Playing With Fire

by nzvkookie

Summary

The day he received his college acceptance letter, Jungkook and his friends gathered at one of the bars in the city to celebrate and he ended up having a one-night stand with a handsome stranger. A month later, he moved in with Jimin in Seoul and was shocked to discover his boyfriend’s best friend slash roommate was his one night-stand went by the name Kim Taehyung. Needless to say, his all time ‘vanilla’ life turned ‘dark chocolate’ after that.

Notes

Well hellooooo! I'm back with my second Taekook fic and this time, I'm writing smut guys omg! Please please PLEASE take note that I'm not an English speaker nor I speak English frequently and this fic is not beta-read, I'm sorry! So, all mistakes are mine but nevertheless I hope you will enjoy reading this. If you don't like cheating and smut, guess this fic is not for you! I will try to update as frequent as I can since I'm on my Spring break! And I live for badboy Dom!Top Tae and cute little shy bottom bunny Jungkooki and to be honest, we need more of that on this site teeheehee.
See the end of the work for more notes.
Jungkook had studied hard before he applied to Jimin’s college. They’ve been in a relationship since Jungkook was fifteen and since Jimin was two years older than him, they made a promise to go to the same college together and Jungkook succeeded. He got accepted for the Spring intake and he was so excited that he had called his boyfriend the moment he opened the letter.

“Jimin, I got in! We’re going to be college mates! Yay!” Jungkook squealed happily.

“Ah-oh… Th-That’s great, Jungkook-ah!” Jimin replied from the other line although he sounded a little distant.

That was odd. Jungkook expected Jimin to be more happy and excited about it. They promised each other, didn’t they? But somehow, Jimin had been a little distant lately. It all started after Jimin entered his second year. The guy rarely called or texted, telling Jungkook he was busy with his dance class and part-time job and many other excuses Jungkook couldn’t even remember.

“R-Right! I’ll be in Seoul in a month! We’re going to be roommates like we promised!”

“Y-Yes! Of course! I’ll get the place ready for you! I’ll call you again, okay?”

Why so quick to end the conversation? Jungkook thought. “J-Jiminie? Are you in Busan right now?” he asked.

Jimin cleared his throat. “No! I didn’t come back for Spring break, Kook. Sorry… I-I gotta go! It’s work, you know… I don’t wanna be late. So, later? Bye! And congrats again!” the older guy chirped before ending the call. Jungkook sighed as he simply stared at his phone dumbfounded. He then texted his friends via Kakaotalk about the good news and Yugyeom and Mingyu, being the most amazing best friends ever existed insisted on having a celebration in the city. Well, at least he still has his friends, Jungkook smiled.
“I can’t believe you got in, Kook but at the same time not surprise at all,” Mingyu said and gulped down his drink before walking to the bar to order another.

“Our friend here even got a fucking scholarship! Sick, man!” Yugyeom cheered as he waved his empty glass comically. “You’re going to Seoul, Kook and stay with your boyfriend! Fuck, I want that life!”

“At least you all are graduating while I still have to endure another year of high school torture…” Vernon rolled his eyes in annoyance.

“Aww, I know you’re going to miss me the most!” Mingyu grinned as he wrapped his arm around Vernon’s shoulders while the younger guy scrunched his nose in disgust and pushed him away.

“I can’t believe you and Bambam applied for the same college,” Jungkook muttered over the rim of his glass while shooting the two a meaningful look.

“We’re secretly married, Jungkook, don’t you know?” Bambam mocked a shocking look and Yugyeom threw his head back and laughed. “True that,” Yugyeom said and gave Bambam a high five.

“Hey, guys! Let’s play a game, shall we?” Mingyu grinned mischievously. “We’ll spin the bottle and the first person will give out a dare while the second person has to do the dare!”

Vernon clapped his hands and cooed, “Uu, I’m loving this already!”

Without waiting for the others to reply, Mingyu put the bottle in the center and gave it a spin. When
the bottle stopped spinning, the opening pointed straight at Yugyeom. The guy jumped off his seat and pumped his fist into the air. “Yes! Yes!” he shouted and Mingyu gave the bottle another spin and this time, it stopped and pointed at Jungkook. Jungkook groaned into his hands while the others cheered.

“Come on, Kook! It’s time for a dare game!” Yugyeom exclaimed.

“Fine, what’s the dare?” Jungkook asked coolly, his brows quirked up and his eyes sparkled in challenge.

“Alright, Kook… I dare you to kiss a male stranger on the mouth! Tongue included!” Yugyeom’s grin grew wicked.

“What?! N-No! That’s stupid, Gyeom! Hell no!”

“Oh come on, man!” Mingyu threw his hands up in the air. “It’s just a dare game! Guys, let’s put in some cash! If Kook doesn’t wanna do it, he has to pay for the drinks tonight,” he suggested and slammed a few notes on the table. The others cheered in agreement, pulling out some cash from their wallets.

“You guys are nuts! I’m not going to do it! I have a boyfriend, for God sake and this is just a bar, not a gay bar! Not all guys here are into dicks!” Jungkook pulled a face and crossed his arms over his chest.

“Don’t be such a pussy, Kook! College people do this stupid game all the time! Come on, it’s just a one-time thing! We won’t tell Jimin, we cross our hearts, bros before hoes and shit, remember?” Yugyeom said, mimicking zipping his mouth shut while the others hummed in agreement.

“Pretty sure Jimin did this at least once, kissing stranger,” Mingyu wiggled his brows. “Come on man, lots of cash here and it’s yours if you want!”

Jungkook eyed each of his friends intently, contemplating whether he should proceed with this stupid game or just pay for the fucking drinks. Pretty sure it would cost a hell lot since his friends were all heavy drinker. Fuck it, it’s just a one-time thing and pretty sure Jimin did this at least once behind his back and no, he’s not doubting his boyfriend at all but frat parties in college do that to you sometimes. Jungkook finally gave in, “Fine, I’ll do it!”
“Yeah, that’s our competitive Jeon Jungkook! Come on, choose your player,” Mingyu motioned his hand toward the crowd.

Jungkook scanned the area and the crowd. No one in particular piqued his interest until his eyes caught the sight of a tall guy with dusty blonde hair contrasted with his black leather jacket, the lights coming from the dance floor reflected the silver rings he had on his long, slender fingers and fuck, wonder how those fingers would feel like opening him up and- Jungkook snapped out of his thoughts. He then inhaled deeply, shot his friends one last mischievous grin before making his way towards his target.

“Excuse me?” Jungkook tapped the guy on the shoulder and the blonde guy turned himself around, making Jungkook choke on his next breath. He stared at the dim lines of the guy’s jaw in the dark and swallowed hard. The guy’s eyes were huge with long dark lashes, his cheekbones would have made girls weep with envy and fuck, a spasm of lust gripped Jungkook between his legs, taking him by surprise. He’d never experienced such raw desire. Not even with his own boyfriend, what the heck!

“Yes?” the guy titled his head slightly to the side with a smirk, his deep raspy voice broke the awkward silence between them, dragging Jungkook away from his thoughts and he melted into those dark brown eyes instead.

Mute, Jungkook froze with his jaw dropped slightly. He seemed to have a hard time forming words and his throat gone dry. “I-I… I don’t think I have enough cash with me to pay for my friends’ drinks so unless I play this stupid dare game where I have to kiss a stranger, I- I- Gosh, I’m babbling too much- You know what, fuck it! I am so sorry-” and without continuing what he was about to say, Jungkook cupped the guy’s jaw and pulled him into a deep, sloppy kiss.

Jungkook could hear a small gasp coming from the guy but he kept on going, kissing the guy with passion, tickling his lips until he opened them so Jungkook could drive his tongue into the guy’s mouth. Shockingly, the guy kissed him back, their tongues exchanged caress after caress and a soft moan escaped from Jungkook’s mouth as the guy wrapped his arms around his waist, pulling them close, practically rubbing their groins together.

Breaking the kiss, Jungkook took deep breathes and the guy leaned his forehead against Jungkook’s and whispered deeply, “Wow, you… Those lips are so sinful… tasted so fucking delicious…”

Jungkook blushed, hastily composed himself despite his skyrocketing heartbeat and glanced up at the guy from under his lashes. How he wished the ground would just open up like a freaking black hole and suck him in. The dim light picked up the lust in the guy’s eyes and his swollen lips and Jungkook’s knees buckled. With his palms flat on the guy’s chest, Jungkook gently pushed him away to give himself some space to move. “I-I am so sorry… I-I gotta go!” he said in a rush and
quickly bolted back to his table where his friends were now grinning, cheering and shouting.

“Fuck, Kook! That was HOT!” Yugyeom said as he raised his half-empty glass. “Cheers to Jeon Jungkook! My man fucking did it! He did it, guys! You all can go home! We already have our champion right here!”

Mingyu whooped in delight and pushed a pile of cash across the table towards Jungkook. “All yours, Kook and your drinks are on us! Let’s party!”

“Um, guys… I think I’m done for the night… Can we go?” Jungkook asked lowly as he put all the cash into his wallet.

“What? Already? You gotta be kidding me! Let’s go for round two! I know this ramen stall just a few blocks away! I’m hungry yo!” Bambam said.

“Oh my God, let’s go! Round two with ramen, come on!” Yugyeom shouted as they walked through the sea of people and made their way out of the bar.

“No, guys… I’m serious. I’m going home. You guys can go without me…” Jungkook smiled and shoved his hands into his black bomber jacket. The cold February air tightening his skin, making him shivered.

“What? Where’s the fun in that?” Mingyu whined with his arm wrapped around Vernon’s shoulders, stepping a little unsteadily. Probably a little drunk because his cheeks were flushed and his eyes wild.

“You-” Jungkook pointed his index finger at Mingyu, “-need to go home, asshole! And Vernon,” he turned to the younger guy, “You need to be careful… He gets a little touchy and handsy when he’s drunk…” and chuckled at Vernon’s reaction, the boy looked terrified as hell.

“Seriously, Kook? You don’t wanna join us for round two?” Yugyeom mocked a sob, his lips pouted.

“No, you guys go ahead. I’m going home now! Bye!” Jungkook said and waved his friends goodbye. He walked pass a few blocks of buildings before walking into a parking area, a shortcut to the train station. The area was quiet and badly lit. His Timberland boots were quiet on the paved lot and his steps were careful as he walked into the dark area. That was when he felt a firm grip on his
arm, a figure spun him around and pushed his back against the red brick wall. Jungkook was about to shout for help but paused when he saw the face of the figure caging him. It was the stranger who he kissed at the bar.

“Hi, you… Going somewhere?” The guy’s deep voice resonated through his ears, sending shiver down Jungkook’s spine.

“I-I’m heading home actually…” Jungkook stuttered out nervously.

“Really? Already? The night is still young, though…” the guy smirked.

They were so close, his arms touching Jungkook’s shoulders and his lips were a mere fraction from Jungkook’s lips and he could smell the intoxicating scent of the guy. He smelled like heaven; a subtle blend of fresh soap and musky aftershave mixed with an indefinable masculine note that was all him and fuck, Jungkook was practically drooling.

“I- Yeah, I just- I’m done for tonight…”

The guy hummed, leaning forward until Jungkook could feel his warm breath on his neck. “Did anyone ever tell you that you’re a good kisser?”

“No? Really? Because baby, I was feeling a little off tonight but you definitely turned me on…”

Oh God, Jungkook was having trouble breathing. *Fuck. Huge brown eyes, high cheekbones and sharp jaw, disheveled hair, black leather jacket and silver rings and necklace. The bad boy vibe the guy was giving and the way he whispered dirty words to him. He’s probably just a few years older and definitely Jungkook’s type!* Wait, wait. Shit! He mentally cursed himself. He’s dating someone, God damn it! He shouldn’t be doing this!

“Did I…?” Jungkook bit his bottom lip, his pupils growing larger under the glow of the only lamppost of the parking lot. His gaze flickered to the guy’s lips and then back to his dark brown eyes. He inhaled deeply, his body tightening up with excitement. Then his shoulders slumped as he exhaled, shaking his head and gave a gentle shove to the guy’s chest. “I- I’m sorry… I- I better get
“Oh come on, baby. It’s not even eleven yet…” the guy said and Jungkook felt the chest against his palms vibrate in amusement. “And plus, it’s dangerous to walk home all alone at this time. I can send you home after we’re done having fun…”

Okay, this is wrong! This is definitely wrong in every aspect! Jungkook screamed inside his head and hated himself for wanting more. He wanted to touch, to kiss the guy so bad, to just let the guy have his everything. It was too late to back down now the moment the guy put his thigh between Jungkook’s legs, rubbing against the growing erection and Jungkook felt a drop of moisture licking from his slit and his small member was throbbing with longing. The guy’s breath felt hot against his skin, sending another shaft of desire straight through him.

“N-No, please… I c-can’t-“ Jungkook whispered, weakly trying to push the guy away even though his body arched into him, trying to feel more of the blonde hair guy.

“Don’t be selfish, baby… You’re going to have this beautiful body for the rest of your life and daddy just want it for one night…” the guy said almost growling, nuzzling into Jungkook’s ear that sent jolts of pleasure zinging through him. “Or perhaps you have a boyfriend or something?”

“Actually, yes…” Jungkook choked. “Th-That’s why I- Ah-“ he mewled, his fingers clutched tightly onto the guy’s jacket as the blonde continued kissing the side of his neck, slick tongue lapped his sensitive area, behind his earlobe, nibbling onto his skin and Jungkook let out a deep and guttural groan as pleasure raced over him. A tight bolt of lightning began to unfurl in his stomach and Jungkook couldn’t help grinding himself against the guy’s thigh.

“Yeah, you like that, baby?” the guy growled, his hands slid off the red brick wall, down to Jungkook’s waist and later grabbed a handful of Jungkook’s perky ass in that black skinny jeans and squeezed, hard. “Well, I have someone too but it’s just for one night… It will be our little secret, baby…”

“M-More… Please…” Jungkook threw his head back, exposing more access to his neck for the guy to kiss and lick, his belly pulsed and his cock tightened in his jeans.

“Damn, sweetie… I can already feel you getting hard for me… Fuck, your ass and thighs… Who needs earmuffs when I have your strong thighs for that?” the guy groaned, a mischievous grin transformed his handsome face to gorgeous as hell. He then pulled something out of his pocket and a beep sound was heard, lights flashing from a slick black car a few feet away from them. “In my car, baby… Come on… I don’t want other people to see you like this… You’re mine tonight…”
Jungkook’s wet dream wasn’t just gorgeous as hell but also fucking rich? His eyes widened at the sight of the slick black BMW M3. The guy opened the door to the passenger seat and motioned Jungkook to get in. “Not mine… Mine is way better than this…” he winked.

After settling himself comfortably on the driver’s seat, the guy reached over and grabbed Jungkook by the waist and pulled the younger guy across his lap, straddling his hips. Jungkook’s hair brushed the low ceiling of the car and the steering wheel pressed into his back as he settled around the blonde guy’s arousal, his shirt hiked up to expose his pale stomach. Turning the heater on, the guy whispered into his ear, “Come on baby, shirts off for me!”

Jungkook didn’t waste any more time, tossing his bomber jacket aside and quickly yanked his shirt over his head, both of them breathing heavily. The guy too took his jacket off, tossing it to the backseat and his shirt followed a second later. “Yes, baby… Let me touch you, taste you here and there…” he growled, his hands gripped Jungkook’s hips, pressing the younger guy down on his erection. “Do you trust me to make you feel good?”

To be very honest, Jungkook had lost his V-card to Jimin before but it wasn’t a frequent thing especially after Jimin moved to Seoul for college. The most he could do close to sex was masturbating to some shitty porn and hentai manga, that’s it. But with this guy, he couldn’t stop but to crave for more. Everything about tonight was removed from reality and Jungkook intended to make the most of it. You’re fucked, Jungkook! Cheater! Asshole! Cheater! He cursed himself inside his head like a mantra.

“H-Hey, wh-what’s your name?” Jungkook asked under his heavy breath, his arms looping around the blonde’s neck as he continued to grind his bottom against the guy’s hardened erection.

The guy smirked in return, cocking an eyebrow as he licked Jungkook’s right nipple with the tip of his tongue. “Tae… But you can call me daddy…” he said and stretched his hand out to reach for the dashboard and somehow a condom and a small bottle of lube appeared in his hand. “What’s yours?”

“You can just call me Kookie…”

The blonde chuckled, “Cute… Well, is my Kookie ready for me?”

“Fuck- yes!” Jungkook nodded his head as he unbuckled his belt and unzipped his jeans.
“Good boy,” the guy, Tae grinned as he smeared some lube on his fingers before shoving his hand into Jungkook’s jeans. He teasingly circled with one finger, just tickling the entrance and Jungkook groaned and pushed himself down, moaning softly, begging Tae to stop teasing and just work him open. “Patience, baby…” Tae let the tease show in his voice, letting Jungkook know that he was the one in charge. When he slipped one finger in, Jungkook gasped and surged forward. One finger turned to two then three; the younger guy’s moan grew louder and heavier. When Tae began to wriggle his long fingers, messaging the hard pebble of his prostate gland, Jungkook could feel his balls begin to bubble and he bucked in ecstatic response. The blonde brushed Jungkook’s sweat-soaked bangs away from his forehead and pressed a kiss to his shoulder blade. “I want you now, baby…”

Jungkook quickly drew his arms off Tae’s neck, pushing his jeans and boxer all the way down, tangled around his ankle due to his boots before he unbuckled the other guy’s jeans. “Yes, daddy… P-Please…”

“Fuck, Kookie… Keep calling me that and I’ll make you feel so good, you’ll remember me for weeks!” Tae lifted his gaze to look into Jungkook’s brown and a soft smile sent pure pleasure through every corner of the younger guy’s body. Pushing his jeans and boxer down, the guy’s cock bonged out as he freed it.

“What- fuck, you’re huge…” Jungkook gasped as his eyes widened in surprise. Compared to Jimin’s, Tae’s was something else. That thing would split him in half.

“It’s okay, baby… I prepared you well… Come on, daddy’s hungry…” Tae whispered, peppering Jungkook’s face with soft kisses and handed him the condom. “Put it on me…”

Jungkook swallowed, the condom packet was wet with lube and he fumbled with it, stretching the rubber all the way down Tae’s throbbing length. “T-Tae? Can I turn myself around? It’s more comfortable that way…”

“Sure, baby… Anything that makes you feel good…” Tae whispered back as Jungkook turned himself around, his hands gripping onto the steering wheel and accidentally kneed the radio button on in the process and Havana blared through the speakers.

“Good choice of song, Kookie…” Tae whispered as he leaned forward, nipping and kissing along the line of Jungkook’s spine, smelling the sweet scent of him. Jungkook arched his back, making his sweet ass curve against Tae’s throbbing cock. The blonde guy gave Jungkook’s round flash a gentle massage, squeezing as he spread the cheeks apart and smiled at the sight of the perky ass in his fingers. Teasingly, Tae rubbed the tip of his cock against Jungkook’s entrance and he whined in protest.
“Tae, please… S-Stop teasing already, damn it!”

“Tae who? Can’t hear you, Kookie…”

“Daddy… please…” Jungkook choked a sob.

“Say it, baby… What do you want?”

“Fuck me,” Jungkook panted back. “Please fuck me, daddy!”

“That’s my baby boy!” Tae grinned and thrust all the way inside, past the tight band of muscle at the outer ring, relishing the hotness around his cock. He continued to push in as far as he can, his balls rubbing up against the younger’s round flash. The car shifted as he stroked in and out, his rhythm was steady but firm.

The veins on Jungkook’s neck were pumped up, his cheeks flushed and his mouth opened as he grunted with an “ah, oh, uh, Daddy” and “Please” each time Tae thrust into him. It was painful at first since he never took something huge like Tae’s but the pain slowly faded and was replaced with something pleasurable. He managed to spread his legs a little wider, working his ass up and down and that really did it for the blonde guy.

“Fuck, baby… You’re so beautiful, so hot moving your ass like that!” Tae groaned deeply. He then bent forward, nipping on the younger guy’s shoulder, marking his wet skin and the moment Jungkook threw his head back, Tae’s tongue began to work on the pale skin of his neck.

“Fuck me deeper… Fuck me till you come, d-daddy!” Jungkook’s voice was dark and husky.

Tae could feel his balls tightened up, swelling with pleasure and a few more thrusts later, he shot into the younger guy with a cry of his own, more than a grunt, nearly bellow as his lungs whoosh out, his voice thick and hard. Jungkook came a few seconds later, white liquid spurting onto his front and the steering wheel.

“Fuck, Kookie… That was so good…” Tae muttered under his ragged breath.
“Yeah, so good…” Jungkook replied, tilting his head to the side, reaching for the blonde’s neck and sealed their mouths together in a sloppy kiss. “So fucking good…”

A month later.

Jimin was already waiting at the bus stop when he arrived. Jungkook got out of the bus, ran towards the other guy and jumped into his arms. “Jiminie!” he squealed. “I miss you!”

“I miss you too, Jungkook-ah! I bet the trip was tiring… Come on! Let’s go!” Jimin said as he pulled Jungkook’s four wheeled suitcase and took the younger guy’s hand with his other. “Oh, before I forget… A warning for you. More like a side-note,” Jimin chuckled and the younger guy shot him an odd, questionable look. “I have a roommate aka my best friend and he has this rich, flirty bad boy vibe kinda thing going on… But he’s nice, Kook… Hope you can befriend him or something, that would be cool!”

“Well, he’s your best friend after all, why not…?” Jungkook shrugged.

“Exactly!” Jimin laughed and ruffled his boyfriend’s hair. “Come on, can’t wait for you guys to meet up!”

Jungkook thought his boyfriend was staying in some cramped shoebox apartment but boy was he wrong. So wrong. He didn’t expect his boyfriend would be staying in some luxury bachelor’s pad! The living room was spacious with a 60-inch 4K plasma TV and a high-end stereo system with tall surround-sound speaker situated throughout the apartment along with countless consoles and video games. Even the couch looked incredibly soft to roll in.

“I know… It’s ridiculous for a student to stay in this kind of apartment but I only pay for my room,
Kook-ah… *And* the internet…” Jimin said. “These are all Taehyung’s… Told you he’s rich!”

“T-Taehyung?” Jungkook stared at his boyfriend with his eyes wide open.

“Yeah, probably still sleeping like a log!” Jimin rolled his eyes and motioned Jungkook to follow him. “I know it’s normal for boyfriends to sleep in the same room but I’m sure it’s more comfortable for you to have your own space for your stuff so me and Taehyung cleared his study room for you!”

When Jungkook stepped into the room, his breath caught. The walls were painted dark blue, nicely paired up with the soft, comfortable-looking light grey bedsheets and a simple rectangular glass window was enough to let the sunlight in. Wooden pieces of furniture like bookshelves and the study table were massive but not over-powering the limited space. Simple but appealing and Jungkook loved it. “It’s nice… Wow, th-thanks!”

“His room is next to you so you guys are connected,” Jimin said and pointed his finger at the door located at the far end corner of the room. Jungkook choked on his next breath and Jimin chuckled. “Aw, don’t worry! It’s fine! If you’re that shy, you can always lock the door!”

“R-Right…” Jungkook stammered. *Taehyung. Tae. Kinda reminds him of someone… or should he say, a gorgeous as hell one-night stand? Nah, what are the odds! You’re overthinking, Kook!* Jungkook told himself as he put his suitcase down by the bed.

“Come on, I want you to meet my best friend!” Jimin pulled Jungkook by the wrist and made their way to the next room. “Taehyung-ah! Taehyung! Wake up, you ass! It’s eleven, damn it!” Jimin shouted as he knocked on the door a few times. They heard the creak sound of the wooden floor, someone moving around the room and a grunt. A bump. And then another grunt before the door was swung open, revealing a disheveled sleepy looking tan skin guy in his red boxer with his dark brown hair sticking up here and there.

“The fuck, Chim…?” he said groggily in his deep raspy voice, his eyes were barely open and squinting, trying to get a clearer view of what was going on.

“Jungkook is here, dumbass! I told you about him arriving today, did you forget?” Jimin huffed, folding his arms across his chest before turning to look at Jungkook. “Kook, come here! Jungkook, this is my stupid best friend, Taehyung! And Taetae, this is my boyfriend, Jungkook!”

Jungkook’s heart clenched, tightened and dropped into the pit of his stomach when he got a clearer
view of Taehyung. That sweet, deep voice would forever haunt him. That very same mouth sputtering dirty words into his ears as Taehyung kissed him, pounding so hard into him until he found himself melting into lust and pleasure. Jungkook’s mouth gone dry at the images flooding his head and his heartbeat jumped into a fast gallop. *Fuck! Taehyung or should he say Tae is Jimin’s best friend! His one night stand is his boyfriend’s best friend! Fuck! What in the fucking hell!*
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Things are getting more and more complicated. Welp!

Chapter Notes

Here's an update! Sorry if it took me days to come up with the new chapter. Hope you guys enjoy the story and do stick around till the end. :) Drop me comments I wanna know what you think!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Is he really seeing what he’s really seeing? Holy shit, Jimin’s Jungkook is actually his beautiful, gorgeous one-night stand Kookie! This is fun, Taehyung thought as he scanned the boy up and down and a smirk spread across his face. The way Jungkook was blushing reminded him of that night; the way the boy’s cheeks flushed with his mouth gaping as Taehyung thrust deep into him to climax. Just the thought of Jungkook writhing beneath him sent blood rushing to his small member. Taehyung quickly cleared his throat and faked a boxy grin, “Hi, nice to meet you, Jungkook!”

Jungkook stiffened and swallowed. “Ni-Nice to meet you too…” he forced the words out of his mouth.

“Awesome! Finally, my best friend and boyfriend met each other at last!” Jimin chirped before looking down at his wrist watch. “Oops, I have dance practice in fifteen minutes! Sorry, Kook! I’ll text you after I’m done so we can go to lunch together, alright?” he smiled as he slung his knapsack over his shoulder. “And you,” he pointed his finger at Taehyung sharply, “Go take a fucking shower, you skunk!”

“Yes, mother!” Taehyung made a face and stuck his tongue out.

“Later, guys! Have fun unpacking, Jungkookie!” Jimin gave a quick kiss on Jungkook’s lips and waved the boys goodbye before he left.
Jungkook fidgeted, rooted to the floor nervously after realizing it was just him and Taehyung left in the apartment and needless to say, the atmosphere had become quiet and awkward. The older guy was the first to speak, “Well, this is awkward and shocking and interesting at the same time!”

Jungkook didn’t really know what to say and did the next best thing. He fled into his room, shut the door and locked it. Flopped himself onto the bed, he took deep breaths and tried to calm himself down. Suddenly, the sound of lock clicked pulled him out of his thoughts as the door connecting his room to Taehyung’s opened and Jungkook jerked upright. Taehyung stepped inside with a lopsided grin, obviously amused at Jungkook’s reaction and the guy was shirtless, only down to his grey sweatpants hanging lowly onto his lean waist. “You look like you’ve never seen me naked before, Kookie”.

Heat filled Jungkook’s face and spread downward until it felt as if his whole body was blushing as he forced his eyes to meet Taehyung’s. “T-Taehyung… I- I don’t think we should- If Jimin knows, he’d kill me! He’d kill us! It would ruin my relationship and also the friendship you guys have and I-” he paused immediately when Taehyung took another step forward and he backed up.

“Told you that it would be our little secret, right?” Taehyung grin grew wider and took a step closer and again, Jungkook backed up a step. “I miss you, Kookie… Couldn’t get you out of my head since that night, to be very honest…” Taehyung said, almost whispering deeply.

Another step forward. Another step back and now Jungkook crossed his arms defensively. “T-Tae, stop… We can’t do this here-“ Jungkook’s heart was thumping hard in his chest and he could hardly speak. Another step forward by Taehyung and Jungkook was backed against the door.

“Can’t do this here? Then we can take this to my room,” Taehyung offered slyly, his grin turned devilish and he murmured in a voice as smooth as whiskey, “I know you want me too, Kookie. The way you blushed when you first saw me just now. I know you were thinking about that night we had, even with Jiminnie nearby. Bad boy, Kookie. Naughty, naughty”.

Jungkook groaned or had he whispered Taehyung’s name? Shit, whatever had come out of his mouth didn’t matter anymore because Taehyung was pinning him against the door and sealing their lips together in a deep, wet sloppy kiss. Jungkook’s breathing grew ragged but he kissed Taehyung back, his nails digging into the older guy’s shoulders. Their tongues mated with the same desperation their bodies felt, swirling against each other, seeking for more. When they finally broke the kiss a moment later, Taehyung rubbed a thumb over Jungkook’s bottom lip, a tiny jolt of pleasure spread through the younger’s body.

“Don’t worry, baby… I won’t say a word to Jimin… It will be forever our little secret,” Taehyung
whispered, his handsome face was stamped with the magnificent dominance, gleaming brown eyes staring deep into Jungkook’s, fringed with thick lashes and gosh, Taehyung looked more gorgeous in dark hair, making it harder for Jungkook to not want him. He’s falling… into the pit of hell.

Jimin poked his head into the dance studio, scanning the room for a second and sighed in relief after he caught the sight of the person he was looking for. He stepped inside, dropped his bag at the corner of the room before walking over to the person he had intended to talk to for days. “Hyung?” he called, almost whining desperately and the person turned himself around.

“Ah, Jimin-ah! My Jiminnie!” Hoseok grinned happily and switched the sound system off with a remote controller that he pulled out of his pocket. But his face slowly dropped when he saw the sad expression on the other boy. “Chim, what’s wrong? Hey?” he gently took Jimin’s face into his hands, his thumbs slightly rubbing against the soft skin of Jimin’s cheeks. “Are you okay? Wait a minute- Did he find out about us? Did you carelessly leave your phone around while we were sexting? Did he-“

“No! Not that, no! He didn’t know anything about us… yet, okay?” Jimin quickly cut in and shook his head. Slowly, he raised his hand to Hoseok’s chest, biting his bottom lip and glanced up from under his lashes. “Jungkook is here, hyung…”

Hoseok shot him a questionable look, “Jungkook?”

“Yes, Jungkook! My boyfriend from home Jungkook! He got into this college and he is now staying with me and Taehyung!”

As if he was struck by a bolt of electricity, Hoseok jerked backward, his body becoming rigid. “Um… Wait, hold on- H-How? Out of all universities in this country… He got in here?”
Jimin groaned into his hands, his shoulders slumped in defeat. “Look, both of us might or might not promised each other that we’d be in the same college, okay? I totally forgot about that promise until he called me a month ago!”

“Let me guess,” Hoseok tilted his head slightly to the side, squinting his eyes curiously. “You’re telling me that your boyfriend studied super hard to get into this college to be with you and now he’s your roommate?”

Jimin shrugged, “That’s what I said, yeah…”

“Wow! Okay… That’s- Good for you, Jiminie…” Hoseok nodded, his smile appearing rather strained and his laughing eyes were shuttered, his jaw tight.

“Hyung, please… I- I… You know who I’m really in love with, right?” Jimin said, almost pleading.

“Then, just break up with him already! There’s no point in lying to him and yourself, Jimin-ah!” Hoseok shouted.

“Then, why don’t you?!” Jimin shouted back.

Hoseok’s brows were furrowed with disbelief, his lips drawn down in a pout of perplexity. “Well, I can go now and tell him the truth but you’re so worried and scared that it might ruin the friendship you guys have!”

Jimin sighed heavily and leaned his back against the long mirror of the dance studio, letting himself slide down to rest on his bottom. He laid his head down into his hands and grunted, “I- I have no reason to dump him…”

“Right, sure… Of course! Well, I’d be glad to back the fuck off then, bye!” Hoseok scoffed before shaking his head and went to grab his bag.

“No, hyung! I can explain! Look, the thing is… I- I don’t have a solid reason to dump him… It’s not like he cheated on me or anything. Jungkook is nice and caring and gentle and-“
“But you’re cheating on him, though,” Hoseok quickly interrupted. “That’s your reason to break up with him!”

“It’s not that easy, okay?! He just got here like an hour ago and he even applied to this college to be with me! Do you know how guilty I feel right now?!” Jimin said, choking a sob. Tears began to well up at the corner of his eyes. “That is Jungkook, if you want to know! He’d do anything for the person he loves and good at keeping his promise!”

“I’m so sorry, Jiminie,” Hoseok rushed over, tossing his bag to the side and pulled Jimin close to him. “I’m sorry, okay… Hey, look at me…” he whispered, cupping Jimin’s face in his hands, looking deeply into the younger guy’s eyes. Jimin sniffed as Hoseok wiped his tears away with his thumbs. “But won’t you feel bad if you keep on lying to him? You’re screwed, anyway. We’re screwed! We both fucked things up already, Jiminie and remember, at the end of the day… You still have me. I’m not going to leave you! I love you, Park Jimin!”

“And I love you too, Jung Hoseok…”

Hoseok leaned forward, planted a quick kiss on Jimin’s forehead then lowered his hands, “Hey, want to go out for lunch with me? My treat!”

“Sorry… I- I promised Jungkook that I’ll show him around campus and take him to lunch…”

Another strained smile spread across Hoseok’s face, “Right… Okay! Then, I shall take my boyfriend to lunch…” he said and upon seeing Jimin’s hard expression, he choked a laugh. “Aw, are you jealous, sweetheart?”

“Shut up!” Jimin snorted and gently shoved Hoseok away and the older guy laughed.

“Fine! How about you come for sleepover at my place tomorrow night?”

“Hyung…” Jimin pouted his lips, almost seductively. “Jungkook just got here and I’m pretty sure he’s going to ask me to help him shop for room stuff and books… How about this weekend? I promise!”
Hoseok rolled his eyes, “You know I’m weak against your cute puppy face, right? Fine! This weekend you’ll be mine, all mine, Park Jimin!” he said, almost like an order before pinning the younger guy against the mirror and sealed their lips together.

Jungkook just got himself dress when he heard Jimin calling out for him from the living room. He grabbed his bag and quickly walked out of his room. “Jimin!” he smiled and the older guy grinned in return.

“Ready for your campus tour and our lunch date?”

Jungkook nodded and was about to say something when he heard someone entered the living room. Taehyung! He swallowed hard at the sight of the guy wearing his dark green checkered informal blazer on top of his plain white t-shirt to pair up with his black skinny jeans. The guy was typing away on his phone and had not yet notice the presence of the other two in the living room.

“Wahh, that dead skunk finally showered!” Jimin shouted sarcastically and Taehyung finally looked up.

“Haha, you’re so funny my armpit hair is laughing…” Taehyung mocked a laugh and rolled his eyes upward.

“Looking good, Taetae. Going somewhere?” Jimin asked the guy.

“Lunch! What about you?” Taehyung asked and before Jimin could answer, his phone rang. “Yes? Yeah, I’m ready! Sure, will be there in fifteen. Bye!” He hung up and put his phone into his blazer pocket. “Well, boys! Gotta go! Later!” he mocked a salute and managed to send a quick wink at Jungkook. “Bye, Kookie!”
After the door was slammed shut, Jimin turned to look at Jungkook, brows raised in question. “Wow, you guys are on nickname basis now? Cool! Told you Taehyung is a nice guy!”

Jungkook faked a smile and nodded. Fuck, if only Jimin knew he had Taehyung’s hard cock shoved deep inside his ass a month ago. He could still remember the sensations that he had felt when Taehyung fucked him deep that sent Jungkook even further over the edge, the feeling of Taehyung warm lips all over his body and the sensation of Taehyung’s release streaming through him, one spasm after another like a series of electric shocks. They even shared a series of kisses in his room a few hours ago. Jungkook swallowed hard, his small member twitching at the thought and he shifted a little, making sure to hide away his growing boner. He followed Jimin out of the apartment while trying his best to erase every image of Taehyung from his mind.

“How was your Spring holiday? You rarely call or text and here I am thinking that you’re going to call me out of the blue and fucking dump me like how you did with your other ex-lovers…” Hoseok said snidely before lowering his head deeper into his ramen bowl and slurped a mouthful of noodles in one go. He hummed in satisfaction and took a piece of soy beef, shoved it into his mouth and greedily chewing on it.

Taehyung glanced at the other guy over the rim of his cup. “Fine, I guess…” he mumbled then set his cup down before pulling his bowl close, worked his chopsticks nicely and swirled them into his ramen noodles.

“Just fine? God, can’t you be any more specific and describe them in details…” Hoseok scoffed. “We haven’t seen each other since Spring break… I miss you…”
Taehyung’s eyes widened slightly. “I miss you too…” he said, the corner of his mouth quirked up. “Well, me and my family went to Europe… we went on a cruise, sightseeing and shit… How about you?”

“Fucking rich people…” Hoseok muttered under his breath as he slurped the last of his noodles from the bowl and wiped the ramen broth dribbling down his cheek with a tissue paper. “My Spring break wasn’t as exciting as yours but I took my sister to Tokyo Disneyland and went to dance camp…”

“You and your dance camp…” Taehyung chuckled.

“Oh, I have one this weekend, by the way….” Hoseok said, gulping down his cold green tea and almost choked in the process.

“Wow, okay… Guess we’re not going to see each other this weekend? I’m going to be so lonely,” Taehyung mocked a sad face, pouting his lips.

“Hah! Pretty sure your outgoing, social butterfly ass can find a way to have fun this weekend without me!”

“Yeah, but it’s different when I’m having fun with you…” Taehyung lowered his voice to a seductive purr, deliberately provocative and leaned himself forward. A smirk formed his lips when he saw the hungry look on Hoseok’s face.

Hoseok tried to ignore the heat burning within him with the feel of Taehyung’s dallying with his leg under the table, sliding his toe sensuously up and down Hoseok’s pants leg. The thickness of his jeans was no barrier to the wantonness of Taehyung’s touch and he wondered if the younger had any idea of the fire he was playing with. He stared at Taehyung across the table and raised one brow. Taehyung raised two innocently in return, deliberately letting Hoseok know that he was fully aware of what his naughtiness was doing to the older guy.

“Spend the night at my place tonight, Taehyung…” Hoseok ordered lowly and his voice came out a little husky.

“Would love to,” Taehyung whispered back, biting his bottom lip and winked.
Jungkook’s a morning person so it’s normal to find himself waking up to the sun. He started his morning with making a breakfast. So, he pulled out some eggs, sausages and pancake flour and began preparing. He put on his little Bluetooth speaker in the kitchen and started dancing around to Justin Bieber’s Boyfriend (he’s a Belieber, don’t judge!). That was when Jimin came into the kitchen, walked up to him and wrapped two arms around Jungkook’s lean waist. “Wow, my Jungkookie is preparing breakfast!” the older guy cooed into his ear.

“Stop grinding your crotch against my backside, Jiminie! I’m cooking!” Jungkook warned and Jimin laughed on that note and let go.

Jungkook flipped the pancakes and moved to pull the sausages out of the pan and let them drain on a plate covered in paper towels. “Oh, wow! That smells so fucking good!” Taehyung said out of the blue as he dropped his keys on the table and Jungkook’s breath hitched when the guy walked in.

“Tae-hyung is back! Oh God, he’s here! He’s here! Calm the fuck down, Kook!” Jungkook screamed in his head as he put the pancakes on a plate.

“Well, well, well, look who finally found his way back home?” Jimin asked snidely, his hands on his hips. “Wait a- Is that a hickey on your neck?!”

“I have a life, Chim so fuck off…” Taehyung replied flatly and gave his best friend a middle finger.

“So, you slept at Hobi-hyung’s place last night, huh?” Jimin raised an eyebrow.

Taehyung rolled his eyes, “Obviously, duh!”
Right, Jungkook remembered now. Taehyung did say he was dating someone when they first met at the bar. A sudden jealousy pierced into his heart though his eyes were still fixed at the breakfast he just made. *Wonder what kind of a guy is Hobi-hyung?* He was snapped away from his thoughts when he heard his name being called.

“When Kookie made all this? Aw, so sweet… Stupid Chim is so lucky!” Taehyung said, eyeing the sausages on the plate before turning to Jimin, his nose scrunched in disgust. “And you smell like sex, what the fuck? Go take a fucking shower, you skunk!”

“Fine, fine! I’m going! And you better not eat my portion, asshole!” Jimin pointed his finger sharply at Taehyung in a warn and his best friend stuck his tongue out in respond. “Oh, anyway, I won’t be around this weekend, guys! Hiking with some friends!” Jimin added as he made his way back to his room.

“Sounds boring!” Taehyung shouted as he grabbed a fork, stuck a sausage on it before taking a big, decisive bite. He ignored Jimin shouting back a curse in return and hummed in satisfaction, “Fuck, so juicy! Umff, amazing!”

“I-I made extra pancakes if you want one…” Jungkook offered nervously.

Taehyung hummed, his lips curved into a mischievous grin as he took a step forward, closing the gap between him and Jungkook. “You’re such a good cook… such a wife material. Marry me, Kookie!” he teased and his grin grew wider when the younger boy blushed and that sight alone was enough to rile Taehyung up. He stuck another sausage with his fork and offered it to Jungkook, bringing the sausage close to the younger’s slightly opened mouth and teasingly smearing the juice over Jungkook’s bottom lip.

“Lick it, baby… taste so good,” Taehyung growled as he slowly pushed the tip of the sausage into Jungkook’s mouth. The younger obeyed, licking the tip with his tongue, letting the meat juice dripping down his bottom lip before wrapping it around his mouth sensuously. Taehyung grunted incoherently under his breath, tugging his bottom lip under his teeth. “Fuck, Kookie… Bet your lips will look more sinful wrapping around my cock…” he said, eyes staring sharply at Jungkook’s mouth.

Jungkook purposely let out a soft moan as Taehyung continued to push the sausage into his mouth, pulling it out and pushing it in again. Jungkook’s grip on the island table tightened as he submitted to the pleasure, enjoying the way Taehyung was teasing him while imagining himself sucking on the older’s huge cock inside his head. Jungkook tilted his head up slightly so he could stare into Taehyung’s lustful brown eyes and boy, the other guy was staring back at him so hungrily. “Baby, fuck, baby… I want to shove my cock so deep down your throat while you fucking moan my name and call me-“
“...Daddy,” Jungkook choked a moan while the sausage being shoved against the inside of his cheek and Taehyung swallowed hard. The juice dripping out from the corner of Jungkook’s mouth as the younger sinfully sucked and licked as soft moans escaping the wet lips.

“Kookie, I swear to God you’re-“ Taehyung paused abruptly when his ears caught a sound of footsteps and pulled the sausage out of Jungkook’s mouth in a speed of light and shoved it into his mouth instead. Both of them jerked backwards. Taehyung quickly stepped out of the kitchen and almost bumped into Jimin.

Jimin stopped in his track, shooting his best friend an odd look, “Woah, dude! You okay? What’s with that face- Did you steal my portion because I swear to God, Kim Taehyung, I will shove a cactus up your ass if-“

“No, idiot! I was about to shit in my pants because you decided to take a wonderful, lovely time in the fucking toilet! Were you building a Jacuzzi or something in there?!” Taehyung cut in and shoved the other guy gently by the shoulder before making his way into the bathroom.

“Excuse me?! I was just in there for ten freaking minutes! Pfft, weirdo…” Jimin shook his head and grabbed himself a plate. “Come on, Kook! Let’s eat or we’re going to be late to shop for your books and stuff!”

“R-Right,” Jungkook forced out a smile and thanked God that he was wearing a loose trackpants and was able to hide his growing boner. Kim Taehyung would definitely be the death of him and fuck, how much he craved for that guy.
Chapter End Notes

Taehyung is such a fucking tease little piece of shit :-)
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Feelings involved, things got beyond complicated.

Chapter Notes

Gosh, English is HARD! It took me days to put things into words! Mistakes are mine since this story is unbetad! I apologies in advance! Hope you like the update! Please take note that this chapter contains smut and barebacking (in case you don't like that then you can skip this chapter I guess?). And I'm not good in writing smut but I want to so bare with me! ;) Cheers!~

Remember kids, use condom when needed okay! ;-) 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With Jimin gone to hiking for the weekend, Jungkook honestly had no idea what to do. He already prepared his books and schedule for his first day of class next week. Taehyung was nowhere to be found either; that guy just vanished right after breakfast. Jungkook was so bored out of his fucking mind on a fucking Saturday, he cleaned the whole house top to bottom, wiped down every wall in the house and even scrubbed the grout in the bathroom. He then prepared his late lunch and around 5 o’clock in the afternoon, he ended up lying on the couch with a console in his hands playing video games.

Around 5:30PM, he heard the door lock clicked followed by a grunt and heavy footsteps. Jungkook jolted upright and almost dropped the console in his hands in the process when Taehyung stepped into the living room. They locked eyes for a moment before Jungkook choked an apology. “I- I’m sorry! I should have asked for your permission to play this! I-I texted Jimin to ask for your phone number but he didn’t reply me! I-I wanted to ask for your permission but I don’t know how-“ he stopped when Taehyung burst into laughter.

“Oh God, Kookie-ah! It’s fine! It’s your home after all… I don’t mind, really…” Taehyung said and flopped himself onto the couch while Jungkook froze in the middle of the living room, rooted to the floor, looking scared and worried and nervous all at the same time. Taehyung obviously noticed and chuckled. He grabbed Jungkook by the wrist and pulled the younger guy onto the couch. “It’s fine,
baby! I’m not mad… at all! Go on, play, be my guest!”

“S-Sorry… I promise I’ll ask for your permission next time…” Jungkook muttered and pressed the button to continue. An awkward silence filled the room for a moment before Taehyung spoke, “So, Jimin is away for the weekend, right? You must feel lonely…”

“W-Well… Y-Yeah…” Jungkook stammered without taking his eyes off the TV screen.

“Hobi-hyung is away too… Though my friend Minho is having a party at his house tonight!” Taehyung muttered to himself as he scrolled through his iPhone, his thumbs tapping away on the screen before putting it away into his jacket pocket. Taehyung then bumped his knee against Jungkook’s playfully, scooted closer, so close that he could smell the sweet scent of the younger boy’s shampoo. “Kookie-ah?” he whispered into Jungkook’s ear and grinned when he saw the boy blushing and Taehyung would love to see that blush spread all over Jungkook’s beautiful pale body. “Want to be my plus-one?”

The console in his hands forgotten and the TV screen displayed a big fat red letter: game over. Jungkook was distracted by Taehyung’s warm breath tickling his cheek. “Um, I- I’ve never been to any party before… I- I’ll pass…”

“Uh, Kookie-ah! Please!” Taehyung said, almost whining. “It’s going to be lit, I promise! Minho is the best party host ever exists and aren’t you bored staying at home the whole day? Come on! Have some fun! You’re a college student now!”

“I- I’m not really good in socializing and I get awkward and-“

Taehyung rested his arm on the back of the couch, his side was pressing against Jungkook’s as he edged closer. “Baby, I promise I won’t leave your side. You and me, always. Come on! Let me introduce you to the nightlife of a college student…” he said, almost purring and that alone sent tingle down to Jungkook’s toes.

Gathering all the courage he had, Jungkook finally glanced up and looked at Taehyung, staring straight into the guy’s smoldering brown. “B-But I don’t know what to wear…”

Taehyung’s mouth slowly curved into a crooked, devilish smile that had Jungkook’s heart skipped a beat. “Oh baby, leave that to me…”
Jungkook took a quick glance at his loose black and red stripe knit sweater and gulped at the sensation of his black ripped skinny jeans wrapped around his thick thighs and legs. His black Timberland boots creaked against the wooden floor as Taehyung dragged him through the sea of people and loud music blasting as people danced around. The other guy looked gorgeous as hell in his fitting white t-shirt under that Italian stripped casual blazer and Jungkook drooled at the sight of Taehyung’s long legs in that ripped fitting black jeans.

“Oh, there’s Minho!” Taehyung said and was about to rush over when Jungkook tightened his grip, making Taehyung to stop in his track. “You okay?” the older guy asked worriedly.

“You promised me that you won’t leave me…” Jungkook pouted his lips.

“Stop being so cute and no, I’m not leaving you! Come on, let me introduce you to my squad!” Taehyung said as they made their way towards a group of guys sitting in a circle in the middle of the living room, drinking and chatting.

“Is that you, Kim Taehyung?!” One of the guys shouted.

“Guys, Gucci King is here!” Another one exclaimed, raising his plastic cup high in the air.

“Sorry, I’m late, losers!” Taehyung made a V sign with his fingers and winked. Of course, he noticed his friends eyeing Jungkook curiously because to be honest, he never brought a date or a plus-one to Minho’s party. Never! “Well, bitches… Let me introduce you to Jungkook aka my bunny Kookie so hands off or I’ll fucking cut your balls and feed them to stray dogs!”

“Uuu, someone’s being protective of his treasure!” one of the guy cooed while the others followed by doing some naughty howling sound and whistling.
“Forgive them for being brought up in a fucking zoo,” Taehyung told Jungkook and the younger boy couldn’t help but to smile.

After Taehyung introduced his friends to Jungkook, they went to get themselves a drink. Jungkook didn’t leave Taehyung’s side even for a second since he got really awkward at places like this. Everyone was really wild tonight; dancing and drinking and Jungkook swore he saw a girl openly giving a blowjob to a guy in the kitchen. Taehyung’s friends were friendly and outgoing and loud except for this one guy named Min Yoongi. He’s probably the calmest and coolest of them all and Jungkook liked him already. He didn’t notice how fast the time flew and now Taehyung and his friends were about to play UNO.

“Fuck, not UNO game again!” Taehyung groaned and tossed a crumpled tissue at Minho while the guy stuck his tongue out in return.

“There’s this one time, Taehyung lost a lot of cash because he sucked at UNO!” Bogum told Jungkook and Taehyung flicked the guy his middle finger.

“Such great friends I have here! NOT!” Taehyung yelled. “You guys know I suck at this, right? I’m not playing, nope!”

“Pussy!” Yoongi snorted.

“Chicken shit!” Taehyung shot back.

“Okay, chill! Come on, Tae! We’ll go easy on you, we promise!” Hyungsik said, an evil grin curved his lips.

“You think I’ll trust you with that shitty grin you’re making? Nope!” Taehyung slumped himself deeper into the couch and took a big gulp of his beer. “I’m not playing! I love my cash!”

“You know how to play UNO right, Jungkook?” Bogum asked the younger guy.

Jungkook who had been standing behind the couch, listening to the guys talking the whole time looked up, “Um, yeah… Pretty good at it actually!”
Taehyung turned around, raising his brows curiously, “Really?”

“Yeah, it’s easy and fun too,” Jungkook smiled.

Taehyung shifted in his seat and patted his thighs, motioning for Jungkook to sit on his lap, “Come on, Kookie! You’re helping me tonight! I’m done losing!”

“Wahh, that’s not fair! You can’t ask for help from your boyfriend, asshole!” Minho protested, almost whining.

“Fuck you, Minho! I do what I want! Kookie is in Team Kim-Tae so shush!” Taehyung said and pulled Jungkook onto his lap. “Comfortable enough, baby?” he asked and gave Jungkook’s earlobe a gentle bite. His other friends mocked a vomit and gagged at the view.

Jungkook’s heart skipped a beat as he wrapped his arm around Taehyung’s neck. Minho began to shuffle the cards and handed them out to the others one by one. Ten minutes into the game, things turned chaotic.

“Fuck you, Yoongi! Why you keep skipping on me! I trusted you!” Bogum shouted frustratingly as Yoongi slowly laid his card with a full Lucifer-evil smile spread across his face.

“I got you, buddy!” Minho said and laid a reverse card. Bogum mocked a happy tears and kissed Minho lightly on the cheek.

“We gotta kill Yoongi first coz he’s damn good at this!” Hyungsik said as he laid two pieces of 2+ cards on the table before Yoongi’s turn.

“I’m with you, man!” Taehyung smirked and laid another two pieces of the same card. Minho and Bogum did the same thing too and let out an evil laugh.

“The fuck! This is not funny!” Yoongi shouted in protest and angrily drew more than ten cards from the pile to add into his collection in his hand.
Twenty minutes into the game, Bogum pumped his fist into the air in triumph after he tossed his final card and shouted, “UNO GAME!” Taehyung on the other hand was laughing so hard at some stupid jokes Minho made, causing him to maneuver and Jungkook swore he could feel Taehyung’s arousal, thick and hard length as it pressed against his ass. Jungkook’s body arched in response and squirmed, trying to relief the fire in his body. “So, which card should I put next?” Taehyung asked and the guy probably haven’t noticed how his hard cock rubbing against Jungkook’s ass was making him shiver down his spine.

“If the next card is red, you can put both down,” Jungkook said as he shifted a little to get himself into a better position. “Don’t forget to shout after you put the cards down”.

“Kookie-ah?” Taehyung whispered into his ear, so close to nuzzling into Jungkook’s neck. “Stop moving too much… I’m already hard and you’re just making it worst…”

Taehyung’s desire was evident, flaring in the depths of his dark brown gaze. *Fuck, Jungkook wanted him so bad too!* The two obviously didn’t notice that they’re practically eye-fucking each other until Minho shouted Taehyung’s name. “Your turn, dumbass!”

“Well, this dumbass will screw your ass, Choi Minho!” Taehyung smirked when he saw the red card on top of the pile and with a winning grin, he laid both his cards and shouted, “UNO GAME!”

A wail of frustration and defeat escaped both Yoongi and Minho while Hyungsik gasped in disbelief. “Maybe we should go for round two, huh?” Taehyung asked slyly.

“Oh fuck you! You got Jungkookie here helping you, no fair!” Minho whined.

“Well, too bad! I won!” Taehyung winked as he gently pushed Jungkook off his lap. “Minho, your bedroom! Thanks!” he said, sent the guy a peace sign and grabbed Jungkook by the wrist, making their way towards the stairs.

“What?! Fuck you, Tae!” Minho shouted from inside the living room but Taehyung just chuckled deeply and continued dragging Jungkook up the stairs.

“T-Tae? Wh-Where are we going?” Jungkook asked.

“Going to celebrate my win on UNO, baby,” Taehyung winked mischievously and stopped when
they reached Minho’s room located at the far corner of the second floor. Taehyung stepped inside, switched the bedside table lamp on and closed the door with the lock clicked.

Taehyung seemed very familiar with Minho’s room, Jungkook thought for a second before Taehyung told him to sit on the bed. He obediently sat himself down, his palms began to sweat. He almost choked on his saliva when Taehyung tossed his blazer to the side and began to unbuckle his belt and jeans, pushing it down together with his underpants. “Suck me, baby…” the guy ordered, his voice sounded husky.

Jungkook gaped as he stared at Taehyung’s hard, throbbing length and wished to have that thing shove deep inside him once again. His sex life had been vanilla in a very long time and Jimin had never force him to do things he didn’t want to or should he say, Jimin was gentle but sometimes Jungkook craved to be treated roughly. Okay, maybe he had a kink that he didn’t realize until now and sex with Taehyung was… dark chocolate. All rough and dark and driving his lust and pleasure up the walls. Jungkook loved every moment of it.

Inhaling deeply, Jungkook leaned closer and started licking at the tip before lapping his tongue down, tearing a strangled groan from the older guy. He looked up and Taehyung’s eyes were closed, his chin tilted back and his chest rising and falling in pleasure. Jungkook watched Taehyung’s breath hitched as he slid the older guy’s cock into his mouth, taking him in as deep as he could and praised himself for having a good gag reflex because Taehyung was long and thick. Jungkook let out a soft moan as Taehyung threaded his long fingers through his black hair and tugging a little. Jungkook pulled back a little before swallowing the guy down again and backing off to tease the head, repeating the motion over and over again until Taehyung was grunting incoherently.

Taehyung’s hips bucking a little and finally gripped Jungkook’s shoulder, stopping him. Jungkook looked up, slowly letting his mouth slide off with a lingering swipe of his tongue. Taehyung was panting heavily as he stared down at Jungkook, his eyes gleamed with hunger and lust. He then reached for the bedside drawer, pulled out a bottle of lube before he ordered, “On your hands and knees, sweetheart!”

Despite his skyrocketing heartbeat, Jungkook obeyed and quickly got on all fours, anticipating on what Taehyung would do next. Taehyung then proceeded on unbuckling Jungkook’s tight jeans and roughly pulled the material down and tossed it to the side. Jungkook’s underpants followed after and his breath hitched. “Oh yes, look at that ass of yours, baby… Been thinking about it since that night we first met…” Taehyung said deeply.

Jungkook was about to turn his head around to see what Taehyung was doing when Taehyung pounced from behind, buried his face between Jungkook’s cheeks and licked his pucker. With that, every nerve ending in Jungkook’s ass stood to attention. Taehyung pried him open, licking, pushing his tongue into Jungkook’s sweet entrance before pulling it out and pushing it back in again. Jungkook moaned lowly, dropped to his elbows and tilted his hips to offer Taehyung more.
Taehyung made a rumbling noise right against Jungkook’s wet hole and his growly deep voice sent shiver all the way up Jungkook’s spine; the younger couldn’t take it anymore and lowered himself to his shoulders, reached back and split himself open for Taehyung’s wonderful sinful tongue.

Other than rimming Jungkook, Taehyung made a cooing sound and softly fingered the hole with his index finger. “Such a sexy little hole,” he teased the wet, trembling muscle. “I can’t wait to open it up with my cock…”

Fuck, yes! Fuck me, Taehyung! Fuck me deep, daddy! Jungkook screamed in his head as an unexpected pleasure rushed through him. Taehyung continued to tease and put his mouth back on Jungkook’s hole and sucked for all he was worth, his tongue lapping hungrily on the twitching muscle. Jungkook swore he felt the power of Taehyung’s mouth all the way up to his eye sockets. He crushed the sheets in his hands and buried his face into the fabric as sinful licks of pleasure sizzled up his hole.

Taehyung kept on poking his tongue into the sweet entrance as Jungkook moaned, pushing his backside against Taehyung’s face, his thighs shook in delight and his cock hardened, rigid as steel, lifted toward his lower belly. With a slap on Jungkook’s ass, Taehyung licked a long line up his crack and scraped his teeth along the soft globes and Jungkook bit the sheets to keep himself from screaming.

“Tae-Taehyung, please… Please, fuck me…” Jungkook pleaded.

“Tae who? Don’t know that person, baby. Sorry,” Taehyung teased.

Every inch of Jungkook’s body awake and needy as he wrapped his hand around his cock and stroked the rigid length. “Please, daddy… Fuck me, please…”

Taehyung smiled down at Jungkook’s writhing body with an open happiness sparkled in his eyes, “Okay, baby… since you said please…” he said and popped the lube open, squeezed a dollop onto his fingers and slowly slicked two fingers into the younger’s ass.

A shock of fiery pain erupted in Jungkook’s channel and he cried out as his passage quivered with spasms but pushed his ass against Taehyung’s fingers scissoring him open. The long-slender fingers felt so good brushing against his walls and Jungkook’s skin felt taut and tingly all over. Shoving in and out, Taehyung then put a third finger in. He continued to work on opening Jungkook up, making sure to prepare the sweet entrance to take his aching cock later. “Baby? Can I fuck you bare tonight? I’m clean… Are you?”
Wonderful pain pierced Jungkook’s heart and he whispered back, “Y-Yes… I am! Please… I want you to come inside me…”

“Fuck, that’s it! Can’t wait anymore!” Taehyung growled and began to coat his long aching cock with the rest of the lube. Hovering over the younger guy, he fitted his cock to Jungkook’s entrance and brushed a soft kiss onto the younger’s earlobe. “You’re so beautiful, baby… So fucking beautiful…” he said and inch by inch, he took Jungkook, filling the other with such heat, so damned deep. “So beautiful for me, just for me… Right, baby?”

Jungkook’s chest clamped just as tightly as his inner walls did and when he heard Taehyung shuddered in pleasure, his inside was overcome with odd sensation and feelings. Taehyung. I want. I need. I love. Yes, love. I love… So, so much. He was moaning and whimpering, calling out Taehyung as his voice came out muffle against the pillow.

Taehyung’s heart hammered in his chest as he pushed the rest of the way in, his rhythm slowly grew harsher and faster. He watched Jungkook’s reaction, knowing he’d hit the right spot when Jungkook let out all kinds of sweet sounds, like a music to his ears. He drew back slowly and pushed in again, deep and the younger cried out as Taehyung sped up his pace. Taehyung clenching his teeth, hearing the sinful mewls and moans coming from Jungkook and the scalding fire of the younger’s body surrounded him. He was tormented by how beautiful Jungkook looked beneath him as he took the younger boy apart, forcing himself to go faster and deeper, to touch that magical spot that would automatically trigger Jungkook’s release. “Oh baby, feel so good… You’re so good for daddy. So. Fucking. Good”.

Taehyung could hear the other cried, pleading and begging him to fill him up, to take his everything and hell, Taehyung was in so much trouble from Jungkook’s bucking hips, the younger’s strength as powerful as his. He took Jungkook hard and drove deep, feeling his hips rubbing against the round globe of Jungkook’s ass. His large hand slid up Jungkook’s spine, pushing the sweater up to expose more of the younger's beautiful skin, tracing his finger along the line of muscles before grabbing Jungkook's hair.

Jungkook opened his mouth to cry out but before he could reach the peak, Taehyung tightened his hold onto his hair and pulled. Not hard enough to hurt but enough for a sharp sting to echo in his scalp and shoot down his spine, keeping the orgasm out of his reach. “Not yet, baby! Daddy's not done with you yet,” Taehyung grunted.

Jungkook gasped when Taehyung wrapped an arm around his waist and pulled his upper body away from the bed until his back was plastered to the older guy's chest. Letting go of Jungkook’s hair, Taehyung trailed his wicked hand down Jungkook’s chest, teasing Jungkook's nipples with his fingers before moving towards Jungkook throbbing erection. "Just a little longer, okay sweetheart?"
he whispered into Jungkook's ear and drew the younger's earlobe into his mouth and suckled.

Sweat drenched into Jungkook's skin as Taehyung plunged inside him, so deep. So rough. All he could do was grip Taehyung's forearm and brace his knees against the bed. He dropped his head back against Taehyung's shoulder and moaned with every thrust, with every flick of Taehyung's thumb against the slit of his cock. Taehyung's rhythm grew fast, pressing deeper, reaching to places Jungkook hadn't known existed. Taehyung then buried his face in Jungkook's neck and kept on thrusting while Jungkook rode the pleasure, the feeling of being shoved deep again and again. It was good to be treated rough like this once in a while and he couldn't hold on any longer. He never had someone fuck him so deep before, not even Jimin. It was all soft with them but with Taehyung, it was rough and it's driving him swirling in ecstasy. Electricity raced down his spine and another blinding orgasm consuming him, making him melt. “Tae- Taehyung! D-Daddy, fuck-ah, I’m coming… Fuck!” A few more thrust, Jungkook went rigid, clenching tightly around Taehyung's cock and he moaned as he came apart into the sheets.

The tight grip around his cock made him crazy and the way Jungkook’s body fell forward and went limp beneath him looked so sinfully breathtaking, Taehyung knew he wouldn’t be able to last long. Pleasure rolled up from the base of his spine in hot surges as he emptied inside Jungkook, filling every crook, every inch of the younger guy before he slowly pulled out. He sat back for a moment, his chest heaved up and down as he admired his work, staring at his white liquid slowly leaking out of Jungkook’s pink gaping hole. He grinned wickedly before flopping himself next to the younger guy.

“Fuck, that was amazing… You okay, baby?” Taehyung softly brushed the sweaty bangs away from Jungkook’s forehead with his finger.

“More than okay…” Jungkook smiled in return.

“You’re so cute, you know that? Reminds me of Yeontanie…”

Jungkook chuckled, shooting Taehyung a questionable look, “Yeontanie?”

“My puppy… at home in Daegu. I miss him, though… The only thing I look forward to see if I ever go back…”

“And why is that…?”
“Well, my parents and I barely talk… Unless they need something out of me,” Taehyung scoffed. “They pay attention to my big brother more, you know? Well, Joonie is smart and intelligent. He’s a gentleman and the future CEO to my dad’s company while I’m… Me. Not worth their time nor attention. They just pour me with tons of cash and expensive stuff to shut me out… And I’m kind of stubborn and rebellious so I guess that’s why they don’t bother to give a shit…”

“No! You’re perfect… So, what if they don’t give a shit? I give a shit about you… Jimin does, your friends do…” Jungkook’s eyes sparkled affectionately as he stared back at Taehyung.

“Oh, please… You better come up with a better lie, Kookie because I am far from perfect… People give shit because of my money and status! No one ever loved me, like really love me for me… Except Joonie…” Taehyung sighed. “He truly loves me. Fuck, I even cheated on Hobi-hyung and fucked my best friend’s boyfriend! I don’t deserve-”

Jungkook was quick to put his index finger on Taehyung’s lips to shut the guy up and they locked eyes for a moment, silence stretched between them. Taehyung moved a little so he could bring his face closer, gently brushing his knuckles across Jungkook’s reddened cheeks. What Taehyung didn’t expect was what came out of Jungkook’s mouth at that moment.

“I love you…”

Taehyung’s eyes widened. “What?”

“I love you, Kim Taehyung…”

Chapter End Notes
Oopss someone's in love!
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

"Complicated how? You cheated. You don't love Hoseok and obviously love Jungkook because you fucking introduced Jungkook to the squad which you never did with Hoseok or anyone, for that fact! And you had sex with Jungkook which I bet you did more than once. So, dump Hoseok. Date Jungkook. Problem solved!"

Chapter Notes

Hm... I was shocked that this trash get more than 100 kudos like guys thank you so so much!! This kind of feedback encourages me to work harder and update faster lmao! Anyway, here's the update and I hope you'll like it! Do share your thoughts with me! Cheers!~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Taehyung sighed heavily as he got the stained sheets off, folding it up to bring it to the laundry room downstairs. Of course, Minho decided to show himself at the door a second later. “What the fuck just happened?” the other guy asked, his jaw dropped slightly.

“We might have stained your sheets a little,” Taehyung answered with a smug.

Minho groaned, “A little?! The fuck, Kim Taehyung?! Where’s Jungkookie?”

“He’s in your toilet…” Taehyung said flatly. “I’ll bring this downstairs to get it clean. At least I’m being responsible!”

“You better! You just had sex on my fucking bed, moron!”
“You’re a great friend, Minho and I love you,” Taehyung said as he made a kissy face while Minho scrunched his face in disgust.

“Urgh, go away! You’re disgusting, fuck you!”

Taehyung laughed, “Yeah, yeah, fuck me, fuck me!” he said in a mocking manner as he made his way downstairs. The living room and the kitchen were in a hell lot of mess. Everyone had gone home, leaving the squad alone sitting in a circle around the coffee table, playing video games on Minho’s huge plasma TV. Taehyung straightaway made his way to the laundry room, tossed the sheets into the washing machine and grabbed a detergent from the shelf.

“So, you guys did it huh?” a voice greeted from behind, making him yelp in surprise. Taehyung turned around to find Yoongi with a wicked grin on his face.

“Fuck- Hyung! You scared the shit out of me!”

“Did you? You and Jungkookie?”

“Yes, we did! So, what?”

Yoongi hummed as he took a sip of his beer. “Does Hoseok know?”

Taehyung pushed the start button and sighed, “No…”

“You’re going to dump him like how you did with your other ex-lovers?”

“Why do you care so much? Are you worried that Hobi-hyung will get hurt?”

Yoongi let out a deep chuckle and shook his head, “He’s my ex, Taehyung. Whoever he dates, whatever he does with his life is none of my business… So? Are you going to dump him?”

“It’s complicated…” Taehyung muttered lowly. With his brain half numb, he slowly walked into the kitchen, opened the fridge and stared at it blankly for a few seconds. He drove here tonight and it
would be bad to get himself drunk since he already had a cup of beer just now so he decided on the apple juice instead. He grabbed a bottle and filled his glass halfway.

“Complicated how? You cheated. You don’t love Hoseok and obviously love Jungkook because you fucking introduced Jungkook to the squad which you never did with Hoseok or anyone, for that fact! And you had sex with Jungkook which I bet you did more than once. So, dump Hoseok. Date Jungkook. Problem solved!” Yoongi said, shooting Taehyung a meaningful look.

Taehyung groaned and propped his elbows on the kitchen island, his emotions were bopping all over the place. “It’s complicated because Jungkook is currently dating someone else…”

Yoongi went rigid for a second, his mouth twitched suspiciously, “Who?”

“Jiminie…” Taehyung grunted as he ran his fingers through his dark brown hair.

Yoongi stiffened in his seat, “Jiminie? As in Park Jimin? Your best friend slash roommate, Park Jimin?!” he asked and when Taehyung finally nodded his head, Yoongi let out a heavy sigh. “Fuck, Tae… What the hell?”

“It’s not like that, hyung! I met Jungkook way before I know he was dating Jimin…” Taehyung said, almost whining and told Yoongi about their first encounter at the bar in Busan. He even told Yoongi about the three magical words Jungkook sputtered out to him after they had sex. The older guy listened to him intently and when he’s done, the guy gave him a strained smile.

“Taehyung-ah, there’s no helping here… You’re screwed either way. Both you and Jungkook are… Either you tell Jimin or let yourself get caught… Secrets don’t last forever”.

“Fuck! I seriously don’t know what to do!” Taehyung raked his fingers through his hair frustratingly. He gulped down his juice again in one go, emptying the glass before putting the glass down on the table a bit too forcefully. “It’s late… I’m out! Nice chat, hyung! Good night!”

Taehyung made his way into the living room to let his friends know he’s done for tonight when he saw Jungkook sitting on the couch next to Minho, giggling to whatever Bogum and Hyungsik were saying. “Guys, I’m going!” Taehyung purposely raised his voice a little to drown the noise down.

“Already? So quick?” Bogum shot him an odd look.
“I totally understand, man… You get tired after sex, that’s normal,” Minho teased and winked. Jungkook’s cheeks reddened while Taehyung stared back coolly and flicked Minho his middle finger.

“Come on, Kookie… We’re going!”

“Wa- Wait! Jungkook-ah!” Minho stopped the younger guy by the arm. “Can I have your phone number?”

Taehyung had the urge to roll his eyes and shot Minho a death glare, “Wanna get your balls cut, Choi Minho?”

“No, man! Pfft, it’s not like that!” Minho snorted. “Come on, Tae… You never introduce us to any of your date or partner or whatever and Jungkookie here must be special, right?” he wiggled his eyebrows before turning back to Jungkook. “And since you’re Taehyung’s lover, you’re now officially part of the squad! Come on, Kook! Your number please so I can add you into our group chat!”

Jungkook was blushing furiously when the other guys began to tease him. Taehyung tried to hide his smile as he watched Jungkook and Minho exchanged numbers and didn’t even deny Minho’s speculation on Jungkook being his lover. Jungkook as his lover didn’t sound bad at all. In fact, Taehyung loved it.
The remaining of ten minutes of the drive back home was filled with a long, somewhat awkward and inappropriate silence. Taehyung’s Porsche Cayman sped along the quiet road back to their apartment. Casting a quick sideway glance at the older guy, Jungkook exhaled deeply. He couldn’t believe he just said the three magical words he had been harboring for Taehyung for weeks! Heck, he had been thinking about Taehyung since their first meeting.

Taehyung then parked his car in its assigned spot before stepping out. Leaning against the side of his car, he pulled out a box of cigarette. Putting one between his lips, he reached for a lighter in his pocket and lit it up. After seconds of hesitating, Jungkook finally stepped out and gently shut the door. He watched as Taehyung took a deep pull on the cigarette, puffing it out in one deep breath.

“Tae- Taehyungie… I- I…” Jungkook tried to form words but his traitorous mouth just wouldn’t let him. “Tonight, I-“

“It will be our little secret, I know…” Taehyung said deeply without even looking at him.

Jungkook looked down at his feet, tugging his bottom lip with his teeth. Is Taehyung mad? He’s probably in shock after Jungkook suddenly confessed to him. Fuck, how can he be so naïve and stupid, thinking that Taehyung feels the same way too? It’s probably just for sex! That’s all he is to Taehyung! Jungkook screamed inside his head. “Taehyung… Tonight was-“

“Great. I had a great time and I hope you did too,” Taehyung replied calmly. “You must be tired. Go take a shower and have good rest, Kookie!”

Jungkook was on the verge of tears. His bottom lip was trembling. Taehyung just stood there in silence, blowing puffs of his cigarette with his back to Jungkook. Jungkook stared at the guy’s broad back and fought the urge to reach out, longing to touch Taehyung’s body, longing for Taehyung to hold him close. He let out one last heavy breath before making his way towards the lobby. One last look at Taehyung’s calm face looking back at him before the elevator door shut itself.
First day of class finally arrived. Jungkook was so excited, he had been waiting for this moment his whole life. With his class schedule in his hands, he made his way to the lecture hall. That was when he bumped into Bogum and Hyungsik. “Jungkook-ah!” Bogum shouted as he waved his hands comically.

“Oh, Bogumie-hyung! Good morning!”

“Aw, he called me Bogumie-hyung! So cute!” Bogum cooed happily and gave Jungkook a gentle pinch on the cheek.

“Are you looking for your class?” Hyungsik asked, eyeing the schedule paper in Jungkook’s hand.

“It’s okay! I found it! It's just there at the corner!”

“Cool but hey, remember! If you ever need help, we’re here for you, okay?” Bogum said with a smile while Hyungsik gave him a thumb up and chirped, “Yeap, anything for our maknae Jungkookie!”

“Thanks, Bogumie-hyung! Hyungsik-hyung! I appreciate that!”

“Good! Anyway, we gotta go!” Bogum said and that was when a text alert came through their phones. And then another alert kept coming in.
Minho: Holy shit, guys! My Media History professor is Ms. Sunmi! Fuck she’s hot!

Yoongi: The fuck?! No fair! Maybe I should change course! My music professor has a big belly and I saw him wearing a suspender this morning!

Minho: Yo, no joke! Red is definitely her color!

Taehyung: At least she’s sexy! Imagine your professor is your own brother’s boyfriend!

Minho: ABJHDSA TAE! Are you talking about the worldwide handsome Prof Kim Seokjin?!

Yoongi: Yo, he’s my crush yo!

Minho: The most good-looking professor in the entire campus!

Taehyung: Whatever! I hope he won’t fail me just cause my stupid brother hasn’t texted him for days!

Yoongi: What you need is a distraction and I doubt he’s gonna fail you since he needs to get on your good side!

Bogum: Distraction? You mean in a shape of a fine perky ass and thick thighs?

Jungkook choked at Bogum’s reply and shot the guy a shocked look. “Sorry, Kook! I just had to tease Tae early in the morning,” Bogum chuckled. Another alert came in.
Taehyung: That shape of a fine ass has a name, fucker!

Minho: Wonder what? Starts with J and ends with K?

Taehyung: Is there a way for a third-year student to take the first years’ class?

Yoongi: HAHA busted! He wants to ogle that damn ass!

Taehyung: Better than staring at my brother’s sulking boyfriend all morning, asshole!

Hyungsik: OOHJ JUNGKOOKIE, reply please!

“Hyung!” Jungkook hissed as Hyungsik giggled.

“Gotta go, Kook! Don’t forget to reply!” Bogum said before waving him goodbye and left with Hyungsik. Jungkook could feel his cheeks heating up as he scrolled through the messages that kept coming in.

He yelped and almost fell on his ass when he felt someone tapping on his shoulder. He turned around and let out an unmanly squeak when he saw Jimin frowning at him curiously. “Ji-Jiminie?! Hey! Morning!”

“Am I seeing things or did I just see you talking to Park Bogum and Park Hyungsik on your first day in campus?”

“Wha- Why? What’s wrong with them?”
Jimin scoffed, “Nothing’s wrong with them, Kook! You were just talking to two members of the rich and famous, South Korea elite, most handsome eligible bachelors, that’s all!”

“The what?!” Jungkook’s jaw dropped.

“Exactly! Taetae included! Everyone in this campus wants to either date them, befriend them or just fuck them and I just saw you talking to Bogum and Hyungsik with my own two eyes! Shit, Kook!” Jimin exclaimed with the look of shocked disbelief.

Suddenly, another voice greeted them from behind. Yoongi was passing by with a short, “Morning, Kook!” before walking away and disappeared in the corner.

“You’re friends with Min Yoongi too?! Holy shit, Kook! The fuck?!” I had a huge crush on that guy for one whole year! Of course, Jimin left that unsaid.

“Aren’t you friends with them?” Jungkook asked curiously.

“Um, no! Taehyung and I may be best friends but we have different group of friends, Kook…” Jungkook was too speechless to speak. Jimin would flip out if he knew Jungkook had been added into the rich and famous group chat just because the other guys assumed he was dating Kim Taehyung. “Right… Well, I was at this cafeteria when I bumped into Taehyung and his friends and that was how we met the first time… Nothing big…” he lied. There’s no way he was going to tell Jimin about the party, especially the sex he had that night. Amazing sex. “Um, you didn’t come home last night…”

“Oh, yeah! I- I slept over at my friend’s house, Taemin!” Jimin answered nonchalantly, as if he hadn’t spent his whole weekend at Hoseok’s place, fucking like bunch of horny bunnies. God, Jungkook would be so heartbroken if he knew, Jimin thought and guilt spread through him.

“Oh, cool! How was the hiking?” Jungkook asked.

“Hiking?”
Jungkook shot Jimin an odd look, “Um, you told me and Taehyung during breakfast last week that you’re going for hiking on the weekend… So, how was it?”

“R-Right! Hiking! Yes, it was amazing! Awesome! I love nature!” Jimin chirped and pulled the widest grin ever. God, he was terrible at lying! Why did he even bother trying? Luckily, Jungkook took the information in with a smile on his face and told Jimin that he’d be late for class. They promised each other to have lunch together and after the younger guy left, Jimin sighed heavily and mentally slapped himself on the face.

Chapter End Notes

Jimin-ah, your pants is on fire, you liar ;)


Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Best friends vs Secret Lovers

Chapter Notes

Wow I'm shook by looking at the kudos and the feedback I received! Thank you so much for the support guys and thank you for giving this story a chance! I'll update the next chapter soon! Cheers!~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So, how was your first day? So far so good?” Jimin asked as he took a big spoonful of his rice. The cafeteria was crowded today especially when it was the first week of the semester. Jungkook who was sitting opposite him nodded his head and hummed, “It was good! I really enjoyed the class!” the younger guy replied.

“Cool! And remember, you can always ask me for help, Kook!” Jimin smiled and took Jungkook’s hand in his, rubbing his thumb against the back of Jungkook’s hand softly.

“Thanks, Jiminie!” Jungkook said and was about to say something when someone pulled a chair next to Jimin and chirped loudly, “You must be Jungkook, right?”

Jimin almost got a whiplash when he turned his head around and choked on his breath and coughed a few times, “Ho- Hobi-hyung?!”

“Hi, Jiminie!” Hoseok grinned. “So glad to find you here! Gosh, it’s so crowded that I couldn’t find an empty seat! I hope you guys don’t mind if I join, right Jungkook?”

Jimin was very aware of how close Hoseok was sitting next to him that their thighs brushed. He could feel the familiar warmth emanating from his body and the smell of his aftershave. Hoseok was talking to Jungkook, getting to know each other, asking the younger guy about college stuff and
Jimin couldn’t do anything but to sit there silently. His hands were trembling as he tried to take a sip of his drink and he couldn’t breathe properly, either. He swallowed hard when Hoseok asked if he was okay. “I- I’m fine…” Jimin stammered and forced out a smile. He almost choked his drink out when Hoseok secretly slipped a hand between his thighs. Right in front his salad- No, right in front of his Jungkookie!

Jungkook on the other hand continued to eat his lunch while mentally stabbing daggers into Hoseok’s head. So, this is Hobi-hyung. The one who’s dating Taehyungie! Wonder if he could make Taehyungie growl better? Nah, I can do so much better, Jungkook thought, shoving his tongue against the inside of his cheek as jealousy spread throughout his body.

Hoseok made a quick scan on Jungkook and scoffed internally. It wouldn’t be a waste if Jimin dump this guy. He had imagined Jungkook as the matured and handsome kind of guy only to find the guy looked innocent and cute like a freaking bunny. He knew Jimin’s type and Hoseok was definitely Jimin’s type, NOT Jungkook.

Taehyung entered the cafeteria minutes later, turning to his left and right until his eyes caught the sight of his squad occupying a table in the middle of the cafeteria. “Hey, losers! Where’s my Kookie? Have you seen him?” he asked.

Minho motioned his eyes towards another table at the far end of the cafeteria next to the large windows. “He’s sitting there with your roommate and their friend, bro!”

“Wait, that’s Tae’s roommate? Holy shit, he’s cute!” Yoongi said with a slight devilish smile curved his lips.

“Did you guys breakup or something because I saw Jungkookie holding hands with your roommate, dude!” Bogum said and Hyungsik choked a laugh, “Or maybe because his Bogumie-hyung teased him too much this morning!”

“Wha- Oh God, you don’t think Jungkookie is mad at me, are you?” Bogum said, slightly panicked.

“No, stupid! He’s probably just-“ Taehyung abruptly paused and swallowed hard the moment he saw Jimin, Jungkook and Hoseok sitting at the same table. Shit, Hobi-hyung is there, shit! “Um, guys… I got to go! Bye!” he said and rushed towards the other table.

“Hey, guys! What’s up?” Taehyung chirped as he took a seat next to Jungkook. Jungkook’s eyes
Oh, Taehyung-ah! Hi!” Hoseok grinned back. “Come join us! I was looking for a place to seat and saw Jimin with Jungkookie here! Always wanted to meet your new roommate!”

“Right…” Taehyung said while trying his best to keep his cool. “Well, I missed you last weekend! How was your dance camp?” he asked the older guy.

“Dance camp?” Hoseok quirked his brows, tilting his head in question and when Jimin bumped their knees together from under the table, he came into conclusion really quickly. “Right, dance camp! Yeap! It was amazing, duh! You know how much I love dancing! I won’t be the champion of Seoul Dancing competition for two times in a row for no reason, right Jimin-ah?”

“Wait, you became the champion twice?” Jungkook asked, his mouth gaping. “Wow, I love to dance too! Can you teach me how to dance, hyung?”

“What?” Both Jimin and Taehyung shouted in unison.

“Sure, why not!” Hoseok smiled. “Come drop by the dance studio whenever you’re free and we’ll see what we can do!”

“No, I don’t think that’s a good idea!” Jimin quickly interrupted. “Jungkook just entered his first year so he’s probably busy…” he said, trying hard not to explode as he began to panic a little.

“Don’t worry, Jungkook-ah! The studio opens until 8PM! Pretty sure you’re done with your classes by then!” Hoseok said and managed to shoot Jimin a sly smirk.

Jimin had it enough. He needed to drag this fool aka Jung Hoseok out of here before the older guy could do any more damage to jeopardize his already fucked up relationship with Jungkook and his friendship with Taehyung. “Talking about dance competition… I saw something on the information board that might interest you! Come on, let me show you!” he grinned as packed his stuff and grabbed Hoseok by the wrist.

“What? Really? Another competition?”
“Yes, another competition! Come on, I’ll show you!” Jimin faked a huge smile and quickly dragged Hoseok out of the cafeteria.

Once the two were gone, Taehyung let out a heavy sigh of relief. He then turned to look at Jungkook and shoot the younger guy an irritated look. “Can you teach me how to dance, hyung? Really?” Taehyung said mockingly and huffed. “What the fuck were you thinking?! And were you holding hands with Jiminie just now? The squad saw you, okay!”

Jungkook rolled his eyes upward and snorted, “Well, he IS my boyfriend after all… And when I told him I love him, he said it back to me… Unlike someone…”

Taehyung groaned into his hands and switched to the seat opposite Jungkook so he could get a clearer view of the other guy. “Kookie-ah, please… What do you expect? Did you forget about the other two human beings who were here with us just a minute ago? And plus, the thing you said that night was nothing… You probably were still in the zone, high on sex… You weren’t on your right mind!”

Jungkook mocked a laugh and shot the older guy a glare, “Well, for your information… We are now at the cafeteria on a lunch break and I’m currently in my right mind so let me say it again… I love you, Kim Taehyung!” he let it out, loud and clear for Taehyung to hear every damn word of it. Jungkook tried not to smile when he saw the shocked expression on the guy. Taehyung had always been cool and flirtatious and his current expression was so funny. The guy literally had his mouth gaping and he wasn’t even blinking.

_Did he hear it right?_ Jungkook just said the three magical words to him, AGAIN and they didn’t had sex yet since Saturday. Taehyung clased his hand over his mouth and his cheeks turned slightly red. Probably the first time he ever blushed. Ever. He opened his mouth and then closed it again. “Fuck… Baby, you’re complicating things here and-” he sat back and crossed his hands behind his head. “Look, we can’t-”

“I don’t want to lie to Jimin anymore! I’m going to tell him that I can’t continue with this relationship and-“

“Hold it right there!” Taehyung quickly cut in. “The fuck you just said? You’re going to tell- Tell Jimin? Are you out of your fucking mind?!”

“Yes, I am! I am out of my fucking mind because I am currently cheating on my boyfriend with his own best friend! To make it worst, I’m in love with that said best friend!” Jungkook said, his voice was slightly raised but wasn’t loud enough for the entire cafeteria to hear.
“What happen to keeping it as our little secret, huh?” Taehyung stared back at the younger in shocked disbelief before he stood up and left the cafeteria without sparing another glance.

Jungkook sighed and crumpled his paper cup into his hand out of rage. Without him realizing, Taehyung’s friends saw everything and they were whispering to each other. “Oh God, couple fight…” Minho said.

“Poor Jungkookie… Look at that sad face…” Bogum said. “I hope they won’t breakup or whatever. They’re perfect for each other!”

“The fuck, hyung?!” Jimin demanded, looking around quickly to make sure they were alone and no one else was watching.

“What? I didn’t do anything! I was just being friendly, okay? Plus, I haven’t met the guy yet so I just took the perfect opportunity, that’s all!” Hoseok flustered his lashes innocently.

“By groping my thighs from under the table and invited him to the dance studio?!”

“What? You look extra cute today, Jiminie… I couldn’t resist myself!” Hoseok mocked a sad look. “And he told me he was interested in dancing so why the hell not, right?”

“Ugrh, you’re unbelievable!” Jimin grunted as he ran his fingers through his hair frustratingly.
A sly grin slowly curved Hoseok’s lips, “Keep your friends close but your enemies closer, they said!”

“Jungkook is NOT your enemy, hyung!”

“He’s my rival and from my point of view, it’s the same thing…” Hoseok shrugged.

“Hyung, please… Please don’t tell him anything, I beg you!” Jimin said, almost pleading as he clasped his palms together.

“But Jimin-ah… Don’t you feel bad lying to him? Just tell him that you guys are over. You know I’m here for you… I love you!”

“I love you too and honestly… I- I don’t have any problem to tell Jungkook but… Taehyung… I just- telling my best friend that I’m secretly dating his boyfriend… It’s hard! I just can’t, hyung!” Jimin sighed heavily. “I’m going to lose him as a friend… Forever!”

“Then let me tell Taehyung! I was the one who started all this! I kissed you first, remember? It was all me! I initiated the whole thing!”

Jimin gently put his face into his palms and began shaking his head and pinching the bridge of his nose, “But- But I responded to your actions, hyung. Despite knowing you’re his boyfriend, despite dating Jungkookie, I kissed you back! I fell in love with you!”

“Please Jiminie… It’s torturing to keep this whole thing a secret… Let me explain to him! Let me try, please…” Hoseok grabbed the younger guy by the shoulders, pulling Jimin close to him. “I want to date you openly. I want to hold you in public and kiss you…”

Jimin shook his head again and stared back at Hoseok with pleading eyes. “We will… but not now. Not just yet, please…?”
Taehyung ruffled his hair out of frustration, leaving it disheveled and sticking out in odd directions. He scanned around the empty parking lot as he sat on the hood of his white Porsche, pulling out a box of cigarette from his denim jacket pocket and placed one between his lips. Finally, a torturous first day of college ended with him still being in one piece. Before he could light the cigarette up, an outstretched hand snatched the cigarette from his mouth and the person crushed it beneath their boots.

“The fuck-“ Taehyung was about to give a piece of his mind to the person but paused when he saw Jungkook staring at him with one brow raised.

“You need to stop… It could kill you!” Jungkook muttered and in a speed of light, he snatched the cigarette box away from Taehyung’s hand. “No more, please…”

“Why do you care?” Taehyung huffed angrily and thanked God he was wearing his sunglasses so Jungkook wouldn’t notice he was scanning the boy up and down. “The fuck are you doing here, anyway? Shouldn’t you be going home by now?”

“I care about you so that’s why I’m here…” Jungkook replied calmly. “Look, I’m sorry if I made you angry today! I just… I feel so guilty doing this to Jimin and-“

“Urgh, you think I don’t feel guilty about fucking my best friend’s boyfriend?! I can just go to Hobi-hyung and just tell him that we’re over but Jimin… If he ever finds out…”

“So, you don’t mind dumping Hobi-hyung?”

“He’s a nice guy, I admit but we don’t really have that ‘deep’ connection… you know?”
Jungkook took a step forward, closing the gap between him and Taehyung. “Unlike the connection we have?” he smirked.

Taehyung snorted, hands shoved into his fitting jeans. “Yeah, I guess… And the guys couldn’t stop pestering me, you know? Asking questions about us! They saw you being all lovey-dovey with Jiminie, holding hands and shit… They thought we were fighting and that you were cheating on me or something. Whatever! They can assume whatever they want, I don’t give a shit!”

“You sound jealous there…” Jungkook said with a playful glint in his eyes.

Taehyung slowly turned his head around and again, he thanked God for his sunglasses because he was pretty sure Jungkook could read his eyes like an open book. But he still couldn’t hide a mischievous smile from curving his lips. “Why? Do you want me to?” he asked, his voice had dropped to a husky note that he knew would send shivers chasing down the younger guy’s spine.

Jungkook bit his bottom lip seductively as he stood before Taehyung and looked into the guy’s Gucci sunglasses. “Yes, daddy… Very much…” Jungkook replied softly. Drawing himself closer, Jungkook brought his mouth up on Taehyung’s and pressed himself against the warmth of the other guy. Even after many kisses, Taehyung’s kiss still had the power to melt Jungkook’s bones into jelly. He deepened the kiss as he pressed Taehyung against the car. Jungkook could feel the guy’s erection pressing against his own and knew Taehyung wanted him as much as Jungkook wanted him. He longed to beg Taehyung to take him again, wanted to be taken roughly and aggressively.

Taehyung eased back. Jungkook looked up at him, the younger’s lids heavy as Taehyung reached up to caress the soft cheek. “That was dangerous, baby…” he said as he gave some distance between them.

“You made me this way…” Jungkook said as he straightened himself and took a step forward but Taehyung was quick to hold his hand up to halt Jungkook’s progress.

“You know we both want it so bad but we can’t do that in public,” Taehyung said as he raked his hand through his hair and puffed out his cheeks, let the stale air out of his lungs.

“So, you do want me… that bad, huh?” Jungkook asked and took a step toward the guy and put his hand on Taehyung’s chest. He could feel the effect their kiss had on Taehyung from the heavy beat of his heart and a small part of him rejoiced that for a moment.
“You know I always want you, baby,” Taehyung said, his voice husky and deep as he clasped Jungkook’s hand and held it away.

“Well, I’ll see you at home then… Daddy,” Jungkook winked as he turned away. A smile Taehyung couldn’t see played about his mouth as he walked back towards the campus building.

“Where are you going?” Taehyung asked, frowning.

“Dance studio!” Jungkook replied with a smug.

“Baby, no! Kookie-ah! Tell me you’re kidding!”

Jungkook tilted his head to the side, a playful grin curved his lips, “I’m not… Hobi-hyung invited me, remember? So, yeah… I’m going!”

“I swear to God, if you say one word-

“Tell me you love me, Tae-hyungie then I promise I won’t say a word,” Jungkook mimicked zipping his mouth shut and throwing away the key.

Taehyung chuckled and shook his head, “You’re blackmailing me now?”

“Say it like you mean it, come on! You know you do!”

Taehyung held his gaze on Jungkook for a moment before he finally said, “I love you!”

“What? Can’t hear you! Say it again!”

“Do you want to get punish later?!”
Jungkook stuck his tongue out. “Punish me for all I care, Daddy! I’m not scared!”

“Fuck! Since when did you become so bratty?!”

Jungkook laughed, “Since I met you! Come on, I want to hear it again!”

“I love you, Kookie-ah!” Taehyung said and this time, it was louder. Despite his eyes being covered by the sunglasses, he still could see Jungkook’s blushing face. He realized he enjoyed watching Jungkook got all shy and flustered, especially loved it when the guy tried to seduce him which made it hard for Taehyung to resist. He watched until Jungkook disappeared before getting into his car, the sly smile still lingered across his face.

Chapter End Notes

I think its about time for the truth to be told don't you think haha ;)
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

A moment later, everything collapsed. Taehyung seemed to come to a conclusion. “Fuck you, Park Jimin…” he said, almost growling.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late update! Its hard to put things into words when English is not your first language. This story is not betad so mistakes are all mine and I apologize in advance. Do share your thoughts :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Okay, Jungkook wouldn’t call it ‘hate’. It was more to ‘dislike’. He disliked Jung Hoseok, to be very honest. He had to admit, that guy got the moves, a great dancer and a nice, friendly outgoing guy, no doubt about that but seriously, Jung Hoseok’s presence alone was enough to get him on the edge to set his jumbled nerves twitching. First of all, Jung Hoseok was currently dating Kim Taehyung aka the person he’s madly in love with and second… Why in the world would Jung Hoseok act all clingy with Jimin aka his current boyfriend? That guy would always get too close for comfort and Jimin on the other hand didn’t even mind! Jungkook tried not to think too much and continued coming to the studio twice a week, determined not to waste his effort in becoming a better dancer himself.

On his way back home one day with Jimin walking by his side, Jungkook decided to put an end to his curiosity. “Um, Jiminie?”

“Yes?” Jimin looked up from his phone and raised his brows in question. “What?”

“You- you and Hobi-hyung seem close…”

Jimin’s face went slightly pale and his eyes widened. He stared at Jungkook for a second before letting out a nervous laugh. “Well, I knew him since I joined the dance class in my first year and then
he started dating Taehyung last year so yeah… We’re close… I guess…”

Jungkook nodded his head in understanding. Of course, it’s normal to be close to your best friend’s boyfriend, right? Does that mean Jimin won’t mind if I’m close to Taehyung? Jungkook thought momentarily. Suddenly, images of Taehyung poured into his mind, remembering them being together, Taehyung kneeling between his legs as the older guy’s mouth taking Jungkook in a feeling knew existed only for them, only for him and Taehyung. Not being able to hold and kiss Taehyung openly was torturing and keeping secrets from Jimin killed him. Probably being honest would be best.

“Jiminnie? I- I have something to say to-“

“Shit!” Jimin cursed under his breath. “Kook, I left my wallet at the dance studio! Hey, why don’t you head home first, okay? Later!” he said and quickly dashed back towards the campus building. Jungkook stood there dumbfounded and realized that he was close to spill everything out to Jimin. What the hell, Jeon Jungkook!

Jimin thought that the dance studio would be empty since the practice ended thirty minutes ago but just when he was about to enter the studio, he heard voices and abruptly stopped in his track. He flattened himself against the wall and slowly took a peek through the glass door and his jaw dropped. Taehyung and Hoseok were in there, talking. Just the two of them! He could feel little slivers of jealousy piercing his insides, making him sour and unpleasant. He stood there silently as he listened to their conversation.

“So, are you finally going to tell me that we’re done and that you’re dumping me, Taehyung? Is that it? Is that why you show up here so suddenly?” Hoseok said snidely.

“Actually… Yes,” Taehyung slowly nodded his head and Jimin could see Hoseok’s face fell. Taehyung was biting his bottom lip as he shuffled his feet nervously. “I- I’m seeing someone else
behind your back…”

Jimin clasped a hand over his mouth to silent his gasp. He managed to catch the way Hoseok frowned as an expression of astonishment wash over the older guy’s face. He was obviously taken aback by Taehyung’s confession but Hoseok kept his cool. Taehyung on the other hand stood there, calm demeanor slipping as he had his hands shoved into his hoodie. The two guys didn’t say anything for a moment before Taehyung broke the silence, “You can punch me in the face if that would make you feel any better…”

Hoseok choked a laugh and shook his head, taking Taehyung by surprise. “Well, if I punch your face then you have to punch me back…” he said.

Taehyung cocked his head, confused. “What?”

“I’ve been seeing someone else behind your back too…” Hoseok said calmly.

For the briefest of seconds, Jimin’s heartbeat stopped, the breath in his lungs stalled and the rush of blood through his veins stilled. He prayed hard and hoped that Hoseok won’t tell Taehyung about them. If that happened, he’d lose Taehyung as a friend forever!

“Really?” Taehyung raised an eyebrow. “When? Since when?”

Hoseok sighed heavily as he took a seat on one of the empty stools and slumped his shoulders. “Since last January. Three months after we started dating…” he said, his face filled with concern and guilt. “I- I’m sorry, Taehyung-ah… I- I just- Fuck, I don’t know what else to say… I fucked up, okay!”

“Well, it started as a one-night thing during Spring break until I fucked him more than twice and suddenly poof… Feelings took over…” Taehyung muttered, staring down at the floor and once again, the room fell silent as the two digested what they had just heard.

“So, we both fucked up I guess?” Hoseok said with a strained smile.

“I guess so, yeah…” Taehyung chuckled.
“Nah, I think I’m more fucked than ever… The one I’m seeing is dating someone else…”

Taehyung looked up at the other guy, shocked, eyes wide, “The fuck? Wait, the fuck? Seriously because mine too!”

For a moment, they just stared at each other, both looked taken aback before Hoseok let out a laugh, a little foolish, self-conscious laugh. “Wow, we are really fucked, aren’t we?”

“We are… Very much…” Taehyung nodded, his lips were pressed tightly into a thin line. “Again… I’m sorry for what I did… I just want you to know because it’s hard to keep this to myself and not feel guilty about it. You’re a great guy and you deserve someone better!”

“Well, can’t say the same about you… I mean, you’re famous among girls especially and also the campus scandalous bad boy but I- I really loved you, Taehyung. I did… You’re great! You made me happy with that cheerful, outgoing character of yours…” Hoseok said with a small smile. “And I’m sorry for cheating on you…”

“So, I guess… You’re going to keep seeing this person despite- you know…”

“Will you?” Hoseok shot back a question with a question.

Taehyung nodded his head and shrugged his shoulders, “You know it’s rare for me to fall hard for someone and he- He’s just so special, you know…”

“Yeah, I feel you…” Hoseok replied lowly.

“Mind telling me who’s this special person that got you cheating on the famous hot-looking guy in campus?” Taehyung smirked, quirking an eyebrow. “Is he- she studying here?”

“Yeah, he’s studying here and-” Hoseok nodded and in that moment, Jimin knew there’s no escape, there’s no turning back and he began to panic. Before Hoseok could continue, he stormed into the studio and shouted, “Hyung! I told you not to tell him!”

Taehyung and Hoseok both turned their heads with their eyes widened in surprise. Jimin stood there,
looking utterly terrified. The atmosphere was thick with tension and Jimin could feel the sweat forming on his brow. Taehyung was staring at him and the way the guy was looking at him was more like he was studying him. Taehyung wasn’t smiling either; only staring at Jimin sharply. Then he darted his eyes to Hoseok before turning back to Jimin. A moment later, everything collapsed. Taehyung seemed to come to a conclusion. “Fuck you, Park Jimin…” he said, almost growling.

“No, Taehyung! It was me! It was my fault, okay?!” Hoseok quickly stepped between them placing his hand on Taehyung’s shoulder. “I was the first one who made the first move! I kissed him first! At first, Jimin resisted but then I kept on going, chasing after him… I- I fell in love with him and then we just-“

Taehyung slapped the older guy’s hand away. “Well, it takes two to tango, right?!“

“Taehyungie, I am so sorry! I- I know what I did was wrong and unforgiveable but please… I- I didn’t mean to fall in love with Hobi-hyung! I swear, Taehyung-ah… The feeling just-“ Jimin explained, practically pleading and begging.

“Shut the fuck up! Oh my God, the fact that you’re secretly dating my boyfriend despite dating someone else and despite knowing me, your best friend was still in a relationship with that guy… The fuck you’re thinking, asshole?!“

“I know, I know! I shouldn’t do that, Tae! I am so sorry! Please, I’ll do anything so we could still be friends! Please, just-“

“Fuck you, Park Jimin!” Taehyung hissed and shot the guy a look of total disgust before turning to Hoseok, giving the guy a death glare. “And fuck you too for dating my own best friend while you’re dating me! Fuck you both!” he said before stomping out of the studio, ignoring Jimin calling out to him.
Jungkook was in his room, getting his notes ready for tomorrow’s class when he heard the sound of the door slamming shut followed by heavy footsteps entering the living room. Someone grunted and a strained curse followed, a familiar deep voice echoed off the walls. Jungkook became curious and went into the living room to check out what was happening. There, he saw Taehyung hunching over the couch, his head cradled in both hands and his broad shoulders slumped. Jungkook took several cautious steps toward the guy. “Tae- Taehyungie? Are you okay?”

Taehyung finally looked up, his eyes were flat as those of a dead fish, like the fishes on the stalls at the market, dead and dark and sadly glistening. “I thought I had been the shittiest friend ever exists but that fucker did worst… If I knew who you really were, that one-night thing won’t happen because I wouldn’t do that to a friend, you know but- but he… despite knowing about me and Hobi- hyung, he still went with it… that fucker of a friend…” Taehyung’s voice was gruff and laced with frustration. “That bastard had been hiding it from me for months!”

Jungkook stared at the other guy, confused. His brows furrowed in question, “Taehyungie… What are you talking about?”

“And you even kept your promise to study in the same college… Fuck, he doesn’t deserve you, baby. You’re better off without him… Just be with me…” Taehyung muttered lowly as he reached for Jungkook’s hand, motioning the younger to straddle his lap.

“I want to be with you… wasn’t I being obvious about it already, Kim Taehyung?” Jungkook said, almost whispering and trembled as Taehyung urged his legs up and over his lap until Jungkook was fully straddling him. They faced one another as the tips of Taehyung fingers skimmed his exposed thighs. Bless him for wearing shorts, Jungkook thought.

Taehyung’s gaze drilled into Jungkook’s brown, his eyes dilated with hunger and deep appreciation. Warmth bubbled inside Jungkook as he slowly took Taehyung’s face into his hands, dipping his head lower and sealed their lips together. Oh, how much he missed Taehyung and craved to have the guy close to him again, to become one again. It had been two weeks without sex, just secretly flirting, sharing series of short kisses and sexting. The disadvantage of having your boyfriend living under the same roof and being in love with someone who’s dating another person.

As if Taehyung read his mind, his large hands cupped his clothed bottom and worked Jungkook against the hard bulge pressing tight against his jeans. Jungkook’s head fell back with his eyes closed as pleasure ripped through him. He then spread his legs even wider, settling more fully on top of Taehyung and the other guy let out a low growl and leaned forward, tracing his hot tongue along the side of Jungkook’s neck. As Taehyung was about to slip a hand under his shirt, Jungkook put a stop to whatever they were about to do by giving the guy’s shoulder a little shove.
“No- We can’t- I mean, Jiminie might come home anytime soon!” Jungkook said, his breathing ragged.

“But I want you now, Kookie. Please, please let me have you…”

“Tae- Taehyungie, it's dangerous! What if we get caught?”

“I saw him at the campus on my way home just now… He might be stuck there for another hour, don’t worry! Plus… Fuck Park Jimin!” Taehyung said and somehow, his voice was filled with rage.

Jungkook bit his bottom lip as he ran his fingers through Taehyung’s hair, sending exquisite chills down the older guy’s back. “My room or yours?” he whispered seductively.

“Mine, baby!”

Jungkook still couldn’t figure out what was the reason behind Taehyung’s eagerness. The guy looked angry and pissed and to be honest, Taehyung looked hot when he’s angry. He was being spread naked over Taehyung’s king-size bed on his back with the older guy hovering over him. Jungkook tossed his head back, giving Taehyung full access to all of him. Taehyung readily accepted his invitation devouring as much of as Jungkook as he could. Taehyung’s large hands flatted along the side of his ribs, rubbing up and down until Jungkook sighed with how good it felt. Down, down until they reached his waist and rubbing down his thighs. When Taehyung came back up, he kissed the nape of Jungkook’s neck, tracing heated lines with his tongue from one shoulder to the other, dropping open-mouth kisses all the way down to his chest and stomach.
Jungkook’s body trembled at the warm and erotic sensation. Taehyung was kissing every inch of his body, sucking so deep on his skin that he was certain would leave marks the next day. Taehyung continued to explore until he was pushing Jungkook upward from underneath his bent knees, parting his thighs so that his tongue could get a hungry lap over Jungkook’s entrance. The younger was shaking all over, pleasure running rampant through his body in fierce waves. His fingers clenched in the sheet, his breath whooshed from his mouth as Taehyung tasted him so intimately.

“Fu- Fuck, Tae- Taehyung… Fuck, that feels so good! Mo- More-“ Jungkook let out a soft moan. Taehyung hummed in delight and his tongue felt like pure bliss, licking through Jungkook’s twitching hole and fuck, Jungkook could hear Taehyung slurping and he arched his back when Taehyung shoved his hot tongue inside. The rush of orgasm was about to crash over him until his ears rang with pleasure but Taehyung stopped and Jungkook whined at the lost of contact. “Wh- Why did you stop?”

Taehyung knelt between his spread legs and gosh, the guy was more than gorgeous naked and breathing heavily as he let out that dominant vibe in him, giving him a godlike presence that left Jungkook breathless. “Daddy wants to fuck you and make you come untouched, baby…” Taehyung growled and that alone made Jungkook’s bones melted like chocolate under the sun.

After retrieving the lube from his bedside drawer, Taehyung smeared some clear liquid over his fingers. Several quick heartbeats later, he pressed two fingers in and Jungkook groaned as his quivering hole accepted it easily. Taehyung then reached for Jungkook’s prostate and smiled mischievously because he knew he’d hit the right spot when the younger guy’s eyelids flew open. “Ah- Tae- Daddy! Fuck, Daddy- Please, I’m ready! Please!” Jungkook pleaded under his ragged breath.

“You want what, baby? Mind repeat that again?” Taehyung asked teasingly as he pushed his fingers in before pulling out and then pushed them inside, deep. His stroke grew faster, scissoring the younger open as he rubbed against the walls, making Jungkook’s moan echoed off the walls of his bedroom.

“Fuck me, Daddy! Please, I want you- I want you inside me! Please!”

Taehyung chuckled deeply, enjoying the way Jungkook was writhing beautifully underneath him. Mine, all mine! Not Jimin’s but mine! He’s mine! Jeon Jungkook is MINE! He screamed inside his head and pulled his fingers out. “I’m going to spill every drop inside you and leave you full with my cum until it leaks out of you, baby…” Taehyung growled and spread Jungkook’s legs wider, placing the boy’s bent legs over his shoulders. He smeared more lube along his aching length before slightly rubbing the head against Jungkook’s entrance and pressed home. Fuck, Jungkook was hot and tight and he fucking loved it.
Jungkook gasped, “Ah- Daddy, feels so good. Your cock- feels so good, Daddy! Harder! Faster! Ah- yeah!”

“I like it when that pretty lips of yours spitting out dirty words, sweetheart! Bet that fucker of a friend didn’t give you enough pleasure because Daddy gives you the best fuck, right?”

“Yes- Yes, Daddy! Only you! You’re the best- Ah, fuck!”

“You’re mine, baby boy! From now on, from today… You’re mine! Only mine and no one else, you hear me?!”

Jungkook’s mouth opened in a silent cry as Taehyung thrust in deeper and faster, hard enough to lift him off the bed. His body throbbed around the older guy’s cock, clenching and squeezing it, caressing the hard length with his inner muscles. Jungkook held his hands to the headboard of the bed to prevent his head from knocking the wooden board due to Taehyung pounding aggressively into him as their bodies rocked together wildly, urgently. His abandoned cock was throbbing against his stomach and dripping pre-cum, begging to be touch. “Daddy, I- I want to come. Please, can I come- Ah!”

“Not yet, sweetheart. Be a good boy for daddy, okay?” Taehyung growled back as he lightly traced his thumb over Jungkook’s moist bottom lip. “You’re so good for Daddy, so fucking good, baby... So fucking beautiful and all mine, fuck!”

The pounding intensified with something animal, something raw and fierce with need as naked and hungry as they were. Jungkook tried not to come just yet but it was so hard when Taehyung’s cock felt so good rubbing against his walls and hitting his prostate with every thrust. Lord have mercy but this man knows how to fuck! Jungkook thought as he arched his back and knew he had taken over Taehyung. A purring groan tore from Taehyung’s throat as thrumming pleasure threatened imminent explosion.

“Come for me, baby! Come for daddy! And I want you to look me in the eyes when you do!” Taehyung ordered in deep, husky voice.

That deep voice alone was enough to rile him up and another orgasm came rolling in. Jungkook clutched onto Taehyung’s forearms tightly, breathing heavily as he stared straight into the smoldering brown eyes and reached his climax. “Da- Daddy, fuck! Ah- I’m coming!” Warm, wet thickness spilled all over his abs while Taehyung continued to pound into him.
A satisfaction smirk curved Taehyung’s lips, “So beautiful. Perfect. And all mine,” he said as he watched Jungkook’s went limp. He pulled back to just inside Jungkook’s muscle ring and rammed back in, aiming for Jungkook’s gland. He took another several thrusts before exploding with a low grunt, pressing in deep as he filled the younger up. Resting on his elbows, Taehyung burrowed his face into Jungkook’s neck as his breathing settled and his heartbeat slowed. He slowly pulled out before reaching for his drawer and pulled a butt plug out. “Want to keep this in place,” he winked and pressed the plug into Jungkook’s gaping hole. The boy let out a soft moan in return and Taehyung grinned before rolling to his side. “Fuck, that was amazing! Amazingly good!”

Snuggling against Taehyung, Jungkook rested his head on the guy’s shoulder. Running a hand along Taehyung’s chest, he glanced up. “Taehyungie?”

“Yes, baby?”

“Yes, baby?”

“Are you okay? You- You look angry earlier… Did something happen?”

Taehyung sighed heavily, “Yeah! Something happened. Do you know that Jimin-“

“Taehyung! Taehyung-ah!” A loud voice came into the living room and shocked the both of them. Jungkook went rigid, his face fell.

“Shit, it’s Jimin! Shit, shit, shit!” Jungkook jolted upward and quickly searched for his shirt and shorts.

Taehyung smirked in triumph, “About damn time”.


Weelllllpppp beans had been spilled!
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late update! Had trouble with putting things into words. Its hard when English is NOT your first language! Grammar errors and spelling mistakes are my fault so I'd like to apologize in advance! Hope you enjoy this chapter! Cheers!~ :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Well hello, traitor. Backstabber. My beloved fucker of a friend,” Taehyung faked a smile as he leaned against his door half-naked, purposely left his black fitting jeans unbuckle.

Jimin frowned at him in question, “Is your ‘someone’ here?”

“Why? Want to meet him?” Taehyung asked snidely. “You might steal him from me so NO!”

“I- Look, Taehyung-ah… I know what I did was wrong and I know it’s hard for you to forgive me,” Jimin said, pleading. “I- I can stop with whatever I have with Hobi-hyung if that could save our friendship-“

“It’s too late for that, don’t you think?”

“Taetae, please! We’re soulmates! We’re best friends and-“

“You ruined it by secretly dating your best friend’s boyfriend behind his back!”

“For fuck sake, you cheated on him too! You had a one-night stand with someone behind his back!”

“Someone who I thought was a stranger! Someone who I thought that has nothing to do with my best friend! If I know, I wouldn’t do it, asshole!”
Jimin’s eyes widened slightly, “What? What the fuck are you talking about?”

Taehyung let out a deep, throaty laugh. “Oh yes, you know my one-night stand so well, Jiminie. Probably more than anyone else! I bet you’re the first one to take his V-Card too but sadly, I’m his best fuck ever!”

Jimin’s breath hitched and shook his head in denial, “Please don’t tell me that-“

“Oh yeah, my one-night stand is your precious Jeon Jungkook,” Taehyung grinned. “I met him at this bar in Busan after visiting you and I fucked him inside my car! And then I fucked him the second time at Minho’s party on the weekend that you were gone though I’m pretty sure that hiking thing was a lie! We’ve been flirting and making out behind your back this whole time, dumbass!”

“You fucker! You asshole! How fucking dare you! Despite knowing he’s my boyfriend, you continued pursuing him?!”

“Yes, I did! And now we’re in love and I’m determine to make him mine like how you did with Hobi-hyung!”

“Jungkook! Jungkookie! You come out here right now!” Jimin shouted angrily.

“You don’t get to be angry with him when you’re the one who cheated on him in the first place!” Taehyung shouted back, striding forward with his sharp finger pointed straight at Jimin’s face.

“Well, you could have stopped after you knew who he was, right?!” Jimin glared.

“Well you didn’t, right?! That didn’t stop you from dating Hobi-hyung! In fact, you hid it from me for months and continued seeing him despite dating Jungkookie at the same time! Fucking asshole, that’s what you are!”

“You don’t get to put the blame on me alone! You cheated on Hobi-hyung with Jungkookie and even continued after knowing he’s dating ME, your best friend!” Jimin gave Taehyung another withering glare.
“Fuck you, Jiminie! You cheated first so fuck you!”

“Oh fuck you too! Bet you don’t know how Hobi-hyung enjoyed shoving his tongue down my ass when you were in the bathroom getting ready for your date! And oh how he loved my blowjobs since you suck at giving one!”

Taehyung bit him bottom lip and clenched his fist. “Fuck you! Bet you don’t know how deep I shoved my cock into Jungkookie’s ass until he fucking moans my name! He fucking loved it because everything was all vanilla with you and he got bored!”

“Hobi-hyung even fucked me against the wall a few times in the dance studio and here in this apartment but I bet you don’t know that since you’re too busy partying with your friends, being the scandalous asshole you are, flirting with everyone in campus!” Jimin shot back.

“When I fuck Jungkookie apart against the mattress, he screams my name and fucking calls me Daddy! Daddy, fuck me! Deeper, harder! Make me yours, Daddy! Come inside me, Daddy! And you should see the way my cum drips down his thighs after I fucked him bare! Woops, you definitely can’t relate to that, sorry! NOT!”

“Fuck you, Kim Taehyung!” Jimin shouted and pushed Taehyung onto the carpeted floor, kneed the guy hard in the ribs and received a wail of pain in return.

Taehyung scrambled back up to his feet and bashed Jimin right back with a straight punch on the nose. The other guy lost his balance and fell to the ground. Taehyung huffed angrily, “I dare you to hit me one more time!” he said, backing away a couple of paces, keeping his hands up and ready.

Jimin glanced up angrily and wiped the blood off his nose with the back of his hand. “You fucker,” he grunted and whilst on the ground, he took the opportunity to make a sweeping kick to the back of Taehyung’s legs. Taehyung fell forward but used his arms to prop himself up. Jimin quickly rose himself up and sent his fist hurling down at Taehyung’s jaw but the guy swiftly counteracted by lifting his arms up and sent his fist to Jimin’s face, hard.

“Oh my God! What the- Guys, stop!” Jungkook came running into the living room, shouting as he tried to pull Taehyung off Jimin. “Stop it, please! Stop!”

As if it was under reflex, Taehyung accidentally elbowed Jungkook in the face, making the younger
boy fell to the floor on his back with an oomph. After realizing what he had done, he turned his head around. “Kookie-ah! Oh God, baby! I am so sorry! Are- Are you okay-“ he choked before he could finish when Jimin pounced from behind, a pair of strong arms wrapped around his neck in a choke hold.

Jimin squeezed tighter but Taehyung was surprisingly strong. The guy stood up and rushed backwards, slamming him against the wall. After hitting the wall two times, Jimin fell to the ground, crouching in pain as he let out a groan. Taehyung took the opportunity to check on Jungkook. “Gosh, baby… I am so sorry!” he whispered and gently took the younger’s face into his hands. “Are you okay?”

Jimin slowly got to his knees and made his way towards Taehyung and tackled the guy by the legs, pulling him down on the floor. He leaped on Taehyung fast, straddling him as he rained blow after blow on Taehyung as the guy desperately bracing himself for Jimin’s punches with both his arms up shielding him. That was when Hoseok stormed into the living room and pulled Jimin off Taehyung.

“Holy shit, the fuck?! What in the actual fuck?!“ the older guy shouted, shooting the other two a shocked terrified look. “Are you guys trying to murder each other?!“

Both Jimin and Taehyung were panting heavily; both were wincing in pain. Hoseok stared at them both in disbelief. “You guys have bruises all over and- and is that blood? Oh God…”

Taehyung stepped out of the examination room and leaned himself against the wall of the hospital hallway. Jimin who was sitting on the waiting chair with his elbows on his knees glanced up. “How’s your rib?” he asked.
“Just bruises… The doctor said it’s fine…” Taehyung muttered. “Though my jaw is aching, like the pain is piercing into my eye sockets!”

“Well, you broke my nose and split my lips, asshole…”

“You’ve never looked this handsome your whole life, Chim! It looks good on you!” Taehyung cocked an eyebrow. Jimin continued to stare before he slowly burst into a laugh and so did Taehyung. Despite wincing and hissing in pain, they continued to laugh at each other. “We’re so fucked!” Taehyung said finally. “Fucked up so bad!”

“We’re so dumb! Dumb as hell!” Jimin said, wiping the tear at the corner of his eye.

Hoseok and Jungkook emerged a moment later. “Did I just hear you guys laughing?” Hoseok frowned, looking confused and worried at the same time.

“I don’t think I can eat anything but porridge for another few days…” Taehyung groaned. “My jaw hurts like a bitch!”

“Pretty sure your boyfriend can cook you a nice, delicious porridge, Tae! Right, Jungkookie?” Jimin said and shot the younger boy a wink. Jungkook stared at him with eyes wide and his cheeks reddened. Jimin let out a chuckle and winced as he stretched his back, “Fuck, I need a massage!”

“Pretty sure your boyfriend can give you a wonderful massage later, Chim! Right, Hobi-hyung?” Taehyung smirked and gave Hoseok a similar wink. The two best friends were both now looking and smiling at each other, raising their eyes knowingly. Both knew, nothing could cut the bond they have, not even their love life.
Jungkook was preparing the chicken porridge he promised Taehyung when Jimin stepped into the kitchen. Jungkook froze. Jimin froze, both of them standing there looking at one another, tension occupying the space between them. The room felt claustrophobic, unbearably so and Jungkook hurried as he put the porridge into a bowl. Putting the bowl and a glass of apple juice on a wooden tray, he picked it up and ready to bring them to Taehyung. Two steps forward, Jungkook stopped; barely avoiding a collision with Jimin. Honestly, Jungkook didn’t know what to say and apparently, Jimin had the same problem too. The way Jimin dressed kind of reminded Jungkook of their first date. Jimin had a white hoodie on.

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin began lowly, “I- I am so sorry. I’m sorry for cheating on you, Kook. You even kept your promise and look what I did to you… I am so sorry, Kook. I even lied to you about not going back to Busan during Spring break. God, I’m the worst and I really am sorry!“

“I’m sorry too…” Jungkook said in return. After a moment of silence, he added, “I’m sorry for having a one-night thing with someone while we were in a relationship… I-I was- I don’t know what I was thinking and Taehyungie was-” Taehyung looked like my type and he kind of stole my heart at first sight but of course, Jungkook left that unsaid.

“I- I understand… I forgive you, Kook and it’s clear that Taehyung loves you as much as you love him… I hope you’re happy with him…”

“Actually, I am…”

Jimin didn’t comment on that and just smiled. “I hope it’s not going to be awkward between us after this”.

Jungkook chuckled, “Might take some time but yeah, we’re still friends, Jiminie!”

“Great!” Jimin chirped. “Well, better get that porridge to him now… You won’t like it when that pabo is hungry!” he said and mocked a scared and worried face. Jungkook laughed at that before making his way towards Taehyung’s room.
When he entered, Taehyung was lying on his back, scrolling through his phone and Jungkook set the tray on the bedside table. “Your food is here, your majesty,” he said snidely. Taehyung turned to look and beamed in excitement, looking like a happy puppy.

“Wahh, Kookie-ah! That smells so good! You are a wife material! Can we get married tomorrow?” Taehyung asked teasingly, smirking and wiggling his eyebrows.

Jungkook’s cheeks reddened and tossed a pillow but Taehyung managed to dodge on time. “Pabo! Stop saying stupid stuff! Just eat already!”

“Can I just eat you instead?”

“Kim Taehyung, eat the fucking porridge!” Jungkook ordered, his hands on his hip.

“Damn baby! You sound so sexy saying my fullname like that!” Taehyung said and flashed the other guy a lopsided grin. “Feed me, Jungkookie!”

Jungkook was too happy to be angry at Taehyung. He grabbed the bowl from the tray before flopping himself next to his boyfriend. “What have you done to my dominant cool boyfriend, Kim Taehyung? Why are you acting cute all of a sudden?”

“Oh, you like daddy Taehyung better?” Taehyung’s voice dropped to a velvety murmur, his eyelids lowering as he leaned forward, holding Jungkook’s eyes with his. Jungkook blushed and immediately darted his gaze away shyly. “Aw, I love my shy baby boy! Forget the porridge, I want to eat you instead!”

“You just got your ass kicked by Jimin and you’re already thinking about sex?!”

“I hurt my jaw, Kookie not my dick!”

“You bruised you rib, mister!”
“I can just lay down while you ride me!” Taehyung winked devilishly.

“You’re unbelievable! Fucking eat the porridge already!”

“No, I want to eat you!”

“I said eat the porridge! I’m not food, Taehyung!”

“I want to eat my Kookie!”

Little did they know, Hoseok and Jimin could hear them bickering from the living room. Jimin currently had his head on Hoseok’s lap and both of them exchanged the looks of horror. The bickering grew louder, heavier until it turned into something so sensual. Both Jimin and Hoseok went rigid. Jimin gave his boyfriend a tap on the thigh and said, “Can you turn up the volume a bit, hyung because I seriously don’t need to hear my best friend and my roommate having sex!”

Chapter End Notes

I’d like to add a bonus chapter I guess so yeah we’re not done yet :)
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Bonus chapter

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late late LATE update! I'm so terrible and bad in putting things into words....

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

There’s a carnival outside the city, at least that’s what Taehyung told him but the moment Jungkook saw the colorful lights twinkling from the huge Ferris wheel and music booming throughout the funfair speakers, his spirit seemed to light up too. It was overwhelming. To be honest, Jungkook had never been to this kind of place for a date. It was all Taehyung’s idea. The fragrances of sickly-sweet aroma of candies and popcorn got his taste bud tingling and his stomach to grumble. He pulled Taehyung by the wrist and dragged the other guy to one of the many food vendors. After grabbing some French fries and a couple of hotdogs, they sat on one of the empty tables facing the merry-go-round.

Jungkook didn’t realize he was hella hungry until he noticed that it took him less than a minute to finish his hotdog. Taehyung gave him a low chuckle before resuming to eat his hotdog. After a while, they just sat there in silence. Jungkook began to scan his eyes around, looking for games to play. The moment he saw a shooting game located not far from where they were sitting, his eyes lit up. “Taehyungie, let’s go play that shooting game!”

Jungkook turned to look when he received no reply. Taehyung was playing with his phone, smiling. Jungkook folded his arms across his chest and huffed annoyingly. “Taehyungie? Are you even listening to me?”

Uh-huh,” Taehyung replied nonchalantly with the corner of his mouth quirked up.
“What did I say?”

“You want to play that shooting game,” Taehyung said, his eyes were still on the phone screen.

Jungkook rolled his eyes upward and pouted his lips into a sulk, “Taehyungie, stop looking at your phone!”

“Oh, baby.”

“I’m serious!” Jungkook said as he snatched the phone from Taehyung’s hold. When he looked down at the screen, he blushed. Taehyung was taking his pictures this whole time. He looked up with his mouth dropped slightly while Taehyung was smirking at him.

“You’re so cute, baby! So photogenic!”

“Sh- Shut up!” Jungkook stammered and quickly shoved the phone back into Taehyung’s hand. “Come on, shooting game! Let’s go!”

They went to the counter to buy some tokens before making their way towards the game section. Taehyung eyed the prize coolly with both his hands shoved into the pocket of his fitting ripped black jeans. He leaned slightly towards Jungkook and whispered, “Which want do you want, baby?”

Jungkook glanced back in a challenging manner. “You sure you can win me the prize?”

“You name it, baby! Anything you want,” Taehyung replied confidently.

“Fine! Get me that pink bunny over there! That big one!”

A male worker standing behind the counter chuckled, “Well, you need to hit three silver bottles to win that!”

“That’s impossible!” Jungkook frowned at the worker. “There’s so many other bottles being placed in front… There’s no way we can shoot all three of them!”
“That’s the challenge, boys!” the worker shrugged his shoulders.

“I can do it!” Taehyung said as he handed his tokens to the worker and picked up the toy rifle. “How many tries do I have?”

“Five,” the worker replied flatly.


“Ssh, baby! I said anything for you, didn’t I?” Taehyung gave the younger boy a wink before getting himself into a better shooting position. Inhaling deeply, Taehyung calmly pointed his rifle in the direction of the silver colored bottles he needed to shoot. *Gotta show Jungkook how good I am,* he thought. Closing one eye, he pulled the trigger and *bamm,* he shot the first silver bottle down and it fell onto the ground with a heavy thud.

“Oh God, Taehyungie! You did it!” Jungkook leaped up in joy while the worker almost fell off his chair.

“Two more to go, baby and I still have five tries,” Taehyung grinned wickedly.

“You can do this, Taehyungie!”

Unfortunately, his happiness didn’t last. Taehyung managed to shoot down the second bottle on his third try and now, he was left with two tries and one more bottle until he could claim his prize. The worker was already giving him an evil smile while he’s on the verge of giving up, his ego crumbling down.

Jungkook obviously noticed how the worker was trying to provoke Taehyung and sent the man a death glare. He then wrapped an arm around Taehyung’s shoulders and drew his face closer to the guy’s ear. “Hey, you just need to focus. You can do this. Even if you don’t make it, it’s not like I’ll get mad or anything!”

“No, Kookie! I want to win you that damn bunny and erase that stupid smug off that man’s face! It’s fucking annoying!”
“Okay, okay… Why don’t you think of something; Something encouraging, something peaceful…”


Jungkook giggled, “No, silly! Um, okay… Why don’t you just clear your head… Think about me…” he said and leaned closer, “Naked!”

Taehyung’s eyes widened slightly as images began to form in his mind. Images of hot, sweat-misted, messed up looking naked body of Jeon Jungkook, writhing beneath him as he was being stretched out across Taehyung’s bed, his legs spread open invitingly. Yes, exactly the thought that Taehyung wanted. A sly smirk curved his lips and baamm, the last bottle fell onto the ground and he pumped his fist into the air triumphantly, sending the worker a sly grin who was now looking back at him with his jaw dropped. “You don’t mess with Vantae, sir! He’s a sharp shooter,” he said lowly and winked.

The worker quickly pulled the big pink bunny down and handed the plushy to Taehyung with shaky hands. Taehyung mocked the man a salute before walking away, pulling Jungkook with him. “Here’s your prize- Kookie?”

Jungkook was staring at him with his eyes wide and Taehyung frowned, confused. “You okay?”

“Did you just say don’t mess with Vantae?”

“What’s wrong with that?” Taehyung stood back slightly dumbfounded as he shoved his hands back into his jeans pocket while eyeing Jungkook.

“Oh my God! I can’t believe you, Tae! You were the one who shot me twice in Overwatch!”

Taehyung scrunched his eyebrows in response before bursting into laughter, “Oh God, Kookie-ah! It was just a game!”

“Not for me! I’m one of the best shooters and I got killed so easily like that… It’s like an insult!” Jungkook protested.
“Well, you’re not one of the best then after all…” Taehyung smirked.

“Excuse me?!” Jungkook huffed angrily as he wrapped his arms around his plushy tightly.

Taehyung chuckled as he took a step forward to close the gap between them, “Oh come on, baby… You went rampage on my team so I just took the golden opportunity and killed you, Seagull!”

Jungkook stood there in silence, his expression hardened. Taehyung sighed and shook his head, “Oh come on… It’s just a game. You’re not seriously mad at me just because I killed you in a game, are you?”

“No… I’m just mad that you didn’t tell me that you play my favorite game! I’ve been wanting to ask you to join me but you seem like a person who doesn’t-“

“-play games like that? Kookie-ah, I’m a gamer! There, I said it! If not, I won’t own that PS4 and Nintendo in our living room!”

“I love you more and more now, Taehyungie,” Jungkook said as he stared back into his boyfriend’s eyes, gazing adoringly.

“I love you too, baby! Wanna go test the rides and other games?”

“Yes, yes! Let’s go!”
It was dark as he looked around the parking lot before turning to Taehyung. “Um, is this some kind of a huge garage or something? I thought you always park your car close to the elevator…”

“Well, I got an upgrade! This parking lot is only for the penthouse resident,” Taehyung said as he pulled the handbrake. “I don’t like sharing you see…”

“It’s dark… kind of reminds me the night at the parking lot after we met at the bar…” Jungkook said before he could stop himself, clasping a hand over his mouth and darted his eyes around in embarrassment.

Taehyung let out a deep chuckle, “Well, for your information… I was grateful for that night. It was one of the best night ever…”

They stared at each other longingly for a moment before Jungkook unbuckled his seatbelt. He then climbed out of his seat and into Taehyung’s lap, reaching down to push the driver’s seat back as far as it could go and quickly straddling the guy’s lap fully, their bodies a jumble of half-clothed limbs. Dipping down his head, Jungkook sealed their lips together and snagging Taehyung’s lower lip with his teeth. Jungkook resumed their kiss, refusing to hold anything back because he missed Taehyung every second, every minute of every day. He craved for Taehyung’s touch all the time.

“Hungry for Daddy?” Taehyung growled against the younger’s wet lips.

“Yes, want you now, Daddy! Can’t wait anymore…” Jungkook replied, almost whispering.

“But we can just go up and do this in my room…” Taehyung’s words carried no meaning as he’d completely fallen into the kiss, his mouth hot and searing where it landed- on Jungkook’s lips, his jaw and at the open collar of Jungkook’s hoodie, causing the younger to respond with shivers of pleasure.

“No, Daddy… I want you now…” Jungkook whined, arching his back as Taehyung’s lips slid even further into the crook of his neck. “Fuck, Tae… Remember how you fucked me so hard in the car that night?”

“Of course. I remember every second of it, Kookie… You were so good, so fucking beautiful and irresistible that night!”
Taehyung’s hands moved to Jungkook’s thighs, running up the length of them but stopping before he got to the good parts. Jungkook grabbed the headrest to give him leverage and ground his hips against Taehyung’s, enjoying the sensation of the other guy’s bulge rubbing between his backside. When Taehyung’s large hands gave his ass a strong squeeze, he groaned and his grip on the headrest tightened.

“Come on, baby… Take your jeans off for Daddy,” Taehyung growled as he nibbled onto Jungkook’s earlobe.

Jungkook didn’t need to be told twice. He quickly unbuckled his jeans, pushing them down his ankles before tossing his boots onto the passenger’s seat. Taehyung’s Porsche wasn’t that spacious compared to the other car they first had sex but Jungkook didn’t care. He needed to be one with his boyfriend right here, right now. “Want to fuck me bare or with condom, Tae?”

“I’d love to take you bare, baby but I’d prefer to do that somewhere more comfortable like on a bed or something. So yeah, condom and lube inside the dashboard compartment”.

“You keep them inside your car?”

“You never know when you need them… like now,” Taehyung gave Jungkook a sly grin.

Jungkook leaned over to find the things he needed before tossing them onto the passenger’s seat. “Let me,” he said as he drew back slightly, enough space for him to undo Taehyung’s jeans, pushing it down to let the guy’s hardened length out. Jungkook licked his lips and grasped Taehyung’s throbbing cock, working his hand up and down. “Fuck, Daddy… so big. Can’t wait to have it shove deep inside me!” he said as he placed a condom along the hard, throbbing length.

A hard shudder rocked through him upon hearing the dirty words spitting out of the younger’s mouth. “Fuck, baby… You can’t just say that and expect me to not fuck you now!”

“Then get your fingers to work… What are you waiting for?”

Taehyung smirked in return as he grabbed the small bottle of lube, smearing his fingers wet before slowly sliding one finger into the younger’s twitching hole. Jungkook perked his ass upward and held back a moan as he worked his hand up and down Taehyung’s hard length. *Lord have mercy but this guy has magical fingers.* The way Taehyung fucked him with his long-slender fingers clouded
his mind. Jungkook leaned forward and found comfort in resting his head on Taehyung’s shoulder. One finger became two and Jungkook almost choked on his breath.

“So warm, so hot inside, baby. Can’t wait to stretch you open with Daddy’s cock,” Taehyung whispered into Jungkook’s ear as he slid his finger in and out of the younger’s hot entrance in circling motion. The younger panted as Taehyung applied a slight pressure, sinking his fingers deep inside, searching for Jungkook’s prostate. He then added a third finger and that was a goner for Jungkook. The younger moaned as Taehyung’s long, thick fingers that seemed to fill him so perfectly hitting his prostate with every thrust.

“Da- Daddy, please… I’m ready! Please, Daddy!” Jungkook moaned under his heavy breaths.

“Please what, baby? Be specific, will you?”

“Fuck, Daddy! Just stop teasing and fuck me already! I want to feel your huge cock deep inside me!”

“Baby boy is being greedy tonight, I see? How can I say no to that, huh?” Taehyung’s male baritone spread shivers of lust throughout Jungkook’s body and when the older pulled his fingers out, a feeling of emptiness started to overwhelm Jungkook until the blunt of Taehyung’s cock pushed at his entrance. Jungkook groaned in pleasure as Taehyung pushed past the tight muscle and fill him completely.

“Fuck, so tight… Feel so good, Kookie,” Taehyung growled as he slid his hands down Jungkook’s side and then gripped his round flesh, giving them a little squeeze with every thrust.

Soft moans echoed around them and shivers riled up inside Taehyung when Jungkook’s hand snaked up his neck and over his scalp as the younger grabbed a fistful of his hair and gave a light tug. “Daddy, you’re so hot for me. So gorgeous, so handsome and all mine…” Jungkook’s eyes gazed into Taehyung’s dark brown and the older hummed in pleasure.

Jungkook could feel Taehyung’s balls slapping his flesh as the guy thrust into him deeper and faster. He begged Taehyung to fuck him harder and was held still by Taehyung pounding and plunging into him, hitting his prostate for a dozen of times. Each thrust nailed his gland and Jungkook moaned. “Daddy, can’t anymore- Ah, I need to come- ah, please, Daddy!”

Taehyung slid in and out of Jungkook’s ass so fast, the younger had a hard time staying on his knees, his thighs shook a little. If Taehyung kept up at his current pace, Jungkook was sure a goner. His
mind splintered as his orgasm came closing in and his climax exploded through him. “Daddy!” he screamed, his toes curled and his head tipped back. Jungkook couldn’t hold back anymore and a thick, hot wad splattering his and Taehyung’s stomach.

“Wow, baby! So hot, so thick! How long have you been waiting for Daddy’s cock, huh? Were you craving for it that much?” Taehyung said, his voice gone raspy and husky as he hammered into Jungkook’s ass with his thick shaft for a few more times before he too climaxed and roaring his release. Jungkook could feel Taehyung’s cock pulse inside him as he lay there desperately trying to catch his breath. “Baby, just so you know… You give me the best fuck, ever”.

“Same here. You’re the best, Daddy and I want no one else,” Jungkook said as he pressed their foreheads together. “Love you so much, Taehyung…”

Taehyung was surprised to find his brother, Kim Namjoon standing in front of his door the moment he and Jungkook stepped out of the elevator. “Hyung, what are you doing here?”

“Wait, Taehyung?” Namjoon shot him a shocking look. “I- I thought you’re inside. I don’t have the key to your place and I thought I’d just wait till you’re done- Wait… Then who’s inside?”

There were moans and screams coming from inside his apartment and Taehyung had the urge to facepalm himself. It seemed that Jimin and Hoseok were at it, shamelessly screaming like there’s no one else living in the building.
“Fuck, hyung! Deeper! Harder! Oh, yes bite me, there, Daddy! Yeah!”

“Jiminnie! My beautiful baby boy! Take me deeper, baby! Yes! Daddy’s little angel!”

“Yes, I’m your good boy! Come inside me! Fill me up! I want to have your babies, hyung!”

Jungkook choked and coughed a few times while Taehyung was mentally punching Jimin in the face for embarrassing him. Namjoon on the other hand tried to play cool and cleared his throat before turning his attention back to the other two. “You must be Jungkook?” he asked.

“Hi, yes! It’s nice to finally meet Taehyungie’s big brother!” Jungkook smiled shyly.

“Aww, same here! Taehyung told me a lot about you! This boy is whipped for you, just so you know!” Namjoon grinned and shot his little brother a sly wink.

“Sh- Shut up!” Taehyung gave Namjoon a glare and playfully punched his brother on the arm. “Stop embarrassing me!”

Namjoon laughed, “Sorry, can’t help but to tease you! I miss you!”

“I miss you too, pabo! You promised me dinner, remember?”

“I remember! You’ll get your dinner, don’t worry. Anyway, I’m here to say thank you, actually”.

Taehyung tilted his head slightly, frowning in confusion. “Thank you for what?”

Namjoon leaned himself against the wall, hands shoved into his pants pocket. “I did what you told me to do ages ago. I came clean with father and told him that I’m not going to marry his friend’s daughter! I also told him that if he doesn’t want me to take over his company, I’m fine with that too. I have my own business and it’s doing great. Pretty sure I can survive without his money…”
“Oh God, Joonie… You really did that?” Taehyung’s eyes widened in disbelief.

“I did, Tae. The conversation we had that night made me realize that I should just be myself and lead my life the way I want it, right? And love someone that I truly love…”

Taehyung nodded and pulled Namjoon into a tight hug. “I’m so proud of you, Joonie!”

“Thanks to you! From now on, it will be me and you against the world. I’ll take good care of you, bro,” Namjoon said, pulling himself back and ruffled Taehyung’s hair affectionately. “And thanks for looking out for him for me, Jungkook,” he smiled and offered the younger guy a pat on the shoulder.

“No- No problem. It’s kind of my job as his partner,” Jungkook said before he could stop himself. Okay, that was embarrassing but Taehyung was smiling at him adoringly and that sight alone was satisfying enough.

“Oh, I have to go. Staying at Jin’s place tonight. I promised him an explanation and a lot of apologizing and begging to do,” Namjoon choked a laugh.

“Yeah, he’s been pestering me at campus, asking me why you didn’t reply his texts and call him”.

Namjoon groaned into his hands, “Urgh, I feel so guilty right now. Anyway, I’ll see you again soon. Free dinner, remember?”

“You bet! I’m bringing Jungkookie along too if you don’t mind!” Taehyung grinned as he wrapped an arm over Jungkook’s shoulders and pulled the boy close.

“No problem! I’ll see you guys soon, yeah!” Namjoon mocked a salute before stepping into the elevator.

Taehyung let out a sigh of relief. “Glad he finally came to his senses…”
“Told you that you’re nice and caring. You care for your brother and I loved how much you had helped him,” Jungkook said softly, wrapping his arms around Taehyung’s neck and pulled the guy in for a kiss. The kiss lasted for a few seconds before Taehyung broke away.

“Hey, want to do something crazy?” Taehyung asked, his lips brushing against Jungkook’s.

“Like what?”

“Do you like theme parks?”

Jungkook’s brows furrowed, “What? Um, yeah… Of course!”

Taehyung pulled his phone out to check on the time and date. “It is now 9PM, Friday night. What day is your class next week?”

“Um, Tuesday afternoon… Why? Taehyung, you’re scaring me… What kind of crazy are you talking about?”

“Want to go to Universal Studio?” Taehyung quirked an eyebrow.

“You mean the one in Osaka? Japan?”

“Yeah,” Taehyung looked back at his phone with his thumb tapping on something, scrolling through the screen for a moment before shoving the screen to Jungkook’s face. “Six seats left for 6:30AM flight from Seoul to Osaka! Want to go?”

Jungkook almost choked on air, “Are you kidding me?!”

“No, I’m serious! Let’s grab our passport and a few clothes to last us till Monday and head to the airport! You just need to say yes, baby and I’m one thumb away from booking us two tickets to Osaka,” Taehyung said with a boxy smile spread across his face. “What do you say? Three days in Osaka just us two?”
Jungkook gasped and covered his mouth with his hand. Blinking rapidly, he shot Taehyung a look of disbelief. “I know you’re rich but are you always like this?”

“Yeah, there’s this one time I dragged Jiminie to Hong Kong because I want to eat a good duck meat…” Taehyung answered coolly.

“Oh my God, my boyfriend is crazy. You’re crazy, Kim Taehyung,” Jungkook said and let out a chuckle.

“Crazy for you, baby. So, is that a yes? Be a nice friend and leave the place to Jimin and Hobi-hyung to fuck like bunch of horny bunnies three days straight? And let Jimin pack his stuff in peace before he move in with Hobi-hyung?”

Jungkook giggled, his cheeks turned red. Three days traveling with Taehyung just the two of them was definitely NOT a bad idea at all. “Hell yeah, let’s do it!”

Taehyung pumped his fist into the air in triumph, “That’s my baby boy! Let’s get our stuff ready and make sure to be quiet and not interrupt the other two! Osaka, here we come!” he said and finally pressed the booking button.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading guys! <3

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed that. Follow me on Twitter
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