked on and they had to move. Had to lower their gazes while biting their lips with small smiles, hidden gestures.

Jimin was supposed to become a solo artist, they soon decided and the Omega truly couldn't be
happier.
His future held hope. Life was good.
That's how he saw it.

To Jungkook, however, the picture painted in front of him looked a little different.

Sure, Jimin seemed to be doing fine. And yes, of course he was happy for him. But the downside of his mate’s perfectionism and diligence was a lack of contact, of physically being together or even just talking over the phone.

Jimin was always busy, even more than Jungkook was, and the Alpha couldn't deny that, despite being happy for him, he missed him.

But there's nothing he can do, right?

It's not like he can just walk up to him and demand for him to stop following his dreams and give him some attention instead.

It would be unfair. After all, he's just as busy and hard to get a hold of.

Today, however, he vowed to do better and borrowed Jin Hyung's car in order to fetch the children and take them home, maybe spend some time together.

He arrived just in time to see Jihyun leave the building, Minji on one hand, Minju on the other.

The children must've noticed their father's scent because their heads snapped up in perfect unison, big, innocent eyes sparkling happily as they ran towards the car.

“Appa!” they squealed and Jungkook quickly waved them inside before someone got a chance to see them, Jihyun quickly followed.

“Jiminnie Hyung didn't tell me you'd get the pups today.” his brother in law mentioned with a frown as he watched Jungkook shrug with just a tiny hint of bitterness ghosting across his features.

“I tried to tell him but he wouldn't pick up his phone.”

“Oh…”

Jungkook couldn't help but hate the feeling of being pitied. As if he had lost, though he wasn't quite sure what.

“Well….Hyung is busy these days. He's barely ever home, either.”
Jungkook nodded with a hum as he twisted the steering wheel and they took off.
Originally, he had planned to cook with Jihyun and the twins. A plan that was shattered quickly by the sheer fact that Jimin's refrigerator was completely empty.

Jungkook acknowledged the lack of food with a confused frown, knowing that usually Jimin would be almost to strict when it came to buying groceries every week.

Their refrigerator used to always be full.

“Don't you ever cook?” he asked Minji. The little girl was standing on her tiptoes, a glass filled with water in her tiny hand that almost slipped through her fingers as she looked up at her father with big, unsure eyes.

“No...Hyunie Oppa usually takes us out to eat since Eomma doesn't eat here anymore.”

“He doesn't eat here at all?”

The timid shake of her head only deepened the worried line between Jungkook's brows and when he asked Jihyun later, he only confirmed his daughter's words.

He was used to Jimin's crazy diets, Jihyun said with a shrug. The passionate dancer had to watch his weight during the biggest part of his youth, causing people around him to simply accept it. They assumed he'd be fine, it's what most professional dancers do, after all.

Jungkook wasn't so sure about that.

In the end, they managed to create some amazing pancakes after Jihyun ran to the store and bought the ingredients.

Afterwards, Jungkook tucked his children into bed, kissed them goodnight and made a call to a very grumpy Min Yoongi who scolded him to not stay out for too long. Practice would start early tomorrow.

Still, he decided to not go home immediately and, instead, made a small trip towards Bighit’s practice rooms right now where he assumed Jimin would be.

He was right.

As usual, the Omega was clothed in a baggy shirt and sweats, his whole body sweat drenched and glistening. Face ghostly pale and breath ragged.

Jungkook stayed near the door, leaning against the wall.
Only when the music ended and Jimin turned around with a curse, eyes squinted and teeth angrily buried in his irritated, red bottom lip, did he notice the Alpha.

He didn't even smell his mate, showing just how far removed from reality he was when he was dancing. Seriously dancing.

“Hey.” Jungkook's voice was calm, though not overly joyful which had Jimin frown in confusion as he stayed frozen in place. Almost as if he wasn't sure whether he was allowed to move into Jungkook's personal space or not. Of course. He wasn't stupid. Jimin felt the tension seep into every corner of the room no matter how hard Jungkook tried to relax.

“That looked pretty good already.”

“Thanks…” Jimin mumbled while lifting his shirt to wipe his face, showing off his now perfectly trained body and the six-pack he had worked so hard for.

He had snapped back into shape extremely quickly, that's for sure.

Then again, Jungkook didn't expect anything less from a strong willed perfectionist like Jimin.

“What are you doing here? Did something happen?” Jimin meanwhile asked, though he still didn't move away from his small safe spot.

“Well, I couldn't get a hold of you to let you know but I spent the day with the twins.”

“Oh... That's nice. Thank you.”

Humming, Jungkook pushed away from the wall, walking towards Jimin who instantly took a step back, eyes big and lost in confusion. The Alpha felt bad about it. He didn't mean to scare Jimin like that but he couldn't completely bury his emotions, just like Jimin couldn't help but sense that something was off.

It's in their nature, even more after they became mates. The bond between them held their emotions close together, made them hold onto each other's hearts as if it's their lifelines, the one thing that'll keep them sane even during the biggest crisis.

Right now, however, it was scary. A wavering string made of worries and insecurities.

“Won't you come and give me a hug?” Jungkook suddenly asked, his steps coming to a halt while Jimin looked at him weirdly but finally did step close to wrap his arms around the Alpha's middle. His face pressed against Jungkook's chest.

“Did you eat already, Jiminie?”

There was a pause, a moment of complete silence and Jungkook could've sworn Jimin must've stopped breathing until he suddenly felt the smaller's chest expand, felt him suck in much needed air
as if he was about to drown.

“I forgot about that…”

His voice sounded shaky, not too badly but just enough for Jungkook to notice while he ran a calming hand through Jimin's puffy, over processed cotton candy hair.

“That's okay. How about I'll take you home and you can eat the leftover pancakes Minji and Minju made, hm?”

“They made pancakes? Are they good?”

“The best.”

Jimin giggled and finally looked up to meet Jungkook's gaze, his eyes shining a little. Just enough to give him the beautifully ethereal look Jungkook had always admired when he had watched him from afar, back then when he was completely in awe and wouldn't have dared touching this perfect work of art.

This angelic beauty.

“I still have to practice…”

“I saw you, Jimin. You're doing amazing. What you need right now is rest, food, and some goodnight snuggles.”

He knew Jimin wouldn't say no to cuddles, knew how to lure him back into safe waters whenever he started to drift and lose his way.

“But...don't you have to go home, too?”

Jungkook just smiled at the unease in Jimin's voice and shrugged nonchalantly before kissing the worries away from his mate’s pretty face, hands sliding down his spine until they sat comfortably on the Omega's prized ass.

“Fuck that. I feel like I haven't seen you in ages and I'd always prefer to be with you instead of seeing Hobi Hyung's naked ass in the morning.”

“But seeing my naked ass is fine, huh?”

“How can you even compare that… those are two completely different things…”

It would've been a blatant lie to say Jungkook wasn't proud to be the cause of Jimin's sweet honey giggles. To say he didn't feel like walking on clouds whenever Jimin's smile became blinding.
Honest.

He loved seeing Jimin happy, plain and simple. It was the one thing that kept him going and gave him strength whenever he needed something to hold onto, to remember when he forgets what it is that makes his life worth living.

He'd do everything to protect those trusting eyes, those prettily curled lips.

He'd give up everything he owns in order to protect Jimin.
To be fair, Jungkook never assumed a single talk between just them would be enough to slow Jimin down completely.

Still, the realization that nothing had changed, nothing at all, was still a bit upsetting.

Jimin was still working himself to the bones, day and night, hours after hours.

His younger brother Jihyun still cared for the pups, Taehyung still spent his breaks on the phone, trying to convince Jimin to at least join him after work. To maybe hang out, have some fun. To eat.

But Jimin was hard to get a hold of. Even harder than before.

Jungkook was the only one who managed to get a glimpse of him but that was only because he continued to sneak around at night, into Jimin’s dimly lit practice room.

Sometimes, when he’s particularly lucky, Jimin would be in a good mood and they would kiss. They would cuddle, even make out. But then, Jungkook usually ended up worrying more than he did before because when their clothes came off, he noticed it instantly. Jimin was losing weight.

_Rapidly_.

It wasn't even just the softness of his cute, little tummy that melted but muscles he had worked so incredibly hard for.

All of that was worryingly similar to what Jungkook had already experienced once and it terrified him more than anything else in the world.

The way Jimin simply shut down and closed himself off. How he would claim to eat lots but, somehow, still looked like nothing but skin and bones.

It was scary. Horrifying. But there was nothing Jungkook could do, not when Jimin was being stubborn and ignorant about it.

The only Trump card he held was their children. It's the only thing that lured Jimin home, made him at least try to be better.

Until now.
“So… I have three concerts in Japan and a few promotional activities after that. It would be great if you could take the children until I'm back. Jihyun found a new job and won't be home for most of the day. I don't want them to be all alone, you know.”

Disbelief flickered in Jungkook’s eyes as he watched Jimin repeat the same eight steps over and over again. Perfect as ever but somehow still not good enough for the Omega's own critical eye.

“When are you leaving?”

“Tuesday.”

“You're leaving in three days and you're only telling me now?! You can't do that! I'm working, just like you do. What if I can't take them?”

Jimin glanced over his shoulder, his movements still fluent. Still focused and sharp.

“But you will because you're the best Alpha I've ever met.”

Flattery was his favorite tactic these days. Jungkook couldn't deny that it got his heart going. That the alpha in him was proudly lifting its head whenever Jimin threw a new compliment at him. The perfect distraction.

But not this time.

“It has nothing to do with being a good Alpha, Jimin. I swear to God, I physically can't take them! We're flying to India for two days, to Russia for one, and to Japan right after!”

Screech. Screech.

The same eight moves started again. Sweat slid down Jimin's throat, Jungkook's eyes followed. Followed down, down, along the elegant curve of his tense, tortured body.

“Oh. Well, I guess I'm the one who needs to cancel everything and stay then. Since I'm the Omega, right? I'm the one who's supposed to stay home and care for the children while my big, strong Alpha works and brings home the money. Do you want me to cook for you, too, Jungkook-ah? I thought we're important to you. I thought you love us. Guess I was wrong and you don't care at all.”

A hand came to curl around Jimin's bicep to hold him still with a rough, unyielding grip. It was surprisingly painful, definitely not the soft and gentle touch Jimin was very much used to by now.

There was a fire in the taller's eyes. A fire that spoke of pain and desperation.

But Jimin wasn't able to see that. Not when his own pain clouded his vision.
“Stop twisting my goddamn words!” Jungkook yelled, causing Jimin to flinch and his eyes to widen in shock.

“You keep doing it these days and it's honestly driving me nuts! I love you Jimin, you know that! I love you, our babies, and even your brother! I'd do everything for you but you're making it so fucking difficult! And no, I don't want you to stay home! I always supported you, I always will. But this isn't about us, okay? It's about Minnie and Juju! You can't expect me to disappoint my Hyungs. You could've at least told me earlier so I could've switched things around but you just expect me to jump when you tell me to… it doesn't work like that. I can't do it… I'm sorry but I just can't…”

They stared at each other. Hearts beating fast, genuine shock sitting deep in their bones. They haven’t fought like that in a while, if ever, and Jimin realized belatedly that he really couldn't take the heat.

With an abrupt move that startled them both, he pulled away from Jungkook to grab his backpack, throwing it over his shoulder in a rush.

“Where are you going?” Jungkook asked quietly, tiredly. He didn't have the will to fight his sickly looking mate, neither did he have the strength.

“Home. I… I have to find a babysitter for a week or… or I have to call off my concerts. I don't know.”

“Jimin...I-”

The Omega cut him off by shaking his head.

“Don't. Just… don't say anything. I can't handle any of this right now and I don't feel very well, to be completely honest. Maybe, all of this was a bad idea. Meeting again, starting a relationship, mating… maybe we should've continued to ignore each other's existence. I only ever cause you trouble and pain anyway, Jungkook-ah. So… let's just take a break, okay?”

With that, he rushed towards the door and left the room. Left Jungkook in a state of complete and utter shock. With broken dreams and broken hearted.

They both were.

*:*...*O* O* O*...*:*
The first thing Jihyun noticed when he stepped into his brother's apartment that evening was the complete lack of noise.

While he didn't think Jimin himself would be there, he did expect the twins to greet him, like they usually did.

But they didn't.

He closed the door quietly behind himself, nose held high as he tried to find the familiar scents he now knew to be family. They still lingered, close enough to tell they're definitely home but too weak to be comfortable. Too weak to be happy.

With suspicious apprehension, he followed the trail. Further, further, until he reached the bathroom door which appeared to be tightly locked from the inside.

“Minji?” he knocked softly. “Juju! Are you okay in there?”

No reply.

Only after trying again did he finally hear movements. Tiny footsteps and quivering whines.

Once again, Jihyun sniffed the air with growing terror because there was more. *The sharp iron tang of blood.*

“Yah! Open the door right fucking now or I'm gonna kick it down, you hear me?!!”

They did, thank God. And not only that, they also turned out to be completely fine besides having red, runny noses and puffy, tear drenched cheeks.

Good. That was good.

However it made another question arise. One that seemed just as terrifying.

But first things first.

Very slowly, Jihyun crouched down, allowing both pups to stumble into his waiting arms. He let them rub their tiny noses against his neck and shoulder, let them search for love and much needed safety.

“What happened here?” he asked once the children calmed down, both being dead weight in his arms. Motionless.

“Where is your mom? He's here, right? I can smell him.”

Minji immediately started sniffing again, started whining and shaking her head until her uncle ran his fingers through her hair, shushing her gently.

Her brother didn't seem as emotional but definitely just as out of it with his deadly pale face. His wide, innocent eyes.

“Eomma came home a while ago and was really, really upset.” he whispered fearfully. “Then Eomma told us to stay in the bathroom until you come home and to not come out before then, no
matter what happens. We heard something crash, like plates, and loud screams. We don't know what's going on.”

Plates. The kitchen.

Maybe, the young Alpha thought, Jimin had just picked up the shards of whatever he had dropped. He could've sent the children to the bathroom so they wouldn't get hurt.

Still… it's weird. That's why, even after knowing Jimin was there, Jihyun wouldn't allow the little ones to follow him around. Instead, he simply ordered them to stay put in their room until he made sure everything is alright.

He even turned on their favorite TV show in hopes of distracting them at least a little from whatever was going in this cursed house.

And cursed it really must've been because the first thing he saw when he entered the kitchen was blood. Blood and glass. So much fucking glass all over the ground.

In the middle of it all was Jimin, collapsed on the ground with a piece of it still in his clenched fist, continuously cutting into his flesh from holding onto it too tightly. Too desperately.

“Oh my God! Jimin Hyung!”

He could see Jimin flinch at that, could see his whole body react to the shrill sound of his brother's voice, muscles tensing in sheer panic.

“Go away… Jihyunie…just take the children and go.”

But he didn't. He wouldn't leave his brother like that. Never.

Even the horrible sight of Jimin's blood covered arm didn't stop him from falling to his knees. From pulling the small, frail looking Omega into his arms.

“My God… what happened, Jimin?! What did you do…? I don't understand what's going on...Should I call the ambulance? Jungkook? What should I do?!”

For several minutes, Jimin didn't react at all to his pleas. He only muttered a constant slur of I'm sorry's and please don't tell anyone's.

However, it couldn't go on like this and they both knew it which must be why Jimin fell silent after a while. His glassy eyes looked completely empty as he stared at the wall, pale lips only slightly parted as he took shaky, shallow breaths.

“Why am I like this, Jihyunie…? Why am I so broken and hard to be with when all I want is to be normal…? Why can't I just be stronger?”
Still worried, Jihyun brushed a hand along Jimin's cheeks, feeling the heat of a fever bubbling beneath his almost translucent skin.

No matter how much Jimin begged him not to do it, he definitely had to call a hospital sooner or later.

“What do you mean? It's not hard to be with you, Hyung… your children adore you and Jungkook loves you more than anything else in the world. Even I can see that. And I love you too, Hyungie. I love you so much… so, please, don't do things like that. I beg you, please don't…”

“But Hyunie… do you really think anyone would seriously care if I just…”

“*:*...

“If I just died?”

Confused, Jin looked away from the stage in front of them and frowned. It's something he usually avoids to do in fear of ruining his carefully crafted stage makeup but Jungkook's been acting strange all evening. It started to worry him more than just a little.

“What did you say just now, Jungkook-ah?”

Finally, for the first time in hours, Jungkook looked up from the ground and what he revealed was anything but reassuring.

His eyes were gleaming red, his face ghostly pale with a sheen of sweat covering his usually healthily glowing skin. He looked completely out of it.

“Do you think anyone would care if I just died right now, Hyung?”

They stared at each other. A quiet moment that stretched over what couldn't be more than sixty seconds but definitely felt like several hours.

Only when Jin blinked did the trance finally shatter, leaving the oldest of the group panicked as he whirled around in search of their friends.

“NAMJOONIE! I THINK SOMETHING'S SERIOUSLY WRONG WITH JUNGKOOK!”
But they couldn't find anything.

Outside of those sudden, depression plagued episodes, Jungkook seemed to be fine. He wasn't suicidal. Unhappy about the fight he had with Jimin, yes, but definitely not ready to die.

The only thing he was acutely aware of was the constant pain in his chest. The clench and pull of his rushing heart that made him want to run away, run home. Made him want to hug his beloved mate.

*Jimin.*

Suddenly, all the little pieces started to fall into place and Jungkook's head snapped up, his eyes doubling in size.

He finally understood. He got it.

It's not him, it's Jimin!

Jimin, Jimin, Jimin! Jimin is in danger, he's not feeling well! He should've known, should've noticed it earlier instead of sitting around and doing nothing.

Jungkook wanted to slap himself. A great mate he is. Fucking amazing.

The younger once again turned away from the stage they were supposed to perform on in less than five minutes.

He felt completely out of his mind, out of his element, as he faced his confused looking Hyungs.

All those years he had been more than just professional. He had been perfect.

But now, with his mate's heart seemingly crumbling beneath his fingertips, Jungkook wasn't so sure if perfection and professionalism was really that important. Sure, his fans paid the bills, but would he choose them over his family? Over Jimin?

No. Never. He'd rather die poor and with everyone hating him than without Jimin or with the knowledge he could've done more. He could've made him happy.

He could've saved him.

“I...I have to go, Joonie Hyung. I have to see Jimin. Something is wrong, I can feel it.”

They wouldn't let him go, even when he begged, when he cried. He had a job to do and Namjoon was strict about that.

It was the right thing to do, Jungkook knew. Whether he left now or in ten minutes after their
performance was done, it probably wouldn't make much of a difference. It would, however, cause a huge controversy when BTS would perform and Jungkook wasn't with them.

Leaving now would cause a lot more harm than good.

Still, focusing on the job was hard when it felt like time was running through his hands. As if every second he spent here took him further away from his mate and made him more miserable.

Surely, he must've made a mistake or two, maybe even more, and the distraction must've shown on his face. But he couldn't be bothered to put on a show.

As soon as they returned to their secluded backstage area, Jungkook grabbed his things and ran without looking back.

He was already halfway there when, suddenly, his phone rang. Jihyun's exhausted voice let him know Jimin wasn't at home and neither were the pups. They were at the hospital, all of them.

Jungkook felt his heart sink to the pits of his stomach, even more when the other Alpha refused to explain what exactly had happened or what's going on.

"Just come. Quick." he whispered urgently, a desperate whimper laced into his insecure voice, a soft sound surrounded by what Jungkook thought sounded like the cries of his pups and Jimin's sobs.

Oh God.

Another thirty minutes was what it took him to finally reach the place where his mate was supposed to be and really, as soon as he left the car he noticed it.

The bitter smell of fear, of extreme distress, woven into the warmth and beauty of Jimin's natural scent. The one that never failed to tempt him and never stopped pulling him in. Even now.

He would've felt flattered on every other day. Would've been proud that Jimin was subconsciously calling out for him, that he was craving his presence, his love and protection.

But being proud was hard when all you felt was pain.

With his hood pulled deep into his face, Jungkook ran up the stairs, always following those familiar scent until he finally saw Jihyun who had both of his children engulfed in a hug. They seemed almost sedated by their uncle's calming scent, sleepy and lifeless until they caught sight of their father.

"Juju...Minnie…” he whispered. It sounded almost fearful, even to his own ears. As if he wasn't sure if he was able to give them what they need in this crisis.

Instincts only carry you so far.

There was no reason to worry, though, because both of them didn't hesitate a single second before they jumped out of Jihyun's arms in favor of wobbling towards him with a startlingly weak,
“Appa…” rolling from their tiny tongues.

“Finally.” Jihyun meanwhile sighed in relief.

“Just so you know, Hyung told me not to call you and he'll probably be pissed as hell. I just…I honestly didn't know what to do. This whole thing is so messed up...I don't know how to handle him and I'm scared, Jungkook-ah. I'm really scared. Please, help him. He smashed plates and glasses. He fucking cut his arm!”

Even in the current state he was in, Jungkook still remembered to chastise the other for cursing in front of the pups, something Jimin had drilled into him over time.

It made Jihyun smile, a shaky little thing, before he muttered to stop being such a Dad and pointed at the door.

“Jimin's in there. The doctor is examining him right now.”

For the first time in ages, Jungkook was glad to have an older brother who happened to be a doctor. It gave him at least the illusion of having some kind of control in a situation where he usually wouldn't have any.

It was the only reassurance he got, though, because the sight of his once so beautiful mate didn't give him much hope at all. If anything, it was pulling him right back into a nightmare.

Jimin looked worse than he ever did before. Deadly pale, sick, and so incredibly thin… it made Jungkook wonder if, maybe, he had ignored the signs all this time, just like Jimin did. There's no other way to explain the fact that he hadn't noticed how bad his state really was.

Now, while lying on the innocently white hospital bed, it seemed painfully obvious how terribly, terribly wrong things had went.

Jimin was topless at the moment, his head hanging low and gaze unfocused while Jungkook's brother was listening to his heartbeat and assessed the Omega's overall state.

Shockingly, even when Jungkook entered, Jimin didn't react at all. Not to the sounds, not even to his Alpha's scent.

It hurt him more than he expected.

“How is he, Hyung?”

After a few more moments of silence, Jungkook's brother sighed deeply before finally stepping away from the boy, gaze meeting Jungkook's.
“Physically speaking, he's fine. Not great but he'll pull through without problems.”

He shook his head, a comforting hand on Jungkook's shoulder as he did.

“Mentally… it's a different story. I can only assume that he had some kind of breakdown. I'll send him over to our mental health specialists to hopefully get him the treatment he needs, especially after what happened last time. It would be best for him to stay if that's somehow possible.”

“But what the hell happened?!” Jungkook almost screamed now, exasperated and clearly frustrated with the fact that nobody seemed to think he needed to be filled in. As if he's some irresponsible child that can't take care of anyone.

It's how he always felt at home. Only Jimin had ever given him the chance to prove himself as a grown Alpha, even when he constantly teased him about it.

“He was fine! How can he suddenly snap when everything was going fucking amazing?! Why, Hyung?! What's happening to my mate?? You're a doctor, so tell me!”

The sound of his brother's fist slamming against the wall managed to shock Jungkook into wide eyed silence. That, and the way he growled in warning, too impatient to deal with the younger's insanity.

“Well, very clearly, he wasn't fine! People who are fine don't suddenly break down. They don't hurt themselves and they definitely don't look like this. Don't be childish, Jungkook. Even you should know it's not that easy to recover from a bad mental state.”

He fucking knew that, Jungkook wanted to scream. But he was stopped by the feeling of having a small hand curl into his sweater, holding on tightly.

“I'm fine, baby Alpha. You don't have to worry about me. I'm okay.”

Neither of the two brothers had noticed how Jimin had gotten up from the bed and made his way over to his mate with small, careful steps.

Jungkook could feel him lean against his taller frame, could feel what little weight he had pressing against his chest as Jimin tried his hardest to hold onto him. Big, watery eyes taking Jungkook's heart captive.

Instinctively, Jungkook's voice softened as he gently caressed Jimin's cheek, watching Jimin lean into the touch with barely hidden eagerness.

“You're okay? Really? Aren't you lying to me, my love?”

He took Jimin's hand and lifted it up, fingertips trailing along the bandaged wrist, all the way up to his wrapped elbow.

“What happened here, hm?”
“Dropped a glass…” was Jimin's instant response and Jungkook had to really try hard in order to stay calm. To not shake the boy and beg him to please be honest when the truth is already so obvious.

“Never saw anyone cut their whole arm just from dropping a glass, though.”

As the realization of being unable to hide the truth any longer caught up to Jimin, his posture visibly deflated. His gaze darkened and vision clouded, his soft voice turning broken and brittle.

“I… I'm sorry for being mean to you this morning…”

“I really don't think that's important right now.”

“But you deserve better…”

Jungkook released a sharp breath, hands coming to grab Jimin's shoulders, squeezing hard for emphasis.

“Listen. This isn't about what I deserve, it's about your health. I love you and I want you, only you. No matter how many times you yell at me or how many bad days you have, I'm not gonna leave you, okay? You can trust me, so please, just tell me what's wrong.”

If he didn't know better, Jungkook would think Jimin had waited. Waited to be freed, be released, and now he exploded like a broken dam, ready to flood the world with his tears.

“I...I don't know either, okay?! I don't know why I'm like this. Sometimes, I just want to die, Jungkookie… I feel like no matter what I do, it'll never be enough. I'll never be perfect. Everything feels completely out of control and I hate it. I hate how I can't do anything right! I'm a horrible mom, a horrible friend.. The worst mate! Wouldn't you be happier if I was gone? If you could find someone better? A normal Omega who stays home all day...who always smiles and cares for you after a hard day of work. Someone who only focuses on raising your children and nothing else. Don't you want that?”

“No.”

It was the first thing Jungkook said to break the flood of words spilling from his Omega's lips, his jaw tense and eyes piercing. Fierce.

“No, I never wanted anything like that and you know it. I wanted a mate who's strong and works towards their dreams. Someone who's not afraid to fight for what they think is right. I wanted you, Jimin. I only ever wanted you and I wouldn't change a thing about your character ever. You're already perfect, not flawless, but perfect for me nonetheless.”

“But I'm so messed up…I just want to be normal...”
“You are normal. You're going through things. Everyone does. It doesn't make you a bad person. We can do this.”

Just when he hugged Jimin, when he felt him relax in his arms, the door behind them opened and revealed a young nurse with freckles and blond hair. She looked nervous with her thin bottom lip tucked between her pearly white teeth, expression pulled into a disapproving scowl.

“Excuse me…uhm… the people from the child protective services are here now.”

Instantly, Jimin tensed while Jungkook’s head snapped around, shock written all over his face as he glared at his brother who simply stood there, looking stern with his arms crossed in front of his chest.

“Hyung! What did you do?!?”

“What do you mean? I can't let him keep the children like that. I'm forced by law to ensure the safety of minors and to call help when I feel like pups aren't taken care of.”

“Jimin can take care of them just fine!”

“Listen...I'm gonna be honest. It's pretty obvious to me that there's a possibility of him being suicidal, Jungkook. He's mentally unstable and that makes him a risk to their safety.”

The door opened wider to reveal a Woman and a man, Alpha and Omega, and that's all it took for Jimin to completely go off the rail, ready to jump them if Jungkook wouldn't hold him so tightly.

“You're not getting them!” he hissed with a dangerous growl. “They're my babies, don't you dare touch them!”

The man frowned, looking from Jimin to Jungkook, to the doctor, and back.

“Please, calm down everyone. We're here to take a look at the situation, that's all.”

“But there's no need!” Jungkook bristled. “Even if Jimin can't take care of them, I can! I'll take them home with me!”

“Are you registered as their father?”

Finally, Jimin spoke up. His voice sharp, still very much hostile with the growl rumbling beneath his words but just as insecure. Filled with fear.

“He isn't. We didn't have any contact for several years, so I never registered him.”
He didn't miss the pained glance Jungkook threw at him, one that went straight to his heart, making him want to cry even more.

However, Jungkook recovered rather quickly and didn't move a single inch away from his mate's side, his hand staying safely on Jimin's lower back.

“It doesn't matter. They are mine and we are mated. I have every right to take them.”

“You're a child, Jungkook.” his brother sighed, rolling his eyes. But the young Alpha wouldn't have any of it.

“I might be a child in your eyes, Hyung, but that doesn't change the fact that I'm an adult in front of the law. I have rights, even if you, mom, and dad don't like to acknowledge that. I'm not just a child that's playing around anymore. I can pay my bills just fine and I'm working just as hard as you do. I know you don't think of what I do as a real job, but it is. I'm proud of it. Stop treating me like a goddamn baby!”

The older man glared, his lips tightly shut as he simply shook his head.

It was the man who suddenly stepped forward, the Omega. He walked up to Jungkook, reaching for his wrist while muttering a soft, “Excuse me.” before holding it to his nose for a several seconds.

“It's true. He's the father.” he then announced, his eyes having a barely there sheen of gold that didn't go unnoticed by Jimin whose snarls intensified.

“They're MY children! Nobody gets them! Now get the fuck out of here before I rip every single person in this room to pieces!”

Jungkook could feel Jimin getting frantic, could feel the conflicting emotions dance across their bond like blinking warning signs. Fear. Anger. Desperation, and self-hatred.

It was too much for the already broken Omega to handle. Jungkook knew, if they didn't stop pushing him now, he'd eventually snap.

“You don't have to worry about anything. I'll take care of them.” he said in an attempt to make his distressed mate feel safe, just to be interrupted by his brother who growled a disapproving, “Oh no, you won't. You will focus on your own future like Dad wants you to!”

“Actually, it's not just that he has the right to take his children.” the Alpha woman huffed impatiently, her long nails clicked against the table beside her with an annoying stakato sound while her Omega coworker nervously stepped from one foot on the other, clearly feeling uncomfortable in this tense situation.

“It's his responsibility. However, I begin to wonder whether an Alpha who can't even control their Omega could be able to raise two children. Maybe it really would be better to just take them away. I'm sure you idols are too busy partying, anyway.”
This time, Jimin didn't hold back when he jumped the two strangers with his fangs bared, a snarl rumbling in his chest, golden eyes flickering wildly.

He was about to force his claws into their skin, to bite if necessary. Whatever he needed to do to protect his family. But before he could go that far, Jungkook's voice called his name like a storm. Like rolling thunder in the middle of the endless night.

“Jimin! Stop!”

In an instant, Jimin froze. The Alpha voice went through and through. A wildfire in his veins, forcing him to obey.

After finally letting go of the woman who made the mistake of becoming his prey, Jimin stumbled backwards.

He was whining in pain. No matter how hard he fought against it, his heavy limbs didn't follow his will.

“Jungkook...why?”

“I'm sorry...”

“You promised...You promised to never use the power you have over me. You promised, Jungkookie...”

Shaking himself like a wet dog, Jungkook rubbed his face with his arm, trying to hide the pain he felt and the tears that would give away his wavering resolve.

“I'm really sorry, please forgive me.”

This isn't the place nor the time to start a revolution or a fight for his rights. Even if, to Jimin, it might feel this way.

Right now, it's about leaving a good impression. About making sure their children will be safe and sound in their embrace.

They've come so far, losing them is not an option.

“Lie down and sleep.”

Again, Jimin followed his command like clockwork. Instant and without delay.

He stumbled towards the bed, tears of frustration leaving streaks on his cheeks as he collapsed on top of it.
While lying there, their gazes met. Both tear filled and broken, lips pale and quivering with insecurities and regret.

“I'm sorry...” Jungkook said over and over again, like a spell, begging for mercy.

“For hurting you, I'm sorry.”

But Jimin didn't reply, punishing him with silence.

He watched how the Omega's eyes fell shut. Watched how he finally fell asleep, just like he told him to. Covered by a blanket made of hopefully happy, and beautiful dreams.

“Oh? So you can control your Omega.”

The Alpha woman hummed in delight, eyes sparkling with satisfaction as she gave Jungkook's shoulder a proud squeeze.

“Good job. I suppose I can leave the children with you, after all.”

“That's nonsense.”

She blinked, once, twice, before biting her lip in anger.

“What is?”

“Having to control your Omega.” Jungkook curled his fists. “That's nonsense. Jimin can think for himself just fine. So, don't talk about him like he can't make his own decisions because he fucking can!”

*:*...

“Saying all those things wasn't right.”

Impatiently, the Alpha pressed the elevator button for what must've been the twentieth time. She was still angry, still nursing her hurt pride, when her partner finally dared to speak up.

“What do you mean?” she hissed.

“As long as there's one functioning parent, we couldn't take their children away if we tried. Threatening and taunting them isn't fair.”
With nothing more than a glare, she stomped into the elevator, not giving him the satisfaction of a defeated response.

*Rookie Idol Park Jimin cancels three day Japan tour after car accident. Is this already the end of this young career?*

*Jeon Jungkook, Maknæ of the group BTS, takes a break from concert tour due to health reasons. Their next few concerts have been cancelled.*

“Don't you think hearing both messages one after the other makes it a bit suspicious?”

Hoseok sighed and turned off the big TV flat-screen on their living room wall.

“We should've just announced it a day later or something.”

Yoongi, who was holding onto his coffee as if it's his personal savior, just grunted and rolled his eyes.

“And then what? They would've repeated the news a day later and they probably still would've aired them together. It's been suspicious from the start, there's nothing we can do about it now.”

Before he could go on to rant some more about the annoying situation their youngest threw all of them into, two small figures came stumbling out of Jungkook's room.

Everyone fell silent, everyone but Namjoon who was on his feet surprisingly quickly to welcome them.

“Aigooo! Look who's up, bright and early! Should I make some more coffee for the two of you?”

“Namjoon-ah!” Jin groaned and slapped their leader's back. “They aren't even teenagers yet, please don't! Give them orange juice or something like that.”

Both children looked weirdly intimidated, almost as if they traveled back in time and this was the first time they met.

Still, Minji took her usual role of the responsible sister when she stepped forward and spoke with her
thin, angelic voice.

“Uncles. We have to go to school.”

At first, the older boys just stared at them but then, finally, Yoongi grabbed his phone from the back pocket of his jeans to make a call.

“Ah, Taehyung. Can you take the twins to school? Five minutes? Alright then, I'll go with you.”

Squatting down, Yoongi ruffled both children's hair, chuckling when both of them scrunched their cute little noses the same way Jungkook always did when he got annoyed.

“Uncle tae tae is on his way. Don't worry, you won't be late.”

“Why don't we eat a proper breakfast before you go, hmm?” Jin hummed and took the children's tiny hands, pulling them towards the kitchen and leaving the rest of the group behind.

Hoseok watched them leave with a deep sigh, eyes filled with worry.

“So… where's Jungkook?” he asked as he leaned closer to Namjoon who slumped back into his chair with his legs crossed.

“Well…” the leader mumbled, shaking his head. “Where do you think he'd be at a time like this, Huh?”

A gentle breeze stroke across Jimin's cheek. The feeling of a million feathers tickled his skin.

Jungkook was lying curled up on the side of the hospital bed with his cheek resting in Jimin's lap, the Omega's fingers running restlessly through his hair.

Despite his mate being close, Jimin looked lifeless as he gazed through the open window and watched the red and yellow leaves fall.

A pale porcelain doll trapped in a tiny room with nothing but an old TV for entertainment.

Jimin's gaze only focused when a small bird jumped along the window. It happily sang its song, catching the Omega’s attention.
Carefully, almost in trance, Jimin reached out to touch the bird. Just when he was about to reach it, the door to his room was flung open, causing the startled animal to quickly flutter away.

“Jiminie!”

It was Taehyung who came running towards the bed, closely followed by Yoongi, though he looked much more calm. Less frantic.

“How are you?! Are you okay? We just took the children to school but I just had to see you!”

Taehyung touched Jimin's cheeks, pinched them lightly, and finally kissed the smaller Omega's forehead. His gaze softened as he watched Jimin look up. Like a child watching the stars for the very first time, gaze filled with wonder.

“I'm okay... I didn't think you'd visit me today.”

“You didn't…”

Offended, Taehyung shook his head. The corners of his mouth pulled down. Eyes squinted.

“I'm your best friend! Of course I came to visit as soon as possible! How could you ever think I wouldn't?!”

He grabbed Jimin's hand and squeezed it just to watch how those bony fingers slipped out of his grasp. They fell onto the sheets with a sluggish thump.

Almost guiltily, Jimin lowered his gaze to stare at the comforting sight that is Jungkook, observing the way his eyes fluttered and lips parted whenever he took a deeper breath.

Taehyung watched him and sighed.

“You… look horrible. Exhausted.”

Laughing dryly, Jimin returned to running his fingers through Jungkook's hair. Slow, so slow. Hypnotizing. Calming.

“Well, I am. I'm tired. I feel like I have been for a long time.”

Jimin wasn't sure whether it was really just worry that spoke through Taehyung's eyes or if there was a good amount of pity as well. Even disappointment.

Or, maybe, it was Jimin's own guilt that made him feel this way. As if everyone looked down on him. Hated him.

It was still hard to admit but he was scared. Scared of being left alone, of being hurt. Being a disappointment to everyone around him the same way he disappointed his parents. And now his
children.

After all those years of working hard and struggling, after always doing his best, he lost them. Even if just for a while.

He failed.

It's those thoughts that made him spiral deeper into the darkness that still clouded his mind. Those thoughts of being useless, being unworthy.

It hit him so hard, he actually paled. His bottom lip quivered and his eyes became glassy.

“Taehyung-ah.” Yoongi grabbed the younger's arm and pulled him to the side. He talked quietly, soft enough to hide their conversation.

“Why don't you go and get us some drinks?”

A hesitant nod was Taehyung’s reply and, after glancing at his sniffling best friend for one last time, he left the room.

Yoongi, on the other hand, crossed his arms in front of his chest and turned towards the troublesome pair. He simply watched them for a while, watched how Jimin tried to hold on to his shattered pride and fading dignity.

“Jimin.”

He didn't react at first but then, finally, the Omega lifted his head and blinked through his tears. One hand froze stiffly in Jungkook's hair, the other on his Alpha's shoulder.

“I'm sorry…” he whispered. “I'm sorry, Hyung. I know I messed up… because of me your concerts are cancelled and Jungkook…”

He looked down at the sleeping boy. Exhaustion kept him asleep for most of the day as he tried to take care of the children as much as he wanted to take care of his mate. But it was the constant onslaught of emotional pain that wrecked him.

The bond that was supposed to soothe them, to convey their love and affection, had become the source of nothing but pain and sadness. A reason for nightmares instead of sweet dreams.

Jimin didn't want his mate to suffer but controlling his emotions had become an impossible task despite Jungkook trying to fight against it by sending his own positivity. Or whatever was left of it.

“I'm the worst…” Jimin whimpered, his hands coming up to cover his face. Hiding the pain, like he always did.

“Why the fuck am I like this?! I… I hate it! I hate myself! The children are what's most important to me. They should be. Yet, I still acted this way… I was so selfish and just wanted to die. I didn't want to deal with any of this anymore! I should've thought about how much it hurts them… how much I
hurt Jungkookie… but in that moment, I just couldn't. Hyung, I… I didn't care about anything and I'm scared. I'm scared of the person I've become. What if I'm broken? What if I can't be fixed and I'll keep hurting everyone around me? I can't.”

By stepping closer, Yoongi stopped him. Stopped the tears, the flood of words created by nothing but sheer panic. Unreasonable fears.

He awkwardly wrapped his arms around Jimin's shoulders and hugged him, let him nuzzle into his leather jacket, let him hide in it before shaking his head.

“You're not broken. Jimin, listen to me. You and Jungkook, you're fucking young. In my eyes, you're still children who should be out partying and having fun. You shouldn't have to deal with any of this. I can't imagine how horrifying it must've been for you all those years ago, all by yourself. Frankly, I don't even want to imagine it. The thing is, I don't think you yourself even understand how mentally and physically draining it must've been. You're not broken, you're exhausted. You have to realize that the life you've been living wasn't normal and, even though you're incredible for getting through this on your own, you can't do this anymore. You don't have to do this anymore. You need rest, have some time to yourself. You have to accept that, maybe, you have to take things a little slower than you would have done in the past. Jungkook, too. You can't expect him to continue at your pace. He's just a person, alpha or not. Learn how to ask for help and how to accept it. Learn how to rest without feeling guilty about it. Don't be scared. You might've been alone in the past but you're not anymore.”

Once he was done and satisfied with his little speech, Yoongi gave Jimin's head a fatherly pat and stepped away to bring some space between them.

He didn't want his Alpha scent to rub off on him, not when Jungkook was sleeping peacefully beside them.

There was no need to uselessly stir the younger Alpha's possessiveness.

“Anyway.” he cleared his throat. “Your children miss you a lot. They aren't mad, if you're worried about that. Nobody is. Everyone just wants you to return happy and healthy. So, please rest a lot and come home soon.”

He left as soon as Taehyung returned with coffee and hot chocolate for all of them, although he threw it all to the side rather quickly in favor of hugging a crying Jimin who readily sobbed into his shoulder while holding on to the other Omega as if it's the only thing giving him reason.

“I love you Minnie… I love you so much! Please don't do this again... I was so scared when Jungkook called and told me what happened. You can always talk to me, you know that. I'd do everything in my power to make you feel better!”

Of course, Jimin knew that. He knew it all and that's why he felt so guilty. While everyone around him tried so hard to back him up, he himself had just let himself fall into misery.

He had given up.
The noise and the smell of two distressed Omegas finally woke Jungkook from his slumber. He opened his eyes to whines and squeaks, to nuzzles and hugs.

It was a comforting sight, despite the sadness assaulting his nose.

“Hey… are you okay?”

The question was thrown into the comfortable silence that had settled after Taehyung left.

They had switched positions. Jimin was leaning with his back against Jungkook chest, his head tilted to the side, letting Jungkook rub his cheek along his neck to cover all the scents that shouldn't be there.

“Yoongi was here.” he then noted with a small pout, making Jimin giggle.

“Yeah. You slept through the whole visit like the cutest little baby. That's why you are my baby alpha.”

Jungkook just hummed, eyes widening in awe as he studied his mate. Studying all the things that had changed ever since Jimin started staying at the hospital.

“You look happier today.”

Small hands found Jungkook's. Adorable, short fingers mindlessly played with the Alpha's longer ones.

“I do feel better. I...I think I can get through this. I can do it!”

The confidence in Jimin's voice grew with every new word he spoke, a fragile hint but it was there nonetheless, making a bright smile appear on Jungkook's face for the first time in forever.

“Of course you can. You're strong! I never doubted you.”

Ever since then, their world seemed to become just a little bit brighter with every passing day.

Jungkook never failed to visit his mate for at least a few minutes every day before he would pick up the pups from school and take them home. He'd bring flowers with tiny cards attached to them. Little
love notes that made Jimin smile a little more every time.

‘When I first saw you through the dirty glass wall of the dance studio, I could've sworn I saw an angel spreading its wings rather than a simple dancer.’

‘I couldn't help but wonder, how is it possible for an angel like you to fall so many times? I guess even angels can be clumsy.’

‘From back then to now, nothing has changed. I still think you're the best. The prettiest, smartest, and strongest. You're still my idol. My beautiful dream.’

It wasn't until the day before Jimin got released that their conversations once again turned from playful to serious when the Omega finally dared to express his unwillingness to hide their relationship any longer.

Sneaking through back doors at night was stressful. It put a type of pressure on them that really shouldn't be there in the first place.

But it wasn't just hard on them. What stressed Jimin even more was the way they forced their children to lie. How they couldn't talk freely about their Dad whenever they walked around in public.

It couldn't go on like this. It wasn't the way Jimin ever wanted them to live their life, although he had been ready to make sacrifices when he started dating a singer.

But now, much to Jimin's surprise, his Alpha agreed without hesitation.

“I always thought I'd rather show you off than hide you like a dirty little secret.” he huffed with a cute scrunch of his nose. One that made him look so much more like his pups, it once again pushed Jimin to the brink of tears.

He missed them. He missed his babies so fucking much but he didn't want them to see him like this. Weak and broken.

Facing them after what he had done was easily the scariest part of his way to recovery.

Yet, he was still positive when looking towards the future. After resting for several weeks, he had reached a meditative state of complete calmness and tranquility.

He finally had the time to think about what he wanted, what he needed, and how to manage his life according to all of these factors.

He could finally breathe.
Either way, they wouldn't make their relationship public just yet. Not when both of them had to deal with unhappy fans because of their cancelled concerts.

They would take their time, take it slow, but the pure knowledge that this game of hide and seek was about to end was already enough to calm their racing minds.

As he watched the sun rise, Jimin could finally say he once again started to feel happy.

He was ready to take on the world.
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

Everyone... Thank you for all the sweet comments and I'm sorry I didn't reply to everyone ;w; I wanna try and focus more on writing again, so I hope I can do better in the future. u_u
I'll work harder!

Also, fun fact!
There really is a contract that tells you not to kill yourself lol
Most people probably don't know this and it sounds kinda ridiculous, so I wanted to mention it. It's a thing and it feels weird.

“You're officially stable. Congratulations.”

That's what the the doctor told Jimin, only half jokingly, on the day he was released. He even handed him papers in case he needed to prove his mental stability after making him sign an agreement that stated Jimin definitely wouldn't kill himself.

It felt surreal to him.

Jimin held the documents like a weapon in front of his chest as he made his way home, as if someone could jump out at any second just to once again take his babies away.

But nothing happened. He safely arrived at his quiet apartment.

His brother had moved out by now and the silence he left behind was crushing.

No laughing. No giggling or running. No stupid fight over what to eat, what to watch on TV.

No family.

He hated it. Hated the quiet. The silence.

As much as he didn't want to be the stereotypical Omega, he still wanted to live with his loved ones, would love to have them around 24/7 if it was somehow possible.

It was embarrassing to admit but during his hospital stay, he started dreaming about the day when Jungkook would move in with him. When they would wake up together, eating breakfast, bickering in the shower before taking the children to school.

Together.

Jimin didn't even know how much he needed those things before he lost it all in a matter of seconds.
The hugs and kisses, Jungkook's face being the first thing he sees after waking up and the last before falling asleep.

His scent surrounding him like a cocoon.

It was a hint of normalcy. A memory of his own childhood years when everything was still okay.

A time when he was much more happy than sad.

His parents might be strict but they undoubtedly loved each other. Jimin had always wanted something like that. A person he could rely on, someone who supported him no matter what he did.

With a defeated sigh, he stuffed the food he had bought on his way home into the kitchen cabinets, nibbling on a carrot as he did.

Distraction was what he needed. Something other to focus on than being helpless in this crowded world. Being lonely.

Cleaning would be a good start, he decided. And he could sort his children's toys once he was done with it.

He was in the middle of scrubbing the kitchen floor when the doorbell rung, loud enough to make him flinch.

No visitors were expected, so who could it be?

It made him nervous, the unknown.

So much, in fact, that he stood in front of the door for several minutes while quietly contemplating whether he should face the stranger, whoever it was.

He didn't want to. Plain and simple.

His hands were shaking as he reached out to grab the silver knob, his whole body wavered.

The thought of more bad news made him want to throw up and run away.

But he couldn't.

No matter what it was that waited on the other side, he had to face it like the grown up he was. He had to be responsible if he wanted to be a good parent. He had to be brave.

When he pulled the door open, he did it as fast as an arrow released from the string of a bow.

It didn't take him a second, barely longer than the blink of an eye, though he kept the windows to his soul squeezed shut during the whole procedure.

However, this time he didn't need his eyes to know who it was.
He'd find this scent in a crowd of millions.

“Eomma!”

The yell finally pulled him out of his trance, letting him know this is happening. It's not a dream, not wishful thinking.

*This is real.*

He opened his eyes and there, right in front of him, were both of his pups with huge flower bouquets in their tiny arms, definitely too big for them to hold.

They overflowed, colorful rose and Lily petals escaped their hands and covered the ground with their dying beauty.

“Juju!” Jimin pressed a hand against his mouth as he sobbed, muffling the words as they stumbled past his lips. “Minnie! My sweet, sweet babies! You're here!”

With a scream, both children finally let go of the plants, not caring about the way they fell to the ground, the bouquets falling apart.

Jimin didn't care either.

They hugged, and whimpered, and scented each other as if they hadn't met in years. As if the usual smell of family wasn't still lingering.

It really took Jimin back to the times before he was reunited with Jungkook. The times when his twins used to be all he had. How he used to hold onto them with what bordered on desperate obsession.

He scented them several times a day back then, he remembered.

Now, with Jungkook giving him the safety he needed, Jimin had slowly taken a few steps back, had allowed them to walk on their own.

But no matter how old they got, how independent they became, Jimin never tired of simply holding them in his arms. Of rubbing his nose across the top of their heads, their necks, just to assure that his scent was still there. To make sure they felt loved and protected. A subconscious plea for them to please never forget, to stay by his side.

For now, though, they seemed just as eager to nurture their strong family bond. They both kissed Jimin's cheeks, nuzzled against his shoulder.

The sweetest welcome home.
Jimin was so wrapped up in his state of complete and utter bliss, he didn't even question how the little ones got here all on their own.

He didn't care. Well, that was until he heard rustling. Until he saw Jungkook peek around the corner.

It might be Jimin's imagination, but to him it looked as if Jungkook had caught the stars in his gaze. In those big brown doe eyes that easily captured everyone's hearts, making them fall.

When noticing the Omega's attention on him, Jungkook smiled his bright bunny smile, a pink flush spreading on his cheeks as soon as Jimin returned it.

After sending the children inside and letting them finally reclaim their room, Jimin leaned against the door frame, an eyebrow lifted and head tilted.

“You can stop hiding now. What's the use of it anyway?”

Bashfully, Jungkook rubbed his neck the same way he always did when he was nervous before finally appearing fully from behind the corner.

He, too, had a bouquet in his hands, though he certainly didn't struggle as much as his children did when carrying it.

“I didn't want to destroy the moment. You looked so happy, I thought I should give you a few seconds.”

It was a nice gesture, undoubtedly.

But, to be honest, Jimin couldn't wait to greet his Alpha, couldn't wait to be with him.

Despite seeing him at the hospital every day, this was different. In the safety of their home they could kiss, could touch. There was no holding back. No worrying over who could see them or if someone's gonna leak the information about Jungkook's constant visits to the media.

“Why don't you come inside for a while, baby Alpha?” Jimin purred softly, a hand already on his Alpha's arm to pull him in, neither willing to expect nor to accept any type of rejection.

Always so eager.

Still, Jungkook had to ask, “What about the children...?”

The honestly worried frown on his face made Jimin laugh, beautifully light and high-pitched as he held onto Jungkook's shoulder. He'd roll around on the ground if he didn't, Jungkook was sure of it.

Jimin's delighted giggle fits always knocked him down in the cutest of ways and the Alpha would be lying if he said he didn't like to be the one Jimin decided to hold onto for support.
It was insane to him how much satisfaction he got simply from the way Jimin would rely on him. From the way Jimin trusted him. It gave him a high more intense than even the one he got from performing in front of millions.

Probably because it rarely ever happened.

“I won't rip the clothes off your body in front of them.” Jimin finally huffed.

“I just want to talk. It's crazy, I know, but I actually like you for your personality and not just your body.”

Chuckling, Jungkook tilted his head.

“You say that as if you didn't sleep with me just because you thought I'm hot when we first met. It's not like you knew my personality then.”

“Hold up. First of all, just because I like your brain doesn't mean I can't appreciate your thighs and ass. Secondly… you're right, I was crazy for thinking you're hot. You're a big baby, a dork. I don't know how I didn't see that. I guess your management must be really good at keeping up your sexy image.”

Offended, Jungkook lifted a brow. His nose crinkled and he pursed his lips.

“Listen. I can be sexy if I want to. It's pretty much my job.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah.”

Jimin turned around, a glass filled with crystal clear water hanging loosely in his hand. He took a sip, gaze not leaving his mate's.

The staring contest that followed was almost comical. Yet, neither of them laughed. Their competitiveness took over and Jungkook stepped closer, making Jimin's heart jump, leaping up to his throat as the Alpha's fingers grazed his burning cheek. A feather light touch but it still sent sparks all across Jimin's skin.

Before it went any further, though, the kitchen door was pushed open. The tension was broken and Jimin, like an arrow shot with a string pulled too tight, threw the water right in Jungkook's face.

Completely confused, the twins stood in the doorway, eyes big as they looked from one parent to the other, trying hard to grasp the situation but visibly failing.

Jimin, embarrassed, pressed a hand against his mouth, half in shock but also to silence the hilarious giggle that tried its hardest to escape.
“Ah...sorry, that surprised me...” he finally uttered, although he really didn't sound as apologetic as he probably should.

“Didn't know your first reflex when you're surprised is to throw things at me.” Jungkook replied, grimacing.

Minji, who still looked uncomfortable, stepped from one foot on the other, her small voice as thin and soft as silk.

“Are you fighting...?”

Jimin cooed, “Of course not!” and quickly stepped closer to hug the little ones.

“We're just playing.”

“A water fight.” Jungkook supplied, earning shining eyes from everyone else in the room.

“Can we play, too?!”

“Only when you clean up after.”

Unsurprisingly, the excitement instantly died but was revived once again when Jungkook announced he bought chocolate ice cream for both of them.

Later, they sat around the kitchen table. The children with their tiny mouths filled, Jimin watching them, completely endeared while Jungkook looked at Jimin the exact same way.

“You're invited to perform at this year's Influence award show.” the Alpha suddenly mentioned, passive and calm. As if it's nothing.

It made Jimin turn around, towards him, with a disbelieving frown taking over his relaxed features.

“Isn't it my manager's job to tell me those things? Did he quit without telling me and you took his place? How do you know about my schedule?”

Jungkook playfully pinched the smaller's nose and pulled it, making Jimin whine and squiggle away.

“I know about it because we're going together. BTS got nominated. We sit together, too. You know, since we're in the same company and all.”

Jimin laughed while resting his cheek on the palms of his hands, elbows propped up on the table. His gaze wandered back to his children who begun to bicker over the last bits of their sweet treat.

“Of course. It's only because we belong to the same company. You totally wouldn't want to sit with me otherwise. You're one of the cool kids, aren't you?”

“You know that's not what I meant.” the Alpha said, eyes rolling.

“I'm just saying, it won't be suspicious.”
Jimin just hummed, eyes glazing over and gaze growing distant. It was easy to tell, he was getting too much into his head. Dark thoughts taking over.

“Are you nervous to perform again?”

The question snapped him out of it, at least a little.

Jimin sucked his bottom lip between his teeth, torturing it with small bites.

“A little. I'm always nervous, though. I'll get over it.”

Of course, he will. Jimin's always like that. Always fighting alone, no weakness showing.

It's hard to tell how much it affects him. All Jungkook could do was trying to read him as accurately as he could.

“I feel like I'm a child that's being watched.”

There was no accusation in Jimin's statement, only a calm realization.

He knew why everyone around him acted like he was about to break, as if a single fall was enough to make him shatter.

He knew why, and he knew it was his own fault, but it still stung a little.

It still hurt his pride.

“That's because we're worried about you, Min.” Jungkook replied truthfully.

“I don't want to take your independence away. Really. But I can't let anything like that happen to you again. I wouldn't forgive myself if I let my precious mate die. You're too important to be left alone, sweet cheeks.”

A single glance was enough to see Jimin struggled with himself and his emotions. The Omega wiggled in his seat, hands restless as his fingers tapped on the table, seemingly nervous.

“Don't act all grown up now, baby Alpha. It doesn't fit you.” he finally uttered, though the gentleness in his voice proofed his words wrong.

“You're just trying to make me nervous.”

“Does it work, though?”

Jimin simply groaned, slapping the Alpha's arm in the process.

“So what if it does.”

“So, you're totally weak for me.”

The shorter boy snorted. “You wish.”
But Jungkook's ego was already over the moon and back, the grin on his face as bright as the sun.

Aware that he couldn't win this fight, Jimin quietly relented by shuffling closer to his mate. He secretly bathed in his scent, enjoying the protective warmth Jungkook always seemed to exude whenever his beloved Omega was around.

Jungkook must've noticed because only a few minutes of comfortable silence later, he simply asked, “Scenting?” which made Jimin eagerly expose his neck by tilting his head to the side.

Jungkook chuckled.

The taller had different plans. He cupped Jimin's cheeks with his hands, bringing their faces close. Before Jimin could wrap his mind around it, their noses were already squished together, rubbing and grazing until the strong smell of their mixed scents wafted right into their nostrils, straight to their love dazed brains.

After pecking Jimin's lips once, Jungkook pulled away, looking more than satisfied as he watched Jimin's tongue dart out in an attempt to catch the remains of his Alpha's taste.

“That's better.” Jungkook hummed before melting completely as soon as Jimin begun to beam, all smiles and giggles with Rose colored cheeks and flushed nose.

“I can't believe you really did this. I won't get the smell out of my nose for days.”

Only when a drawn out, “Ew.” reached their ears did the two of them leave their own little world and returned to reality, albeit reluctantly.

“Ew?” Jimin echoed with a frown just to see both of his children scrunch their cute little noses, spoons still hanging inside their tiny mouths, deforming their words.

“Eomma n Appa ahr disghushting.”

“I'm sorry, I don't talk to people who don't empty their mouths before criticizing me.”

Obediently, the two of them proceeded to put their spoons on the table in front of them before repeating, “Eomma and Appa are disgusting.”

Jungkook just laughed, “And why is that?”

He got an instant retaliation from his puffy cheeked daughter who even stood up and pointed at them in accusation to emphasize her point.

“Cause scenting for so long is ew. Everyone in school says that. Their parents don't do it either.”

Ah. Jimin almost fell into another fit of giggles right then and there but controlled himself just in time.
He, too, used to think of scenting as something annoying and old-fashioned, embarrassing even. He really can't blame his children for thinking the same.

They're right after all. Even older couples don't do it a lot these days since it could easily come across as overly possessive and somewhat controlling. Nobody wants to stink of pheromones when going to work or attending meetings. It's just not practical and, frankly, makes others stay away from you which used to be the whole point of it anyway.

But he doesn't mind it. Not when it's Jungkook who claims him.

It must've been hard to imagine for his younger self but, if anything, the slight possessiveness of it only makes his heart flutter more. Makes him feel warm and protected, as if they're always together even when they're not.

It's crazy how people can change.

Sure, he still likes to be as independent as possible. However, fact is, a part of him clearly needs the reassurance at this point in his life and Jimin tried long enough to ignore it. To push it away.

It might just be time to embrace it, at least for a while.

“Well, it's not really anyone else's business how much we scent each other, is it?” Jimin finally said a little more sternly. The twins thought for a moment before coming to an conclusion and silently shaking their heads.

“No, it's not.”

“I'm glad you agree with me. I'm not saying you have to do it if you don't want to but, personally, I like to have your Appa's scent on me because I like him a lot and it makes me feel happy.”

“We like Eomma and Appa, too!” Minji squealed while Minju nodded in agreement and uttered a shy, “I like to smell like a cuddle pile.”

“A cuddle pile!” Minji sighed, her eyes becoming glassy, and this time Jimin really couldn't help himself. He started laughing with only a hand on Jungkook's arm keeping him upright.

“Well, how about we all sleep together in the big bed tonight and cuddle lots so we all smell exactly like that tomorrow?”

That's what they did. Even Jungkook stayed over without having to be begged or convinced, he had a free day tomorrow anyway.

Then, early in the morning, they got up and ate breakfast together, the whole family, before taking their twins to school.

“You're in different classes now, aren't you?” Jimin asked while fixing his daughter's hair and coat. Minji hummed.
“Yes. I have Omega classes and Juju Alpha classes.”

“Are you okay with it? Is it difficult?”

“It’s fine, Eomma. I already made lots of friends.”

“That’s great.”

After kissing her forehead, Jimin sent her off and watched how she disappeared in the big, colorfully painted building.

“And what about you?” he then said towards Minju who still sat quietly in his seat, eyes glued to a person waiting outside who Jimin quickly realized was Taemin's son.

Oh my.

“It’s… fine, Eomma…” the boy finally uttered, causing his worried parents to exchange a lingering glance.

“Should I tell him to leave you alone?” Jungkook asked carefully but his son only looked at him, wide eyed, before shaking his head wildly, “No!” and jumping out of the car.

The couple watched him leave. Watched him stop in front of the other boy, exchanging some words, before Juju made his way into the building, Taemin's son following closely behind like the cutest, little puppy, beaming brighter than a goddamn Christmas tree.

As Jungkook started the car, Jimin looked at him for a second before he sighed and stated a calm, “They might like each other.”

Jungkook hummed, still concentrated on the street.

“That's great, isn't it? I'm glad Ju finally found a good friend.”

Another beat of silence.

Then, Jimin suddenly smirked, leaning back in his seat.

“Well, yes. But I think they really like each other.”

The car came to a screeching halt, almost catapulting Jimin out of his seat and making him gasp before he felt Jungkook’s hand clutch his arm.

Wide, innocent eyes stared into his own.

“But…” the Alpha uttered with the whiniest voice. “What about grandchildren?!”

Jimin giggled, “Oh, come on now. What about your daughter? Or adoption. Or what about what they want?”
He could see how the wheels in Jungkook's head turned. How they finally clicked into place and a
guilt ridden expression took over his face.

“You're right.” he then sighed. “It's their life and they can do whatever they want. We just have to
get some more backup children.”

Snorting loudly, Jimin doubled over in his seat, laughing uncontrollably.

Once he got a hold of himself, he gently stroke Jungkook's arm whose cheeks were cutely flushed to
match his flustered expression.

“Backup children?” the Omega purred. “You want your grandchildren that badly?”

He did, Jungkook whined. Stingray, at least.

Jimin couldn't help but feel fond upon hearing it.

“Alright. I guess we should have some more then.”

Jungkook froze, mouth falling open in utter surprise.

“Like… now?!”

“I don't know. Do you want them now ?”

“But… but what about your career and all that? Wouldn't it be difficult?”

“Hmm... Maybe. But I decided to put my family first and work second.”

There was a flash of pain that crossed Jungkook's face, a hint of guilt.

“You don't have to do this just because others tell you to, you know.”

“Oh, that's not the reason, don't worry. It's just that I realized our children aren't happy, you aren't
either, and neither am I. Music used to be my life, my reason to exist, but it's not the only love of my
life anymore. I'm not a young teen with nothing to lose. I can't just throw everything else to the side
in order to reach my dreams. That's just how it is and I won't be stubborn like a petulant child just to
get my will the way I want it. I have to adjust. That's what I'm doing.”

He watched Jungkook stare him him blankly, watched his slim upper lip quiver, his eyes shine,
before the Alpha leaned over, into his seat, and pulled Jimin into a hug.

“That's my Omega. So fucking strong. So damn beautiful.”

“When flattering me, my love.”

“It's not flattery when it's the truth.”

Thank God, Jungkook didn't stop the car in the middle of the road but drove close to the sidewalk,
otherwise they would be in serious trouble when they started sharing endless strings of kisses and pecks, nuzzles and hugs.

“Jungkook-ah… take us home.” Jimin whispered into his Alpha's ear, already straddling him in his seat, making Jungkook's head spin.

“I would but I doubt this is a safe way to drive.”

He lifted a pouty Jimin from his lap and into the passenger seat by his side before they could finally make their way home.

Once they arrived, however, the dam once again broke and neither of the two had any reason to hold back.

Shielded by the tinted windows of the car, Jimin crawled back to sit on his Alpha's thigh, riding it seductively with his spit slick lips pulled into a sweet, alluring smile.

“Come on, Alpha.” he purred deep in his chest. “You gotta work for all those pups you want so badly.”

Less than ten minutes later, Jungkook finally managed to detach himself from those godly lips that felt like fireworks on his skin.

He pulled Jimin out of the car, towards the front door of the Omega’s home and into the shadows of the building.

“Open the door.”

Shuddering under his Alpha's command, Jimin hastily fiddled with his keys, trying his hardest but failing to open the door until Jungkook's hand came to lie on top of his, keeping him still and calming his racing heart.

Together they turned the key and stumbled into the house, throwing the door shut behind them.

Suddenly, Jimin's hands curled into Jungkook's white shirt, pulling him closer but also keeping him from peppering a million more kisses along the puffy, pink lines of Jimin's lips.

“They could've seen us, Jungkook-ah.”

“Who?”

“The press, fans, other idols. Normal people. Fuck, everyone could've seen us just now.”

Jungkook chuckled.

“You say that as if you dislike the idea but you seem pretty excited to me.”

He grabbed Jimin by his shoulders, pressing him against the wall while swallowing down every gasp
he released. Then, he pushed the moss green jacket from the Omega’s shoulders, letting it slide to ground, almost in slow-motion, just to reveal a black choker with a cute, tiny bell around his neck.

With a quick snap of his finger, he made it chime, and smiled.

“That's adorable.”

With rosy cheeks, Jimin lowered his gaze, almost shyly but still paired with the usual glow of untamed pride.

“I knew you’d like it.”

“You know me well, huh.”

Peering up through his lashes, Jimin grinned.

“After being your number one fan for years and watching millions of your interviews, and fancams, one would guess I should know you a little. But, I guess, it also helped that I lived with you for a while, and found all your dirty, little secrets while I was cleaning your room.”

As always, this managed to throw Jungkook from his high Alpha horse, reducing him once again to the shy pup Jimin was unconditionally in love with. The boy he couldn't help but stare at with endearment engraved into his lingering gaze.

“I love you.”

He whispered it softly. Gently. A shy confession thrown into the deafening noise of their already racing hearts.

It didn't calm them down but it made Jungkook pause, made his eyes go wide with unconcealed wonder, as they so often did when Jimin managed to surprise him.

“Where did that come from?”

Smiling widely, Jimin pinched Jungkook's cheek and laughed when he got a nose scrunch and squinted eyes in return.

“From my heart, obviously.” the Omega huffed, a playful pout on his face.

“Can't I tell my beloved Alpha how much I adore him?”

“Of course you can… I'm just not used to it.”

“Better get used to it, then. Cause I love you bunches .”

The last word was drawn out like a high-pitched, whiny mewl. A cute, submissive sound that he
knew would mess with his Alpha's head, with his instincts.

And it did.

In the blink of an eye, Jungkook had thrown Jimin over his shoulder. A realization that made Jimin moan already. He subconsciously rubbed his thighs together to get some kind of friction, although the tiny amount he got bordered on being torturous.

Maybe, he liked torturing himself more than he thought.

Surprisingly gentle, Jungkook dropped the smaller on their bed, well, Jimin's bed. But it might as well be theirs in the Omega's affection crazed mind.

“So, you decided to fuck me on a bed this time, huh?” he still bickered, feeling sassy today.

“I thought for sure we'd do it in the car. It's one of the places we haven't had, yet. Gotta complete the list.”

“You know…” Jungkook huffed as he crawled on top of Jimin, already pulling the Omega’s black and white striped shirt over his head to mindlessly throw it on the ground right after.

“I actually like beds. A lot. They're soft, comfortable, and I don't feel like I was beaten to death the day after. We should appreciate beds more and avoid any toilets or cars.”

The ridiculously passionate speech left Jimin laughing, gasping for air as giggle after giggle spilled from his lips. A waterfall, never-ending.

Jungkook watched him fondly, still hovering above him.

“You're so…” Jimin gasped, then paused, and tried to find the best way to put his thoughts into words.

“Amazing. No. Perfect. You're absolutely perfect.”

“Funny. I think the same way about you.”

The laugh subsided, Jimin's smile softened.

“…funny…”

And, finally, Jungkook's lips pressed against his. Nothing more at first. Just a taste of what's to come, a gentle offering, an invite for more.

It's always like that.

No pushing, no forcing. Only a barely there, gentle pull. A question rather than order.

“I love you.” Jimin whispered again.

Quietly.
“I love you...”
Quieter.
“I really fucking love you…”

As choked up sobs replaced his words, Jungkook's lips returned, and this time they stayed.
They loved, comforted. Caressed, and claimed.
Anchored.
Without even trying, they quieted Jimin's noisy mind, his worries, pain. Accepting him fully, holding him high.

*:..○○○○○○○:*

“Jiminnie?”

Jimin rolled around on the bed, their blanket pulled up to his nose, feet sliding up and down Jungkook's legs before tangling them again.
“Mh...?”
“You're working tomorrow, right? Let's go together.”
Staring in disbelief, Jimin tilted his head. Puffy lips pushed out in a pout.
“...you really try to rub it in their faces, don't you? Just release a statement. Hi, this is Jeon Jungkook. I'm mated.”
“Well, that's no fun. I wanna see how long it takes them until the realization sinks in.”
Jimin rolled his eyes, though he still absentmindedly rubbed the taller’s thigh, admiring the beautiful tan skin as he lost himself in his thoughts.
“Do you want to keep it a secret after all?” Jungkook suddenly asked, concern beaming in his shining eyes.
“That's fine, you know. Just tell me.”

Sighing, Jimin let go of him to hide under the blanket instead, voice thin.
“That’s not it. I want them to know. I’m just worried about the consequences. I don’t want anyone to get in trouble.”
“I don’t care about that.”

“But your Hyungs do. Don’t be selfish Jungkook-ah. What would you do if Yoongi or Joonie Hyung would be seriously mad at you?”

That seemed to make the young Alpha think. Hesitation crossed his face.

However, it didn’t stay for long before the confidence, the resolution, returned.

“Either way. You’re more important to me. My Hyungs, and true fans, will understand where I’m coming from.”

It once again showed how lucky Jungkook had been.

Sure, there have been hard times along the way but, over all, his experience in the business had been smooth sailing. His trust was still unbroken.

Jimin struggled to be like that. Untainted, innocent.

“I don’t want to become a burden to you.” he whispered shakily.

“You won’t.”

“How do you know that? You don't know what happens in the future.”

“I know, because how could you ever burden me when I never carried you in the first place? You always walked on your own two feet. The only person who could ever weigh me down is myself.”

Upon seeing Jimin’s lashes flutter, seeing the sheen covering his eyes, Jungkook grabbed the blanket and pulled it down, leaving Jimin bare. Exposed.

His hands flung to his chest to cover himself but Jungkook held them, fingers laced, gazes locked.

Just like he always did, he pulled him in, pulled him close. A hug, a kiss.

Incredible warmth.

“I love you, too. Don't you ever forget it, Park Jimin.”
“I can't believe you really did that while your pups were at school. I could smell it all over you when I took them home and you opened the door.”

Despite Taehyung's constant complains, Jimin's smile didn't falter.

Not today.

It stayed on his face, bright and excited. Nothing could shatter his happiness.

“He's the most amazing Alpha in the world, Tae. So cute...adorable. I love him so much!”

Said Omega rolled his eyes as he watched Jimin change, watched him throw shirt after shirt over his shoulder, to the ground.

“...ew.”

“I'm serious!”

“No, you're not. You're just whipped. Damn love birds.”

Deciding on a plain, black shirt, Jimin turned around. He threw the closet door shut before pulling the shirt over his head and casually fluffing his hair afterwards.

“So what if I'm whipped? That doesn't change a thing.”

“It doesn't. But it makes you a whole lot more disgusting in the most adorable way.”

Giggling cutely, Jimin let himself be pulled onto the bed, into a hug and cuddle attack, until the doorbell rang.

“That's Jungkook!”

Taehyung pulled a sweet, sulky face, squeezing Jimin one more time but eventually letting him go.

“You look hot. Go get him, kitty cat. Have fun at work.”

And really, Jimin didn't hold back when he dashed towards the door, ripping it open, completely euphoric.

“Jungkookie!”

The Alpha smiled back at him with rosy cheeks and bunny teeth on display, returning the tight hug Jimin blessed him with.

“Good morning. You're in a good mood today.”

“Because I missed you! I couldn't wait to see you again.”
After coming inside with Jimin still eagerly glued to his arm, Jungkook scrunched his nose and looked around.

“I didn't know Taehyung is here.”

“He's taking the twins to school and spends the day with them afterwards. They miss him a lot, you know. Tae is still their favorite uncle.”

“Well, they grew up with him.”

Just as he said it, the twins poked their heads through the door of their room, squealing happily upon seeing their father.

“Appa! Did you come to play?”

Smiling softly, Jungkook ruffled his daughter's hair, endeared those scrunched up eyes that looked so much like his mate's.

“Not today, little one. Eomma and I have to work but I'm sure Taehyungie can't wait to play with you. We can go out tomorrow, okay? I'll take you both to the aquarium.”

“I want to see the museum.” Minju pouted, causing his sister to push her elbow into his ribs.

“That's boring!”

“It's only boring to you because you don't have a brain.”

The small girl gasped, eyes getting watery as she looked up at her dad for support.

“Appa…”

The older lifted a brow as he looked at his son, voice stern while Jimin observed the situation with careful attention.

“Juju. That's not how you talk with your sister.”

It didn't look like the boy was particularly willing to agree, so Jimin stepped in, crouching down to his height, rubbing his cheek.

“Baby, listen.” he sighed. “I know you're smart, so you should understand that our interests have nothing to do with it. After all, you still like to watch the same movies we watched together when you were in kindergarten while she doesn't, right? She doesn't make fun of you for that. So, don't you think it's unfair to pick on her?”

After hesitating for a moment, Minju started gnawing on his bottom lip, head lowered.

“I'm sorry…”
But despite the apology, Minji still held on to Jungkook's white shirt, face pressed into his hip.

“Why don't we go to the museum first and the aquarium afterwards?” Jungkook finally offered, causing both children to lift their gazes and timidly agree before Minji walked up to her brother, took his hand as if to accept his apology, before they both disappeared in their room.

“...do you think they're okay?”

Jimin shrugged.

“Of course they are. They might be siblings but they are still different people. It's only natural for them to develop their own personalities and clash. They've always had very different characters. Don't worry about it, baby Alpha.”

With that, Jimin took his jacket, they both kissed their children goodbye and walked to Jungkook’s car, his driver was already waiting.

Just as Jungkook opened the door for his mate, the Omega froze, eyes zeroing in on a guy who stood rather far away, beside a tree, and with a camera in his hands, already taking pictures.

Jimin felt his stomach turn.

“What is it, babe?”

Upon hearing Jungkook Jungkook's voice, Jimin hesitantly nodded towards the stranger, making Jungkook snort.

“Ignore him. They can take pictures all they want, it doesn't matter. We're not doing anything wrong.”

Still, Jimin was anxious as he slipped into the car, head held low in hopes of obscuring his identity at least a little.

He wanted their relationship to be public, he really did. But he just didn't have the trust Jungkook had. He couldn't believe things would simply go well.

It can't be that easy.

*:* O○ ○O ○:*
They had a nerve-wracking conversation where he apologized for the trouble he caused.

Although Bang Si-Hyuk had always seemed understanding, Jimin knew, no company would hold on to a sinking ship. A broken Idol.

However, the conversation went surprisingly well and, soon enough, he was out and about again, followed only by his trusted manager.

“What's next?” he asked as they crossed the parking lots, ignoring the trainees who stared at them in awe, probably dreaming about having a similar future.

“The photoshoot for your first album. We rented a warehouse for five hours, so we should hurry.”

Nodding, Jimin was about to let himself fall into the seat of his car but stopped when he heard his name being called.

When he turned around, he saw Jungkook running towards him, huffing and puffing as if he came running down from the highest floor just to catch him. He probably did.

“I finished everything I came here to do. Can I watch your shoot?”

Cute.

Jimin giggled, making Jungkook's cheeks flush even more before he finally hummed, “Sure.” and they both climbed into the back of the car, unaware of the cameras following them.
“Throw it in the air. Now smile a little more. Good job! No, no, keep smiling! Wider, as if it's the best day of your life. Stay like this.”

For the tenth time in a row, Jimin threw two handful of rainbow confetti into the air, high above his head.

He looked at it in wonder, in awe, while it continued to rain down on him, accompanied by the raging clicking sounds of the camera that was pushed right into his face.

“Beautiful.”

With effort, Jimin fought the flush that rose to his cheeks.

He loved to be praised, wanted to do well, even if it's something simple like this.

Well, simple at first glance. He wouldn't have to do it over and over again if it was really that easy.

“Well, that's it. Next are the stairs and the confetti machine.”

While he posed on the staircase and looked over his slender shoulder, a true, honest smile lit up his face.

He watched Jungkook handle the huge confetti spewing machine with childlike excitement, with shining eyes and the sweetest bunny smile as he fired it all over the place, much to the photographers growing horror.

Yet, no matter what he did, Jimin could never regret that he took him along.

“That's it for today, thank you everyone. You two” the Alpha photographer pointed at Jimin and Jungkook. “Can relax while I look at the pictures.”

The sentence was followed by an exasperated sigh, shoulders drooping. Working with Jungkook was usually a dream come true, an easy job, but he seemed to be quite a handful behind the camera, Jimin realized with a fond chuckle.
Jungkook, like the childish baby he was, suddenly took a handful of confetti to blow it right into Jimin's face, laughing upon seeing the Omega's face scrunch up.

The smaller huffed, “You're such a brat.” but he didn't look angry at all. If anything, his grin only grew wider which made Jungkook smile softly in return.

“You’re cute like that.”

A hand came up to brush through the pastel pink hair.

“Looks like skittles thrown into cotton candy.”

To prove his point, he threw some more confetti in the air before leaning down to kiss his mate while the tiny paper scraps rained down on them. A beautifully colorful dream.

They played around some more, laughed, and squealed. Rolled through the rainbow mess on the ground, and nuzzled into each other's necks, their hair.

The rest of the staff had already left, but it still made Jimin's heart beat a tiny bit faster because this is what it could be like.

It could be their future if they weren't a secret.

He couldn't stop smiling, couldn't stop giggling, eyes shining with happiness. Vision blurring.

“Jimin?”

Two hands came to lie on the Omega's cheeks, Jungkook's hot breath hitting Jimin's parted, slack lips as he came closer to study his features.

“Jimin, why are you crying?”

He hadn't even noticed it, hadn't felt the tears sliding down his heated cheeks until Jungkook rubbed them away with a swipe of his thumbs.

Finally, Jimin whispered a soft, “I don't know. I'm just… I'm so happy.”

Then, he leaned forward and pretty much collapsed into Jungkook's embrace.

Click. Click.

The sound of a camera made them look up in alarm, wide eyed does in fear of being caught.

“Sorry. You looked so pretty and comfortable together. I couldn't help myself.” The photographer chuckled, the camera sinking while he took a respectful step away from them. “You're a very cute couple. Very aesthetically pleasing. Doing a shoot with both of you together would be fun. Well,
more fun than having to deal with Jungkook's antics when he isn't the main model, anyway.”

While Jimin was internally panicking, Jungkook seemed almost annoyingly calm. He pulled away from the smaller, a hand closing around his mate's hand in order to help him get back on his feet.

He must've felt the way Jimin was shaking, the way his knees almost buckled if he hadn't held onto Jungkook's arm.

The shock really got to him and it made Jungkook worry a lot about the day their relationship really would be discovered.

Hopefully, he would be able to handle it.

“We're not exactly out of the closet, yet, Hyung. I doubt there will be any kind of couple photoshoot anytime soon.”

“Well, that's too bad. Either way, the pictures came out great. We can go back to the company and choose the best ones together, if you want to.”

Humming, Jungkook put a hand on Jimin's lower back, pushing gently to guide him towards the exit.

“Let's go, jiminie. He belongs to the company, he won't tell anyone. Don't worry about it.”

But it didn't help much. Jimin stayed eerily quiet on the way back. He was thinking hard, Jungkook could tell.

They went to one of the empty meeting rooms where the photographer put a laptop in front of them, scrolling through the pictures to point out his favorites.

At the very end, he paused.

There, on the big screen, was a picture of them. Jungkook throwing confetti while Jimin tried to shield his face with his hands, the biggest smile blooming on his glowing face. Then another one of them hugging, Jungkook's nose buried in Jimin's hair while the Omega's eyes glistened with tears, beautiful and emotional.

They looked happy. Truly happy.

Jimin felt his heart squeeze in his chest. That's how it could be all the time if people just knew. If Jimin wasn't so afraid of critique, and opinions.

“We can't really publish those.” the photographer sighed thoughtfully.

“But deleting them would be a shame. They're such nice pictures.”
“I'll take them!”

It was Jimin who spoke up, causing both Alphas in the room to look at him in surprise. Jungkook especially hadn't expected the eagerness Jimin suddenly showed.

“Really? You want them?”

Jimin shrugged.

“Sure. They're pretty. I can print them, and put them on the wall.”

“But…” Jungkook hesitated. “What if someone visits and sees the pictures?”

“It doesn't matter, does it? We will make our relationship public sooner or later, anyway.”

With both photos sent to his email address, the couple finally left the room and was about to leave when Jimin caught sight of a familiar face.

“Yoongi Hyung!”

Noticing the waving boy, said Alpha stopped in his tracks. Though his face showed no reaction at all, his voice had a curious tone to it.

“Why are you still here? I thought you have a photoshoot?”

“It's done already.” Jungkook replied, shaking his head while Jimin stepped forward.

“I was waiting to meet you, Hyung. Can we talk?”

Jungkook's brows shot up in an instant, his gaze flickering back and forth between the two, yet he didn't say a thing.

For that, Jimin was more than thankful. He knew Jungkook, like most Alphas, probably wasn't a big fan of seeing his Omega leave with someone else. Another Alpha.

But he didn't complain at all.

In fact, he even helped Jimin put on his jacket. Warm lips coming to caress Jimin's cheek, placing a silent claim.

“Be careful on your way home. I'm sorry, I can't wait for you.”

“It's okay. It would be too obvious, anyway. I don't need the paparazzi glued to me wherever I go.”

Jungkook paused, pain crossing his expression as he brushed a strand of hair out of the smaller's face.

“I'm sorry. They follow you because of me.”

But Jimin wouldn't have any of it. He pressed a finger against Jungkook's lips, eyes bright and proud, mouth pulled into a cute, little pout.
“Don't. Don't apologize for something that's not even your fault. You didn't asked to be followed around all day. It's hard on you, too. I'll be fine.”

“So... What did you want to talk about?” Yoongi asked once Jungkook was gone. Jimin pulled a few sheets of paper out of his bag.

He clutched them in his hands, eyes cast downwards almost as if in shame.

“I...I wrote a song but I need someone to write the music for me. So... Hyung, I want to hire you.”

*:*... oO○ ○Oo:*"*

Days flew by insanely fast until the evening before the much anticipated influencer award show finally arrived.

Jungkook had taken it upon himself to hire a babysitter for the twins, so Jimin didn't have to. It was supposed to help him prepare for his first big event, to take some pressure from his shoulders.

However, in the end, it only gave him more room to think. More time to panic.

So, it really wasn't that surprising when he woke up from a bad dream in the middle of the night. Tear and sweat drenched while still clinging desperately to his blanket.

He was just lying there for a while with his chest heaving. Eyes wide open, glued to the ceiling.

The more he calmed down, the emptier he felt. Emotionless, almost.

It crept up on him, slowly. The darkness, helplessness. The feeling of being useless, unneeded. Without purpose in this world, unable to do anything right, unable to make anyone happy. His eyes swam in tears. Stupidly. Without any reason.

He felt ridiculous. Like the biggest idiot.

When he finally sat up, Jimin grabbed his phone from the small, wooden nightstand beside his bed to randomly scroll through twitter, looking for any kind of distraction that would, hopefully, catapult him back to sleep.

What he found, however, was something much less comforting.
There was a whole group of people who weren't exactly happy with Jimin's sudden success.

Comments like, “He didn't even go through what other Trainees have to endure.” and, “Probably slept his way into the business.” were some of the more tame ones.

A dumb bitch, like every other Omega. The concept is overused.

Even I could shake my ass on stage, he's not that special.

Why do people like him?

He can't even sing.

Let's not clap tomorrow. He doesn't deserve to perform.

We could throw stones at his car.

Looking at him makes me mad for everyone else who had to work hard! Just make him disappear already!

The phone slipped out of Jimin's lifeless hand.

Not even the clattering sound when it hit the ground managed to rip him out of the empty darkness he found himself in.

A never-ending nightmare that never seemed to fully disappear, no matter how fast he tried to run.

Maybe it's his fault after all.

Maybe, he's just too unlikable or too weak to do this kind of job.

Maybe he should just quit. Throw all those years of hard work, all those broken dreams away.

No.

The taste of blood spread on his tongue. Sweet, sweet iron, reminding him of his strength, his pride, his hard work.
All the things that got him here. The wings he carried to keep flying high, even through the worst storm.

No. He won't give up now. Not because of them. Because of people who barely ever saw him from afar, who heard his name once.

They didn't know him. None of them gets to decide his fate.

Only he himself does.

Firmly, his hand once again closed around the phone as he picked it up from the ground, holding it high with a smile on his face while pressing his pointer finger against his nose. Cute, happy, confident. Peaceful.

“So excited for tomorrow. Whoever you are, wherever you're from. Let's reach for the stars together. I want to be an Idol, someone who makes the world a kinder place. What's your dream?” he wrote before uploading it to twitter.

Only a few minutes later, likes, and replies came pouring in.

Jimin rolled on his stomach, his face illuminated only by the blue light of the screen as he begun to read.

Looking from the outside, it might've looked sad. Lonely. But in reality, Jimin never felt so warm inside. So connected to the people around him.

_I want to be an artist! My teacher said I'm not good enough, but I know I can do it!_

_I've always wanted to be a game developer. I know it doesn't sound very important or impressing but it's been my dream since I was a child._

_A hairdresser!_

_I want to be a kindergartener...seeing children smile makes me happy._

_My dream is to be a doctor!_

_A nail artist!_
I want to become an Idol, just like you, so everyone knows I'm not just a stupid Omega. I can be more than that.

All I want is to be with my mate, no matter where life takes us. I want to bring him happiness.

Affection filled Jimin's heart.

He loved his fans, though he didn't have many, yet.

What they lacked in numbers, they made up with commitment. With love and support, not only towards Jimin but also each other.

They're a constantly growing family.

It's amazing.

Just when he was about to read some more comments, a notification popped up in front of him.

Jungkook…?

Jimin frowned. Why was he awake in the middle of the night? And why would he tweet at a time like this? The clock barely hit 3 am.

Unable to contain his curiosity, he clicked on it just to gasp when a picture materialized in front of him.

A picture of Jungkook who pressed a finger against his nose in exactly the same way Jimin did in his.

No comment. No explanation. Just a picture, nothing more.

A wordless connection between them that made Jimin's heart flutter.

Excitement boiled beneath the photo. Most of the comments tended to be simple I love you's while others already pointed out the similarities between the two performers. Some hoped for a collaboration, some hoped it was just a coincidence.

And then, there were the dating rumors that made a very nervous Jimin bite his lip, though he felt proud and excited about it at the very same time.

Seeing people cheer them on, though it weren't many, helped a lot to calm his worst fears. It gave him hope.

And, like this, with final peace of mind, Jimin managed to close his eyes once again, allowing him to float towards a gentle dream.
“Oh! Park Jimin-ssi!! Over here, please!”

Through the crowd of photographers, journalists, and other Idols, Jimin visible struggled to make his way towards the small camera crew on the side of the red carpet.

Once he got there, though, he put on his blinding camera smile and bowed to the Omega woman with the microphone as well as the guy with the camera.

“Hello, I'm Park Jimin! Thank you so much for having me.”

“No, no! Thank you for giving us an interview. This is your first big event, right? You must be nervous.”

“I am but I'm just as happy to finally meet my fans! I hope I won't disappoint anyone. Honestly, I still can't believe I'm here with all those amazing artists who I looked up to for so long. It's amazing, I'm so thankful for this huge opportunity!”

“I'm sure you'll be fine, sweetie. Who are you most excited about? Do you have a favorite artist or group?”

Jimin paused, his tongue sweeping along the glossy expanse of his lips before he shamefully lowered his gaze.

“Ah... I guess that would be bts. I think they're insanely talented and they have so many great charity related projects. I look up to them a lot.”

With perfect timing, the screams of the crowd rose significantly in volume. All heads turned.

The opened door of a slick, black limousine revealed Namjoon who was busy righting his jacket as he stepped into the flickering, blinding lights of the cameras shoved into his face.

Following him was Jin who waved with a confident smile, Hoseok who bowed, Yoongi who kept
his head low while linking his hands behind his back, and finally Jungkook.

Jungkook who looked like the biggest paradox on two legs. A sexy God paired with the shyest bunny smile, and huge, seemingly innocent chocolate eyes.

Fuck, Jimin wanted to eat him right up.

Together, the small group wandered through the crowd that instantly parted to give them some space until they stopped behind Jimin, waiting for their turn to be interviewed.

It was dazzling, the way Jimin felt Jungkook's presence against his back, his warmth tingling across his skin when Jungkook stepped closer. Close, too close.

Jimin felt how the hairs on his neck stood up, his mouth watered. The need to fling himself into his mate's arms was so overwhelming, it became hard to focus on anything but that.

Thankfully, everyone else around him seemed just as distracted, their eyes glued to the young males who might as well be a group of models instead of musicians.

After clearing her throat, the young journalist finally managed to tear her gaze away, attention returning to the very antsy, very flushed Omega in front of her.

“Uhm… well, you're lucky to be in the same company as your Idols then.”

“Jiminnie!”

Once again, the interview was interrupted. This time, it was Taehyung who jumped out of an arriving car to run towards his friend with a huge, lopsided smile on his face that Jimin returned as they hugged each other.

“Taetae! I didn't know you'd be here!”

“Surprise~”

“Uhm… “ the woman’s microphone sunk, her expression completely baffled.

“You know each other?”

Instantly, Taehyung chirped dramatically, “He's my lost love…” Earning himself a slap on the shoulder, though Jimin looked a lot more fond than angry.

“We're childhood friends.” the singer then clarified while Taehyung added a proud, “Soulmates! Both of us will be famous, so please love my soulmate a lot, and go watch my drama! Thank you~”

Jimin was about to laugh, and agree when a scream ripped right through his words.

His eyes flickered towards his surroundings, trying to find the source, but all he saw was the panic that suddenly exploded in the crowd of fans surrounding them.
Then he saw it. A stone the size of his fist flew through the air, towards him.

He was too shocked to react. This couldn't be real. People couldn't possibly be that cruel...right?

Unable to avoid the collision, he could only squeeze his eyes shut, and hope for the best. Hope for a miracle.

And it came. It appeared in form of an arm shielding his face. He saw it when he opened his eyes, saw the dirt on an expensive looking jacket where the stone had hit, surely leaving an ugly bruise.

“...Jungkook…” Jimin whispered, his hands shaking as he reached out to make sure his mate was okay. To apologize for being so careless.

Yet, he didn't get a chance because the medical team of the event already pushed him to the side, bodyguards rushed to shield the famous singer.

All he could do was watch helplessly as Jungkook was treated even when all his instincts screamed at him to be close, to stay by his side.

That only he was allowed around his vulnerable Alpha.

Thankfully, Taehyung pulled him into the building before he could do anything stupid, though it definitely was a struggle.

“Stop being stubborn!” the young actor huffed as he pulled, and dragged the smaller around a corner. “It wasn't him who they attacked but you! You're the one who needs to be fucking protected, not Jungkook!”

When all Jimin did was shake his head without attempting to run back, Taehyung sighed, and hugged him carefully.

Calming Jimin down, no matter what happened, is one of his special talents.

“Listen… he's okay, I promise. You're sitting close to each other, don't you? You can still talk later. It'll be much safer for both of you.”

With that in mind, Jimin was led to his seat where he anxiously waited for everyone else to arrive.

When the BTS members finally appeared one after another, Jungkook was once again the last to arrive, meaning he was also sitting the farthest away which only added to Jimin's instinctual discomfort.

However, he understood this simply wasn't the best time to worry about their relationship, no matter how much the mark on his shoulder continued to burn.

It must've been around twenty minutes later, during one of the performances, that he heard it.

“Jimin… Jimin! Hey! Jiminnie!” Jungkook whisper yelled past his rather annoyed looking band
mates.

The Omega was tempted to reply, to lean over everyone who was in their way just to properly hear Jungkook’s voice, but he controlled himself.

They weren't alone. In fact, he already noticed the curious stares from other artists who sat close to them.

“Hey, Jimin-ssi!!”

Finally, to Jungkook's very obvious amusement, Jimin reacted with a loud snort, one that made even more people turn in their seats to see what's going on.

Yoongi, who sat next to Jimin, must've noticed it too because he rolled his eyes and hissed, “Say, Jungkook-ah, do you want to switch seats or something?!”

It wasn't a serious question but the young, eager Alpha didn't seem to notice, or simply didn't care, as he instantly jumped up to pretty much drag Yoongi out of his seat.

“Thanks, Hyung!”

With that, he sat down, still beaming at Jimin who struggled to stop a wide grin of his own from spreading.

“Good evening, Jungkook-ssi.” he purred with his gaze still locked on the huge stage in front of them, still trying his best to make it seem like there's nothing going on between them.

“Jimin-ssi…”

Crossing his legs, Jungkook followed the Omega's gaze, though there was no interest at all in his pretty doe eyes, not until his eyes returned to his mate.

“Wasn't it a bit rude to ignore me when I called your name?”

“Wasn't it rude to call my name in the middle of this beautiful performance?”

When Jungkook didn't reply, just continued to look at him, Jimin sighed.

He finally turned his head, voice softening as soon as he saw the usual affection displayed on his Alpha's face.

“Are you okay, Jungkook-ah…? Your arm… I'm sorry.”

Knowing that the Omega in Jimin needed to check on his wounds, to make sure, Jungkook let his arm sink into Jimin's lap, allowing him to inspect until he seemed satisfied.

“It doesn't look too bad.” Jimin then announced, and Jungkook cooed internally. He fought the urge to kiss him, to hold him, to make him smile.

“It's nothing. You don't have to apologize, either. It's not your fault, Jimin. If I ever find the person
who threw that fucking rock at you…”

He fell silent, making Jimin shudder as the rage Jungkook felt begun to wander through their bond, settling in Jimin's core, and making him lean closer to calm his fuming mate.

“IT didn't hit me.”

“It could have, though.”

They looked at each other, eyes connected until Jungkook relaxed, their shoulders touched.

“It's okay, Jungkookie. Thank you for protecting me, my love.”

The show continued smoothly.

Halfway through it, Jimin's manager ushered the Omega backstage to prepare for his performance. It would be the first time for him to reveal his newest song.

Jungkook looked after him like he wanted him to stay. As if he couldn't stand being away from him, even if only for a few minutes.

Yet, all he whispered was a supportive, “It'll be okay. You'll do amazing. Blow them away!” and that's all Jimin needed to hear in order to do just that.


I'm still nervous, still scared

Scared of our bad ending, the free fall once it's over

Higher than high, now I'm sitting here crying

I don't know why, why

Am I still chasing broken dreams

It was after that, after Jimin came down from the high of being on stage, thousands of people
applauding him, cheering him on, that bts was finally called on stage to receive their award.

They passed each other as Jimin returned to his seat, Jungkook's hand brushing his for less than a heartbeat.

*I'm proud of you. You did well.*

Once he sat down, Jimin watched them just as proudly, all attention on his handsome mate. That was until Taehyung approached him from behind, constantly poking his friend's shoulder to get his attention.

“Yah...jimin-ah, look at your phone!”

Although he wasn't exactly happy about missing parts of his mate's special moment, the insistence Taehyung put into his words undeniably made him curious, and finally pushed him to take a quick glance at his phone during Namjoon's speech.

Taehyung had sent him a link leading to one of the bigger K-pop news sites and, as his eyes flickered across the page, Jimin felt his blood freeze in his veins. His nerves begun to flutter, palms started to sweat.

*Famous singer and maknae of K-pop group bts, Jeon Jungkook, is dating rookie Idol Park Jimin?*

*Both of them have been seen looking happy and intimate during and after a recent photoshoot for Jimin's new album. They are signed to the same company and apparently have been seen together several times.*

*Check out the photos below and let us know what you think.*
Chapter 25

They didn't expect it.

Sure, they haven't exactly tried as hard to hide their relationship these past weeks but Jimin, and Jungkook, still hadn't expected the news to be revealed so quickly.

Not on that particular evening, anyway.

It threw them into a whole new world of chaos, mostly because getting out of the huge concert hall turned into a battle against the cameras as they tried to push through the crowd. Their ears numbed by the constant stream of screams, and yells.

“Jungkook-ssi! Jimin-ssi! A comment regarding your relationship, please!”

“Are the rumors true?!”

“Can you confirm the dating accusations?!”

Growling, Jungkook stood in front of Jimin, shielding him as much as he could, though it was impossible to protect him from all sides.

Before he got a chance to snap for real, though, Namjoon, Yoongi, Hoseok, and Jin suddenly appeared behind them, surrounding Jimin as they pushed forward with their united strength.

“No comment.” was all Namjoon said, sunglasses covering half of his face, black mask the other.

“We're not commenting on anything tonight.”

Once they made it outside, the leader of the group grabbed Jungkook's arm with one hand, Jimin's with the other, to drag them rather violently towards one of the cars they arrived with.

“Get in there. Both of you.” he growled, making Jungkook nervously look over his shoulder. Guilt started to show on his face.

“Hyung… you guys aren't coming with us? I'm.. I'm sorry this happened. Seriously, I didn't mean for this to happen tonight.”

Not tonight but someday.

When the elder's gaze sharpened, Jungkook knew this wasn't the best thing to say. His Hyungs were pissed, rightfully so.
“Go, Jungkook. We're taking a different car. We can talk at home. For now, the two of you need to get the fuck out of here.”

“I'm sorry…” Jungkook said once again before ducking his head. He disappeared in the back of the car, following closely after Jimin who already cowered inside.

The Omega looked at him. Fearful. Before whispering a quiet, “We're in trouble, right?”

A question Jungkook shrugged off with a sigh.

“Maybe… a little.”

*:*...

“Are you fucking nuts?!”

Jungkook flinched as soon as Namjoon's fist collided with the paper-thin wall of their dorm's living room.

He had expected to be lectured but not with the rage he now received. Their usually cool headed leader was positively fuming.

“I thought you trust us, Jungkook! I thought we're fucking family!”

“We are!”

“Why didn't you tell us then?! Why didn't you tell us you're planning to make your relationship public so soon?!”

Well… mostly because none of this was particularly planned but that's a weak excuse.

In reality, Jungkook had simply stopped worrying. Not really because he didn't know about the danger of being exposed, but because he had become a little selfish, though he didn't want to admit it to himself which is probably why he didn't tell his Hyungs either.

He loved being with Jimin. Loved hovering around him at all times, proud when people admired his beautiful mate, and probably a little possessive, too.

He wanted to show them, wanted them to see how lucky he was. How happy, and proud.

Jungkook didn't want to hide anymore.
It's unfair, he knows. Not only for Namjoon, and the others, but also for Jimin who he knew was still hesitant.

He really did fuck up big time.

“I... I saw that paparazzi were following us.” he finally admits, voice small.

“But I didn't think they would jump to conclusions.”

Snorting, Namjoon shoved his phone into the younger's face, the picture of Jimin and him glaring at Jungkook like it's some kind of curse.

“I doubt they had to assume much with pictures like those. Friends don't exactly roll around on the ground and kiss like a pair of heart eyed teenagers who can't keep their hands off each other.”

“...I thought they stopped following us at that point.”

Not entirely convinced, Namjoon took a step back to search the maknae's face for any signs of a lie. When he couldn't find any, he sighed.

“Either way, what's done is done. Right now, you have three options. You can go public completely, stand by your relationship. You can deny everything. Or you can try to ignore it all. Don't show yourself with Jimin in public until people forget about it.”

“I'll always stand behind my relationship. I would never deny Jimin as if I'm ashamed of him!”

The reply came lightning fast with outrage spiking in Jungkook's voice. It only made Namjoon look more tired, more exhausted, as he rubbed his temples, eyes closed.

Those children… impossible.

“Alright then.” he finally sighed.

“But don't think this will be easy, Jungkook. You're getting us in serious trouble. Bang-nim called while we drove home. Hundreds of fans demand to have the money they spent on concert tickets returned. Not to mention those who want the birthday presents they sent you. It affects all of us, not only you.”

Taken aback, Jungkook frowned, arms stubbornly crossed in front of his chest. He couldn't quite comprehend how this was supposed to be his fault.

“Why would they do that?”

“You really don't get it?” the elder asked as if it was obvious. As if he couldn't believe Jungkook was
still so short sighted.

So goddamn innocent.

“You're selling a dream. The dream of a perfect boyfriend, someone who's always there for them, listens to their worries, who belongs to them. Now you suddenly shattered all of that. It's like you cheated on them. Of course they react in an emotional way.”

It's not like Jungkook was completely unaware of it. After all, he played with it, too. A cute smile, a heartfelt compliment, holding hands at events.

He even used to joke how his fans are his girl- and boyfriends. However, he simply assumed they knew it really wasn't all that serious.

“That's... Ridiculous.”

“Maybe it is.” Namjoon agreed. “But it's the reality we live in. I'm not saying you should stay away from Jimin just to please them. None of us can avoid relationships forever, that's not realistic. However, I do ask you to be very careful when handling this. Being Jimin's mate might be amazing for you but to them it's a scandal. Don't forget that.”

*:.*. 0️⃣ 0️⃣️ 0️⃣️️ .:*

It was days later, during one of the photoshoots for a well known sports brand, that Jungkook got a call from his outraged mate that would be forever engraved in his brain.

“They're everywhere, Jungkook!” the Omega hissed, very obviously agitated.

“Who is? Jiminie, calm down. It'll be okay.”

“I'm not gonna calm the fuck down. There are tons of PEOPLE! Paparazzi, your fans, my fans, random fucking people. They're surrounding my house! How am I supposed to leave, huh? I have appointments today!”

“Cancel them.” was Jungkook’s firm reply. “Don't leave the house. Close the curtains, stay away from the windows. I'll come get you after the shoot.”

It's the only time, Jungkook wished he would've been more firm, would've commanded Jimin to
bend to his will.

After all, he should've known his mate.

He should've known Jimin was just as amazing as he was stubborn.

“...Okay… I will. But listen, those meetings are really important, not to mention that I have to make sure our children get home safely. Oh God… that's right! What if they wait in front of their school, too?! What if they harass our babies?!! Fuck, Jungkook, I have to go get them before they get dragged into this mess!”

The call was ended, just like that.

All that's left was the constant beeping drilling into Jungkook's ear, making him nauseous.

This couldn't possibly end well.

Meanwhile, a thirty minute car ride away, Jimin steeled himself for his personal nightmare. The walk of shame through the sensation thirsty crowd.

He really didn't see what he should be ashamed of but the fear was still there. The panic of not being good enough, being a disappointment.

Standing in front of the door that would lead him to the outside world, Jimin took a long, shaky breath.

“I can do this. I have to protect my children.” he whispered. “Just leave, go about your day, and come back. It's really not that hard.”

As if to spite him, his hand, slick with sweat, shaky from fear, slipped from the door handle.

His whole body was tense, muscles thrown into a completely irrational fight or flight mode which he simply couldn't turn off.

Another deep breath, another attempt.

This time, he ripped the door open in one go, eyes closed, breath held.

The world fell silent.

Once he blinked his eyes open, Jimin looked into what felt like hundreds of faces, all of them shocked, as if they never expected him to actually appear.

Sadly, they recovered quickly enough. The mind numbing noise hit Jimin's ears once again.

It was a mess, screams, questions. All of them jumbled, melting together until Jimin could barely
make out a single human word.

Jungkook.

That's all he needed to hear in order to understand what they were talking about.

Ignoring the voices, he pushed through the crowd, growing more anxious the longer those strangers invaded his space, bodies pressing against his, hands trying to pull him back, make him stop.

It was terrifying, a feeling of being constricted by a cage made of twisting human flesh.

Somewhere, far away, did he hear his own fans, screaming his name. He couldn't quite tell if they sounded excited or just as horrified as he felt.

Despite wanting nothing more than to keep his gaze glued to his feet, Jimin couldn't help but worry about them, the thought of trampled children haunted his mind.

However, looking up turned out to be just as painful because what he saw wasn't the comforting sight of support but some of Jungkook's fans, holding up signs that told him to leave the famous Alpha alone. To stop chasing fame or money.

He saw several young teenage Alphas. Omegas who held their own signs with his name, many of them trying their best to rip the slanderous statements out of the others’ hands.

It was a horrible mess.

Then, finally, Jimin managed to take a short breather as he reached the huge crossroad in front of his house. Cars rushed past him at full speed, barely a finger's width away from brushing his skin.

He just had to cross it, that's all. His manager's car was just now pulling up on the other side, waiting for him to jump inside.

Behind Jimin, the people still grabbed, and grasped whatever body part they could reach until, suddenly, a hand came to rest between Jimin's shoulder blades.

The hand shoved him forward, onto the street.

Right into the heavy traffic.
Jimin woke up to a slow, constant beeping sound.

He blinked his tired eyes, once, twice, before letting his head fall to the side. Eyes locking onto the machine he was hooked up to.

White walls. A tiny room with a big window.

A hospital. Again.

As his body started to ache, Jimin's eyes once again fell shut, his mind drifting away in an attempt to flee from the dull pain.

How long did he sleep? Jimin wasn't sure.

The next time he became conscious, he was greeted by a tall, slender back. Intense, blue hair.

Taehyung?

He wanted to call out his name but his throat was as dry as a desert. No sound escaped. So, he just watched him sit at the end of the bed, watched his back, the way his hand would disappear in the bag of chips, the crunching sound when he ate them.

It reminded him of the past. Of the short time when they lived together, slept together in the same big bed, all huddled up while watching TV.

Taehyung ate the same brand of chips he eats now while Jimin complained about the crumbs they would have to sleep in later.

But now, all those years later, it was a fond memory.

A calming thought.

Somewhere, far away, Jimin heard the muffled sounds of a TV. He couldn't see it with Taehyung blocking his view but he heard it. Heard the monotone voice of a female newscaster, and then…

“We're now broadcasting live from the outside of the hospital where it seems like Jeon Jungkook is about to make a statement regarding the dating rumors, and hopefully also Park Jimin's current medical state. His band mates are with him, apparently supporting their youngest despite the recent
scandal.”

He sat up straight so fast, it made his head spin, his insides clenched. As he doubled over, arms wrapped tightly around his stomach, he saw Taehyung twist around to look at him in complete shock before he crawled closer on all fours.

“Fuck, Min, be careful!”

The smaller just coughed, face still pressed into the blanket, restricting his breathing even more.

“Ju…Jung…”

Realizing what Jimin was trying to say, Taehyung turned around in a panic, hand already on the remote to turn off the TV, but Jimin's own, smaller hand curled around his before he could do so.

“Don't.”

But you shouldn't have to watch it, Taehyung wanted to say. Even he wasn't eager to see this mess unfold, and he cursed himself for lingering on this goddamn news show. Curiosity had gotten the better of him.

After holding onto the remote for a bit longer, Taehyung finally let it go, mostly because he was worried about stressing Jimin even more if he kept refusing to hand it over.

Like this, he at least managed to talk Jimin into lying back down, the headrest propped up so he could still watch the screen.

They watched how the cameras zoned in on the hospital doors, how they slid open to reveal not only Jungkook but also the rest of his bandmates, all of them dressed up formal, proper. Sunglasses, and masks covering their faces.

They walked into the middle of the crowd, ignoring the wave of microphones, and questions thrown their way until Namjoon lifted his hand.

Everyone fell silent.

Then, with a supportive hand on Jungkook's shoulder, the leader stepped back to let their youngest speak who silently took off his sunglasses, doe eyes instantly finding the camera, holding onto it.

Mesmerizing as always.

Whether he did it on purpose or not, he knew how to hypnotize the crowd.

“Park Jimin and I are mated. We have been for a while now.”
It took a single blink of the eye until the crowd once again roared, chaos ensuing before they realized Jungkook had more to say.

“How long has this been going on?” was the loudest question thrown at him before it got quiet again.

“We've known each other since childhood. Both of us grew up in Busan. We used to train at the same dance studio.”

For the first time since they arrived, Jungkook hesitated. Unsure how much information he should share. Going into detail wasn't exactly what he wanted to do.

“We.. lost sight of each other for a while but met again years later.”

A last calming breath filled his lungs. He felt dizzy, dazed. As if all of this was unreal. Nothing but a bad, bad dream.

Surely, he'd wake up soon. Until then, he had to keep up the professional, collected facade.

“Regarding the earlier incident, I'd like to announce that we managed to get the security footage of several nearby stores. We handed it over to the police, and we will take immediate legal action against everyone who was directly involved with my mate's accident. He doesn't have any major injuries, his condition seems to be stable. However, the evidence we found very much points towards malicious intent which will be punished accordingly.”

Another deep breath, hands cold with sweat. Lips quivering.

“On a more personal note, I'd like to apologize to my fans. I'm sorry for keeping secrets. I know some of you might feel angry or upset but please understand that I have a private life, just like you do. There's absolutely no reason to be aggressive or violent towards anyone, which brings me to another point I wanted to discuss. It recently came to my attention that, ever since our relationship has been made public, several of my fans have been threatening my mate on social media platforms. While I understand the outrage, I can't accept such behavior. Even less after what happened today. To be completely honest, I don't see myself staying in this line of work if it means it makes people angry enough to endanger my family. So, while I will take a break to reflect on the mistakes I made, I'll ask our beloved fans to do the same. I do hope that our paths cross again but just in case they won't, I want to thank everyone for their constant support up to this point. Let's become greater human beings together. Thank you.”

A polite bow ended his little speech.

Taehyung instantly glanced towards Jimin who seemed to be frozen in place, eyes glued to the stiff features of his Alpha, jaw set.
“Jiminie…”

Before Taehyung could even attempt to comfort his friend, Jimin already jumped from the bed. He stumbled towards the door with the other Omega quickly following after him.

“Hey, hey! You can't just go! The doctor said you need to stay in bed until your test results are back!”

“Fuck that.”

With an surprising amount of strength, Jimin shoved the taller away to continue his way down the hallway.

It always amazed Taehyung how, even in situations like this, Jimin managed to pull strength from literally nothing, his body barely able to stand upright but he still pushed forward the same way he danced, the same way he practiced, only fueled by pure physical control, and endless willpower.

The Omega wobbled through the overrun entrance hall, the sliding door opening up in front of him, and there was Jungkook, gaze lowered to the ground.

Upon noticing the obstacle in his way, the young singer looked up, eyes growing impossibly wider upon unexpectedly seeing his mate.

“Jimin?”

Only now did he notice the scent. Distressed, bitter. It wafted towards Jungkook, surrounded him like a choking scarf, comfortingly warm, familiar, but still too tight.

“What are you doing here?”

Instead of replying, Jimin suddenly fell forward, hands reaching out, curling into Jungkook's leather jacket.

The Alpha was quick to catch him, thankfully. His arms looped around the smaller's frame, pulling him up against his chest.

At first, Jimin's fists continued to rain down on him but then the Omega's arms also snaked around him, fingers once again digging into his jacket but this time close to his shoulder blades. His face was still pressed against Jungkook's chest.

“You can't do this! Don't say you'll give up what you love because of me! This is your job!” Jimin cried, voice sounding broken.

Jungkook, after holding him even tighter, corrected, “But you are what I love. You're the one thing in my life I’d never give up.”

Still, Jimin only stared at him in shock, silently shaking his head. Blood trickled down from his shaking bottom lip as he bit it too hard.
“Don't do it, Jungkook. This is your life. Don't be stupid.”

About to reply, Jungkook opened his mouth but closed it again when he heard the cameras go off behind them.

“Not now. Not here.” he sighed.

When Jimin still didn't move, when he still held onto him like a drowning man, Jungkook simply took him by the waist.

His hands almost completely surrounded Jimin's slender middle, making the Omega gasp as he was easily hurled over Jungkook's shoulder, as if he was weightless.

Back inside the tiny hospital room, Jimin was dropped onto the bed, gently, while Taehyung hastily twirled around them to make sure the door was shut, the windows covered.

“You saw that, huh?” Jungkook asked once he glanced at the still flickering TV in the corner of the room.

Jimin nodded.

“I did. This is all because of me, because of the drama surrounding me. I don't want you to play my white knight in shining armor, Jungkook-ah. I don't want you to throw everything away for me. This isn't love, and it's not making me happy. I can't believe the Hyungs agreed to this....”

“I'm not doing this for you.”

This made Jimin's mouth snap shut, eyes blinking with unsure confusion.

“Then why?”

“Because I saw the fucking videos of what happened! A guy deliberately pushed you into the traffic, and I fucking knew him! I saw him so many times at fansigns, I talked to him, held his hands! The same hands that pushed you! Do you know how disturbing that shit is?! And what if he won't get punished? What if I see him again? I have to be nice to him because it's my job despite knowing what he did to you? I can't do this. I could never. Even if he's my fan, I can barely stop myself from trying to find him right now. I swear, if I wasn't an Idol, I'd already gone after him to make sure he can't touch you again!”

“But I'm okay.” Jimin whispered quietly, only a little intimidated by the aggressive growls leaving Jungkook's throat. The harsh grip Jungkook had as he grabbed the Omega's slack hand.

“I don't think I got hurt much. It's just bruises, some scratches.”
Bristling, Jungkook shook his head hard, looking offended. Angry.

“No, you're not! Just because you don't have any broken bones doesn't mean you're okay! I don't wanna hear you downplay any of this. They found your hair on the car! That means your head probably hit it! So many things could've gone completely wrong today, you know that. I'm so sick of seeing you in the hospital… At this point, I just wish we could live an at least somewhat normal life.”

*:.:
。
○○
。
○○...
*

Jungkook didn't know how right he was about his mate’s physical, and mental state.

Back at home with the kids, Jimin became even more anxious than he already was.

He couldn't sleep, couldn't focus. All his brain revolved around was the fear of his children being in danger despite the extra security bighit granted them.

“Eomma… Eomma!”

Blinking tiredly, Jimin shook his head to gather his thoughts. Disoriented, his eyes flickered through the dimly lit room.

They still kept the windows covered which started to eat on all of their already high strung nerves.

“Sorry baby...what did you say?”

Minji pointed at a certain question in the grammar book in front of them, a pout on her cute little face, short legs kicking impatiently beneath the table. Jimin could already tell, she wasn't in the best mood.

“I don't get that.”

“Ah…” Jimin hummed with a tiny but warm, calming smile. “Alright, let's see…”

He stared at the block of text, trying hard to decipher it. But the longer he tried, the more the letters started to waver in front of his eyes. Words swimming, melting into one blurry mess.

“...Eomma? Are you okay?”
Again, Jimin shook his head, stronger this time. Finally, his vision cleared. Though, the sickness he felt still remained.

“I'm fine, I'm fine! Okay, princess, look. That's how you do it, okay? It's easy!”

“Hmm…”

“Don't worry angel, I can explain it again until you get it. There's no need to rush.”

A single kiss on the cheek was enough to placate the girl, at least a tiny bit. She smiled softly, chin lazily resting on her hand as she started to scribble wobbly words into her notebook.

Jimin watched her patiently until his vision once again blurred, his heart started to race, his head hurt.

“Baby?”

Looking up from the book, she frowned, unsure until Jimin's calming hands came up to rub over her nervously buzzing scent glands.

“Would you like to go on a little vacation to daddy's house when Juju wakes up? Only for a few days.”

*:.. o○ ○o o:*

It was barely three hours later when Jimin stuffed both children into the most covering outfits he could find, their faces completely obscured with masks too big for their tiny faces.

“It's hot…” his son complained, even his cheeks looked red already, his forehead sweaty. But Jimin didn't want to risk anything, not this time.

“I'm sorry baby, stay strong for a little longer, okay? You can take it off when we're at your Father's place.... You know it's not that far.”

He looked at Minji who didn't exactly look much happier but stayed quiet. She tiptoed, a hand already on the door handle, ready to go.

Jimin looked at her, panicked. “Don't open it.” he warned.

Only when all of them were completely ready did Jimin tell his children to stay close, to make sure
they hold each other's hands at all times, and finally opened the door.

It was eerily quiet, suspiciously peaceful. Jimin felt himself shudder, felt himself break into a panicked sweat, his hands becoming slippery, causing him to grab his children's paws even tighter.

It hadn't been this quiet in over a week, he couldn't quite trust the silence.

They didn't have to walk far, only a few blocks down the street, but Jimin still started to speed up halfway. Even more when he noticed a black car with tinted windows slowly rolling after them.

Damn paparazzi.

They had followed him, even before the dating scandal was revealed, but it had never been this intense. He saw one or two per week, that's all. No matter how viral his video had gone, he was still just a rookie, and most people simply didn't care.

Now, however, they seemed to be everywhere, always ready to jump him. Waiting for the perfect shot that would reveal whatever dirty secrets they waited for.

Things had changed to quickly, and Jimin struggled to keep up with the fast pace.

Meanwhile, the three of them pretty much ran towards the snow white door leading to the bts dorm building, ready to smash the obnoxiously loud doorbell.

Thankfully, Jin opened up quickly with Jungkook following after him, the younger looked just as panicked as Jimin felt.

“Jimin?! What's wrong? Are you okay?”

Said Omega was wheezing, huffing. His lungs constricting painfully as he tried his hardest to explain, to form the words that seemed to be stuck in his tightening throat.

“Oh my.” Jin sighed, one hand on the back of each child to gently guide them towards the living room.

“Why don't we play some games together, hmm? I'm sure Hobi will be happy to join us.”

Towards the young couple, he simply raised his brows before nodding towards Jungkook's room.

“I think the two of you should talk.”

“What's wrong?” Jungkook asked once again as he gently closed the door behind them. Still patient but very clearly aware that something wasn't right.

“It's nothing...”
Snorting, Jungkook leaned against the door.

“Then why are you here? You never just appeared out of the blue, without calling beforehand. It's strange.”

Despite the compelling evidence, Jimin was still hesitating.

He felt ashamed to even ask the question roaming his mind, scared of being laughed at. Being looked down upon. But he had to do this, they talked about it before. Communication, and being truthful is what's important. Even more in their current situation.

“I… wanted to ask if it would be possible for you to keep the children for a while. Maybe a week… it's okay if you can't. I was just wondering.”

A pause was followed by a frown when Jungkook put a finger beneath Jimin's chin to lift his lowered gaze.

“You were just wondering? You could've called, and asked me. Why did you go through the trouble of coming here when you say it's okay even if I don't take them? It doesn't sound like something you would do.”

When Jimin simply stared back at him with his watery, puppy eyed gaze, Jungkook's voice softened considerably. All jokes, all fun gone.

“You look really tired, Min. I can take them, of course, but are you okay? Do you need help? Just tell me.”

Silence followed. Their eyes held onto each other, never letting go.

When Jungkook's gaze begun to glow in a beautiful, rich, pinkish red, Jimin's own followed by shining in a stunning, sparkling gold.

It's a reminder of their bond, their shared connection, and Jimin finally broke.

“I'm not okay.”

With needy affection, Jimin walked closer. A few, tiny steps.

He shyly wrapped his arms around Jungkook's muscular body, his cheek rubbing against the taller's shoulder, carefully kissing his golden skinned neck.

“I miss you, Jungkookie...I don't feel safe at home anymore. I can't sleep, I can't go outside. I'm really, really scared. It's stupid, I know, but I didn't think it would be that bad. I didn't think a single scandal would result into something so terrifying. I'm so afraid of not being able to give our children what they need! Being a bad mom is the one thing I really don't want to be…I need help. I need you.”
“Then stay.”

The answer was plain and simple, logical enough to leave no room for arguments.

“They already know we're mated. Whether they see us together or not, it really doesn't matter anymore. So... Just stay, Jimin.”

Before Jimin could reply, Jungkook kissed his deliciously pouty lips. Then, he took his hand to pull him along, into the living room, where Hoseok was throwing playing cards, squealing dramatically, while the children laughed. Namjoon was flailing to catch whatever he managed to grab midair.

It was complete, and utter chaos. But the good kind. The type of chaos that makes you feel warm, comfortable. That makes you feel like home.

He didn't realize how much he missed it.

Later at night, the two of them put their children to bed, nuzzling them to sleep, before retreating to their own little safe haven.

Jimin scrunched his nose at the chaotic state Jungkook's room was in, Jungkook gave him a shy shrug in return.

They cuddled up in bed, naked, with Jungkook drawing random patterns all over Jimin's back while holding him in his arms.

Such a small gesture but it instantly made the Omega sigh in relief, a weight lifted from his shoulders. The presence of his mate alone was calming like nothing else.

“Do you ever feel like that, Jungkookie?” he whispered, rolling around to face his Alpha.

“Do you ever try to remember how you got here? How all the decisions you made changed your life in some way or another?”

“I know when it changed. The moment I first saw you.”

Jimin giggled while playfully slapping Jungkook's arm.

“Shut up, you're such a sap.”

When Jungkook didn't react, only smiled, Jimin scooted just a tiny bit closer, eliminating even the tiniest remaining bit of space between them.

They kissed. Gentle. Tender. It was one of those kisses that made Jimin's body seize up, made him crave to touch, to be touched.

Physical love confessions rather than words.

But then, Jungkook pulled away. He teased, lured, until Jimin rolled on top of him with a cute little whine, hands on Jungkook's cheeks to keep him from dodging his kisses.
“I think about it often, you know.” he muttered once he took a break to catch his breath. “I wonder how things could be different just by changing a single, little thing. What if you stayed that night after the concert? What if we didn't constantly miss each other? If I had searched for you, talked to you? What if we never even met? If we hadn't slept with each other that night? But, at the same time, when I think about the past, it feels like the biggest part of my life was a dream. Like it wasn't even real. It makes me anxious.”

Jungkook hummed, fingers combing through Jimin's hair, trailing down his temples, his cheeks.

“Isn't that just because you left everything behind? I noticed you never hold onto things. No memories, no social connections, nothing. I feel like… maybe it would be better if, instead of trying to forget your past, you would face it. Come to terms, and accept it instead of constantly fighting it. Does that make sense? Even for us… the only reminder of our past are the children. If it wasn't for them, it would be easy to act like nothing ever happened.”

Freezing, Jimin thought for a moment. Gaze flickering up to Jungkook's doe eyes before fluttering back down to where his hands played with Jungkook's white, oversized shirt.

“I never thought about it like that.”

And he wouldn't think about it much longer because, soon enough, he fell asleep. Right there, on top of Jungkook, who wrapped him into his arms after pulling a blanket on top of them.

The next day came quickly.

It was a calm morning. Jungkook, Jimin, the children, Jin, and Hoseok had gathered in the kitchen. Some of them just because they were early birds, like Jin. Others, like Jimin, had actual work to attend to.

For now, however, all of them sat around the table, eating breakfast, and watching TV.

“Are you taking them to school?” Jungkook asked softly while putting blue bowls filled with cereal in front of his pups, ruffling their hair affectionately after he did so.

“Yes.” Jimin replied. He watched his small family, observed them proudly.

“I have to visit the company to record one of my songs after dropping them off.”

“I'll take you.”

Both of them smiled at each other, causing Hoseok, and Jin to roll their eyes, though they didn't complain about the flirting lovebirds.
Just when it was time for them to leave, the TV across the room caught Jimin's attention because he saw himself. He saw the moment when Jungkook carried him back into the hospital. Weak. Helpless. He hated seeing himself like this.

Again, his vision blurred. His heart rate increased.

The plate he was holding slipped through his fingers, shattered on the ground, bursting into tiny pieces.

Jungkook's head snapped up immediately, just in time for him to catch his stumbling, fainting mate.

“Jimin!”

He quickly pulled him into his arms before glancing over his shoulder, towards his bandmates who stared at them with their mouths wide open. A mixture of shock, confusion, and sudden need enlightened their blood red eyes.

“Take the children! Take them somewhere!”

Shocked by the snarls, both Alphas jumped up to drag the twins, who screamed for their mom, away from the scene. Into a different, faraway room, Jungkook hoped.

He hadn't realized it, at first. But, after seeing his friends’ reaction, it started to dawn on him. Really, the docile neediness Jimin had shown should've been warning enough.

For the very first time after all those years of suppressing it completely, Jimin was once again caught in the unforgiving inferno of an Omega's heat.
"Holy shit… holy fucking shit!" Yoongi cursed while he watched Jungkook pick Jimin up in his arms, growling dangerously as he did. With his fangs bared, the maknae snarled, "Don't come closer." and although Yoongi didn't plan on running away like a little bitch, he did know none of this was an empty threat. "Jungkook." he hissed instead of following his instincts which told him to keep his distance. "Remember your place. You're in no position to intimidate any of us."

The death stare Jungkook threw at him was anything but reassuring. However, a second later, the younger's gaze softened and he shook his head hard before inhaling deep, allowing Jimin's desperate scent to calm him down.

"I'm sorry. Hyung… you have to tell Joonie. Tell him, Jimin's in heat. We need some time. Don't let any alphas come close to my room, please."

Yoongi nodded, slowly. His eyes never left the scene in front of him, almost as if he still expected Jungkook to jump him at any given moment. A protective alpha was no joke, he knew. In cases like this, it's better to be safe than sorry. "Got it. I'll tell him, don't worry about it. Just make sure you won't lose control, alright?"

Jungkook nodded but his eyes already gleamed in a deep, bloody red. Even a random stranger would've been able to see that he's pretty much gone. "I'll try, Hyung… I try my best, I promise…"

Back in Jungkook's room, Jimin was dropped onto the bed. Without the slightest delay, his body curled into a protective fetus position. His head was tucked between his arms, knees pulled up to his chin. Meanwhile, Jungkook was walking in nervous circles around the bed. “Sorry…” Jimin gasped. “I'm sorry...think I forgot to take suppressants after the hospital.” It explained a lot but didn't make the situation any better. Jungkook gnawed on his bottom lip, arms crossed as if to keep himself from touching but hardly managing to hold himself back. “Do you… do you want me to leave? Fuck, Jiminnie... we haven't talked about this at all... What am I supposed to do…?”

“Please, don't!”

The desperation in Jimin's voice was palpable. The message of his outstretched arms, his grabbing hands, was clear. Sweat already drenched his clothes, his hair, his glowing face. Yet, he still tried his hardest to put it into words. “Stay... Don't leave me, Alpha…”

So, he didn't. Because how could he? How could he ever leave his mate in a state as vulnerable as this?
He'd hate himself for the rest of his life. 
"I'd never leave you, beautiful."
"You did it before…"
A feverish haze surrounded the Omega, Jungkook could see it, could feel it radiating off his glistening skin.
"I didn't mean to."

Of course, Jimin knew that. The realistic side of him did, but his omega didn't seem convinced. The only thing his instincts remembered was the feeling of waking up alone, all by himself, with his heat not even fully subsided and nobody to protect him in sight. He felt emotionally overwhelmed. Irrational fear mixed with uncontrollable desire drove him to the brink of insanity.

"Jungkookie…"
The alpha stopped his pacing, directing all his attention towards his heavily panting omega instead. Glazed, golden eyes stared back at him. Piercing through him, pulling him in.
"I'm scared…I'm really fucking scared…" Jimin whispered. His voice was a breath, a whispering breeze. With lightning speed, Jungkook was already on the bed, crawling on all fours. He leaned over him to kiss his nose, allowing Jimin to wrap his arms around him. To hold onto him or push him away if he felt suffocated.
"Don't be scared, love. Fear really doesn't suit you. I'm here. I'll always be here. I'll take care of you."

It was a promise spoken with unbreakable confidence. Enough for Jimin to relax, to give into his urges. He trusted Jungkook. He trusted him enough to let him take the lead, letting him take care of him even when the growing feeling of losing control made him panic.

*...°○° ○°...*°

Hours later, Jimin woke up with a buzzing head, with wobbly limbs. Instinctively, his hand sneaked towards the other side of the bed, feeling, searching, until he realized the person whose presence he craved so desperately wasn't there. Slowly, he sat up. As he did, the blanket draped across his body slipped down, pooling around his hips. He turned his head to look around.
"Jungkook?"
The fearful whisper wasn't enough to reach far. He knew that. However, yelling louder would make him look too desperate for his own taste. Besides… what if Jungkook doesn't return despite his call? Jimin wasn't sure how he would cope with a painful rejection like that. Jungkook promised, didn't he? Then why did Jimin wake up alone? Again. He tried his hardest to go back to sleep but no matter how long he forced his eyes shut, his mind still continued to race.

Jungkook isn't here. He left me. I'm all alone.

He groaned, sitting up once again. In an attempt to feel more comfortable, he started to stretch by leaning over his legs and touching his
feet, toes curling in delight when he felt his muscles relax. Uncomfortable knots in his back popped. Then, on shaky legs, he climbed from the bed and wobbled towards the door, opening it with quivering fingers.
He could smell his mate.
The first thing he saw when stepping outside were lights, that blinded him, making the omega squeeze his eyes shut.
He didn't even realize how dark Jungkook's room had been. They hadn't even turned on the lights.

Once he got used to the brightness, he continued his way through the hallway. He didn't look left nor right, hyper focused on the scent leading him further, drawing and dragging him into the kitchen.
"Jungkook..." he whispered upon seeing his mate.
The laughing alpha leaned against the kitchen isle, right beside Jin who was busy joking around as he cut some fruits into tiny pieces.
Upon hearing Jimin's tiny voice, however, both of their gazes snapped up. Jungkook's eyes widened in surprise.
"Jimin? What are you doing here? You should be resting..."

Still frozen in place, Jimin simply stared at his mate. Hypnotized, in trance almost, he continued to repeat the same word. The only thing he could verbalize.
"Jungkook..."

It visibly worried the young alpha. With a frown, he walked towards him to put a comforting arm around the omega's shoulder. During the whole procedure, Jimin's eyes didn't leave him. Not once. Even his body turned towards him when Jungkook stood by his side.
"Jungkook..."
"I'm here! What's wrong, love? Are you okay?" the boy replied. He threw a single, anxious glance towards Jin who pinched his nose to avoid the enticing smell, eyes flickering to his feet in an attempt to avoid staring at the naked boy.
The older alpha didn't want to intrude. He didn't want to make this situation any more difficult than it already was.

Suddenly, Jimin's small hands reached out. He grabbed the loose shirt Jungkook was wearing, clawing on the fabric, pulling it desperately.
"Jungkook-ah... my Jungkookie..."

In response, Jungkook's arms surrounded him, pulling him close with a hand in his hair to push the omega's head against his neck. Jungkook kissed the crown of his head, trying hard to keep his own raging emotions in control even though he clearly felt Jimin's fear, his sadness, but also relief.
"I'm here...I'm sorry. I didn't mean to leave you. I just wanted to get you some food. I swear, I would've been right back."

"Jungkook, listen." Jin said in an attempt to get his attention. It took a moment but finally the younger reacted by nodding rigidly.
"Yes?"
"I don't know if you're aware of it but..." Jin paused when Jimin started whining, his mouth glued to Jungkook's skin. Biting, and kissing until Jungkook kissed him back with his hands running up and down his sides, asking him gently to calm down. To wait a little longer.
When the omega fell quiet again, Jin continued.
"He needs a nest. He went into heat right after coming here. He didn't have the chance to make one. He will be much calmer when you build it for him."
"How? He used to do it all by himself, I don't know what to do."
"Throw pillows and blankets on your bed, lots of them. And a bunch of your clothes to make sure it smells like you. Make him feel like you're still there even when you're not. It's useful for omegas who are scared of being abandoned when in heat. The problem is pretty common. Don't worry too much about it."
But Jungkook was worried. He was worried even when he lead Jimin back to his room, when he watched him climb the bed despite the mess of bodily fluids that must feel rather uncomfortable against his naked skin. "Wait..." he said before grabbing the smaller by his arm to gently pull him back. "Let me change the sheets first."

Once he was done with that, he followed Jin's advice by collecting all the blankets, pillows, and worn clothes he could find to dutifully pile and arrange them all over the bed until it looked acceptable to him. Well, kind of.

It wasn't how he remembered Jimin doing it. Definitely not as neat, not as artistic, if you can call nest building art at all. But despite his doubts, Jimin seemed more than satisfied as he curiously crawled into his shiny new pillow castle. Carefully at first, before he threw himself into it full force.

Soft purrs filled the room, making Jungkook smile and relax while he watched with proud satisfaction how Jimin happily pressed his nose into one of his Alpha's shirts. Only minutes later did he remember the plate he still held and stepped closer, a hand pulling Jimin's shoulder in an attempt to peel him away from the bed and the pillow he stubbornly held onto. "You need to eat." he tried to reason when all his half hearted attempts failed, but Jimin just dug himself deeper into all the different fabrics, purring louder as if to drown Jungkook's words in it.

When he finally turned his head, Jungkook felt how the breath he wanted to release got caught in his throat, letting nothing but a choked gasp leave his mouth instead. Jimin's eyes were shining so brightly, more vibrant and brilliant than ever. His lips looked shiny and deliciously pink, cheeks flushed. He looked heated, effortlessly riled up for no reason at all, and Jungkook's heart began to race in his chest. Saliva collected in his mouth as if his body knew what was about to happen before he even realized it himself.

"I don't want to eat. I want you to fuck me."

Jungkook choked on the bluntness. Unable to move although, thankfully, his mind and reason hadn't quite left him yet. "Food." he rasped with much difficulty. "Now."

But all Jimin did was smirk. He got on his hands and knees, crawling towards the edge of the bed where he stayed. With an unfathomable innocence in his gaze, He looked up. Lips parting, eyes clouding, before he suddenly grabbed Jungkook by the belt. With a surprised yelp, Jungkook fell. The bed bounced beneath him when he was thrown into the pillows. It did nothing to stop the breathlessness, the way his hands twitched, eager to touch, to get a taste, but he controlled himself and growled. "Jimin..." he warned but the smaller only licked his lips, looking more excited than ever the longer he had the upper hand.

"I want to have fun, Alpha..."

"You're gonna collapse at some point."

"I won't, I promise."

To tease Jungkook some more, or maybe to persuade him, Jimin turned around. He propped himself up on his elbows, butt pushed up high, almost into Jungkook's face, before he reached back to grab one of his cheeks. He pulled it to the side until globs of slick ran down the insides of his thighs, then he looked over his shoulder with a cute, little pout. "I need my alpha. Right now." and a little more whiny he added, "Please, it hurts. I just want to feel you... want you to give me those pups...you promised. Alphas don't break promises."
Well, alphas did break promises but Jungkook didn't. He grabbed Jimin by his thighs, threw him on his back. The omega let him, in fact, he pretty much rolled over willingly while pulling his knees up to his chest.

"Fuck yes…" he groaned, licking his lips when Jungkook undressed and carelessly threw his clothes to the ground.

"You're gonna regret it." he growled but Jimin was too far gone to care. The dopey smile on his face didn't waver, it only turned into the sassy smirk Jungkook loved to see, loved to kiss.

"Make me regret it, Jeon Jungkook."

*:..
。
○
○
○
。
:*.

Jimin regretted several of his life choices.

His ass hurt like hell which he couldn't even fault his mate for since he had been the one begging for it. He missed several days of work and still wasn't fit enough to go. Not to mention that he had only caught glimpses of his children during the past few days, whenever he was reasonable enough to step outside. The fact that every single alpha in this household had been able to smell how desperate he was didn't exactly help lighten his mood either.

Heats sucked. He hated them with a passion incomparable to anything else he despised in this world.

"Stop sulking and eat."
When a cold strawberry was pushed against his mouth, he glared even more. His bottom lip pushed out just to make his dissatisfaction known.

"You can say that because you're not the one who stinks so much, people look at you as soon as you step outside…"

"You don't stink, stop saying that."

"Then why are they staring?"

After putting the bowl filled with vanilla ice cream, strawberries, and raspberries on the nightstand, Jungkook took Jimin's hands and sighed.

"Well, realistically speaking, they probably stare because they've seen you on TV or in commercials. Or they listen to your music."

He rubbed his thumbs across the omega's palms and smiled.

"And, well… you don't smell bad but you do smell like me. Like a claimed omega. They must be curious."

He let Jimin go in favor of pushing another spoonful of ice cream against his lips, the omega's eyes followed him attentively as he did.

"Say aah."

Though Jimin did was he was told, his piercing gaze continued to hold onto Jungkook's eyes, observing how speckles of red already started to take over the brown. Fueled by tension.

After swallowing the sweet treat down, Jimin continued to lick the spoon clean.

Once he was satisfied, he showed off his most innocent smile while licking his lips.

"Delicious."
"Is it?" Jungkook asked, voice low and raspy. Expression razor sharp.

Jimin just hummed. He grabbed one of Jungkook's hands, one that was sticky with ice cream which must've melted and ran down the spoon. With tiny kitten licks, he cleaned it up, all while shamelessly enjoying the way Jungkook's attention never once strayed away from what he was doing. Once he sucked three of those fingers into his mouth just to release them with a wet pop shortly after, Jungkook pulled away, grabbed his chin, and kissed him gently.

"I thought your heat is over." he whispered against the omega's puffy lips. Jimin just smirked, giggled.

"It is."

His eyes were shining brightly, two beautiful moons, Jungkook's personal guiding lights in the middle of the dark.

Another kiss, a third one. They pushed each other into the sheets, rolled around until Jimin settled on top of his mate with his chin resting on his palms, elbows casually propped up on Jungkook's chest. Jimin looked very satisfied with himself as he playfully caressed Jungkook's feet with his own, bathing in Jungkook's fond expression when the taller played along and tangled their legs.

"I..." Jimin paused, bottom lip sucked into his mouth.

"I have a plan, I think."

"A plan?"

"Ah... You know, recently I thought a lot about how great it would be to create some kind of institution that helps omegas with children who don't have a mate or a family to support them."

It didn't surprise Jungkook that thoughts like this crossed Jimin's mind. It hit close to home, after all. He liked the idea, loved it even because it would give Jimin a chance to build something positive on top of the past that haunted him. He'd be able to look back with a smile instead of the pained frown he wore so often these days.

However, thinking about it and actually doing it are two completely different things.

"Building a company like that isn't easy." he said softly while thoughtfully combing his fingers through Jimin's hair to untangle the thick strands. They'd need to have a full blown grooming session later, he decided with a scrunch of his nose.

"You won't be able to sustain it from your own money alone. You need sponsors... donors. Or you could give those omegas work, let them pay a rent of sorts."

"I know." Jimin sighed, his head sinking slowly until his chin sat on Jungkook's collar bone.

"That's why I didn't do anything yet. I'm not sure how to go about it."

"Well, I'm no expert but Jin hyung recently opened a restaurant. He might have some ideas. Or he can point you towards someone who can help."

Jimin nodded.

"I'll ask him later."

*:...○○ ○○...:*

It was the middle of the day, Jimin realized later. The sun stood high on the sky, the dorm rooms were extremely quiet. Everyone seemed to have left the building, probably busy with schedule related appointments. On the kitchen table he found a note.

'Took the twins to school. Namjoon~' it read.

Jimin sighed.

It was a relief to know his babies were taken care of, it really was. However, he still felt a sense of
guilt, of helplessness, as he stared out of the window, wanting nothing more than to hug them, to spend the day with them now that he was finally in a normal state of mind again.

When he went back to Jungkook’s room, the alpha was glued to his phone, looking completely enraptured. After crawling onto the bed and flinging himself onto the boy’s broad back, Jimin couldn’t help but curiously glance over his shoulder.

"What are you looking at?" he asked but Jungkook barely even seemed to be aware of his presence. Once the omega examined the screen a little closer, he gasped.

"That's my favorite web comic!"

Finally, Jungkook turned, his eyes filled with stars. The most brilliant smile made his nose scrunch up, cheeks drowned in an excited pink.

"Right?! I love it, too. It's my favorite series! Ah, but I knew you liked it when I saw your picture! The one where you did the thing with your hand!"

He tried to imitate it by pressing the side of his hand against his nose. Jimin giggled before doing the same.

"That's why you uploaded a picture with the same pose after I did it?"

Nodding ecstatically, Jungkook let his hand sink. Jimin followed his example. After that, they looked at each other in awestruck silence, hearts beating fast but steady. It was a different kind of excitement. A comfortable, cozy, homely type.

"I love you!" Jungkook suddenly blurted out, his eyes growing as soon as he finished the sentence. As if he was surprised by his own courage.

Jimin, on the other hand, looked very much endeared.

"Aww…" he cooed. "I love you, too. So, so much."

When Jungkook didn't do anything, only looked at him with the cutest, dazed smile, Jimin giggled before closing the gap between them for a quick, playful peck. Smirking in delight, the omega leaned back. His voice a gentle purr.

"You're staring, sweetheart."

Thankfully, before they could go any more out of control, the two heard the sound of a door being opened and Jimin's whole demeanor changed in a snap. He jumped from the bed, eyes lighting up in utter excitement, before he took off towards the hallway with Jungkook following closely after him.

"Juju!" he squealed while lifting the little boy off the ground to press him against his chest, dropping kisses all over his face. He did the same with his daughter, ignoring her pouty expressions, her scrunched nose, and the whiny ew leaving her puckered lips.

"Sorry, baby."

When Jungkook didn't do anything, Jimin paused for a second, unsure how he should explain the situation, before he simply nodded, and ruffled her hair.

"We missed you too!" both children yelled which only earned them more kisses and cuddles, making them squeal.

"Are you better now?" Minji suddenly asked and Jimin paused for a second, unsure how he should explain the situation, before he simply nodded, and ruffled her hair.

"Much better. I'm sorry for getting sick."

Juju shrugged. "People can't help being sick."

"We should do something special today!" Jimin suddenly exclaimed. "Like going to the zoo! We haven't been in forever."

Surprisingly enough, it wasn't the children who squeaked in excitement. But Jungkook did. The alpha lit up like a light. Every hint of manliness melting completely off his his face, replacing it with childlike happiness.
"I want to see the aquarium! It's my favorite!"
"Mine, too!" Jimin gasped, his eyes growing wider.
"The sharks are the best!"
Jimin snorted. He rolled his eyes but laughed shortly after, his fist bumping playfully against the alpha's shoulder.
"Of course you would. Loving sharks is so alpha of you."
With a frown and a pout, Jungkook huffed, "What do you like then?" causing Jimin's cheeks to flush, his eyes to shine.
"Seahorses… they're so cute…"
His gaze was already distant, as if he tried to envision it in his mind.
Meanwhile the twins, as well as Yoongi and Hoseok who had taken them home, exchanged disbelieving glances, wondering how those two managed to be more excited than their children seemed to be.
At first, it looked as if Yoongi was about to remind them how stupid it was to go to a public place like the zoo, what a ruckus it would cause. Before he could voice his opinion, however, Hobi silently shook his head.
"Let them have some fun for once. Everyone knows about their relationship anyway, they might as well act like a normal couple."

*:..O○ ○O○:*

It might be dramatic to say this was the best day of their life, it might not be, but it sure as hell felt like it.
Yes, they had a crowd of people following them around, and yes, the security staff wouldn't leave them alone for a second. But after getting used to it, their little family managed to have a pleasant trip.
Even the children, who were rather shy at first, soon started to ignore the people around them in favor of playing with the sheep in the tiny area of the petting zoo which they had all to themselves. It was then that Jungkook got a call that had him all sorts of shaken up. Jimin watched with worry how his eyebrows drew together, his forehead creased while he pinched the bridge of his nose.
"Yes…" he finally uttered. "Yes, I understand. I will be there."
Once Jungkook ended the call, he sighed, and waved Jimin to come closer.
"What is it?"
"How is your schedule next week?"
Confused, Jimin grabbed his phone to check his calendar.
"Nothing much. I'm busy on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. The rest of the week is mostly training but I'm completely free on the weekend.
"Good."
When it didn't seem like Jungkook had more to say, Jimin squinted his eyes, feeling more than just a little suspicious.
"Jungkook-ah, tell me what's going on."
"Later…"
"No! Tell me right now! You're scaring me, please tell me what happened."
"
He didn't think he'd get an answer. Not when Jungkook turned away, eyes wandering across the crowd, the flashing cameras. But then, he suddenly wrapped an arm around Jimin's waist, ignoring the omega's shocked gasp when he pulled him as close as possible. A kiss on the cheek was what Jimin expected. What he got, however, was the ticklish feeling of lips touching the outside shell of his ear.

"My dad wants me to come home for dinner next Sunday. He wants to meet you and the children, too."

This calmed Jimin down considerably. A family dinner didn't sound like something he wouldn't be able to handle.

"You don't seem excited about it, babe." he whispered with a frown.

"No. I'm not. Jeon family dinners are never something to be excited about."

"Why? You don't want your parents to meet me?"

Fearing Jimin might misunderstand, Jungkook grimaced before shaking his head with a defeated groan while he quickly backpedalled.

"That's not it. It's not you but them. You know what my brother is like. My parents are the upgraded version of him. I mean, they aren't bad people. They're just… well… very traditional and hard to please, I guess."

But none of this could scare the omega. Despite being nervous about it, he was also looking forward to meeting them. At least a little. He wanted to do well, was eager to leave a good impression. After all, those unknown people could become family to his children.

Their grandparents…

Suddenly, his heart sunk. The thought of his own parents invaded his mind with painful clearness. He had successfully avoided to think about it for the longest time but now, it all came back with double the force.

He missed them.

Of course, this wasn't the first time he realized it. He wouldn't have tried so hard to forget if it didn't still hurt.

And he knew it wasn't really their fault to begin with. Jimin himself was the one who had decided to leave. He was the one who felt guilty, mad, depressed.

He was the one who fucked up, he was the one who felt like he couldn't stay in this house. Like he couldn't handle to see his parent's disappointed, worried expressions.

It wasn't so much that his parents had blamed him, Jimin had blamed himself.

But there's no time to ponder about any of this. For now, he had to look forward, had to focus on the problems right in front of his nose. This dinner was important to all of them, and he would make sure to leave a lasting impression.
It was a warm Saturday evening when Jimin and Jungkook entered one of the big company cars to make their way towards the Jeon residence.

They sat in the back, together with their children, while the driver in the front tried to navigate through the heavy Seoul traffic.

"I don't want to wear this."

Alarmed by the unwillingness in their son's voice, both parents looked up from their phones. Jimin with a lot more concern than Jungkook, although both of them knew what the younger's tone indicated, especially when he pulled on his tiny suit like that.

"It's just one evening." Jimin half chastised, half pleaded. "Don't take your clothes off again. You can wear whatever you want tomorrow."

"Even pajamas?"

The seemingly innocent question made Jimin huff. He knew damn well, his son was just trying to get something out of this, the same way he used to ask for toys whenever he had to go to the doctor.

Jimin, as a soft hearted, inexperienced parent, had never hesitated to give them what they wanted until he realized his mistake.

But before he could play the strict parent, Jungkook already laughed and cooed, promising Minju they would have a whole pajama party tomorrow.

It made Jimin smile softly, despite the feeling that the alpha was undermining the rules Jimin had set. He couldn't be mad at him when Jungkook was so cutely smitten, completely enamored in the best sense of the word.
And the children… The children looked so happy.

Whenever Jungkook came over, their little faces would light up like the sky after surviving the worst of storms. Like the sun that returned after a long, long night.

And who was Jimin to stop his two suns from shining.

"Will Grandma and Grandpa like us?"

Taken aback, Jimin looked at Jungkook who huffed a gentle,"They better." Even though the frown on his face didn't speak of confidence.

Neither of them knew what to think, didn't know what to expect in general.

But his parents invited them with their children, right? Surely, they wouldn't have done that if they didn't accept them at least a little.

Maybe, their family would become just a tiny bit more whole tonight.

Just as this thought crossed his mind, Jimin felt his Alpha's gaze tickle across his skin, smelled the unease in his scent the same way he felt it pulse in his veins.

When their eyes met, Jimin took Jungkook's hand, squeezed it.

"What's wrong?"

"Jimin, I…" Jungkook paused, pursed his lips. "I'm scared of what could happen."

"This is your family, babe. There's no reason to be scared, they won't murder us in their secret basement."

"No but…"

Again, he fell silent, his gaze trailing off into the distance, thoughts drifting away.

Jumin let him. He knew it all to well, the fear of coming home. Of the judgement in the eyes of those who are supposed to be closest to your heart.

He knew, and that's why, during the whole car ride, he didn't let go of Jungkook's hand once.

Their arrival went smoothly. A frantic looking maid waved them into the surprisingly full parking lot, a Butler opened Jungkook’s door while the driver opened Jimin's, and each of them got out with one child holding onto their hands.

"Wow." Jimin breathed as he took in their surroundings, eyes wandering across all the different, expensive looking car brands. The statues, the marble floors.

"I don't think I really grasped the extent of your wealth, your majesty."
It was a simple joke but Jungkook still grimaced, looking painfully uncomfortable as he pulled on his tie before slowly making his way upstairs, towards the huge main door.

"We're not even that rich… Mom and Dad just love to flaunt it."

Inside, they were welcomed by more staff, more bowing heads, and tenderly spoken, welcome home Master’s, which Jungkook waved off with a shy smile.

A sigh.

"Only one evening." He said as if to comfort himself while Jimin just giggled.

The parallels to their whiny children were amusingly uncanny, the family resemblance satisfyingly obvious.

"Don't worry, Appa." His daughter meanwhile huffed, squaring up.

"We can wear pajamas tomorrow."

And that's exactly the moment when Jimin doubled over, bursting into tearful laughter until his eyes were squeezed shut, rendering him blind as he stumbled and swayed. Jungkook had to grab his arm in order to keep him upright.

Even on the darkest of days, nothing in the world could brighten the Alpha's day like his favorite Omega's smile. A rare occurrence, yet so precious.

"What's the meaning of this?"

The voice, that Jimin supposed must belong to Jungkook's father, filled the room like rolling thunder, making everyone flinch, the fond smile fell from their faces. All laughter subsided.

Jimin looked up, towards the top of the staircase in front of them, where a broad man and a beautiful woman gazed down on the scene.

Their faces looked stern, masks of perfection. Even the way they stood beside each other, so close, a perfect unit, seemed calculated.

"Appa." Jungkook replied a lot more softly than even Jimin was used to. He could see his Alpha lower his head from the corner of his eye, ready to submit.

"I'm sorry for the noise."

"You should hire a maid when you can't keep your children in line." His mother said. Her words seemed like a weird contrast to the way she scrunched her nose, to the way this tiny gesture made her look so similar to Jungkook as well as the children.
It was the first time this evening that Jungkook showed any kind of resistance, a spark of the protective mate Jimin knew.

"We don't need to keep them in line, Mother. I quite enjoy the way they can be children instead of small grown ups."

Silence filled the room, together with tension, unspoken aggression.

Instinctively, the pups made themselves small. They whimpered and whined as they pressed their small bodies against Jimin's legs in search of protection. The Omega readily put this hands on their quivering backs, calming them with the softest murmurs and whispers he could draw out of his dried up throat.

"Mom. Dad."

It was Jungkook's brother who broke the heavy silence. He approached them carefully, seemingly hyper aware of the scene he walked into.

"Dinner is ready."

After turning towards his younger brother, he urgently nodded towards the dining room, though he was smart enough not to touch Jimin. Not when the atmosphere was charged like this.

Still, Jimin could tell he wanted to push them, wanted to make them move before the situation exploded.

"Why don't you go ahead and sit down? The food will be served in a second."

The evening continued in a similar fashion.

They ate in uncomfortable silence, serving after serving, until only the dessert, a piece of strawberry cake, was left. Even then, nobody dared to look up from their plates.

"Well." The oldest Alpha in the room suddenly addressed his youngest. "I heard you finally stopped this singing nonsense. I always knew you needed a mate to calm you down. Although…" he glanced at Jimin, not even willing to look at him properly as he grimaced.

"I can't deny that I'm not exactly content with your choice."

Jimin froze almost instantly, stunned by the open criticism, by the straight out disapproval that made not only him but also the children beside him shift uncomfortably in their chairs.

Even Jungkook's mother seemed to choke on her champagne. Junghyun tensed beside her.
"Father...I don't think this is the right time to-

"It's the only time. We all know Jungkook wouldn't be here unless he needed something from me. Now that he's jobless and mated to a random bitch without a penny to his name, he's finally coming home. How ironic. You're lucky that I am still willing to pay your fees for medical school. Your brother can help with your studies."

He sighed, shaking his head in displeasure.

"I should've never let you join this childish dance school. It started this whole mess and gave you all those silly ideas. But, I guess, it's better to learn slowly compared to never. And if it takes a bitch to lead you on the right path, so be i-

The screeching of Jimin's chair drew everyone's attention towards the now standing Omega.

Jungkook, more than everyone else, looked at him with those huge, shocked eyes, as if he was scared of what he would do. Jimin heard his mate's heart thunder, almost felt it in his own chest.

"I'm sorry, sir." He then said, his voice shaky from rage and fluttering nerves.

"We don't address Omegas like that in this household. Especially in front of our children."

After sucking in a deep breath of air, his glowing golden eyes latched onto the old man's face. At the same time, he motioned for his children to get up as well, which they gladly did, eager to leave.

"We also didn't come here to beg." Jimin continued calmly.

"We came because we thought you might want to see your grandchildren. They looked forward to meeting you. However, I won't allow my mate to be attacked and belittled. Not in his childhood home, and definitely not by his own family. There's nothing in his life, not a single thing, that he would ever have to be ashamed of. He's a good person, an amazing performer, and I couldn't be prouder to call him my Alpha. Not once did he treat me badly or like I'm beneath him, no matter how I acted. Instead of making him feel bad, you should support him. You should be proud of him, and praise him for how well he grew up. But it doesn't matter what you think. Not really. Unless he really wants to, Jungkook will never stop chasing his dreams. I won't let him because love and happiness is what he deserves. I won't let you destroy any of that."

He turned, looking Jungkook straight in the eyes.

"Come on, Alpha. We're going home."

They left right then and there but it didn't feel like a victory. Not to Jimin.

Jungkook didn't look at him once during the whole car ride which made Jimin feel more than a little uneasy. Pinpointing his mate's emotional state turned out to be impossible with the taller trying to mute the bond, trying to keep his emotions in check.

Once they arrived at the bts dorm, Jimin put the twins in their beds, kissed them goodnight, before
carefully approaching the Alpha who was in the kitchen, waiting.

A glass of water hung loosely in his hand, without much motivation to actually lift it to his tightly closed lips.

"Jungkookie… Baby, I'm sor-" Jimin started but was stopped by the way Jungkook shook his head with his gaze still averted.

"Wait in my room, I'll be there in a second."

The deep growl that followed his words left no room for arguments, so Jimin hesitantly turned away. Tiny, unsure steps led him to the familiar room filled with Jungkook's comforting scent where he curled up on the bed, feeling utterly drained. Horribly exhausted.

He must've dozed off for a second because the next thing he sensed was his mate's presence being close, fingers on his cheek, on his lips, then a warm body pressed up against his back, arms surrounded his middle, pulling him even closer.

"I'm sorry…" Jimin whispered again, drowsy from sleep. "I messed up your family meeting...I was bad…"

The warmth of Jungkook's mouth found Jimin's ear, lips latching onto the shell, nibbling and suckling before letting go with a hum. Jimin felt the slight coolness where Jungkook's tongue had left traces of saliva on his skin.

"You really were a bad Omega."

"Yeah…" Jimin moaned as he felt Jungkook's hips push against his ass. He heard Jungkook chuckle.

"You're lucky I like that. It's hot. The way you defend me so fiercely."

He pulled Jimin around until he was lying on his back, finally able to see Jungkook's face. The face that took his breath away because those glowing, red eyes seemed to burn their way right into the deepest depths of his core, tearing him apart in the best of ways before gently putting the pieces back together as their lips met in a feather soft kiss.

Once they pulled apart, Jimin grimaced but soon broke into a fit of giggles.

"Don't tell me you got excited because of the way I acted. That's no good, you should scold me. I really thought you were mad."

"How am I supposed to be mad when you defend our family? I should've done the same but couldn't."
In the most casual way, Jungkook slid one leg between Jimin's thighs, watching them fall apart further to accommodate him while he was leaning over the smaller, returning to lazy kisses and teasing bites.

"Either way, you deserve a reward, my feisty little thing." He mumbled against Jimin's soft skin. The Omega shuddered and sighed, his hands sliding up Jungkook's back before clawing into the satin of the shirt covering Jungkook's shoulder blades.

However, the flickering desire was dampened soon when a tiny sniffler reached Jungkook's ears.

"Jimin…? What's wrong?"

Curled up beneath him, Jimin tried his hardest to cover his face by pressing his hands against his eyes, though it only seemed to make his tears flow even harder.

"Minnie and Juju were so upset, Jungkook… they got all excited about meeting their grandparents and I fucked it up…again. Why can't I just give them the family they deserve?"

"Shh… Baby, you didn't do anything. It's not your fault. The whole evening was a mess. I knew it would be… We shouldn't have went in the first place."

"No. The twins deserved to see them. Your family isn't the problem, Jungkook. It's me. I wouldn't have lost my own parents if I wasn't. I'm just… why am I so difficult…?"

For a short moment, Jungkook fell quiet. Then he sat up, leaned against the headboard, and pulled Jimin back into his arms to hold him properly. Swaying him softly.

"Hey… There are so many reasons why families break apart but it's rarely just one person's fault. Sure, you could have reacted differently, but something they did made you react this way, right? You're a great person.Stubborn, maybe, but also amazingly talented, gentle, hardworking, independent. You want your children to be happy and you look for flaws in your own actions, that alone shows your intentions aren't bad. It's the same with my own parents… They aren't horrible people. I know they want the best for me but we just can't communicate. We can't see eye to eye, at least not yet. But there's always time to grow. People change. If it wasn't for you and the twins, I would've never went there. You made me swallow my pride and you gave me the will to try again. You're doing great, Jimin. When there's something you regret, go and try to change it. I know you can do it."

Sniffling, Jimin turned in Jungkook's arms to hug him back, clinging to him as if he was clinging to a tree, scared of the fall.

They stayed like this, with Jimin's face buried in Jungkook's shoulder, his bottom lip quivering, eyes squeezed shut while Jungkook's hands drew calming patterns all over his back.

Only when the sound of the Omega's phone reached their ears did they finally separate.
"It's Jihyun…"

Without much motivation, Jimin pushed himself to get up from the bed, making his way towards the door.

"I'll talk to him. You can go ahead and sleep, Jungkookie."

It was half an hour later when he came back and, of course, Jungkook wasn't asleep. Kept up by worry he sat in their bed, phone in his hands and a frown on his face as he looked up.

"Is everything okay? Did something happen?"

It made Jimin feel all soft and gooey, the way Jungkook always made sure he's alright even when there's no reason to worry at all. He's always been so good to him

"No, no, don't worry. Jihyunie told me he went back to Busan and visited our parents. They talked and… Apparently he and Dad made up, that's all."

"That's good, isn't it?"

"It is! I'm just surprised...I didn't think Dad would just, you know, accept him after he was so mad at first."

Jungkook hummed. Then he reached out, took Jimin's hand, and pulled him onto the bed, into his arms, causing Jimin's cheek to be squished against his Alpha's chest. Jimin enjoyed it, though. It made him curl up even more, made him feel safe.

"Some people are like that. They get really mad and emotional at first but regret it later."

He's right, Jimin knew he was.

It's not like he never thought about going back, about facing his parents and talking it out. But, as years passed, it became harder and harder to do just that until, at some point, he simply didn't dare to think about going back any more.

Hearing about his brother making up with them made him happy, of course, but it also showed him where he went wrong, as if he didn't know that already.

"You should sleep, baby." Jungkook hummed, his body vibrated around Jimin's frame, engulfing him even more.

"Close your eyes, Jimin. Tomorrow will be a better day."

Jimin clung to those comforting words, to the loving embrace. He took it all and kept it close to his
heart, as close as he could without breaking apart.

But as he was lying there, his thoughts racing in his head, heart thundering in his chest, the world seemed to suddenly stop with only one thought remaining.

How can I fix this?

He sat up, his hair a mess, head spinning, driven by a surge of determination, by the need to move forward to make things right. Finally.

"Jungkook-ah…" he whispered with a hand in his Alpha's hair, pulling him gently into a semi awake state.

"Hm…?"

"Can you take the pups to school tomorrow? There's something I have to do. I'll be back in the evening, though."

"Sure, babe… Don't worry 'bout it…"

A last kiss was pressed against Jimin's collar bone before Jungkook drifted back to sleep, leaving Jimin with a soft smile as he took the time to drag his fingers through Jungkook's silky soft hair for a few more minutes.

Once he managed to leave the safety of Jungkook's protective warmth, he dressed himself, brushed his hair, and made his way through the living room where the twins had their own little nest. A beautiful castle made of pillows and blankets.

Surprisingly, he found the two of them still awake, whispering to each other before they smelled their mom and lifted their heads in alarm.

"Eomma…" Minji said quietly, an arm wrapped around Juju's shoulder, pulling him closer. Whether she did it to make him or herself feel better was hard to tell.

"Are you… Are you leaving? Is it because we were bad…?"

The question made Jimin's heart crack, made him rush towards his babies, hugging them both.

"Don't you dare think something like that… You are perfect. Both of you. I wouldn't trade you for anything in the whole wide world. If I could, I'd take you to the moon and back."

"But you're still leaving?" Juju asked, making Jimin's whole body stiffen, his eyes burning with tears of regret already. His children's pain always hit him the hardest.

"For a short while…but it's not because you were bad. It's because your Eomma was really stupid in the past. I'll be back once you come home from school, though, and I'll make sure to spend lots of time with you afterwards. Why don't you think about something fun to do until you fall asleep, hm?"
The two of them sniffled but nodded eventually. They let Jimin tuck them back into bed. The Omega cooed and fawned over them, kissing their forehead and cheeks while he waited for both of them to hopefully get some more rest.

Only when he saw their small chests heave slowly, when their expressions relaxed, did he sneak out of the room. He slipped into his shoes, into his brown fluffy jacket, and threw a black leather bag over his shoulders while covering half of his face with a mask.

Then he left.

Determination filled his every step as he rushed down the street. It took him fifteen minutes to reach the big train station, one more to climb all the stairs just to see a train already waiting there, ready to take off.

With a curse on his lips he gained speed and jumped through the already closing doors. His heart hammered in his chest, his lungs squeezed painfully and he gasped for air. But he made it. There's no going back.

Jimin kept his head low as he sat down, nervous to be recognized despite the typical emptiness of the late night train. That's how he stayed, quiet and unmoving until the female mechanical voice finally, three hours later, announced the stop he was waiting for.

"We're now arriving at Busan."
Chapter 28

Okay, this is it! The last chapter!!
Y'all can dislike it or hate it, or tell me there should've been more, or it feels rushed but honestly, I'm extremely satisfied with it. I cried while writing it and I'm just... I'm really happy. ◯‿◉

BUT WAIT THAT'S NOT ALL
There will be an epilogue which I will hopefully finish in a few hours. Maybe even less, there are only a few sentences left.
It will hopefully give some more closure for those who are interested. ◯•○•◉ either way, thank you for following me on this long journey.
Thank you for being always by my side and for mending my broken dreams with me.

Familiar streets. Familiar skies.

Every step was a memory, every turn of his head a kiss from the past. A smile, a laugh. He still felt the sand between his toes when he ran around the beach, felt himself fly through air when he swayed on the swings with his eyes closed, mind straying to a place far away.

A life still unknown.

If he had known what kind of future awaited him, would he have made the same decisions? Is there anything he would've changed?

Maybe. Maybe his choices would've been different. But the end result would always be the same.

Meeting Jungkook in the old dance studio, going to Seoul, meeting Jungkook again, losing him, having the twins, watching them grow, meeting Jungkook at the fan meeting.
Forgiving him and listening. Really listing to what he was saying instead of being blinded by anger and pride.

Sure, he'd change the timeline if he could. He would finish school first, probably.

But, generally, he didn't feel regret. Not anymore and not even right now as he stood in front of the house he used to call his home for so many years.

He stood there, a little shaky from the cold of the night but determined to do this right.

But then, just as he reached out to knock, he suddenly stopped.
His determination wavered.

It's late. What was he thinking coming here at this time of the day when he knew his parents would have to get up early?

They must be asleep by now.

He sighed in resignation, hand sinking slowly before he took a step back. At least he got to see this place again. The one place that's closest to his heart, always has been.

When he turned around, ready to leave it all behind, the noise of a door being opened made him pause. A quiet voice took a hold of his entire being, throwing him into another emotional turmoil.

"Jimin-ah…? Is that you?"

It was his mom.

He could tell it's her just from the quiet sound of her voice. Still as gentle, still as soft. Always so loving.

It revived all those memories, those pictures and movies he used to constantly replay in his head. Only that, this time, all of it came to an end.

Those beautiful memories shattered and reality got a hold of him.

His mother looked older, he realized after turning around. His body grew cold, eyes feeling wet but he did his best not to cry. He couldn't grow weak the second he saw her. What kind of adult would he be?

The wrinkles and lines on her face had become a lot more obvious, her skin looking gray.

She looked incredibly exhausted.

"Eomma…" he choked, voice breaking already while his hands flew to his chest, gripping his jacket where his hurting heart would be.

"EOMMA!"

And then he started running.

With full force, he threw himself into her open arms, hugging her carefully and rubbing his nose along her neck, inhaling deeply.

She still smelled the same. Warm and motherly, putting him at ease in an instant, even more when she hugged him back. When she kissed his head and stroked his back as if she knew, he was about to break.
"My baby..." she whispered while holding him even tighter, pressing him harder against her chest. Scared to let go, to see him leave once again after all those years of uncertainty.

"My beautiful baby, you're here! You finally came home!"

It took them several minutes before they finally untangled themselves. Minutes of whines, of happy tears and desperate kisses which his mother dropped all over Jimin's scrunched up face. Her hands ran through his hair, pushing it back to expose every inch of the face she used to know better than even her own.

The face that looked so different now. Sharper. All youthful chubbiness was gone. Playful, sparkling eyes had become just a little more dull.

"Are you okay? You look thin, sweetheart. Are you eating well?"

"I'm... I'm fine."

"Oh, but you're freezing! Come inside, let's warm you up!"

"Mom..."

Upon hearing Jimin's shaky voice, she stopped her pulling and dragging. Her eyes met Jimin's, a pleading gaze colliding with fear.

"Maybe I shouldn't come in...What about Dad...?"

"What about me?"

The duo flinched. Both had been too absorbed in each other to notice the Alpha's presence. He stood in the door, leaning against the frame with his arms crossed, expression unreadable.

"So you came back, after all." He grumbled before turning his back towards them with his shoulders pulled up, his voice was impatient.

"What are you doing? Come inside already."

Those words alone were enough to lift some of the weight from Jimin's shoulders. The weight he had carried ever since he left them to do things all on his own. But when he stepped inside, the emotions once again overwhelmed him.

He hadn't visited Busan in years. Even when he still lived with his parents, they had moved into a tiny apartment in Seoul to make it easier for Jimin to study there.
Being here now, back at his original home, gave Jimin a beautiful feeling of homely serenity. As if he could go back to being a child, just like that, with a snap of his finger. With a kiss. A nuzzle.

"Sit down." His father gestured towards a couch while he himself sat across of him, in the big cushioned armchair Jimin remembered from his earliest childhood. 

Really, nothing had changed. Everything was still the same.

"So." The Alpha finally huffed as he leaned back with his hands on his thighs. The chair squeaked as he did and Jimin felt small.

"Why are you here? What do you need?"

The implication made Jimin's happiness falter, made his determination crumble even more.

Do they really think this is the only reason why he came back? Because he needed something? It's disheartening. After all, this was the main reason why he left in the first place. Because he felt like a burden.

He didn't want to ask for help.

"I… I just wanted to see you…"

The older man hummed non descriptively, expression still not giving anything away. Eyes as blank as an empty canvas, and so was his voice.

"Is that so."

It's exactly that, the uncertainty, that's what made Jimin nervous. The lack of response, of emotions. He almost wished his father would just slap him already, or yell, at least.

But he didn't. Of course not. His father had never been one to raise his hand against either of his sons without having a damn good reason.

All Jimin managed to do right now was swallow hard, lower his head, and hope. Hope he would see the guilt in the submissiveness of his actions, would maybe hear the apology in his voice.

If he wanted to do this right, he had to at least try and throw his pride away. His dislike of asking for help, or anything really.

This was about his family. His children. His past mistakes.

He had to fix it.
"Uhm...I thought maybe you want to meet my babies."

There was a pause. A second of absolute silence that easily drove Jimin insane. Especially since he kept his head low, eyes glued to the ground in fear of seeing the anger. The rejection he knew he deserved for what he had put his parents through.

"Are you mated to their father now?"

It's all his father asked. A single question but still enough to destroy it all. Destroy the tiny hint of hope Jimin had felt.

"Is that it...? Is that what it takes for you to love them?" The Omega whispered, choked, already tearing up again.

"I have to be mated to their father?! If you can't love them regardless of who I'm with, then you don't deserve them in the first place! I really thought- ah... No, you know what? Nevermind. I'm leaving. I'm glad both of you seem to be doing well and I'm sorry. I'm sorry for what I did in the past. I shouldn't have come."

With that, he stormed away under the horrified gaze of his mother who instantly jumped up to stop him but didn't manage to.

Jimin didn't see the way his father snorted, how he shook his head and rolled his eyes just to receive a slap on the shoulder from his enraged mate.

"Why did you have to say it like that?! He finally came home! Stop being so stubborn!"

"What do you mean?! That goddamn Alpha stench is all over him, so why can't he just admit that he's mated? You Omegas are so sensitive, it's driving me mad."

The small woman didn't reply. She just slapped his arm some more, stomped her tiny feet. Then she ran after her son.

Meanwhile, Jimin was already standing in front of the silver front gate, fighting emotions. Fighting himself.

He stood there and cried, anger turned into disappointment, then anxiousness.

Did he mess up again? He didn’t mean for all of this to go so wrong so quickly.

But wasn't he right? Isn't love supposed to be without demands and requirements?
In the midst of his struggle, he suddenly felt something poke his soul, heat spread through his freezing body.

Even from so far away, Jungkook still managed to keep him safe, keep him warm. To give him comfort when he needed it the most.

The questioning tug on their bond was soothed by Jimin's tender attempts to reply. He tried to calm down, tried to reach out, to let him know he's alright.

Everything will be okay.

The sudden calmness he felt helped a lot. He managed to reconsider, to think about what just happened with an open mind, with understanding.

A deep breath later, he turned back around, once again facing the house just to see his mother run towards him.

At least for her, he had to keep it together.

"Jimin-ah, baby… Don't leave like that. Your father didn't mean to be rude… he's just… He missed you. Give him a chance."

Nodding, Jimin hugged her. The tenseness melted with the tenderness, with the warmth, the sweetness of her motherly scent.

"I know. I'm sorry for overreacting, mom. I just...I have to talk to him. Just the two of us, him and I."

And that's what he did. After leading him back inside, his mother quietly left the room. She even closed the living room door to give them more privacy. Though it didn't matter much, Jimin still appreciated the gesture.

"You're running away an awful lot."

Once again, they sat across from each other, Jimin still with his head down in an attempt to be as respectful as possible while his nails scratched nervously over the dark brown leather of the couch beneath him.

Despite everything, he was never one to disrespect his father. Even back then, he rather just left without saying a word than to confront him in any way.

Maybe that's the problem.

"I know...I shouldn't have. I'm sorry, Appa."
"Suddenly you feel apologetic?"

"I always was. I'm sorry for getting pregnant, for destroying your good reputation. I'm sorry for causing you trouble. I'm sorry for not being the son you wanted me to be. I wish I was, I really do. I just...I wanted you to be proud of me, Dad. But I understand that you can't be proud of me anymore. I get that. My children aren't me, though. They're really amazing and smart. All I want is for you to give them a chance, to love them, be proud of them. Please."

The pause following his honest words seemed endless. The stare they exchanged was unnerving.

Never before had they spoken so candidly to each other. Now that they did, it seemed to fluster them both.

"So..." his father uttered before awkwardly clearing his throat, head turning away to avoid Jimin's unusually piercing gaze.

He wasn't like that before. Not as a child or even young teen. As long as they could remember, Jimin had always been obedient. Rule obeying. He had always been free, happy, and excited. Yes. But only in the boundaries they had set for him. Only in the safe, protected cocoon that was his home.

Jungkook was the only exception.

The one person who managed to lead him astray, who easily tempted him to break a rule and leave the safe space he knew, right into unknown, exciting new worlds.

"A while ago, I saw you on the news. You've been hospitalized."

This, Jimin had not expected.

He stiffened, hands becoming slippery, the nervous scratching on the leather intensified.

"Ah...I was sick. It was nothing."

"The boy who carried you back inside. He was an Alpha. They said you're dating."

Jimin nodded. His head hung lower with every new word, embarrassment and shame tinted his cheeks while he sucked his bitten bottom lip back between his teeth.

He certainly hadn't thought about the possibility that his parents could be seeing him on the news. They shouldn't have to find out like this.

Goddammit.

"He's... We're mated. We have been for a while but we tried to keep it a secret since he's quite popular. We didn't want to hurt his career or throw our children into the public eye so suddenly."
"Our children." The older echoed, looking perplex. "So he is the father. You've known each other for so long? Since you became pregnant?"

Another shy nod, it was followed by a quiet, "Yes…we knew each other longer than that, actually."

Jimin looked up for the very first time since the topic came up, vision blurring with those unshed tears he had fought for so long. For so many years. Now he finally faced his biggest fears. His past mistakes.

"I'm so sorry, Appa…I swear, I didn't mean to make yours and mom's life difficult. It happened so quickly. Suddenly everything broke apart, all my dreams, my whole life. I didn't know how to handle it. I didn't see any way to cope other than running away. Especially when I saw you look at me like that. So disappointed."

When his father stood up all of a sudden, without any reason or warning, Jimin almost jumped to his feet to make a run for it. Even the instinct to climb over the couch and hide was there, in the back of his mind.

Was his Father angry? Was he about to just leave, and never look at him again?

He couldn't tell.

When the older stepped closer, when he stopped right in front of him, another option popped up in his mind that made his expression falter in shock, made him sink deeper into the couch with his eyes squeezed shut.

Was he going to hit him?

But the devastating slap never came.

Instead, he felt the warmth of an embrace envelop his shivering frame. Felt strong arms pulling him close. It wasn't the same as Jungkook's loving hugs, the ones that made his heart flutter every single time, but this one hit him just as hard, making him cry even harder.

"You really are a stupid child."

He felt the words rumble in his father's chest. A weirdly comforting sensation.

"I'm always proud of you, Jimin. I wasn't disappointed, I was worried. Your mother and I always knew how much being a performer meant to you. We saw how hard you worked. How you practiced when every other child was playing outside. It very obviously made you happy, so we let you, but we always worried about what would happen if it didn't work out. Sure, I was mad, at first. But that's only because you threw your life away in such a stupid way. And for what? For a guy who won't even stay with you? Yes, it made me angry. It did because my son deserves more than that. Because I love you, Jimin-ah."

"Oh, Dad…” Jimin sobbed, half laughing, half crying.
It was so cliche, so obvious, but it was all Jimin had ever wanted. All he needed to hear in order to finally make peace with his past.

At least a small part of it.

They kept talking for over an hour after this. Even his mother joined them again but, eventually, Jimin had to let go of this carefully mended dream. The sun was already rising on the horizon. Reality called.

Lead by his mother, he walked outside, stopped only by the front gate where he turned around to hug the smaller woman. One last time, he rubbed his cheek against her neck, whispering a soft 'thanks for everything' as he pulled away with a forced smile.

"Dad won't tell me goodbye?"

Sighing, his mother shook her head, pursed her lips. Then she shrugged.

"A stubborn old man won't change overnight. But believe me, he was very happy to see you, sweetheart."

She paused for a second, looking concerned. She didn't seem sure whether she wanted to address whatever was on her mind but finally decided to go for it.

"Baby… the Alpha you you're mated to... He's treating you well, right? No matter what your father said, you don't ever have to be with someone just to survive. I'd take you and the babies in, in a heartbeat."

"No, thanks but there's really no need. He's amazing, believe me. More amazing than anyone else in the world. I'll bring him along next time."

"Bring the children too!" She demanded gently. A huge smile bloomed on her face when Jimin agreed.

He made it home just in time to make breakfast for his children and kiss them goodbye before Jungkook hastily ushered them out of the door to reach school in time.

Before he walked after them, though, Jungkook quickly turned around, pressing a quick kiss onto Jimin's lips. He watched Jimin's tongue dart out afterwards, following the Alpha's lingering taste with a tender look on his face.

"How did it go in Busan?"
A gasp left Jimin's mouth, eyes growing big in surprise.

"How did you know where I went…?"

"You're not exactly hard to read, sweetheart." Jungkook chuckled before kissing his forehead, ruffling his hair.

"But you seemed happy when you came home. I suppose that means it went well. Tell me about it after work."

Another short kiss, then he whirled around and ran to catch up with the twins who were already well on their way to the car, all by themselves.

Jimin giggled fondly as he watched his adorable Alpha try very hard to be stern, to scold them like Jimin told him to, even though it clearly wasn't his favorite thing to do.

All three of them waved before driving off.

During the following weeks, Jimin continued to promote his first album under Jungkook's never straying, protective gaze. The Alpha himself was still practicing with his Hyungs, despite the hiatus he was supposed to be on. However, he somehow still managed to drop Jimin off and pick him back up after all those exhausting shows, interviews, and whatever else his manager dragged him to.

He even made sure to eat with him, no matter how late at night, which was a bit unnerving, to be completely honest. The way Jungkook watched every single bite he took, like a hawk, made Jimin snap more than once.

His temper was cooled soon enough, though, when he remembered why the Alpha acted this way.

No doubt. If it was the other way around, Jimin would fuss over him the same way.

That's why, instead of complaining about it, Jimin accepted the coddling with nothing more than a tiny pout. He was grateful, after all. And he knew Jungkook always went above and beyond for him. Everything to keep him safe, keep him happy.

Jimin just wished he could return the favor for once. Somehow, Jungkook always managed to be the one who takes care of him.

°° °°°°

"Hyung."
Namjoon turned around to see Jimin standing in his room, a fist still lifted to knock on the already opened door.

"Jiminnie? What's up? It's not like you to come here when I'm working. Are you okay?"

"Uhm… I'm fine. Sorry, I don't want to bother you but I have a question."

"Shoot."

Shuffling his feet, Jimin bit his lips, cheeks glowing red.

"It's about the bet. You know, the two songs Jungkook and I were supposed to write with yours and Yoongi Hyung's help…"

It was a month later when Jimin's debut, and his first mini tour, was finally wrapped up with a last performance in his hometown, Busan. A special concert in many ways.

His parents promised to be there, together with his children who had met their grandparents for the very first time the day prior which must've been the most nerve-wracking experience for all of them.

But, despite everyone being nervous, there was nothing to worry about in the end.

His mother welcomed the little ones with open arms, several cakes, and tons of cookies. Even his stubborn father's expression softened upon seeing their big smiles, their sparkling eyes.

Thanks to them, Jimin and Jungkook had the whole day to themselves. They could go shopping, stroll around, and even go to the gym together which Jimin documented by filming Jungkook during his workout, giggling happily when the Alpha pulled faces during lifting weights just to make him smile.

Jungkook was so enamored, he even put it on on his official Twitter account, just to later report how the comments agreed with him. Jimin's smile really was the most endearing sound.

So, yes. Today was special. But not just because of that.

Jimin took a deep breath.

He stood in the middle of the huge stage, surrounded only by darkness and the flickering lights of the
glow sticks the audience waved back and forth.

They couldn't see him. Not yet. But it still gave him the adrenaline rush he craved so badly. The intense high that made his heart race, made his hands shake, turning the nervous tension he felt into pure energy instead.

He used to fear it so much, the darkness. The unknown. But no it almost felt like a blanket. A protective charm, or maybe the comfortable quiet before an adventure.

With a snap, all the lights turned on. People screamed and, finally, Jimin felt at home. Felt completely in his element as he waved with a huge smile on his face, trying to find the familiar faces of his family in the crowd while holding his opening speech.

Though he couldn't find them, he still felt extremely happy knowing the people he loved most in the world were with him tonight, supporting him despite everything they went through in all those past years.

It had taken a long while. A lot more tears were spilled, arguments had kept him awake at night, curled up in Jungkook's soothing embrace.

But still, they had fought. All of them. They had fought a war and found a truce, found understanding not only for each other but also themselves.

These days, Jimin called his parents almost every day, even if it was just to check up on them or to say he's doing good, the kids are okay.

He was happy.

Still, he didn't feel like he deserved any of it. Not at all. But he was grateful nonetheless.

With everyone's help, he finally managed to lead his life back on track. What seemed like a nightmare in the very beginning, had turned into the sweetest dream.

Was it perfect?

No. Not yet. But he was getting there, and he felt ready for the journey lying ahead.

He knew, no matter what happened, this time he wasn't alone.

He would never be alone.

The concert came to an end with only one last song on the set list.
A new single, revealed for the very first time. The crowd was beyond excited as the stage was once again wrapped in black. Only a single light was cast onto Jimin's tiny looking figure in the middle of nothingness.

When he started singing, his voice was softer than ever before. Gentle and smooth, it took the audience's breath away. Even the fan chants faded into stunned silence.

The Omega sung about broken dreams, about heartbreak, but then, suddenly, he fell silent and lowered his head as if he was crying, causing the crowd to grow louder again. They cheered his name.

But then, another light was cast onto a rising elevator in the back of the stage and the yelling voices once again rose in volume. Hysterical screams. They couldn't believe it.

There was Jungkook, rising from the ashes like a phoenix reborn. Clothed in black and red. Eyes glowing, though his blinding smile overshadowed it all.

And, just like that, the whole tone of the song changed. It became lighter, positive, hopeful. Pieces of the broken dream had been glued back together and melted, just like their voices did, into something new. Something completely different but insanely beautiful.

The song ended with Jimin being in tears, even more when Jungkook pulled him into his arms, right there, in front of everyone, and kissed the top of his head in an attempt to calm him down.

"It's okay now." He whispered softly. Every word drowned in cheers, in chants. I'm support for both of them.

"From now on, things will only get better."

Then, Jungkook turned towards the crowd to announce the end of his hiatus and the release date for two new albums. One for BTS, and one born from a collaboration between him and Jimin. This song would be the lead single.

Meanwhile, backstage, the rest of their friends and group mates were hugging and high fiving each other, as well. Exhausted but relieved.

All of them, but especially Namjoon and Yoongi, had worked day and night to bring the songs Jimin and Jungkook had written in playful rivalry together. To make them one. The same way Jimin and Jungkook had clashed for a while before learning to understand each other, to forgive, and work together instead of against each other.

It was a lot of work but seeing the couple now, smiling and waving at their adoring fans, the ones who stayed by their side, made it all worth it.

They might have lost some fans along the way, lost some support, but that's okay because this is their life. It's their dream and they will make it work. All of them, together.
Because, if Jimin learned anything at all since he and Jungkook reunited it's that…

Teamwork makes the dream work.

Even a broken one.
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

This is the epilogue, if you haven't read the last chapter yet, please go back and read it first or you'll be utterly lost.

(・ω・)/♥
It's a tiny glimpse into the future. Enjoy!

Talk to me ♥♥
Twitter
Curiouscat
(■・３;■)

"Ahem!"

Jungkook froze as soon as they walked into the restaurant where they planned to celebrate the end of the last concert of the tour. There, he found himself face to face with Jimin's gently smiling mother and stern looking father.

"So you're the one who dragged my son into this mess!" The older Alpha growled, looking dead serious. Jimin felt Jungkook shake beside him, saw him lower his head submissively from the corner of his eye.

"Uhm… Yes, sir. I mean, no sir! I mean… Maybe… I guess…"

Upon seeing him like this, Jimin pouted and squinted his eyes. Voice a whine as he tangled their arms in a comforting way.

"Appa. Don't be mean to Jungkookie! He's my baby and we don't talk about what happened back then. It was a misunderstanding. We wouldn't have the twins if it didn't happen, so it's a good thing. Let's not fight tonight."

But Jungkook was already bowing, again and again. Every word a soft whisper, all Alpha pride gone. Jimin knew he wanted to make a good impression, but he felt bad seeing him crawl to someone else's feet like that.

He shouldn't have to do that. Ever.

"I'm sorry for getting Jimin in trouble... I should've known better and I should've checked up on him. I'm truly sorry… But I swear, I love him a lot. I will protect and take care of him for as long as he wants me to."
With a soft sigh, Jimin put a hand on Jungkook's back, leading him to one of the chairs, and sitting him down.

He stayed like that, with his small hands on his Alpha's wide shoulders, chin resting on the soft, jet black hair.

"Don't. There's nothing to apologize for. You always took care of me. You risked so much just to make sure I'm safe. There's no reason at all for you to feel bad. You're doing amazing. You always did."

Glancing up, Jungkook smiled unsurely. Cheeks glowing red.

"I love you, Jiminie."

Jimin giggled.

"Love you, too."

Then he let him go and looked up, eyes flickering towards their children who had gotten up from their chairs, distracted by all the things going on around them.

"Baby Mins! Sit down! Jungkook, grab Minji, she's running after the waiter. Juju, leave the flowers alone!"

As they ran after them with everyone else laughing around them, Jungkook struggling to get a hold of the nimble little girl while the Omega had already placed their son back in his seat, Jimin couldn't help but think, he wouldn't mind for this to go on forever….

And ever…and ever…

"Hey Min?"

"Hmm…?"

"What do you think our life will be like ten years from now?"

"Honestly, I don't care what it's like as long as all of us are happy. You, me, and most of all, our children."

10 years later
It's hot. Breathtakingly hot.

Still in a daze, Minju opened his eyes. His lashes felt sticky even after blinking several times, his skin glistened with sweat, head pounding.

God. He felt disgusting.

As he looked around to see where he was and what had happened, he finally found the cause of the unbearable warmth.

An arm around his waist, a body pressed against his back.

Right… That happened.

Though it took some effort on his part, he successfully wrenched himself out of the stranger’s grasp and made it into the bathroom on the other side of the room. It took only one look into the mirror for him to know exactly what he needed. A freaking shower, that's what.

His makeup from yesterday was smudged too. He should've taken some with him when he went to party yesterday, even if it was just to do some touch ups.

Either way, for now, he should clean himself, at least.

When he finished his cold shower, and stepped out of the bathroom, he found the guy he apparently spent the night with sitting on the bed, wide awake, and smiling like he wasn't completely hungover.

Well. Maybe he really wasn't. Maybe it was only him.

"Good morning."

"... Morning." Minju mumbled, looking more than just a little out of his depth. Suspicious, almost.

"Uhm...I have to go."

"Wait!"

The young Alpha froze. His huge eyes blinked unsurely, pillow lips pursed before his bunny teeth dug into his bottom lip to keep himself from growling in annoyance.

"Yes?"

"Uh… So… You're not underage, right?"
Minju scowled but shook his head, no.

He had turned 18 only yesterday, that's how he ended up in this situation in the first place. Partying too wild and drinking too much.

After all this time, he really should've known better.

Meanwhile, the other Alpha's expression lit up like a bonfire, blinding white teeth on perfect display.

"Good! So, how about we exchange numbers? We could continue this later!"

Wordlessly, Minju's eyes slipped up and down the others body, his nose twitched when the usual disgusting Alpha stench hit him.

This guy looked good, definitely. But that's about it.

"No, thank you. Bye."

That's all he said before turning on his heels, grabbing his bag, and storming through the apartment door which led him outside where he could finally breathe. Fresh air filled his smoke tainted lungs.

Sadly, the peace he felt didn't remain for long.

As soon as he walked down the street, several people started following him with cameras in their hands, newspaper logos on their jacket.

Of fucking course, they would wait for him just to get a goddamn headline.

Just as he pulled the hood of his sweater over his head, a black car came to a screeching halt on the street right beside him. A door was thrown open, and a very familiar voice huffed, "Hurry up. Get in."

Minju was never so quick to follow someone's command. In a matter of seconds, he melted into the leather seat while a hand reached past him to slam the car door shut.

Only when the first shock turned into relief did the snarkiness find its way back into the young Alpha's voice.

"Yah. Jungsu. What are you doing here? Are you following me to other people's homes now?"

Taemin's son just snorted while pulling the car around and watching the paparazzi run after them in the rear mirror.

"I wouldn't have to if you didn't get in trouble all the time. Move your ass and get ready. I'll take you to your parent's charity event."

Minju slapped a hand over his eyes, groaning in despair before he finally climbed into the backseat. A move that made it impossible for Jungsu's eyes not to stray towards the plump ass wiggling right beside his face. Sadly, Minju was quick to destroy whatever little fantasy was whirling through his mind.
"Nice view, huh?"

The taller cleared his throat, eyes instantly flickering back to the road, cheeks on fire.

"You… You did it on purpose…"

Minju laughed. A pearly, feather soft sound. So different and innocent compared to his otherwise wild and untamed behavior. It reminded him of old times. Of the old Minju who got excited about the butterflies in the garden, or the swings whenever they went out to play.

It's not like Jungsu didn't like him the way he was now. It was just… Different. All innocence lost and replaced with the bitterness from having people follow your every move. The insecurities that come from being constantly judged.

Jungsu got it. He did. But the way Minju lashed out these days was still worrying him.

"So what if I did it on purpose? It's not my fault that you're a freak who's into Alpha ass."

"Juju…" Jungsu sighed. His eyes once again moved away from the street, towards the small mirror above him.

"Don't say it like that. There's nothing freaky or wrong about liking Alphas."

He paused, gaze softening as he watched the smaller go through the plastic bag he had packed for him.

"Even for you. It's okay for you to like who you like, you know. There's no reason to punish yourself."

He could see how Minju's eyes narrowed before growing wide, expression growing more shocked the more items he pulled out.

Jungsu always thought about everything. It was kind of amazing, really.

Mint bubblegum, clothes, shoes, a hairbrush, makeup, perfume, water, snacks, even coffee.

It's everything he needed and more.

"You're such a showoff…" Juju mumbled in muted awe before glancing at the other with his nose scrunched, scanning the taller's physic. Suddenly, he kicked the chair in front of him, just to make Jungsu gasp. To make him growl with his eyes glowing red.

He wasn't sure why. But he liked getting under the usually so calm Alpha's skin. He liked seeing Jungsu angry. It's fucked up, isn't it? The realization only made him dislike himself more.

"Stop growing, kid. It's annoying."

"Kid?" Jungsu cocked a brow, tilted his head in confusion. Cute.
"I'm only six months younger than you, so shut up. Besides, you're the one who's acting childish."

Minju didn't disagree. He knew he was acting out. He was impulsive, most of the time.

That's why all he did was sigh, shrug, before he sunk deeper into his seat with his head lolling to the side, against the cold car window.

In solemn silence, he watched the other cars rush past them. Felt the bumps of the road shake his body, the sound of the engine numbed his mind.

Even Jungsu had fallen silent as he focused on the road ahead. One hand on the steering wheel, the other tapping on his thigh to the beat of a song playing on the radio.

It was a solemn mood. Sentimental, in a way. But it wasn't bad. Being with Jungsu never felt bad. Even his scent didn't seem as aggressive, as offensive, in Minju's nose.

In fact, it almost lulled him to sleep.

"Ah. Noona!"

This one word was enough to make his eyes snap back open. A low groan left his throat.

"No! Keep driving! Ignore her!"

But, of course, Jungsu didn't. While Minju pouted in silence, the other Alpha already pulled over and reached out to open the door for the slender girl with sunglasses almost bigger than her head who waited on the side of the road, surrounded by a bunch of other girls.

They all wore obnoxiously colorful clothes. Designer brands, Minju was sure of it. On top of that, people started to gather around them, though they didn't seem to mind. In fact, they happily posed and smiled for the cameras, blowing kisses and smiles. Turning like dolls.

A few minutes passed before the sunglass girl finally slipped into the car and made herself comfortable beside an eye rolling Minju.

"I'm here! Thanks for driving me, Jungsu sweetie." She finally announced, bright smile painted on her pretty face. Jungsu returned it with a sparkling grin.

"No problem, really. I'm going there anyway. Dad and I are invited."

"Ah, of course. Uncle Taemin donated a lot last year, didn't he? Mom and Dad got so excited about it."

A nod, then Jungsu's gaze shifted to take in her appearance, and he couldn't help but smile gently.

It still baffled him.

The same chubby cheeks. The same full lips, tan, smooth skin, a cute button nose and…
The girl took off her glasses and shook her head, ruffled her hair to fluff it up.

The same big, brown doe eyes.

They really were alike, the twins. Well, when it came to appearance, at least.

"Took you long enough." Minju grumbled quietly, earning him a sharp gaze from his perfectly styled sister.

"I might be late but at least I didn't get into another scandal like someone else did. How the fuck could you just take off with some stranger?! It's not just stupid from an idol point of view but also extremely dangerous! Don't do that again, Juju. I swear, next time I'm gonna call Mom as soon as you disappear."

Again, Minju rolled his eyes, drawled his words. They had this conversation way too many times.

"I'm not an idol, I'm a songwriter. I have nothing to do with the limelight you guys are so obsessed with."

"You're right but you can't change the fact that the public is interested in the whole family. Especially since you used to sing, too. You know how much people demand for you to perform again."

"I know and I don't care. I don't want to."

The girl just glanced at him and sighed, leaning back in her seat before letting her body slowly, sneakily drift to the side until her head was resting on her brother's shoulder. She laced their hands. Minju let her, like he always did in the end.

"I can't wait to see Mom…" she whispered. "It's been a month since we last saw each other…"

"You're just not used to someone being gone, Minnie. It's been so long since any of us left all alone, by themselves."

She hummed in agreement.

"Over a year. I like it more when we're together. And with that I mean, all of us! Even you, grumpy pancake."

This time he didn't growl when she flicked his nose. All he did was nod before he caught Jungsu's gaze in the mirror, looking right at him.

His eyes seemed so warm and sweet. Melted caramel surrounded by the sweltering summer heat.
"See." His eyes seemed to say. "You're loved, no matter what."

•° ✿ °•.

"Ah! I can't believe I'm able to meet you! Your last album was my favorite! *Words* … It touched me on such a deep level!"

Jimin smiled and held the Omega girl's hands tighter, causing her eyes to sparkle even more.

"Thank you so much. And well… Communication is important, isn't it? That's one of the things I wanted to convey. We judge so quickly, mostly without even talking to the person in question. We put them into a category just by looking at them. But even if it's someone we know, someone we love, finding the right words still seems hard sometimes. Misunderstandings happen so quickly. It's important to listen, to at least try and understand where the other person is coming from. That's what I learned."

"Amazing…" she breathed, looking completely dazed, and Jimin chuckled before letting her go, waving goodbye.

He loved interacting with his fans like that. It's nice to see them face to face, seeing the reality of it all. Because, even after all those years, he still couldn't quite fathom what a huge community he had managed to build over time.

Though he talked to them online sometimes, it still didn't quite click in his head. It was more like counting numbers, followers, instead of counting human beings.

But this was different, this was real. He could touch them, see them, hear their voices. Beautiful voices.

He still loved this dream he always had. The one he simply couldn't give up. Being on stage, touching souls, breaking hearts with one Melody, mending them with another. Spilling emotions for everyone to see, to hear. Sharing them.

It's the most beautiful form of art.

Only sometimes, when the show is over and he sits in his car, all alone, in the dark, does his old mindset sneak up on him.

He's thinking too much, insecurities rise. He's scared. Scared of being alone, being lonely, not being good enough. The panic that comes with all of it and-
His phone rung, dragging him away from those thoughts and back into the rumbling car. He looked at the device to see Jungkook's name flash across the screen and he smiled, besides himself.

Of course it was him.

"Hello?"
"Stop it."

Jimin laughed, surprised, and his voice hitched. He wasn't sure if he should be amused or offended by the other's rude introduction.

"Excuse me?"
"You're thinking too much again, Min. Stop it."

Scrunching his nose, Jimin's face morphed into a pouty grimace. Though Jungkook wouldn't be able to see it, Jimin knew the Alpha could easily hear the shift of emotions in his voice. Even without the bond that conveyed most of their emotions at all times.

"Stop doing that. I hate when you snoop around in my mind. It's annoying."

"I know. That's why I'm doing it. To annoy you, sweets."

This time, Jimin did laugh. All tension evaporated and the annoyance he felt melted into endearment.

"Brat. It's okay, though. I'm fine. Thanks for calling, baby Alpha."

There was a pause at the other end of the line, making Jimin curiously reach out to grasp the emotions his mate felt.

Worry. Longing.

Ah, yes it feels like him. Like his Jungkookie. So warm and safe, loving and protective.

"I miss you…" Jungkook suddenly whispered. The silence broke together with his voice and so did Jimin's heart.

"Jungkookie…"

"I really, really, really fucking miss you, Min...I know it's stupid. We used to be on separate tours all the time…and it's only been a month."

"It's not stupid." Jimin closed his eyes. Shut off his mind to just feel. Feel the love, the bittersweet desperation of longing for a kiss, a hug.

"I miss you, too. I'm almost there, though. I'll see you in about an hour. Can you be patient for me, baby?"

All he heard was a sniffle, then an embarrassed cough, and a quiet, "Yes. I'll wait. The kids will be
happy, too. They get so restless whenever you're gone.”

He knew this would make Jimin happy. Hearing about his beloved children, about them doing well, and missing him.

Only one more hour, they both thought.

One more hour until happiness.

Jungkook was late.

And no, it totally wasn't because he spent too much time on making himself look drop dead gorgeous just to see that sparkle in Jimin's eyes. To see him lick his lips with a satisfied purr and to have him stick to his side all night with their hands entangled, drawn to each other as if they're magnetic.

He had called the twins a few minutes ago, just to make sure they’re on their way.

Both of them were hard to get a hold of these days.

Minju often disappeared to who knows where, though Yoongi usually seemed to have an eye on him which was definitely reassuring.

Minji, on the other hand, preferred to stick with her bandmates or Jin, though she still had the tendency to look out for her brother whenever they were together. It was cute, really. Despite being an Omega, the protectiveness of her father seemed to run in her blood.

Jungkook wasn't surprised to see both of them become more independent, he knew Jimin wasn't either. It was part of life, of them growing up. Living their own life and figuring things out along the way.

It was a good thing.

Yet, he still felt weirdly lonely. Or, maybe, it was Jimin's loneliness he felt. The big house they had bought a few years ago seemed all the more quiet without them. It didn't quite feel like home anymore.

But that's normal, isn't it? The sadness of seeing your babies leave the nest, adjusting to a life without having to yell after them to clean the bathtub after they used it.
It'll be fine eventually.

Just as he walked through the door, his phone buzzed. Jungkook looked at it with worry, expecting to see Jimin's name or maybe the twins'.

A tiny knot in his stomach still made him worry, made him jump at every ring of the phone with the fear that something might've happened.

But it was neither of them.

Instead, much to his surprise, he saw his mother's name flash on the screen.

"Mom? What's wrong? The holidays…? I told you to ask Jimin about that. Well, if he said no, it's a no. I'm sorry but I won't decide for him. No. No, mom, I won't talk him into it. Besides, we're at your place almost every week while we see his parents only when we have time to visit Busan. We can't just change our plans because you changed your mind all of the sudden. Yes… Yes, I can ask him about coming over with the twins once we're back. Tell Dad to stop yelling, it won't change anything. Anyway, I gotta go. Love you both. Bye."

Another sigh, a disbelieving shake of his head. Some things will never change.

Still, at least they tried. And, truth be told, his parents had become a lot more open. More docile.

Back then, Jungkook never believed their relationship could be saved but Jimin kept pushing him to go back, to try again, despite being the one who received most of the disrespectful comments.

But they were still family, Jimin said. Family is important.

He was still amazed how the Omega handled his parents. With grace and patience. Even his father had learned to respect him in some form.

The way he went quiet whenever Jimin opened his mouth was almost funny to him.

After making his way through the heavy Seoul traffic, Jungkook finally arrived at the 'Omega and children center' Jimin had founded a few years ago. He had planned it carefully, thoughtfully, and Jungkook could see it made him happy. Made him feel like he could do something good, something impactful that really changed some lives for the better.

Today, they celebrated the anniversary of the foundation with a huge charity event in hopes of getting some more donors to maybe open a second building in a different town. Busan preferably.

Jungkook knew how much Jimin missed their old home. This was a chance for them to go back without having to give up on what they loved to do.

As Jungkook hurried up the stairs, he already caught a whiff of his mate's scent and his heartbeat instantly started to race.
Jimin. His Jimin. He was so close.

He couldn't wait to see him, to hold him, to kiss him, to-

The Alpha stopped in his tracks and went completely quiet before taking a few steps back, hiding behind a corner.

There, only a few steps away, was Jimin who hugged a very young, very pregnant Omega boy who was clearly distressed and cried his eyes out as he pressed his face against Jimin's chest.

Meanwhile the older Omega soothingly rubbed his back, whispering quiet words of reassurance to hopefully calm him down.

Then, Jungkook saw a Man approach from the other side of the hall. An Alpha.

All three of them bowed before Jimin started talking to the taller male, all while still rubbing circles onto the shaking kid's back who kept his head low, body slumped.

Suddenly, the whole mood of the scene changed. The man shook his head, rubbed his eyes, and finally turned to his son to hug him, nuzzle him, both of them in tears.

Jungkook could see the relief in Jimin's soft gaze, in his smile.

Even when they already left, he still looked after them with those distant eyes, as if he went back in time and saw himself.

Only when they disappeared around a corner did he finally whirl around. His expression changed, became bright and light, shining and blinding.

Next thing he knew, Jungkook felt arms around his neck, lips on his cheek, and a breathy laugh tickled his ear.

"Jungkookie!" Jimin squeaked while letting even more kisses rain down on him. On his nose, his forehead, his temples.

Only the one on the lips seemed to linger just a little bit longer, seemed to be drawn out on purpose before he finally pulled away with a smile as bright as the sun.

Jungkook felt his heart melt under his warmth, even more when he lifted Jimin from the ground, threw him into the air, and heard the Omega squeal until he caught him again.

"Welcome home." He said softly. Jungkook tried his best not to be too emotional but it was hard, even harder when Jimin smelled so loving, so eager to finally have him back.

"Thank you, baby Alpha. I'm sorry for making you wait. I didn't plan to work today but this was an emergency."

"Yeah, I saw. It's fine."
Jimin giggled before letting him go in favor of taking his Alpha's hand instead, leading him down the hallway.

"I'd love to devour you right here and now." He purred. "But we should welcome the guests first. I can smell Minnie and Juju, too! Ah, I've missed them so much! Come on, come on, let's find them quickly!"

Of course, Jungkook was eager to find them, just like Jimin was, and soon enough the whole family was reunited. Their smiles and laughter filled the room, danced through the air until it became contagious, causing everyone around them to smile and celebrate, just like they did.

Jimin happily dragged them to his office to shower his children in birthday presents and more hugs, more kisses and nuzzles, before they went back outside to greet the guests.

It was later that night, when almost all of the guests and sponsors were already gone, that Jungkook snuck up on his mate again to hug him from behind.

Jimin didn't even flinch. Instead, he melted into the embrace with a sigh, head lolling to the side to lovingly rub his cheek on Jungkook's shoulder.

"Happy?" Jungkook asked and Jimin hummed, eyes falling shut to enjoy the moment.

"Yes. I'm happy. Are you?"

"Yes."

Jimin's eyes fluttered open again to follow his children who sat on a table nearby with a deck of cards between them, laughing and yelling, shoving each other, rolling their eyes.

Jungkook followed his Omega's gaze and smiled.

"Do you think they are happy, too?"

At this, Jimin paused. His eyebrows drew together, gaze suddenly filled with worry.

"I hope so."

Silently, they watched Minji hold up her phone, trying to find the best angle for a picture, scowling when she saw a message pop up which she deleted without even reading it.

They watched Minju stare absentmindedly into the distance, looking tired, while Jungsu continuously poked into his side to get his attention. Minju growled at him, squinted his eyes, but he really didn't look as mad or annoyed as he made it seem.
"They will be." Jungkook whispered and kissed the top of Jimin's head. "No matter what happens, we will always be here to catch them when they fall. They will always have a home to come back to. That's why, I believe, they will definitely be happy once they found their own dreams to chase."

Just as he buried his nose in Jimin's hair to revel in his content, hopeful smell, Jungkook suddenly froze completely, causing Jimin to look up with a frightened gleam in his eyes. He wiggled his nose and noticed the shock in Jungkook's usually very calm scent which made him shift with uncease unease.

"What's wrong? What happened?"

But still, Jungkook stared at him with those huge, star lit doe eyes of his. Even when Jimin tried to reach out through their bond, he couldn't quite place the emotions his Alpha threw at him. A new and unexpected sensation.

"Jimin…" Jungkook finally whispered in awe, his grip on Jimin's arms tightened ever so slightly. A surprisingly protective gesture, though there was no foe to be seen.

Jimin simply blinked in confusion and tilted his head, waiting for him to go on while Jungkook swallowed hard, hugged him tight.

"It's your scent. It changed."

He paused again and this time it was Jimin who gasped in shock, who's jaw dropped and Jungkook started to beam as if he had just gotten the most amazing news in the whole world.

"Jiminie. I think we should prepare for pups."

.° ⭐ °. The End .° ⭐ °.

End Notes

Comments are always appreciated! ❤

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!