Run Away With Me

by buttstrife

Summary

When Jungkook and Taehyung get completely shit-faced drunk, they 'accidentally' form a bond -- only problem is that they are idols and an alpha/omega bond between two group members is the worst kind of scandal they can envision.

Notes

thank you guksboots for comm****ing me! i really appreciate your support and i hope you enjoy this fic ♥

See the end of the work for more notes
When Jungkook wakes up, it is at the ass crack of dawn, face down in someone’s pillow. His head is throbbing, undoubtedly from his heavy consumption of alcohol the night before. Taking a cautious sniff, Jungkook realises the bed he is occupying belongs to Taehyung. But where is Taehyung then?

Making his way to the bathroom and sliding open the door, Jungkook finds Taehyung face-planted on the tiles. An amusing sight, except it brings forth the dubious memories of last night.

And, well, they fucked up. Royally fucked up, if the rosy bruise on Taehyung’s neck is anything to go by. Jungkook squats down, trying to rustle Taehyung from his soju-induced coma. As an under-aged idol who is still working his way to success, the last thing they need is a drinking scandal, least of all one where two of the group members of BTS end up bonded.

Jungkook heads to the kitchen to grab a glass of chilled water for Taehyung, returning to see that his new bond mate has managed to right himself, using the bathtub as back support.

“Thanks,” Taehyung says, voice hoarse, as he accepts the glass of water. Drinking it down in one large gulp, Taehyung sniffsles once he has finished. “What happened last night?”

Jungkook chooses to sit beside Taehyung. Hopefully being bonded won’t change anything between them. Sure, Jungkook has had a long-standing crush on Taehyung, what with his dazzling good looks and his kindness in helping him open up to not only the older members of BTS, but also the public. The point is that Jungkook hasn’t turned of age yet, so whether he is an alpha, omega, or beta is unknown.
Taehyung, though, is an omega. And bonding with an omega is... well, scandalous. Big Hit Entertainment, their company, had already been reluctant with letting an omega debut in their hip-hop idol group, with Taehyung being revealed as the last and final addition to their group. If Jungkook ends up presenting as an omega or a beta, the problem can be more easily managed, but if he ends up presenting as an alpha, then there is no saying how the public or their burgeoning fanbase might react.

“We got drunk,” Jungkook answers, also slightly unsure. “Way too drunk. Then we made out. And then you passed out.”

Taehyung groans, sliding closer to Jungkook and nuzzling his neck. “You smell really good,” Taehyung says, and Jungkook can feel his warm breath. “Like so fucking good. What the fuck?”

“Oh,” Jungkook says, trying not to turn red at the proximity. “I think we might have bonded?”

“How’s that even possible?” Taehyung asks, pulling away and blinking rapidly as though trying to distract himself from Jungkook’s scent. “You’re not even anything yet.”

“I don’t know. It’s weird. We really shouldn’t drink alcohol again. I really didn’t think—”

Footsteps approach. Stopping in their conversation, they look up at Namjoon, the leader of BTS, who seems disappointed and surprised all at once.

“Could one of you explain to me why someone uploaded all these photos?” Namjoon asks, displaying the screen of his phone where there are multiple tweets on the official BTS twitter of their drunken antics last night, including evidence of Taehyung and Jungkook getting shit-faced drunk, and even Taehyung passing out in the bathroom.

“Oh,” Taehyung begins.

“Shit,” Jungkook finishes.

“Sejin hyung is going crazy trying to figure out why you two would upload that kind of stuff,” Namjoon says, sighing as he crosses his arms. “And you two... what happened between you two?” Namjoon sniffs the air as if smelling something off. “Did you two...”

“I think we bonded,” Jungkook says meekly, enlightening Namjoon. “We were drunk and I have no idea how it happened, but it happened.”

Namjoon blanches. “Good God, CEO Bang is going to whip me for letting you two get out of control.”

“H-he’s not going to terminate my contract, right?” Taehyung asks, voice soft and small, and so very unlike him. Jungkook hates seeing this side of Taehyung, the part of him that is afraid.

“I don’t know,” Namjoon says, even though the honesty must hurt at an uncertain time like this. “I don’t know what your contract terms stipulate, but if it’s like the standard ones, there might be problems if Jungkook ends up presenting as an alpha, y’know? But then again, if you two manage with suppressant medications and stuff, it might be fine? I really don’t know, but I’ll look out for you two. I’ll talk to CEO Bang about it, okay? Don’t worry.”


Jungkook pulls Taehyung close and hugs him, holding him even after Namjoon has left them.
The secret to a successful idol group, regardless of whether it consists of alphas, betas, or omegas, is in prescribing to the medication that prevent one’s baser needs from coming to the forefront.

After a visit to the doctor, Taehyung is given a stronger dose of his omega suppressants, while Jungkook receives nothing. If he presents as an alpha, he will receive his necessary alpha suppressant medication; but if he does not, then it will be an easier journey for all of them.

After speaking to CEO Bang, Taehyung is given a warning. Even though “You’re older than Jungkook; you should’ve known better,” and, “The best way forward is to figure out a way to revoke the bond,” are directed at Taehyung, the words continue to reverberate in Jungkook’s mind.

After letting the other members of BTS know, they are met with a solemn quiet. Jungkook wonders if he should reach across and touch Taehyung’s hand. They may be bonded, but it is only the first day. The bond is weak, only barely there, but already Jungkook wants to be there for Taehyung in a way that is wholly not platonic.

After all, bonding between two individuals cannot occur unless both parties are interested and care for each other; for them to have bonded before Jungkook’s presentation could only mean that their desires – whether to fuck or to kiss or to just be together – were beyond severe.

“It’s cool. We’ll manage,” Yoongi speaks firstly. “No one’s gonna suspect a thing so long as we pass it off as fan-service and skin-ship between two close group members.”

“And we’ll be here for the both of you,” Namjoon adds. “I don’t know what exactly is going on between the two of you, but what matters is that you two keep close. Honestly, it probably won’t make much of a noticeable difference to our fans anyway considering how you’re both glued to the hip.”

“Yeah,” Hoseok chimes in. “Especially with Jungkook still being young and not technically an alpha, although he totally seems like he’d definitely grow up into an alpha – okay, I digress. It’s really not the end of the world.”

“One time I bonded with an ex-girlfriend back when I lived in Anyang, but with all the training and stuff and me moving to here, we just naturally grew apart and the bond faded, so it’s not like you two mated or anything,” Seokjin says, nodding his head. “We have a long future ahead of us, and this is going to be one of our many worries, but like everyone has said, it’s not going to be what defines you two, nor is it going to impede our hard work.”

“Well said, Jin hyung,” Namjoon says, grinning when he sees that both Taehyung and Jungkook look slightly less anxious. “I don’t know what CEO Bang said to you two, but we are a team; we’re a family, so if you need us, we’ll be here.”

“This got really sappy, really quick,” Yoongi comments.

“Yoongi hyung!” Jimin whines, already resting his head on Yoongi’s shoulder. “Taehyung and Jungkook need our support now more than ever.”

Caught up in the conversation, Jungkook remains silent until Taehyung nudges him.
“I think we should tell them what CEO Bang told us,” Taehyung whispers, voice low and anxious. When Jungkook nods, giving his permission to divulge such information, Taehyung turns to the other BTS members and says, “CEO Bang said that it’d be in the team’s best interests if we forced our bond to break. He said that once Jungkook presents will be the opportune time… so when he’s of age, we’ll probably be separated for some time… I’m not sure exactly. And if worse comes to worst, if they really think we can’t control ourselves or they think it’ll make us too liable to a scandal, they’ll probably get some kind of medication that breaks it.”

The previous serious silence overwhelms them again.

“Is he serious?” Jimin voices. Jungkook can detect the hint of anger in his tone.

“Most likely,” Taehyung replies, frowning.

“Surely he knows that forcing a bond to break will be painful to the bonded pair?” Jimin says. “That’s where the feeling of heartache literally stems from.”

Jungkook nods.

Taehyung says, “Yeah. But we’ve all gone through shit to make it to our debut, and we’re gonna go through more shit to keep going, so it’s really unfair of us, I guess, if we impose on that because of something silly we did one night.”

Jungkook wonders if Taehyung means what he says – whether he regrets the actions of the night before. Because Jungkook does not regret bonding with Taehyung, only wishing it had occurred under more favourable circumstances.

Breaking out of deep thought, Namjoon suggests, “Well, there’s probably a year or so until that day happens, and even then, CEO Bang might change his mind. I trust that you two understand the public relations elements of being in an idol group, so I think going forward shouldn’t be an issue. And I really can’t imagine how separation between the two of you would even work considering how we’re a team; I doubt it’d be something that’s viable in a few years’ time anyway, so just stay strong for now. Let’s worry together when the time comes, but until then, we’ll work hard to put this behind us.”

“Yeah!” Hoseok and Jimin cheer.

With the other members fired up, they get up off the laminate floorboards of the dance studio and back to practising No More Dream. Before the music starts, Seokjin corners Jungkook, grabbing him and leading him towards where Taehyung is already starting his stretches. “Remember,” Seokjin says, “you two only just bonded, which means you two really need to stay close together! If you don’t, you’ll probably feel a few heart twinges and some chest pain – I’m not quite sure; that’s what WebMD told me back in my days. But you two need to be together, no matter what CEO Bang says. Don’t let the bond drive the both of you apart when it formed to bring you two closer together, okay?”

Jungkook nods. “Yes, hyung.”

Taehyung nods too. “Of course.”

Once Seokjin leaves them alone, Taehyung turns to Jungkook and says, “You’ve been quiet today. Really quiet. Is everything okay?”

Jungkook wants to tell Taehyung that nothing is all right. Taehyung has received all the flak of what was a decision on both their behalves, even if they had both been slightly inebriated during it.
Taehyung is the one taking the brunt of the consequences, and for Jungkook to have to watch all the criticism be thrown at Taehyung is—

“It’s painful,” Jungkook says finally, meeting Taehyung’s eyes for what feels like the first time since the incident. When Taehyung’s confusion shows, Jungkook explains, “Everyone thinks this was a mistake we made, but... I like you, Taehyung hyung. My feelings for you, regardless of whether I end up presenting as an alpha or whatever, aren’t gonna go away as easily as some people think it might. We bonded for a reason.”

“I know, Jungkookie,” Taehyung replies, a small smile blossoming. Pulling Jungkook into a quick hug and letting go before anyone notices them, he says, “We’ll be fine. Even if it means we’ll be watched more vigilantly by the managers and stuff, at least we have each other, right?”

Jungkook nods, unable to stop the warmth of Taehyung’s eyes from reaching inside him and tugging at his heart strings. If this is what being bonded feels like, even if the world turns against them, Jungkook does not mind, so long as he has Taehyung.

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For the most part, the days are the same. Jungkook is always warned that things will change when and if he presents as an alpha, but that possibility feels eons away. The status quo that has developed though is fine by Jungkook. No one acts awkward; no one bats an eyelash whenever Taehyung is feeling just that tad bit more in need of affection, clinging tightly to Jungkook as they walk around. This is the norm they have developed, and both the fans and the management are okay with it.

Sometimes, fan-signs do get a bit weird. Because they see a plethora of fans, and now that Jungkook is bonded, he is slightly more sensitive to scents. Each individual has a distinctive scent, although they can all be broadly categorised under alpha, omega, or beta.

Whenever a fan is too touchy-feely with Taehyung, Jungkook finds his eyes glued to them, wondering if he should intervene or if this is normal. It has to be normal, since this is hardly the first time they have done fan-signs. Despite this, Jungkook finds discomfort in seeing Taehyung mingling with those who may be too zealous.

The stereotypes for each do have a small sort of basis, after all. Alphas can become possessive and demanding, although their leadership skills are often portrayed through aggressive and violent tendencies in popular culture. On the contrary, omegas can be nurturing and docile, and sometimes are shown to only be sex toys for others in society. Meanwhile, betas are in the middle ground. But what Jungkook has realised is that there are people on all sides of the spectrum, with alphas being motherly and omegas having dominating personalities. In the end, personalities are not defined by these traits, even if their bodies are influenced.

Jungkook watches one particular alpha fan dote on Taehyung. The fan has a kitty headband in her hands, and instead of asking for Taehyung’s permission, she goes straight to trying to place it atop his head. Taehyung pays no mind to the intrusion of privacy, allowing her to accessorise his hair and even saying thank you after.

Once there are no fans in front of him, Jungkook unravels his red scarf and places it around Taehyung’s neck.
Taehyung glances at him. “What are you doing?” Taehyung asks, eyes wide. The fan who is waiting for Taehyung’s signature does not seem to mind the intrusion, cooing at how Taehyung looks cute with Jungkook’s scarf.

“I want you to wear it,” Jungkook says, looping the scarf around Taehyung further and not wanting to explain that it is because he wants Taehyung to smell more like him and less like the fan. “Stay warm, okay? Don’t catch a cold.”

Taehyung smiles, his eyes curving into crescents. “Okay, Kookie,” he says, burying his nose deep into the scarf and breathing in the scent. Jungkook tries not to blush at that.

So, the fan-signs are like that, with Jungkook often feeling like he needs to compete with the fans for Taehyung’s attention. Taehyung does not seem to mind, citing the reason as, “Well, I heard that once you’re bonded, your partner often feels the need to scent the other. I can’t really scent you because you haven’t presented yet, but even so, it kinda seems like you’re already trying to scent me without even realising?”

Jungkook turns red at the realisation, embarrassed. “Ah, I wasn’t trying, hyung,” Jungkook replies, burying his face in Taehyung’s shoulder. Taehyung smells like peaches and something more. Jungkook pulls away before he can find himself addicted to the scent and before anyone can accuse him of being a pervert.

Taehyung pats him on the head, fingers brushing through the strands of Jungkook’s hair. “It’s okay, baby,” Taehyung says, and maybe he doesn’t mean anything by the pet name, but Jungkook preens at the word and finds himself melting into Taehyung’s touch.

The days soon pass into months with the humdrum of idol life keeping them busy, reminding them of why they strove for this life. Their fan-base grows larger with every day, and even with the occasional negative press by a pissed off journalist, their name gains renown. Maybe the public don’t know about Taehyung and Jungkook being bonded, but for now, their secret is safe thanks to the normality of fan-service. Their secret being safe equates to their relationship being safe – their relationship being the same, and perhaps relationships are not meant to grow static over time, but Jungkook thinks they have reached a reasonable status quo. There is the equal push and pull, the few kisses here and there when they are stressed and in need of a pick me up, the normalised cuddling when they just need to be there for each other. For Jungkook, Taehyung’s presence is a necessary constant, and even on days when Jungkook worries that being bonded might prevent Taehyung from befriending whoever he pleases, there is no logical basis for those fears.

Months pass without a major fight, only competitive quarrels and bickering, which are quite the norm for them; without a reason to stress about their relationship, even if it is considered odd, Jungkook forgets the minor details that make their world so unforgiving. And perhaps it is better that things turn out this way, with Jungkook having experienced a pleasant, uneventful period with Taehyung. They do say alphahood, betahood, and omegahood make everything unnecessarily complicated after all. At the very least, Jungkook had been able to experience a bond with Taehyung before those hormones kicked in.

The first disagreement – in its most euphemistic term – occurs after their first music show trophy for *I NEED U*. They receive a congratulations call from their company’s CEO, and after Namjoon informs them of the kind words that CEO Bang had to say, he pulls both Jungkook and Taehyung into a corner of their waiting room.

“Hey, uh, I don’t know how to word this, but CEO Bang told me that now that we’ve won—”

“New dorm, yay!” Taehyung quips, throwing his hands in the air and grinning. “You promised I’d
“That’s the thing.” Namjoon sees their faces fall at assumptions made, so he quickly corrects himself. “We’re getting a new dorm – don’t worry about that.” Lowering his voice, he continues, “This is about you two being bonded.”

“Oh,” Taehyung quiets.

Jungkook pipes up. “What about it?”

“Well, now that our comeback promotions are going ahead full throttle and we’ve really rose in terms of public recognition, as emphasised by our win, CEO Bang thinks it’s time to taper down your relationship, and that involves not letting you two room together,” Namjoon explains. “I’m not sure what else the PR team are conjuring up right now, but it’s just a warning he told me on the phone that he doesn’t want the public to ever find out about your relationship, especially not now. Strengthen your hearts or something, because the ride isn’t going to be all smooth-sailing from here on out. I’m sorry, I wish I knew more, but when I do, I’ll let you know.”

When Namjoon leaves them alone to speak, Jungkook goes ahead and says, “CEO Bang is right though. If people found out about us now, it’d be even worse than if they found out during our lesser known days.”

“You mean you want to break it off?” Taehyung asks, his lower lip jutting out in a pout.

Jungkook pulls Taehyung into a tight hug, keeping his arms around him despite the people milling about, and says, “I don’t even know how breaking it off would work, but… I want what’s best for you… what’s best for us. Especially before I present as anything, because when I do, the hyungs say it’ll be super obvious to everyone around us.”

“All right,” Taehyung says, sounding as though he agrees. He stays close to Jungkook, chin resting on Jungkook’s shoulder as they remain in their embrace. “If that’s what you want.”

“It’s not what I want,” Jungkook answers, as honest as the feelings in his heart. Is it the bond that makes it difficult for him to lie to Taehyung? Or is it that he cares for him this deeply? Jungkook does not know what kind of things his heart is doing to his head, but when he says, “I want you,” he means every syllable, every fragment of the seconds that pass, every quiver in his heartbeat, as he holds onto Taehyung. “I want us to work, even if the world doesn’t want that.”

So, their relationship is like that. And maybe going back and forth on the whims of the public isn’t what bonded mates are meant to do, but Jungkook figures there are no rules when it comes to love.

If what he is feeling is love.

“It’s not love,” Jungkook realises, saying the words aloud as though it will cement the gravitas of the situation. Breathing deeply as if his lungs will collapse at any moment, Jungkook stares into the mirror in front of him, hands clutching tightly at the edges of the sink, knuckles white from the exertion. A surge of emotions rush through him, leaving him weak and restless.

It’s not love, Jungkook realises, because it is his hormones. Because he is an alpha. Because he is
supposed to be drawn to Taehyung, because he is supposed to want to cherish Taehyung, because Taehyung is an omega. Even though all the pieces of the puzzle seem to line up before him, Jungkook feels as though he has been cheated, as if being bonded with Taehyung before presenting as an alpha ought to have meant something more.

Taking another deep breath, Jungkook forces out thoughts of Taehyung. Of Taehyung’s smile, of the mole on Taehyung’s lip, of Taehyung’s scent. Thinking about him makes Jungkook agitated, more so than he already is. Despite knowing it is the fault of the alpha hormones, Jungkook blames himself for his own distraught reaction to the unsteady presentation of his alphahood.

There comes a knock to the door that has Jungkook whipping his head around, glaring at whomever is idiotic enough to disrupt him at a time like this. His eyes soften when he sees it is Taehyung, looking concerned and standing hesitantly at the threshold of the door.

“Hey, you all right?” Taehyung asks, voice soft. He wrinkles his nose. “You smell different.”

Jungkook stays silent, worrying that if he opens his mouth, he might end up saying something stupid or something he might regret. Or maybe his voice will break, and he will end up embarrassing himself in front of Taehyung more so than he already is.

Taehyung takes a cautious step forward, extending his hand to touch Jungkook on his arm or his shoulder. Just to touch him.

Jungkook moves away, out of touch. He knows his scent is more powerful, because now, he can even smell himself. His scent reeks of frustration and desperation, of lust and want – all for one person. He knows the thought must be awful to Taehyung, for him to see his bonded mate going through the highs and lows of a hormonal phase, but Jungkook has no idea how to act – how to behave to bring about normalcy once more.

One part of him screams at him to take Taehyung in his arms, to press him against the wall and kiss him silly – to do something.

Another part of him shouts at him to step away from Taehyung, to leave him be until he can get a better hold of his own emotions.

His skin burns, warming up to a fever-hot touch. Taehyung can probably already tell something is not right with how Jungkook is acting, with how bonded relationships work, but if Taehyung realises any more, then things are going to change. Things will change.

“Jungkook, what’s wrong?” Taehyung asks, confused. He twiddles at his thumbs, biting at his bottom lip, as he tries to figure out what is going on with Jungkook.

Jungkook shakes his head, breathing in sharply and smelling Taehyung’s scent, making his nostrils flare. The rush of blood throughout his body is tangible, the heat of his skin incredibly discomforting.

Taehyung sighs a small sound and asks, “Is this your first alpha rut?”

“Alpha rut?” Jungkook repeats, shocked. His muscles feel sore, his bones ache, and his whole being wants to rock against Taehyung’s body until he has seared every inch of Taehyung’s skin with his touch. “Is this what this is?”

Taehyung shuts the door behind him and takes a step forward, placing his palm on Jungkook’s forehead. “You’re burning up,” Taehyung says, frowning, seeming concerned. Already tugging at Jungkook’s clothes, he continues, “Come on, get out of those clothes. You need a soothing shower and rest.”
“H-hyung,” Jungkook mumbles, holding back a moan when he feels Taehyung’s fingers brush up against his skin, electricity pulsing through his blood. Taehyung’s touch feels like an oasis in the desert, and it takes all of Jungkook’s self-restraint to not reciprocate the touch and feel Taehyung’s warmth against his. “I’m not sure this is a good idea.”

“What isn’t?” Taehyung asks, words languid as his fingers slip under Jungkook’s shirt and making Jungkook shiver. “You’ll feel better after this. Trust me.”

“How do you know?” Jungkook squirms, taking another deep breath. Trying to keep what little composure he has left, Jungkook covers Taehyung’s fingers with his own, pushing away his touch.

“I searched it up,” Taehyung replies, bashful, “after we bonded. I thought the information might come in handy some time, and well, here we are now. I want to help you, Jungkook. Let me.”

The moment Jungkook meets Taehyung’s beseeching eyes, he relents, never having been resistant to Taehyung’s whims. “Only if you’re sure you want to,” Jungkook says, stepping away from Taehyung to throw his shirt in the laundry basket. Taking off his pants and undergarments while Taehyung turns on the shower, Jungkook looks down and squeezes his eyes shut, wishing this was not Puberty 2.0. In every sense, alphahood was like having testosterone-driven parts of puberty continuing on for a lifetime, unless he managed the hormonal shifts well enough with medication. Otherwise, he would be subject to the routine desires of procreation and showing off his virility in the most embarrassing of ways. Even if he was bonded to Taehyung, it did not necessarily mean that Taehyung would want a dick up his ass every time Jungkook felt like nutting.

“The shower is ready for you,” Taehyung says once he is satisfied with the warm temperature and adequate volume of the water. He glances to where Jungkook is, turns a bright red, and then stares at the showerhead.

Jungkook tries not to think too much of it. He is hard, a raging erection curving up to his navel, and he knows that no amount of willpower is going to make it disappear. Accepting his fate, Jungkook steps past Taehyung and into the bathtub, eyes focused on the tiled wall.

“Why’re you shy?” Taehyung asks before drawing the shower curtains around Jungkook. “We’ve seen each other naked before.”

Letting out a breath he did not know he had been holding in, Jungkook concentrates on the flow of the water, trying not think about how only a thin veil separates him from Taehyung. “It’s different now,” Jungkook says, his voice somehow sounding meek despite their situation. “It’s different now that I’m an alpha,” Jungkook continues, bracing himself against the wall of the shower-bath hybrid.

“Yeah, but we’re bonded,” Taehyung says, and Jungkook can hear a shuffling of clothes before the curtain is drawn open once more and Taehyung steps in, fully nude. Jungkook tries not to guffaw at the pleasing sight, because Taehyung is always a wonder to look upon, but his cheeks burn ruddy and his cock twitches. Taehyung pays his bodily reactions no mind, taking one step closer to Jungkook and placing his hands on his shoulders. “We’re bonded, so it’s different, okay? I’m here to help you. If I didn’t, it’d hurt me too. I want to be here for you, please.”

“Okay,” Jungkook replies, feeling his whole body buzz pleasantly from having Taehyung in his vicinity. The warm water helps soothe his tense, sore muscles, but having Taehyung before him is what calms his mind and his anxieties. “Thank you, hyung.”

“Don’t thank me just yet,” Taehyung says, eyes devilish and equally devilish smile transforming into a dangerous smirk as he takes Jungkook’s cock in his hands, making Jungkook gasp. Stroking slowly, Taehyung has Jungkook keening into his touch, moans echoing through the walls. If
Jungkook had thought getting a hand-job from Taehyung before they had been bonded, back when they had been two rowdy teenagers, was something worth fapping to at odd hours of the night, then this – right now – was a religious experience deserving of being inscribed in a holy kama sutra or whatever the fuck.

Jungkook ruts against Taehyung’s palm, wanting more and more friction until he is fucking into Taehyung’s fist. “F-fuck,” Jungkook groans, leaning his head back against the wall of the shower, feeling the rivulets of water glide down his skin – a stark contrast to the intoxicating desperation that has Taehyung jerking him off at a furious pace. “W-why does this feel so fucking good?”

“Because it’s me,” Taehyung answers, and Jungkook feels his heart thump that much louder, feels himself grow giddy at hearing how short of breath Taehyung is, as though giving Jungkook the hand-job of his life is something Taehyung wants to give. While Taehyung dances his fingers up and down the veins of Jungkook’s thick cock, pressing his thumb into the slit of Jungkook’s dick, Jungkook combs through Taehyung’s hair, brushing it out of his eyes in a way that is meant to be tender but mostly has the effect of Jungkook just wanting to come on Taehyung’s face.

With one more firm stroke from Taehyung’s godly hands, Jungkook comes with a shudder, knot already growing at the base of his dick and shower washing away his seed. Jungkook’s eyes also widen, seeing the notorious alpha knot form for the first time in front of his very own eyes. “Holy shit,” Jungkook mutters, biting down on his bottom lip to refrain from commenting on how lovely Taehyung’s hands look with Jungkook’s dick in his hands.

“Fucking hell, that is huge,” Taehyung comments, pouting as he looks at Jungkook’s knot. Jungkook notices that Taehyung – if he hadn’t been hard before entering the shower – is now sporting an erection. “Sorry, this is my first time seeing an alpha’s knot in real life. Mind if I…?”

Jungkook watches as Taehyung kneels down, and even though Jungkook just came a few seconds ago, he can feel a tightening in his balls, wanting to come already just from Taehyung’s provocative actions. “H-hyung?” Jungkook stutters, staring dumbfounded while Taehyung presses his cheek to his aching dick.

“I heard that alpha knots are super sensitive,” Taehyung explains, kissing the tip of Jungkook’s base. “And if they’re more sensitive than your nipples, well, I know how to tease you better if it’s true.”

Nostrils flaring, Jungkook squeezes his eyes shut, feeling Taehyung lick up his shaft, littering teasing kisses. When Taehyung reaches the knot, a finger stroke has Jungkook spurting out more come, the white strings landing on Taehyung’s cheeks, although it is instantaneously washed away by the shower.

Taehyung chuckles, humming to himself as he mouths at Jungkook’s knot. “You’re so sensitive, Jungkook baby,” Taehyung says, grinning as he laves his tongue along Jungkook’s underside.

Jungkook had always thought multiple orgasms were a myth only relevant to females, but experiencing it now, with every orgasm at Taehyung’s beck and call has him thanking and cursing his newfound alphahood. Unsure of when his knot will deflate, Jungkook is left to appreciate the soft and tender sensations of Taehyung’s lips on his erection, every now and then incoherently saying embarrassing things like: “Yeah, fuck, that’s good,” and “Baby, suck me harder.”

By the time his dick returns to normal, Jungkook has lost count of how many times he has come, feeling so bone-deep exhausted yet so fucking good, so fucking happy that he could proclaim his love to Taehyung there and then and kiss him senseless. Satiated, Jungkook’s grateful smile reaches Taehyung, and Taehyung laughs as he squeezes some shampoo into his hand. “You can thank me later,” Taehyung says knowingly, massaging the shampoo into Jungkook’s hair. “I’m not sure how
long your rut will last, but if we go see a doctor now, you’ll probably be prescribed something that
can help keep the rut at bay next time.”

Jungkook doesn’t voice how he would happily forgo those medications if it meant being able to have
Taehyung touch him again and again. But he also knows how selfish it is to have those kinds of
thoughts – wanting Taehyung for himself, wanting Taehyung to cater to his wanton desires just
because of biology. “I owe you one, hyung,” Jungkook says, closing his eyes as he rinses the
shampoo out.

“Yeah?” Taehyung grins, turning around and shampooing his own hair, oblivious to what Jungkook
means.

Jungkook pulls Taehyung in, pressing his torso up against Taehyung’s back. “Let me give you a
hand,” Jungkook says, feeling more confident and assertive with his actions now than before when
the rut had just started.

Taehyung makes a breathy sound that sounds like a nervous laugh, batting Jungkook’s hand away
from his still hard dick. “Maybe not this time. I’ll just take a cold shower or something,” Taehyung
says, pulling away from Jungkook’s embrace to reduce the heat of water so that it is the coldest the
water can be. The cool temperature has Jungkook sighing gratefully, dissipating the fever-like
elements of his rut. “Don’t think it’d be a good idea getting my pheromones mixed up with yours
right now. It’s all about developing a baseline for you.”

Jungkook tries not to think about how much he already wants to wrap his hand around Taehyung’s
cock and show him how good he can make him feel, instead choosing to nod his head like an
obedient dongsaeng. “Okay, why do you know so much about this stuff anyway?” Jungkook asks,
lathering soap across his own body, more focused on Taehyung’s movements than his own.

“Someone’s gotta be the responsible one in this relationship,” Taehyung quips, smiling the soft
indulgent smile that has Jungkook’s heart melting into a puddle of goo.

“So, Namjoon hyung then,” Jungkook jokes, and Taehyung laughs his head off, spluttering when
water gets in his mouth, and then he laughs some more.

When they step out of the shower, both of their fingers and toes have wrinkled up like prunes thanks
to the water. “So not sexy,” Taehyung comments as he wraps a fluffy white towel around Jungkook
first before drying himself with one. Jungkook protests, unused to being babied in this manner,
although truthfully he does not mind when Taehyung is the one doing it.

“I’m always sexy,” Jungkook retorts, and once he is dry, he wraps the towel around his waist.

Taehyung glances at Jungkook’s torso, and then says, “Yeah, you are,” making Jungkook feel the
vestiges of his rut flare up again at such a casual remark. Stepping closer to Jungkook as if sensing it,
Taehyung presses a kiss to Jungkook’s cheek and says, “Calm down, stud muffin, we’ve got a
lifetime ahead of us.”

Jungkook believes him.

When the rest of BTS chance upon Jungkook and Taehyung lounging together in front of the
television, they realise that Jungkook has presented as an alpha. Jungkook is dressed in one of his innumerable white cotton shirts and boxers, something comfortable and non-restrictive, while Taehyung’s head is lying on Jungkook’s abdomen.

“Well,” Seokjin says, arriving back at the dorm with manager Sejin and Jimin in tow after grocery shopping, “I’m sure we all saw this coming. You always displayed alpha tendencies, Jungkook, even if you are the maknae.”

Jimin is more childish, wiggling his eyebrows multiple times, to which Taehyung responds by sticking out his tongue and then snuggling further into the burrow he has made in Jungkook’s shirt.

On the other hand, Sejin mentions something about having to talk to CEO Bang about the development, but apart from that, he leaves them be.

Thereafter, when it is time for all of them to congregate around the dinner table, Namjoon and Hoseok appear. Namjoon pats Jungkook on the back, sits down at the table and spoons himself some food, while Hoseok says, “Welcome to alphahood, Jungkook. Namjoon and I are here for you if you need any help with anything alpha-related.”

Namjoon interjects around a mouthful of rice, “And anything that isn’t alpha-related too!”

Yoongi joins them last, dark circles under his eyes, having already started producing music for the next album. Or perhaps it is for his personal mixtape. Either way, when Yoongi arrives, he scrunches his face up upon smelling Jungkook’s changed scent and says, “So that was why you guys were in the bathroom for that long.”

While Taehyung beams unabashedly at the teasing, Jungkook lowers his eyes, ears red while he stares at his own bowl of rice, waiting only several seconds before everything returns to normal. Jungkook is thankful that no one has an over-the-top reaction. No need for celebration. No need for anything, because nothing has changed. They are still the same team, even with another alpha added into the mix. Jungkook is still the same, even if he finds himself more attracted to Taehyung than he was before, even if he knows it is because of hormones. And Jungkook knows that it is unfair of him to like Taehyung more now that he has presented as an alpha.

Nevertheless, their relationship cannot last. Their relationship was not built for survival in the entertainment industry when they are in the same team and are meant to be co-workers at the very least and friends at the very most.

Taehyung seems to sense the shift of his mood from upbeat and appeased to despondent and resigned, placing his hand on Jungkook’s knee, rubbing back and forth across the exposed skin of his thigh. “After dinner, let’s go out, you and I,” Taehyung suggests, voice as quiet as a whisper, secretive.

Jungkook nods, picking up his chopsticks once more and swiping a piece of bulgogi to place in Taehyung’s bowl of rice. Taehyung smiles, returning the favour with some kimchi in Jungkook’s bowl, and before the others can reprimand them for their overt displays of affection, Jungkook sets to quickly wolfing down his dinner so that he and Taehyung can go out.

Not knowing when his rut will flare up again, and being unable to borrow his hyungs’ alpha suppressants has him agitated that he might do something wrong. He will only have his hands on his own prescription medication when they make a trip to the doctor’s tomorrow in the early morning before they head to their performance venue, leaving Jungkook to simply steel his nerves and quash any wayward desires his libido conjures up until then.
After dinner, they leave the others to clean up, citing tiredness and Seokjin lets them get away with it this time. Jungkook leads Taehyung to his bedroom, throwing on a pair of jeans so they can head out, while Taehyung slips into one of his own dress shirts that had somehow made its way to Jungkook’s wardrobe. Jungkook guesses it is because he and Taehyung like to sleep together in each other’s beds, and sometimes Taehyung does not bother retrieving his clothes from the night before. Jungkook never minds though.

When they are at the doorway putting on their shoes, Sejin asks, “Where are you two going at this hour?”

“For a walk,” Taehyung answers. “We’ll be back in an hour or so.”

Sejin nods his head. “So long as you two don’t cause any trouble,” he says, knowing full well that Jungkook and Taehyung are Team Trouble. Despite this, Jungkook doubts Taehyung has any inane plans tonight – just a gut feeling, born from feeling like having known Taehyung for numerous lifetimes and more.

Jungkook reminds himself that he only feels so because of the bond and nothing more.

Taehyung tugs on Jungkook’s hand, leading him out of the apartment complex, and when they are on the walkway, their fingers intertwine as naturally as the moon is betwixt the stars. Taehyung walks close to him, eyes concerned as he asks, “What’s wrong, Jungkook?”

Jungkook does not say anything straight away. His palms start sweating – completely unsexy – while they walk in the direction towards the Han River, a twenty minute walk away. “What makes you think something is wrong?” Jungkook finally musters up the courage to say, eyes piercing Taehyung and seeing concern.

“We’re bonded, silly,” Taehyung replies, and Jungkook wonders how many times he will get away with a response like that. Jungkook wonders how many more times he will get to say something like that. “I can tell something is bothering you. Call it intuition, or an obvious scent profile, or just me being a genius, what have you.”

“Something is bothering me.” Jungkook decides on honesty, not that he has ever been proficient at lying to Taehyung. “It’s hard to talk about.”

“It’s okay. We have plenty of time.”

They pass by all kinds of people. Even if Jungkook does not pay attention to their faces, he can smell the fluctuations and differences in each scent, but none smell anything remotely as pleasing as Taehyung’s. Taehyung’s scent is difficult to describe, changing every now and then to reflect his mood. Sometimes, Taehyung smells like a sunny afternoon day, breeze rustling through the trees, cicadas singing, and it makes Jungkook think of spending all of his time photographing Taehyung’s features in his memories. It is times like those that Jungkook assumes Taehyung is happy. Other times, when Taehyung reminds Jungkook of lullabies on rainy nights, somehow personifying the emotion of nostalgia, or when Taehyung smells like cotton candy and strawberry fondue when he is doing aegyo, Jungkook wonders how one person can emit so many scents – each distinctive enough, but still being wholly Taehyung.

After walking past a Starbucks, Jungkook backtracks and pulls Taehyung towards the café, where there is still a myriad of people milling about. Some heads turn to stare at Jungkook, probably unused to such a strong unsuppressed alpha scent. Jungkook orders an iced Americano, while Taehyung decides on a vanilla bean Frappuccino, and once they have their drinks in hand, they depart once more for the river.
“Do you think this is going to end soon?” Jungkook asks, looking at Taehyung.

“What do you mean?” Taehyung takes a sip of his drink, humming to himself, the summer heat comfortable.

“Us. I mean us. Do you think we’re going to end soon?” Jungkook clarifies, “Because no one wants us bonded.”

“I want us bonded. That’s gotta count for something,” Taehyung says, offering Jungkook a taste of his drink.

Jungkook hesitates, then thinks why not. His iced Americano is as bitter as he feels thinking about the issues of his relationship with Taehyung. Sharing Taehyung’s straw, he tastes the vanilla drink before offering his own to Taehyung, to which he declines, disliking the taste of black coffee. Once they have finished, they throw away their drinks.

“I guess,” Jungkook says, sighing and staring at the sky, the city lights, the nightlife. “You don’t find it annoying that I’m an alpha? That I’m probably thinking dirty thoughts about you right now?”

“Well, are you – thinking dirty thoughts about me?” Taehyung asks, lips quirking into a smirk, while Jungkook bows his head and denies it. “Because I don’t mind, honestly. I don’t mind because it’s you, Jungkook. We’ve been bonded for over a year now. Some things might change, but we won’t. Our relationship is still just us two. It doesn’t have to be complicated just because… you know.”

“I’m scared things might become awkward between us,” Jungkook admits, unsure as to why he is pouring out his heart now. Why now of all times? Why, when Taehyung is looking at him with such concern and kindness? “That’s the last thing I’d want: to make you uncomfortable.”

“I’m fine, trust me, Jungkook,” Taehyung says. “I don’t know what horror stories you’ve heard about alphas and shit, but listen, you’re not just any ol’ alpha. You’re Jungkook first, alpha second or whatever. Being an alpha isn’t going to change you, nor is it going to change my opinion of you—”

Jungkook leans forward, pressing his body against Taehyung’s and burying his nose into Taehyung’s neck. Taehyung is telling the truth, honesty emanating from his pheromones, not that Jungkook had doubted him. Any excuse to touch Taehyung and Jungkook will take it. Looping his arms around Taehyung’s body, Jungkook pulls him in for a hug, surprised but delighted when Taehyung melts into the hug.

“Are you going to kiss me now or what?” Taehyung asks, voice soft.

“Only if you want me to,” Jungkook says, trying to commit to memory everything about Taehyung – the way Taehyung smells when he is anticipating a kiss, the way Taehyung laughs like there is nowhere else he would rather be than here with him, the way Taehyung moves first and presses his lips to Jungkook’s.

Jungkook melts into the kiss, one hand buried in Taehyung’s hair and the other resting on his waist, holding him tightly as though the moment he pulls away might signal losing the most important person in his life. Smelling Taehyung’s ardour as he licks into his mouth, Jungkook rouses the simultaneous courage and idiocy to break away and say, “We shouldn’t. Not in public at least.”

Taehyung glances around, eyes glassy, and his breathing laboured, replies, “Right.” He takes Jungkook by the hand, leading him towards a secluded area – if it is even physically possible to find a secluded area in the city of Seoul. They end up in a bathroom stall at a subway station – completely unromantic – but Jungkook swears he could make love to Taehyung there and then and Taehyung
laughs, unfettered and resounding in the chambers of Jungkook’s heart.

“I love you,” Jungkook says, pressing a kiss to the column of Taehyung’s neck, wanting to leave an imprint but knowing better than to stake such an obvious claim.

“I know,” Taehyung replies, a smirk tugging at the edges of his lips.

“The bond, yeah, okay,” Jungkook says, and even though what he feels through the bond is intangible, there is an inkling – a smidgen of certainty that Taehyung loves him too. Their bond does not correspond to mind-reading nor telepathy, but hope; hope that they will have each other at the end of the day, even when everything else is uncertain. “I don’t want these feelings to dissipate when we’re forced apart.”

“Is it inevitable?” Taehyung asks, although he poses his words less as a question and more as a statement of his disappointment. He buries his face in Jungkook’s shoulder, taking a deep breath and crumbling in Jungkook’s arms. “I’m scared.”

“Me too.” Jungkook wishes there was something he could do but the fact of the matter is that they made a mistake one and a half years ago and now it is time to face the consequences. “I wish I could protect you.”

“You’re the one who’s going to break my heart, silly,” Taehyung says, a smile in his eyes, laughter upon his lips. “You’re the one who’s going to break me,” he says, cupping Jungkook’s face and kissing him once more. “And not even sexually, if I might add.”

“I’d totally be up for fucking in this bathroom stall but I don’t want our first time to be like that,” Jungkook says, blood already rushing south at the thought.

Taehyung notices, and being the tease he is, grinds up against Jungkook’s hardening erection. “Don’t want our first time to be filthy hot? You know I’ve been waiting for this moment.”

“Or just plain filthy,” Jungkook says, having filtered out most of the public bathroom’s scents and sights by focusing on Taehyung.

“True, and it’d be too obvious if your rut flares up again in public,” Taehyung says, nodding to himself. “Okay, let’s just go home for the night. We’ll be busy tomorrow.”

The short trip home is uneventful, but Jungkook is thankful to spend every second with Taehyung, their hands joined. Somehow, holding hands with Taehyung makes him feel at peace with himself, as though the fire within him is soothed and quieted by Taehyung’s presence.

The dorm is dark as all the lights are off. Taehyung tugs at Jungkook’s shirt and asks, “Can I sleep with you?”

“Of course,” Jungkook says, leading the way to his bedroom. He knows how Taehyung cannot sleep well without someone or something to hug during the night – that was why they had become so close when they were younger after all. Old habits die hard.

Jungkook strips to his boxers and lies down on his bed, thankful his dick is not thinking about boning Taehyung at this current moment lest neither of them have any rest. Taehyung arrives soon after, snuggling into Jungkook’s arms, having changed into a white shirt that is oversized on his comparatively slender frame.

“Even though the company wants us to break the bond because of our public image and stuff,” Taehyung says, murmuring against Jungkook’s skin, “I don’t regret bonding with you. I’d never
regret being with you, Jungkook.”

“Same here, baby,” Jungkook replies, kissing the crown of Taehyung’s head. Anxieties alleviated, he is lulled into an easy sleep for the first time in a long while.

The separation starts months later, before the beginning of their *RUN* promotions. Jungkook realises this only in hindsight, once Taehyung tells him about Big Hit Entertainment’s machinations – but that doesn’t happen until later.

All seven members are in the dance practice rooms rehearsing. In between practise and working out at the gym, Jungkook rarely has time for anything else. Even eating and showering seem like laborious tasks when all he wants is to pass out on his bed for a nice, long sleep. As unfortunate as the situation is, Jungkook understands that nothing good in life comes without sacrifice, and just as he might sacrifice his time to improve himself on stage, he also has to consider his relationship with Taehyung.

The alpha suppressants are wonderful, aiding Jungkook in maintaining a manageable baseline every few months when his rut comes. Although yet to figure out how regularly his ruts are, due to having only ever experienced one that ended quickly thanks to Taehyung’s help and beginning the suppressant medication soon after, he understands that his ruts can be triggered by emotions and by his bond with Taehyung. Outside of his rut, Jungkook has never felt compelled to rely on Taehyung for relief, simply jerking off to memories of Taehyung on his stressful days. After all, even if Taehyung is an omega, he is a person first. Even if Taehyung is his bonded mate, Jungkook is not owed any gratification – Jungkook knows this and thus attempts to maintain the self-perceived boundaries of their relationship on non-rut days.

Despite his best attempts at setting boundaries, Jungkook is hapless and hopeless when it comes to Taehyung.

“Jungkook,” Taehyung calls out, running to his side. Jungkook smells something sweet emanating from him. “Can you help me out with some dance steps after everyone has left?”

“Sure, Taehyungie hyung,” Jungkook replies, wondering why Taehyung is asking him for help and not Hoseok. From what he had seen in the previous hour, Taehyung’s dancing had been fine. Even if Taehyung is not considered a main dancer, he keeps up with their choreography effortlessly. Shaking away thoughts of Taehyung’s lithe body, Jungkook grabs a bottle of water and drinks.

Taehyung approaches him again, taking the bottle of water after him and drinking too. Jungkook watches him in his actions, the way time seems to slow when he gazes at the movements of the muscles in Taehyung’s neck, or when he notices the glistening sweat and thinks about licking—

“I’m so thirsty these days,” Taehyung says, interrupting Jungkook’s thoughts and placing the bottle of water down on the bench in front of them.

Jungkook narrows his eyes for a second. “I-is that a joke?”

Taehyung shrugs, glancing around. The others are packing up, having rested sufficiently to make their way home. “Sejin hyung, Jungkook and I are going to stay a bit longer to practise. Is that okay?” Taehyung shouts.
Sejin nods. “Make sure to lock up after,” he says as he shepherds the other members out of the dance room. The door closes, leaving only Jungkook and Taehyung.

“What do you need help with?” Jungkook asks, cautious. Noticing the playful glint in Taehyung’s eyes and sensing something amiss, he continues, “This isn’t about dance practice, is it?”

Taehyung shakes his head, grabbing Jungkook’s hand and leading him over to where they have a good view of themselves in the full length mirrors. “You haven’t missed me?” Taehyung asks, embracing Jungkook from behind, arms wrapped around his waist.

Feeling his heart stutter in his chest, Jungkook looks at the reflection of Taehyung. Taehyung is burying his face in Jungkook’s neck, breathing in his scent, and his hands are tightly clasped around the hem of Jungkook’s shirt. “I see you every day,” Jungkook reasons, wondering what has brought about this forwardness in Taehyung – not that he minds; more of a turn on than anything, really.

“But we haven’t done anything for months,” Taehyung whines, pressing his lips to Jungkook’s neck, from his shoulder blades up. One of Taehyung’s hands slides under Jungkook’s shirt, fingers dancing across his skin and lighting a fiery trail.

Jungkook turns around, stopping Taehyung in his actions, and kisses him, chaste and barely there. “It’ll make it harder for the both of us when we eventually have to break this off,” Jungkook whispers, holding Taehyung by his waist and stroking in a manner he hopes is soothing. “If we mess around more, it’ll be harder.”

“So let’s mess around now and deal with the consequences later,” Taehyung says, giving Jungkook an open-mouthed kiss, tongue slipping into his mouth. Taehyung is already grinding up against his body, throwing his whole body into the kiss.

“Our bond isn’t purely physical, you know that right?” Jungkook manages to say when he pulls away, amazed at how Taehyung’s lips and cheeks are already red from their exertions. Taehyung smells heady too, and the scent goes straight to Jungkook’s growing erection. “There’s the emotional connection too, and—”

“Don’t tell me you’re worried about hurting me,” Taehyung says, tugging at Jungkook’s clothes and Jungkook complies, stripping off his shirt. “Don’t tell me you think that only the sex brings us closer. You know how I feel about you and about our… situation. There’s no easy way out of this where neither of us gets hurt, because that’s what being bonded means. So take your fucking pants off so we can have the best sex of our lives without having to care about what others want from us.”

“Not gonna lie, I get irrationally turned on when you get mad,” Jungkook admits, already pulling at the strings of his sweatpants and shucking them off.

“You always get irrationally turned on when it’s me,” Taehyung retorts, pulling off his own shirt and pants.

“True,” Jungkook says, realising how much of an open book he is when it comes to Taehyung.

“Okay, get on the floor,” Taehyung says, climbing atop of Jungkook once he is lying down on the floor.

“The floor is cold,” Jungkook comments, not minding so much when Taehyung settles in his lap.

“The floor is how much you love me,” Taehyung replies, pressing a kiss to Jungkook’s lips and then travelling down, littering kisses from Jungkook’s jaw to his nipples.
“H-hey, I’m sensitive there,” Jungkook says, his voice hitching as Taehyung rolls his tongue around a nub. “T-Taehyung, seriously… stop or I’ll come.”

“Seriously?” Taehyung says, flicking at Jungkook’s pert nipples one last time, a devilish grin so becoming of him. He grinds down on Jungkook’s lap, ass pressing against his erection and making him buck up. “Okay, fine. Next time though, I’m definitely going to see if you come from just having your nipples touched.”

“You are the worst,” Jungkook insists, hands on Taehyung’s thighs, “and you need to strip that down for me.”

“You need to take off your boxers too,” Taehyung replies, slipping his hand underneath the waistband of Jungkook’s boxers and pushing down the garment. Instead of removing his own underwear, Taehyung gets to rubbing his cheek against Jungkook’s dick, pre-come spreading across like a spill of white paint on a stunning piece of artwork. Before Jungkook manages to formulate any words, Taehyung is already engulfing Jungkook’s cock, creating a suction with his mouth. Jungkook chokes on his breath, thrusting up into Taehyung’s mouth, making Taehyung grin and steady Jungkook with a hand on his hip.

Taehyung runs his tongue up and down Jungkook’s length, licking the underside and the head with a vigour previously unbeknownst to either of them. “You have such a thick vein here,” Taehyung murmurs, voice barely audible as he trails one of his pretty fingers along his area of interest.

“You shouldn’t talk with your mouth full,” Jungkook replies, burying his fingers into Taehyung’s hair and tugging.

Taehyung laughs, leaving a kiss at the tip of Jungkook’s dick before he straightens. “No more dick sucking for you,” Taehyung says, hand still stroking at Jungkook’s erection. Taehyung’s eyes are warm and looking straight at Jungkook, as though to him this is more than just sex. It has to be, Jungkook reminds himself, because why else would Taehyung risk getting emotionally hurt just to be with him. Taehyung interrupts his thoughts with, “What are you thinking about, hm?”

“You,” Jungkook answers, breathing in and realising how turned on Taehyung is. Sitting up and getting a good view of Taehyung’s back from the mirror, the thought of watching Taehyung fucking himself on his dick twitch, Jungkook focuses on Taehyung in front of him instead of the reflection. Jungkook wipes away the pre-come on Taehyung’s face with his palm, thumb coming to rest on his lips. “Did you bring any condoms? Lube?”

“You know I self-lubricate when I’m horny, right?” Taehyung says, probably enjoying the sight of Jungkook blushing at the realisation. Getting onto his knees, ass in the air, he hugs his arms around Jungkook’s shoulders. Taking one of Jungkook’s hands and smacking it against his ass, he says, “I’m wet already. Won’t you fill me up, Jungkookie?”

“You,” Gulping and berating himself for forgetting such a pivotal detail, a cautious Jungkook spreads Taehyung’s cheeks, finally using the mirror to appreciate Taehyung’s body as his eyes land on Taehyung’s puckered hole and how it is wet with colourless slick – just like manufactured lube, but better, because it is Taehyung’s. Jungkook slides a finger in between, feeling the slick, and delves deeper in before he adds another finger. He hears Taehyung moan. Taehyung’s back arches as Jungkook thrusts his fingers in quicker whilst he simultaneously slaps Taehyung’s lovely round butt. Eventually, Taehyung cannot keep his pose up and even though Jungkook’s view of Taehyung’s ass disappears, he does not mind so much once Taehyung starts fucking himself on Jungkook’s fingers.

Taehyung grasps tightly at Jungkook’s shoulders, moans reverberating across the room. “A-ah,
Jungkook, just fuck me with your dick,” Taehyung begs, while Jungkook slides in another finger, taking his time in making Taehyung fall apart. Taehyung’s slick comes out in copious amounts, lubricating even the inside of his thighs. “Please, Jungkook, I need you to fill me up.”

“I-I don’t have an anti-knotting condom,” Jungkook says, slowly bringing his fingers out of Taehyung. As much as he would love to continue fingering Taehyung, he also wants to fuck Taehyung’s ass. Bringing his fingers to his lips, Jungkook licks at Taehyung’s slick, pleasantly surprised at how sweet and fruity it tastes – sweet like Taehyung. Jungkook adds rimming to his mental bucket list of things to do to Taehyung.

“Don’t care. Just knot me. I want to feel your cock,” Taehyung says, begging as he takes a hold of Jungkook’s dick and aligns it with his hole.

If Jungkook did not know any better, he would assume Taehyung to be in heat. But then Jungkook guesses whatever is happening between them now is more likely to be something induced by their bond.

When Jungkook enters Taehyung, he feels the tightness of Taehyung’s ass first as he slips past the rings of muscle, then he hears Taehyung’s heady moans, dripping of want and ecstasy. Jungkook blinks open his eyes, taking in the intoxicating sight of Taehyung fucking himself on Jungkook’s dick, bouncing so hard that his ass meets the skin of Jungkook’s thighs for only a brief second, the noise of skin slapping against skin echoing in his ears. Unable to control himself, Jungkook thrusts upwards, angling his hips to fuck deeper into Taehyung, making his moans ring louder across the practice room.

Within a few minutes, Taehyung is already growing tired at the exertion, his bouncing slowing down as he lies his body down chest-to-chest, and pressing his lips to Jungkook’s. Taehyung tastes like sweat and desire, vigour and heat. Taehyung tastes perfect – Taehyung tastes like he is made to kiss Jungkook. Every time Taehyung swirls his tongue in Jungkook’s mouth, licks into him, Jungkook wants to pull him impossibly closer until they are nothing without each other.

“You went quickly,” Jungkook teases, fondness overtaking him when he sees Taehyung pout at the insulting comment.


“Fuck you,” Jungkook groans, thrusting up as a reflex. Taehyung clearly has him wrapped around his finger, at his beck and call, and Jungkook would not have it any other way. Flipping their positions, Taehyung’s back pushed against the floor and Jungkook hovering over him, he asks, “Is this better?”

“It’s not bad,” Taehyung replies, grinning up at him, legs thrown over Jungkook’s shoulders and bent over in prime positioning, “but you could do better. You need to fuck me to the point where I can’t even talk.”

“Like this?” Jungkook says, pulling out of Taehyung only to press into him again with a desperate force. Not letting up, Jungkook continues fucking into Taehyung, his dick feeling so full like he might spill into Taehyung any moment. And his heart too – Jungkook’s heart feels so full, as though he might spill his deepest secrets: “I love you,” and “I’m scared of losing you,” if he does not stop, if he keeps going. Either way, Jungkook has both something to prove and something to lose, and fuck if he isn’t going to cherish every second he has with Taehyung. Fuck if he isn’t going to make Taehyung feel so good that he cannot fathom ever having sex with anyone apart from him. Maybe
that makes Jungkook selfish, wanting Taehyung all to himself, but when he thrusts into Taehyung and sees Taehyung’s lust-filled expression, his ruddy cheeks and his cheeky smile, Jungkook knows that nothing ever after can compare.

Nothing can compare to having Taehyung.

When Taehyung comes, his adorable face scrunching up as he orgasms and moans Jungkook’s name in the most delirious way that Jungkook is sure to tease him about later, Jungkook comes less than a second later.

“This is a bonded thing, right?” Jungkook gasps, his knot already growing, come still spurting into Taehyung. “Like us coming together?”

“Probably?” Taehyung replies, raspy, voice not all there. His breathing is laboured as he runs a hand over the come spilled onto his stomach. “I wanted you to scent mark me though.”

Jungkook’s eyes widen in surprise. “Seriously?”

“Yeah,” Taehyung says, cheeks reddening even more than they already are. Rubbing a finger through his own come, he presses the finger to Jungkook’s lips. Jungkook opens his mouth, accepting the digit and licking it clean, somehow more turned on than he thought he could be from such a simple action.

“I can still scent mark you,” Jungkook says, “after I finish knotting you.”

“And when will that be, I wonder,” Taehyung says, voice playful. His smile is full of patience, as though he will wait a thousand lifetimes for Jungkook – and Jungkook hopes that such a reality is shared.

Although Jungkook has finished coming, his dick is sensitive, and with his knot formed, he can intimately feel the walls of Taehyung’s asshole. Taehyung is the one who takes the initiative to surge forward, wrapping his arms Jungkook and pressing a kiss to his lips, all the while Jungkook’s dick is inside him.

“Baby, you were so good,” Taehyung says, half-sitting in Jungkook’s lap.

Jungkook moans into the kiss, surprised by how he is still affected by Taehyung even now. Every movement Taehyung makes while Jungkook is still knotting him is made tenfold more pleasurable, more intimate just from the proximity – from the bond, maybe. Every miniscule movement Taehyung makes has Jungkook close to orgasm again, stars in the back of his eyelids. His heart beating furiously, Jungkook is afraid to say a word, lest he come in Taehyung’s ass from the flirtatious bat of Taehyung’s eyelashes or from a fiery smirk upon his red lips.

“Jungkook,” Taehyung calls, even though he is less than a heartbeat away. “Jungkook, you okay baby?”

“I’m okay,” Jungkook mumbles, squeezing his eyes shut as another orgasm rips through him, more vicious than the previous, and catching Taehyung by surprise.

“Orgasm again, seriously?” Taehyung says, giggling as he feels the come being plugged inside him thanks to Jungkook’s knot. Albeit a major element of scent marking, it seems as though Taehyung wants to go the whole distance today.

“It’s only fair, since I have to go through ruts,” Jungkook replies, stilling himself by placing his hands on Taehyung’s hips, scared to look in the mirror and see how out of it he might look.
“Although I heard that since bonded mates can have their strong emotions bleed into each other, I guess you’ll be able to experience them too.”

“Oh, yeah, really?” Taehyung says, circling his hips so that he can feel Jungkook’s knot and making Jungkook tighten his grip on Taehyung’s hips, wanting to minimise the sensitivity. To Jungkook’s surprise, Taehyung also seems to be affected, a soft moan escaping his lips when the tip of Jungkook’s dick presses up against Taehyung’s prostate.

Jungkook attempts to distract himself from the overwhelming sensations by kissing Taehyung. Not until he comes for a third time does Jungkook’s knot start deflating, and when Jungkook pulls out of Taehyung, he finds his come dripping out of Taehyung’s ass. Moving behind Taehyung so that both of them are facing the mirror, Jungkook presses a kiss to Taehyung’s sweaty neck, wanting to leave a hickey.

“Fuck, I really filled you up, huh,” Jungkook comments, unable to take his eyes away from the sight as he pushes his fingers in Taehyung’s hole, burying his hand to the knuckles.

“No need to state the obvious,” Taehyung says, rendered breathless at Jungkook plugging him up again, resting his arms and head on the mirror, breath warming up the glass. “How the fuck do you have so much stamina, you muscle pig? Maybe I should start working out too.”

“I’d be happy to show you the ropes,” Jungkook says, beginning to thrust his fingers in and out of Taehyung.

The double innuendo does not go unnoticed by Taehyung, who manages to laugh a little before he is thrown off by Jungkook moving his fingers in and out. Jungkook then pulls his fingers out, trailing them up Taehyung’s ass, up the small of his back and then towards the front, where both of them can see how Jungkook marks Taehyung’s whole body with his scent. Jungkook laves his come across Taehyung’s stomach first, moving up to his pert nipples and playing with them, before he arrives at his collarbones, dusting a thin streak of white across.

“You’re mine,” Jungkook says, finality in his voice as he presses his lips to Taehyung’s neck, holding his gaze in the mirror. “Mine.”

“You’re mine too, Jungkook,” Taehyung says, lapping a finger at the come on his clavicle and bringing it to his tongue to taste, his strong gaze never wavering. “Mine.”

Jungkook has no idea what takes over him – call it passion, love, what have you – but he kisses Taehyung again, more desperate this time, filled with all the longing his heart could possibly possess and then some more. “Everyone’s gonna know what we did when they smell us,” Jungkook says, rubbing his nose against Taehyung’s.

Taehyung laughs, free and unanchored by the anxieties of tomorrow. “No regrets,” Taehyung replies. “I want everyone to know what we are to each other.”

“Yeah? Me too,” Jungkook admits, finally gaining the courage to bite a bruise on Taehyung’s neck, wanting to leave more than just an olfactory mark. Maybe it is foolish of them to want something as simple as professing their love for each other when their careers are reliant on seeming available to their fans, but Jungkook knows there is nothing he would want to change – because having Taehyung is enough, and it always will be.
The reprimands and warnings come from all possible directions – not only their managers but even the members of BTS and CEO Bang. For the duration of the scent marking, both of them are prevented from stepping into public without a strong scent-masking perfume and medication that quells their desires for each other. Whatever preventative steps Big Hit Entertainment had previously been taking immediately increased tenfold after Jungkook’s first time with Taehyung.

Go hard or go home, right?

Jungkook expects the reactions, but what he does not expect is for Taehyung to start avoiding him.

“I mean, I get that Taehyung probably was told off by CEO Bang just like I was, but I didn’t think he’d listen to him, y’know? I thought the bond was stronger than that?” Jungkook says, complaining in the kitchen. He has no idea where Taehyung is today. He has had no idea about Taehyung’s whereabouts for the past few days, when they do not have group schedules together, and even when they do, Taehyung avoids him and rushes over to Jimin. Today, Taehyung had not been at the dance studio, nor practising his vocals. He was not at home either, so he was out – somewhere, and the uncertainty of his whereabouts had Jungkook feeling jittery.

“You guys both are taking suppressant medication now, right?” Namjoon asks, trying his best to play the role of both a good hyung and a good leader. Where would Jungkook be without him, honestly?

“I’m sure the medication is definitely playing a role in hampering your bond, so there’s that. I don’t know where Taehyung is either, but I’m sure he’s thinking of you too.”

“God, Namjoon hyung, you make it sound as if he died or something,” Jungkook comments, finding it difficult not to laugh despite the stressful situation.

“Sorry,” Namjoon says, patting Jungkook’s shoulder before he makes his way back to his bedroom.

“If you’re going to stay up to wait for him to come home, just… try to sleep well. We have a schedule tomorrow.”

Jungkook nods, thanking Namjoon. Sitting on the couch and staring blankly at the television screen in front of him, Jungkook crosses his legs, finding it hard to believe that he is sacrificing his sleep just to stay up for Taehyung. Just to wait for Taehyung. His texts and calls have gone unanswered, so when he tries again at two in the morning, he does not expect Taehyung to actually pick up.

“Hey,” Jungkook says, trying not come across as clingy or desperate. Fuck, why was he getting insecure now? “Where are you? Where have you been? What are you doing right now?”

“Me?” Taehyung’s deep voice calms Jungkook in a heartbeat. “We’re just…”

Jungkook’s mind swims around the we – the we that does not refer to him and Taehyung together, but Taehyung outside with someone else at this time of night. Afraid to pry out any more details, Jungkook simply asks, “When are you getting home?”

There is a pause. Possibly Taehyung checking the time on his phone, or it could be Taehyung pulling a disgruntled face at whomever he is with. Jungkook tries not to let his imagination run wild. Taehyung says, “I’ll probably get home around three.”

“Yeah, okay,” Jungkook replies, almost robotically. He hangs up, swallowing the lump in his throat, feeling like there are a billion boundaries between two co-workers in the idol industry and how Jungkook has crossed every one of them by being with Taehyung – by being bonded with Taehyung – the way he is.
A heat rushes over him – but wholly different to the sexual nature of the ruts he has experienced before. This one is comprised of jealousy, of disappointment, of ire, of self-loathing, of every emotion he did not know he could ever associate with Taehyung. And even that makes Jungkook want to bury his face in his hands, fuming at how overtly he is reacting to such a minor issue. For all he knows, Taehyung could be doing something completely innocuous, but here he is, overreacting like the stereotypical possessive alpha. Jungkook knows he has it bad. He has it so fucking bad.

Watching the minutes pass, staring absentmindedly at his phone, waiting and waiting, Jungkook knows he is too attached to Taehyung, knows that even if he is bonded to Taehyung he is not owed any control over Taehyung’s life. Even if they are bonded, they are two distinct beings, with their own friends, with their own interests outside of each other. Calming himself down with deep breaths, Jungkook focuses on trying not to come across as an alpha asshole with whatever conversation he will have with Taehyung – if Taehyung sticks around long enough for them to have a conversation.

When the time reaches way past three, when Jungkook’s eyes have already grown tired and were beginning to close, the main door opens and Taehyung comes in, Sejin in tow. Sejin is understandably exhausted, not bothering to stop Jungkook from rushing forward and pulling Taehyung into a hug.

“Just no sex, please. I don’t want to be rebuked by CEO Bang again,” Sejin mutters, walking away from them at breakneck speed towards his own bedroom and giving them much needed privacy.

Smelling a distinct scent on Taehyung – another alpha’s scent that is clearly not Jungkook’s – he freezes in the hug. Not that it matters, because Taehyung does not return the embrace with any sort of earnestness, seeming almost nervous to be around Jungkook as he steps out of his shoes and then around Jungkook.

“Taehyung,” Jungkook calls, taking a deep breath to calm his internal turmoil only to breathe in more of that exasperating scent. He is almost afraid to ask, but he does anyway. “Who’ve you been with?”

“This guy…” Taehyung says, eyes on the floor. “Kim Minjae, he’s an actor. We’re just friends. I was out with him.”

Taehyung has a lot of friends – this has always been a certainty of life, even before Jungkook had stepped into Taehyung’s life. In fact, if it had not been for Taehyung’s ability to charm and make friends as easily as he does, Jungkook knows how much longer it would have taken for him to warm up to the rest of BTS. But, somehow, for some reason, this, right now, does not sit well with Jungkook.

“Out until now? We have a schedule tomorrow,” Jungkook says, keeping his tone in check, not wanting to start a fight. “I’ve been worried about you.”

“You don’t need to worry about me,” Taehyung says, now sounding incredibly sad. “I was just filming for something.”

“Filming what?” Jungkook asks, remembering all the drama scripts Taehyung has been pouring through. “A drama? You’re filming now? How come I didn’t know?”

“Ah, no, it’s not a drama,” Taehyung says, biting at his lower lip. When his eyes meet Jungkook’s, he looks apologetic, but for what, Jungkook is unsure of yet. “It was for this show called Celebrity Bromance. It’s a stupid name, I know, but… I didn’t have much of a choice.”

Jungkook’s throat goes dry. “What do you mean you didn’t have a choice?”
“They’re separating us, Jungkook. They’re really going to try and break the bond,” Taehyung says, looking as though he wants to hug Jungkook but knowing that it would be a terrible idea with Minjae’s scent on him. After all, scenting only ever occurs after close, intimate contact with another individual. “And all because I wanted to have sex with you.”

“What they’re doing is stupid,” Jungkook argues, trying to keep his voice down. If only he were less weak, then he could hug Taehyung without having to think about someone else’s scent being on him. “We’re teammates. We can’t just not be together. There’s no way they’d successfully break us apart. That’s just stupid.”

“Is it really, Jungkook?” Taehyung asks, despondent, as though he has given up on fighting for them, for what they have, for their bond. “You can feel it too? Your heart… you can feel your doubts clenching your heart so tightly that it’s hard for us to even think about each other. What they’re doing to us – it’s already working, and I don’t know how to stop it without throwing everything away…”

The last thing Jungkook wants is for Taehyung to leave him, but even more than that, Jungkook realises, is that he does not want to drive him away because of his own feelings. So even if he feels overwhelmed and his mind is screaming at him to do everything and anything to keep Taehyung, he knows that they both have their futures to think about, even if those futures do not involve them being bonded as mates.

Jungkook steps forward and pulls Taehyung into a hug, surprising him. “It’s okay, Taehyung,” Jungkook reassures, rubbing Taehyung’s back. He tries not to breathe, not just because of the smell of someone else, but also because he is scared if he does anything more, he may break into a thousand pieces. “It’s okay. We’ll be okay. We’ll be fine. You just keep doing what you’re doing, and I’ll keep doing what I’m doing, and I’m sure both of us will be fine—”

“No!” Taehyung cups Jungkook’s face and reiterates, “No. I might have a million and one schedules coming up that will take me away from you, but it’s not going to make me stop loving you. No matter the distance, no matter what other people say, I still want to be the one – I still want to be yours.”

Taehyung leans forward, and Jungkook meets him halfway, kissing him with every emotion pushed to the forefront, as though Taehyung will leave him tomorrow without a second to say goodbye if he does not say it now. Taehyung breaks the kiss only to pull Jungkook towards the couch and continue the make-up make-out.

Jungkook loses track of how long they have been kissing, but when he pulls away, he suggests, “Let’s run away, you and me. Let’s run away somewhere where they can’t find us, even if it’s just for a day. Let’s be together, where no one can tell us that we can’t be together.”

Taehyung grins, looping his arms around Jungkook’s body and holding him tight. “Okay, where should we go? Jeju? Finland? Austria?”

“Maybe somewhere close by, where we know the language,” Jungkook suggests, unable to resist pressing his lips to Taehyung’s neck. Even if Taehyung has someone else’s scent hanging off him like an unwanted stranger, Jungkook can still attempt to replace it with his own.

“I think it’d be romantic getting lost in a country where we don’t understand any bit of the language, don’t you?” Taehyung says, sounding very much like himself now.

“Only with you, I’d be willing to deal with that,” Jungkook admits, laughing when Taehyung huffs in mock offence. “Jeju sounds good. We should plan a trip to go there.”
“Yeah, I will. Don’t worry, hyung will do all the planning,” Taehyung says, still not letting go.

“Lies, you’ll get me to do all the planning like one day before the actual trip,” Jungkook retorts.

“Sounds like a plan.”

When they fall asleep, it is in each other’s arms.

When it is time to fly to their next destination for the Taiwanese event in their schedule, Jungkook is unable to stop the smile on his face when Taehyung clings to his back. Now, Taehyung smells less like a stranger and more like him – less like the fear of losing someone dear and more like the feeling of coming home.

Jungkook only realises the extent of the company’s plan to separate them – to break the bond, when Taehyung lands the role of Hansung in the KBS historical drama, Hwarang, and their time together becomes severely limited. Taehyung does not even have the time to attend some BTS events, so whenever they are together, Jungkook tries so hard to keep close to him. Sometimes, they are instructed not to interact with each other – and those are the hardest of times, with Jungkook having to sneak in a touch when he assumes no one is looking. At the very least, Taehyung reciprocates.

FIRE era comes and goes quickly. Jungkook decides that touching Taehyung, even on camera, is worth the consequences. Since tearing them apart might cause the fans to realise something is abnormal, the managers cannot do anything whenever they do show affection to each other, leaving their only options to be admonishing them and trying to prevent them from ever coming together in the first place.

In addition, Jungkook is told to appear on Celebrity Bromance, with a senior who is more than a decade older than him. The interactions are awkward, but Jungkook tries to make the most of it, since Lee Minwoo is someone who he does admire.

Their break comes when they go abroad to film for Bon Voyage in the Scandinavian countries of Sweden and Norway, although it is less of a holiday, and more of a way to promote V App Plus. Jungkook is less than surprised to find out that Taehyung is unable to fly the same day as them – Taehyung is kept busy to keep him away from his bonded mate all in the hopes of severing their bond; and, because the managers know their precedent for joining the mile high club. It had been Jungkook’s fault for leaving hickeys in a noticeable area after all. But since this trip is a manager-less trip, and the V App crew does not know about them, the managers refuse to give them the opportunity to use even the flight as a means to strengthen their scandalous affair.

The first day, without Taehyung, is lonely, but separation from him is something Jungkook has gradually grown used to. The other members try to cheer him up, even bringing out the competitive side of him to distract him. Jimin reminds him, “At least, tomorrow when we see him, you’ll be able to be as touchy-feely and affectionate as you like since the managers can’t do anything about it.”

Jungkook realises the truth to Jimin’s words when Taehyung appears the very next day. Jungkook senses Taehyung’s scent first, his body already reacting and turning towards him, unable to stop himself from reaching out and running his hand through Taehyung’s hair, settling his hand at his nape. Taehyung returns the action, although both of them are vigilant of the cameras on them,
keeping up their idol appearances as much as they can. Even if Taehyung’s entrance makes
Jungkook want to lean across and kiss him. Even if Taehyung’s presence makes Jungkook’s heart
shake and quiver as though he is experiencing his first love all over again. Perhaps Taehyung is his
first love.

Jungkook wants to treasure the most of his time on this short trip with Taehyung. Whenever they are
split into groups, Jungkook always tries to be in Taehyung’s group, whether it is for shopping for
groceries or for going to a restaurant to eat.

One day, while they are on board a train, when they are meant to play a secret camera prank on
Taehyung, Jungkook watches on in silence as Taehyung and the others quarrel over the seriousness
of losing a passport overseas. Seokjin is sitting between them, although Jungkook is sure that
Taehyung can sense the worry coming from him. Not worry about the consequences of Taehyung
losing his bag – since the camera crew have it – but worry about whether Taehyung will internalise
the emotions of the fight afterwards.

Taehyung seems to sense something amiss, moving to sit next to Hoseok, opposite Seokjin.
Taehyung catches Jungkook’s glance for a second before Jungkook looks away, hoping the bond
does not give him away. The quarrel escalates, with both Taehyung and Seokjin raising their voices
at each other.

Fidgeting, Jungkook looks everywhere except at Taehyung.

When Taehyung storms off, Jungkook gulps, thankful that the main cameraman has followed after
Taehyung because everyone in the carriage can smell Jungkook’s pheromones. The sight of
Taehyung getting so worked up has Jungkook’s dick twitching in his pants.

“Oh my god, please don’t tell me Taehyung getting angry turns you on,” Jimin says, making a
grossed out face.

“Shut up, I can’t help it if I think he’s hot when he’s being intense,” Jungkook says, hiding his face
in his hands for a millisecond before he realises the cameraman is coming back, and so is Taehyung.

The prank is a failure – Taehyung is too intuitive and had caught on long before. Taehyung notices
the change in Jungkook’s scent, even meets his wide eyes and bites at his lip, before he explains how
obvious the whole prank was. Thankfully, Taehyung does not mention Jungkook’s scent giving
anything away.

If the V App crew did not know before, they must be figuring out something is going on between
him and Taehyung. And Jungkook realises, having been hiding his bond with Taehyung for so long,
he doesn’t give a fuck if they do find out.

The days pass by quickly – too quickly for Jungkook’s liking, too quickly for his own camera to
document every detail he wishes he could capture forever. Every smile of Taehyung’s, every time
Taehyung’s eyes meet his, every sunrise and sunset with Taehyung by his side – Jungkook holds
onto every second as though they are the fibres woven into the fabric of his very being.

Taehyung ends up lost somewhere in the countryside one time, to which Jungkook is unsurprised to
discover, and even less surprised when he hears how well Taehyung dealt with being lost. Jungkook
wishes he had photographed Taehyung’s little adventure of freedom, but he promises himself he will
get the chance to do so when they go on their own little trip to Jeju sometime in the near future.

Eventually, all of them land in a camping caravan, and when the morning sun is rising, while the
camera crew are still asleep, Jungkook sneaks onto the lower bunk where Taehyung is sleeping.
Placing his hand on Taehyung’s waist, he greets, “Hey.”

Taehyung makes a noise, acknowledging his presence but still deep in sleep. He wraps an arm around Jungkook’s body, bringing him close enough to cuddle.

“This kinda feels like a honeymoon, don’t you think?” Jungkook comments, not minding that Taehyung won’t remember this one-sided conversation when he wakes up. Watching Taehyung’s face while he sleeps, Jungkook wishes he could have every mesmerising expression of Taehyung’s tattooed on his heart, wanting to keep and cherish every memory. Although they sleep together often, this is the first time in a long while, and fuck it if Jungkook isn’t going to make the most of it. Pressing a kiss to Taehyung’s forehead, Jungkook himself is lulled to sleep as well, finding comfort and his home in Taehyung’s arms.

After an unknown amount of hours pass, rays of sunlight already illuminating the inside of the caravan, Jungkook feels Taehyung rouse beside him. “What are you doing here?” Taehyung asks, to which Jungkook mumbles something incoherent. “What am I doing here?” Taehyung questions, confused, before he rests on the pillow again, not seeming to mind Jungkook’s presence. Jungkook can even sense his contentment through his scent.

Lids heavy, Jungkook can barely open his eyes to share the moment of waking up together with his bonded mate, but when he feels Taehyung press a soft kiss to his arm, he realises there is no need – because Taehyung will always be by his side, will always want to be there by him, that this is not an issue of unreciprocated feelings but a matter of their reputation and careers simply being difficult to manage in conjunction to their relationship. But having Taehyung settle back into the bed and sleep beside him, Jungkook’s apprehension is alleviated, even if only temporarily.

By the time Jungkook wakes up properly and Taehyung is awake too, he takes Taehyung’s hand in his and places it on his heart. “This whole trip made me even less willing to let you go,” Jungkook says. “I wasn’t willing to break the bond, but now, they’re really gonna have to literally tear us apart.”

“Me too, Jungkook, but let’s not think of sad things when we can enjoy the most of now,” Taehyung says, groping Jungkook’s firm chest and pressing against a nipple.

Jungkook laughs, then sober up straight away when he says, “Oh shit, I think there’s cameras in this room.”

“You only just realised?” Taehyung queries, raising an eyebrow.

“I was too distracted by you,” Jungkook answers honestly. “I hope they cut all of what we were doing, else Big Hit is gonna get mad at us for never listening to them.”

“God, we’re going to give CEO Bang a heart attack at this rate,” Taehyung says, “but when we go on our own little trip, I think it’ll be a lot of fun like this was.”

“Except no one will be watching over us, which will be even better.”

“Oh, and this whole time I thought you were into exhibitionism,” Taehyung teases, leaning forward, meeting Jungkook for a chaste kiss. “Okay, okay, let’s get out of bed before the hyungs get angry at us for taking so long to get ready.”
The entertainment industry is never smooth sailing. These days, BTS are growing more and more popular, particularly after their release of *Blood, Sweat and Tears*, but Taehyung is seeming more and more distant.

Even when they are on stage celebrating a win on a music show, Taehyung is swamped by others who congratulate him on doing so well. Even when they are at awards shows, Jungkook watches on with a tang of bitterness on his tongue, seeing Taehyung hug Minho, one of his *Hwarang* cast members and a senior in the music industry. Even worse is when Minho’s hand gropes Taehyung’s ass and Taehyung laughs, completely used to being touched so intimately by people who are not Jungkook that has Jungkook seeing red and charging forward with a forced, polite smile on his face, attempting to detach them.

If anyone senses something amiss, no one mentions it. Taehyung brushes off Jungkook’s touch like it means nothing to him, going off to mingle with the other celebrities a while longer.

“It’s the separation thing they’re forcing on Taehyung,” Jungkook complains to Jimin afterwards when they are in the van, heading back to their dorms. The managers know better than to have Jungkook and Taehyung in the same vehicle these days. “I know the executives at Big Hit have this whole plan on separating us, but why are they making Taehyung do everything? They blamed him for it when we first bonded when clearly, I wanted to bond too. And now, they’re punishing him again. I hate not being able to see him.”

“You see him every day,” Jimin says, patting Jungkook’s head like an owner might pet a rowdy puppy.

“You know what I mean,” Jungkook replies. “I see him. I can smell him. I can sense him nearby. But I can’t touch him, can’t even brush by him without a manager jumping on me like I’ve committed a crime.”

“You’re the alpha in the relationship, right?” Jimin says, a close friend who helps bridge him and Taehyung at times like these. “They probably think it’ll be easier to break the relationship if you’re kept in the dark, and they make Taehyung do whatever it is he has to do, since being an omega, he probably seems a lot more docile than you. They’re probably also trying to exploit your alpha instincts to break the bond by making Taehyung never around long enough to satisfy the bond.”

“I don’t get why Taehyung can’t just tell me what’s going on!” Jungkook groans.

“Maybe it’s in his contract,” Jimin reasons. “He’s the only omega in our group, but I’m sure like all the other omega contracts out there, there’s some confidentiality thing or whatever shit that makes it impossible for him to tell you without some problem arising. And you know how much Taehyung wants to protect you.”

“I don’t need protection. I’m not fifteen anymore,” Jungkook retorts, his anger fizzing out when he realises that no matter what he does, he is going to hurt Taehyung. All because of a decision they had both made when they were young. “I love him. I don’t understand why they can’t just let us be.”

“You know why,” Jimin says, frowning in pity. “Come on, let’s take a selca to fulfil our quota.”

“It’s so fucking stupid,” Jungkook mutters, “that they want me to seem like I’m close to everyone except him. They know I love him.”

“He’s as scared as you, Jungkook,” Jimin says, holding his phone up to take a few photos to post on
their Twitter. They both force smiles, and once Jimin has tweeted the pictures, he continues, “You know he started taking art therapy to deal with this? I don’t think he’s holding up as well as you think he might be.”

“Fucking hell.” Jungkook takes a deep breath, feeling his heart ache again and wishing he could just be there for Taehyung. To sneak into his bedroom and crawl under the covers beside him. To hold him in his arms and be the resolution both of them are seeking. “What were they thinking, honestly? Forcing him to break the bond—you know what, fuck them. Seriously, where is Taehyung right now? Do you know? I don’t remember seeing him get in the vans with us.”

Jimin hesitates before he tells him. “He’s out with one of the cast members in Hwarang. I don’t think you should wait up for him. He’s going to come home smelling like his co-star, and no matter how much you’re going to try and resist the feelings of jealousy, you’re still definitely going to feel that. The alpha inside you – the bond between you two is going to react and consider it a betrayal, no matter what your head says.”

“Then I have to talk to CEO Bang about this,” Jungkook says, already decided on his plan of action. Noticing Jimin’s warning look, he reassures him, “Don’t worry, I won’t fuck anything up for Taehyung. It’s time I’m the one protecting him.”

When Jungkook manages to corner Taehyung in his room for a conversation, he notices that Taehyung is texting and smiling at his phone. Not just smiling, but grinning – the expression lighting up his face in the way only happiness does.

“Who are you talking to?” Jungkook asks, attempting to not let his jealousy get the better of him. He has something he needs to tell Taehyung but his curiosity has him by the throat.

“Uh… Bogum…” Taehyung says, reluctance brought on by knowing full well how touchy of a topic it is. Bogum and Taehyung have gone out on numerous dates before – just as friends, as Taehyung has emphasised on multiple occasions. But Bogum is an alpha, and if Jungkook himself was not dating Taehyung, he would have made the assumption that Taehyung was dating Bogum based on how close they are.

Jungkook has no intention in trying to control who Taehyung hangs out with, so he stops dilly-dallying and skips straight to what he came here to say: “I told CEO Bang about the trip we were planning for Jeju.”

Taehyung’s reaction is instantaneous. His nostrils flare. Shock and betrayal are etched on his face. “Why?” he asks, hand curling into a fist. “Why would you tell him about that?”

“Because we shouldn’t go together,” Jungkook replies, unable to look Taehyung in the eyes. “You should go with someone else though. I know spring is a great time to visit Jeju.”

“But why did you tell him? It was meant to be our secret.” Taehyung shoves at Jungkook’s shoulders, taking him by surprise. Taehyung is not the violent type, and in fact, the last person who would ever instigate a fight. “Why, Jungkook? Why would you do that?”

Grabbing Taehyung by his flailing arms and stopping him in his actions, Jungkook then keeps a fair distance, attempting to seem cold and standoffish, and says, “Just go with someone else, okay?
Running away together was a stupid idea anyway.”

“You’re stupid!” Taehyung cries, voice shrill and face contorted in ire. He lowers his voice, remembering that others are sleeping. “This Jeju trip we were planning has literally been the only thing I’m looking forward to. This Jeju trip was meant to be the oasis both of us were going to escape to after having to deal with this whole forced separation shit. What the fuck do you mean you ruined it on purpose? Do you not want us to work out or something? Is this too much for you? Am I too much for you?”

“What? No, it’s not like that,” Jungkook replies, running a hand through his own hair, wanting to calm Taehyung but knowing it would be detrimental to his plan. This whole time, Taehyung had been the one forced to carry out the heart-breaking in a bid to break their bond. This time though, Jungkook knows something had to be done to stop this disastrous mess from continuing on. It had been his feelings for Taehyung that had started this so many years ago.

It should be his feelings for Taehyung that ends this.

“I know we haven’t talked much and I’ve been avoiding you because they tell me to—”

“Just stop, Taehyung. It’s okay,” Jungkook says, lying through gritted teeth. “You don’t have to pretend anymore.”

“Pretend what?” Taehyung steps forward.

“Pretend that you love me,” Jungkook says, stepping back and keeping his emotions at bay. The last thing he needs is for Taehyung to look right through him and realise that Jungkook is pushing him away on purpose for Taehyung’s sake. This is all for Taehyung’s good, Jungkook reminds himself. “I was wondering why the bond was barely there, and then I realised it’s because it really did break.”

“What do you mean? I can still feel it,” Taehyung argues. “I don’t believe you.”

“Yeah, because it’s… just you, now. It’s just the vestiges of our bond – of course, it’s gonna take some time for it to fully disappear. But you’re gonna realise, once you’re far away from me, that the bond really isn’t there anymore,” Jungkook says. “And it takes two to make the bond work, and I didn’t know how to tell you this, so that’s why I told CEO Bang about the Jeju trip because it’s just not a good idea for us to go together, especially when we don’t feel the same about each other anymore, y’know? I even went and got the prescribed pills to break the bond, since CEO Bang also wasn’t convinced. But he saw me take the pills in front of him, and after I told him about our plan to elope in Jeju, he finally understood I was serious about breaking the bond to make all of this stop. So you don’t have to do anything you don’t want to anymore. You’re finally free to be with whoever you want.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Taehyung says, grabbing Jungkook’s shoulders and moving to cup his face. Before Jungkook can duck away, Taehyung kisses him, harsh and fierce, all without the certainty of tomorrow and it has Jungkook’s heart speeding up. Jungkook pushes him away as soon as he can. Taehyung watches him with pleading eyes, saying, “Don’t tell me you don’t feel anything, because I know you do.”

“I just feel sorry for you. That’s all, Taehyung. I’m really sorry,” Jungkook says, glad his scent masking agent is preventing Taehyung from figuring out whether he is being honest or not. “This wasn’t how I wanted to end it, but with how everything is going, it’s better now than never. At least we can return to being friends now.”

“Well, my heart fucking hurts,” Taehyung says, biting on his lip. Jungkook is afraid Taehyung might
cry. Taehyung hardly ever cries. Taehyung has always been the stronger one out of them, but then again, Taehyung is never reluctant to reveal his vulnerabilities to him, as though he believes Jungkook will never be the one hurting him. Taehyung’s hand is clutching at his chest, his eyes aggrieved. “My heart hurts so fucking much… I-I… I…”

Jungkook extends his hand.


Jungkook worries at his lip with his teeth, wondering if he really should leave Taehyung like this. But then he sees Taehyung shaking, overcome with emotions, and Jungkook takes a step forward, wanting to embrace him only to have Taehyung shout, “Leave!”

Scurrying out of the room, Jungkook shuts the door, resting his head on it and taking a deep, shaky breath. It is only when he hears a sob that Jungkook feels it too – the tangible feeling of heartbreak, the aching that feels like it might shatter his heart into infinite pieces, and Jungkook wonders if the plan he has set in motion will actually work and save Taehyung, or if he has only punished Taehyung more.

* *

Taehyung does end up going to Jeju. The person he takes is Park Bogum, an actor loved by the nation. Jungkook doesn’t know Bogum well, but he knows Taehyung has gone on numerous outings with Bogum and considers him a close friend. Jungkook has never had reason to be jealous of Bogum before – until now.

Jungkook finds out about it when Taehyung uploads the innumerable selcas he has taken with Bogum in the group’s Kakao chat. Photographs of Taehyung and Bogum in a field of yellow flowers, Taehyung grinning at Bogum as he stands before the sea, Taehyung and Bogum together on a futon.

Jimin’s message in the group chat reads: So cute! You should post on twitter too!

Taehyung’s reply is instant: Don’t want the fans stalking us. I’ll upload them there later.

Even after the group conversation goes silent, Jungkook pours through the photographs, finding an acrid taste in his mouth seeing how happy Taehyung is without him, how Taehyung is enjoying the couple trip with Bogum. He should be happy for Taehyung – because Taehyung is finally no longer governed by the politics of their bond, because Taehyung is free to choose who he wants to be with. Because Taehyung is happy, Jungkook should be happy.

Jungkook wonders if he is selfish for not feeling that way. Jungkook considers sending Taehyung messages along the lines of: “I wish I was the one who could make you happy,” and “I miss you and I wish I was the one there with you,” but realises he should not exacerbate the situation anymore by saying things he cannot promise.

Sighing, Jungkook throws his phone onto his pillow and heads over to his wardrobe, rifling through for one of Taehyung’s shirts that he had left behind. Taking one of Taehyung’s Gucci shirts in his hand and wondering why Taehyung would leave something so expensive in his wardrobe, Jungkook shrugs his shoulders and brings the shirt to his nose. Breathing in, Jungkook smells the familiar,
nostalgic scent of Taehyung. Even if there are only lingering traces of his scent on his clothes, Jungkook can feel him as closely as a warm embrace, the memories of their time together burning up a fire within him.

Taking Taehyung’s shirt with him to bed, Jungkook considers sending message to Taehyung. Considers calling him up and hearing his voice. Considers ruining his date with Bogum, out of pettiness and jealousy. Differing plans run through his mind, but breathing in Taehyung’s scent again, Jungkook quashes his irrational emotions and decides he will wait.

Jungkook can only hope Taehyung is willing to wait too.

Jungkook is not given chance to explain his actions straight away, left to imbue his emotions in his vocalisation of Spring Day. Neither of them have to attend meetings with CEO Bang about their relationship anymore, nor do the managers have to watch them with eagle eyes now. Jungkook is given more freedom, even becoming close friends with other ’97 liners in the idol industry. Likewise, Taehyung hangs out with his own friends, leaving Jungkook to watch on with a cloud of disappointment hanging over him.

Jungkook knows it is his own fault for creating a divide that seems irreparable. Jungkook knows that the more he delays telling Taehyung the truth, the less of a chance he will be able to return their relationship to what it previously was. Jungkook knows many things, but he also sees that Taehyung is happy and healthy, even without him, and that should be sufficient. That should be all Taehyung needs in his life, right? There is no need to add himself to the equation and complicate things once more.

“He doesn’t need me to be happy,” Jungkook says, sighing to himself.

“Are you talking about Taehyung?” comes Namjoon’s voice, albeit muffled. A toothbrush is in his mouth, toothpaste all across his lips, and he is looking at Jungkook with an eyebrow raised.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to talk aloud,” Jungkook says, waving Namjoon off and staring at the members of the ’97 liner Kakao group conversation. Maybe he should invite Yugyeom to go bowling with him instead of always going by his lonesome. Bowling had been a new sport he had taken up to distract himself from how much he missed Taehyung.

Namjoon finishes washing up and then stands before Jungkook, arms on his hips. “About Taehyung, I think you should talk to him. I know you two have been ignoring each other – or at least, avoiding each other without making it seem too suspicious to others who might not know you. But I still see those longing glances of yours and I know there’s something that you’re not saying. So, because I’m the leader and have to mediate conflicts like these, am I going to have to lock you and Taehyung in a room to resolve everything, or are you going to fix it yourself?”

“Is he in his room?” Jungkook asks.

Namjoon shakes his head. “No, he went out.”

“Do you know where?”

“Not sure. You’ll have to ask him.”
Jungkook nods. “Okay, I’ll try to resolve what’s going on, hyung.”

Namjoon pats Jungkook on the shoulder. “That’s good to hear. I’ll be going to bed now. Don’t stay up too late.”

Clicking on Taehyung’s contact details, Jungkook dials his number. The call rings for a few seconds before it gets rejected. Jungkook pauses, feeling his heart in his throat. This is the first time a call of his to Taehyung has been rejected, but then again, this is the first time he has tried to contact Taehyung outside of working hours.

Jungkook is given reprieve from his concerns when he receives a text from Taehyung that reads: *What?*

Jungkook replies with a text asking where Taehyung is, and some seconds after, he receives the address of an art gallery. Unsure as to why an art gallery is open this late at night, Jungkook shrugs his shoulders and grabs a coat before he heads out.

Grabbing a taxi, Jungkook gives the driver the address, which is only a fifteen minute drive away. When he steps out, the cool air has Jungkook wrapping his black woollen coat tighter around him, even as the thought of seeing Taehyung again, in private, lights a fire within him.

Much to his surprise, the art gallery is not devoid of patrons. There is a *Post-Impressionism Exhibit* currently on, and although Jungkook does not know the names of any painters, he does recognise the name Van Gogh. With determination, Jungkook stalks along the paths of the art gallery, trying to find Taehyung as speedily as he can.

He finds Taehyung, first sensing his scent nearby and then following after it. Then when he sees Taehyung staring at a painting of the starry night, Jungkook steps up beside Taehyung and says, “Hey.”

Taehyung does not turn to face him. His nose wrinkles, as though smelling something he does not like, or something unfamiliar – Jungkook tries not to think too much about what it could be. But Taehyung does reply with, “Hi Jungkook.”

“What are you doing here?” Jungkook asks.

Taehyung is wearing clear-framed glasses, a beanie covering his soft, brown hair. “Soothing my soul,” Taehyung answers in complete seriousness. “What are you doing here?”

So Taehyung is still undertaking art therapy? Or at the very least, he had something troubling in his life that was making him turn to art. Jungkook replies, “How are you doing?”

“How do you think I’m doing?” Taehyung finally looks away from the painting and at Jungkook, levelling him with a stare that has his heart pounding loudly in his chest. Jungkook wonders how no one else can hear the din in his chest.

“Not well?” Jungkook hazards a guess. When Taehyung does not reply immediately, Jungkook continues on. “I wanted—needed to talk to you about something. It’s about our bond…”

“You mean the bond you broke?” Taehyung deadpans. “The relationship that the managers and the company executives no longer bother us about?”

“That’s the thing. I didn’t break it,” Jungkook says, noticing the spark of hope that flickers in Taehyung’s eyes and how it disappears in less than a second. “I’m being serious. I didn’t take any of those pills that were supposed to break the bond. I threw them out the second I got them and replaced
them all with sugar pills so that when I took them in front of CEO Bang, he would believe me. And when I told him about the Jeju trip, it was also because I wanted him to trust that I wouldn’t actually run off with you. So when you went with Bogum, everyone would believe that our bond was broken and our relationship was over. We haven’t done anything since, so there’s no scent marking for them to even sense. To them, the bond is broken, but it really isn’t.”

Taehyung takes a minute to take everything in, his eyes bewildered. Jungkook feels a huge weight off his shoulders after explaining the plan to Taehyung but then he sees Taehyung cross his arms, looking less than impressed. Taehyung says, “It’s strange that you say it’s not broken, because I really don’t feel it there anymore. I haven’t felt the bond since the day you broke it.”

“I… I don’t know. It’s probably just buried,” Jungkook says, now feeling desperation creeping into his words. “I… Listen, Taehyung, I did all of that because I hated seeing them put you through all of that, all of those bond-breaking activities and stuff. I hated seeing you coming home smelling like someone else. I hated them working you to your bones. I just couldn’t stand it anymore—”

“So you just decided to take a gamble on our bond?” Taehyung asks, his voice rising in decibels from his irritation. “I did all of that because I didn’t want you to do something like this! I didn’t want you hurting yourself, or thinking that you had to fix everything by yourself. It was my fault we bonded in the first place—”

“How is it your fault?” Jungkook asks, growing frustrated. “I was the one who wanted to make out with you all those years ago. I was the one who knew you couldn’t hold your liquor and wanted to get drunk with you. I wanted that bond! That’s why the bond formed, because both of us wanted it. Not because you were the only one, and… not because I was the only one who wanted it. Forgive me for wanting to protect you for once, but there is no way in hell I’m going to let other people walk all over you and let them control our relationship.”

Taehyung opens his mouth, about to continue their argument, when a security guard walks up to them. “You two need to quiet down or you’ll be asked to vacate the premises.”

When the security guard leaves them in peace again, Taehyung flashes Jungkook a strange, incomprehensible smile. “So are you going to hold my hand now and tell me more about your plan?”

“I shouldn’t touch the art,” Jungkook says, making Taehyung burst into laughter. Taehyung covers his mouth with his hand, but the sight of Taehyung being happy has Jungkook’s lips lifting into a smile.

Taehyung grabs Jungkook’s hand, interlacing their fingers. “You seriously took a risk though,” Taehyung says, leading Jungkook to the next painting to examine sunflowers. Jungkook’s eyes are glued to Taehyung though, the most beautiful artwork standing right beside him. “What if I had come back from Jeju with a bond to Bogum? What if me taking Bogum to Jeju ended up driving us further away from each other and destroyed the already weakened bond? Anything could have happened, but you still…”

“Yeah, I had to take that chance,” Jungkook explains, stroking his thumb over Taehyung’s hand. “Because I’d rather you be happy with someone who isn’t me, than be miserable with me, y’know? I couldn’t stand seeing you upset from being forced to do all those things they made you do. I know you like hanging out with your friends, but I know it hurt you when it was only done to hurt our bond. I could tell. I could feel it.”

“You’re such a romantic fool, Jeon Jungkook,” Taehyung says, fondness audible in his voice. Leaning his head on Jungkook’s shoulder, he adds, “How can you be sure the bond is still there though? Like I said earlier, I really… I don’t know. Maybe I’m scared of searching for my
connection with you. Maybe I’m still scared, but how do I know it’s still there? How do you know it’s still there?”

Jungkook scans the room they are in and finding no one’s eyes on them, he cups Taehyung’s face, looking into his eyes and seeing hope and trust. Closing his eyes, he presses his lips against Taehyung’s, kissing him deeply and warmly, his worries melting away as their hearts beat in tandem. Then, burying his face in Taehyung’s neck, he kisses the same spot he had marked so many years ago, remembering the feeling of being bonded and knowing that things have changed now. Jungkook pulls away and meets Taehyung’s eyes as he says, “I don’t need a bond to tell me that I love you. I don’t need my alpha instincts to tell me that I cherish you and that I want to protect you. And, in the end, even if the bond really did break, well, we could always bond again. I guess I never stopped believing that there would always be a small part of me that would continue loving you, and that a small part of you would also continue loving me.”

Taehyung smiles like the moon, his radiance lighting up even the darkest of nights. “You’re a sap,” Taehyung says, running a hand through Jungkook’s hair, soothing, calming. “But you’re my romantic fool.”

They stand there in each other’s embrace for a few more quiet moments before eventually the art gallery closes and they are shooed out. Before they start heading home, Jungkook pulls Taehyung in for another kiss. “We still have to pretend that there’s no bond between us,” Jungkook says. “In private, when no one’s watching, we can do whatever we want, but in public, we still have to act like we’re only friends now. We’ll have to use scent masking agents and we can’t be too overt.”

“I don’t mind,” Taehyung says, pressing his forehead to Jungkook’s. The night is cool, but wrapped in each other, they are warm. “It’s a lot better than constantly being forced to do things to break the bond, that’s for sure. But hey, are you still up for a trip together to somewhere, just the two of us?”

“Yeah, always,” Jungkook replies, thinking about how lucky he is to be here with Taehyung. How lucky he is to have Taehyung by his side. How lucky he is to be able to love Taehyung unconditionally and undeniably. “I’d go anywhere with you.”

Afterwards, they make a few detours to a coffee shop and a twenty-four hour convenience store, and when they finally arrive back at the dorm, it is four o’clock and they sleep together in Jungkook’s bed.

“Hey, I forgot to say this earlier,” Taehyung murmurs into the shell of Jungkook’s ear, his chest pressed up against Jungkook’s back. “I love you too.”

* 

From winning a daesang to a Billboard Music Award, from touring country to country, BTS prove their substantial growth and tremendous support from their fans. There is no denying BTS has become synonymous with hard work and success, so when they are granted a few days of holidays after they have wrapped up their Japanese WINGS tour, Jungkook and Taehyung do not bother unpacking their bags.

They fly straight to Jeju, escaping from their managers at the very first second and avoiding having to awkwardly lie about their destination (“I’ll say I’m going back to Daegu to see my family, and you’ll say you’re going back to Busan,” had been their plan).
When they arrive in Jeju, they take a selca together while the summer sun is setting. Taehyung has a straw hat atop his head, and both of them are in shorts. They rent a car and Jungkook drives the way to their hotel, air conditioning on full blast to combat the humidity.

The hotel they stay at is a fancy, five star one. The first night, they head to the bathroom and shower together before they both fall asleep on the fluffy queen sized bed, exhausted from their endless days of promotions.

The next day, setting out late in the morning, Jungkook starts up the engine of their rented car and asks, “Where should we go?”

They had not made a plan for their Jeju trip like last time. This time is as impromptu and spontaneous as that night so many years ago when their bond had first formed. Jungkook finds that he does not mind, so long as he is with Taehyung.

“How about the beach?” Taehyung suggests.

The drive to the beach is short, since their hotel is in close proximity to all the tourist attractions.

“You know how long I’ve been waiting to do this with you?” Jungkook asks, as they walk hand in hand towards the shoreline, footsteps left behind in the sand.

“Do what?” Taehyung says, holding onto his straw hat when the wind blows. Moving closer to Jungkook and checking to make sure no one is watching them, he presses a chaste kiss to Jungkook’s lips and asks, “Do this?”

“Running away with you, I mean,” Jungkook clarifies, tips of his ears growing red when Taehyung stares at him for longer than necessary, “even if it is only to a beach in Jeju. I’ve always wanted to take you here, just the two of us.”

“You’re so cute, Jungkookie,” Taehyung says, drawing a love heart in the sand with his foot. Then he writes in his name, and Jungkook, catching on, writes his own. “Maybe we should celebrate us successfully running away together with some responsible drinking.”

Jungkook watches the waves ebb and flow, washing away the evidence of their proclamation of love. When he turns to look at Taehyung, a smile blossoms on his face. Despite all the things that have changed in their lives, in spite of Jungkook being an alpha and Taehyung being an omega, nothing can dissolve their relationship.

“Let’s mate,” Jungkook says, wanting to cement their love – their bond.

Taehyung raises an eyebrow at the suggestion that seemingly came out of the blue. “Here?” he asks, to which Jungkook laughs and shakes his head. “Oh, you mean back at the hotel?”

Jungkook nods.

“Race you back to the car,” Taehyung says, already making a run for it.

Jungkook grins and runs after him, picking Taehyung up by his legs and carrying him, one arm supporting his back and another under his knees. Taehyung circles his arms around Jungkook’s shoulders, grinning like sunshine.

When they make it back to the hotel room, they are already stripping each other, taking their time to make the most of now. And now means that they make love to each other instead of fucking – if there is a difference. Jungkook thinks there is a difference, because when he holds Taehyung in his
arms, it isn’t about wanting to assuage his baser needs but about wanting to show Taehyung just how much he adores him.

Although they have had sex before, now is under different circumstances. And now means that when they make love, Jungkook bites a bruise into Taehyung’s skin, and then, Taehyung also bites a hickey into Jungkook’s skin, strengthening their bond in a way that only lovers can.

To others, their relationship will seem the same – they will act like co-workers, disguise themselves as close friends, but under the umbrella of privacy, they have each other now and forever. And forever means that when Jungkook reaches out on stage, Taehyung will be there to join their hands together, and they will bow together, the confetti falling into their hair, every memory shared and cherished.

Somewhere along the flow of time, there is a now and a forever, and Jungkook has found both his now and his forever in Taehyung.

* *

End Notes

(twitter. comments/kudos/bookmarks are always highly appreciated! thank you♥)

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