Kim Taehyung, the resident, self-proclaimed joker (but really more of a pain in the ass) of Bangtan University searches for the freshman that all the girls seem to be going gaga for—especially his long time crush, and finds a cute bunny in the form of a man- a big hulking man.

or just a ton of fluff with some good smut, and basically clueless Taekook who are dorks.

Notes

I read a disgusting, tooth-achingly, sugar-dunked, donuty-sweet Taekook fic and decided I had to write one. Here it is :)
Jeon Jungguk?

“Oh fuck off Taehyung!” the girl chuckled, sticking up her middle finger at the silky, brown locked, boxy smiled boy. “That wasn’t funny.”

“But you’re laughing,” he pings his fingers at her and winks, walking away with a goofy smile as his best friend, Park Jimin paces along, trying to match his long stride.

“You seriously aren’t funny, bro.” Jimin, blonde and bright, shakes his head at the recent antics of Taehyung, who mostly bothers the girls, of course, never doing anything too out of line.

“Chicks dig humor and handsome men. I am lucky enough to be blessed with both of those qual-” Taehyung begins, but stops when they near a small group of girls.

“Qual?” Jimin perks an eyebrow at his friend’s unfinished sentence, but is met with a hush from him. And understandably so- it was her, the girl that occupied Taehyung’s mind most of the time. She was tall, taller than all of her friends, but still short enough for Taehyung to imagine himself wrapping his arms around her just right. Her hair ran down to the middle of her back, and she usually braided a strand on each side to pin to the back, sort of like an elf, whatever that meant, but today it was up in a bun with loose strands framing her slender face.

"You should go talk to-" Jimin begins, but the feel of Taehyung’s fingers pinching his cheek and the loud shush of his lips stops him.

“She’s talking about someone I don’t know.” he whispers, leaning in to have a better listen. She’s smiling the smile that Taehyung could only describe as "so radiant that it would save the world if the world could see it", and falls in love again, just like the first time he saw her at the end of last school year during some sorority bake sale. He remembers the way her skin, tanner than most girls, sparkled in the afternoon sunlight as she laughed. He was smitten in the moment but was never able to talk to her. He didn't even know her name until recently- Lee Somi, and he thought it was a fitting name for someone as beautiful as her.

Continuing to listen, he hears a string of giggles from the group and it makes the eavesdropping boy smile widely, adoring her laugh that he could point out (He's spent a considerable amount of time just "accidentally" sitting in their proximity). But when she says her next words, he's reminded of the topic at hand, lips curling down to form a frown.

“He’s so cute, like a bunny!” she giggles. "But he’s younger than us.”

“Age is only a number,” a friend interjects and Taehyung scoffs. It would be a problem if he weren't 18*.

“Tae, you’ve got to stop being such a cree-” Jimin speaks up again but is hushed once more.

“This is important, Jimin. Someone’s trying to take my Somi from me,” Taehyung knits his eyebrows, tuning out everyone else, ears only searching for her melodic voice. If he’s got some competition he’s going to have to size that person up. As he listens, a name escapes her lips, the tone in her voice all too playful for his liking.

*Jeon Jungguk, you’re going to pay for it.*

“You can’t be serious.” Jimin laughs, not wanting to believe what had just come out of his best
friends mouth. “You can’t, Tae.”

“He’s fucking serious.” an exasperated light-blue haired man, Min Yoongi, older to the two boys, and boyfriend of Jimin, rolls his eyes. “Let him do what he wants, who cares.”

Crossing his arms, Jimin glares at his less-than-helpful boyfriend. “I care,” he spits. “Taehyung, you can’t just barge into his class and call him out.”

Taehyung gasps, placing both hands on his chest. “You make me sound like I’m going to start a fight.”

“You’re not?”

“Do I look like some petty high schooler? No. I just want to talk to him.” Taehyung thinks about the absolute best way to make sure this Jeon Jungguk guy would never walk near the love of his life again. Maybe he should ruffle up his hair and straighten his collar, give himself a bad-boy makeover to seem more commanding. Or maybe he could prank Jeon Jungguk, make him pee his pants or something. Taehyung shakes his head, fluffy brown hair waving in the gently. No, that’d be bullying. As much as he already knows he doesn't like this Jungguk, he wasn't going to resort to that type of violence.

Pulling him out of his vicious thoughts, he mutes the alarm on his phone, a sign for him to get to class. Whatever plan he was going to use wouldn’t be very useful if he doesn't know Jungguk’s schedule…let alone what the boy looks like, so he was going to have to ask around first.

“Gotta go. See you two shits later,” he waves goodbye to the couple, happily eating away at their sushi. Yoongi reluctantly feeds a piece to the cheeky eyed and open mouthed Jimin which makes Taehyung's stomach churn. Its not because he doesn't like their relationship, he couldn't be happier for the two- it's because he wants to feed sushi and pretend to act disgusted at his lover too.

It’s been over a week and this so called bunny-like and cute freshman apparently doesn’t exist. Searching far and wide, in the typical freshman classes, and even higher-up courses, Jeon Jungguk seems to be a ghost- heard of only in name, seen of practically nowhere.

Sighing, Taehyung takes a seat on the last step of the stairway just outside of the gymnasium. It’s late, 7 pm at night on a Friday, but there still seems to be people hanging around. Well, a lot actually, and a lot of girls at that.

Curious, he walks into the gym, wondering why so many girls are screaming over some three-on-three intramural basketball game that probably isn’t even all that interesting. Then, repeated like a mantra, he hears a name. The name of the person he’s been looking for this entire time.

“Jeon Jungguk! Jeon Jungguk! Jeon Jungguk!”

Nudging through the crowd of girls, all of different shapes and sizes, but all equally cute, he reaches the front.

“Jeon Jungguk….which one are you…” Taehyung mumbles, scanning the players, a few familiar and a few unfamiliar. In a pink jersey with the number 93 on the back is Min Yoongi, Jimin’s boyfriend. He loosely remembers Jimin saying something about having to miss Yoongi’s game, but Taehyung wasn’t really listening during that conversation. In another pink jersey was someone famous for his flirtatious ways, even more flirty than Taehyung himself- Kim Seokjin (or just Jin as he liked to be called). Oddly enough, it was usually Seokjin’s name that the ladies screamed over and over again. Whoever this Jungguk was must be quite the looker, which eliminated the other
teammate.

Then someone catches his eyes. A tall individual, wearing a yellow jersey with the number 97 on the back, dribbles the basketball with ease, barely escaping Seokjin’s reach, and Yoongi’s defense. Taking his chance, the boy shoots the ball into the hoop, scoring one for the team, eliciting even louder chants of his name.

“I’ve got you now, Jeon Jungguk…” Taehyung smirks.

The game ends quickly to Taehyung’s surprise, the pink team winning by a shot more than team yellow. If there was anything one should know about Min Yoongi, it was that his passion for basketball was pretty damn high.

Taehyung waits by the doors, the crowd dissipating slower than expected, but he was in no hurry. With Jungguk in his sight, he knew he had to act calm, collected, and look the part of a tough guy.

Soon enough, almost everyone had made their way out, a few of the players including Jungguk heading his way.

“Good game, bros.” he says to Yoongi and Seokjin, his most rugged look washing over his face. It does little in terms of scaring them as Jin laughs and Yoongi eyes him with a perplexed expression that one could read as disgust.

“Don’t do anything stupid, kid.” Yoongi mutters under his breath as they pass through the door, knowing full well who Taehyung was waiting for.

I won’t, he shot back in his thoughts, but clears his throat as he notices the person in question approaching.

As swiftly as he can, Taehyung moves himself between the boy and the door, a look of surprise washing over the young man’s face. He can’t help but to study the features of his opponent; nothing about him screaming cute or bunny-like. He was handsome for sure; Tall (just as tall as him) with legs a mile long, and his body? Finely portioned. His black hair had been rousled wildly due to the game, only making him look more erotic. Unfairly, his muscles were flexed perfectly for admiration, arms bulging and calves perfectly shaped. The younger man was definitely attractive, but cute like a bunny? That seems like a far fetch.

"Excuse me," Taehyung coughs, clearing his throat, realizing that he’s been staring far too long for it to be brushed off as just a glance. “I’m Kim-”

“Taehyung.” the boy suddenly says, catching him by surprise. It wasn’t so much so that boy knew his name, but that his voice, despite his appearance, was weirdly clear and somehow sweet. “I know who you are.”

“I’m Jeon Jungguk,” Jungguk sticks his hand out for a shake, and Taehyung takes it, only noticing just how big and deep Jungguk’s brown eyes were. “But of course you knew that already. Nice to finally meet you.” he smiles a toothy, eyes closed, cheeks raised and perky smile. For a moment, Taehyung see's his resemblance to a bunny.

And in that moment his heart skips a beat. The tiniest beat he convinces himself.
“So,” a whispy whistle leaves Jimin’s lips as Taehyung sits on his bed, textbook open before him, but not being used. “Yoongi told me you finally found him. What happened?”

Flopping back onto his bed, Taehyung groans as he cuddled with the body pillow next to him. “Annoying.” He mumbles, pressing down on the pillow even harder, trying to shake the image of Jeon Jungguk smiling from his mind.

“Oh, interesting. Give me more details.” With Jimin’s ears now perked, Taehyung knew there was no going around this topic. Jimin might look like a soft, understanding person but after having been best friends with and rooming with Jimin for a while now, he’d warn others of his feisty tendencies.

“He’s a cheeky boy alright…”

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“Nice to meet you too,” Taehyung firmly shakes Jungguk’s hand, glad that his was larger, though noticing the notable difference in strength. After having surveyed the young man, Taehyung was already doubling over due to the fact that he could very well lose the girl of his dreams to a kid who popped out of nowhere.

Letting go, Jungguk continues to smile at his new hyung. “What did you need me for?”

“Ah, yes. We need to talk.”

“Oh, let’s grab a burger first.” Jungguk suggests, completely throwing Taehyung off of his already wobbly balance. “I’m stinky too, let me change. We can talk after that.”

Reluctantly, Taehyung agrees, thinking that it’d be best for the boy to settle down before going hard on him.

“Alright, wait for me here.” Jungguk steps into the locker room and walks out 10 minutes later smelling of fresh vanilla and looking absolutely ridiculous. Donning yellow timberlands, a plain white t-shirt, and carrying a camo-printed backpack all too large to be called a backpack, Taehyung couldn’t help but chuckle at the plainly dressed yet obviously eye-catching outfit.

“Is the burger joint across the street okay?” Taehyung suggests, still amused.

“Sounds good.” Jungguk replies, slinging the backpack over his shoulders as they make their way towards the food place.

The walk there was surprisingly easy-going, if one may call it that because surely, the two boys had
disturbed the peaceful citizens walking around campus, though admittedly neither of them cared through their shouts and laughs over their love of Overwatch. Taehyung had noticed Widowmaker on Jungguk’s phonecase, and with such a discovery, they discussed who best girl was—D.Va or Widowmaker. They make plans to meet on a further date to discuss this topic, hoping to also play a game together.

“Did you just shove the entire thing in your mouth?” Jungguk looks at Taehyung with amusement and a bit of wonder.

A few chews and a big swallow later, Taehyung nods his head, followed by a long sip of his soda. “Impressive, aren’t I?”

“Yeah definitely. I’m sure you get girls like there’s no tomorrow.” Jungguk snorts, reminding Taehyung about why he’s taken the young man here.

“Hey, listen, Jungguk,” he begins, straightening himself. Unsure of what to exactly say, Taehyung just goes with it. “Don’t go near Lee Somi, got it?”

The sudden statement makes Jungguk blink once, then twice, surprised at the odd and blatant request. Then a smile plays on his lips. It looks innocent to Taehyung, but he warily feels that something is off.

“Okay.” is all that Jungguk says.

“...Okay...?”

“Okay.” Jungguk repeats, focusing back on his food.

“Right...now that that’s cleared, it was good meeting you, Jungguk.” Taehyung scrunches up the wrapper and drinks the last bit of his soda before getting up, but is stopped when Jungguk calls his name.

“Don’t you need my number? To contact me?” Jungguk asks, all doe-eyed and innocent.

Really, it’s just the tiniest skip. Taehyung reminds himself again.

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“He doesn’t seem too bad.” Jimin leans back against the wall, disappointed that Taehyung’s story was less than exciting. “Why did you make it seem like he was the biggest pain in the ass ever?”

“You don’t get it, dude.” Taehyung sits up with another sigh. “He so easily agreed to stop going near Y/n. Something smells fishy and I don’t know what.” He ponders on more reasons as to why Jungguk caved in so fast. It couldn’t have been how he looked, even he knew that his looks were less than deadly.

“I think you’re over thinking things. Count your lucky stars, Tae. It actually sounds like you’re friends now. When are you meeting up again?”

“Next Tuesday, because I’m irked out about this whole situation going by too smoothly, I’m going to prove to him that i’m the better player.” With a final huff Taehyung closes his textbook and throws it on the floor, throwing his arms over the fluffy pillow once more.

“Smoothly my ass,” Jimin mumbles. “You haven’t even gotten Somi’s number yet.”
“I’m working on it. I just need to find the right time.”

“Whatever,” the blonde friend smiles.

When Tuesday comes, Taehyung is again surprised by what Jeon Jungguk wears. Curse him for looking so good in all black, a leather jacket tying off his look.

“Hey man,” Taehyung waves at the approaching Jungguk who waves back with a bright smile, making Taehyung die a bit inside as he remembers the skip in his pulse the first time he saw it.

“Ready to kick some ass? Just watch Widowmaker obliterate every opponent while D.Va just sits in the safety of her metal bot doing nothing.” he smirks annoyingly and Taehyung can’t help but bring him in for a noogie, but the younger boy pushes him off with ease, laughing at the friendly altercation.

“Watch what you say boy, D.Va will shoot you into the next generation.” Taehyung straightens his light blue and white polka-dot button up and black slacks, a look he rocked better than anyone else on campus.

“Okay dad,” Jungguk snickers and is met with a scowl from Taehyung who’s unable to do anything really.

They reach Jungguk’s dorm, excited to size up each others game, and once again an odd feeling stirs in Taehyung’s belly. For the moment, he pushes that feeling aside. He’s got to focus on the mission ahead. Overwatch is no joke.

“Either you suck, or you suck.” Taehyung gives Jungguk a look of disbelief, not wanting to stare at the stats screen any longer. They had monumentally lost, both of them receiving what must be record high deaths per game, and were now suffering the consequences of over-hyped guys on the other line screaming into their earbuds about how much they suck dick.

“I’ve never liked that map anyway. Too many open spots. You can’t fucking hide anywhere to save your life.” The younger man hisses back.

“What a grand explanation to explain your lack of skill.” Taehyung sneers, which causes Jungguk to fake a laugh.

“I’m sorry, I wasn’t the one who walked right into the middle of whatever the fuck just happened, was I?” Jungguk snottily retorts, his big, playful brown eyes seeming to linger on Taehyung a bit too long for his liking. Brushing away the heart-beat that’s missed it’s queue to beat, Taehyung tries his best to think up a decent comeback.

“Well,” Taehyung begins. “That’s fair.” He caves, lips turned into a boxy smile, a light-hearted smile following. Jungguk was right- it was his fault they weren’t able to redeem themselves. They both agree to exit, leaving behind their randomly selected online teammates who were still bitching about how much they both sucked.

And at this point, it was obvious to Taehyung that Jungguk wasn’t a bad person. He quite liked his company…well from that he could tell the two times they’ve met up anyway, but hey, he’s always thought that good people can come from anywhere, and at any time.

“Another round?” Jungguk asks and it’s obvious what Taehyung’s answer is.

“Fuck yeah.”
They don’t discuss best girl for fear of breaking their newly found friendship.

Weeks follow and quickly turn into months. Taehyung finds himself spending more and more time with Jungguk. Through the countless sleepless weekends that they’ve enjoyed playing games to the midday lunches where Yoongi was forced to pay, Jungguk had become a regular.

The itchy feeling Taehyung had had of Jungguk the day they first met quickly disappeared, and what grew out of it was a fondness for the younger man.

Jungguk’s cheeky smiles and bright eyes would light with every conversation they had about the latest plot twist in Shingeki no Kyojin, both of them calling Isayama-sensei a pain in the ass for making them second guess everything the characters do. And every time Taehyung praised Jungguk’s ability to kick ass on the court (of course, always losing against Yoongi- he was ruthless), Taehyung would find it cute how Jungguk’s eye lines would deepen as his lips curved into the largest smile he’d ever set eyes on.

It wasn’t just Jungkook’s liveliness around him that Taehyung found cute though. His shyness that seemed to bubble out whenever he was around someone he’d never met made Taehyung’s lips curl into a soft smile and his insides would squirm with a fuzzy feeling.

For example, when Jungguk first met Jimin a few weeks he and Taehyung had been chilling out, watching “My Loving Vincent”, a movie Taehyung was highly fond of and felt that the uncultured Jungguk needed to see. When Jimin walked in, Jungguk stood up as fast as a rocket and bowed a full ninety degrees, extending his arm out to a giggling Jimin and remained quiet the rest of the night, flustered, almost as if he had been caught doing something he wasn’t supposed to be doing.

Taehyung had found it cute that he was so formal with Jimin, whereas a brat straight away with him, but it also made him glad that Jungguk had always seemed to feel at ease with him. Of course, Jungguk wasn’t as shy now with Jimin. In fact he would often tease the blonde friend just as much, if not more than Taehyung.

Taehyung also found out that Jungguk’s speaking voice was less ethereal than his singing voice, both still sounding way more pure than they should for a man his age. It was on a cool fall morning when Taehyung had awoken on Jungguk’s couch to a voice in the shower, singing sweetly and passionately to some pop song from the west.

When Jungguk stepped out of the bathroom, towel around his waist, still singing, unbeknownst that Taehyung was up, the sunlight that slipped through the crack in the curtains hit against his nicely defined body in a way that made him look like an an angel- still sounding like one too. When Jungguk finally noticed Taehyung’s open eyes and listening ears, his cheeks flushed a shade of pink and he squeaked out a small “sorry” before dashing into his room. By this time Taehyung had lost count of how many times his heart had skipped because of Jungguk, each time having to remind himself that it really was just the tiniest little skip.

But one day that skip turned into a race.

They weren’t doing anything really. It was a cold November night and they had decided to marathon some kung fu movies, you know like Stephen Chow and Jay Chou (Jackie Chan would be for some other weekend, they agreed) type of movie: Kung Fu Hustle, Shaolin Soccer, Kung Fu Dunk, etc,. They decided to pop some pop corn and watch with the lights off because no one wants the lights on when watching movies, and settled down quickly after the movie began.

It wasn’t boring- Taehyung had seen them all before and quite enjoyed them, but he got distracted by the shiny things that adorned Jungguk’s ears- piercings that ran up and down the curve of his
earlobe, that weren’t there before.

It must have hurt getting them all done at the same time, Taehyung thought. He would never admit it out loud, but they matched Jungguk really well- in fact it made him look more handsome. One studded and probably cheap earring sat perfectly on the divot of his bottom lobe, but a certain set caught his eye the most. It was plain, really, just a double cartilage piercing, but the way he small hoops sat against his ears made Taehyung wonder just how red the skin around that area got in the process, and if Jungguk had winced like the baby Taehyung knew he was. Picturing Jungguk twitching in his seat, lips parting to let out a small gasp at the sharp sting of the needle made Taehyung smirk.

It would have been cute, Taehyung mused. Maybe he closed his eyes shut, anticipating the sting as his teeth sunk lightly onto his plush, bottom lip, the lobe of his ear reddening as the piercer pushed the needle through. Maybe it would be then that his breath would hitch and muscles contract. And when he would realize that it wasn’t too bad, he’d relax, a deep exhale exiting his lips. Yeah, really cute.

And before Taehyung could realize what he was doing, his long slender fingers had found their way onto Jungguk’s ear, softly and slowly smoothing over the small piercings in admiration- or some other feeling that crawled through Taehyung’s conscience, a half smile still sitting on his lips.

He only noticed his actions when Jungguk said his name in such an airy way that Taehyung abruptly stopped, fumbling with his words.

“N-nice earrings,” was all Taehyung could muster, followed by a less-than-sincere smile. His heartbeat quickened as Jungguk murmured a soft thank-you, turning back to focus on the movie again, but not before Taehyung noticed the corner of his lips tucked beneath his teeth.

Taehyung had to remind himself that it was normal. His heart races when he runs; how was this any different? It’s essentially the same thing.

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“Are you listening?” Jimin’s voice brakes through Taehyung’s gaze on his textbook, studying last minute for his Advanced Art History exam.

“Yeah, she’ll be there, right?” Taehyung mumbles, taking a glance at his crush, Somi who’s sitting a few tables down with her small group of friends.

His lack of response makes Jimin quirk a brow, but all he does is confirms her attendance to Kim Seokjin’s self proclaimed birthday weekend that he’s decided to celebrate in a few days on December 22nd. His actual birthday was on the fourth, but he said that studying and finals were more important than getting wasted on his actual birthday weekend. And since everyone knows what happens when Seokjin throws a party- which entails half of the school getting wasted in his two story, wider than it is tall, marbled floor house with six bedrooms and three and a half baths, people were expecting this one to be even more over the top.

“Who’ll be there?” Jungguk piques up from his bowl of ramen, kimchi bowl empty next to him.

“Just the girl he’s been pinning for since forever, but never man enough to speak to.” Yoongi yawns from his place next to Jimin, head still tucked into his arms, half asleep-no most definitely asleep again. ”Look to your left kid."

“Oh, the girl he asked me to back off from when we first met.” Jungguk chuckles which earns him
another noogie on the head from Taehyung, something he was getting used to.

“Yes, Her. This is your chance, young grasshopper,” Jimin gives Taehyung a pat on the back before he and Yoongi both head out to class.

“Young grasshopper, what a overused and outdated reference,” Taehyung chuckles, looking at Jungguk for confirmation on his retort, but he’s met with silence, and a lost in thought Jungguk.

Chapter End Notes

Maybe it's too short. Maybe not. Maybe I will rewrite. Maybe not. Who knows, life is an endless walk of maybe's and no's anyway. Lmao Thanks for reading guys :) LOOK forward to more please.
Parties and Piercings

Chapter Summary

It’s Taehyung’s one and only chance to wipe the girl of his dreams off of her feet at Kim Seokjin’s birthday bash, but something- or someone, is stopping him from doing so.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“How absolutely fucking ridiculous,” Yoongi mutters as he carries the beer from his car, box of 24 cans in each hand. Jimin, Taehyung and Jungguk trail along with boxes in theirs as well. “Kim Seokjin better pay me.”

“This looks like overkill. Do we really need 10 cases?” Jungguk asks, glancing back at the remaining two boxes of beer sitting in Yoongi’s car.

“If we’re lucky, we won’t have to go for another round,” Taehyung informs the younger boy. Despite having known each other for a semester now, neither of them have had alcohol together. It just never happened, but now Taehyung was curious. Jungguk seemed like the type to down his alcohol well.

“There will be a lot of freshmen like you. A lot of horny little kids who want free booze and a chance to hump one another in one of Jin’s large bedrooms. It’ll be an early white Christmas tomorrow morning, if you catch my drift, and all the beer will gone before the night is over, meaning I ain’t sticking around for that second beer run.” Yoongi complains while ringing the doorbell.

“That’s got to be the longest sentence that’s ever come out of his mouth,” Taehyung whispers to Jungguk in a not so quite type of way, causing him to snicker while Yoongi tells them to fuck off, and Jimin tells him to stop being so mean.

The quartet, albeit not singing, hears a small crash from inside the house, the door swinging open moments later. A tall, dimpled man with ashy gray hair greets them with a smile. “Thanks guys,” he says, widening the door for them to file in one by one like a line of ants and Taehyung remembers when Jungguk met Kim Namjoon for the first time. Namjoon was helping Taehyung study for his Advanced English exam a few weeks ago in the library when Jungguk found them. Of course Jungguk tried to shuffle away but Taehyung had already called his name.

“Joon I swear to God if you broke something-” Jin’s voice came from somewhere in the house, him following shortly after. “Hey kids, thanks for the beer.”

“Pay up.” Yoongi orders and all Jin does is snorts.


“That was a gift jackass.”

“Okay...fine.” Jin agrees with a smirk on his lips. “I’ll pay up if you if you do the second beer-run. Who knows, you might not even have to if the party’s tame.” The older of the two, Jin, compromises
and Yoongi swears under his breath knowing he’ll have to stay till the end if they don’t run out of beer. Jimin chuckles at his boyfriends demise and Yoongi glares at the other three men when they dared to smile.

After stockpiling the alcohol in the kitchen, Taehyung notices that it’s barely quarter after five, still too early for any real party to start. He digs around in Jin’s fridge and takes out some eggs, feeling hungry now that he remembers he had skipped lunch to take a nap before his last exam of the semester.

Rummaging around the kitchen some more Taehyung finds all of the utensils he needs: a bowl, frying pan, and a wooden spatula. Just as he was about to crack an egg on the edge of the table, a loud, high-pitched scream enters his ears.

“What happened?” Taehyung whips his head towards a frightened Jimin and startled Jungguk, both standing a few feet away from the chef.

“Tae, you can’t cook for shit.” Jimin rushes over to him and Jungguk starts to laugh, a sign that he too had no idea why Jimin had screamed earlier.

“It’s just eggs, I can manage.” Taehyung protests, but a look of betrayal rests on his face as Jimin pushes him out of the way. “Okay Jimin, it’s not like you’re that great either.”

“I can cook-” Jungguk begins but Seokjin’s horrified screech stops him mid-sentence.

“DON’T TOUCH MY KITCHEN, YOU’RE GOING TO BURN IT DOWN AGAIN.” he shouts, kicking the two friends out from behind the counter. “I ordered pizza, it should be here in an hour since I ordered so many. Eat then.”

Taehyung pouts but knows better than to upset the man and his holy grail.

“Burn the kitchen down?” Jungguk asks as he and Taehyung exit the kitchen, aimlessly walking around the house to explore since it was Jungguk’s first time there.

Taehyung rolls his eyes. “Jin’s exaggerating. One time Namjoon and I wanted bacon for breakfast and Jin wasn’t up yet, so we decided to cook it ourselves. We turned on the fire to medium but it wasn’t cooking fast enough for us cause you know, food, so we dialed it up to high, but I forgot that I had put a towel next to the stove-top earlier and it caught on fire.”

“Wait, what? You literally set the cloth on fire.” Jungguk couldn’t stifle his laughter, Taehyung chuckling along.

“Bro, that wasn’t even it.” Taehyung continued. “So I dumped some water onto the cloth but it splashed into the pan too and the pan started on fire. I don’t even know how but it was. It felt like we were on some cool cooking show or something. Anyway, The cloth only burned more, so I quickly threw it in the sink and turned on the tap water. Thankfully Namjoon turned off the stove and smothered the pan fire with the lid. Of course it smelled like a disaster and we got a scolding from Jin who probably knew what happened when he walked in to see us trying to clean up the black marks we left on the counter.”

“Yeah, no. I’m going to not have you go anywhere near my kitchen ever again.” Jungguk wheezes after Taehyung’s animated story.

“It wasn’t that bad.” Taehyung whines.

“You literally almost burned down the poor mans 10 million won kitchen.”
“That’s okay. He’s loaded.” a snicker leaves Taehyung’s lips and his eyes crescent.

Jungguk laughs at his friends obvious statement. “Really? I couldn’t tell at all.”

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Before anyone arrives, Seokjin makes them all down a can, calling it a “prep for the madness” and everyone but Taehyung, was surprised when Jungguk finishes his can first and in what must be record time, a loud burp following. Taehyung had expected Jungguk to be a good drinker and he was right- so far.

“W-what?” Jungguk sheepishly says at the five pairs of eyes, earning an “aww” from Seokjin at the young boys cute behavior. This prompts Jimin to reveal that Jungguk was actually an ass most of the time, especially when around Taehyung. Yoongi agrees and Namjoon, having only meet Jungguk a few times, has no opinion. Instead he collects all of their cans and tosses them into a large trashcan, one of the many littered throughout Jin’s house.

People start pouring in around 6pm, most of them seniors and older people that Seokjin, Namjoon and Yoongi knew- one of the most memorable of the night being a tall fellow with blonde hair and an incredibly chiseled face.

“You’re going to get fucking wasted Namjoon!” he screams, waving two bottles of hard liquor above every one else. Namjoon sighs as the blonde goes over to hug Seokjin. “Happy late birthday, Jin.”

“Thanks Jackson,” Jin smiles and takes the liquor from his hands, afraid that he might try to fling it at Namjoon, who’s a horrible catch, and takes it to the kitchen.

Taehyung notices Jungguk looking at Jackson with curiosity, and realizes that they had never met before, so he does the honors of introducing them.

“Jackson, this is Jungguk, fresh off the high school train.”

“Hey man,” Jackson beams, giving Jungguk a hard slap on the shoulder, the younger man choking from the sudden hit that had hurt just as much as it was loud.

Jungguk clears his throat and straightens himself. “Nice to meet you,” he says a bit quieter than what he had intended to which generates a loud laugh from the older man.

“You need to liven up, kid.” Jackson throws an arm around Jungguk and points his fingers at the group of friends. “Especially since you’ll be hanging around these fuckers.” he laughs and lets a surprised and confused Jungguk go.

Taehyung chuckles at the contrast in their personalities.

“Speaking of which,” Jackson says, “Where’s the king of the hill?” He opens can after can and passes them around.

“Hoseok?” Seokjin pours some tequila into several shot cups and hands them out to a few guests, telling them to keep their shot cup for the next one or they lose drinking rights. “He’ll be here later. He landed this afternoon, wants to do a few things first before he gets here.”

“Hoseok?” Taehyung hears Jungguk mumble as he takes a swig of the can he had received from Jackson, noticing the bob of Jungguk’s adams apple as he gulps.
“You’ve never met him,” Taehyung answers. “He’s been overseas on some prestigious dance program since before the semester began. He’s a...” Taehyung searches his mind for a word to describe the older man. “He’s older than us and...a bit of an eccentric.” Taehyung settles with that and Jungguk chuckles, wrinkles forming at the corners of his eyes, lips stretched ear to ear.

“That’s good to know,"

It’s the same thing as running. Taehyung has to tell himself again. Take a deep breath.

It’s quarter to eight and almost the entire house has been filled. It doesn’t sound like much but considering how large of a house Jin has, it was a lot of people. It was pretty obvious to Taehyung that Yoongi would have to make the beer run sooner rather than later. They’ve already gone through 6 cases and the party’s only getting started, so Taehyung downs another shot of something strong with Jungguk before making his way into the living room where Yoongi is surely DJ-ing.

But before he could reach Yoongi, he sees someone- or rather, he sees her, Lee Somi.

She’s dancing in the middle of the floor, because of course someone as beautiful as her would, with a plastic red cup in her hand. She’s wearing a pair of skinny jeans that shows off her long legs, and an off-the-shoulder frilly white top. Her hair was down in wavy strands and Taehyung could hardly believe that no one was dancing with her.

So he says fuck it to the beer, it wasn’t his problem anyway, and heads in her direction.

He checks his breath first to make sure that he doesn’t smell like some shitty alcoholic and dusts off whatever lint particles hung onto his forest green button up shirt. This is the moment he’s been waiting for. He thinks.

Taehyung shakes his head and pushes the uncertainty out of his mind, reminding himself that this is what he wants.

“Hey” he says once he’s made his way to her, catching her by surprise. She doesn’t look away; instead, she smiles and says hello back. “I’m Kim Taehyung,” he shouts over the noise, snaking a hand around her waist to draw her in closer.

“I know who you are,” She smiles, straight white teeth and all, and Taehyung can tell that she’s had quite a bit to drink already-they both have. “And I know you know who I am,” She bops her finger on the tip of his nose.

“My reputation precedes me I see,” Taehyung smiles back, whispering closely to her ear, drawing her even closer and a chuckle leaves her lip-glossed lips.

“So it’s true,” Somi coyly tilts her head, exposing more of her skin to Taehyung. “Your voice is just as velvety smooth as they say,”

“And you’re every bit as...” Taehyung fumbles with his words. He hasn’t known her long enough to have developed an opinion of her. “…every bit as cute as I hoped you would be,” Smooth recovery, he tells himself.

Somi giggles, swaying her hips against him as they begin to dance, slowly at first, then more daringly as their bodies grow accustomed to one another.

And the more they dance, the more Taehyung thinks about nothing.

It wasn’t that she was a bad dancer. In fact it seemed like every pair of eyes that belonged to a man
was on him, jealous that he was the one who had the courage to dance with the pretty lady who was moving her body so well with his.

It was something else. Again, he pushes his unsure thoughts away, continuing to dance, placing his large hands on her body, guiding her hips against his.

But the thoughts keep coming back and this time, the thought is "boring".

He ignores it, moving his hands up her curves, then slowly down her abdomen, stopping just below her belly button. Her breath hikes and he tries to focus on the flush of warmth crawling up her exposed neck, tries to focus on her quick breaths wherever his fingers would press down.

But instead he tries to stifle a yawn. She's only "almost cute" even though she's practically pressed against him grinding down on whatever part of his body she can.

Then suddenly she turns around and runs her slender fingers up his chest, teeth biting down on her lips, fluttering her eyes and whispering his name, asking him to kiss her.

And he knows he doesn't want to.

“What?” Somi exclaims, stopping her movements and Taehyung’s now aware that he's denied her out loud.

“Wait I-I didn’t...” he stammers, eyes flickering around to see almost everyone looking at him.

“You didn’t what?” She crosses her arms, expression demanding an explanation from Taehyung who only mumbles a string of nonsense. Finally, he takes a deep breath and sighs.

“I’m sorry Somi, you’re boring.” He admits, a collection of “ohhhhs” and “burrnnrnn” following his statement.

“And you’re-” she fumes, eyes shooting daggers at him, tears nearly dripping out of the corners. “You’re a fucking weirdo.”

Before Taehyung can realize it, he’s smelling like an actual alcoholic, drenched in the remains of Somi’s plastic red cup. But he doesn’t care. He deserved it anyway.

Walking away past the laughs and occasional high-five from jacked up drunks, Taehyung makes his way around the house, mulling over what he’s just done. Any normal, sane, man would have kissed a beautiful woman like that in a heartbeat, but no, he had to screw it up.

“Oh for fucks sake,” he mumbles under his breath. What girl of his dreams? It didn’t matter. He had forgotten about her long ago anyway.

Finally he makes it to one of Jin’s bathrooms- gagging at the smell of sex, sweat and alcohol. A few hot splashes of water pulls him out of his dazed state and he curses when he realizes that his shirt, one of his favorite shirts at that, has been ruined in the ordeal.

He wants to stay in the bathroom a bit longer to keep away from everyone, but just as luck would have it, someone’s pounding on the door, screaming his name.

“Tae-fucking-hyung!” a fit of laughter comes from the hallway. Taehyung rubs his temples in agony. It’s Jung Hoseok and his loud mouth. “I heard what happened pal. Get your butt out here so we can drink-drink-drink your pain away!”
He guesses that Hoseok’s most likely been forced shot after shot (probably by Jackson and Yoongi) since he’s stepped foot through the door. He’s always been a light-weight. Combine that and his naturally hyper self and you’ve got the perfect mixture for a party animal.

“HURRY UP DUDE. I KNOW YOU’RE IN THERE.” a louder shout and harder pound ensue.

“Fine, fine,” Taehyung sighs, drying himself with a clean towel he found in the closet (God knows he’d never use the dirty, wet, weirdly stained one that’s hanging on the rack), and opens the door to a very tipsy, borderline drunk, red haired boy- Jung Hoseok.

“You look like shit.” Hoseok laughs, slapping Taehyung on the back.

Taehyung grumbles. He did look like shit.

“Hey cheer up man! C’mon, let’s go find some other girl for you to dance with.” And once again, before Taehyung realizes what’s going on, he’s been dragged to the living room where the main party is. In the blink of an eye, Hoseok’s moved on to some part of the dance floor (Taehyung could see his fiery hair) and has started grinding against some chick.

Taehyung leaves his friend and grabs a bottle of water to cool is dry throat and wash away the two or three cans and few shots he's had. He considers looking for someone- anyone, he knew to keep him company when he spots a very tall and energetic Jungguk in the middle of the room, pumping his hands in the air.

And a small smile unknowingly plays on his lips.

Taehyung leans against the wall and watches the younger man dance. As if the music was already ingrained into Jungguk's body, he maneuvers himself to the electric beat, rolling his body, tilting his head when called for, as sweat glistens across his beautiful skin. Occasionally he would smirk, maybe after he'd done some special move, not that Taehyung would know. But he did know that Jungguk was having fun and that was all that really mattered to him at the moment.

So he stays there for a few minutes, sipping his water, noting that on top of having a sweet voice, Jungguk is also a phenomenal dancer, maybe even up to par with Hoseok and Jimin. Every once in a while he'd move his gaze after noticing that he's been staring for too long, making himself look suspicious. When he sees a girl try to dance with Jungguk, Taehyung let's out a chuckle as the younger freezes, her persistence seeming to make him more and more flustered. It seems that even when he's wasted at some party, he's still hyper-aware of strangers.

Soon enough, the younger boy catches Taehyung's gaze, and smiles, making his way through the crowd of tangled bodies towards him. Taehyung throws a coughing fit, choking on water. He’s been caught.

“I heard you got spit at or some shit.” Jungguk smirks when he reaches Taehyung. “Must have been a pretty big glob of spit if your shirt's been ruined that badly.”

“Actually it was her practically full cup of beer, but what’s the difference.” Taehyung smiles, immediately sinking into Jungkook's much needed presence.

“Let’s go play some Mario Kart on Jin’s ancient, mint condition, Nintendo 64.” Jungguk suggests. “I think I need a break.”

“Same here. Anything to get out of this mess.” Taehyung agrees and they make their way upstairs, finding Jin’s room rather quickly.
"Wow, look at this beauty," Jungguk marvels at the old, blackish gray console, smoothing his hands over the top as if he were looking at some desirable relic. "I bet we could sell this thing for a million won."

"Maybe half that at best," Taehyung helps Jungguk plug in all the cables and insert their controls (yellow for Jungguk and Jin's custom made pink one for Taehyung). "I hope we don't have to blow into the damn thing," In the past he's had to blow into the slot of the game a few times to kick it into gear because of its old age.

Jungguk nods. "Well if it's in a good a condition as Jin makes it out to be, I think we'll be fine."

The boys insert the game cautiously, eyes glued to the tv screen. It takes a few seconds but when the infamous spinning logo comes on, they breathe a sigh of relief.

Mario Kart's signature theme song rings, the opening scene blinking onto Jin’s 50 inch flat-screen (according to Jin, it was too small for his room), and both boys squeak in awe, memories flooding with nostalgia.

“This reminds me of the good old days.” Taehyung fakes a cry.

“I was like what? Five? Even then it was already dubbed as an ancient machine.” Jungguk recollects.

“Definitely an oldie but goodie.” Taehyung chooses to race instead of to battle. Popping balloons was hardly any fun with only two people.

“Dibs on Bowser.” Jungguk calls when the eight characters line up on the screen, manuevering his mouse to the orange, turtle and beast hybrid.

“Bowser?” Taehyung tries his hardest to not criticize Jungguls character choices once again. He's always hated playing the steroid turtle. "I'm a Toad fan anyway.” He shrugs and selects the kid character with a large white hat adorned with two red dots. “How much you wanna bet Jin plays as Princess Peach every fucking time?”

“I’d bet with you if you weren’t right.”

And just like that they slip into their weekly weekend routine- playing games in each others company, and Taehyung likes it like that. There's no one bothering them, and nothing to distract Taehyung from kicking Jungguk's ass.

Except for the adorable little laughs that escape Jungguk's mouth every time Bowser hits Toad with a red turtle shell.

Except for when Taehyung realizes just how close together they are- both sitting on Jin's bed, shoulder to shoulder and knee to knee.

Except for the pounding in his chest when he notices how messy Jungguk's lush, black hair has become. And the clenching of hid heart when he sees the beads of sweat still sitting on Jungguk's glowing skin, taking in the small, up and down movement of his strong chest.

And the song that's being played certainly doesn't help Taehyung either.

“Cause every time we touch, I get this feeling
And every time we kiss I swear I could fly
Can’t you feel my heart beat fast, I want this to last
Need you by my side..”
Curse Cascada and her wonderfully upbeat yet sensual song, and curse Min Yoongi for shuffling this track.

Curse Jeon Jungguk’s smooth, flushed skin and curse him for not noticing just how adorable he looks with is lopsided smile and raised cheeks.

But most importantly, curse the piercings that align Jungguk’s ear- the plump lobe blushing an all too adorable pink against the soft pressure of the jewelry, practically begging Taehyung to do something to it.

So Taehyung leans in and places a soft kiss right on the tip of Jungguk’s earlobe.

And ever so softly, he hears a slight hitch in Jungguk’s breath, causing the blood in his veins to boil.

Chapter End Notes

- It may or may not be Jungkook's point of view next :') depends on which version I like better. Please don't hate me haha
- Also sorry that it was a long read, I hope you liked that lil kiss ❤
Uneasiness and exploration

Chapter Summary

Jungkook is missing, and Taehyung questions his sexuality (and his fetishes) after accidentally (most likely on purpose) kissing Jungkook's ear.

Chapter Notes

What even is fluff? What even is smut? Read on and you shall find out.

I decided to maybe upload Jungkook's p.o.v at the end, whenever that will be and I changed the spelling of *Jungguk to Jungkook.

Taehyung pulls away from Jungkook's ear, his face turning an unhealthy shade of red. "I-I'm sorry," he blurs, abruptly getting off the bed and running out the door towards the nearest bathroom (which, luckily, is only one door down), away from the source of his oncoming heart attack. "What the fuck was that?" he mutters to himself once he’s reached the safety of the puke-stenched room. He runs his hands through his light-brown locks as he tries to calm his heart down, but to no avail.

Letting out a small groan, he lets his head sink as he grips onto the edge of the marble counter top, fingers scratching at the edges in attempts to regain some sort of sanity away from Jeon Jungkook, but again, no luck.

He just can’t seem to let go of Jungkook's large, sparkling brown eyes, looking at him with a feverish innocence, and plush lips, stuck underneath his cute corner canine makes Taehyung bite his own lips. And Jungkook’s blushing cheeks that look all too pinchable, earlobe that was way softer than what he could have imagined doesn’t help Taehyung’s predicament. But perhaps the most unforgettable thing that Jungkook did was let out a small, light, feathery breath that tingled every sense in Taehyung’s body.

Taehyung lets out another disgruntled grunt as he slides down onto the cold floor, head between his knees, buried in his hands.

Am I gay? He thinks, then sighs. In all his 19, going on 20, years of his life, he's never felt an attraction towards someone of the same sex. He's always liked women and their soft bodies, beautiful curves, cute voices, and happy smiles. So he shakes his head and brushes the question away.

Then he thinks that he may just be sexually frustrated. It has been a while since he’s last touched a girl or done anything remotely rated R aside from dancing with Lee Somi that night, so that must be it. That and the fact that Jungkook was sitting so close to him. That and the damn Cascada song that Min Yoongi probably decided to play to get Park Jimin in the mood. Maybe he really does need to just get laid like a normal college student.

Taehyung just needs a pretty lady with long eyelashes, a cute nose, and a nice, warm body under
him. He needs to look into her eyes and brush away her long, black hair as he kisses her lips and run
his hands down the curve of her hips. Next he'll take off her shirt to reveal her smooth skin, and
maybe start to kiss down her belly. She'll let out a small giggle at the light kisses, then He'll remove
her pants...

Once his pants are off, Taehyung will start kissing up his body again, take his time to feel the lines of
his hard abs, tongue occasionally flicking out to have a taste. This will make Jungkook let out a
moan, and he'll start to run his hands through Taehyung's hair. When Taehyung's reaches his neck,
he'll start to run his hands over Jungkook's bare chest, thumbs brushing softly over his nipples and
Jungkook will arch his back at the at the barely there touch, parting his lips, asking for more. But
Taehyung will only tease by kissing and sucking at Jungkook's hot skin, Jungkook's arms now
wrapped around his body. He'll continue to tease up Jungkook's neck and towards his ear- his
dangerously enticing ear where the double-cartilage piercing sits, and lick a stripe over the lobe, teeth
nibbling at the tip. All of the teasing will make Jungkook whine and beg for more, and maybe he'll
give him what he wants, holding his thighs apart and grinding down on top of him to get a better feel
of the sensation they're trying to reach. Then Taehyung will start to kiss up Jungkook's jawline,
stopping right at his chin to take a look at Jungkook's tear-eyed face, flushed cheeks, smirking at the
mess of a man he's created, before leaning in to have a taste of his what must be very very
supple,
and sweet lips.

Throwing his head back in agony, Taehyung wills his crotch to settle down as he tries to wave the
thought of having sex with Jungkook out of his mind, but again he can't. He's never had the urge to
kiss a man, much less touch a man before, but he can't deny that he wants to make Jungkook scream
his name. He want's to see Jungkook writhe beneath him while he takes control, teasing and pleasing
all at the same time, and he wants to do it so badly that his dick's almost throbbing in the confines of
his black slacks.

Mentally cursing himself out, Taehyung takes a deep breath and unzips his pants.

A few more grunts and pumps over his wild imagination later, Taehyung cleans himself, still
mentally cursing at the fact that he's just masturbated to the thought of his friend and enjoying every
bit of it. He washes his face once again to calm himself some more before leaving the bathroom and
making his way towards Jin's room where he hopes Jungkook is still sitting.

When he makes it to the door, he knocks first. Why? He doesn't know. Calling out Jungkook's name,
Taehyung continues to knock, but when he doesn't answer, he lets himself in and finds an interesting
sight.

Before him, laying belly side down and hugging one of Jin's fluffy white pillows, is Jungkook, chest
rising up and down, fast a sleep. For a moment, Taehyung stands there surprised and slightly
amused, just looking at the sleeping man. After a few moments he lets out a small chuckle and makes
his way towards the bed, grabbing the other pillow as he plops down next to the younger man.

"Jeon Jungkook..." he mumbles, listening to the soft and steady inhales and exhales of his breath as
he looks over the curves of Jungkook's nose and prominent cheeks. He notices the small (and very
few) pores on his face and wonders what he must have done in his past life to have been blessed
with such an angular jawline. His eyes trace over the shape of Jungkook's lips and smiles as he
brushes away the few strands of hair covering Jungkook's eyes.

“You're too cute for your own good,” Taehyung whispers, thinking about the many times he's seen
Jungkook's droopy lids as he falls asleep. He thinks about the countless nights they've stayed up
together, laughing at each other's gameplay, or shouting at their useless opponents. And Taehyung
thinks about how easy it is to get along with Jungkook, knowing that all he needs to be happy is to
see Jungkook's smiling face and happy eyes.

He lets out a deep breath and gently pokes Jungkook's cheek with his index finger. “Seeing you seems to always make me feel at ease.”

And before he falls asleep, he thinks that maybe he should tell Jungkook that he might really like him.

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Taehyung blinks his eyes open, grimacing at the bright sunlight that momentarily blinds him. He sits up feeling absolutely disgusting- hair’s hardened from the alcohol, breath smelling like an awful mix of booze and pizza, and he body odor an even worse mixture of both. But he’s glad he didn’t have much to drink last night. No migraine, no puking and no hazy memories.

That's right, hazy memories and last night.

He notices that Jungkook's no longer next to him, and for a moment Taehyung feels down that he was unable to see Jungkook’s bed hair. It must have been wild, sticking out in random places and he imagines that Jungkook’s face would scrunch up at the nasty stench. The image makes Taehyung laugh but he catches himself, stopping before he thinks anything more (because he seems to always go further when thinking of Jungkook). After a quick stretch and visit to the bathroom, he slinks downstairs towards the kitchen to where all the chatter is.

There doesn’t seem to be too many voices however. All he hears is Hoseok babbling animatedly about something, probably flailing his hands in the air as he talks, and Jimin’s giggles. Then a sweet smell wafts through his nostrils and he quickens his pace. It’s blueberry pancakes. Jin doesn't make western food often, but when he does, it’s delicious.

Jin sees Taehyung stumble into the kitchen first. “Well look who it is,” he says as Taehyung holds up an angled peace sign, fingers widened, forming the shape of a "V".

He takes a seat next to Hoseok by the kitchen island, noticing that it’s just the four of them, Jin, Jimin, Hoseok and himself. "Your place smells like shit."

Jin grunts. "Say something again and I'm cancelling my housecleaning. I'll tell them that you personally volunteered to do the dirty work."

"No biggie, I'll just leave before you can catch me," Taehyung jokes and takes a sip of orange juice from Hoseok's cup, smiling when he’s met with a disgusted look from the other man.

"...and no pancakes either," Jin adds, which gets the younger to keep quiet.

"Hey, have you guys seen Jungkook?" he asks, sipping away at the orange juice which Hoseok has abandoned. His question earns a scoff from the red-head.

"Wow, we haven't seen each other in four months and you don't even ask me how I am?" Hoseok tries to guilt trip Taehyung but gets ignored.

"Have you Jimin? Jin?" They both say they haven't seen him since last night, and it starts to worry Taehyung. Maybe he had stepped the line-no he absolutely has if Jungkook's disappeared over night without a word.

Hoseok lets out another scoff. "You mean the guy you were sleeping with last night?" His nonchalant statement gets the other two men to gasp and Taehyung groans in annoyance.
"SLEEPING WITH?" Jin and Jimin shout in unison, filled to the brim with curiosity.

"It's not like that!" Taehyung protests, curious eyes and sleazy smiles forming on their lips. He makes a mental note to murder the giggling red-head when they’re alone. For now he sends him a glare. "It really wasn’t like that. We just fell asleep okay? Just two p-" Taehyung takes a gulp. Is it still platonic after last night? "Two platonic friends sleeping on the same bed after playing some Mario Kart."

"YOU GUYS TOUCHED MY MARIO KART?" Jin screams. "WHO LET YOU TOUCH MY MARIO KART?! WHAT MADE YOU TWO THINK IT WAS OKAY TO TOUCH MY MARIO KART?"

"Okay, first of all Jin, stop screaming." Taehyung was getting irritated by now. Jungkook's nowhere to be seen and Jin's worrying about a stupid game. "And secondly, we were in your room sleeping on your bed. How did you not notice? Where did you sleep?"

Jin clears his throat and flips a pancake, the smell telling every one else that it's burned. "I made my way into one of the other rooms. Thought it was mine."

"Well guys," Jimin speaks up, giving the boys a half smile. "Let's calm down. We can just call Jungkook," he suggests.

"Yeah, I want to meet him." Hoseok beams, taking back his cup of orange juice. "He seems like a nice guy."

"He’s awesome. But how’d you even know we were-" Taehyung swallows. "We were sleeping together?" It sounds dirty to him but he tells himself that he’s a grown man who should not be bothered by a string of words that can be interpreted in two completely different ways.

The red-head chuckles. "Well...I was trying to get a room for a pretty lady and I last night, but we stumbled into the middle of your cuddling session." He wiggles his eyebrows up and down, causing Jin and Jimin to raise their own.

"Cuddling session? What kind of cuddling?" Jimin's eyes are filled with questions and Taehyung rolls his.

"Calm down chim-chim." Taehyung snaps. "We were literally two people sleeping next to each other on a bed." he explains, but Jimin only giggles more. He ignores Jimin's laughs and sends a message to Jungkook, asking him where he was.

Hoseok lets out a snort and crosses his arms. "Not even close. Their legs were wrapped around each other, and Tae’s hands were on his cheeks, and they were like super close, like this close."

He presses his thumb and index finger together, indicating that there was zero space between them.

"That’s pretty close, Tae," Jin snickers. "I didn't know you liked men too," he laughs his annoying, windshield wiper laugh, and slaps his thigh.

"...Me neither," Taehyung absentmindedly says, waiting for a reply from Jungkook, but he lets out a gasp once he realizes what he's just said. "Wait I- forget it guys," he fumbles, looking at his three friends who look back at him, surprised, and he's suddenly met with a silence he didn't intend to bring out. "Sorry guys, I didn't mean to make it awkward," he sighs, rubbing his temples with his hands.

No one says a word and goes back to doing whatever they were doing before. Jin flips his second, or maybe third burnt pancake and Jimin sits there, drinking away at his coffee. Hoseok just taps a finger
on his cheek and Taehyung tries to soothe the nervous pulses running throughout his body by fiddling with his fingers, and Jungkook hasn't replied.

Then Taehyung hears a clink and smells not-burnt pancakes in front of him. “Here Tae. I’ll give you the ones that are good since you’re my favorite.” Jin smiles, placing the tub of syrup next to the plate.

“My oh my,” Hoseok lets out deep sigh and puts his arms around Taehyung. “…Look at my boy, Kim Taehyung, falling in love,” a fake snuffle comes out of his nose. ”...exploring his sexuality.” He turns to look at Taehyung and wipes a pretend (or maybe real, he can't tell) tear from his eyes. “My young, young boy, growing up so fast. I-I don’t know what to do.” He fakes an even more obnoxious cry and Taehyung loosens up, letting out a small chuckle.

“You can talk to me anytime, okay Tae?” Jimin walks over and wraps his arms around his friend, giving him a tight squeeze. “You know...since I like guys too, and especially since I’m like, your very best friend.”

Taehyung eases into the back-hug and smiles. "I know, and thanks Jimin."

A loud “ahem” breaks their delicate conversation and they all turn to see Namjoon and Yoongi standing by the doorway.

“God you young kids are so fucking emo.” Yoongi grumbles, walking towards the coffee pouring himself a cup. “Don’t worry about Jungkook, since you are probably freaking out about your future boyfriend’s whereabouts, and don’t ask me any more questions until I’ve had my damn coffee.”

Taehyung nods knowing better than to irritate a coffee-less Yoongi and breathes a sigh of relief knowing that Jungkook is most likely safe despite not replying to his texts. “How long have you guys been standing there?” He asks Namjoon.

“Since Jin handed you those perfect pancakes while he flips burned ones for us. We got the gist of the conversation.” Namjoon says as he searches through the fridge. “Don’t worry about it Tae. The entirety of the word love wasn’t created to only describe the unity of hearts and souls between a man and woman. You’re still Kim Taehyung to us whether you like girls or not.”

“Yeah,” Hoseok agrees. “Besides, we’re already used to one disgustingly cheesy and unnecessarily fruity gay couple. What’s one more.” He laughs and Yoongi hits him on the head. The other boys want to laugh too but Yoongi just glares, only allowing Jimin to chuckle at Hoseok’s diss.

“WAIT.” Jin suddenly shouts again, as if he’s had an epiphany. “YOU WERE TRYING TO HAVE SEX IN MY BEDROOM?”

“Trying to,” Hoseok repeats. “But I didn’t, so you’re welcome.” He winks at Jin and Taehyung relishes in the warmth, and understanding of his friends, glad that he's found the perfect group to call his second home.

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“So how do you know Jungkook’s okay?” Taehyung asks from the backseat of Yoongi’s car. They had all just finished catching up with Hoseok over breakfast and were now on their separate ways for winter vacation.

“Last night, maybe half past midnight I saw him come down the stairs.” Yoongi looks at his rear-view mirror, then back onto the road. "...Looked pretty distraught, so I asked him if he was okay. He nodded and said he was going to head home so I offered him a ride, but he said something about
thinking better when running. Then he left.”

“He looked…distraught?” Taehyung furrows his brows. "Like upset?"

“Sure…Anyway…” Yoongi continues. “I told him to message me when he gets back to his dorm and he did about an hour later. It’s all peachy.”

“Peachy…” Taehyung repeats. But it’s not all peachy, at least not to him. Jungkook hasn’t replied to any of his messages even though it’s been a few hours, and he wonders if he had crossed the line last night- kissing his ear and sleeping next to him. He enjoyed it, but Jungkook might have hated it. So his heart sinks a bit at the possibility that Jungkook might not want to see or speak to him ever again, and starts to think about what he should do to mend a maybe severed relationship-friendship he corrects himself.

“So did you guys make-out or something?” Yoongi nonchalantly asks and Jimin smacks him on the arm.

A sigh leaves Taehyung’s lips. “No. I kissed his ear.”

“His ear?” Jimin pipes from the passenger’s seat. “Why?”

“Because it looked cute.”

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Taehyung wants to go straight to Jungkook’s dorm but Jimin convinces him to at least have a shower first. If he has any intention of getting onto his friend’s good side again, he should at least look and smell decent, so he agrees, not putting up much of a fight.

A hot, refreshing shower later and Taehyung is out the door of their dormitory, making his way across campus to Jungkook’s. He still hasn’t gotten a reply from him, and doesn’t even know if he’s home, but wishes for luck anyway.

Skipping up the stairs two at a time until he reaches the fourth floor, he stops to calm his beating chest, but it instead quickens as he realizes he’s about to come face to face with his friend-now maybe crush-who might not want to see him considering how it seems like he’s been ignoring him the entire morning. But Taehyung charges on, pushing the door to the hallway open, and making his way to the second door on the right.

He takes a deep breath and starts to knock but Jungkook doesn’t answer. So he knocks again, and again and again- again no answer.

Taehyung sighs (he’s been doing a lot of that lately) and slumps down in front of the door door, uneasiness sweeping through his body. “Please Jungkook…” he pleads. “I know you’re in there.” He shouts with certainty though he’s not certain at all. For all he knows, Jungkook could be long gone to Busan now, riding on the train to spend vacation with his brother and loving parents. And Taehyung feels hopeless.

It feels like an eternity before he spots any sign of life on the fourth-floor dorm. Someone from down the hall creeps out and steps over Taehyung’s outstretched leg. Taehyung says hello, but the stranger just walks by, luggage swinging over his shoulder as he leaves, presumably back home. This does little to cheer up the somber boy, a small tear emerging from the corner of his eye.

Taehyung normally doesn’t cry, but he thinks he deserves the tear after managing to mess up in more ways than one. From kissing his friend (on the ear), to questioning his sexuality, thinking obscene
thoughts about his friend, climaxing to the thought of those obscene thoughts, falling asleep next to him, coming to terms with the fact that he might have very real feelings for his friend, and being ignored by the subject of his inner most desires all in the spam of just over 12 hours, he's a mess and definitely deserves that tear.

Another eternity passes, and he starts to wail. “Jungkook, Jeon Jungkook, Mr. Jeon Jungkook…” he shouts, lazily rapping on the door. “Open sesame please…” he pouts, hoping for the best, but deciding that he'll stay and wait outside Jungkook's doors forever if he has to. “Jeeoonnnnn Jung-“

The door to Jungkook’s room swings open and Taehyung braces himself with an elbow as he falls backward.

“God, you really are annoying,” Jungkook mumbles and Taehyung practically screams his name as he springs onto his feet. When he sees the boy before him, dressed in a casual hoodie and loose gray sweatpants, hair shiny and dripping, he takes a gulp, ingraining the glorious look into his memory. He’d take a picture if he could, but that’s not why he’s here.

“Why didn’t you open the door for me if you were here the whole time? I must have waited for at least two hours.”

Jungkook rolls his eyes and closes the door behind them. “It was ten minutes, and I was in the shower.”

“Oh,” Taehyung breathes a sigh of relief, but then remembers that Jungkook hasn’t been replying to his messages. “Why didn’t you text me back?”

“My phone’s dead.” Is all the other says.

“Oh…” Taehyung whispers, the air between them more awkward than it’s ever been before. He doesn't like that and doesn't know how he should break the ice, so he decides to empty his mind.

“I’m sorry, Jungkook,” he begins, glancing at the younger boy. “I must have-no I definitely scared you last night. We’re friends, guy friends at that, and I just up and kissed your ear like it was no big deal. You just looked so cute, and by cute I mean bunny cute of course-” he pauses to take a breath. “And it doesn’t seem like it’s a big deal to you because you look totally unaffected right now, but it’s a big deal to me."

*What am I doing?* Taehyung thinks, but his mouth continues anyway. "...After running into the bathroom last night I couldn’t stop thinking about how cute you looked, and not just cute but sexy too-" he skips the details about masturbating, “and when I came back into the room and you were sleeping, I just thought you looked even cuter and prettier, and I just thought that I've always loved spending time with you above all else, and maybe just maybe I might like you as more than a friend, and that it might not be so bad because it's you...

Taehyung takes a break to catch his breath, not completely sure if his words even made sense to Jungkook, so he takes another peak at the younger boy.

And when he sees him, his heart begins to race again, so he starts to cautiously take a step in his direction. Jungkook in turn, taking a step back. "What I mean is..." Taehyung whispers as he takes places another foot forward, Jungkook, another foot back. "...I like you, Jungkook." he confesses with another foot forward, shuffling towards Jungkook until they’re stumbling onto his small black futon.

“So I…” Taehyung continues, his voice lowered and pace, slowed. He positions himself between
Jungkook, now laying down on the futon, and hovers above the younger man. “I just want to know…” He reaches for the younger man's hands, now covering his face and pries them away much easier than expected, “I just want to know why you left last night,” he whispers and Jungkook avoids his gaze. “…why you’re ignoring me…If you look like this?”

Jungkook is blushing. From the tip of his ear to the crook of his neck, he’s been washed with a delicate pink hue, and Taehyung presses his forehead against his, forcing the younger man to look at him. His large, beautiful, cozy brown eyes are almost watering, looking up at Taehyung with such a soft vulnerability that Taehyung finds himself interlocking their fingers, clasping Jungkook's hands to keep himself sane. And when Jungkook realizes that his lips are trembling, he presses them into a thin line, Taehyung tries is hardest not to attach his lips onto Jungkook's, willing every nerve in his body to help him.

They stay like that for a moment, fingers intertwined, breaths neither quick nor slow, but hungry for something as the tension in the air suffocates them. Taehyung swears his heart beat is loud enough for Jungkook to hear, and swears he can hear his too.

Finally, through a shaky breath, Taehyung speaks up first. "Tell me..." he whispers, lips almost touching Jungkook's the ear that started it all. When Jungkook lets out a small gasp at graze of hot breath, Taehyung tries his hardest not to do anything. "Please Jungkook..." he begs, bringing his face just centimeters apart, noses now touching.

“I can’t.” Jungkook lets out through a heavy breath, turning his head away from Taehyung and pressing his lips again.

“Why not?” Taehyung asks, letting go of one hand to turn the younger man's face back towards him.

Jungkook tries to avert his gaze again. "It's embarrassing," he admits, and Taehyung tightens his loose hold on Jungkook's jaw, making sure that the younger man's eyes stay on him.

“I won’t laugh,” he brushes his lips against his forehead, now feeling more secure about their feelings towards each other. "I promise..." he smooths a thumb over his soft, blushing cheeks and presses his lips down harder.

Jungkook takes a few shaky, deep breaths and gulps, "I woke up and you were...next to me..." he licks his lips, and Taehyung curses, wondering if he'd done it knowing full well it would rile him up even more of if it was an unconscious act. “…and I left because…” Jungkook pauses, eyes flickering to meet Taehyung’s, then flicker back down. He takes another gulp and Taehyung watches the bob of his Adams-apple, barely able to hold himself together.

He moves his lips down and onto the tip of Jungkook's nose. "Because?"

His voice is barely a whisper, but Taehyung knows he hears it right-

“Because…I wanted to touch myself next to you. "

And all resolve breaks. Taehyung kisses him, not delicately, nor roughly, but passionately, lips meeting with such an urgency that it sends shivers down his spine. He takes in the softness of Jungkook’s lips and the hotness of his breath as they ease into each other. Not wanting to break away or take a breath, small and short whimpers leave their lips in quick breaths. When Jungkook lets out a moan, body shuddering at the heated kisses, Taehyung presses his body against the younger man, earning a string of soft whines that he gladly swallows up with a harder kiss. Pulling
on Jungkook's bottom lip, the younger parts his mouth to let out a quick breath, but is quickly pulled back into pleasure when Taehyung slides in his tongue, a soft meow leaving his lips at the new sensation.

Running his hands down Jungkook’s body, Taehyung stops when he reaches the small curve of his hips. He slides his hands up the gray hoodie and harshly grips down on his body, pulling him further up his lap. The younger wraps his legs around Taehyung’s waist, bringing them closer together and he moans, again wondering if it was on purpose, or by pure instinct.

They finally part, a thin line of saliva still connecting their reddened lips, and Taehyung takes a moment to look down at Jungkook, who’s bottom lip is pressed underneath his teeth, reddened and supple. He can barely keep his eyes open, looking at Taehyung through a half-lidded, desire filled gaze, that makes Taehyung go all the more insane. His eyes then follow the heaving of Jungkook's chest and down his arms that lay above his body, shielding him from something.

"Jungkook..." Taehyung whispers, pulling Jungkook's hands away to reveal a sight that dries his throat.

He sees outline of Jungkook's member against the gray sweatpants, and curses, lips now latching onto Jungkook's warm neck as he rolls his hips against the younger man, making him throw his head back, entangling his fingers through Taehyung's silky hair as he stifles a moan that comes out in shaky breaths. Taehyung tries his hardest not to bite down as Jungkook continues to let out the sweetest sounds he's ever heard, so he starts to grind himself against him only making him yelp louder.

"W-Wait," Jungkook bites back a whine when he feels Taehyung’s hard on press against his, but the much wanted sensation causes rock his hips up against Taehyung, creating more friction between the two electrified bodies. "Sto-stop," he pleads, but his words contradict his actions as he continues to rock, wanting more and more. Suddenly, Taehyung tightens his grip on his hips, preventing him from moving his body any more.

“What the fuck Jeon Jungkook,” Taehyung hisses against Jungkook's ear, teeth gently nibbling on his lobe. The younger man trembles. “Don’t. tell. me. to. stop. if. you’re. going. to. pull. that. sort. of. move.” Taehyung nearly growls and Jungkook lets out a soft whine, nose sniffling as a small tear forms at the corner of his eyes.

“Oh-Shit.” Taehyung scrambles, snapping out of their embrace once he realizes that he might have gone too far. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry Jungkook,” he says, placing quick pecks all over his face. “I’ll stop, I’m stopping,” he says in between the small kisses. "Stopping now," says, kissing Jungkook one last time, as he wipes away the tear.

Then a small laugh falls from Jungkook’s lips and the older looks at him in confusion.

“Jungkook…?” Taehyung pouts, unsure of what's happening.

“I’m sorry Taehyung I didn’t mean to stop I just-“ Jungkook takes a deep breath and looks at Taehyung. “I’ve never done anything like this before...” his lips form a thin line. "...and really, you’re the cute one. But you’re also really sexy, and..." he looks up at Taehyung and new shade of pink runs over his cheeks. "...and I’m honestly kind of very nervous because that felt really good...like too good...but I’m not ready for anything more yet, at least I don’t think so.”

Taehyung chuckles and kisses Jungkook on the nose.

"And also...that was my first kiss, and first french, and first-“ The younger rambles but Taehyung's
eyes widen in shock and utter guilt.

“Wait, you’ve never kissed anyone before?” he groans, his head falling into the crook of Jungkook’s neck. “Why didn’t you say something?” he mumbles, interlacing their fingers once more. Jungkook only giggles.

“It’s okay,” he smiles. “It felt really good. Like mind-blowingly good…”

Taehyung lets out a satisfied huff. “Good.”

"Can we..." Jungkook whispers. "Can we take it slow?"

Leaving the comfort of Jungkook’s neck, Taehyung smirks as he looks down at messy haired, pink lipped, out of breath, honestly too cute and way too erotic, bunny-smiled boy. “I don’t know,” he teases. "You pretty much lost your chance at taking things slow when you told me you wanted to touch yourself in my sleeping presence.”

His playful statement flusters Jungkook and he scrunches his face.

“And I don’t think you told me you liked me back so I’m not so sure…”

“But I do like you!” Jungkook blurs. “I like you a lot…”

The animated confession makes Taehyung smile his wide, boxy smile and he leans in, kissing Jungkook ever so softly, making sure to savor every sweet part of his lips.

“Of course we’re going to go slowly,” Taehyung whispers, falling back down on top of him, wrapping his arms tightly around his waist.

“…But what do we do now?” Jungkook asks, running his fingers through Taehyung’s hair, ruffling his locks here and there.

“Mmmm what we usually do, but with lots of kissing and stuff.” Taehyung answers.

“Okay…and not just on my ears, right?” Jungkook smirks- how dare he, Taehyung thinks- and he feels himself blush, burying himself back into the crook of the younger's neck.

“I knew I should have kissed you on the lips last night,” he mumbles, making Jungkook laugh.

And they lay there, one on top of the other in silence, Taehyung reminding himself to never let Jungkook know what he actually did in the bathroom last night, and to not think dirty thoughts and reawaken his sleeping boner.

"Wanna play Overwatch?"

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter and I hope you guys laughed or something when Taehyung suddenly started to think about Jungkook instead of a girl (or maybe it turned you on, idk). I couldn't stop chuckling myself.
It's the start of the school week for me so I probably won't update until the end of the week. Thank you guys for checking this out, more will come ~

*edited*

I was thinking about this chapter last night and all day today and I think I want to end the MAIN STORY here, and say it's complete. For the time being. Don't worry, Tae and Kook's unorthodox love adventures don't end here, there'll be more to come in due time :) I might as well call whatever comes next a sequel. Thanks for enjoying guys!

*edited*

What comes after this will really just be a series of Taekook oneshots exploring their relationship after they've gotten together so get ready for fluff and fluff and smut :)
First Snow

Chapter Summary

It's snowing and Taehyung is missing someone special.

Chapter Notes

Hey! I'm back with another chapter :) hope you guys like it!

Taehyung steps outside, the fresh, first snow crunching under his feet, and he lets out a deep exhale, watching his warm breath swirl before him. It's 7:30 am and he's awake, far too early he thinks, but decides he's going to take some early morning photos for his portfolio.

He spots a small blue-bellied bird a few yards away, it's small talons imprinting perfectly into the freshly fallen snow, and crouches down to snap a picture, the click of the camera causing the bird to fly away. A grunt leaves his lips as he looks at the photo. With a bit of editing, he could sharpen the bird and create a better contrast of it's footprints, but it's not the money maker so he trudges on, bracing the cold.

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"Where'd you go?" Jimin asks as Taehyung steps through the door, body shivering and teeth chattering.

"Just on a walk." he mumbles, setting the camera down to take off his winter wear. "I wanted to take some pictures of an 'early winter morning' but none of these shots are any good." Taehyung rubs his hands together to warm them up after he turns on the tea kettle to boil some water. It's 10 am, he's hungry, and there's only ramen in the cupboards- their fridge full of air.

"Tae, these are so pretty!" Jimin flips through the photos, scrolling through one of a stray yellow cat disappearing into an alleyway, a few landscape sceneries, and other miscellaneous pieces. "You really know how to make things stand out." Taehyung mumbles something inaudible and Jimin starts to laugh at his friend's less-than-chirpy behavior. "Cheer up Tae, he'll be back in a few weeks." he rubs Taehyung's back as he pours the boiling water into the cup noodles, the scent of chicken broth rising into their nostrils.

Jungkook left for Busan on Christmas Eve, both of them deciding not to get the other a Christmas gift, and their goodbye, although awkward, was also every bit as sweet as Taehyung had hoped it would be. With a small kiss on the lips, he sent the younger away, imprinting his cute, blushing cheeks and smiling face into his memory, making sure to never forget it. Since then, it's been four, going on five days and he's starting to feel the withdrawal symptoms. He's seen Jungkook almost every day since the beginning of the semester- these few days being the largest gap in time yet, and he's missing the younger man. It doesn't help that they've started dating after their unorthodox confessions, it only adds onto the suffering.
Jimin sighs and rolls his eyes at Taehyung's silent answer. "You're whipped," he giggles, deciding that he wants to eat ramen too so he makes himself a cup. "You've only started dating and you're missing him this much already. I mean it's cute and all but-" Jimin stops talking when he hears his phone ring, immediately answering when he sees the caller ID. "Yoongi!" he chirps, walking away towards his room.

Taehyung's the one rolling his eyes this time, a small scoff following as he blows on his noodles. "What were you saying Chim-Chim?!" he shouts and hears a giggle, not sure if it's Jimin answering him or if it's Jimin laughing at something stupid that Yoongi's said.

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"And today we'll be focusing on how to use light to your advantage...." Taehyung's professor speaks but he could care less at the moment. It's not that he's not interested, he's just tired, almost dozing off to sleep in the middle of the room. He starts to scribble on his notebook, making loops of O's and drawing odd pictures here and there to keep him from tilting his head down and droop his eyelids. There's only a handful of students, maybe ten or eleven so he can't really fall asleep without the professor noticing.

His winter-rim photography course meets up four times a week on Tuesdays to Fridays, two and a half hours each day at 1:00 pm on Tuesdays to Thursdays. On Fridays however, It's a three and a half hour lesson and today just so happens to be Friday. The three hours are divided into a lecture lesson which takes up one hour, then a one and a half hour time frame for a thirty minute lunch and a one our technical skill lesson. The last hour on Fridays are reserved for darkroom use.

The notification light on his phone blinks green and he, as discreetly as he can, checks to see who it's from.

1:43 pm: Buns

Just woke up.

Taehyung softly chuckles at the message from Jungkook, who he's named "Buns" but has yet to tell him- it's short for bunny. A few seconds later he gets another text.

1:43 pm: Buns

The snow looks pretty. Why were you up so early?

1:45 pm: Kim Taehyung

Lucky you. I want to sleep...

I want to wake up at 2 in the afternoon.

And I was up taking pictures for my photography class.

1:50 pm: Buns

You woke up early for school? Lame.

I want to see them.
Please?

1:52 pm: Kim Taehyung

Maybe when you get back ;)

1:56 pm: Buns

Okay

Guess what I'm eating for breakfast.

Or lunch. Whatever the fuck it's called

when you wake up in the middle of the day.

1:57 pm: Kim Taehyung

Oh, I know, I know.

Whey protein mixed into a half gallon of milk.

2:00 pm: Buns

Wow. You are so funny.

But no, I'm eating fried chicken. Mmmmm.

2:02 pm: Kim Taehyung

FRIED CHICKEN? That's the food of gods.

Save me some.

Please I only have like 1 pack of ramen and a soiled cupful because Jimin forgot to eat it earlier
today. And a fridge full of nothing.

2:03 pm: Buns

Lol. You are gross.

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"Aghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Taehyung groans, leaning back on his chair, stretching his limbs. He's been
sitting in the library for a few hours now, his neck aching and muscles tense as he browses through
various books on photography and art, occasionally getting distracted by some Youtube video on his
phone. It's almost 7:30 pm, and he had promised Jimin that he'd be back before 8 to celebrate the
night into his birthday with Yoongi, Jin and Namjoon. The five of them are still in town because of
school and unfortunately, work for the three older ones. Hoseok won't be back until the second week
of January and Jungkook, not until after that.

With a heavy sigh, he trudges out of the library and into the cold night air, making it back to his dorm
a few minutes later- the perks of living next to the library in the winter, he thinks.

"It's birthday boy!" Jimin greets Taehyung at the door, holding a rainbow birthday party cone-hat
with a fuzzy ball stuck on the top.
"Birthday boy!" The others, except for Yoongi who only grunts and waves his hand, yell when they see him in the doorway and a warm smile finds its way onto his lips. Jungkook might not be here, but he's got several other friends who are, and he's glad they're willing to spend time with him.

Taehyung met first met Jimin during the final semester of his last year of high school. They were both on a campus tour of their university and hit it off right away, laughing and joking, marveling and gasping at what they saw and learned. By the end of the day, they had exchanged numbers, and became close friends, even closer than the friends Taehyung had in his hometown. Every time they met after that, school orientation, registration, etc., and etc., they'd explore the city together after such educational formalities were over with and decided that they wanted to room together.

Coincidentally, it was during one of their meetups that Jimin met Taehyung's childhood friend, Min Yoongi. They had wanted to eat somewhere good so Taehyung asked Yoongi to be a good guide. He reluctantly agreed, but Taehyung knows he's secretly grateful for having been pulled out of his slumber because the moment Yoongi laid eyes on Jimin, he stuttered a greeting so messy that Taehyung found it hard to keep a straight face. He knew Yoongi had fallen in that moment, and Jimin must have shortly after too, precisely a month and a half after because one day they weren't holding hands, and the next they were.

The weekend before school officially started, Yoongi took them out to their first college party where they met the rest of the gang. Jimin had taken a liking to Yoongi's best friend, Jung Hoseok immediately because he was in the dance program, and also one of the best dancers in the entire school. The boys were then introduced to Kim Namjoon, Yoongi's classmate in music production, and Taehyung sort of remembers the tall man trying to beatbox after a few drinks too many that night only to be showed up by Hoseok. By the end of the night, they had all gotten comfy in Kim Seokjin's (Kim Namjoon's best friend whom the freshman had assumed to be his boyfriend, but was not) house after the handsome man had driven them there- his being the closest. To this day, no one really knows if there's something going on between the two.

Despite having only known his friends for the short while that he has, Taehyung feels as though they're already a family. Their friendship happened naturally and easily, as if it was the most normal thing in the world, and he really couldn't be happier in the moment, knowing that on top of having a loving family, he also had a great group of friends.

*And Jeon Jungkook.*

So he eagerly puts the ridiculous hat, thinking that it matches him quite well and Jimin starts to laugh. "Isn't it cute? It's so cute, right guys?" Jimin's eyes crescent as he continues to giggle, hugging Taehyung in the process.

"It's cute, but it better not be my birthday gift,"

"Your gift is me being a good roommate, and an even BETTER best friend." Jimin slaps him on the back and ushers him in.

They spend the night watching movies and eating the food that Jin so perfectly cooked. Later on when he looked into their fridge and cupboards, a pained expression showed itself on his face and he almost "went into shock" according to his words, because of the lack of nourishment in their dorm.

"You're grown men!" He cried, falling onto his knees before the empty appliance. Yoongi rolled his eyes and Namjoon face-palmed while Taehyung and Jimin curl up in fits of laughter.
Around midnight, they cut into the cake that Namjoon had gotten and Taehyung opens his gifts. He gets a new set of painting brushes from Jimin, a gift-card to his favorite art store from Yoongi, and Jin and Namjoon offers to buy him lunch twenty times starting after the new year because they suck at gifting. A few minutes later, Taehyung gets a call from his family, wishing him a happy birthday. He almost cries, remembering that it's the first time he's missed Christmas, his birthday, and will be missing the New Year with his family, but he knows that if he starts to cry, they would start crying too, and so would his friends, so he tried his best to hold it in. He barely makes it, hanging up just as a pre-cry hiccup leaves his lips.

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In the middle of a very heated game of UNO, Taehyung feels a buzzing against his butt. He takes out his phone and his eyes widening at the caller ID.

"Who is it?" Namjoon asks, peeking over and Taehyung instinctively shields his phone and cards from the older's sight.

"Don't cheat!" Taehyung scowls, continuing to look at the phone screen. He doesn't know what to do- he's never really talked to anyone except for his family on his phone before. Even within his circle of friends, no one really calls one another.

"Is it who I think it is?" Jin speaks up from next to Namjoon and raises his eyebrows, causing Jimin to "ohhhhh" and "ahhhhhh" at him.

"Why aren't you answering?" Yoongi murmurs and Taehyung's cheeks redden, realizing that he's letting Jungkook ring endlessly, and that the ring will stop soon if he doesn't do something, so he promptly gets up and excuses himself, running out the door slipper-less and into the hallway.

_Hurry and answer_, he tells himself, hands shaking, heart beating and throat dry from nervousness. He's never noticed that his phone could ring this long before, and takes a deep breath, hoping that it stays ringing while he tries to settle his nerves. Finally, he takes a much needed gulp and presses the answer button on his phone.

"Hello?" Taehyung answers almost shyly. He mentally curses at himself. He should be more confident.

There is a pause and it only makes Taehyung more anxious, but then he hears a voice all too familiar- soft and airy, low but comforting and pleasing to the ear, and it soothes the jitterbugs in his nerves.

"...Hi Taehyung..."

_It's Jungkook, it's really Jungkook on the other line._

Taehyung breathes a sigh of relief, smile stretching across his face now. "Hi Jungkook," he says again, pacing up the hallway.

He hears a small chuckle on the other end smiles even bigger. "You already said hi to me."

"I wanted to say it again."

"Mmm, really?" Jungkook playfully hums through the phone and Taehyung puts it up there with one of the cutest yet oddly sexy noises he's ever heard before.

For a small while Taehyung paces up and down his dormitory hallway, not saying anything to
Jungkook and vise versa, but he doesn't mind- even in the silence, he can feel Jungkook's warmth. Soon after Jungkook breaks the silence.

"Was it wrong for me to call?" He asks, the slight fidget in his tone makes Taehyung wonder if Jungkook's teeth are grazing over his bottom lip in anticipation for an answer.

"No. Definitely not." He reassures. "I was kind of wondering if I would hear from you tonight anyway...whether it be through text or some other way."

"Oh...mkay..." Jungkook answers and Taehyung hears the soft smile in his voice.

"Is that all you wanted to say to me?" Taehyung stops pacing, slipping down in front of his door and leans against it as he waits for Jungkook's answer.

"...Happy birthday." He finally says- Short and sweet.

"Do I get something?"

"Yes! Well, kind of..." Jungkook trails off. "I didn't know what to get you so I decided on..."

"On?"

"On singing you happy birthday..." his answer is almost a whisper and Taehyung starts to laugh. It's so cutely innocent that he can't help but to laugh.

"Yes please Jungkook," he replies after calling down. "Let me listen."

"Ahh, okay..." he pauses, and Taehyung is sure that Jungkook is bright red by now.

Jungkook takes a while to start, but when he does, Taehyung is immediately awed once more at the younger's voice. Smooth yet breathy, calming and sweet, truly the voice of an angel. When he finishes, Taehyung is left wanting more, but he knows that's all he'll get.

"Thanks Jungkook..." He smiles.

"You're welcome..." and another short silence. "Hey Taehyung?"

"Yeah."

"I'm sorry if this is kind of weird but...I kind of miss you...." There's a slight pout in his voice and Taehyung thinks that Jungkook really is unfair for being so cute and so far away, and it makes him want to tease him.

He lets out a loud sigh. "Just a kind of?" He starts to babble. "Man, and here I was, missing Jeon Jungkook like crazy. " He sighs dramatically again. "But I guess he just misses me kind of. Not even just 'missing me', he only kind of does because it's only a small amount of missing."

"Okay okay okay! I miss you a lot!" Jungkook finally blurts, face most likely red and teeth definitely biting into his bottom lip now.

A half-smile rests on Taehyung's lips as he's reminded of how far away Jungkook, his boyfriend is.

"Hey Jungkook, I miss you a lot too."
I've decided to keep adding onto this chapter by chapter, and that the storied will be in oneshot form as opposed to one long story line (not that the first 4 chaps were that long) get what I mean? Anyway, I hope this wasn't too sweet haha.

ALSO I didn't read over anything so this is heavily unbeta'ed. Please don't mind any mistakes you see :)
"Where are we going?" Jungkook unwillingly walks next to Taehyung, the icy winter wind brushing past their loosely laced fingers and rosy cheeks. It's only 6 pm but the winter evening has already overtaken the city in a purplish, black haze, streetlights lit here and there.

"Somewhere fun! Don't worry," Taehyung smiles, tightening his fingers around Jungkook's and quickening their pace. Jungkook had wanted to stay in and watch some movie for Valentine's Day, but Taehyung knew that he'd enjoy what he's got planned far more.

A few minutes later, they stop outside of a lonely lining of stores: a tailor shop, small bakery and a vintage thrift shop. As they make their way past, Jungkook squints his eyes at the end of the block, noticing a large neon sign on the outside, but he's unable to make it out. When they close in on the store, he starts to run, eyes wide and lips smiling, Taehyung next to him, their hands still very tightly sealed together.

"How'd you find this place?" Jungkook marvels when he steps inside the nearly empty shop, a few strangers here and there. It's some sort of retro arcade and comic shop, lined wall to wall with games, most being from the 80's and 90's a few from the 00's. The interior is colored in neon purples, greens and blues, candy and vending machines scattered throughout. Loud 80's western music plays through the speakers and hanging above them are large posters of comic superheroes- one of Iron man hangs at the very front and Jungkook squeezes Taehyung's hand before he lets go to explore.

"I passed by it accidentally on my way to the grocery store last week." Taehyung answers, following close behind. "I wanted to take a new route and this place stood out like a sore thumb."

"I didn't even know such a place could exist here," Jungkook stops at the back where the comics are located, a variety of them from Korea and Japan, but most from the west. The shopkeeper volunteers his help but the two boys decline. After a long look at the selection, Jungkook nearly spending 10 thousand won, only stopping when Taehyung said he could buy the same thing for less online or on
his phone. Jungkook grunted a response, saying that it's the physical copy that matters, but he puts the comic back anyway.

They go back to the selection of retro games, where Jungkook declares war on pac-man against Taehyung. He accepts with a confident smirk, only to have it wiped away ten minutes later, Jungkook entirely dominating the game. Next they play Donkey Kong, where Jungkook wins again, but only by a small margin. Taehyung argues that it's because he's muscular like the character so they can read each other's mind. Jungkook gives him a stink eye. For a while they run from game to game, spending well over what either of them could afford to spend. The only games Taehyung wins at are DDR, where he discovers he's actually pretty quick with his feet, and Space Invaders. He thinks it's quite a victory against the man who can do everything, but Jungkook begs to differ. "I let you win," he snickers.

Over an hour and a half later, after having nearly played every game available, they agree that it's time to go, but Taehyung spots a small white box in the corner of the store-a photo booth. He grabs Jungkook's wrist and pulls them towards its direction.

"Want to take some pictures?" Taehyung asks, but they've already made it to the box before the younger can agree or oppose, Taehyung slipping in first, Jungkook last.

"I've never used one of these before," Jungkook whispers, squinting as he looks around the brightly enclosed space, toying with the options on the screen.

"Really? It's fun!" Taehyung puts in a 5000 won bill and chooses a set of twelve pictures. "You just have to smile and pose;"

Jungkook nods. "Easy enough..." he mumbles, and Taehyung puts an arm around the younger's shoulders, drawing him in closer so that they're shoulder to shoulder, thigh to thigh and temple to temple.

"You have to smile big okay?" Taehyung smiles and presses on the start button, the screen blinking down from five, to one. The first shutter is blinding, but the next gets better and better, both of them drawing closer and closer, checks pressed, smiles big and arms tangled one over the other, chuckles and giggles filling the booth as the camera clicks away.

After twelve snaps, the photos come out and Taehyung snatches them before Jungkook can grab hold. "Aww, look at you, so cute!" he chuckles at the duck lipped, bunny teethed smiles, and opened eyed photos of them, realizing that the only decent one was the first, both of their eyes squinting and lips wide.

"I want to see too," Jungkook says quietly, resting his chin onto Taehyung’s shoulder, hands grabbing for the line of pictures. Taehyung only holds his hand further, mouth curling into a smirk.

"Okay, but only if you give me a kiss," he turns his head and closes his eyes, lips puckered knowing that Jungkook wouldn't dare in such a public setting. But he freezes when a pair of warm lips meet his, and just as quickly as he can open his eyes, the pictures are out of his hands, and small prush of the lips are gone. All that's left is a lingering tingle, Jungkook's soft chuckle as he looks at the photos, and his conscience holding his every resolve not to attack Jungkook with kisses inside the very public photo booth.

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They walk back towards the dormitories, slower than normally, bracing the cold night all in attempts to stay together for a while longer. They don't sleep over on school nights, only on weekends. They
Both know that if they were to ever, it'd become a regular thing and eventually, as Jimin once said to Taehyung and Jungkook, they would neglect him which only made Taehyung pinch together the blonde's cheeks.

When they reach Jungkook's dorm building, Taehyung squeezes Jungkook's hand inside his coat pocket, the warmth of the stuffy pocket spreading throughout his body. He notices the pink in Jungkook's cheeks and wonders if it's because of him or the cold weather.

"It's only eight," Jungkook glances at Taehyung as they stand outside, neither really wanting to take a step. "Do you still want to hang out for a bit?"

"Yeah. Let's watch that movie that you wanted to watch." Taehyung smiles and they let go of each other's hands as they walk in.

Taehyung stretches his arms when they finally make it into Jungkook's nicely heated room. He takes off his jacket, hat and shoes, throwing them onto the futon while Jungkook rids of his winter wear in his room. He comes out a few minutes later wearing a gray, cotton t-shirt and black skinny jeans and Taehyung assumes it's what he wore under the thick winter jacket as it hadn't come off until then.

"What are we watching?" Taehyung makes himself comfortable on the floor as Jungkook starts the movie.

"...The Avengers..." Jungkook meekly says, a small giggle leaving his lips.

"Haven't you watched that like, fifteen times already?" Taehyung teases and throws a small couch pillow at the younger who successfully blocks it with a swift chopping motion of his hand.

"It's a good movie okay." He turns off the lights and settles himself next to Taehyung who scoots over to make room. "And you've never seen it till the end."

"I guess so,"

The movie starts without a problem. If Taehyung had to say something about the movie, he'd say that it was interesting. But that's all really. He doesn't care much for action films, but he had to admit that this one seemed a cut above what he remembers having seen. If he had to choose who his favorite avenger was, he'd choose Hawkeye. There's something about the character that brings a bit of reality into the fictional universe- his limited powers remind Taehyung that the greatest of people can be the simplest of people.

Towards the what must be end of the movie, he realizes he's been focusing more on the design of the fictional universe rather than the actual story line. He thinks that the character designs are interesting. Although he's not into digital or character design, being an art major himself, he can appreciate the amount of effort the production team and staff had put into them. And he also thinks about how Jungkook will be doing things like this someday- directing movies and ordering people around, pulling auditions, all sorts of fancy stuff. So he was enjoying the movie just fine, until he hears his name.

"Hm?" he answers, eyes unmoving from the screen.

"Thanks for tonight." Jungkook's voice is barely a whisper, but it's not the kind of whisper where you're unsure, it's got some strength to it, an easy calmness.

"You're welcome," Taehyung turns to him and smiles, holding up a v with his fingers. "It'll be our secret spot."
“It's not really a secret spot if it stands out that much,” Jungkook lets out a small laugh, then there's a soft pause in his voice, like he's thinking about something, and Taehyung catches on.

“Is there something else you wanted to say?” he asks.

“No~” Jungkook quickly replies, eyes darting away from Taehyung’s.

“Okay~” Taehyung chuckles. “If you say so~” he places a hand on Jungkook’s upper thigh and squeezes. The younger fidgets in his seat and presses his lips together. "You have to tell me if there is though,” He’s smiles, and he's no sadist, but he loves to see a flustered Jungkook.

"Um..." Jungkook finally whispers. "I just really want to kiss you." This time it's Jungkook who places a hand on Taehyung’s thigh, and the older smiles, surprised that it's Jungkook who's initiating things first this time.

“You should just do things like that,” Taehyung smiles and closes his eyes, awaiting the kiss from his boyfriend who he deems has been braver than usual tonight. When Jungkook’s lips meet his for the second time that day, they hold on longer, the soft graze warm and welcoming. It's not a kiss that stops time, but rather draws it out with it’s sweetness.

They stay like that for a while, lips just barely touching as their mouths move in synchronization, the ghost of a touch just enough to make them more aware of each others presence. But after a while, their positions begin to shift, and their lips start to press down harder, breaths heavier and bodies warmer from the heated exchange and Taehyung pulls the younger onto his lap, Jungkook straddling slightly above him, their lips not breaking away from one another.

“Taehyung…” Jungkook breathes after a while, running his hands up and down the older’s chest.

“Hmm?” Taehyung hums into the soft kisses, his fingers skimming up and down both of Jungkook’s strong thighs, the small ministrations causing the younger to let out a small, small whine just noticeable enough for Taehyung to continue.

“I want more.”

And that’s all Taehyung needs to hear for him to pull Jungkook’s hips down, pressing the younger harder against him. The sudden movement makes Jungkook moan as their bodies touch more and more. Soon enough they’re panting, tongues exploring one another, teeth nibbling at each other’s reddened lips, and hands tangling into locks of hair. When they do break away, it’s only for a quick breath, lips instantly locking for more, making sure not a moment is missed.

But it’s not enough for Taehyung, and he knows it’s not enough for Jungkook either as he listens to the heavenly hitches in his boyfriend’s breath, and small movements of his body. It’s been long-too long since their last heated make out session, which happens to have been the only make out session they had- the day after Jin’s birthday party, the day they became boyfriend and boyfriend. He’s missed every part of Jungkook’s body in the almost two months that they’ve been together, never going past a quick peck, agonizing, but wonderfully sweet kisses, or the occasional hug, not daring to make Jungkook do anything more than what he wants to.

But right now he thinks that maybe Jungkook wants more just as much as he does, so he starts to kiss down Jungkook’s jaw and move his hands up the younger’s thighs, gripping at the divots to his hips. With one swift move he grounds Jungkook down, rolling his hips up, creating a friction so great and unfulfilling through their rough jeans that Jungkook breaks away, throwing his head back at the sensation. Taehyung’s hands are now smoothing over Jungkook’s butt, and without warning he squeezes, feeling the firm, but soft cheeks in his hands and he wonders just how much more
wonderful his ass would feel without the jeans. Jungkook lets out a loud moan, neck exposed to Taehyung’s hungry lips and he takes bait, sucking and licking at the warm skin, not caring if a mark shows itself in the morning. After all, he’s been meaning to let the eyes of Jungkook’s admirers know that he’s taken.

“Jung…Kook,” Taehyung breathes into another kiss, Jungkook’s fingers harshly tugging at his v-neck sweater, continuing to grind down against him. “Jungkook,” he says again, breaking away, gripping at Jungkook’s hips, steadying his movements and making him whine at the sudden halt in fun. “Not on the floor,” he mumbles into the crook of Jungkook’s neck, placing small kisses along it’s curves.

“Ahhhh,” Jungkook breathes with a small smile and Taehyung feels his own pants tighten some more. “Okay…” Jungkook lifts himself off of Taehyung and shyly leads them towards his bedroom. With each step Taehyung feels the tremble of Jungkook’s body through his hands, and he starts to feel nervous himself.

The few steps it takes them to reach Jungkook’s room feels instant, all too quick for either of them to be able to process what might and might not happen, but nevertheless, they intertwine their trembling fingers and make their way on top of Jungkook’s bed, foreheads pressed and breaths shaky.

Taehyung brings a hand up to cup Jungkook’s face, thumb running over his lips and cheek, before kissing him on the nose. “Is this okay…?” he asks, and Jungkook lets out a small laugh.

“Yes,” Jungkook smiles, bringing his hand to rest on top of Taehyung’s as he closes the distance between their lips. This time the soft kiss quickly turns into something more. In the darkness of the room and quietness of the night, their heavy breaths and soft moans fill the room and Taehyung has never been more glad that Jungkook doesn’t have a roommate.

“Jungkook,” Taehyung smooths his hands over Jungkook’s torso and under his shirt, feeling the soft but prominent lines of his body, and Jungkook arches his back at the surprising touch. “Shirt off.” He directs as he fumbles with his own.

They quickly rid their bodies of their shirts, tossing them aside and Taehyung marvels at Jungkook’s revealed body, his toned muscles softly contrasted against the dark, highlighted by the gentle moonlight that wafts through Jungkook’s sheer curtains. With a gulp, Taehyung trails his fingers down Jungkook’s strong chest muscles, lined abdominals and towards his belly button, the wonderful V of his pelvis leading to the hardened girth trapped in his skinny jeans and Jungkook’s breath quickens.

Taehyung swallows the thirst in his throat and licks his lips before leaning back down to kiss Jungkook. For the first time their warm bodies are touching, fitting just right against one another, and it sends shivers through Taehyung’s body. Their breaths continue to mingle, hands continue to explore, and lips continue to lock, not wanting to let go of each other. And Taehyung knows he shouldn’t be, but he’s become increasingly greedy for more. He wants to feel Jungkook, every part of him, and he wants to taste him, make him unravel with just a touch, or a gaze. So he breaks away from Jungkook’s lips, and trails a line of kisses down his jaw, neck and collarbone, a nip mixed in here and there. The younger’s soft mewls lets him know it’s probably safe to continue, and the roll of his hips, brushing their pelvises together lets him know Jungkook’s feeling risky too.

He continues to kiss, fingers now running up Jungkook’s body, and teasingly he runs his thumbs over Jungkook’s hardened nipples, eliciting a soft groan from the younger man. Taehyung licks his lips and looks up at Jungkook, catching his gaze and smirks at the younger’s expression-half lidded and bottom lip tugged underneath his teeth. Taehyung opens his mouth and sticks out his tongue, swirling small circles over his areola, just lightly brushing against his nipple. When he finally presses
his tongue down, licking and sucking at the light bud, Jungkook’s lets out a sweet whine and tangles his fingers into Taehyung’s hair.

His teasing ensues, fingers and lips, tongue and teeth toying with Jungkook until he’s begging for him to stop, nipples wet, and almost sore, hips rocking, lips supple from his own teeth and breaths, quick and short. Taehyung stops only to make his way down Jungkook’s body, kissing the very lines that he’s been fantasizing about for the longest time, tongue occasionally sticking out to have a taste. The thin layer of sweat over Jungkook’s body tastes salty, but he doesn’t stop, nipping and licking at his hip bones, smooth muscles, until he reaches the hem of Jungkook’s jeans.

Taehyung repositions himself and places his hands under Jungkook’s thighs, pushing them apart to make more room. He leans down, face to face with Jungkook and runs a finger over the younger’s lips. Grinding down slowly, but hard, making sure that Jungkook feels every bit of his own hardness trapped within the confines of his pants, he kisses the younger deeply, swallowing up the moan that leaves Jungkook’s mouth. "Let me suck you, yeah?” Taehyung asks, running a finger across his mouth as he comes up from the kiss, eyes locking with Jungkook’s.

“O-okay,” Jungkook nods, and Taehyung tilts his head back, licking his lips. He notices Jungkook shudder slightly, and smirks, knowing full well that Jungkook’s never had a pair of lips around him before, and happy that his will be the first, and maybe even last.

Moving deftly, Taehyung unbuttons Jungkook’s pants and together they pull the tight fit off, throwing the pair of jeans somewhere on the floor. “Feel better?” He teases, once again kissing down Jungkook’s body, fingers hooking over the band of his boxer-briefs. “Jungkook…” he murmurs, lips dangerously close to the strained, tip of Jungkook’s hardness, outlined within the confines of the cloth. “Does. It. Feel. Better?” His voice is low and commanding, each word said with a hardened tone and he hears a soft whimper that hardens him even more. Kim Taehyung has to remind himself that he isn’t a sadist, but something about the way Jungkook squirms beneath him, whines leaving in short cries as he bites down on his fingers, eyes watering, body wanting more but not getting any more only makes Taehyung want to tease him endlessly.

“…No…” Jungkook manages to whisper, chest heaving up down, fingers reaching down and tangling into Taehyung’s light brown hair. “Please…Taehyung….” He begs softly, and Taehyung deems it a good enough answer.

In one swift move, Taehyung pulls down Jungkook’s boxer-briefs, the younger’s erection springing out, and he takes a gulp at the sight of him, leaking with precum, strained and twitching for some sort of relief. Removing them fully, Taehyung thinks about how he’s never imagined himself going down on a man before, but that he doesn’t mind because it’s Jungkook- that everything he thought he knew about himself has changed since he’s met Jungkook- giving blowjobs included.

Not really knowing how to start, but wanting to have a taste so badly, he begins with kittenish kisses up the length of Jungkook’s hardnes. He tongue swirls around the tip, tasting a bit of the leaking precum, and he hears Jungkook let out a deep breath, his fingers tightening around Taehyung’s hair. It’s a taste he can’t describe, not entirely salty, but not unpleasant either. Continuing, he flattens his tongue and takes a darking lick up Jungkook’s shaft, flickering his eyes up to see Jungkook’s strained neck, his head tilted back in pleasure. Finally he wraps his lips around Jungkook, slowly taking down his size and a low, guttural groan leaves Jungkook’s mouth, raising every hair on Taehyung’s body. He doesn’t know how he does, it, but he manages to not choke when Jungkook bucks up, continuing to suck and taste the younger’s hotness. He comes back up, a hand stroking up and down the younger’s hard-on, massaging his balls, exploring the sensitive spots on Jungkook’s cock as he suckles on the tip, sometimes blowing his hot breath against the younger.
“Tae-Taehyung,” Jungkook pants as he laps up the younger’s wetness with his tongue, pressing against his girth teasingly. “I want to come…”

“No. Not yet baby,” he murmurs against him, and sees Jungkook shudder at the word, his breath hitching. Taehyung brings himself up and hooks his hands around Jungkook’s thighs, pulling Jungkook closer, pushing and positioning himself against the younger. As fast as he can, he unbuttons his pants and pulls himself out of his boxers, swearing at the small amount of relief.

He starts to press himself down against Jungkook, their members rubbing together within Taehyung’s hold, precum mixing in a sticky mess. The feel of their hotness drives Taehyung mad and he starts to move his hips, the friction turning Jungkook into a moaning mess, lips parted, and inviting, so Taehyung kisses him, their wet mouths locking with craze.

"Taehyung, I want to touch you," Jungkook says between breaths, voice airy yet filled with such a heavy want that it only inches Taehyung forward.

"Go ahead," he answers, moaning when Jungkook's strong hands reach down to help. Feeling as though he could release at any moment, Taehyung stops rolling his hips to slow down his nearing orgasm, holding back, wanting to prolong the feel of their bodies together for a while more.

"Are you close?" Taehyung pants as their hands continue to palm and stroke each others hardness, hips rocking wildly against one another. He can tell that Jungkook is close, as his breaths are quicker, grip firmer and moans louder.

"...A...almost..." Jungkook let's out a heavy breath, a string of profanities quietly leaving as he inches on, both of them stroking one another with a faster momentum now, just on the edge of topping over.

"Fuck, Jungkook," Taehyung hisses once he knows he's close. "Come for me, baby," he moans, gaze fixated onto Jungkook's desire-filled eyes. With a few fast pumps, Jungkook releases onto his stomach, body trembling as waves of pleasure pulsate through him, his lips whimpering out loudly as Taehyung pulls him through his high, continuing to slide is hands up and down the both of them until he comes a few moments later, stuttering Jungkook's name.

As their bodies calm, still riding on the light spasms of their easing orgasm, Taehyung falls on top of Jungkook, both of them breathless. Taehyung takes a deep breath and takes in the feel of Jungkook's heated body, the smell of their mixed sweat and cum hanging in the air. Then Jungkook breaks into a fit of chuckles, his eyes wrinkling and nose scrunching, smiling that infectious smile that Taehyung loves so much, and he starts to chuckle himself.

"Happy Valentine's Day," he whispers, pulling himself up to place a few kisses on Jungkook's forehead, cheeks and nose.

"Happy Valentine's day," Jungkook whispers back, and underneath the soft moonlight, Taehyung knows he's never seen, and never will see a more beautiful person in his lifetime.

Taehyung finally leans down and kisses Jungkook softly. "I really like you, Jungkook," he mumbles into the kiss and Jungkook reciprocates.

"Me too...I like you a lot too."

And as the night comes to an end, they clean themselves off with a warm towel, throwing on loose articles of clothing Jungkook has laying around, too tired to take a shower, and fall asleep arm in arm.
and leg over leg.

But not before Jungkook can tease Taehyung about calling him *baby*.

And Taehyung makes note to keep calling Jungkook *baby* in the future. He sort of loves the way Jungkook twitches beneath him when it's said.

Chapter End Notes

I hope y'all liked this small dose of dirtiness.

I kind of wanted to show Taehyung and Jungkook's newness to all of the romantic and sexual stuff that comes with a relationship. I hope you guys kind of picked up on that in the smut scene.

I high-key may have also written this because I wanted to write some action between the two.

Anyway, I'll update more of this on the weekend and more of Jungkook's point of view as well (chapter one of his is already uploaded in the next series). Thanks for reading~

ALSO finals are coming. Give me strength please :')
Kim Jonghyun

Chapter Notes

This is not a chapter continuation of Funny Business, but something I wrote to put my feels in for Kim Jonghyun, singer and artist of SHINee and SM, but most importantly a man who only wanted to be rid of his demons and loved by those around him. The continuation is in the next chapter, chapter 8. I hope you guys will understand.

I've always considered myself to be decent at using words to explain how I feel, but yesterday, December 18th, 2017, it was very difficult to find words to help console how I felt.

But when can words ever truly help in mourning?

I remember being in middle school and trying to learn how to dance to Lucifer because have you guys seen the dance? I remember thinking it would be amazing if I could see them live. But I quickly forgot about k-pop and about SHINee, and about Kim Jonghyun. It was only recently, maybe a year ago, that I reentered the k-pop scene and rewatched all of their videos, nostalgia cursing through me as I hum the beat along.

And although my love for SHINee was never really expressed anywhere else but through my thoughts as I listened to their music and thought about them for time to time, I, and I assume no one else, ever thinks about when they'll stop listening, or seeing, or hearing from their favorite artist.

But that's what happened yesterday when we all woke up, or got ready for bed, or eating lunch when the news suddenly exploded on social media.

Kim Jonghyun, we never knew you personally, but from the words of those who did, you are an amazing person. Thank you for standing up for those without a voice, thank you for the tears you shed when things got too hard for everyone around you, thank you for the words you spoke to comfort us, and thank you for being a light to so so so so many people around the world. Thank you for reaching us even when we couldn't reach you.

I don't believe in heaven or hell, but for you Kim Jonghyun, I'll believe in the most elaborate of places, most beautiful of sceneries, most heavenly of songs, most warm of environments, most clear of skies, and most peaceful of paradises.

Now that you are a star alongside the moon, guiding us with your brightness, I hope you can feel our love. Thank you Kim Jonghyun for working so so hard these past 27 years. You have done well, it's time for a rest.
Kim Taehyung doesn’t know how he got into this situation.
If he had to guess, it all started when the play began.
Or maybe not. It most likely started when he got a job.

The theater lights dim and everyone finally decides to simmer down with hushes here and there. Then a spotlight casts itself onto the center of the stage and out steps the main character. There's a crestfallen expression on his face as he recites his soliloquy- it's bold, maniac and beautiful, striking a sense of madness into the audience.

Taehyung takes a glance at Jungkook to see if he was enjoying the start, and assumes that it's going well because of the lack of discomfort in Jungkook’s pose.

As the play progresses and its story unveils, so does it’s cast of characters. One by one the audience meets someone new who adds a bit of mystery to the plot, until he appears.

“There he is! Remember him?” Taehyung whispers into Jungkook’s ears, and the younger hums, voice low, head nodding slightly. “Isn’t he great?”

“Mmm…sure,” Jungkook murmurs. His lackluster reply makes Taehyung quirk a brow and he looks at the younger again, regretting it immediately. Sometimes he thinks his boyfriend is too erotic for his own good- one of those times being tonight.

Sitting next to him on the left, Jungkook lazily crosses one leg over the other, his limbs long and
taking up so much space he's almost manspreading. The tightness of his black dress pants stretch over his strong thigh muscles and his hair is parted to the side, just messy enough to be called stylish. Taehyung doesn’t remember when he did it, but a few top buttons of his white dress shirt has been undone, revealing the proud curve of Jungkook’s Adams apple dipping down towards his collarbone that peaks out shyly. Despite having had some buttons unbuttoned, the dress shirt is fitted perfectly, stretching over Jungkook’s strong chest and his biceps outlined just right under his black blazer. His chin is rested on the palm of his left hand, and he's staring straight ahead, focused on the show.

Taehyung can’t tell if the dark look in his eyes are because of the darkness around them, or if it’s because of something else. He then notices that Jungkook is doing that thing with his tongue that he does when he’s mad; his lips are slightly parted, jaw locked, and his tongue is pressed against the inside of his cheeks.

Then Jungkook flickers his eyes at Taehyung, fingers now ghosting over his lips and Taehyung wonders just how long Jungkook’s right hand has been sitting on his very own thigh.

And Taehyung thinks that’s when it started.

Or maybe not. It most likely started when he got a job one or two weekends after Valentine’s Day.

Taehyung is friendly. He’s handsome, and he’s tall, but most importantly he’s friendly. And he thinks that’s the reason why he was hired at his favorite art store down the block. He wasn’t really looking for a job, he just walked in to pick up some supplies when the owner, who he considers a friend, asked him if he wanted it.

The timing was convenient, one of their workers had just left because of some fancy paid internship, so Taehyung agreed. A little bit of extra cash never hurt anyone anyway, so he started working the evening shift on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. On Saturdays however, he worked 9 hour shifts from noon to 9 with one other worker who he had met once or twice before.

They became close friends after a few Saturdays of working together and found out they had lots in common. They had similar tastes in music, food, and clothing. Although Taehyung was a bit more eccentric with his fashion choices, they both agreed that comfy, minimalist, yet somewhat sophisticated clothing was above all else.

Through their little interactions, Taehyung discovered that his new friend was two years older, and an acting major. Taehyung, having never really seen their school theater performances before, decided to randomly visit the theater one day and was awed by his friend’s performance. After that he often frequented the theater student’s practices. He was even offered a part in the play but rejected it.

AAAAAAA

“Who?” Jungkook sniffs his chocolate milk and takes a gulp after he’s deemed it still safe to drink.

“Park Bo-gum,” Taehyung replies, lacing up his shoes, getting ready to head out. It’s 10:30 am and he wants to go see the rehearsal before he’s officially kicked out of the free viewing club by Bo-gum’s theater coach. Coach doesn’t want any more distractions after today because they’ve only got a few weeks left after to make sure everything is right. His coach says it’s a make it or break it showcase.

“Is he your work friend?”

“He’s more than just a work friend, Kook,” Taehyung rolls his eyes and opens the door. “He’s a good friend. You have to come with me to watch the final performance.”
“Maybe… when is it?”

“Saturday… May 12th I think,” Taehyung recalls and steps out the door, Jungkook’s tall body now leaning against the frame.

“That’s coming up soon,” Jungkook replies, but stumbles backwards when Taehyung suddenly throws himself onto the younger. “What gives Ta-” but before he can finish his sentence Taehyung’s lips are on his, and his hands are around his waist.

“Your little pout was too cute to resist,” Taehyung chuckles as he breaks away, pinching Jungkook’s flushed cheeks. “Don’t worry Kook, he’s just a friend.”

“I’m not jealous,” Jungkook mumbles, crossing his arms and Taehyung only laughs some more.

“Didn’t say you were.” Taehyung winks and heads out. “I’ll be back later.”

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“Who?” Jungkook sticks his fork into Jin’s bowl of fruit and hits a grape which he brings up to savor.

“Bo-gum, Park Bo-Gum and a few other people from the theater department.”

“Oh,” Jungkook goes for another piece and Jin slaps his hand away. “When?”

“Saturday night after work.” Taehyung tries to steal a piece of fruit too but Jin’s all too fast, swapping at Taehyung’s hands with feverish strokes.

“Doesn’t matter to me,” Jungkook finally says after a short pause.

“Thanks Kook, you’re the best!” Taehyung beams and the younger shrugs.

“I need to go guys, gotta print something. Later.” Jungkook mumbles and leaves the group of friends, a few of them eyeing each other warily. When he’s no longer visible to the group, Jimin speaks up with his eyebrows raised.

“Tae, what was that?”

“What was what?”

Taehyung notices Jimin eyeing Yoongi warily and Jin is quiet, eating away at his lunch.

“Is Jungkook okay?” Jimin says after a moment.

“Yeah...” Taehyung looks at him with a blank expression. “Why wouldn’t he be?”

“I don’t know,” Jimin sighs and goes back to picking at his lunch.

Why wouldn’t he be okay? Taehyung thinks.

Saturday night arrives, and it’s as eventful as a group of loud, almost drunk, theater kids can get.

Taehyung hasn’t had a drink in a while so it’s safe to say he had more than enough to feel a little bit dizzy, and it was evident to Jungkook when Taehyung stumbled into his apartment with a goofy grin on his face, Park Bo-Gum trailing in after.
“Jeooon Juuung Koooook!” Taehyung pushes Bo-Gum’s arm off of him and jumps towards Jungkook. “You smell good,”

“Tae,” Jungkook sighs and mumbles something to his friend, Bo-Gum, inaudible to Taehyung. They’re having some sort of conversation, and he’s not drunk-just buzzed- but he doesn’t care to listen, his boyfriend is fresh, clean, and cute. He thinks he could hug Jungkook forever if time permits.

Finally the door closes and his boyfriend’s attention is back onto him, hand firmly gripping his arms. “Let’s get you to bed,”

“Are you coming too?” Taehyung quips as Jungkook leads them into his bedroom, Taehyung plopping down and stretching his limbs.

“Yes.” Jungkook’s voice is slightly stern and low, making Taehyung chuckle.

“Kook, why are you mad?” He playfully pouts and traces the bridge of Jungkook’s nose with his finger. “Don’t be ma-“ Jungkook suddenly kisses him and it takes a moment but he reciprocates. Next, they’re fumbling onto the bed, and even sooner, Taehyung’s pants are unzipped.

He wakes up the next morning remembering that Jungkook had just given him the best blowjob he’s ever gotten, thankful that he wasn’t fucked up last night to remember, and returns the favor.

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May 12th comes sooner rather than later, and finals are next week, but Taehyung really wants to go see the final and full performance by their school theater. It’s not just because his good friend Bo-gum is in it, but because the storyline sounds genuinely intriguing. The gist of it all surrounds a profiler who searches for a criminal that somehow is involved with his family from many years ago. His friend doesn’t play the lead character, but his brother. It’s called “Hello Monster”…if he remembers right.

“Do I have to wear this?” Jungkook fidgets with his dress shirt and pants, saying they’re a bit tight, but Taehyung thinks the fit is great. “It’s only a play.”

Taehyung sighs and pulls up his black dress socks. “It’s not just a play, it’s the play of the year for the seniors of the acting program here. It’s the show that determines who will live to eat grapes and sip on wine, and who will have to work a bit harder.”

“Why can’t you just say there are scouts?”

“Because that’s uninteresting.”

“Why can’t you just say boring?”

“Because that’s boring.” Taehyung smiles his boxy smile at Jungkook and the younger rolls his eyes.

“Done.” Jungkook sighs while straightening his cuffs, throwing on his blazer next, and Taehyung wonders if they will stand out too much. At the end of the day it is just a play put on by college students, a glorified one for the actors, but Bo-gum said they should wear something nice. Perhaps they’re dressed too nicely though.

Taehyung was right- they are definitely dressed too nicely, and he most definitely didn’t like the way all of the ladies were looking at Jungkook. When the younger nudges him in the arm and says something along the lines of I told you so, Taehyung only scoffs to keep his pride. They find some
seats near the back and settle down, Taehyung glaring at every pair of eyes that look their way. He finds success in every pair that looks away, face red with embarrassment.

The program starts and after a while Taehyung notices Jungkook’s hand on his thigh after bringing up Park Bo-Gum. The touch is firm, but playful, and it certainly doesn't help that Jungkook looks like some sort of incubus sitting next to him, calling his name oh so nicely, but he shakes the less than decent thoughts from his mind. Any other time and he would greatly enjoy the rough touch of his boyfriend’s strong, amazing hands, but not now, when his good friend is on stage in front of so many others, so he grabs Jungkook’s hand and leans over to the younger.

“Don’t. Jungkook.” he whispers, albeit his tone is harsher than what he had intended, but it makes Jungkook understand as he pulls his hand away from Taehyung and sucks in his cheeks, readjusting himself. Taehyung can’t help but smirk at his boyfriend’s cheekiness, and goes back to enjoying the show- Jungkook’s touch never really leaving his thoughts.

“Park Bo-Gum! Bo-Gum!” Taehyung waves to his friend, pulling Jungkook along behind him. “Bo-Gum!”

“Taehyung!” Bo-Gum beams and they hug each other.

“You were awesome, the best.” Taehyung lets go of Jungkook and pats Bo-Gum’s jacket. “And you look super sharp too,” he straightens his friend's jacket collars and smiles. “I know so many people are going to scout you.”

“Thanks Tae. Are you going to come to the after party later?” Bo-Gum looks at Jungkook and so does Taehyung. “You can come too, Jungkook,” he smiles.

“Actually,” Taehyung stops fiddling with Bo-Gum’s outfit and puts an arm around Jungkook’s waist. “We have something to do later.”

“Really? Okay,” He answers, and is soon after called away by the theater coach. “Thanks for coming Taehyung, it means a lot.”

“Anything for a friend,” he replies.

“You too, Jungkook,” Bo-Gum smiles and Jungkook nods.

“You were really good.” Jungkook says.

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“Jungkook,” Taehyung takes off his black blazer and throws it on the swivel chair next to the bed. “What was that?” he starts to unbutton the cuffs of his shirt-sleeve but Jungkook doesn’t answer. Instead he looks at Taehyung, teeth clenched, eyes hooded, and Taehyung runs his hand through his hair, shaking his head. Jungkook has been acting, dare he say, more childish than usual, and it's starting to irk him a lot. “Are you going to answer me?” He cocks his head and waits for Jungkook's reply, but he remains quiet, his silence almost daring Taehyung to do something, edging the older on.

And before Jungkook answers, though Taehyung doubts he would have, Taehyung is making his way towards the younger. He's irritated, but more than irritated, he's weirdly turned on, and he know's Jungkook is too, the air between them static and tense. It's been crawling up Taehyung's body ever since Jungkook dared to touch him in the theater, and it's riling him up even more now that they're alone, so Taehyung pushes Jungkook down onto the bed and kisses him, sinking his lips onto the other in heavy kisses that are loud and quick, and feverish. Their hands run over each others
bodies and Taehyung swears he could rip off Jungkook's damn shirt if he wanted to, the tightness of Jungkook's and his clothes restricting their hurried bodies.

Taehyung breaks away from the breathy kiss, suddenly ordering Jungkook to flip over, but he doesn't, expression taunting the older and it makes Taehyung want to do nothing more than wipe off the hardened look in his eyes, make him cry (but not too much). "You really are such a brat," he grits his teeth and grabs Jungkook by the thighs, turning him over. The younger complies nicely, and Jungkook chuckles. "Brat," he whispers, breath brushing warmly against Jungkook's ear, and Jungkook shudders, tugging his lip between his teeth. His eyes are half lidded, but still bold, continuing to taunt Taehyung, but he doesn't mind.

With firm grasps on his sides, Taehyung pulls Jungkook's hip back and up, making sure to note the small hitch in Jungkook's breath and his hands, clenching at the sheets, as their bodies softly press against one another. A half smile tugs at his lips as he pulls back up, eyes roaming over Jungkook, propped up on his elbows and knees, head down and hips curved up, his clothes threatening Taehyung to take them off as they stretch over his toned muscles. It's all too sinful, Taehyung thinks, licking his lips, hands tracing lines and circles up and down Jungkook's strong thighs, gaze falling back onto Jungkook's nice and perfectly round ass as his hands smooth over.

"You look really good Jungkook," he smirks, squeezing both cheeks because he can't resist their shape, and he nudges Jungkook's legs apart with his thighs, widening the space between Jungkook's legs just enough so he can get a better feel. Taehyung presses himself against his boyfriend, the hardness of himself through his trousers rubbing nicely against Jungkook. "You feel really good too," he leans down, mumbling against the small part of Jungkook's neck that showed itself to him, and Jungkook rocks his hips back, sinking his torso deeper into the bed at the touch, but his lips remain pressed.

"Still not answering me hm?" Taehyung asks, voice low and dark as he speaks into Jungkook's ear, and continues to slowly rut against Jungkook, barely holding onto any amount of sanity he has left, and hardens his hold on whatever part of Jungkook's body his hands find themselves on. Then with one final, hard thrust, he chuckles and nibbles on Jungkook's ear. "You're jealous aren't you?" He slowly licks a thin line of wetness over his boyfriend's earlobe and watches as his ears and cheeks turn pink, lips finally parting to let out an ever so small, but sweet sweet whimper, causing Taehyung smirk- but the smirk is erased when he suddenly finds himself flipped over onto his back.

"I'm not jealous," Jungkook answers with a stern pout, placing himself between Taehyung. It takes a moment for Taehyung to register what Jungkook said, and what really just happened, but when he understands, he lets out a small laugh, noticing the ever so slight irritation in Jungkook's face.

"Is that so?" Taehyung continues to giggle at the shift in positions and at his boyfriend's cuteness. He opens his arms and Jungkook leans down, placing his head onto Taehyung's chest. "I'm sorry Jungkook," he murmurs, running his fingers through the younger's messy hair.

"No...I'm sorry." Jungkook fesses, nuzzling in closer. "I'm really not jealous or anything...I don't think. I mean...you're just really nice and I don't care if you hang out with him or anything, I just kind of missed you a lot and you just like talking about him but he's your good friend I know that and I know you like me more and I'm sorry for doing that during the play." He slurs his confession and Taehyung's heart skips a few beats because his boyfriend is so honest.

"It's my fault Jungkook, I'll stop making you miss me so much okay?" Taehyung raises Jungkook's chin and kisses him softly, their arms wrapping around each other. Soon they turn into hard kisses, and hard touches, tongues exploring each other, fingers trying to unbutton buttons all too small, and clothes that really need to be discarded before Taehyung feels like he's going to ruin the only formal
outfit that Jungkook has.

Jungkook catches drift and pulls away, their chests heaving up and down from the heated contact and Taehyung tilts his head back, licking his lips as Jungkook swiftly takes off his suit jacket, and unbuttons his white shirt.

“Dammit Jungkook,” Taehyung hisses when Jungkook finally gets his shirt off, revealing his naked, chiseled torso and pulls the younger down for another kiss. Their lips press harshly together and Taehyung’s sure he’s bound to taste some blood later. As they continue to moan into the frenzied kisses, Jungkook's hands rashly tug at Taehyung's shirt, pulling it out of his trousers. They both quickly unbutton his shirt and take it off, engulfing one another in more kisses and hot touches.

“Taehyung,” Jungkook breathes, suckling kisses down the older’s throat running his strong hands down Taehyung’s thighs and hooking them right behind where his knees bend. Without warning, Jungkook rolls his hips harshly against him, causing Taehyung to let out a surprised moan at his usually docile boyfriend's movement, but not complaining. Jungkook continues his thrusts, their pants tightening over their hardness and creating an even greater friction than both of them could have ever imagined.

"Jungkook," Taehyung pants, moving his hips uncontrollably with Jungkook's, both of them crying each others names, gasping as they thrust, until-

“I want to fuck you.” They both declare in unison, voices needy, breaths ragged.

“Wait-what? Wait-” Taehyung says, placing his hands on Jungkook’s chest, both of them stopping at each other’s words.

They take a moment to calm down, Taehyung sitting up and Jungkook leaning on one hand, crossing his legs. Taehyung takes the moment to think. He had never imagined Jungkook wanting to top before, but he supposes that of course Jungkook would because why would he not? He’s Jungkook’s first sexual partner (and he kind of maybe wants to be Jungkook’s last) so of course Jungkook’s curious about what it feels like to enter someone. He is a man, who does have a dick, who has probably wanted to have sex with women in the past before meeting Taehyung, so it's definitely only natural. But it’s not like Taehyung exactly knows what it's like in a situation between two men anyway. It’s almost like it’s his first time- it actually is his first time, so he sighs at the situation.

A few moments later, after they’ve settled down and their breaths have slowed, they look at each other with a glint in their eyes, almost as if knowing what the other is thinking.

With a smirk on his lips, Taehyung counts in his head- one, two, three, and throws out his hand, fingers forming a sideways “V” towards Jungkook.

And at the same time, Jungkook throws out his hands towards Taehyung, balled up in a fist.

And that’s how Taehyung got himself into this situation- his cute, cute, boyfriend winning against him in a game of rock-paper-scissors, a game that determined who was going to top first, all because he couldn't throw out his palm with his fingers outstretched.

“We aren’t doing it now though,” Taehyung fumbles, finding himself being pushed against the wall as Jungkook nears.

“What?” Jungkook sort of pouts. “Why not?” His doe-eyes show themselves and Taehyung scrunches his face. He really doesn’t think it’s humanly possible for someone to be that cute whilst
looking like the devil come to himself.

“Because we don’t know how to do anything…or have any supplies.”

“Supplies?”

Taehyung laughs at his really all too inexperienced but adorable boyfriend, a boxy smile forming on his lips. "That's exactly why," he says and gives Jungkook a soft but sweet, sweet kiss.

Chapter End Notes

I have a great need to redo this chapter. Will I succeed in redoing it though? Most likely not. I hope you guys liked it!
Crazy

Chapter Summary

The school year comes to an end for the boys.

Chapter Notes

Is it considered fluff if the smut is sweet, or smut of the fluff is dirty? WELL, it's the final chapter of FUNNY BUSINESS, Kim Taehyung's point of view, so read on to find out.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Please don’t come,” Yoongi pours himself a cup of soda and Taehyung's eyes go over the curve of Jungkook's face. He's resting sleepily on Taehyung's lap, probably tired from whatever exams he had taken earlier that day.

“That’s code for ‘please, do come on Saturday, May 18th at 2 pm to the auditorium. I reserved a shitton of seats so you guys better show up, or feel my wrath,’” Hoseok buzzes as he loudly chews on strands of his egg-noodle dish.

Namjoon fiddles with the remote. "Why would we not come," He tries to turn on the t.v, pressing hard on the power button it remains black until Jin saves him from himself and takes the remote. "You're graduating after all."

“The Min Yoongi, a secondary education teacher.” Taehyung snickers. “Teaching young, annoying, middle schoolers music.” he files his hands through Jungkook's locks, making strands loose, then fixing them, and making them loose again. He admires he softness of his features when sleeping as opposed to the tightness of his jaw, or strong outline of his cheekbones when he's awake.

“That’s the best time to nurture someones love of music,” Yoongi shrugs and Jimin smacks him on the head.

“I call b.s,” Jimin chuckles and Yoongi scowls, rubbing the spot Jimin had hit.

“Well, I actually don’t know if what I just said was true, so you can’t call b.s.” Yoongi scrunches his nose at Jimin and Taehyung makes a mental note to throw up later at his old-time friend's extra cute face.

“Isn’t it b.s though if you don’t know?” Namjoon begins, “Because you don’t know, so you’re technically trying to bullshit your way out of something by saying something that could be true, but probably isn’t.” Taehyung ponders the wise words, hands now finding some other feature on Jungkook to play with. He bops the younger's nose and squishes his cheeks. He tickles his Adam's apple which only makes the younger lift up a hand to swap away whatever nuisance was there, and goes back to sleep. Taehyung chuckles at his boyfriend's sleepy gestures.
“Okay, whatever lit major.” Yoongi throws an arm around Jimin and crosses his legs. "Go read a book or some shit."

“That’s got to be the dumbest thing I’ve ever heard- and I will go read a book.” Namjoon rolls his eyes, and Taehyung coughs a laugh, jerking Jungkook awake.

“Oh, sorry Kook.” He mumbles as Jungkook sits up stretching his arms over his head. “Sleepy?”

“Mmm,” is all that he says before leaning back and closing his eyes, only to be startled awake in his sleepy daze when Jungkook lets out a small squeal.

“Good news Hobi?” Jin asks as Hoseok types away on his phone, smiling gleefully. All eyes are on the red-head now, who turns and looks at the rest of them, smile formed into a heart shape.


“I met her on tinder.” Hoseok’s answer makes Taehyung, and the rest of the room, groan and Hoseok lets out a laugh. “Hey hey hey, why are you guys so mean?”

“Hoseok, Tinder? That’s where you go to have a one night stand.” Jin makes his case and Hoseok gasped, offended by his good friend’s words.

Hoseok is sort of notorious among the girls in school- he’s an amazing dancer, full of energy, and sleeps around sometimes (not all the time, but enough for people to think they might get lucky at some random party). Despite being known as the playful playmate type, none of the girls in school seem to hate him, even if he's rarely serious. And Taehyung finds Hoseok's liveliness charming. He's always smiling, laughing, even when he's down, and he's nice so yeah, why wouldn't someone on Tinder fall in love with him? “Guys, give Hobi the benefit of the doubt.”

Jimin agrees. “Yeah guys, she could be...should I say it?” he looks around the room as if to build suspense, then resumes when no one really gives him the deer-in-the-headlights look he was askin for. “She could be...the one!” he gasps and Hoseok laughs along, but not in the playful kind of way, in a mimicking kind of way as he uses his foot to kick Jimin on the arm, successfully pushing the blonde into Yoongi who’s handful of popcorn spills in the altercation. The laughs that started because of Hoseok's kick soon trickle dry when Yoongi glares at every person in the eyes, and Taehyung thinks he hears Yoongi's voice threatening him in the far back of his mind.

“Oops, sorry sorry!” Hoseok brings his hands together, lightly bowing his head, offering peace to Yoongi who silently grumbles, a head nod in return and picks up the popped kernels. “But yes, she...could be the one.” He says with a sigh, a small smile on his face.

It's not that Hoseok was never calm, but Taehyung can feel a different sort of calmness within him when he talks about her that he doesn't have with any of the members. It's a weird feeling exuding off of Hoseok, but it's pleasant.

“She could be.” he says again wistful, but contentedly happy.

“That’s cool.” Jungkook breaks the silence after a few moments, a yawn leaving his mouth after.

“Hoseok,” Yoongi starts, uncrossing his legs to cross over the other one. “As long as you like her, and as long as she likes you, that’s all that matters.”
"Yoongi!" Hoseok clamps his heart and dramatically fakes a sob. "My best friend, I knew you'd pull through!" He continues his lame sobbing until a kernel hits him on the forehead.

"And that’s for kicking Jimin you piece of-“ Yoongi doesn’t finish before Namjoon cuts in.

"Yeah Hobi, whoever she is, if she’s good to you and for you, and you’re good to and for her, then we’re happy. Haven’t you heard? Tinder is the new bookstore now anyway."

Jin throws a look of sheer judgment at Namjoon. “Okay Joon, literally who the fuck says that?”

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Later that night, after everyone parts from Jin’s house, Taehyung finds himself up and unable to sleep. He squeezes his pillow hard and inhales deeply, thinking about how painful it was not to kiss Jungkook as he lay on his lap in front of everyone earlier. Ignoring his boyfriend’s closed eyes, slightly furrowed brows, wispy hair strands and pink lips that looked all too kissable was excruciating, so he congratulates himself for pulling through.

But there’s something else on his mind- Saturday night. It’s been on his mind since actually, but how could it not? Sex is a different thing from just dry humping and touching each other (which was what they have been doing since Valentine's Day (not that he didn't enjoy it, he loved every minute of every time their skin touched). To top it all off, no pun intended though he's sure Jin would be proud of him for that one, he’s the one loosing his ass virginity, so it’s safe to say that yes, that’s all he’s really been thinking about. So he decides to ask.

“Jimin. You up?”

“What Tae?” Taehyung hears Jimin shuffle, voice not really sounding all too sleepy so he must have been up too.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Mhm.” Jimin hums in response.

“What’s it feel like to take it up the ass?”

“Amazing.”

“Okay.” Taehyung pauses- that’s it? He shakes his head and sits up, turning on the lamp situated on the nightstand between their beds. “No, Jimin, help me understand.”

“Tae, you’re going to have to be more specific.” Jimin rubs his eyes open as he sits up too, crossing his legs.

“I mean… I’ve been googling and honestly I don’t know what I’m doing,” he confesses, resting his head on the pillow he’s holding. “And I lost to Jungkook in rock-paper-scissors so I’m taking it up the butt first.”

“Okay, first of all, I thought you guys had already had sex considering how you two literally spend every single day together. And don’t think no one noticed you practically making out with him in your mind earlier today. We all saw.” Jimin's comment on how hard he had tried hiding his deep want to kiss Jungkook earlier makes him think he should have just done so in front of everyone. "Secondly, I bet with Yoongi that you were the one topping so thanks Tae, I’m down a few thousand won.”
“Wow chimchim, I thought you were my very best best-est friend,” Taehyung can’t help but feel slightly offended that his friend and his boyfriend had made a bet on his sex life, but then again if he were Jimin, he’d probably have done the same thing.

“I am.” Jimin pats the space before him and tells Taehyung to have a seat. The younger by a few months swiftly gets off his bed and does as he’s told. “So, Kim Taehyung,” Jimin clears his throat.

“Yes I am Kim Taehyung.” Taehyung straightens his back, ready and anxious for whatever Jimin has to say.

“I didn’t ask if you were—nevermind, whatever. Anyway, are you ready?”

“Yes I am.”

“Okay,” Jimin reaches under his bed, pulls out a good sized box and places it between them. Taehyung’s eyes open wide with wonder, but he’s also slightly more nervous than at eased now. “Look and listen closely, okay?” His friend perks an eyebrow at him, and Taehyung nods. “Inside this box will be some of the most important things you will need for sex, understand?”

“I understand.” Taehyung answers firmly and Jimin nods his head in approval.

“Good,” he says, and unlocks the latch, carefully opening the lid—but not fully. “Here they are,” he whispers, pulling out a tube of some sort and a few square foils. “Lube, and condoms- two must haves all. the. time.”

“Yes, I kind of know that already…” Taehyung’s read his share on articles and blogs that stress the importance of lubrication and protection.

“Well okay sherlock,” Jimin snorts. “What do you want to know then?”

“How do you do it?”

“Excuse me?”

“How do you prepare your ass?”

“Rude.”

“Jimin, I’m serious…” Taehyung whines, grabbing onto Jimin’s arm and Jimin quickly closes the box, his actions seeming more than fishy to the younger. “Also I want to know what else you’re hiding in there.”

Jimin stutters, cheeks blushing as he moves the box behind him before Taehyung can grab it. “Um, nothing you need to concern yourself with. Like I said, condoms and lube and you’re basically all set.”

Taehyung eyes him suspiciously as he lets go. “…Fine…” he mumbles. He won’t press Jimin any further since he’s got his own worries. “So how do you prepare you butt, Jimin?”

“Look…Tae,” Jimin sighs, knitting his eyebrows together.

“C’mon Jimin, you know it all, you’re my best friend! Help me…”

“I do know it all and I am your best friend and I will help you, but I’m not demonstrating because ew, and I’m not going to watch you try because gross, okay?”
“Okay I get it just…kind of walk me through it.”

Jimin sighs again, rubbing his temples this time. “Alright Tae, listen close, I’m only going to explain things once because I will absolutely die if I have to talk about ass preparation with you ever again.”

“Thanks chimmy,” Taehyung smiles and intently listens.

The following day after Jimin leaves for the night, and Jungkook is in his dorm dutifully studying for his last exam tomorrow, Taehyung finds himself with his butt exposed and up in the air, a finger barely one knuckle deep into his asshole.

He thinks it’s impossible. His hand is uncomfortably stretched under him, his dick hanging down not even hard, and his muscles are aching from having held the position for so long. His arms feel like spaghetti noodles, and his neck is weirdly bent to conform to the shape of the bed, and he really wants to take his finger out because god it feels weird.

Not to be gross, but he feels like he’s constipated, and he can’t relax his body even when Jimin told him that that’s what’s most important next to lube and a condom. If he can’t relax his sphincter? Then he can’t go further, and it’s tightening around him, doing the exact opposite of Jimin’s advice, and he’s almost panicking. So with his other hand he squeezes the new bottle of lube onto his butt, and tries to slide his finger in and out, in and out as slowly as he can.

But it doesn’t work. It just feels uncomfortable and he really cannot bend his body in that way anymore. So he takes out his finger and lays down, on his belly. It’s not that he won’t bottom for Jungkook. He just settles with the idea that maybe Jungkook will prepare him better.

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“Is Jimin already there?”

“Mhm,” Taehyung fans himself with his hand, the spring weather too hot and too humid for his liking. He’s sweaty, and smelly and he doesn’t want to entertain the thought of being squished inside an auditorium with hundreds of other people. Hopefully there’s air conditioning.

“Tae?”

“Yeah Kook?”

“Sorry.” Jungkook pouts and Taehyung lets out a small chuckle.

“Why are you sorry?”

“Because I bailed on our plans yesterday…”

Taehyung slides his arm around Jungkook’s shoulders, drawing the younger closer, and presses their foreheads together. “I’m not mad,” he smiles, head noogie-ing Jungkook. They were supposed to watch a new series together yesterday after Jungkook’s last final, but Jungkook had cancelled, saying something important came up. He did question what could be so important after the school year was done with, but he didn’t outright ask Jungkook. It’s not like Jungkook’s obligated to hang out with him every day, and it wasn’t a big deal anyway.

They near the auditorium, certainly not the first ones there as there are already groups of people gathering and crowding, taking photos of each other before going inside. Near the entrance they spot Jimin who’s holding a few bouquets and balloons, dressed in a casual, white button up, sleeves halfway up his arm, and brown shorts that also go up a few inches up his thigh, showing his strong
legs.

When Jimin sees them, Taehyung notes that he just has to run his short fingers through his hair before waving to them, and when they do reach him, Jungkook does mimic Jimin, running his hand through his hair extra dramatically, causing Jimin to shove the younger and Taehyung to cower over with laughter.

A few minutes later, the younger men spot Hoseok, Namjoon and Jin walking towards them. Hoseok is wearing an oversized, white crewneck sweater with a print of some western artist, tucked into a pair of baby blue boat shorts, a colorful pouch hanging at the belt loops to accentuate his look. Jin is dressed in a light blue dress shirt and black slacks- a very neat and semi-formal look that fits the occasion, and Namjoon, as opposed to the former, is dressed in a white T-shirt with a plaid yellowish-brown button up tossed on top, with straight blue jeans, lightly torn at some places for that casual messy look.

What catches Taehyung’s eyes isn’t the trio’s unlikely fashion combination, however, but the small, purplish mark just slightly peeking out from under Jin’s shirt collar. Taehyung looks at Jungkook, who looks back at him with his brows raised, and they both know what they’re thinking. They don’t say anything, however because it’d be rude, and Taehyung isn’t the type to do so. Instead, they snicker together, looks of confusion spreading across the other four faces when they do so.

Much to Taehyung’s pleasure, the auditorium foyer is nice and cool. They give their six reserved tickets to one of the volunteers at the entrance to the auditorium, and when he hears others complain about how it seems more like they’re going to watch a movie than their child’s graduation, Taehyung thinks it makes sense that they’d have reserved seats. If not, it’d be even more chaotic.

The group of men find a row of seats towards the middle of the large room, and settle down with fifteen minutes left before the ceremony starts.

When it does, it takes forever. One and a half hour later, after all the introductions, and speeches, honorable awards given away, they finally start to call names. It takes another forty-five to fifty minutes for them to finally reach Min Yoongi (who’s almost smack dab the middle person in his class of hundreds) to which Jimin really wants to stand up and clap for, but as the University President had stated earlier, applauds were to be held until the end. It irks Jimin because a few people had ignored that rule, and he could have too but he’s a nice and respectable person.

Another hour or so later, nearing 6 pm, the graduation ceremony concludes and the hallways, as well as outside the auditorium, becomes flooded with people and their respective graduate. Taehyung and the gang find a spot near a tree outside the place, Jimin calling Yoongi on his phone to tell him to hurry up and look for them. Soon, the blue-haired friend appears and Jimin nearly knocks Yoongi over when he pounces on the graduate, laughing and almost crying. Taehyung follows next, wrapping his arms around the pair, then one by one they all do congratulating Yoongi.

Celebrations follow at the restaurant a few blocks down, family owned, interior lined with red oaks and comfortable seating where they drink to celebrate and talk about their plans, their fears, the good times, the bad, and whatever comes to their minds.

Taehyung asks about how the first year of graduate school went for Jin, to which he describes as a “total bitch, but definitely rewarding”. Jungkook steals food off of everyone’s plate as usual, and Yoongi tells him about a good lamb skewer place further into town that he thinks the youngest will like. Jimin and Hoseok talk animatedly about dance, and Namjoon joins in saying he’d been working on an independent project with Yoongi and they’d like to sometime show them the final thing, hopeful that maybe the dancers and singers in the group would like to join in on the project. When asked for more information, Yoongi and Namjoon simply say it’s almost done and that they should
meet sometime in the summer to talk more about it.

In the middle of their congratulatory meeting, Yoongi receives a video call from his parents who are overseas, and he introduces them to Jungkook, the new face. They’re sad that they weren’t able to come home in time from their work travels, and that they’re proud of him, couldn’t be happier that he and his brother had grown up to be such fine men, and Taehyung knows that Jimin, Hoseok, and Namjoon are definitely silently crying at this point.

Despite their joyous meeting, they don’t shout, or make a ruckus. They all make sure to bow their heads when the nice woman comes by and refills their drinks, or hands them their food. They make sure to clean any spills, and say their thanks to whoever tends to them, and it’s a happy time- warm, fuzzy, light and fun, like there’s not a worry in the world because they’re all together.

They all promise to meet at Jungkook’s dorm in the morning and go with him to the station, but then Jimin suggest that Jungkook should just stay for another week. Taehyung, with his new job, has decided to stay with Yoongi and Hoseok (who are housemates) for the summer, and Jimin will be staying for another week, so Jungkook should stay as well. They’ll clean their dorms and move their stuff, and when Jungkook asks if it’s okay, Yoongi shrugs saying all are welcome and Hoseok couldn’t be happier. The night finally ends, and they all go their separate ways, Hoseok walking some way towards Tinder girl’s place, Jin and Namjoon going together as always, and the two couples their own way.

“Let’s explore,” Taehyung tightens his grip on Jungkook’s hand and the younger quizzically looks at him.

“Taehyung it’s almost eleven at night,”

“So? Don’t be so boring.”

“What are we even going to do?”

“I don’t know…walk around, look at the stars?” Taehyung tilts his head to look at the sky and Jungkook follows suit, their hands swinging up and down as they walk.

“You can’t see crap in the city,” Jungkook laughs, and Taehyung crosses the stars off of his list.

“We can…eat ice cream?”

“Ice cream? Tae it’s late, who sells ice cream this late?”

“Mick Donalds does,” Taehyung pulls the younger towards the burger place across the road, sign still buzzing bright and interior lit with a few people scarcely sitting inside.

“You’re paying. I want a hot fudge sundae,”

“Okie doke,”

The two get their ice cream, continuing their impromptu walk around campus streets, saying hi to a few stray cats and people along the way, until it starts to rain- and it’s not the light spring sprinkle type of rain, but rather the heavy, fat ran type of rain that pours down on you really fast, and it hurts, so they make a run for it, feet stomping over puddles, laughing at each other’s demise as they become soaking wet.

Then Taehyung notices that they’re running across the open courtyard, to which he stops and twirls his arms around Jungkook’s waist, stopping him.
“Are you crazy?” Jungkook laughs, peeling Taehyung’s arms off him.

“Maybe,” Taehyung laughs too, pulling Jungkook closer, Jungkook’s hands looping around Taehyung’s shoulders, and they kiss, in the middle of the night, out in the open, in the rain, and Taehyung thinks this is totally a scene from The Notebook, except it’s more romantic because he’s kissing his favorite person in the world, Jeon Jungkook.

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“I think that’s enough, Kook,”

“Nope, can’t go to sleep with wet hair.” Jungkook says, tousling Taehyung’s hair with a towel. Taehyung doesn’t mind- it feels good and relaxing and quite soothing, so he tilts his head back and lets out a small hum. He notices the towel’s been replaced with Jungkook’s fingers, carding through his silken hair, massaging his scalp and his body relaxes to the warm touch.

“…feels good.” Taehyung murmurs, closing his eyes, and Jungkook doesn’t stop. He moves his hands down Taehyung’s neck, and back up, cupping at Taehyung’s jawline and tilts his chin up.

Then Taehyung feels Jungkook’s lips lightly peck his, and he returns the feathery kiss, eyes not opening. So he brings a hand up to the nape of Jungkook’s neck, keeping the youngster in place. Taehyung’s never kissed like this before- like the iconic Spiderman and Mary Jane kiss where Spiderman is hanging on a line of thread, except Jungkook’s not hanging upside down but it’s essentially the same thing.

They nip at each other for a while, mouths slowly grazing, an occasional lip bite here and there and a flickering of the tongue when appropriate until Jungkook pulls away giggling about how his neck kind of hurts now, making Taehyung chuckle along. Then Taehyung leaves the floor, settling onto the futon where they shared their first kiss, and goes back to kissing Jungkook.

And they’re small kisses again, playful and sweet, the sort of kisses that you melt into and take in. They’re the sort of kisses where everything around you feels safe, and it’s warm, and soothing, and quiet, and you know that everything will be alright because the person you’re kissing is special.

But Taehyung knows Jungkook is more than special. He knows it in the way that Jungkook always does his best no matter what, spending his week nights studying, most times even his weekend-nights, and he knows it in the way Jungkook literally bows a full 120 degrees when he meets someone new. He knows Jungkook’s more than special because Jungkook’s never thought a bad thing about anyone, and he knows it in Jungkook’s smile- his wrinkly eyed, high cheeked, bunny teethed smile that makes Taehyung want to hug him and never let go.

Which makes Taehyung feel safe knowing that it’s Jungkook who will be taking his butt.

“Jungkook,” Taehyung breaks their kiss and places his forehead against the other’s, running his thumbs on each side of Jungkook’s cheeks. “I-I don’t have any condoms or lube with me…but if you want, I can go get some from my dorm,”

Jungkook doesn’t say anything, teeth gnawing at his bottom lip. Taehyung notices the slight change in Jungkook’s breath (every so slightly), and feels the youngsters lips on him once more before pushing him up.

“No, that’s okay Tae,” he mumbles, averting his eyes. He gets up and pulls Taehyung with him, leading them to the bedroom and Taehyung wants to ask, but doesn’t. Perhaps Jungkook isn’t ready, but it doesn’t matter that he’s not, Taehyung can wait.
Jungkook situates himself on the bed and brings Taehyung down too, drawing their bodies close. Again they kiss, and kiss and kiss, and it’s nice and sweet at times, but harsh and full of need at others, and eventually their shirts are off, but they’re not going any harder or faster than they should be, but it feels absolutely perfect, and fulfilling. But when their pants and boxers manage to come off, it’s certainly more heated, and messy, loud and bruising at some parts, wet at others, but exhilarating all at once.

“Jungkook,” Taehyung stops kissing the younger and laces their fingers together, catching their breaths before anything more is done. “I’m serious…if you want, I can go to my dorm and get some, or we could both go and…” Taehyung looks at Jungkook, and immediately regrets saying something. Jungkook’s lips are pressed into a line, and his fingers have tightened around Taehyung’s hands. His gaze flickers down when Taehyung looks at him, and his cheeks are reddened. “I’m sorry Jungkook, we don’t have to if you’re nervous, heck I’m-“

“I have some.” Jungkook interrupts, lashes fluttering up so that their eyes can meet. He’s as red as a tomato now, but Taehyung’s even more surprised at what he hears. Jungkook has some?

“You have…lube and condoms?” He asks, and Jungkook sheepishly nods. “Oh…” is all that Taehyung says. Jungkook lets out a small half sigh, half laugh, and reaches into his drawer, pulling out a big tube of lubrication and some condoms- two things he’d never have imagined his boyfriend to be harboring. “How- When? Where?” he asks.

Jungkook turns head and his lips are pressed once again. There’s a rosy hue tainting itself on his neck, cheeks and ears, and Taehyung notices that his body has tensed up a bit. “Yesterday,” he mumbles.

“Yesterday? Is this why you…?” Taehyung asks and Jungkook lets go of Taehyung’s hands, covering his face with his own. He doesn’t show it, but Taehyung is beyond giddy knowing that the reason Jungkook had cancelled their “dorm date” yesterday because he ventured into the city to buy things that he’s sure Jungkook’s never really thought about buying before. And if he’s honest, it only turns him on more.

Firmly, Taehyung grips Jungkook’s wrists and pries them away from his face. He wants to kiss the younger right then and there, but holds out, gulping in anticipation. With Jungkook’s face as pink as it is, he wants to have fun first.

“Why did you go alone? We should have gone together.” Taehyung playfully asks, leaning down to press his lips against the nape of Jungkook’s neck, his action causing Jungkook to catch his breath.

“B-because I thought-“ Jungkook lets out a small whine as Taehyung continues to kiss up his neck and towards his jaw. “I thought I should be the one to buy it.”

“Mmm, thanks baby,” he hums against Jungkook’s hot skin and the younger shudders, letting out a whiny sigh. “That means you know what to do, right?” Taehyung presses Jungkook’s hands against the bed, tightening his fingers between Jungkook’s and he rolls his body against him, making Jungkook let out a gasp as he softly kisses Jungkook’s earlobe. “You know how to use these on me, don’t you?” Taehyung breathes against Jungkook’s ear, the deep, low primality of his voice makes Jungkook arch his back. Jungkook nods, eyes tightly closed and teary- his all too sweet reactions makes every sensory hair on Taehyung’s body stand and a dangerous wave of excitement crawls through him.

More. He wants to do so much more to Jungkook, mess him up and make him beg, but he did lose. So he wills himself to stop, gathering up whatever small amount of submissiveness he has and takes the lube, trying to relax as he gets ready for what’s to happen to his behind.
Then he notices that it’s been opened- the clear plastic covering already ripped apart, the bottom of the tube already squeezed, and every ounce of submissive particle that he’s mustered (though if he’s honest, he didn’t have much to begin with), dissipates.

“Fuck Jungkook,” he groans, biting down onto the younger’s shoulder, hips rolling up against his. Jungkook could have tried masturbating with the lube, but a small part of Taehyung hopes Jungkook had played with himself in more ways than one, so he asks. “Did you finger yourself by chance?”

Jungkook doesn’t answer, but the small, small, high-pitched whines that get caught in his throat makes Taehyung’s mind go crazy, makes his heart thump loudly, and his erection harden. “I thought you wanted to fuck me,” Another roll of his hips and the whines escape Jungkook’s mouth- their hardness brushing against each other, bodies hot with desire. “Did it feel good?” Taehyung asks, continuing to rut over Jungkook, lips now sucking marks onto the younger’s skin as he moans beneath him.

Taehyung’s just about had it by now- the way Jungkook trembles with every touch, and the way his body responds so nicely to everything he does and everything he says. But what’s really driving Taehyung crazy is the image he’s awakened in his mind of Jungkook, naked, hands touching himself as the sticky, wet lube slides between his hands and his body, as he fingers himself on this very bed, burning with hot pleasure.

“Did it…” Taehyung runs his hands down Jungkook’s body, fingers rolling over Jungkook’s nipples, pressing down on them after he’s deemed them perky enough, and continues his touches. “Feel good sticking your fingers up your ass?” He darkly asks, firmly palming over Jungkook’s hardness and the younger lets out a loud gasp.

“I don’t know!” Jungkook almost cries. “I don’t know but…” He bites his lips, and hooks his legs around Taehyung’s waist, drawing the man closer with one powerful movement, their hardened bodies closing together with a firm brush and Taehyung curses under his breath at Jungkook’s unfair expertise in knowing full well how to rile him up so, so well.

Without further hesitation, Taehyung pushes Jungkook’s thighs forward, helping spread them for better access to his lower half, gulping at the sight of Jungkook’s throbbing cock, and his nice, small entrance that so sweetly calls for Taehyung, and squirts a fair amount of lube onto his hands and fingers.

Breath hitching in anticipation, Jungkook tries to turn his head away again, but Taehyung stops him, free hand lightly holding his jawline, forcing the younger to look at him. Jungkook’s eyes, though seen through a half-lidded gaze, is far from innocent- lust ridden and glazed over with need, Taehyung holds the stare, taking in all of Jungkook’s expressions.

Then Taehyung begins, slicking the warm, wet lubricant over Jungkook’s balls, up his shaft, thumb firmly pressing on he tip of the head, and back down. Not lifting his gaze, Taehyung cautiously places a finger over Jungkook’s hole, watching for any sort of discomfort from the younger, and continues as he sees Jungkook’s jaw tighten, a tiny high-pitched breath slipping out.

Slowly, he spreads the lubricant around Jungkook, fingers tracing over his entrance slowly, as he whispers for Jungkook to relax, to which the younger takes a breath and loosens his muscles, his hole squeezing and relaxing along with his actions.

Before continuing, Taehyung brings his fingers up to his mouth, tongue slipping out to help coat his digits with warm, slick, wetness, and notes their taste- Jungkook and strawberries. Then he places them against Jungkook again, circling his entrance before firmly pressing his middle finger against Jungkook’s hole. At this, Jungkook tilts his head back, lips tightly held between his teeth as his body
“Jungkook,” Taehyung exhales a tense sigh. “Can I?” he asks, wanting to make sure Jungkook’s okay with going further before he does anything stupid like endangering their relationship because of no consent, and Jungkook nods, an “mhm” trapped within his lips, audible.

And oh so carefully, his saliva mixed with Jungkook’s precum and the strawberry lubrication, enters Jungkook with Taehyung’s middle finger. It’s tight, very tight, and Taehyung knows just how uncomfortable it must be for Jungkook whose bottom half has tensed up, his hole squeezing down even though Taehyung’s barely one knuckle in.

He stops sliding his finger in, waiting for Jungkook to adjust. When he feels Jungkook relax, he pushes in finger deep now, and Jungkook lets out a whine so sweet, Taehyung’s name trailing out even sweeter after, that Taehyung thinks it’s time for another after a few slow pumps of his finger. Once more, cautiously he presses his index finger against Jungkook, and slides it in stretching him, the younger’s moans now being swallowed by Taehyung’s lips as he kisses him, two fingers sliding out just enough, but not quite leaving, and back in.

Taehyung wants so badly to enter Jungkook by now, fingers brushing inside the younger, scissoring him open for a few moments, then asks if he’s ready to take a third. A small “yes” comes from Jungkook, so he slides in another, Jungkook’s rim now softer than before, making Taehyung wonder at the ease.

“God Jungkook,” Taehyung presses his forehead against the younger’s, breaking away from the kisses. “Did you fucking come while fingering yourself last night?” he hisses, the tips of his fingers curling upward slightly, continuing to thrust his fingers barely out, the in, faster than before and Jungkook shakes his hips at the feel of Taehyung’s hitting his sweet spot, moans erupting from his mouth.

“Tae-Taehyung,” Jungkook whimpers, voice so erotic that it makes Taehyung’s cock twitch. He’s painfully hard now, three fingers knuckle deep into his boyfriend, and he thinks Jungkook should be fine, but asks in case.

“Do you think you’re ready,”

Jungkook takes a deep breath. “I…yes…” he says, and Taehyung slowly slides out his fingers, Jungkook’s hole wider, softer, and more inviting now.

Taking one of the condoms from the bedside, Taehyung rips off the foil, and rolls it on. He keeps his eyes on Jungkook’s absolutely pink, almost wrecked by his fingers, face, and licks his lips as he squeezes more lube onto his hands, pumping his length a few times before repositioning between Jungkook’s spread legs, and squirting even more lube over his opening.

Aligning himself with Jungkook’s hole, Taehyung inhales, gaze matched with Jungkook’s, who takes a gulp, head nodding slightly to ensure Taehyung that he’s fine.

With a held breath, Taehyung slides himself inside Jungkook’s hot, soft and unbearably tight hole. The younger holds back a cry, eyes closing tight at the sensation, and Taehyung knows better than to move even though Jungkook feels so, so, so tight and so, so, so good around him, squeezing, wet and warm, that Taehyung’s unaware of how tightly he’s gripping onto Jungkook’s hips that just might bruise.

“D-does it hurt?” Taehyung asks, “Are you feeling okay? Should I—” He’s unsure if Jungkook’s adjusted to his size or not yet (because he’s certain once he starts moving, he won’t be able to stop),
but Jungkook interrupts, hooking his arms around Taehyung’s neck, pulling him down which only
pushes Taehyung further inside Jungkook, and Taehyung nearly loses it for the n-th time since
they’ve started.

“Taehyung…” Jungkook begins, whisper brushing against Taehyung’s ears, his soft voice washing
over Taehyung’s body all too nicely. “I love your voice. It’s heavenly…soothing…and calming. It’s
always asking me if I’m okay, always, always making sure that I’m fine…” Jungkook presses small
kisses against Taehyung’s hot, sweaty skin. “And I am…I always am whenever I’m with you.”
Taehyung feels himself harden inside Jungkook. “And right now, more than ever I…want. you. to.
move. Kim. Taehyung.”

And at the sound of his boyfriend’s more than bold words, Taehyung sinks his head into the crook of
Jungkook’s nest that is so perfectly curved just for him. “Jeon Jungkook, you will be the death of
me.” he growls, the vibrations of his voice buzzing against Jungkook’s skin, and the younger
chuckles, tightening his hold on Taehyung’s shoulder, but when he suddenly snaps his hips into the
younger, thrusting himself deeper and deeper, Jungkook’s chuckles turn into the loudest, most
ungodly sinful moans Taehyung has ever had the pleasure of hearing, and he smirks.

Taehyung curses as he thrusts, moans at the sensations pulsing through his cock that just feel so so
good, his lips parting at the feel of Jungkook wrapped around him nicely. He rocks his hips, blood
boiling within his veins with a fire so hot he doesn’t know he’s able to control the even pace at
which he’s started, but the more he feels Jungkook’s warmth, the more he hears Jungkook’s cries of
pleasure, the harder, faster and hungrier he gets.

With one hand tightly on Jungkook’s waist, he reaches down and starts to palm the younger’s
neglected hardness, his touch eliciting even more moans from Jungkook, who’s body has loosened
so nicely, taking in the hard, thrusts of Taehyung so, so well. Their movements making Jungkook’s
bed thump against the wall, and he could hardly care if anyone hears their calls for more of
everything- more kisses, more touches, more marks, more thrusts, more of each other

“Fuck baby, you feel so good” Taehyung grits his teeth, the slap of his balls against Jungkook, of his
thighs smacking loudly with Jungkook’s is so dirty, so incredibly indecent mixed along with
Jungkook’s quick breaths, cat-like mewls, curled toes and fingers in his mouth. He’s almost tonguing
them, saliva slicking over them in a way that makes Taehyung wonders if his suggestive action is
done subconsciously or on purpose, and it inches him on.

“Taehyung, I-“ Jungkook chokes on his words as Taehyung thrusts hard, hitting every bundle of
pleasure within Jungkook, wand the younger has to bite on his index finger to keep quiet. Taehyung
shakes his head in disapproval, clicking his tongue.

“C’mon, let me hear you,” he coos, bending down, licking a warm, trail of wetness up Jungkook’s
exposed jugular, then up his jaw, and towards his mouth where Jungkook’s fingers block their
connection. He slips his tongue over Jungkook’s fingers, a string of saliva tracing up and down his
hand. “Jungkook baby,” Taehyung sternly says, slowing down his movements, almost pulling out.
The feel of the colder air in contrast to Jungkook’s warm insides makes Taehyung bite his lips. “Let
me hear your dirty voice.”

Jungkook’s eyes widen at Taehyung’s words, but like a good boy, he removes his hands, but only
slightly, and like an even better boy, he wraps his legs around Taehyung, bringing his hips down in a
plead to fill him up once more. “P-please Taehyung,” Jungkook licks his lips and curls his fingers
into Taehyung’s hair, pulling him down for a wet, sloppy kiss. Their tongues twirl around each
other, breaths sticky with heat, and Taehyung resumes with a deep thrust, hands digging into the bed,
gripping at the bunches of bedspread that he can grasp as he quickens his pace, the sound of
Jungkook’s now even more frenzied sobs and loud, enticing moans pushing him even further and further, his body tingling, pleasure nerves firing with every feel of Jungkook’s body.

Jungkook’s fingers clawing at Taehyung’s back that’s surely red, his legs now firmly wrapped around Taehyung’s waist, Jungkook’s clenching hole, and his cock, leaking so thickly for release lets Taehyung know Jungkook’s close as well.

“Are you going to be good and come for me?” Taehyung whispers against Jungkook’s lips and the younger nods, rolling his hips up to meet with Taehyung’s movements and older chuckles darkly, sending a visible shiver through Jungkook.

“Yes, I’m going to come, Tae,” Jungkook mumbles almost incoherently, voice so weak and needy that Taehyung almost comes, but he holds out.

“Fuck I’m close too,” Taehyung pulls back up, a hand holding one of Jungkook’s thighs apart as the other begins stroking Jungkook’s length. He pumps relentlessly into Jungkook, the younger’s ragged breaths, Taehyung’s deep moans, their hot juices mixing as they near their climaxes.

“T-Taehyung, I’m--” Jungkook’s words get caught at the feel of his stimulated cock, and new level of pleasure due to his parted legs which allow Taehyung for an even better angle, now hitting all of the right spots within Jungkook. “I- want to come,”

Taehyung throws his head back at the sensation of Jungkook clenching around him, a string of curses leaving his lips when he sees Jungkook’s hands roam over his own body. “Shit baby,” he hisses when Jungkook starts to toy with his own nipples, gently pulling them, running over them, pressing down on them as they harden, certain to be sore later, and it’s an absolutely welcome sight—his innocent boyfriend being so, so dirty for him, and it makes him thrust harder.

“Fuck- I’m--” Taehyung groans, and Jungkook opens his arms, motioning for Taehyung, and the older leans back down, pressing harsh kisses against Jungkook’s red, sore lips.

“I- I’m coming Taehyung,” Jungkook breaths, tightening around Taehyung, and Taehyung knows just a few more thrusts and he’s there.

With harsher thrusts and harsher kisses, faster pumps of the hand, Jungkook comes undone before Taehyung, his reddened body shaking and trembling as he reaches his high, his head thrown back into the pillows at the great shock of pleasure. His sticky white cum lines his chest and strong abs as his body continues trembling feverishly, whining sweetly over, and over again as he rides out his orgasm, digging his fingers into Taehyung’s back. His eyes are closed, tears welling up at the corners, and his whole body is flushed, cheeks and ears pink, lips parted, sore and red, a thin, lewd line of saliva drools down his chin, looking absolutely fucked out.

The sight of Jungkook reaching climax, being done so well because of him, is even more erotic than Taehyung had imagined, stimulating him more and more, and soon he follows, electric waves of pleasure washing across every inch of his hot, needy body, coming in spurts into Jungkook, rocking a few times to ride out his own orgasm as they both heavily pant, bodies sticky and heated, and most definitely satisfied.

Finally, Taehyung pulls out, ties off the condom, throws it into the trashcan next to the bed, and flops on top of Jungkook, embracing his boyfriend in an all too hot hug. They stay like that for a moment, their breaths slowly steadying after the vigorous, fun workout— or perhaps it was a few minutes, but Taehyung doesn’t really care how long it’s been, because he suddenly feels like he’s about to cry.

“Taehyung?” Jungkook speaks up, thumbs running across Taehyung’s cheeks in circles. “What’s
wrong?"

Taehyung stutters, bringing his hands up to hold Jungkook’s wrists. He really does want to cry. Strange emotions rise in his chest, tingling across every surface of his body as he looks down at Jungkook and his silly, wildly floofy black hair, his large, brown, dazzling, star-filled eyes, and sweet, smile makes Taehyung want to shower Jungkook in rainbows, whatever the fuck that means. So he tries to explain it in words- “Jungkook I-I…”

“I love you, Taehyung,” Jungkook interrupts him, his smile even larger now. And it’s that cheeks raised, eyes wrinkled at the corners, large bunny-toothed smile that Taehyung’s glad made his heart skip, a lot more than a little if he’s honest, on that night in the gymnasium where they first met. “I’m crazy about you.”

And Taehyung smiles too, sinking into Jungkook’s warmth.

“You know Jeon Jungkook… I’ve been crazy about you since way before I even met you.” He laughs, kissing the younger. “And I’m crazy in love with you.”

At that, Jungkook laughs and says, “I know.”

Chapter End Notes

Will JUNGKOOK EVER TOP TAEHYUNG?

You’ll find out if I decide to write a continuation of this :)

Thank you to everyone who’s been here since the way beginning, and thanks to everyone who’s new. Thank you all for reading and enjoying this story, I hope it made you smile, laugh, feel something because I really enjoyed writing it. I hope you guys can feel my love vibes ~

Until next time!

Which is Jungkook’s p.o.v so it’s not really complete yet I guess...click on the next series to find out how he falls in love with Taehyung :D

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