Jungkook and Jimin are happily dating.

But one day, their life changes when Jimin brings Yoongi (a cat hybrid) to their home.

A hybrid with the fluffiest pair of cat ears, the most gorgeous black tail, the sweetest smile and quite the potty mouth.

Min Yoongi was without a doubt... a pretty little thing.
Chapter Notes

rated for cursing, sexual content & some sensitive topics.

✰ Redamancy (a Latin word) - A love returned in full; an act of loving the one who loves you.

Park Jimin - Age: 26, Human, working as a Vet

Jeon Jungkook - Age: 24, Human, working as a lawyer

Min Yoongi - Age: 28/29, a cat hybrid, homeless

[!] warning: this is a three-way relationship, so if you think that would make you feel uncomfortable, then don't read the story.

top!kook (with both Jimin and Yoongi)
bottom!jimin (with Jungkook), top!jimin (with Yoongi)
bottom!yoongi (with both Jimin and Jungkook)

Bottom Suga is not really common, but it's my guilty pleasure xD

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“Oh, Jimin-ah! You were still here??”

Jimin looked up from his phone and smiled brightly at the woman, which was at the front desk.

“Yes, I had some things to take care of. What about you, Noona? Why are you still here?”
The lady at the reception was in her early 50s, so she could totally pass for an ‘ahjumma’, but Jimin was used to calling her Noona, the woman always smiled whenever he greeted her like that, so it became a habit.

“Someone has to close down this place! And that lucky person happens to be me!”

Jimin could feel that the receptionist’s words were laced with sarcasm. It was already 6pm, it was Winter, there was snow, it was freaking cold and the poor woman lived far away. She had to catch the bus and she wasn’t a fan of wearing super thick and warm clothes, so she was probably going to freeze to death.

“Um… I can lock up the clinic today. If you want to?”

Jimin didn’t sound very confident when he offered that. Mrs. Yang was a perfectionist and even though it was obvious that she was very eager to go home, Jimin wasn’t sure she would easily agree. It was just a suggestion, but the woman’s eyes instantly lit up upon hearing it.

“Oh my, Jiminnie! Really??”

“Yeah, it’s no problem really. I’m not in a hurry and the two of us are the only ones left here. Dr. Song left about half an hour ago and everybody else left at around 5pm.”

Jimin had barely finished his sentence when he saw how the woman quickly got up from her chair, turned off her laptop and put on her coat in a hurry.

“You’re a life-savior, Jimin-ah! I will treat you a coffee tomorrow!” Mrs. Yang chirped, as she patted the boy’s shoulder, who simply smiled in response.

“It’s okay, Noona. You don’t have to-”

There was suddenly a finger, placed on his lips to shut him up.

“I’ll add a muffin as well! I know how much you love sweets! See you tomorrow, my Angel!”

Jimin laughed when the woman referred to him as an angel and waved his hand as a goodbye. He looked at the desk and saw the keys, which he had to use. He grabbed them and headed towards the front door. He has locked up the clinic a few times before, so it really wasn’t a big deal, but a warm coffee and something sweet sounded really good, so he was gladly going to accept them.
Jimin loved working at the clinic, it’s been over two years since he joined the team. He was the youngest doctor there, but the others treated him as an equal, with respect and helping animals has always made him happy. It was his dream job, really.

He walked outside, his body slightly shivering because of the cold air, but he was going to be home soon, so it was okay. He locked the door and headed towards his car, which he had parked in a near-by alley. He preferred taking the bus, especially when the weather wasn’t good, because he didn’t feel like driving on icy streets, but using his car meant he would get home much faster and he preferred driving in poor weather instead of waiting for the bus.

His car was just a few steps ahead of him when he suddenly heard a loud noise, it sounded like someone had just fallen down. He looked around, the alley was pretty dark, but he could see a silhouette thanks to the street lamp. At first the noise which was made, made him believe it was an animal, which had crashed into the trash bins after running or something, but the silhouette definitely belonged to a human and Jimin’s assumption was confirmed when he heard a voice.

“Damn it! There was no need for the stupid fucker to chase after me!”

The person was now walking right towards Jimin and even though the rather crude language surprised the boy, his lips parted in amazement when he could clearly see the other, who was actually… not a human.

Jimin had heard a lot about hybrids, but he had never seen one in real life, so he couldn’t tear his eyes away from the black-haired creature. Hybrids looked pretty much like humans, the only difference was that they had a pair of cute, fluffy-looking ears and a tail. The most common kind of hybrids were cat and dog hybrids, though there were many other kinds as well.

The other was approaching and Jimin couldn’t move at all, his eyes shifted from the black ears and the tail, towards the boy’s rosy cheeks which had definitely changed their color because of the cold weather and then towards the other’s attire – he wasn’t even wearing a coat, but he wasn’t shivering at all and finally Jimin’s eyes fell on the hybrid’s hand, which was covered in blood.

“What the fuck are you looking at?”

The voice startled Jimin who looked at the other’s face and locked eyes with the rather sharp and cold-looking ones.

“Y-your hand…”

Jimin mumbled, not knowing why his voice gave in. The other boy didn’t say anything and just narrowed his eyes at him.
It’s a cat-hybrid…

Jimin self-noted, star-struck by the hybrid who just huffed, puffs of air leaving his red lips due to the low temperature.

The other started walking again, brushing past Jimin, whose hands reacted faster than his brain and he grabbed the hybrid’s arm before he could leave.

“What the hell do you want??” The hybrid spat and he even looked angry now, almost ready to punch Jimin in the face if he didn’t let go of him right that instant.

“I-I’m a vet!” He blurted out and unknowingly a smile appeared on his face.

“Do I look like I care??” The hybrid asked, his patience close to reaching its limit.

“My clinic is close-by and I, uh… I can treat your hand?” The statement definitely sounded more like a question and Jimin noticed how the hybrid gave him a once-over, he was now giving him a skeptical look.

“Like I would believe that… you look like a high-schooler.”

Jimin didn’t find that offending, a lot of people had told him that he looked quite young, but he was already 26, so being compared to a student didn’t feel that nice anymore.

Jimin shoved his left hand in his pocket, while he was still holding onto the hybrid with his other hand and took out his ID card, so he could show it to the other.

“I’m not lying. See?”

He showed the card to the hybrid who leaned over, so he could read what was written on it. “Park Jimin, a vet at Cheonguk Animal Clinic?” The hybrid read out-loud and the human in front of him nodded his head.

“Yes! There’s even a picture! That’s me!” Jimin pointed to the photo on the ID card and then at his face. The hybrid seemed convinced now, but something told Jimin that the other still wouldn’t come to the clinic with him. “The wound… it might get infected if it’s not cleaned and treated properly.” Jimin didn’t even know why he was trying so hard… Well, it was just his nature – to help others. He couldn’t turn his eyes away from someone in need when he could do something to help them and there was something about this hybrid… Jimin couldn’t put it into words. He just
wanted to help him, no matter what.

“Huuh, fine then.”

Jimin couldn’t believe his ears when the hybrid agreed to go with him and he stood still, which seemed to annoy the black-haired boy who slightly kicked the human’s leg, making him snap out of his trance.

“Are we going or what???”

“Oh, y-yeah. Follow me.”

“How did this happen?” Jimin asked, as he started cleaning the wound.

The hybrid who had been looking around the room until now, faced the other boy, who appeared to be really focused on treating his injury. “I fell.”

It was a simple reply, a way too simple. It was an answer, which gave Jimin no information at all.

“I could tell that. But why did you fall?”

“It happens.” Once again, a very-short and meaningless answer. The hybrid had no intention to say anything else, but the human boy had stilled his actions and was waiting for a proper explanation, so the cat-like person sighed and gave in. “I was running.” He thought that was enough, more than enough, he was sure that human didn’t even care, why was he so persistent about getting an answer anyway? The so-called vet was still looking at him, curiosity and concern written on his face. Or maybe the human was just a good actor, the hybrid didn’t know, but he wanted to get this over with, so he decided to spill the beans. “I was hungry, I walked into a shop and I tried to steal food, but the owner saw me and started chasing after me. That old prick gave up a way too soon, but I just continued running, I wanted to be as far away as possible from the shop.”

There, I said everything. Is he happy now?

The hybrid wondered and to his surprise he saw something like worry flash through the other’s eyes. Why? Was he worried that he was helping a criminal? Technically, the creature didn’t steal anything, but he was about to and that made him a potential criminal, so-
Jimin left the hybrid’s side and rummaged through his bag. He soon found what he was looking for and took out a small packet of fish crackers. He handed them over to the hybrid, who frowned upon receiving them.

“Just because I’m a cat, that doesn’t mean I like fish.” Dumbass. The hybrid wanted to add, but somehow he decided to refrain himself from offending the other.

“Oh… these crackers are just my favorite and I always carry a packet around with me. But if you don’t want-”

Before Jimin could finish what he was saying, the hybrid quickly snatched the crackers from his hands and opened the packet. The other instantly shoved a handful of tiny fish crackers into his mouth, while staring at Jimin, it looked like he was afraid that the vet would want to get his food back, but the human just smiled slightly and returned to his work.

“What is your name?” Jimin asked, as he continued cleaning the wound on the other’s hand.

The reply did not come right away, but that was simply because the hybrid’s mouth was full of food, which he had to swallow first before answering. “Min Yoongi.” He said after a few seconds and the human just hummed in response.

“How old are you?” The boy questioned, as he inspected the now clean wound. The cut wasn’t deep, it was going to heal fast.

“28.”

The answer made Jimin look up and get a proper look at the other’s face. He looked young, his skin was flawless and so white. Just now, Jimin noticed how fair the other’s complexion was.

“Wow, really?? You’re my Hyung then. You’re two years older than me.”

“Yeah, I guess… whatever.”

Yoongi replied nonchalantly and looked away from the other’s brown orbs, which were intensely staring at him. That vet was a way too nice, offering to clean his wound, giving him food… Yoongi was not used to kindness from humans. Well, only in the past few years. It wasn’t always like that. He had a home once, a long time ago and now… he was just a stray cat. No, even worse – he was a stray cat-hybrid. People took in cats, but hybrids… they were a different story.
“Y-yah! What the heck are you doing?!” Yoongi hissed in pain, when he felt something cold touch his hand. “It stings!”

Jimin was startled, because of the other’s yelp, he didn’t mean to hurt the hybrid. “S-sorry, I was just applying some medicine. It will sting only for a few seconds. I promise.”

Yoongi followed the human’s every move now, he wanted to know what exactly the other was doing. Jimin soon finished applying the ointment on his wound and started wrapping a bandage around his hand. The vet’s touches were gentle, he did everything with care.

“Hmm… this doesn’t look that bad. I’m not very good at bandaging, but I think I did a decent job.” Jimin commented when he was done, he was kind of proud of his work.

“Isn’t this part of your job?” Yoongi asked when the human finally let go of his hand and he got a closer look at the bandage, which was indeed wrapped nicely around his hand – it wasn’t too tight, but it wasn’t loose either.

“Yeah, but there are nurses as well. They help with these things. Nurse Lee is the best one! But she works with Dr. Song, while I usually work with nurse Jung.”

“There are other vets here?” Yoongi asked, as he once again started looking around.

“Ah, yeah. But not right now. We are done for today. There are five vets including me and five nurses, Mrs. Yang who works at the reception desk, Mr. Kim – our guard and Mrs. Kang who cleans. They are all really nice, working with them is great and-”

“You’re quite talkative, aren’t you?” Yoongi cut in, making the boy shut up right away.

“Sorry…”

“And you apologize about everything. You should work on those things.” Yoongi usually spoke like this, he was used to being honest, he didn’t hold back and was usually rather harsh. But right now he hadn’t said something that could be labeled as insulting or anything of the sort, so why was the human looking at him with those big eyes, filled with sadness?

“I wasn’t scolding you or something. You can talk as much as you want… I guess. But apologize only when you have done something bad.” Yoongi wasn’t really good when it came to such talks, so he could only hope that whatever he was trying to convey was received properly by the now smiling vet, who was once again staring at Yoongi, almost making him feel uncomfortable because of the attention he was receiving. “What? You haven’t seen a hybrid before?”
“I have… on pictures or on the Net. I’ve never actually been close to a hybrid before and it was my first time touching one as well!”

He sure sounds excited… what is there to be so happy about? I’m just a homeless hybrid… He is probably used to seeing well-dressed or well-mannered hybrids. That’s what the media shows all the time, so shouldn’t he look disappointed that he stumbled upon someone like me?

Jimin was now curiously looking at him and it took Yoongi a while to realize that the human was actually eyeing his neck.

“What now?” He asked, trying to sound annoyed when he was actually intrigued.

“You don’t have a collar.” Jimin commented and the hybrid made a disgusted expression.

“Fuck no! Of course I don’t have something like that!”

The human’s eyes widened a bit because of the F word and Yoongi was about to correct himself when the vet actually laughed.

“Do you usually curse that much?”

“Even more… I’m trying my best to be considerate here…”

Jimin once again laughed, this hybrid was just wow.

“I just thought that hybrids wear collars.” The human boy added, as he took the now empty packet of fish crackers and threw it in the bin next to his desk.

The snack disappeared rather quickly, Hyung must have been really hungry.

“Maybe before, but not anymore. I’ve never worn a collar in my life.” Yoongi usually did not like sharing things about him, especially with strangers, but the words somehow rolled off his tongue effortlessly. Jimin had a strange aura, but not in a bad way, Yoongi found the other’s presence nice, it had a calming effect.

“I see. Well, it’s already rather late. Do you want me to drive you home?” Jimin inquired, as he put on his coat once again. He had taken it off, so he could properly move around and treat the
hybrid’s wound.

“There’s no need.” Yoongi replied, as he got up from the chair where he was sitting. He was grateful to the human, maybe he should say a ‘Thank you.’ before leaving? That was totally not his style, but he couldn’t just leave like that. “Hey, I-”

“Can I at least walk you off to the bus station? Or you live around the area?” Jimin interrupted, not wanting to let the other roam the streets in the cold weather, all alone.

“I… don’t live here. I mean-” How should he say this? And did he even have to explain himself to this human? Yoongi could just walk away without saying anything, like he always did whenever someone tried to talk to him. But he had even followed Jimin to the clinic, to his office, he told him his name, he was fed and taken care of and fine, he wasn’t going to lie. “My home is in Daegu.”

*Home*… that’s not what Yoongi wanted to say, he didn’t have a home, not anymore.

“Whaaaaat?!?!?”

Yoongi put his hands over his ears, trying to shield them from Jimin’s loud voice. “Yah! Don’t scream! I have a super fine hearing, okay?! Shit, that high-pitched yell went straight to my brain!”

Jimin mumbled an apology under his breath, sheepishly smiling as he glanced at the hybrid and Yoongi found himself unable to look away from those big, beautiful eyes.

*Ugh… humans are so damn weird.*

Yoongi groaned in his head, it has been a while since he had to deal with someone from the human kind, which he was not very fond of, but somehow…

Park Jimin didn’t seem that bad.
I don't know how this fic happened, honestly... the ideas always hit me when I'm about to fall asleep lol

Yoongi is a top for me, HOWEVER he's also a cute, little thing and cat!yoongi is my kink! No judging, okay? haha & my heart craves for a whiny bottom suga from time to time, so... here it is <3

Jungkook will make an appearance next time and there will be more information about the hybrids in the future ^^
Yoongi still had it hard to comprehend the situation…. Why in the world was he in an animal clinic out of all places, sharing his life story with a human whom he barely knew a thing about??
“Hyung, Daegu is so far away from Seoul! How did you get here?!” Jimin realized he sounded frantic, but he just couldn’t believe that the older was so far away from home.

Yoongi was once again about to complain about the other’s loud voice, but the ‘Hyung’ part kind of made him forget about his hurting ears, even his hands couldn’t do much to shield him from the noise, because of his sharp hearing.

“What? Are you from Seoul?”

“No… I’m from Busan.”

Yoongi rolled his eyes, the vet was being dramatic over nothing. “Busan is even further away from Seoul, you dummy.”

*Dummy…* why did Yoongi use that word? Shithead, asshole, idiot, jackass… there were much more insulting words. Dummy actually sounded kind of nice, something you would say to your friend, a close one without offending him, because he would know what you were trying to fool around.

“Well, yeah. But I’ve lived here for over 7 years. But you… what are you doing in this big city, all alone?”

Okay, the talk had finally reached *that* part. “I don’t think it’s really hard to guess…”

The words made Jimin purse his lips in thought, going over the facts – it was Winter, but Yoongi wasn’t wearing a coat, he said he was hungry and almost stole food, getting hurt in the process and his home was far away from here… which meant-

“Hyung, you ran away from home?! What… are you five?? Nobody does that anymore!”

There was disbelief written all over the younger’s face, but the accusation finally made Yoongi snap. He raised his non-bandaged hand and poked Jimin in the chest with two of his fingers. In any other case, he would have actually punched the person who was pissing him off, but somehow hurting Jimin sounded even worse than staying on the streets with an empty stomach for weeks.

“Don’t act like you fucking know me! Do you think I wanted to leave?? So I could roam the streets for over a year?! I would have stayed, but I had no other option! I couldn’t continue living there when-”

*Nope,* there was no way Yoongi was going to share everything with a complete stranger, no matter
how nice he was, no matter how much Yoongi enjoyed the feeling of having someone to actually care about him.

“A year? Oh god, why-”

Jimin’s eyes widened to a new extend when the hybrid headed towards the door, he was about to run away and even though Yoongi’s moves were quite swift, Jimin was much faster and he stood in front of the other before he could leave the clinic.

“Move it.”

The tone was kind of threatening, but Jimin refused to budge. “No, where are you going to go?? It’s so cold outside!”

“What do you care? I can do whatever I want!!”

Jimin was taken aback by the outburst. Sure, Yoongi was right. He was old enough to do whatever he wanted and Jimin was a nobody to him, he couldn’t say a thing if the hybrid wanted to leave and slam the door in his face, but how could Jimin let him go when he knew that the older had nowhere to go?

“I can take you to my place?”

Jimin once again spoke before thinking, but he somehow didn’t regret his words. That sounded like the most logical thing in his head at the moment.

“What? Why would you do that? I’m not a charity case, Park Jimin. Letting me in your home for a few days is not-”

“No! That’s not what I meant, not for just a few days…”

Yoongi had said his name for the first time, but it sounded so formal, the older could just call him Jimin, but now the hybrid looked simply confused.

“Y-you have nowhere to go, right?” Jimin tried to explain, trying his best to select his words carefully, so no misunderstandings would arise. “There’s a guest room in my apartment and you can come, you can use it, live there. I- We can take care of you, Hyung.”

“We?”
Right… there was this tiny, little detail. Jimin wasn’t living alone and Jungkook was probably going to be mad at him for doing something like that behind his back, inviting someone to their home, to live with them, but Jimin knew Jungkook better than anyone else… he was going to accept this, probably.

“Um… I am sharing an apartment with my boyfriend – Jungkook.” Jimin admitted and saw how Yoongi’s expression changed slightly.

“Boyfriend, huh? And what is this Jungkook going to say about all of this??”

Yoongi’s tone was challenging, he thought that Jimin was saying absurd things. The younger was living with someone else and he was going to bring over Yoongi to their shared home? Yoongi… a nobody? A stray cat-hybrid… what were the chances, really?

“He will surely be surprised at first, but… he’s going to agree, I think so. I’ll just explain everything later to him when he gets home and-”

“You think? Do you want me to tell you what’s really going to happen?? I could come with you and I could have my hopes up, believing that I have finally found myself a home. But that dream is going to last only for a few hours until your boyfriend arrives home. You two will fight and you’ll probably try to prove your point, which by the way I have no fucking clue what is and he’ll throw me one look – that will be enough to make him kick me out. So, let’s save each other from all that trouble and part ways right now.”

Yoongi spat quickly, analyzing the situation beforehand, it was clear what would happen if he went with Jimin. Yoongi was neither naïve nor stupid, he knew how cruel the world was, how deceiving humans could be, their bright smiles and kind gestures could mean nothing, he knew that and yet… he really wanted to believe that Jimin was sincere, he didn’t look like a bad person. A warm home with someone to take care of him… it sounded too good and Yoongi knew that when things sounded so good, they were not going to happen.

However when Yoongi tried to walk past Jimin once again, the other boy was still refusing to budge from his place and the younger suddenly grabbed his hand, which was still pointing at his chest.

“I… I mean it, Hyung. You can stay, Kook will agree. Trust me, I know him better than anyone else. Please, come with me.”

Yoongi was conflicted. He really wanted to leave, he really wanted to and yet that’s the last thing he wanted. Because once he walked out he would go back to being a homeless hybrid, rather lonely at that if you ask him. Yoongi was not very sentimental and he was not a child either, he could take
care of himself, that’s how he managed to survive on the streets all alone for over a year, but the vet’s offer really did sound tempting.

*He’s even holding my hand…*

Yoongi mentally noted, as he glanced at their connected hands and then he looked at Jimin’s face. The human boy was staring at him with those big, pleasing eyes and *okay*, maybe that made Yoongi feel kind of nice, knowing that someone wanted to take him in. Those words were truly the most ridiculous thing he had heard in the past year and trust him, he has been through a lot.

But what did he have to lose? A few hours of his *oh, so precious* time? He had nothing to do anyway, nowhere to go, what was the worst that could happen? He could only get to spend some time with a roof above his head and who knows, maybe he could get a proper meal?

A very tempting offer indeed…

“*Hyung*?” Jimin called out again, he didn’t want to push the other, he wanted Yoongi to make the decision on his own and he did look like he was contemplating what to do.

“*Fine*…” Yoongi muttered under his breath and for a second Jimin thought that he had imagined hearing that before the older added something. “*But if you take me somewhere weird… I swear, I’m going to kick your ass and-***”

Yoongi’s speech was abruptly cut short when Jimin suddenly started laughing, puzzling Yoongi to no end. There was definitely something wrong with that human, the hybrid concluded in his head.

“What?? Why are you laughing??”

“*Hyyung, you’re so tiny! I doubt you can hurt anyone!***” Jimin said between laughs and a scowl appeared on Yoongi’s face upon hearing that.

“What did you say?! We’re practically the same height! Hey! Are you listening to me?? Where are you dragging me towards now??” Yoongi questioned, as they made their way out of Jimin’s office, the vet still holding onto his hand.

“*Home.*”

Jimin simply said and Yoongi repeated the answer in his head a few times.
Jungkook only managed to take off his shoes, when a pair of lips attacked his. He smiled into the kiss, as he wrapped his arms around his boyfriend’s waist, bringing his body closer to his, enjoying his warmth.

Jimin let out a sigh of content, as Jungkook started running his hand up and down his spine, while still kissing him feverishly. Jimin’s lips were like a drug, they were so damn soft and plump, Jungkook could spend hours savoring them, but they also needed air to breathe, so he didn’t complain when Jimin broke the kiss and just stared at him.

“What a greeting.” Jungkook snickered in response, making Jimin slightly punch him in the shoulder, but he felt only warmth spread in his chest, because of the fact that the older had been waiting for him. “You missed me that much, huh?” Another punch, harder one this time, but it only made Jungkook’s smile bigger. “Okay, jokes aside… what’s wrong?” The boy asked, as he slightly pulled away, so he could properly look at Jimin’s face.

“You kiss me like this only when something’s wrong.” Jungkook clarified and saw how the ends of Jimin’s mouth curled up into a smile.

“You know me too well.” The older commented, as he rested his forehead against Jungkook’s, who just hummed in reply. “You can’t freak out, okay?”

That only made Jungkook loosen his grip around the other’s body completely and look weirdly at Jimin. “Hyung… just by hearing you say that, I’m already about to freak out.”

Jimin sniggled in response and landed a quick kiss on his boyfriend’s lips before starting the serious talk. “I know that I should’ve asked you first and it’s too late now, but-” Jimin paused for a second and studied Jungkook’s expression. He looked kind of lost, honestly if Jimin was in his place, he was probably going to be perplexed as well, but the look in the boy’s eyes was reassuring him that he was willing to listen, so Jimin continued. “I’m sure you’ll get along, with time- I mean… I hope you will and-”
Now Jungkook was even more confused, what was Jimin talking about? Get along… with who?

“Hyung, stop going around in circles. Just tell me.” Jungkook was seriously starting to get worried. The fact that Jimin wasn’t even letting him get inside properly was disturbing enough. They were still in the hallway and when Jungkook tried to walk further inside the apartment, the older stopped him.

“I brought someone home.” Jimin blurted out then and Jungkook raised an eyebrow at him.

“A friend?”

“Uh… yes. But… it’s more complicated.”

Jimin was now chewing on his bottom lip and Jungkook knew the other did that only when he was deeply nervous and anxious about something.

Jimin brought someone over? Okay, Jungkook just had to see for himself what was so special about that person and why he turned his boyfriend into a stuttering mess. So he brushed past Jimin who didn’t stop him this time and he walked straight towards the living room. If they had a guest over, he assumed he would find the said person there and he did, only… it wasn’t really a human.

Jungkook had barely set his foot into the living room when he completely froze. No, it was not his first time seeing a hybrid, the ears and the tail were not something shocking nor was the fact that the hybrid was staring right at him with narrowed eyes. What shook him and made him halt his moves was the fact that there was actually a freaking hybrid in his house, on his couch!

“Park Jimiiin!!!!” He yelled, now completely freaking out, only to find his boyfriend by his side, looking at him at apologetic eyes.

Jimin had seen this coming. It’s not like Jungkook hated animals, he really liked them and he was really proud of the fact that Jimin saved their lives daily, but he was definitely not fond of the idea of having a pet. Jimin had brought it up a few times, constantly saying that puppies are cute whenever they passed by them on the street or when he excitedly showed some kitty videos to Jungkook on his phone. Jimin never pushed further, he knew how busy the both of them are and having a pet meant that they needed time to take care of it and sadly, time was a luxury to them. But it was different with hybrids. Jungkook wouldn’t mind that much, right? Hybrids could take care of themselves. Sure, there would be some extra expenses for clothes and food, but they had money, they could handle this, they could… keep Yoongi, right?

“What the fuck, man?! Why the hell did you just yell??” Yoongi grumbled and was now glaring at
the newcomer. He saw how the other’s expression changed, had Yoongi already blown up his chance?

Jungkook’s mouth just hung open, all of this was too much for his brain to process. “Did he just-oh my god! We just met and the first thing he did was to curse at me!”

Jimin looked a bit scandalized for a second as well, but he decided to ignore the hybrid’s choice of words and turn to Jungkook instead. “Kook, I can explain. Really.” He said and the younger’s head snapped towards him.

“I’m all ears then.”

“Okay.” Jimin took in a deep breath before he started speaking. “Everything was like every other day. I had just finished work and I left the clinic when I heard some noises in the alley and that’s where I found him.” Jimin’s eyes shifted to Yoongi and Jungkook looked at the hybrid for a few seconds as well, before his boyfriend proceeded. “He was cold and he was hurt, so I took him to the clinic and helped him.”

Jungkook smiled a bit at that, just now he noticed the bandage around the hybrid’s hand. Of course, Jimin, his Jimin wouldn’t pass by like most people without helping. It was not only because Jimin was a vet and he loved animals, he was just really kind, kinder than anyone Jungkook had ever met in his entire life.

“And then I offered to bring him home and he said he doesn’t have one. He wanted to leave, but gosh it’s Winter, I couldn’t let him roam around the streets like that when he has nowhere to go, so I brought him home with me and I thought that, you know… that we could keep him…” Jimin mumbled and hung his head low.

That last part came out as a mere whisper, but Jungkook heard the other nevertheless. Take him in for a day or two to keep him away from the cold… okay. But to actually keep the hybrid, to let him live with them…

“Hyung.” Jungkook began, as he grabbed Jimin’s chin, making him face him. “We’ve talked about this, we’re not capable of taking care of a pet and-” Jungkook glanced at the hybrid, which was still glaring at him and he cleared his throat before returning his attention to his boyfriend. “Hybrids are no different, we don’t even know much about them. Just because they’re partly human, it doesn’t mean they don’t require care and-”

“We have a guest room, he can use it!”

Jungkook could see the desperation in the older’s eyes, it looked like he really wanted to keep the hybrid, but Jungkook knew that now was the only chance he would get to… get rid of the being on
his couch, otherwise Jimin really wouldn’t be able to let go of him.

“Hyung… you’ve spent like what, a few hours with him? He seems old enough to take care of himself, I’m sure he doesn’t need us to~” Jungkook stopped talking when he saw the hurt look in his boyfriend’s eyes. God, Jimin was already attached, but… what about the hybrid? “You didn’t feed him, right?”

“What?” Jimin questioned, as he tilted his head to the side in confusion and in any other case, Jungkook would’ve leaned in and kissed him, because *fuck* Park Jimin was the definition of adorable, but they were discussing something serious at the moment.

“Hybrids are like most animals, Hyung. Even though they are partly human, if you show them any type of affection or feed them, *especially* feed them, they will get attached and it will be hard to make them go away. So… you didn’t feed him, right?” Jungkook repeated with hopefulness in his voice, but when he didn’t get a reply, he started feeling uneasy. “Hyung?”

Jimin simply raised two of his fingers in surrender and mouthed the word ‘*Sorry.*’ When he and Yoongi arrived at the apartment, Jimin was starving, so he made himself a sandwich and the hybrid was more than glad to join him for a meal.

“Twice?? You gave him food twice already??”

Jimin smiled sheepishly, knowing that Jungkook was close to giving in now. “He was hungry, I couldn’t help it. Let’s keep him, hm? Please, Kook. Can you agree, for me?”

Jungkook was so damn weak when it came to Jimin, he didn’t have the heart to refuse him anything and believe it or not, he has walked in and out of many pet stores, almost buying a dog or something just to surprise and please his dear boyfriend, but his rational mind always took over in the end and he left the stores empty-handed. However, the hybrid was already at their house and by the looks of it… he wasn’t going anywhere.

“I… I’ll think about it.” Jungkook saw how Jimin’s face instantly brightened up upon hearing that. “It’s just… I’m really tired and I want to shower. Maybe, we can talk about this later, tomorrow?” Jungkook suggested and Jimin furiously nodded his head in agreement.

“Are you hungry? Do you want dinner?” Jimin asked, his voice was now filled with excitement, because Jungkook didn’t even look angry, just a bit too tired.

“No, I already ate with Hoseok-hyung. He made a scene again, saying how lonely he is and that he wanted to treat me a meal, so I couldn’t say no.”
“And did he actually treat you this time?” Jimin’s voice was laced with amusement, maybe that’s why Jungkook looked even more exhausted than usual, spending time with Jung Hoseok required a lot of energy.

“Of course not.” Jungkook huffed, as he recalled how he even had to call a cab for the older, because he drank two bottles of soju and couldn’t even walk properly after that. “He’s such a trickster!”

Jimin chuckled and pressed a peck on Jungkook’s lips to ease him down a bit. “It’s your fault for getting tricked every time. But you know that Hyung means no harm, right? He just doesn’t want—"

“To get back to an empty apartment with no one by his side. Yes, I know.”

Jungkook finished off and sighed. Hoseok was a great person and a true friend, but he didn’t have any luck with relationships and he has been single for over two years. He always told Jungkook how he wanted to date again, but never found the time or the right person.

“Next time he wants to hang out and you’re tired, just give me a call. I’ll come and try my best to entertain him, while you can doze off on a chair next to us. How does that sound?”

“Perfect.”

Jimin always came up with rather helpful ideas quickly and Jungkook could only be grateful for that.

“Anyway, you can go and take a shower, there’s warm water.”

Jungkook hummed in response and his eyes shifted towards the hybrid, who was keeping quiet. The human finally got a proper look at the other and realized that he was a cat-hybrid.

*His ears look fluffy.*

Jungkook almost smiled at the thought, but then he locked eyes with the hybrid and he was sure that the black-haired male was ready to curse at him again, so he turned his head away and looked back at Jimin.

“He…” Jungkook began and smacked his lips before continuing, he really hoped he won’t be regretting this later. “He can use the guest room for tonight, I guess…” He trailed off at the end, uncertainty evident in his voice, but Jimin still smiled at his words.
“Thank you.”

The older of the two said and simply stared at Jungkook’s retreating back, the boy headed straight towards the bathroom without even preparing a change of clothes, Jimin would just have to choose something and leave it in the bathroom later. Although he did enjoy seeing a practically naked Jungkook walking around the house with nothing, but a towel around his waist, it was Winter and it was rather warm in their apartment thanks to the air con, but Jimin still couldn’t risk it, he couldn’t let Jungkook get sick.

“Jimin.”

After hearing his name, Jimin felt a thug at his sleeve and he turned around. Yoongi was standing right next to him and it was obvious that he had been waiting for Jungkook to leave, so he could approach Jimin.

The hybrid used a rather soft voice to say his name this time and that pleasantly surprised Jimin, but Yoongi’s ears were slumped, his tail was swaying left and right and he looked kind of… embarrassed?

“I, uh… I know it’s not the right time for this but… I’m hungry, again.”

Yoongi was looking at the floor, gnawing on his bottom lip, waiting for the other to say something and honestly… Jimin had never seen a cuter thing in his life!

_Gosh… I really want to keep him._

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Chapter End Notes

It’s just the second chapter, but boy...

Park Jimin is already whipped! haha
Fear not! There will be a Yoonkook interaction next time! *_*

* this is going to be a rather long fic with a slow build, just so you know xD

Get well soon, Namjoon! >.<
In the morning, Yoongi found himself in the kitchen. His legs just guided him. He usually had a trouble waking up, but he finally spend the night on a comfortable bed and slept rather soundly and when he opened his eyes in the morning, the scent of freshly prepared food invaded his nostrils and
he quickly got up.

He followed the source of the delicious aroma and seconds later, he was already in the kitchen. Jimin was there, his back turned to Yoongi and he was humming a song, while pouring some juice into a glass.

The tune was nice, relaxing, Jimin had a beautiful voice and even though the human was just mumbling under his breath, Yoongi heard him loud and clear, thanks to his sharp hearing.

But he just stood at the door of the kitchen, unmoving, simply following Jimin with his eyes. It felt nice to wake up in the presence of another person, in a warm home, in his own bed. Not under some bridge, or a bench in a park, or near the trash where he sadly had to sleep many times.

So Yoongi just stared, not daring to say anything, because he was afraid that all of this was just a dream, that if he opened his mouth, the beautiful dream would be shattered to pieces, Jimin would disappear and he would find himself on the street.

But just then, the human boy turned around and smiled brightly upon seeing him. Yoongi couldn’t help mentally noting that a smiling Jimin shone as bright as the sun, if not more.

“Good morning, Hyung!”

Jimin greeted as he set two glasses filled with juice on the table and motioned for Yoongi to sit down.

Yoongi wasn’t used to this – someone greeting him in the morning, smiling at him, looking at him with warm eyes. He was used to receiving a cold, piercing gaze, harsh words and-

“Hyung!”

The hybrid snapped out of his trance and looked at the human, who had settled down on one of the chairs.

“Come on, I’m hungry. Sit down, so we can eat!”

Yoongi slowly strode towards the table and sat across of Jimin, who sighed in relief and grabbed a sandwich right away, stuffing his mouth with it.

“I- dithj-” Jimin paused for a few seconds, so he could gulp down the food in his mouth and smiled
sheepishly. “Sorry, I’m always like this when I’m hungry. Anyway, I didn’t know what you would like so I prepared a few types of sandwiches, there are fruits and orange juice, but if you don’t like it, there’s also a bottle of-”

“You waited for me?” Yoongi interrupted then, making Jimin stop with his rant, the hybrid had eyes, he could see that there was a lot of food on the table and he was so hungry that he could probably eat everything and get a stomachache later, but right now, he couldn’t even touch the food.

“Of course. How could I start eating without you?”

Jimin replied with a smile and Yoongi wondered if the other’s mouth hurt from smiling so much.

“Nobody…” The hybrid started speaking and Jimin put the sandwich down. “Nobody has done this for me before… I always ate alone. Not that I minded though…”

The last part came out as a mere whisper, but Jimin heard it nevertheless and his heart ached when he heard that. Jimin always ate his meals in the presence of other people – his family, his friends and now Jungkook. So of course, he didn’t think twice and waited for the hybrid to wake up and come to the kitchen. Jimin was always hungry whenever he woke up, but he still decided to wait for Yoongi, so they could have their first breakfast together.

“Oh, Hyung… no worries! We’re going to change that! We’re going to eat together as much as we can, okay? Now, dig in!”

Yoongi could feel that he and Jimin were on two different poles – the human was the definition of optimism, while Yoongi always expected the worst, say hello to Mr. Pessimism, but somehow a small smile appeared on his lips, expectations for future shared meals rising up.

He grabbed a sandwich, randomly really and Jimin started cackling right away.

“W-what?” Yoongi asked, a bit taken aback by the boy’s reaction.

“You went straight for the tuna sandwich, Hyung! You do love fish after all!”

Jimin said between laughter and the hybrid rolled his eyes. Yoongi was a cat after all, of course he liked fish. Sue him for that…

He did not say anything though and started eating, filling his empty tummy with a yummy breakfast and just yesterday, he was trying to steal food, but if he hadn’t… maybe he wouldn’t
have ran through that alley, maybe he wouldn’t have fallen down and maybe he wouldn’t have met Jimin. *Oh*, the irony.

“I hope you like the improvised breakfast. Usually, Jungkook prepares it and most of the other meals as well, so I don’t know if I did a good job.”

Jimin commented, Yoongi had just grabbed his second sandwich, the first one disappearing in the speed of light and just now he noticed that it was just the two of them.

*Right... the other human... Jungkook.*

“Where is he?” Yoongi questioned, he had totally forgotten about the other occupant of the apartment.

“He’s working on a really important case, so he had to leave earlier than usual.” Jimin explained, but that puzzled Yoongi even more.

“A case?”

“Yeah, Jungkook is a lawyer.”

Yoongi raised an eyebrow at that, the revelation was indeed unexpected. “He looks kind of young to be a lawyer…”

“Yeah, he’s quite young. He’s two years younger than me. He graduated last summer. The owner of the law firm where he had his internship at, really liked him, so he got hired right away. They call him the ‘Golden Maknae’, because he hasn’t lost a single case ever since he joined the firm!” Jimin exclaimed happily with fondness in his eyes and Yoongi could tell that the vet was very proud of his boyfriend.

“I see. That’s kind of impressive, I guess.”

The hybrid stated, but he realized something. The other human seemed really tired last night, so he and Jimin couldn’t discuss the matter - whether Yoongi could stay or not and if Jungkook had to leave early this morning, then-?

“You didn’t talk, right?” Yoongi questioned, trying his best to mask his nervousness and the vet shook his head in response.
“No, we still haven’t talked. We will, in the afternoon. Everything is going to be alright, don’t worry.”

Yoongi really wanted to believe so, but he couldn’t help feeling uneasy.

It was just… in his nature.

Yoongi was bored, like a lot. Sure, there was a TV in front of him, but he was barely paying attention to the drama that was being broadcasted.

After breakfast, Jimin had to leave for work and left the hybrid alone, which kind of surprised Yoongi, because the human trusted him enough to leave him in his house all alone? What if he stole something or made a mess? He could burn the place down or something, who knows?

Jimin was even kind enough to lend him a pajama last night, but wearing the pants was a bit problematic for Yoongi since he couldn’t move his tail freely. There were actually clothes specially designed for hybrids, because of their tails and thankfully, Yoongi always managed to find a pair of pants after going through the… trash. Go on, judge him. He was homeless for over a year, okay? He did what he had to in order to survive.

Before leaving, Jimin also lent Yoongi a few sets of underwear. Well, that was kinda embarrassing. At least, the vet thought so, because he lent some of his underwear to the hybrid. He couldn’t just take a pair or two from Jungkook’s, because he thought it was right to ask him first, besides… Jungkook was bigger in size, so Jimin thought his briefs would be more appropriate.

And the human practically ran away after that, saying something like ‘I hope they fit you.’. Yoongi wasn’t sure, since Jimin muttered his sentence, as he tied his shoelaces and the hybrid couldn’t even thank the vet before he left in a hurry.

Yoongi had nothing better to do, so he took a shower. He hadn’t taken a proper one in weeks. Sometimes he slept in saunas and he relied on the rain or some isolated place near Han river where he could dip in and clean himself, but it was Winter at the moment, so the last two options were out of the game.

The black haired male let his muscles relax under the hot water, it was nice, refreshing. He took his time in the shower, he wasn’t in a hurry and when he was done, he wrapped a towel around himself and walked out. But then he realized that he had no luggage or anything, just the clothes on his back and he already had the intention to wash them first before putting them back on, but what was he supposed to wear in the meantime?
He walked back to the guest room or should he say his room? Nothing was for certain yet, so he didn’t know how to refer to the room, but to his surprise when he arrived he saw clothes on the bed – a hoodie, ripped jeans, a sweater, two t-shirts, a tank top and a pair of black pants. Judging by the size, they probably belonged to Jimin, the vet had probably left them, while Yoongi was busy washing the dishes. He wanted to be useful in some way, so he asked Jimin to let him take care of that.

Yoongi picked up the jeans and stared at them, he knew they would be uncomfortable, his tail would once again be restricted from much movement, but it couldn’t be helped. His eyes also fell on the white, big sweater and it looked like it would keep him warm, so he picked it up too.

All of that happened hours ago and ever since he got out of the shower and put on some clothes, Yoongi has been sitting on the couch, he took a short nap, but he was still anxious, he was at an unfamiliar place, all alone, so he soon opened his eyes again and… gosh, he really was bored.

His eyes travelled around the living room and he spotted a framed photo next to the large TV, it was a picture of Jimin and Jungkook, smiling while posing with V signs.

They looked happy, Yoongi was sure they are and that once again made him wonder… what in the world was he doing here??

Why did Jimin want to help him so much? Why did the human offered to let him in his own home? Why did-?

Yoongi’s thoughts were interrupted when he heard that the front door was unlocked, so he instantly got up from the couch and headed towards the hallway.

“Jim-!” He was about to say the vet’s name when he saw that the one who had just entered the apartment was no other than Jungkook.

Jimin had not been specific about when he would get home, he hadn’t said anything about his boyfriend either, but Yoongi just assumed that the vet would be the one to get back first.

Jungkook was surprised when the hybrid suddenly appeared, by the looks of it, he probably thought it would be Jimin and Jungkook did not miss the look of disappointment that was now gracing the other’s features.

Their first meeting had not gone well, both of them knew it. Yoongi couldn’t keep his mouth shut and he cursed, while Jungkook never said a thing to him, but it was just the two of them at the moment and the silence was so damn awkward. It was almost suffocating and Jungkook hated
situations like this, so he took in a deep breath before he opened his mouth to speak.

“Hi.” He said, as he took off his coat and hanged it on the hanger next to the door.

Yoongi did not expect the human to speak to him, which was rather dumb now that he thought about it, because of course… they would have to talk to each other sooner or later. They would be living together, probably, if things went well and Jungkook decided not to kick him out.

“H-hi.” Yoongi said after what seemed like an eternity and maybe it was just his imagination, but he could swear that the human smiled slightly in response before passing by him.

The hybrid followed behind and flopped down on the couch, while Jungkook went to the kitchen. Yoongi could hear him open the fridge and it sounded like the other was drinking water.

A minute later, the human walked into the living room and sat on one of the armchairs.

All Jungkook wanted was to get rid of the suit he was wearing and sleep for a few days, the case he was currently working on was exhausting him to no end, but he decided to head towards the living room instead of the bedroom. It seemed like the hybrid has been waiting for someone to come home all day, Jimin probably, not him, but still… Jungkook thought that the black-haired male would like some company.

Yoongi threw a glance in the human’s direction, but averted his eyes right away when he saw that the boy was looking at him.

They were once again engulfed in silence and the black-haired hybrid was starting to feel uncomfortable. They couldn’t even have a proper conversation, how were they supposed to live together?

*When is Jimin coming home??*

Yoongi furrowed his brows when the thought crossed his mind. *Home?* He’s been here for a day and he already referred to the place as *home*?

He usually spent his days walking around the streets, doing nothing in particular and just now he realized why he had been bored all day – simply because he had been waiting for Jimin all day.

Someone was finally showing him kindness and Yoongi did like spending time with the human. Jimin was really different from him, maybe that’s why. Before, Yoongi’s days were the same, he had nothing to look forward to, nobody to talk to, but now there was someone who promised to eat
meals with him as much as he could and that sounded wonderful, especially to someone like Yoongi who had been homeless for over a year.

The hybrid was lost in his thoughts, but he wasn’t the only one.

The first thing that Jungkook noticed was the sweater, it belonged to Jimin, but it fit the black-haired male perfectly. Just now Jungkook realized that his boyfriend and the hybrid were pretty much the same size, he really didn’t get a proper look at the other yesterday.

The ears and the tail still did make an impression, but the contrast between the hybrid’s fair complexion and his black hair caught Jungkook’s eye even more. Jimin’s skin color was darker and so was his, he got tanned rather easily and he hated that, but it looked like the hybrid had never been exposed to any sunlight.

The hybrid’s lips were rather thin, nothing like Jimin’s plump ones. But they were really rosy and their curve really made the hybrid look like a cat. Jungkook was more of dog person, but he has always adored black cats. Don’t ask him why, he just did. The poor, small creatures had no fault that they had been born with that color, why did people have to avoid them and think that they brought bad luck?

Whenever Jungkook saw a black cat on the street, he always petted it and gave it food if he had some. Those animals were just misunderstood, they also deserved love and affection and while other people avoided black cats, Jungkook always tried his best to show the tiny animals that they were not different from the others and that someone also cared about them.

So maybe, he had misunderstood the hybrid as well. Sure, he did curse at him yesterday, was avoiding his eyes at the moment and was not talking to him, but Jimin did say that the black-haired male had been alone for a long time, so maybe he just didn’t know how to act around people, since he had spent a lot of time on his own.

The silence was killing him anyway, so Jungkook decided to make the first step.

“Are you always like this?”

This day was full of surprises. Yoongi thought that he was hallucinating and that the other was by no means talking to him, but when he turned his head in the human’s direction, he was staring right at him.

“Like what?”

Jungkook didn’t know how to say it, so he simply pointed at Yoongi’s tail and his ears and the
hybrid huffed in annoyance.

“Are *you* always like this??”

“Like what?”

“Brainless?”

Jungkook opened and closed his mouth, once again at a loss of words. *He always talks back…* “I was just curious.” Jungkook said, as he pursed his lips. He wasn’t really good when it came to interacting with new people, so maybe his question really was dumb, but his mind was blank at the moment and the question just slipped past his lips.

Yoongi could see that the other really didn’t mean any harm by his words. It was a stupid question in general, but maybe the human simply didn’t know much about hybrids. Jimin seemed to be like that as well and he was a vet.

“I was born like this.” Yoongi said then, because the human was trying to get along with him, so replying to him properly, was the least Yoongi could do. “So, yes. The ears and the tail… I’m used to them. Why? Do you think it’s weird?”

Jungkook seriously didn’t expect the hybrid to answer his question. “No, no. It’s just- I don’t know, doesn’t the tail get in the way?”

“Like I said, I’m used to it.”

Jungkook hummed in response, glad that his question at least led them somewhere – the hybrid was now looking at him as well and he seemed willing to talk.

“Jiminnie told me your name is Yoongi.” Jungkook remarked and the hybrid nodded his head in confirmation. “How old are you?” Jungkook asked and he could see that the hybrid sighed, almost in frustration?

“ Took you long enough to ask, *brat*. I’m 28, soon turning 29.”

The human boy’s widened when he heard that. Jimin had referred to the hybrid as ‘*Hyung*’, but he didn’t expect their age difference to be that big. “Whaaat?? No way!!”

Yoongi clicked his tongue in response, he certainly looked his age and yet Jimin was surprised
when he had heard the number as well. “The disrespect, I swear and what’s with the ‘Jiminnie’, isn’t Jimin older than you??”

“It’s just a pet name.”

That made the hybrid scrunch up his nose, it was hard to digest the information. *A pet name for your lover??* “Damn… you humans are so fucking weird.” Yoongi said in disbelief, not minding his language at all, but Jungkook did not seem offended.

“You’re a human as well.”

“Only partly, thanks god.”

The hybrid’s response made Jungkook chuckle and Yoongi liked the sound, it was just as rich as Jimin’s rather addicting laughter and the boy looked even younger like this – his lips stretched into a smile, wrinkles at the outer corner of the eyes, showing that his smile was genuine and spontaneous.

*Maybe this human isn’t that bad… if Jimin is with him, if he makes Jimin happy, then he must be a good human.*

Jungkook noticed that the bandage around the hybrid’s hand was rather loose, it looked like he had bandaged it himself. Hadn’t Jimin done it for him?

“Um, your hand…” Jungkook trailed off and saw how the hybrid hid the said hand behind his back.

“Oh, yeah… I took a shower, so I took off the bandage and found a new one in one of the drawers in the kitchen.”

“Is there a cut?”

“Hm? Yeah, a small one. Why?”

“I bet you didn’t even apply ointment on the wound and just wrapped the bandage around your hand. Am I right or am I right?”

Jungkook’s words were on point and that kind of irritated Yoongi a bit. It wasn’t a big deal, the cut wasn’t even deep, he had dealt with much worse injuries than this, it was not his first time falling
down, while running away from an angry store owner.

The human suddenly got up from the armchair and disappeared into his shared bedroom with Jimin. Yoongi was wondering why Jungkook suddenly went there, but the confusion disappeared when a few seconds later the boy came back with a first aid kit. Instead of sitting on the armchair again, Jungkook sat on the couch right next to him and Yoongi was a bit startled by the proximity.

“Give it here.”

“G-give what??”

“Your hand.”

Yoongi hesitated for a while, but Jungkook was staring at him, waiting, a determined look in his eyes and the hybrid realized that there was no point in hiding his hand, the human had already seen the mess he had made anyway, so he showed it to Jungkook, who grabbed it carefully.

Yoongi noted that Jungkook’s hand was much bigger than Jimin’s and he removed the old bandage in a clumsy way, he struggled with applying the ointment as well, it was obvious that he had never done something like this before, but he seemed to be trying his best, biting his lower lip in concentration, carefully applying some medicine on the tiny wound on Yoongi’s hand.

There was uncertainty in the boy’s actions, but he definitely treated the older’s hand with care, just like Jimin had done the previous day.

“Okay, this looks kind of weird…” Jungkook pointed out after he finished wrapping the new bandage around Yoongi’s hand. “But it’s definitely better than what you had done, so… Besides, it’s my first time doing this! Just so you know…”

It was a miracle that Jungkook even knew where the first aid kit was, since Jimin was always the one who used it.

Yoongi examined his hand and indeed, for a first try, it was pretty good. Maybe Jungkook was just good at everything and aced it right away? (I can’t relate lol)

Since they were sitting so close, the hybrid took notice of the human’s rather tired expression. Jungkook had left the apartment early in the morning and he didn’t even changed himself into more comfortable clothes when he got home and was still wearing a suit. That did make him look a bit more mature, he was a lawyer after all, so of course he had a dress code to follow at his work place.
Instead of going to the bedroom to sleep for a while, Jungkook had stayed in the living room with him, maybe he had seen right through Yoongi and knew that the hybrid didn’t want to be left alone?

He even initiated a conversation with him and fixed the bandage around his hand.

All of this made Yoongi come to the conclusion that Jungkook was truly…

A good human.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the first Yoonkook interaction! It’s not much, but at least… we’ve got some progress! *-* hehe

I swear… Jimin turns into a heart eyes emoji whenever he’s next to Yoongi! >o<
Later that day when Jimin got home, he was welcomed by a heartwarming sight or at least for him it totally was.
Jungkook and Yoongi were sitting on the couch, though a bit far from each other and they seemed immersed in whatever they were watching on the TV, but that was only at first glance.

Jungkook was indeed into the show that was being broadcasted, but it was different for the hybrid.

“Seriously, this is so dumb.” He said for the nth time in the past five minutes. “Let’s change the channel.”

“No, it’s interesting.”

The human replied and Yoongi rolled his eyes, because of the answer. They’ve been watching this random cooking show for the past 30 minutes and sure, it wasn’t that bad, but all the black-haired hybrid’s eyes could see was food, food, food. And it was starting to affect him badly. Yoongi did eat around lunch, but it’s been a few hours since then and the meat that was being grilled in front of his eyes made his mouth water, so yep the channel totally had to be changed.

The hybrid was about to complain again, but he heard some movements behind his back and turned around.

“Jimin!”

He exclaimed when he saw that the vet was walking towards the couch with a big smile on his face, as usual. Upon hearing the name Jungkook tore his eyes away from the screen as well, but he couldn’t even properly see his boyfriend, because the hybrid was blocking his view with his back and Jungkook surely didn’t miss the swaying of the older’s tail, because what the hell?

*I thought only dogs do that when they are happy to see another of their kind, a human they like or their owner… maybe it’s because he’s a hybrid? Are they really that different?*

Jungkook wondered, once again fascinated by the creature before his eyes and it was obvious that Yoongi was already attached to Jimin as well, who was Jungkook to separate them at this point?

“That, you two. What are you doing?” Jimin asked, as he reached the couch and took off his scarf, leaving it on the armchair next to him.

“That’s Jungkook is just torturing me.”

The hybrid grumbled under his breath and Jimin shifted his eyes towards the youngest in the room who shook his head in response.
“I haven’t done anything!” Jungkook tried to defend himself when Jimin looked at him.

“How many fucking times do I have to ask you to change the channel, huh??” Yoongi snarled, as he also looked at the boy and honestly, Jungkook felt wronged.

“I asked you why, okay? You didn’t give me any arguments to justify your demand so I-”

Jimin tried his best to suppress his laughter, sometimes Jungkook spoke as if he was still at the court. The vet could guess why the hybrid wanted the channel to be switched – Jimin briefly glanced at the TV and saw that the two were watching a cooking program, which probably made Yoongi hungry, but Jimin already knew that the older was shy when it came to admitting that he wanted to eat, because he really did feel hunger quite a lot, but the human though it was normal, since the hybrid has been living on the streets for over a year, it was obvious that he hadn’t been eating much and that he starved most of the time.

“Stubborn brat. Can’t you just do what an elder tells you to??”

Jimin continued silently watching the exchange between the two and in the end he couldn’t hold it in and started laughing. Both Jungkook and Yoongi froze and once again turned their attention to the newcomer.

“What?”

They asked in union and that just made Jimin laugh harder.

“It’s just… you two seem to be getting along pretty well.”

Jungkook tilted his head in confusion, while Yoongi looked at Jimin in disbelief.

“You’re bickering like old friends, it’s funny to watch you, really.”

The vet further explained, but the other the two still couldn’t get it. Jimin was well aware of how bad Jungkook was when it came to interacting with new people, it always took a lot of effort for him to make new friends, to break out of his shell and feel comfortable with the other person. He could guess it was the same for the hybrid, who seemed pretty closed-off due to the life he has been leading, especially in the past year. It was a given that Yoongi wasn’t the type who opened up quickly, it was certainly going to take a while until he started freely talking about himself.
“Anyway… you look tired, Hyung. It’s barely 7pm, are you feeling sleepy already?”

“Well… a bit. I did take a short nap in the afternoon, but-”

“How short?”

Jungkook interrupted and Yoongi tried his best to bite back the harsh comment, which was threatening to leave his lips.

“I don’t know… about 3 hours?”

“You call that a short nap?” Jungkook snorted in response, there were some nights at which he slept only 4-5 hours, because he was up to his eyes, working on a case. So calling a 2-3 hour nap, short, just sounded ridiculous to him.

“It could be labeled as short, Kook.” Jimin replied instead of the hybrid. “Hyung is a kitty after all, so it’s normal for him to feel sleepy most of the time.”

The vet said with a blinding smile and Yoongi almost choked on his spit, because what the fuck did Jimin just call him??

*Ki-kitty?? He called me a kitty??? What the-??*

“A cat! I’m a cat, Jimin!!”

“Yeah, right. That’s exactly what I said.” Jimin said, completely unaware of the Yoongi’s inner turmoil and looked at the youngest in the room. “Do you think we could talk now?” He asked the younger boy, as he glanced at the hybrid as well and Jungkook got the hint.

“Sure.” He answered and got up from the couch, but not before handing the remote control to Yoongi who looked at him in confusion. “Here, you can change the channel now.”

“Yah!!” Yoongi yelled after Jungkook who just snickered and followed Jimin to the bedroom.

*Oh, this kid is totally getting on my nerves!*

Yoongi huffed, but still changed the channel and lowered to volume to a minimum, because he was actually anxious. Jimin and Jungkook were going to have the talk, right? The talk, which would
decide his fate… so the hybrid tried his best to focus on the voices of the two boys. Thank god for his great hearing.

“So…”

Jimin said after he closed the door and followed the other with his eyes. Jungkook opened the wardrobe and rummaged through it, looking for something to change into.

“So…”

Jungkook repeated after a while, still unsure what to choose. Jimin got tired of the younger’s pondering, so he approached the wardrobe as well and took out a black hoodie and grey sweatpants. He threw them on the bed and helped Jungkook take off his tie, Jimin knew how much the younger hated wearing them, he always complained, saying they suffocated him, especially during the summer, but it couldn’t be helped.

“Thank you.”

Jungkook planted a kiss on the older’s alluring lips and Jimin instantly opened his mouth. He slightly tilted his head, giving the younger an even easier access and clutched onto Jungkook’s white dress shirt when the boy deepened the kiss.

Jungkook just wanted to express his gratitude, because without Jimin, he was probably going to stand in front of the wardrobe for at least 10 more minutes and they were supposed to talk, he knew that. But he couldn’t ignore the fact that the older parted his lips for him so easily and was currently holding onto him, letting those quiet whimpers of his which were driving Jungkook crazy.

So ultimately his hand found its way under Jimin’s shirt and the older shuddered under his touch, probably because Jungkook’s hand was too cold or maybe the other’s body was too hot, since he had been wearing a coat until not long ago, Jungkook couldn’t be sure, but before he could do something else, his hand got slapped away and the older broke the kiss, while pulling down his shirt.

“Jungkook, we were talking!” Jimin scolded and wiped his lips with his sleeve, trying his best to glare at the younger, who just smiled at him.

“I know, I know.” Jungkook replied, as he stared at Jimin’s ravished lips, so red, so full.

“About Hyung… he can stay, right?”
Right, this was important. Jungkook couldn’t let himself get distracted so easily, but it was so damn hard when he was all alone with the person he loved, in their bedroom.

“You really want to keep him?”

Jungkook questioned, as he tore his eyes away from Jimin. It was for the best, otherwise he wouldn’t be able to concentrate at all and lead a proper conversation.

He decided it was about time he changed his clothes, so he made his way towards the bed and quickly unbuttoned his shirt. He took it off, oblivious to Jimin’s ogling and put on the hoodie, which his boyfriend had chosen for him. He was about to unbuckle his belt when the older grabbed his hand.

Talking to a shirtless or a pantless Jungkook, has always been a task for Jimin. They had to finish their talk first and then the boy could continue with whatever he was doing.

“Yes, I really want Yoongi-hyung to keep living with us. I can’t really explain it, Kook. I just… really want him to stay. I’m aware of the fact that we don’t know much about hybrids, but I think we can take care of him just fine. Don’t you think so?”

Jungkook didn’t know what to say, he had never seen the other so desperate. Sure, Jimin has always wanted them to have a pet, he was really fond of animals, but he has never looked so eager – it looked like it was a life and death situation. Jungkook could tell that Jimin really liked the hybrid and he somehow didn’t want to let Yoongi wander around the streets as well, but he couldn’t pinpoint the exact reason either.

Jimin was totally smitten, that was for sure and it’s been just a day. Jungkook was sure that his boyfriend and the hybrid would get even closer if Yoongi stayed with them. Fairly speaking, apart from the fact that the black haired creature liked to cuss, Jungkook didn’t really have any problem with the hybrid.

The thought that someone else would live with them, scarred him a bit at first. Even though Yoongi was only partly human, he was still a human being in Jungkook’s eyes and he didn’t even know if he could refer to the older as their pet if they took him in. What does that make Yoongi then? That’s what has been bugging Jungkook all along, not the fact that he didn’t know much about hybrids.

“Jungkook?”

Jungkook was brought out of his trance when he heard his name being called and he looked at Jimin, who was still waiting for him to say something.
“You gave him your favorite sweater…” He mumbled, instead of actually replying to the older’s question.

“Yeah, I did. I just thought it would look on him, because of the contrast. You know, since his hair is black, his ears and tail as well… it’s cute.”

Jungkook couldn’t deny it, the white sweater really did look good on the hybrid.

“You bandaged Hyung’s hand, right?” Jimin commented then and the other nodded his head. “I can tell that you care about him as well, Jungkook. You usually tease only the people you like and you don’t seem uncomfortable around Hyung. I’m not imagining things, right?”

Jimin was right and that still puzzled Jungkook, because it usually took him weeks to get used to someone’s presence, to feel comfortable enough to let his guard down and joke with the other person, but he didn’t seem to be having that problem when it came to the black-haired hybrid.

“Legally speaking-”

A loopy grin appeared on Jimin’s lips. Jungkook avoided answering only when he had nothing to deny, so moving to another topic rather than admitting was always easier for him, but Jimin already knew that.

“I know that we haven’t bought him, but I know the rules – if a hybrid stays homeless for a year, then he doesn’t have an owner. Yoongi-hyung doesn’t belong to anyone, not anymore. He has no one, Kook… only us.”

That was true, according to the law, Yoongi’s last owner no longer had the right to claim him back even if he found him. Neither of the two were doubting the hybrid’s words, because Jimin told him that the fact that Yoongi had been homeless for over a year, just slipped from the black-haired male’s lips, it wasn’t intentional and he did try to leave after that.

“Alright, he can stay with us.”

Jungkook said and he was rewarded with a big smile from the other.

“Thank you, thank youuu!!!”

Jimin practically squealed and Jungkook smiled as well. It wasn’t that hard to make the decision,
not when he thought about the rather sleepy hybrid in their living room or the happiness, which was radiating from Jimin at the moment. Things were probably going to work out just fine or at least Jungkook hoped so.

“I love you so much, Kook!! Thank you, really!!”

“I love you-”

Before Jungkook could say it back, Jimin was already out of the room, definitely running towards the hybrid to inform him about their decision, about Jungkook’s approval.

Yoongi has been going around in circles for the past 20 minutes. Seriously, those two were taking longer than expected and they appeared to be busy with other things as well, judging by the kissing sounds, which the hybrid heard not long ago. Jimin and Jungkook were not speaking loudly and Yoongi didn’t want to go to the door, so he could easily eavesdrop and as a result he has been walking around the living room like a mad man.

Suddenly the door of the bedroom was opened and a happy-looking Jimin came out. He spotted the hybrid right away and enveloped him in a bone-crushing hug.

Everything happened so fast that Yoongi didn’t know how to react, so he just froze and let Jimin hug the shit out of him.

“Jungkook agreed, Hyung!! You can stay with us!!”

Yoongi opened his mouth to say something, but he couldn’t speak. This was real, right?? He had finally found a home? Was he dreaming?? If he was, he wished the dream could go on forever, he didn’t want to wake up.

“You are ours now, Hyung! We’re going to take care of you, I promise!”

Yours...

Yoongi chanted in his head, that somehow sounded nice.

Later that night, the hybrid finally understood what Jimin meant by ‘improvised meals’ and
‘Jungkook’s meals are on another level’, because he tried the boy’s cooking for the first time for dinner.

All of them were hungry and Jungkook said he would prepare something quickly. He cooked Budae Jjigae, which wasn’t anything special. It was also known the Army Stew, because you could use whatever ingredients you had, it didn’t cost much to prepare, it didn’t take much time either and the people in the army in Korea often ate it.

But when Yoongi tasted it, he could say right away that it was the most delicious thing he had ever eaten. Maybe it was simply, because he hadn’t been eating properly in the past year, but seriously, the soup was too good and he ate two servings, he wanted more, but he was already full.

Yoongi ate silently and didn’t compliment Jungkook on his cooking, though from the corner of his eyes he could see that the younger was looking at him, probably waiting for a praise or something.

At one point, Jimin put some of his sausages in the hybrid’s bowl, because he noticed that they disappeared rather fast and he saw the small, content smile on Yoongi’s face.

It was their first meal together, Jimin and Jungkook shared how their day had went and Yoongi just listened to them, humming in response from time to time, he didn’t say much, but he felt like there was no need to, no one was pressuring him to talk and the hybrid was grateful for that.

It was surely, a very pleasant dinner.

“Hyung, seriously… stop it.” Jungkook was this close to kicking the other’s leg under the table. He expected some outrageous reaction from the older, but he could never be prepared for the phenomenon called Jung Hoseok.

“I’m sorry, but-” Hoseok’s stomach was starting to hurt from so much laughing, Jungkook always managed to surprise him with something. “This is too funny!!”

“It’s not! Will you stop laughing like a maniac?? People are looking at us!”

Jungkook whined, as he looked around. They were currently in the cafeteria of their law firm, trying to have lunch or at least Jungkook was trying, but right after they settled down, he told his Sunbae about Yoongi and Hoseok has been laughing ever since.
Jungkook met Jung Hoseok about two years ago when he started his internship at the law firm, the older was one of the first people who approached him and told him he would always help him with whatever he can, so he could ask him questions any time.

Hoseok was a walking sunshine with an easy-going personality, but he was an amazing lawyer. He changed into a completely different person once he stepped into the court.

When Jungkook met the older, Hoseok was going through some difficult time, because he had just broken up with his girlfriend. Well, she was the one who broke up with him and that totally shattered Hoseok’s big, yet fragile heart to pieces. He didn’t talk much about her, but Jungkook could tell that the older was still not over her, even after all this time, so he never refused when Hoseok asked him to hang out after work, it was understandable because the older often got lonely.

“So… you’re telling me that when you got home a few days ago, there was a hybrid on your couch?” Hoseok asked after he calmed down, he hadn’t laughed that hard in a long time.

“Yes.”

“And Jimin wanted to keep him and now he’s living with you?”

Jungkook nodded his head in confirmation and the older pursed his lips in thought.

“That’s a bit… weird.”

Hoseok said after a while and that made Jungkook put down his chopsticks and grab his coffee instead. It was in the middle of the day, but with their job… the caffeine was never enough.


“Of course, I know. But with hybrids, it’s different.”

“That’s what I tried to explain to him as well, they still need care and-”

“No, I mean… it’s different.”

“What are you trying to say?”
Hoseok simply gave Jungkook a once-over, wondering if the boy really didn’t know what he was trying to say, but then again… this was Jungkook, he could be quite dense. “Kook-ah, don’t tell me you don’t know why people buy hybrids?”

“Um… because they find them interesting? I don’t know.” Jungkook tried to guess, but the grimace on Hoseok’s face told him that he wasn’t right.

“No, Jungkook. Hybrids are called human pets for a reason.” The boy still looked oblivious and that made Hoseok sigh. He realized there is no other way, than to be completely direct. “Sex. This is what most people use hybrids for - to have sex with them.”

Jungkook instantly spit out his coffee.

“Whaat???” The younger shrieked and received more looks from the people around. “Hyung, you can’t just say something like this in the cafeteria!!”

Hoseok just shrugged his shoulders, completely unfazed by the theme of the conversation. “I’m serious. That’s why I said it’s weird that Jimin wants to keep him, even though he just found him and didn’t buy him. Wait- I bet he doesn’t know about this either.”

The older concluded then and Jungkook couldn’t agree more. It was obvious why Jimin was so persistent and Jungkook let the hybrid stay with them for the same reasons. Even though the whole thing was a bit sudden, there was no way he could kick Yoongi out, besides… so far the black haired male hadn’t caused any problems.

“Of course he doesn’t know about that. We both don’t know much about hybrids in general.” Jungkook said and handed over the salt to Hoseok. He always nagged and told the older to cut down on the amount of salt he consumed, but the other never listened. “I mean, Hyung said he just took him home because he had nowhere to go and he got attached right away. I wasn’t that opposed of the idea to have him live with us, so I gave in.”

“Him?” That part certainly intrigued Hoseok the most.

“Yeah, it’s a male. A cat.”

“Damn, you’re lucky.”

The older’s statement confused Jungkook a bit, but it wasn’t the first time. Hoseok’s words usually… did not make much sense.
“What?”

“I’ve heard that males are much more sensitive, responsive and submissive. A cat, huh? He must be a cutie. I bet he’ll be easy to train as well.”

Jungkook abruptly got up from his chair and slammed his hands on the table, startling the other with the action. “Hyung! You’re not listening to me as always!”

Yoongi was their hybrid, just that. There was no way he or Jimin could do something sexually related with the black-haired cat. That was out of the question, totally. They were just a kind couple who took in a homeless hybrid, nothing more.

Jungkook simply lost his appetite and had no intention to listen to Hoseok’s absurd words any longer, but he couldn’t leave the conversation at that. “Jimin-hyung and I…” Jungkook began, as he scanned the cafeteria and saw that no one was looking in their direction any more, but still decided to lower his voice. “Our sexual life is pretty much perfect, just so you know.”

“Cheeky brat. There’s no need not brag, especially to a single man like me.”

“I-I’m not bragging! I’m just trying to prove my point! Besides… what? Easy to train?? That’s long overdue! Sensitive and submissive?? Our hybrid is anything, but those!”

Hoseok couldn’t help the smirk, which appeared on his face. Jungkook probably didn’t even realize that he referred to the hybrid, which had been living with him and Jimin for only a few days as ‘our’, it was surprising how quickly he started calling the cat-man like that.

“Why?” Hoseok asked just for fun, he was enjoying Jungkook’s distress a bit too much.

“He has no mouth filter, he curses like there’s no tomorrow!”

Hoseok almost fell out of his chair, because of too much laughing and Jungkook couldn’t take this any longer, so he walked out of the cafeteria with an empty stomach. If he knew his Sunbae was going to react like this to the news, he wasn’t going to mention anything about Yoongi at all.

But it was too late now and Hoseok was definitely going to keep saying weird stuff for weeks.

However, the things Hoseok told him made Jungkook think about something. Jimin explained to him that Yoongi had run away from home, but before the hybrid said another word, he shut up and wanted to leave the clinic before Jimin stopped him.
Jungkook hadn’t given the matter much thought before, but now he couldn’t help wondering…

Why did Yoongi run away from home?

Chapter End Notes

Jungkook is going to be quite the brat in this story... He's going to tease Yoongi to no end, especially during sex haha But, there's still some time until they reach that stage xD

Anyway, Min Kitty is no longer homeless! yay

& thank you so much for the 200 kudos! <3 hehe
alien

Chapter Notes

Beware... a wild Taehyung appears! haha
& 300 kuds! Thank you so much!!! ^-^

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“You seem awfully happy today. Not that you’re not smiling 24/7 anyway, but today it’s just wow. What happened?”

Jimin’s smile just got bigger, was he being that obvious? “Jungkook and I got a hybrid.”

Taehyung choked on his coffee, thinking that his best friend was joking, but the disgusting grin on Jimin’s face told him he has dead serious. “What? Why? I mean, I thought your relationship with Jungkook was great.” He asked, wiping his mouth with a napkin which the other had given him. Even at this age, Taehyung was able to make a mess within seconds, especially when he was eating.

Jimin raised an eyebrow, because of his friend’s words. “Yeah, we’re doing just fine.”

“Then why in the world did you get a hybrid??”

“Your question is dumb, Tae. You know how much I adore animals and that I’ve always wanted a pet. Well, Hyung is a hybrid, so he’s not really a pet, but still…” Jimin mumbled, still not entirely sure how to address Yoongi.

“Hyung? He’s older than us?”

“Yeah, by two years! He’s a cat hybrid and he has been staying with us for a week now! He’s really tiny and cute and he sleeps most of the time, just like a cat!” Jimin was now almost jumping up and down, he was a way too excited just talking about his hybrid. “Our guest room is always empty, so we let Yoongi-hyung use it.”

Taehyung massaged his temples, this was starting to give him a headache. “A week… and I’m hearing about this now…” Taehyung was actually offended, but Jimin’s sheepish smile and sincere ‘Sorry.’ kind of made him forget about the fact that he had been kept in the dark for entire seven days. He has been quite busy and so was Jimin, so they couldn’t meet until now but they still texted each other every single day and his friend never ever mentioned a thing about a hybrid, but alright - hearing it directly from Jimin was better than reading it off from the phone screen. “A hybrid…” Taehyung repeated under his breath and Jimin bobbed his head up and down, confirming once again. “Don’t you- Huh, you really seem not to know. Didn’t they explain you everything? The people from the place where you bought him?”

“Oh, we didn’t buy him. I found him.” Jimin cut in and Taehyung gave him a weird look right away. “Don’t look at me like that. I might not know much about hybrids, but I know that if a hybrid stays homeless for over a year, then he could be taken in, without any papers being signed.”
“Yeah, that’s true. But… you really don’t know??”

“Know what, Taehyung? If you have something to say, just do it.” Sometimes Jimin hated how his friend talked in circles, without getting to the point.

“From what I’ve heard… and trust me, those rumors are not groundless… most people buy hybrids to sleep with them.”

Taehyung had seen the reaction coming, Jimin was just rapidly blinking at him, his mouth slightly agape and it looked like he wanted to say something, but he couldn’t formulate a coherent sentence.

“What? You wanted me to be straightforward.” Taehyung added and shrugged his shoulders innocently, after saying such an outrageous thing.

“H-how can you say something like this?!” Looks like Jimin was finally able to find his voice, though it did betray him in the beginning. “Are you crazy?? No, wait. Don’t answer that. I’m pretty sure we had a conversation about that years ago and we came to the conclusion that you’re not exactly normal.”

Taehyung rolled his eyes in response, but he didn’t find his friend’s words insulting, not at all. “That’s just one of my many charms. Who likes normal people anyway? They are boring.”

Sure, Kim Taehyung was extraordinary, Jimin couldn’t disagree about that. He’s known it right from the start.

The two of them met during the second semester of their first year in university. Jimin was just dragged to a random party by one of his friends and luckily there he met his soon to be best friend. It hasn’t even been that long, but Jimin felt like he had known the other his whole life. The two of them just clicked right away, even though they were really different.

Taehyung was outgoing, a free spirit, not exactly a party animal, but he surely liked wilding at least once a week and Jimin totally wasn’t a fan of loud places, but he got used to them over the years. Taehyung was a social butterfly, it was like he knew everybody and everyone knew him, while Jimin wasn’t very good at socializing. Sure, he wasn’t at Jungkook’s level – that boy was a helpless case, but he was definitely not like Taehyung either, who was good at making friends anywhere and at any time.

Their majors were totally different as well. Taehyung also loved animals a lot, but while Jimin was trying his best to become a vet, the other’s dream was to become a fashion designer. A dream, which was slowly turning into a reality. The clothes, which Taehyung created were pieces of Art, unique and original, just like the boy himself. He was still trying to make a name for himself, but there was already a number of celebrities who had their eyes on him and wore his clothes while
walking down the red carpet and during other important events.

Jimin was really proud of his friend, he was finally receiving the attention he deserved and he was sure that Taehyung would soon become a very successful designer, who would receive a lot of love from many people.

“Normal people are not boring, they are just… normal.” Jimin said after a while, making Taehyung chuckle in response.

“Right, right. But back to that hybrid talk…”

Taehyung trailed off and studied the other’s thoughtful expression. It seemed like Jimin was finally starting to take his words seriously, but was still refusing to come to terms with that.

“I… I don’t know, Tae… can we just… not talk about this?”

It had never crossed Jimin’s mind - that there could be such horrible people who would buy hybrids just to take advantage of them in such an awful way. He was truly hoping that Yoongi had never gone through something like that.

“You wanted to talk about something, right? That’s why you wanted to meet up.” Jimin mentioned then, he needed a distraction and Taehyung did tell him over the phone that he wanted to discuss something with him.

“Oh, right! Silly me! You know my head is filled with this and that, I get distracted pretty easily.” Taehyung said with that bashful smile on his face, which Jimin liked a lot. “I need some help. It’s about my new project. I need a model.”

“A model? Why don’t you talk to Seokjin-hyang then? You love working with him.” Jimin offered, as he played with his straw. This strawberry smoothie was a bit too sweet for his taste, but it was good nevertheless.

“Right, Jinnie… he’s in Japan for some show. I think he scored a deal with a famous designer. So he’s not here right now, but that’s not my point. He wasn’t appropriate for the job anyway.”

“Why?” Jimin asked, tilting his head in confusion. Taehyung and Seokjin were one powerful team, so it was a bit surprising to hear that his friend hadn’t even considered using Seokjin for his new project.

“Well, I could always ask some of the models at my agency, but they are all over 180cm… frickin
models! What to expect? Stereotypes everywhere. So, they can’t do the job either, I’m planning on working on something different this time and I need someone like… you.”

Jimin racked his brain for a few seconds, what could that possibly mean? But as he went over what his friend had told him, he quickly connected the dots.

“I’m leaving.” He announced, reaching for his bag, but Taehyung grabbed his hand before that. Damn, it was that death grip, which Taehyung used only when he was desperate, just like at the moment.

“What? But why??”

“You just called me short, Kim Taehyung.” Jimin almost growled in response and tried to get up, but nope he couldn’t budge, Taehyung was refusing to let go.

“I was very subtle about it though?” Taehyung said and saw that Jimin was still giving him an odd look. “Come on, Minnie. Help out your friend?” Taehyung pleaded, but Jimin was still silently looking at him. “Please… Hyung?” Taehyung did not plan to actually beg, but he could see that Jimin’s expression softened a bit at the word ‘Hyung.’, they were just a few months apart, but Taehyung knew that Jimin loved it when he called him like that.

“No.”

Jimin still refused though and Taehyung considered using some aegyo attack on the other, but this was Park Jimin… he was immune to Taehyung’s cutey acts. And okay, if Jimin was going to behave like this, Kim Taehyung wasn’t going to be nice either.

“Oh, come on.” He huffed and released his friend’s hand. “Jungkook calls you short all the time and you still let him fuck you!”

Jimin always wanted to envelop his friend in a hug when he was sulking and was in a bad mood. A pouting Taehyung always looked like a little child, which was seeking protection and Jimin was shocked how easily his friend managed to pull off that sweet and saintly expression after saying something so scandalizing.

“Taehyung! Gosh, I hate you so much sometimes!” Jimin whined and started nervously playing with his sleeves, pulling them down even more so he can hide his hands. This was super embarrassing, especially because Taehyung was saying the truth.

“You love me too much for your own good. I still laugh every time, you know. Whenever I think about the fact that Jungkook thought you and I were dating back then. The looks he was giving
me… I swear, he wanted to skin me alive whenever I got close to you. *Tch*, overprotective bastard.”

Taehyung clicked his tongue, thinking back to all the times he was supposed to be meeting up with Jimin and Jungkook appeared out of nowhere, always observing him like a hawk. He seriously disliked that kid at first, but later on Jungkook opened up a little and Taehyung realized that the younger wasn’t so bad, he was just not good when it came to expressing himself and was simply always on alert when Taehyung was next to Jimin, because they seemed really close. Which they were, of course. They were like brothers, constantly bickering, doing things the other disliked, simply to get on each other’s nerves, but at the end of the day Taehyung would never trade Jimin’s friendship for anything in the world, he treasured it a lot and he knew it was the same for the other.

“Just think about it, okay? The modeling thing, don’t give me a final answer now.” Taehyung spoke, a serious expression gracing his beautiful face and Jimin realized that this meant a lot for his friend, he couldn’t reject him like this.

“Okay, I’ll think about it.”

Jimin stayed at the café, talking with Taehyung for about an hour more before they parted ways. He was glad that the weekend had finally arrived, he has been looking forward to the Saturday, just so he could lazy around at home all day.

Even though Jungkook was not working during the weekends either, he always brought some of his work at home, he was usually busy looking over reports or writing some. The boy was really dedicated to his job and he tried his best every day, he tried too much and too hard if you ask Jimin, but what Jungkook did really was admirable.

Jimin thought he would find his boyfriend and the black-haired hybrid in the living room, but they were actually in the kitchen. Yoongi was stuffing his mouth with Pa Jun and Jungkook was just watching him eat. Jimin was glad that Yoongi felt a bit more comfortable around Jungkook now and at least told him when he was hungry, something which the hybrid was reluctant to bring up at first.

The scallion pancakes, which Jungkook had made really looked yummy, but Jimin already ate at the café with Taehyung, so he restrained himself for reaching towards the plate in front of the hybrid.

Yoongi was too busy chewing his food and just waved at Jimin, acknowledging his presence,
while Jungkook smiled at him.

“Hey, how did it go?”

Jungkook asked, as he pushed a glass of water towards the hybrid. No matter how many times he told him that he was not going to steal his pancakes, Yoongi refused to listen and ate as fast as he could. Jimin was here now as well, so that meant another rival. The hybrid totally hated sharing food, so he wanted to make sure that the delicious meal will disappear as quickly as possible and it will be tasted only by him.

His habit was actually kind of worrisome, eating in such a manner was definitely not healthy and let’s not talk about the big chance that Yoongi could choke to death, while eating. So both Jimin and Jungkook always made sure that there was at least a glass if not a bottle of water next to the hybrid, just in case.

“Tae wants me to model for him.” Jimin sighed, as he sat on the chair next to Jungkook, his words had made the youngest furrow his brows in thought and confusion.

“What? Why?”

“He said he needs someone like me… meaning short.”

Jimin looked a bit dejected, while saying that and Yoongi even stopped munching for a few seconds to stare at him before he glanced at Jungkook and motioned for the younger to say something, simply because the hybrid’s mouth was still full of food and he couldn’t say anything.

“I love your height.” Jungkook confessed then, making the hybrid sigh in relief because of the choice of words. “Even though I do make fun of it all the time.” The human added and Yoongi gave him a ‘What the fuck??’ look.

“Thanks… I’m fine with my height as well.”

It wasn’t like that years ago though. Jimin had always felt depressed when he looked at himself in the mirror, he even stood on his toes just so he could look a bit taller. He wasn’t even that short, but when he stood next to Taehyung or someone else, it just made him feel insecure. He wasn’t feeling comfortable in his own skin and that was the worst feeling ever. Taehyung and Jungkook both threw jokes about his height here and there, but Jimin knew the two had no ill intentions, they were just trying to make him feel a bit more confident about his looks and with time, Jimin learnt to accept himself as he was. 5cm more would have been really nice, but hey ‘You have super plump lips!’, Jungkook would tell him and ‘Your tiny hands are damn adorable!’, Taehyung would add and great, after comparing his hands to his best friend, Jimin just found another thing to dislike about himself. But Jungkook told him that their fingers melded together perfectly, that Jimin’s
hands were just the right size and Jungkook loved them the way they were, so Jimin started thinking that his short and slightly chubby fingers were not that bad.

“I don’t know if I’m going to accept the offer though… it’s quite hectic at the clinic these days and you know that Taehyung is a perfectionist when it comes down to designing clothes, so it’s probably going to take hours and I doubt we would be done after one or two sessions.”

“Right…”

Jungkook was no longer apprehensive when it came to Taehyung. Before, he was always on the edge whenever the boy with sun-kissed skin lingered around Jimin. Jungkook felt like a complete idiot on the day when he found out that the two friends were not an item and with time he realized that Taehyung was simply a skinship maniac, he was literally a koala. If Jimin was out of reach then Jungkook was next in line and he turned into a stuffed toy, which Taehyung hugged while the three of them were watching a horror movie. Taehyung was even the one who chose those movies… seriously, what was wrong with him??

“But I told him I’ll still give it a thought.” Jimin said, while his eyes were glued to the black-haired hybrid. He was wondering how Yoongi could fit not one, but two pancakes at a time in his rather small mouth.

“Good, he’ll get upset otherwise.”

Jimin hummed in response and as he was still eyeing the hybrid, an idea popped inside his head. Yoongi was currently wearing one of Jungkook’s sweatshirts and the sight was simply endearing, because the piece of cloth looked too big on the hybrid. He had even rolled up his sleeves, so he could eat properly without dirtying them and that made Jimin smile. He did not mind sharing his clothes with Yoongi and neither did Jungkook, but wouldn’t it be nicer if the oldest had his own clothes?

“Hyung.” Jimin called out when the hybrid had finally finished gulping down the last bite of his food. “I think we should get you some clothes. What do you say?”

Before Yoongi could open his mouth to respond, Jungkook practically shoved the glass of water in the hybrid’s hands and the black-haired male wordlessly complied by drinking the water and he realized that he had actually needed the liquid a lot, he could breathe easier now. Maybe he really did eat a bit too much at a rather fast pace, ops.

“I think that’s a good idea actually. I’ve been thinking about this for a while as well. Yoongi-hyung needs his own sets of clothes.”

Yoongi was glad that he was no longer eating, because the food was definitely going to get stuck in
his throat. Was he hearing things or was that brat Jeon Jungkook calling him *Hyung* at the moment?

“It’s set then! We’re going shopping!” Jimin chirped, while looking at the hybrid but the older just gave him a puzzled look.

“Wait… you want me to come with you?” Yoongi spoke for the first time, his eyes shifting from Jungkook to Jimin.

“Of course! There are special shops just for hybrids or so I’ve heard… you should choose your clothes, Hyung. U-underwear and stuff like that as well…” Jimin muttered, twirling a strand of his hair with his fingers. He still lent the hybrid his briefs and that was a bit embarrassing for Jimin. Although he and Jungkook shared clothes quite often, even though their sizes were not the same, it was a different story when it came to Jimin’s sacred underwear.

“Are you sure? That you want me to go out with you?” Yoongi questioned, still unsure though Jimin had a point and the hybrid did have the right to choose his own clothes.

“Why not?” Jungkook jumped into the conversation then, not understanding what the problem was.

“My previous owners never let me outside the house.”

Jimin’s face instantly fell once he heard the older’s statement.

*Owners?*

Yoongi had just said owners, right? Not owner…

What did that mean?

Had Yoongi previously lived with two other people just like now? Or what?

Jimin was a bit confused, but he felt giddy because the hybrid had referred to him and Jungkook as his owners. Jimin was still not very comfortable with that term, he really thought of Yoongi as much more than just a pet, but he was with them now and *yeah*, since they had decided to take the black-haired male in, he and Jungkook were technically Yoongi’s owners now.

The hybrid belonged to them and no one could separate them.
But Taehyung’s words from earlier today, echoed in his head and Jimin was engulfed by a dreadful feeling. What if Taehyung was right? What if Yoongi’s previous owners had mistreated him? What if they-?

This was going to keep Jimin awake all night, he had to know the truth.

“Hyung… have you-?”

Jimin’s speech was abruptly cut off when Jungkook grabbed his arm and started dragging him out of the kitchen, leaving a very perplexed Yoongi behind.

Once they reached the living room, Jungkook looked back just to make sure that the hybrid wasn’t following them and he let go of his boyfriend’s arm.

“What was that for??” Jimin inquired, while frowning at the younger. “I was about to ask a very important question!”

“Ssht, lower your voice.” Jungkook warned and Jimin was even more lost now.

“What? Why?”

“Yoongi can hear us.”

It was funny how Jungkook now referred to the hybrid without using honorifics, his voice a mere whisper. But the boy did call Jimin by his name quite often as well and the vet didn’t really mind. Jungkook could be a damn brat at times, but at least he was a lovely brat.

“His hearing really is no joke, so we have to be quiet.”

Jungkook found out that the hybrid was not kidding when he said that he could pick up voices even from a distance. Two days ago, Jungkook and Jimin were about to go to bed and the younger was ranting, saying that the hybrid stayed for too long in the shower and there was never any warm water left after him, he wasn’t even speaking loudly, but suddenly a rather annoyed ‘I can hear you just fine, you stupid brat!! Come say that to my face!!’ came from Yoongi’s room and Jungkook knew he should be careful with his words now.

“Okay… what’s going on??” Jimin questioned, now whispering as well without even knowing why.
“I saw your reaction when the ‘owners part’ came up. I’ve been meaning to talk about this with you, but I didn’t know how to approach the matter. Hoseok-hyung told me some stuff… about hybrids and- and how most people treat them.”

Jimin’s eyes slightly widened… so Jungkook knew? And it was Hoseok who had enlightened him? Fantastic, that just added up to Jimin’s fear that Taehyung’s words were nothing but the truth.

“T-Tae told me some things as well….” Jimin was starting to feel really anxious now, one more reason to go and ask Yoongi right away. “Do you think that Hyung was used in such a way?” Jimin asked Jungkook instead, hoping that the boy would deny that as a possibility and they would forget all about this for good.

“I don’t know… maybe? He ran away from home after all, he must have had a reason to do that.”

The sadness in Jimin’s eyes made Jungkook’s heart ache so much. He hated seeing the older like this - obnoxious thoughts invading his mind, troubling him.

“Look…” Jungkook began, as he cupped the older’s face, knowing that helped him calm down. “We really need to talk about this with Yoongi. We can’t just jump to assumptions without hearing him out first. He needs to tell us his story, but not now. Did you see how happy he was when you offered to take him out? He looked even more excited than when he’s eating, that shows how much he wants to go out. Let’s just take our minds off serious thoughts and have some fun, okay? Let’s not ruin Yoongi’s mood by making him talk about things which will probably make him feel uncomfortable, hm?”

Jimin placed his hands over Jungkook’s and nodded his head. “Okay.” He said, while giggling, making Jungkook tilt his head in a questioning manner.

“What?” The boy asked, glad that the older seemed to be feeling a bit better now. A smiling Jimin was always the most beautiful.

“Nothing… I just once again realized that you really do care about Hyung, a lot.”

Jungkook did not say anything back and just smiled at Jimin, while softly caressing his left cheek with his thumb.

It was true though…

The hybrid had definitely managed to get under Jungkook’s skin in the matter of days.
Maybe it was a bit too early to say this, but…

Jungkook was glad that he had let Yoongi stay with them.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is going to be quite important, because Yoongi will finally share some things from his past with Jungkook and Jimin! ~.

Say hello to designer Tae & model Jin! <3 hehe

Namjoon is the only one who hasn't made an appearance yet. What do you think his role in the story would be?
Hmm... I think you will be surprised xD

smol mochi and his tiny, precious hands! >o<
My dream was to breathe in the outside air.

Some dream of escaping, some choose to stay and obey.
Maybe they’re all just trying their best in the worst situation.

It’s perfect to say this is the worst…♫

* click here to listen to the song.

Yoongi was excited. No, he was actually extremely thrilled.

It was his first time roaming around the streets with someone by his side.

It was definitely much different than from the time when he was homeless. He wasn’t alone at the moment and people weren’t giving him weird looks. Although Yoongi really wanted to go out, he did not want to embarrass Jungkook and Jimin in any way and he refused to leave the apartment before he got properly disguised. The two boys caught on rather quickly though, because Yoongi demanded for a hat or just anything that could hide his ears and he wanted a long coat, so his tail wouldn’t be visible.

A hybrid, walking around the streets with other humans… it was a rare sight, almost non-existent, but even though it was March, the weather these days was rather warm, thus there was no need for a hat or a super long coat or thick jacket, so both Jungkook and Jimin gave the hybrid a skeptical look when they heard his requirements.

Yoongi just huffed and refused to budge, he was dead serious about this, so in the end he ended up with a long, black coat, which belonged to Jungkook and a dark blue beanie from Jimin. The hybrid was satisfied, his cover was perfect, you could really mistake him for a human.

But once they stepped out, Yoongi kind of started regretting his decision, because really… it was still the middle of the day and that damn sun had decided to shine at its finest today. Yoongi hated feeling cold, he barely survived this Winter and had to actually huddle up with other street animals (mostly cats, they seemed to like him which was a given since he was partly one of them as well), but he hated feeling hot much more and they’ve been out for only like 10 minutes? He was already sweating.

There were so many people, laughing, chatting with each other, sitting on benches or jogging, eating in restaurants or fast-food places. Yoongi blamed it all on the weather and the fact that it was Saturday. He wasn’t a fan of crowded places, but he actually enjoyed it this time.

However, as they walked around, they reached a district filled with street food and okay… Yoongi was still full from the pancakes, which Jungkook had made for him, but everything smelled so good. You know those moments when you’re definitely not hungry, but there’s food everywhere
around you and you just start craving for some?

Yoongi was surely experiencing that right now. But they were already out to buy him clothes, Jimin and Jungkook were going to spend money on him and even though he wanted nothing more than to stop and get at least a bite from everything he could set his eyes on, he just continued walking until he bumped into Jungkook’s back.

“Ouh! Yah, why did you just stop walking??” Yoongi scowled and rubbed his nose, he had actually bumped into the other’s back rather harshly. The hybrid was probably the one at fault, because he was daydreaming, but still… it was always easier to blame it on someone else.

“We’re waiting for Jimin-hyung. He’s over there.” Jungkook said, as he pointed in the direction on their left and Yoongi saw that Jimin was at one of the stalls. “He’s buying some Dakkkochi and Eomuk, because someone here has been swallowing thickly for the past five minutes.”

Yoongi did not miss how Jungkook emphasized on the word ‘someone’, it was obvious whom he was referring to. Was Yoongi being that obvious? He really tried his best not to stare too much at the mouthwatering foods that were scattered all around him, but it seems like he wasn’t doing a good job after all.

Well… at least he was once again going to fill up his tummy with delicious food.

That didn’t sound bad, not at all.

Yoongi noticed it instantly - the way the shop assistant looked at him once he took off his coat. The girl seemed surprised and confused, but she kept mum and just continued guiding the trio through the shop.

Of course, many owners of hybrids walked in and out of that particular shop to buy clothes for their hybrids, but seeing one of the said creatures walking side by side with his owners, choosing his own clothes… that was definitely something unusual.

Even though this was a shop specializing in hybrid clothing and accessories, Yoongi was probably one of the first hybrids to set his foot inside and he was sure there wouldn’t be many after him.

He had barely interacted with other hybrids, he did see some on the streets in the past year but he
never approached them. He knew that most of his kind were restricted of going outside and they
probably didn’t mind much. Yoongi however did, especially when he was young. He was curious,
he wanted to explore, but all he got in response was - ‘Sorry, Yoongi-ah... I can’t let you outside.
Who knows? You might not come back...’, like he would have done that.

He had no choice, but to learn how to live behind walls, he never felt like a prisoner, but it would
have been nice if he was not constantly reminded of his rank – he was just a hybrid, a pet and he
was supposed to act like one and never talk back.

Yoongi was hella exhausted after the shopping marathon. He did not expect Jimin and Jungkook to
buy him so many things, he just needed a few sets of clothes, but the vet looked even more excited
than the hybrid himself and picked shirt after shirt, jeans after jeans and Yoongi did not say a thing.
After all, he did like what Jimin had chosen for him. He was kind of worried about the wallets of
the two boys though, he was sure they had spent quite a lot of money. Yoongi had never seen
someone look as joyful as Jimin when the boy left cash at the register.

Both Jungkook and Jimin were still very young, but they already had stable jobs and earned quite a
lot of money. Yoongi got that piece of information from the vet himself on the third day of his
stay. The hybrid had asked out of curiosity and Jimin had told him that the money he and Jungkook
earned were enough to pay their rent, bills, for their meals and other expenses and he was surprised
to hear that Jungkook earned much more money than Jimin, because the law firm he worked at
was quite famous.

Honestly… if not for the suits, which Jungkook wore when he went to work, Yoongi could
absolutely mistake the human for some college kid who played games up until late at night and
always finished his assignments in the last moment (Which is exactly what Jungkook did when he
was still a student.), but Yoongi had seen the lawyer work even at home and he did find that quite
admirable, though he would of course never say that to Jungkook.

Anyway, Kimchi Jigae for dinner – God Bless.

Yoongi tried to eat at a slower pace this time and he realized that he should maybe do that more
often, but it was hard to get rid of that habit when he thought about back then when- No, today was
a good day, a great day, so Yoongi didn’t want his mind to travel back to the days when he couldn’t
put even a grain of rice in his mouth, even though back then… he still had a home.

Yoongi had been through some terrific days, no – weeks in that place and maybe he should have
left sooner, but he couldn’t change the past.

Today he felt happy, it was a strange feeling – to not worry and wonder where to sleep, if he would
eat something today, he wasn’t feeling lonely anymore either. How could he? When Jimin smiled whenever he saw him, when Jungkook made sure that he won’t have even one peaceful moment and annoyed him on purpose or at least Yoongi thought it was intentional, while the human was just trying to get to know him better and he somehow always said something, which made Yoongi snap and utter a few curses under his breath.

So, yes… today was definitely a day to remember. A day on which Yoongi went outside, together with his two owners.

“Thank you.”

Yoongi said when he was done with his meal, catching off guard the two humans which were sitting in front of him. Expressing his feelings, even gratitude, has always been hard for Yoongi, but he just had to say this, he wanted to.

“For what, Hyung?” Jimin asked, voice laced with amazement, because the words came out of nowhere.

“For everything really… this was seriously the best birthday I’ve ever had.”

“What?” Now Jimin thought he was hearing things, what was Yoongi talking about??

“Today is 10th March. Yesterday… it was my birthday.”

Yoongi’s confession managed to make even Jungkook’s eyes grow bigger, while Jimin gaped at the hybrid for a few seconds, until the information finally sank in.

“Hyyyung!!!”

Yoongi winced, because of Jimin’s once again rather loud voice. He was never going to learn his lesson, was he?

“Your birthday was yesterday?? Aaah, you should’ve told us!!!” Jimin wailed frantically, almost freaking out because of the news. Birthdays have always been one of the most important celebrations for him. “We didn’t buy a cake!! Kook, let’s get a cake! Wait, it’s late now. No pasty shop is open at this time. Ugh, no worries. We can bake one, right?? Riight?? No, maybe not… Okay, look-”

Jimin’s rambling was suddenly cut off when Yoongi started laughing, it was a rather soft sound, the older’s eyes almost disappeared and his gums were on full display.
“What the hell?? You should have seen your face!! That was seriously too funny!!”

Yoongi barely managed to say, still laughing freely and wow, okay… now Jungkook knew why his boyfriend always referred to the hybrid as ‘cute’ and Jimin hated how he had missed recording the precious moment, because his phone was recharging in the bedroom.

Oh well… next time then.

The first thing, which Jimin did when he woke up on the next day was to go out and buy a cake. He actually had to wait for a few minutes in front of the shop, because it opened at 9am and he was there before that.

When he went back home, he tried to wake Jungkook up and make him help him with the decorating of the cake, but the younger just rolled to the other side of the bed and completely covered himself with the blankets. There was no way he was going to get up at this hour, on Sunday, absolutely no chance.

Seeing that Jungkook would be of no help at all, Jimin decided he would be able to handle the cake on his own and he was right. It was kind of hard to place all 29 candles on the cake, but he managed and he was also able to fit in a few short messages, which he wrote with a decorating pen.

The cake smelled and looked amazing, so the only thing left was to get the birthday boy and Jungkook, of course.

It was close to 10am now and after a few slight nudges, Jungkook finally lifted his body from the mattress, looking disorientated and sleepy as hell and that made Jimin smile. Waking up Yoongi however was quite the task and Jimin seriously thought that he would literally have to drag the hybrid out of the bed, but when he mentioned the word ‘cake’, Yoongi’s eyes snapped open and he got up on his own.

So here they were now… eating a cake for breakfast on empty stomachs. Probably every child’s dream. Jimin’s mother was so going to kill him if she found out about this, but that wasn’t important. The hybrid had such a big smile on his face before he blew the candles and thankfully, Jimin was prepared this time and he managed to record everything.
A few minutes after that Jungkook mockingly said ‘Wah, someone is turning 30 next year.’ and received a murderous glare from the hybrid, but overall everything was going well, until Yoongi said something, which made Jimin halt all movement.

“I’ve never really celebrated my birthday. Well... I did get a cake a few times, especially when I was growing up, but it didn’t really feel like celebration, you know? It was nothing like this.”

Nothing like this... they weren’t doing anything special – they were just having a very unhealthy breakfast, talking to each other, Jungkook still seemed to be in a daze, Yoongi’s hair was practically a bird nest and Jimin was as lively as usual.

It was a nice atmosphere and Jimin was sure that’s what the hybrid was referring to, not the presents which he received yesterday... Jungkook and Jimin didn’t even know about Yoongi’s birthday, so did the clothes they buy for him even count as birthday presents? As long as Yoongi was content, that’s all which mattered.

But the hybrid’s words once again made Jimin think about the kind of life Yoongi had been leading before he met them, he really didn’t want to ruin the moment, but he couldn’t hold it in anymore, he just had to ask.

“Hyung... yesterday, you said ‘previous owners’. Does that mean you’ve had more than one?”

Both Jungkook and Yoongi paused upon hearing the question, the lawyer had actually seen it coming, he knew Jimin would ask sooner or later, but he didn’t think it would be right now, while the hybrid simply wasn’t expecting the question, but he had no reason to hide.

“Yes, two.”

Yoongi answered almost immediately and Jimin fired his next question right away.

“Can you tell us more about them?”

Jungkook was not good when it came to interacting with people, but he was rather good at observing, he could read body language very well and he saw how Yoongi’s eyes wavered a little, he gulped down nervously and he already looked uncomfortable, this was not going to end well.

“You don’t have to tell us anything.” Jungkook’s comment earned him confused looks from both Jimin and Yoongi. “It’s your life and it was before you met us, so if you don’t want to share it with us... we’ll respect your privacy and we won’t ask you anymore.” Jungkook briefly glanced at his boyfriend and he saw that Jimin was looking at him, disbelief written all over his face. He probably couldn’t figure out why Jungkook was saying these things when both of them were
curious about Yoongi’s past, but Jungkook knew how important it was to predispose the other party if you wanted to actually make them talk. “However, you’re with us now. We took you in and I think we deserve to know more about you, about your origins, previous owners and things like that. But once again… we’ll understand if you don’t want to tell us.”

No, we won’t understand. We really want to know! Jimin wanted to join in, but it finally clicked in his head - what Jungkook was trying to do, so he kept his mouth shut.

It had never crossed Yoongi’s mind… that Jimin and Jungkook would be intrigued by his past, but Jungkook was right – they had the right to know, they had accepted him in their home without asking him any questions.

“I don’t mind telling you…”

Yoongi began and Jimin smiled triumphantly, as he squeezed Jungkook’s hand under the table, because he knew that if not for the boy’s speech, the hybrid probably wouldn’t have decided to open up.

“My first owner’s name was Min Dahye, that’s why my last name is Min as well. She gave me her family name when she bought me. I don’t have clear memory of that moment, because I was really young. She got me directly from the center after all.”

“Center?” Jimin interrupted, seeking explanation for that part.

“Most hybrids, if not all are born in centers. There are some small, some big, it depends on the city. Seoul probably has more than one center. I was born in Daegu, there’s only one there. There are two types of hybrids at the centers – for breeding and for sale. I’ve never met my parents, they were from the first kind. At least my mother gave me a name, before I was taken away from her and luckily, I was proclaimed ‘for sale’ from the moment I was born. It doesn’t sound very nice, but trust me… it’s much better than being kept in a center your whole life for that.”

Jimin had vague memories of reading something about the so-called hybrid centers years ago in a newspaper, but he had just briefly glanced at the article. He couldn’t imagine how it would feel like to grow up without parents, to not even know them, just how lonely must Yoongi have felt as a child? Jimin has always been really close with his parents and he dearly loved his baby brother, who was not a baby anymore since he was at Jungkook’s age. But for Jimin, Jihyun would always be that little kid who followed him everywhere, saying ‘Hyung, please play with me!!’

“Hybrids stay at the centers until a certain age, it depends on the case and after that they are sent to a shop for sale. But there are some people who go to the centers, like Dahye.”

Yoongi continued and Jimin self-noted that he could listen to the hybrid speak for hours, it could
be total gibberish and yet Jimin would stay still and be immersed in whatever Yoongi was saying.

“She was a good woman and she treated me nicely. She wasn’t very talkative and neither was I, maybe that’s why she chose to buy me – because she saw that we were alike, quiet and reserved. She was already rather old when she got me – she was 62 and she didn’t have any children, she told me she had been married in her 20s, but that didn’t last long and she never thought of re-marrying. She had already retired when she bought me and she mostly stayed at home, I guess she just wanted to spend her last years with someone, not alone like she had been for years, she just wanted some company, but she never let me out of the house, she was afraid that I might run away and honestly… I had no reason to do so, but I was never able to change her mind. She taught me how to write and read, I’m really grateful to her for that, most hybrids can’t do even those two simple things, just because their owners really treat them like some pets…”

Jimin released a sigh out of relief when he heard that. So Yoongi did not have a tough childhood and actually lived with an elderly woman who treated him well. That was good, very good.

“She passed away when I was 21 and her death saddened me a lot, she was the one had raised me after all, I had spent my whole life with her. But Dahye’s only relative was her younger sister who was in her late 70s and refused to take me in, nobody could force her. So I was sent back to the center where I spent a few months before-”

Jungkook saw the hesitation in Yoongi’s eyes before the hybrid looked down at the table. So far, he didn’t look that troubled talking about his previous owner who apparently was a good woman, who just didn’t have luck in life and ended up spending her days in solitude, but there was probably something about the hybrid’s next owner…

“But before Jungmin bought me.”

Yoongi let out a deep sigh after he said that and for a second Jungkook thought the story would end there, but he was wrong.

“Kwang Jungmin… a Hyung, six years older than me. He was also kind and I liked living with him. Since we were at a pretty similar age, we had more things to talk about and we had more common interests. He worked at a ticket counter at Daegu’s International Airport and he was mostly out during the day, but sadly he also did not let me leave the house. However, he did feel bad for leaving me on my own all day, so he every night he spent an hour telling me about his day, about the people he had encountered, he had quite interesting stories to share, because he met people from different nationalities every day. He also let me listen to music from his phone at night, I liked that a lot. But two years ago, everything changed…”

Jimin was concerned now. That Jungmin guy did not sound so bad, but Yoongi had run away from him after all, so he must have done something, right?
“What happened two years ago, Hyung?” Jimin asked, as he clenched his fists, fear once again settling in the pit of his stomach, he was starting to feel uneasy.

“Two years ago, Jungmin got fired from his work. There was too much staff or something, he didn’t tell me much. But he adored his job, it was all he had and losing it… that ruined him. During the first week he was like a zombie – he barely slept, I actually had to force him to eat, because he stubbornly had decided to skip meals. I guess that’s what you call the denial stage, he just couldn’t believe that he had been kicked out after working at the airport for eight years. But after that he finally faced the reality and realized that he was jobless. I thought he would get better after that, that he would start looking for another job, but the contrary happened. I could hear him, arguing with his parents over the phone, they kept calling him a failure and he started feeling like one. It just got worse and worse after that. He began drinking, he was rarely sober and he started spending more and more time outside. All the money he had gathered over the years, he spent them on alcohol, on gambling until he had nothing else to stake and started taking loans. I told him many times that he should stop doing these things, that he was ruining himself, but the only response I got was ‘Know your place, Min Yoongi. You can’t tell me what to do.’ and his attitude towards me drastically changed since that day. He acted as if I didn’t exist, as if I wasn’t even there, he ignored me when I tried to talk to him, he disappeared for even longer periods of time, while I was locked up in the apartment with barely anything to eat. There were some terrible weeks when I was left starving for days and when Jungmin came back, after being gone for god knows how long, he just threw me some tiny pieces of food, just so I wouldn’t die from hunger.”

Jimin’s heart ached when he heard that. How could someone treat another being like this? Mistreating them, not caring for their welfare… and now Jimin knew why Yoongi always ate so fast. The hybrid knew that neither he nor Jungkook would take his food away and yet he followed his instinct… the instinct to survive, simply because there was food in front of him now, but who knew what could happen tomorrow?

“I tried to tolerate this for as long as I could.” Yoongi continued and he felt how his throat was getting dry, he wasn’t used to talking for that long, but the two boys were just listening to him without interrupting, so he kept going. “But one day I snapped. I yelled at Jungmin, I told him to get a grip on himself. It was my first time raising my voice at him. I might curse a lot and seem rude, but I do know how to respect those who are older than me.”

When Yoongi said that, he was looking straight at Jungkook who raised an eyebrow at him and mouthed ‘What?’, that kid was so bold. Jungkook could seriously feign innocence at all times.

“But Jungmin was not willing to listen, he no longer cared about me or himself, he was like a time-ticking bomb that could go off any moment and he didn’t like the way I tried to lecture him, so… he slapped me. It wasn’t even that hard, but I still remember it as if happened yesterday. In that moment I thought ‘Ah, there’s really nothing I can do to save this man. So I better just save myself.’, the door was unlocked, Jungmin was just about to go out before our quarrel, so I used my chance. I just started running without thinking about anything else, I knew there would be no turning back, but I didn’t care, I just ran and ran, I don’t even know if Jungmin tried to chase after me. I couldn’t hear anything, I never looked back, I just wanted to get away from there as fast as I could. I didn’t want to stay in Daegu either, so after a few illegal trips with trains, trucks and whatever I could get on, I reached Seoul and I stayed homeless for over a year. It was hard, but I
don’t regret running away. That place was turning into something worse than a prison, at least once I left, I was *free.*”

Yoongi felt like he was talking about someone else’s life, not his. He had never said those things out loud, he had never told anyone, there was simply no one who would listen to his story, who would care enough to ask him what he had gone through, if he was okay.

The world was sometimes a very shitty place.

People say that life throws you only things, which you can overcome, which can make you stronger.

Yoongi has always thought that was complete crap.

Life just wanted to screw you over, that was the reality.

The harsh reality, which made Yoongi realize that sometimes… no matter how hard you tried, things just couldn’t work out in your favor.

Until one day, a warm hand was stretched out to him and helped him get up, without asking for anything in return.

Park Jimin seemed to be one of those people who lived just to make the others happy, a person who always put the others first.

Yoongi had never met someone like that before and even though Jungkook was a disrespectful brat, he was a really good human and the hybrid seriously didn’t know how in the world he ended up with these two by his side, but if that was his chance to finally be happy, Yoongi was more than willing to grab it and never let go.

“I’m so sorry, Hyung… that you had to go through something like this.”

Jimin didn’t know what else to say, he wished he could’ve met Yoongi sooner, so he could have helped him earlier, but that was in the past. What mattered now was that the hybrid now had a home and someone to take care of him, to treat him properly.

Yoongi saw that there was no pity in Jimin’s eyes, just sadness, so the hybrid smiled slightly, trying to reassure the human in some way that he was okay now and he really was.
Jungkook didn’t want to overanalyze Yoongi’s behavior, but he had questioned many suspects and criminals and he could tell when someone was lying or trying to hide something and there was definitely something, which the hybrid was keeping quiet about.

“That’s not everything, right?”

Jungkook’s question made two pairs of eyes look at him,questioningly.

“What?”

Yoongi asked, while Jimin took a sip from his glass. The black-haired male had done all the talking, but Jimin was so nervous while listening to him that he desperately needed that water.

“There’s something, not trivial at all and yet you decided to omit it from your story. What is it?”

The hybrid felt like he was being interrogated by the lawyer at the moment, Jungkook spoke calmly, but he also sounded stern, he sounded so sure that Yoongi was not telling them something and…

The human wasn’t wrong.

The hybrid wasn’t going to mention that part, he really thought it wasn’t necessary to add that to his story…

But he was sure that Jungkook would be able to tell right away if was trying to lie and why did that even cross Yoongi’s mind? To lie… he has always been straightforward and said whatever was on his mind, so why?

“You’re right… it’s true that I skipped one part.”

Yoongi confessed then and sucked in a breath, filling his lungs with much needed air.

Why was it so hard to say it?

Was it because he wondered what Jimin and Jungkook would think?

He certainly did care about their opinion and he knew that tiny, little detail would add another touch to his story.
But he was going to have to tell the two humans anyway, sooner or later.

“Truth is…”

The attention was solely focused on him and Yoongi didn’t want to prolong this any longer, he wanted to say it and get over with it.

“Jungmin and I... over the years, we’ve had sex… many times.”

Upon hearing that, the glass in Jimin’s hand, slipped from his fingers and fell on the floor, shattering to pieces.

So it was true then?

The things, which Taehyung and Hoseok had told them about hybrids…

*Oh, god.*

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**Chapter End Notes**

It's Winter... dress warmly like Min Kitty! >o<
I had planned so many things for this chapter, but it kept getting bigger and bigger, so I decided to end it there xD

I’m adding my own touch to the hybrid’s world, so I hope you like that *_*

I think it’s needless to say that Yoongi’s previous owners are OCs. Most of you thought Namjoon is going to be one of them, but nope xD The only hint I’m going to give you is that Namjoon is not related to Yoongi in any way, so you can keep wondering haha

I did use the real name of Jimin’s brother though, who is a ‘97 liner like Jungkook ~
Thank you so much for the 400+ kudos!! >o<

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Jungkook was the first one to react and he quickly got up from his chair. He instantly grabbed Jimin’s hand, inspecting it for any injuries, but thankfully there were none.

“Are you okay?” He asked, still holding onto the other’s hand.

“Jimin?” Yoongi joined in as well, concerned about the vet, his reaction was a bit unforeseen.

“Hyung, seriously… are you alright??” Jungkook questioned again, as he squeezed Jimin’s hand and the older finally looked up at him, nodding his head in response, almost robotically.

“I’m fine.” Jimin managed to voice out a few seconds later, his eyes briefly glancing in the hybrid’s direction as well. He smiled, reassuring both Jungkook and Yoongi that he was okay. “You can sit down, Kook. I’ll clean up this later.” Jimin looked at the pieces of glass on the floor, glad that nobody got hurt because of his carelessness.

Without another word, Jungkook released his boyfriend’s hand and returned to his chair, but his eyes were still glued to Jimin.

That’s why Yoongi didn’t want to bring up that part… he didn’t know how the two humans would react, but Jimin’s shocked expression still slightly puzzled him.

“Do you find it weird?” The hybrid couldn’t help asking and two heads snapped in his direction. “I mean… you two are guys as well and you’re together. That’s why I never said a thing, but me and Jungmin… do you think it’s strange that we-”

“That’s not it, Hyung.” Jimin interrupted the oldest in the room, confusing the hybrid even more. “It’s just…” Jimin glanced at Jungkook, his eyes silently asking for help and the boy interfered.

“Our friends just told us some things about hybrids – that most people buy them to sleep with them and you ran away from home, so we thought maybe that was the reason and now with what you said…”

Jungkook trailed off and both him and Jimin noticed how Yoongi scrunched up his nose. By now, they knew what that meant. The hybrid always did that whenever he wasn’t pleased with something. Like a few days ago when Jungkook had cooked Bibim guksu and Yoongi made that same face, saying that it was too spicy for his taste, but ate it nevertheless.

“I haven’t even met your friends, but I can tell you that they are dumb.”
The black-haired male’s statement made Jimin whine in protest, while Jungkook let out a short laugh.

“Well, those two are indeed quite odd.”

Jungkook’s words earned him a pinch on the arm by Jimin and a pained ‘Ouch!’ left his lips.

It was true though. Hoseok and Taehyung were two strange birds. Jungkook really liked both of them and treasured their friendship, but keeping up with their antics has always been rather difficult.

Taehyung was already quite peculiar to begin with, but he turned into a walking disaster once he got drunk. He was totally unpredictable, you never knew what he would do.

Jungkook would remember that crazy night for the rest of his life, when they were finally done with exams, Jimin and Taehyung had just finished their third year in university, Jungkook his first one and of course that needed to be celebrated properly.

But as they were walking back to their dorms, a bit after midnight, a very tipsy Taehyung suddenly started taking off his clothes, right in the middle of the street, while yelling ’Kim Taehyung is frickin hot!!’ and Jungkook seriously didn’t know how to react to that, so he stood frozen in place, while he could see how Jimin was desperately trying to make his friend put his clothes back on, but if you ask Jungkook – making Taehyung shut up seemed like a much more urgent thing to take care of.

The boy just stood a few meters away from the two friends, looking around, praying that nobody would pass by them and he could faintly hear Jimin’s voice, saying ‘Okay, Tae. We get it. You’re hot. Seriously, stop this. It’s embarrassing?’, but it took almost ten minutes to make Taehyung listen.

Jimin was already used to his best friend’s behavior while he was drunk, but Jungkook seriously got traumatized that night, so he refused to talk to Taehyung for a week and to this day, he was still cautious when the designer wanted to go for a drink. Jungkook only agreed if they drank at his and Jimin’s place or at Taehyung’s apartment, he knew he wouldn’t have to suffer from second-hand embarrassment then.

But controlling a drunk Taehyung was as hard as finding a needle a haystack – it was nearly impossible.

Hoseok on the other hand always acted the same whenever he was drunk and he had only two habits.
He either got really sleepy and could barely walk on his own, which meant that Jungkook had to send him home (that was the better option, actually) or he turned into a beast. You really don’t want to be around him when that happens.

Hoseok looked like a rather harmless person, but he totally wasn’t and Jungkook had to learn that the hard way.

The older’s second habit, while being drunk was to bite everything and anything in his sight. Jungkook still remembers the first time it happened, Hoseok managed to scare the shit out of him when he sank his teeth into his arm, it was hella difficult to shake him off and the teeth marks stayed for days.

Jungkook now knew the indicators – Hoseok always started laughing and looked around like a predator for his next prey. Once he found his new victim, he licked his lips and a sloppy grin appeared on his face. In those moments Jungkook really wanted to run for his life, but he had to make sure that Hoseok wouldn’t actually end up in jail or something, because once the older almost attacked their waiter.

So Jungkook always brought a face mask with himself when he was out, drinking with his Sunbae and whenever he put the mask on Hoseok’s face, he could see the frown which graced the older’s features, but at least that calmed him down and nobody got bitten.

So yeah, Jungkook really liked spending time with Taehyung and Hoseok, but there were some days on which he just felt the need to back off for a while, because those two troublemakers could really drive him crazy at times.

“Honestly… have you not been listening to me at all?”

Yoongi’s slightly annoyed voice brought Jungkook back out of his trance, his attention was once again back to the hybrid.

“I don’t know why your friends and a lot of people in general have the wrong idea about hybrids. Even you.” Yoongi said, as he pointed an accusing finger at Jimin’s face. “When you first saw me, you eyed my neck and you were surprised when I told you that I’ve never worn a collar in my life.”

The black-haired male could only shake his head when his mind travelled back to that moment. “What your friends told you.” The hybrid continued and Jimin and Jungkook could do nothing, but listen. The tone which Yoongi was using made them feel like children, which were being scolded at the moment. “Maybe that was true… but years ago. Nowadays most people buy hybrids, because they are lonely just like Dahye. Sure, some still prefer owning a pet, but you can’t really have a conversation with them, so… We’re living in the 21st century. Even though most people don’t think of hybrids as equal, we do have our rights. After Dahye passed away and I was back at the center, I could finally meet more of my kind. There was this girl, a few years younger than me.
She told me that her owner had tried doing horrible things to her and one day when he was out, she called the center and reported him. There were marks all over her body, so her words could easily be proved and she was taken back to the center, but she told me that her owner just had to pay some fine, which could totally not make up for what he had done to her. I could’ve reported Jungmin as well, but I knew that meant I would be sent back to the center, be up for sale again and end up god knows where or worse – at my age, I could’ve easily be turned into a hybrid for breeding and getting out of the center then would have been impossible, so running away from Jungmin was the only possible option I had.”

Jungkook and Jimin thought that was a plausible explanation, but that still didn’t clarify how and why Yoongi and that Jungmin guy ended up in the same bed, more than once. But luckily, they didn’t have to be nosy and ask again, because the hybrid told them himself.

“Jungmin bought me for the same reason as Dahye – he was lonely. He wasn’t really close with his parents, he had just ended a two-year relationship and he didn’t have many friends either. He just needed someone to talk to, someone who would listen. He would’ve never had sex with me, but I asked him.”

Jungkook and Jimin exchanged a look, the revelation perplexing them a bit.

“You asked him?” The youngest questioned, surprise evident in his voice.

“I was in heat and it couldn’t be helped. I just-”

“Whaaaat?? You have heats, Hyung????”

Park Jimin needed to do something about that loud voice of his, Yoongi was definitely going to go deaf one of these days.

“Yeah, what’s so surprising about it? Seriously, what do you two know about hybrids??” Yoongi’s eyes shifted from Jimin to Jungkook, because it definitely looked like they were hearing about this for the first time. “I understand that Jungkook could be quite ignorant when it comes to this, but what about you, Jimin? You are a vet, aren’t you supposed to know things like this??”

“I specialize in everything related to animals, Hyung. You’re not an animal, you’re a hybrid. That’s totally different, it’s out of my knowledge.” Jimin mumbled under his breath, a bit ashamed of himself. Maybe he should have taken up a special course back at university and learn more about hybrids? He never thought he would end up with one, so it had never crossed his mind.

The hybrid sighed and ran a hand through his hair in frustration, did he have to explain them everything?
“My heats… nothing much happens. I just get really horny.” Yoongi heard a snort escape from Jungkook’s lips when he said that and he narrowed his eyes at the younger. “What? You look like a pretty lewd brat, if you ask me. So you have no right to say a thing.” The black-haired smirked when he saw Jungkook’s baffled expression.

“W-what?! That’s not-”

The boy tried to say something in his defense, but Jimin cut in.

“Anyway.” Jimin said between his laughs and Jungkook really wanted to wipe the smug expression off of Yoongi’s face. “What exactly happens when you’re in heat, Hyung?” Jimin asked and wondered if he should get up and take a notebook or something, there was so much information that he felt the need to take notes, but he decided against it, because he didn’t want to miss anything from Yoongi’s story.

“Well, as I said nothing much. It happens once a month and my heats were not that bad while I was living with Dahye. The first time it happened I was around 14 and Dahye gave me some pills, which made me really sleepy and once I woke up I was back to normal. But things changed once I moved to Jungmin ‘s place. Two weeks later, my heat hit me and I could feel it was different. I always felt warm whenever I was in heat, but this time I felt like my insides were burning, I didn’t know what to do. Jungmin got me the same pills, which Dahye used to give me, but they no longer worked, so we had to come up with something else. At first, we thought that being close to each other would help. We tried sleeping in the same bed, while Jungmin tried to ease me down by saying that everything was going to be okay, but having his so close to me, just made things worse. So in the end, we did the only thing that could actually help and make me find relief – we had sex.”

Yoongi noticed the once again sympathetic look, which Jimin was giving him. Had the hybrid chosen the wrong words to express himself?

“Don’t look at me like that, Jimin. Even though I was in heat, I was in my right mind. I knew what I was doing and Jungmin never brought up the matter first, he never did a thing to make me feel uncomfortable, but the last time we slept together was over two years ago. After he got fired and changed completely, he never touched me and there were actually times when I begged him to…” Yoongi averted his eyes from Jimin’s big and curious ones, even the hybrid knew what shame was and talking about this was embarrassing for him. “Jungmin knew that being in the same room with him affected me even more, but he always stayed there and watched me. I was in pain, writhing on the bed, putting my pride aside, pleading him to do something, anything… but he never helped me. Somehow, my heats were nothing like that once I was out on the streets and I could manage handling them on my own. So I guess, the fact that Jungmin was around did matter after all.”

“You should have just reported that guy.” Jungkook clicked his tongue in irritation. If there was one thing he couldn’t stand – it was injustice. If that guy had made Yoongi suffer, then he should’ve received punishment for his actions.
“Kook is right…” Jimin agreed with the younger right away, they were on the same page about this. “It’s not right that he treated you like that and got away, Hyung.”

“No, it’s fine.” Yoongi’s comment once again managed to surprise the two humans. “The person he turned into… that’s his punishment and besides, if I had reported him, I would’ve been sent back to the center. I guess everything in life happens for a reason… If I hadn’t ran away, I would’ve never met you two, so it’s okay.”

A huge grin appeared on Jimin’s lips when he heard that and Jungkook smiled, but Yoongi didn’t know what to think about the lawyer’s next sentence.

“Oh… you shouldn’t have said that.”

“Huh? Why no-?”

Yoongi couldn’t even finish his question, because suddenly Jimin abruptly got up and carefully walked around the shattered glass on the floor, reaching the hybrid’s side within seconds.

The vet practically dragged the black-haired male out of his chair and pulled him in a tight hug. Although Yoongi was having a bit of trouble breathing properly, he didn’t say anything. Jimin’s hugs were soothing, it was still hard to get used to them, to everything the boy did actually, but every word, every action, warmed up Yoongi’s heart, so he let Jimin be.

“Hyung, that was so sweet!!! I never expected you to say something like this!!!”

Once again… Park Jimin was so damn loud and why the hell was he swaying Yoongi around, as if he weighted nothing??

“This calls for a group hug!!”

Jungkook wasn’t really good when it came to saying corny shit, but he was aware of the fact that such mushy words made Jimin extremely happy. He could see that his boyfriend was on cloud ninth, because of the hybrid’s unexpected, cheesy remark.

“I said group hug, Jungkook.”

Jimin repeated and the said boy got up from his chair. Yoongi could feel that Jungkook was getting closer and closer to him and he realized that the human was probably going to hug him from
behind.

“Careful with the tail.”

Yoongi warned and heard a faint ‘I know’, as sturdy arms wrapped around his waist. He could feel how Jungkook pressed his warm body against his back, really being mindful of the tail.

“You’re safe with us now, Hyung.” Jimin muttered quietly, but he was sure that the other two had heard him. “We’ll make sure that you’re never in pain, we’ll take care of you… always.”

“Safe?? You two are literally trying to suffocate me right now!”

As if to prove Yoongi’s point, Jungkook’s hold around him tightened and the black-haired male groaned, while Jimin just giggled.

But well…

The hybrid really did feel safe with the two humans by his side.

Yoongi was not this type of person.

*Uh...* not this type of cat.

Not this type of hybrid.

Not this- you get it.

He was definitely not the type who liked to eavesdrop and pry into other people’s business.

But… it was not his fault that he was gifted with an incredible hearing.
And Jungkook and Jimin were to blame as well, because they weren’t being quiet at all, especially Jimin.

The thing was…

Yoongi was absolutely sure that Jungkook and Jimin were currently having sex in the bedroom and they’ve been going at it for quite some time.

It was not the first time Yoongi had heard his new owners do some things at night. It was a given that the two humans would make out every once in a while, since they were dating and Yoongi could swear that Jimin sucked Jungkook off on Wednesday or was it Thursday?

Who gives a fuck?

The point was that Yoongi usually ignored such things. In the past, Jungmin had brought some people over, the hybrid was never offended since they were not in a relationship or something, Jungmin could do whatever he wanted, but on those nights, Yoongi simply covered his ears and tried to block out all the noise, which was coming from the other room.

However, tonight… he actually wanted to hear more.

He really did feel guilty, but he couldn’t help it.

Yoongi could hear everything, as if Jungkook and Jimin were right next to him and thanks to that, he could actually visualize in his head what was going on in the bedroom.

He could clearly hear each word, which Jungkook whispered in Jimin’s ear and even though the confessions mostly consisted of heartwarming things like ‘I love you.’, ‘You’re perfect.’, ‘Jimin, Jimin.’, Yoongi had to admit that Jungkook also uttered some rather dirty words, which only made the hybrid’s boner grow bigger.

Oh, yeah. Yoongi has been struggling with a throbbing hard-on for the past twenty minutes. He didn’t want to get that low and jerk off, while listening and imagining what was happening in the room next to his, so he rolled around on the bed in despair, hoping that he wouldn’t have to touch himself to find some release.

But it was so hard, when he could hear every thrust, the languid slap of skin against skin, the creaking bed, Jungkook’s breathy pants and Jimin’s sinfully loud moans.
God, the wanton sounds, which Jimin was making… they were the biggest problem. They had started it all. There was just something about Jimin’s voice that made Yoongi gasp for air, his heartbeat speed up, his breathing got ragged right away and he had to use all the self-restrain he had not to slip his hand inside his boxers and do something about his painfully aching cock.

Yoongi thought he would have a nice, long Sunday sleep, undisturbed by anything but No, sir.

Jungkook has been extremely busy working on his case all week, but he obviously had a limit as well and it seems like he got re-charged during the weekend, because he was totally keen on giving his all tonight and gosh, something really needed to be done about Jimin’s whimpers, because they were going to be the end of Yoongi.

In one second it sounded like Jimin was in pure agony and then in the next, he was screaming Jungkook’s name begging him to go faster, telling him how good it felt there.

The vet was obviously drowning in pleasure, what the fuck was Jungkook doing to Jimin anyway??

S-shit, when are they going to be done??

Yoongi wondered how he would face his two owners tomorrow morning and he was praying that they would be satisfied with just one round, because otherwise…

It was going to be one damn long night.

Chapter End Notes

Yoongi in heat… that’s going to be fun xD
This bunny seriously needs to chill! o///o

HiXtape finally dropped and aaaaah it just screams Hoseok so damn much!!!
The positivism, the colorfulness, the singing, the lyrics *cries* TRULY OUR HOPE!
<33
f(r)iend

Chapter Notes

don't hate me too much :c

See the end of the chapter for more notes
‘I love you so much.’

“-gi!”

‘You have no idea…’

“-ongi!”

‘You mean the world to me, Hyung.’

“Yoongi!”

The hybrid snapped out of his trance when Jungkook called his name for the nth time and waved his hand in front of his face.

“What?”

“You’ve been just staring at me for… I don’t know… 2-3 minutes? Is something wrong?”

It took Yoongi some time to process Jungkook’s question. His brain wasn’t really working at its finest at the moment. He barely got any sleep last night, but he couldn’t stay in bed either and that’s how he found himself in the kitchen rather early in the morning, but when he walked in, Jungkook was already there, drinking coffee, the hybrid guessed.

And thus, Yoongi has been standing at the kitchen door like an idiot ever since he laid his eyes on the younger, because he couldn’t help remembering some things from the night before.

Thankfully, his owners did not go for a second round last night and Yoongi could breathe properly again after that. But the problem between his legs stayed, he stubbornly refused to do anything about it, hoping that it would just go away on its own, but sadly that didn’t happen.

He could still hear Jungkook and Jimin’s voices, they were probably cleaning up themselves or something, changing their clothes or whatever and when he was sure that two were asleep, Yoongi got out of bed and took a damn cold shower to calm himself down. That did the trick, but right after he walked out of the bathroom he started shivering – a cold shower in the middle of the night, during Winter… not such a smart idea. So he dressed in the thickest clothes he could find and wrapped himself in the blankets to warm himself up.
He tried to get some sleep after that, but the shower had pretty much woke him up completely and he just stared at the ceiling for god knows how long before the sun peeked through his curtains.

“Nothing’s wrong.” Yoongi replied after a whole eternity, the events from last night were still playing in the back of his mind, but he could see that Jungkook was waiting for some sort of response, so…

“Oh, I see.”

Jungkook got up from his chair and placed the used mug in the sink, he didn’t have time to clean it himself and hoped Jimin wouldn’t mind doing that for him later when he woke up.

“You’re not going to eat breakfast?” Yoongi questioned, as he followed Jungkook with his eyes. The younger was walking towards him, which meant that he was going to leave the kitchen.

“No, today’s the trial of my case. You know, the one I’ve been working on?”

Yoongi could only dumbly nod his head, because of course he knew. The lawyer even worked during the weekend, at home, so that case was probably really important.

“I want to be there early to look over the reports and everything once again. So, I’ll be leaving in the few minutes. Wish me luck, I’m surely going to need it!”

“Uuh… good luck?” There was definitely uncertainly in Yoongi’s voice, but the request came out of nowhere and Jungkook looked like a pretty confident person who believed in his abilities, so the hybrid didn’t think the boy would need encouraging words.

“Thank you, Hyung!”

Jungkook smiled brightly and walked past Yoongi, who was still in shock.

_He called me Hyung again…_

_Well… I guess what happened last night lifted his spirits quite a lot._
About an hour later, Jimin finally emerged from the bedroom, still in his pajama and waltzed into the kitchen where he surprisingly found Yoongi, who was sitting on one of the chairs.

It was fairly early, about 9am and maybe Jimin was supposed to be in a hurry, because his shift at the clinic started at 10am and he hadn’t even washed his face yet, let alone get dressed, but he felt thirsty and he decided to head towards the kitchen first.

But since Yoongi was usually still sleeping at this time, he was surprised to see him already up. Jimin stared at the older for a few seconds and he noticed the prominent dark circles under the hybrid’s eyes, which was enough evidence to show that he didn’t get much sleep last night and Jimin knew the reason for that.

“I’m so sorry, Hyung!!”

Yoongi almost jumped at the voice, was he ever going to get used to Jimin’s loudness? Probably not.

“What?” He asked confused, not knowing why Jimin was apologizing first thing in the morning, without even properly greeting him.

Jimin walked towards the table and sat on the chair across of Yoongi, he didn’t know how to phrase his words, but he thought it was the best to be direct.

“Y-you heard us last night, right? So… sorry about that.”

In all honesty… Jimin couldn’t even look at Yoongi in the eyes, he was that embarrassed. Both he and Jungkook knew that no matter how quiet they were, the hybrid would still be able to hear them, but things got a little out of control and they simply couldn’t stop in the middle.

They had never done something like that with someone in the apartment. Sure, Taehyung or Hoseok sometimes slept over and used the guest room, but now that room belonged to Yoongi and he wasn’t going anywhere, he wasn’t staying with them for just a few days, so Jimin knew that eventually he and Jungkook would end up having sex with the hybrid in the next room.
He knew and yet… that didn’t change the fact that he didn’t know how to act or what to say. Today was a big day for Jungkook and Jimin was certain that the younger would leave earlier than usual and he would be left with Yoongi, all alone in the morning.

Jimin had played out difference scenarios in his head, rehearsing what he’s going to say, but when he looked at Yoongi’s face and saw how tired he looked, he was back to square one and mumbled a rather pathetic apology, but that was the first thing which came to his mind.

“It’s fine.”

The statement made Jimin look back at Yoongi and even though the older did look quite exhausted, he didn’t seem irritated or something.

“You two can’t stop doing the deed just because I’m here.”

Jimin pulled the sleeves of his pajama down and completely covered his hands, it was a habit of his, which made him calm down a bit when he was nervous. “R-right.” He lamely stuttered, trying to keep his cool, but he was pretty sure that his cheeks had flushed, because of the topic.

“At least you had the decency to apologize, Jungkook was damn brazen and acted as if nothing had happened.”

Maybe that brat was actually anxious about the trial and just tried to mask his nervousness when we spoke an hour ago?

Yoongi seriously wasn’t disturbed by the whole thing and he never thought that he would hear an apology from Jimin, but Jungkook didn’t address the matter at all and the hybrid didn’t know which was the better option. Maybe it would’ve been nice if the two had given him a head-ups before everything happened, but what were Jimin and Jungkook supposed to say after dinner last night? – ‘Hey, we’re going to have sex… just so you know.’, it’s not like hearing that was going to change anything and sometimes such things were not planned, they just happened.

Jimin was keeping quiet now, occasionally glancing at the hybrid and he was tugging at the hem of his sleeves, pulling his pajama top down and that’s when Yoongi spotted a rather big red hue, which was gracing the boy’s beautiful skin.

“What the heck is that thing on your neck?”

Yoongi was probably not going to notice it if Jimin hadn’t revealed a bit more skin, but the hybrid’s question made the human’s eyes grow bigger and he quickly covered the left side of his neck.
“It’s on the other side though.”

“Ughm…”

Jimin just sighed loudly and buried his face in his hands. He had rarely spoken about sexually related things to anyone besides Taehyung or Jungkook, so this conversation was starting to make him feel dizzy. It was obvious that Yoongi was well aware of what a hickey looked like, so that’s not what his question was directed towards. Jimin could only guess and wonder what his neck actually looked like. Jungkook liked leaving marks behind and Jimin had never worried about them, because when he went to work, the collar of his shirt covered pretty much everything, but he got careless this morning.

“Hey.”

Yoongi said after a while and nudged Jimin’s legs with his toes under the table, making the boy peek through his fingers.

“Did that hurt?” The hybrid asked as he gestured towards the other’s neck and Jimin vigorously shook his head in response, finally revealing his face again.

“No! Jungkook is always careful and I actually like it when-”

Jimin smacked his lips together, mentally scolding himself. Great, he just said something unnecessary, but Yoongi wasn’t giving him an odd look and Jimin used the chance to change the topic completely, so he got up from his chair and started preparing breakfast.

Jimin was definitely going to be late today, he usually calculated his time perfectly, but he got engrossed in a talk with the hybrid, while they were eating and time flew by really fast.

But he couldn’t leave for work yet, not before giving that to Yoongi.

“Hyung.”

He called out and a few seconds later, the hybrid appeared in the hallway. Jimin beckoned the older to come closer and when Yoongi was within reach, Jimin grabbed his hand and placed
something on his palm.

The hybrid stared at the small, metal object as if he had just been given a top treasure and then looked at Jimin.

“A key?”

“Yes, a key. We should’ve given you one long ago. After we heard what you had gone through in the past… we don’t want you to feel like a prisoner, never again. We don’t own you, Hyung. You are free to go out on your own as much as you want. Just… make sure to always get back before it gets dark and be careful, okay?”

Jimin had seen Yoongi smile a couple of times already, he was always greeted by a smiling hybrid when he came back home and he had heard the black-haired male laugh as well, but nothing could be compared to the huge grin that Yoongi was showing him at the moment. It was just stupid key, but the hybrid looked absolutely happy.

“Thank you, Jimin… really. This means a lot. But, what does Jungkook think about this?”

Yoongi had never owned a key before, it once again made him realize how different Jimin and Jungkook were from his previous owners. The vet did talk in plural form, saying ‘We’, but Yoongi was still curious about Jungkook’s opinion on this.

“It was his idea actually.”

Yoongi just blinked rapidly, he was at a loss of words. To say that he was surprised to hear this would be an underestimation. “What?”

Jimin could only smile, because of the older’s reaction. Sometimes he wondered if Yoongi was left with a wrong impression – that Jungkook actually didn’t want him here, which was not true. The boy really behaved like a brat sometimes and acted in a way certain way just to annoy the hybrid, saying things to get on his nerves, but that was all in a playful manner. That’s how Jungkook usually broke walls with people and since he was doing all those things, Jimin knew that he was trying, he wanted to get close to the hybrid, but maybe Yoongi got the wrong idea and thought that Jungkook simply didn’t like him.

“You know, Hyung… Kook truly cares about you. He may not show it as openly as I do, but you are here not only because I wished for that, but also because Jungkook wanted you to stay. He’s the type of person who doesn’t like listening to advices and he's stubborn, so when he sets his mind on something, it’s hard to change his opinion. But with you, I didn’t even have to try hard to sway him, Jungkook was just a little apprehensive at first, because he doesn’t easily get used to new people and the thought that someone else would live with us just scared him a bit, it’s not like he
was against it.”

“How am I supposed to know that? I’m not a mind reader…”

Yoongi muttered under his breath, making Jimin chuckle. But yeah, it was true. You could never know what’s going on inside someone’s head, that’s what conversations were for, but the hybrid and Jungkook were in the process of making that work.

Jimin knew that everyone would nag at him at work, it was not typical of him to be late, he was always punctual. He had already done the very significant job of giving Yoongi the key, but the hybrid was right there, just a few centimeters away and Jimin extended his arm a bit until he reached the black-haired male’s head.

Jimin carded his fingers through Yoongi’s hair, he had never done that before and smiled when the hybrid leaned into his touch, just like a cat. At one point, Jimin brushed his fingers against the hybrid’s ears, making them perk up, but even then Yoongi did not back away and Jimin continued playing with the soft, silky hair until he felt a vibration under his hand and that made him still his movements.

“Hyung, did you just… purr?”

Jimin totally didn’t expect that and it seems like the hybrid was just as surprised, his wide eyes said that much.

“I as hell surely did not do that.” Yoongi said through gritted teeth, trying to deny the reality.

“Gosh, Hyung… do you say and do all these things on purpose??” Jimin cooed and found the hybrid even more adorable with that small pout, which was now gracing his features. “It’s kind of bad for my heart, you know? You are so cute! I’m usually good when it comes to handling.”

“Park Jimin… shut up.”

The boy’s rant was interrupted by the hybrid’s stern voice and Jimin’s smile almost faltered, but luckily Yoongi added something else before that.

“And do that shit again… that felt kind of nice.”

Jimin was hella late for work, but he couldn’t care less…
And his hand, which was still buried in the hybrid’s locks, started moving again.

“How could you?? Do you realize what you’ve done?!”

Jungkook had never been so angry in his entire life, never. And the fact that he saw no remorse in the other’s eyes was just pissing him off even more.

“You defended a criminal! A murderer!! And you call yourself a lawyer?!”

Jungkook was yelling in the other’s face, but the guy didn’t even flinch, he actually had the guts to smirk, as if he was enjoying this. Jungkook wasn’t thinking at the moment, he was being irrational and he knew it, but he was so, so mad. He grabbed the other’s collar and pushed him against the wall, this was not going to end well.

“Come on, Jungkook… hit me. I know you want to.”

Jungkook clenched his fist, he was this close to actually losing it. He really was about to throw a punch at the guy’s face even though he has always been against violence, he had always tried to fight against it and defend all those people from it, who couldn’t do it themselves.

“Jungkook!”

The boy turned around and saw that Hoseok was speed-walking towards him with a frantic look on his face.

“For Christ’s sake! Let go of him! What are you doing??”

Right… what was Jungkook doing? This could get him suspended or god knows what. He hesitantly let go of the other, he stepped back a bit and saw how Hoseok let out a sigh of relief, as he stood next to him.

“Oh, mommy scolded you and got scared?”

If that guy was trying to make Jungkook snap, he was surely doing a really good job at it.
“Namjoon, stop it! Stop provoking Jungkook, because he seriously might hit you!”

Jungkook rarely saw his Sunbae so serious outside the court, but he spoke firmly and was currently even stepping in front of him, just in case. Hoseok really didn’t know what Jungkook might do, because he looked really angry.

“Let him.” Namjoon said, as he leaned back onto the wall, his words were laced with laughter and that carefree attitude was riling up Jungkook even more. “He’s just upset, because he lost his first case. His record of won cases was broken, so he’s just trying to vent, to blame his failure on someone else.”

“What? You think I’m acting like this, because of that?? You played dirty! You used that guy’s money and corrupted the witnesses! They all changed their statements in the last moment! I won’t be surprised if you fabricated the evidence as well! Because of your actions a murderer was let loose! He killed an innocent girl who had a bright future ahead of her! And you defended him as if your life depended on it! Are you that blinded by money?? How do you even sleep at night??”

Hoseok wanted to butt in, to say something, but Jungkook wasn’t wrong, his accusations were justified and he was curious what Namjoon would reply, so he kept quiet.

“I was hired and I did my job. I defended my client. Is it my fault that people go crazy at the sight of money? Is it my fault that they read the vow, claim that they will say nothing but the truth, just so they could boldly lie to the judge? You should be thankful that I labeled the whole thing as an accident and didn’t put the blame on a third party.”

Jungkook saw red, that guy was not only, not denying but he actually had the nerve to say something so absurd. Whose fault was it then? Even Namjoon knew that that his client was a criminal, he knew it and yet he tried his best to defend him, to make sure that he won’t be sentenced and sent to jail for murder.

Jungkook wanted to step forward and be done with this once and for all, he had to make that guy shut up, but Hoseok turned to him and grabbed his shoulders.

“Don’t be affected by what Namjoon says, Jungkook. Just go home. You need to calm down and that obviously can’t happen here.”

“But-!”

“Listen to me.” Hoseok efficiently managed to silence the boy and threw him a small smile, which Jungkook sadly did not return, but it was understandable.
“Okay.”

Jungkook agreed, because he himself was aware of the fact that staying here was not good for him. He threw one last look at Namjoon, before he turned around and walked down the hall.

Namjoon also saw no point in staying any longer, so he pushed his body off the wall with the mind to walk away, but Hoseok firmly grabbed his arm before he could leave.

“You didn’t have to go that far. Jungkook is just a kid. There was no need to—”

“If he can’t handle it, then he has no business here. The court is not a playground for little children.” Namjoon cut in and once again tried to leave, but the grip around his arm just tightened.

“Jungkook did an outstanding job against you, a person with much more experience. You can’t deny that. And you… you’re wasting your talent, Namjoon. What you’re doing is wrong, working for those people is just—”

“Somebody has to do it.”

“But it doesn’t have to be you.”

Hoseok could feel that his voice could give in any moment, this conversation… it was not his first time talking to Namjoon about this, but all his tries to knock some sense into the other’s head were not fertile at all.

“I’m telling you this as your friend, Namjoon. You have to stop.”

Hoseok’s plead was just met with a short, sinister laughter before Namjoon pried his hand off his arm.

“Friend? You can still call me your friend? There’s seriously something wrong with you…”

Hoseok wasn’t even given the chance to open his mouth and utter an argument and Namjoon’s next words really hit him right in the heart.

“How many more times do I have to screw you over, for you to get it??”
Hoseok could see the emptiness in the other’s eyes, there was no emotion, no warmth, no spark.

“We’re not friends, Hoseok. We’re nothing. And if you think otherwise… then you’re nothing but a fool.”

Namjoon didn’t wait for the other to say something, it looked like Hoseok wouldn’t be able to say a word anyway, so he finally headed towards the exit.

‘It’s okay, Hoseok-ah… I’m here now. You can cry as much as you want.’

We’re friends.

Hoseok repeated in his head numerous times, still standing on the same spot, Namjoon no longer in sight, he had left the building long ago.

We’re friends, Namjoon...

And it fucking hurts when you act like this.

Chapter End Notes

I bet you didn't see that coming, huh? Namjoon finally appeared and he caused a mess, oh boy xD

Jimin petting Yoongi though... that makes me soft! >o<
& Happy Birthday to our sweet honey boy!!! ❤❤❤
500+ kudos?????? Are you fucking kidding me???? shbhejgebghgr

Thank you so much!!!! ❤❤❤

See the end of the chapter for more notes
I'm feeling fucking different...

I see you looking at me like I'm different...

So go on and treat me like I'm different... 🙁

* click here, to hear the song.

Yoongi was once again staring at the ceiling, unable to fall asleep, though for an entirely different reason than the one from the previous night.

He was still awake, because Jungkook did not come home tonight.

At 8pm the boy still hadn’t returned, so Jimin called him, nobody picked up.

Then the vet called someone by the name of ‘Hoseok-hyung’, who apparently always made sure to watch Jungkook’s trials, but even he didn’t know where the boy was.

Yoongi could see how worried Jimin looked, he was even ready to go outside and look for his boyfriend, but ten minutes later the human received a text from Jungkook himself.

‘Sorry, Hyung... I’ll be home soon. Don’t stay up to wait for me, okay?’

And that… was almost two hours ago. Now it was a bit past 10pm and after dinner, Jimin told the hybrid to go to bed and that he would do the same, but Yoongi wasn’t an idiot. The door of the bedroom stayed closed, there was no sound coming from the room next to his and the black-haired male knew that Jimin was still up, waiting for Jungkook to come home.

What is that brat doing??? Jimin is sick worried for him and he still isn’t back, ugh!!

So, yeah… Yoongi couldn’t fall asleep. Not when he could feel the anxiety radiating off Jimin, not when Jeon frickin Jungkook was still out there, in the middle of the night, doing god knows what.
Nothing bad has happened to Jungkook, right? He's old enough to take care of himself... and he even sent Jimin a text... he's probably fine. He's just making us worry for nothing!

Us?

At first Yoongi thought that he was feeling uneasy simply because Jimin was restless, but as Yoongi kept boring holes into the white ceiling, he realized that he was deeply concerned about the younger’s whereabouts. The lawyer had never disappeared like that and Yoongi couldn’t shake off the thought that something must have indeed happened if Jungkook acted like that.

But what?

Wait... today was the trial of his case, right? What if something went wrong? Something that made him upset? I don’t even know what exactly he was working on, but it seemed really important to him...

As Yoongi was still lost in his thoughts, he missed to hear the opening of the front door and the gasp, which left Jimin’s lips when Jungkook finally arrived home. But some time later, the hybrid picked up the two voices and he shot up immediately.

Jungkook’s back???

Yoongi got up from his bed and put on his slippers, he liked keeping his feet warm and the weather called for a pair of rather thick socks as well. The hybrid crept open the door of his room, but he didn’t walk out, because from his spot he could see the two humans who were sitting on the couch.

It looked like they were hugging and Yoongi almost rolled his eyes and returned back to bed, but then he noticed that Jungkook’s shoulders were shaking and that Jimin was actually rubbing the younger’s back, trying to comfort him.

They were whispering, their voices were barely audible, but Yoongi tried his best to focus on the voices of the two boys by blocking all other noise around him and his mouth hung open when he realized that Jungkook was actually... crying.

If someone had told Yoongi that he would witness such a scene, he would’ve just called the said person crazy. He had never imagined that he would come across a sobbing Jungkook, who looked like a little child, so defenseless and so, so hurt.

“You did your best, Kook. Stop crying. It’s not your fault.”
Yoongi could now hear the conversation between the two, because he decided to peek from the door, still being careful not to get noticed and as he observed Jimin’s face, he noted that the vet himself was close to tears.

“Y-you should’ve seen their faces, Hyung… the girl’s parents… they were devastated.”

The hybrid could actually feel the pain in Jungkook’s voice and he realized that the boy was most likely talking about his case.

“The victim didn’t deserve to die like that… I talked to many of her friends and they all described her as a great and kind girl who had just fallen in love with the wrong person. Her boyfriend told her numerous times that he would change and she believed him, but when she couldn’t take it any longer and tried to leave, that guy didn’t let her.”

Jimin just let Jungkook talk, to let everything out, maybe that would make him feel better.

“It’s not about losing or winning a case… I just want all criminals to receive the punishment they deserve and that guy, a murderer, he got away just because he has money. Lack of evidence?? Vague witness statements?? An alibi that was presented in the last moment?? Nonsense!! He killed an innocent person and he had the face to bluntly lie and say that he was not guilty! Why do such people always find a way to escape from the justice, Hyung?? Why is the system like this?? Having money… does that mean that you can do whatever you want??”

Jungkook now sounded angry and Jimin got why, this was horrible… how could someone kill a person and walk free after that?? Jungkook usually did not speak with details about his cases, because he couldn’t disclose personal information and things like that, but he still shared some stories from time to time and Jimin thought that his boyfriend was an incredibly strong person for always defending others, people whom he hadn’t met before taking up their cases.

After stepping out of the court building, Jungkook just couldn’t go home. He was both incredibly mad and upset at the same time. If it hadn’t been for that lawyer… Kim Namjoon, Jungkook was sure that with all the work he had done, with all the evidence and statements he had gathered, he would have been able to put that sick bastard behind bars, but some cash was thrown here and there and the tables were turned.

Using the autopsy results, which stated that there was no sign of struggle, was a very low move, Namjoon was able to label the murder as an accident because of that. There was simply no struggle, because the poor girl was pushed down the stairs from behind, she just had no time to react or hold onto something.

But even after wandering around aimlessly, trying to clear his head, Jungkook did not calm down, he didn’t want to let Jimin see him like this, but he didn’t want to worry him either and he was sure that Jimin would stay up and wait for him no matter what and he was right.
When he stepped into the living room, Jungkook tried to smile, to reassure the older that he was fine, but he didn’t have to say a word for Jimin to understand that he was not okay, at all.

And when Jungkook sat next to the older on the couch and Jimin hugged him tightly, Jungkook just broke down and started crying. He was a grown up, not a little boy, so behaving like this was embarrassing for him, but after suppressing all the emotions inside, it was just natural to burst out like that.

“You’re right… it’s unfair, Kook-ah. But it was the judge’s decision, it’s not your fault.” Jimin pulled back a bit and looked at Jungkook’s face, the younger’s tears stained cheeks just tugged at his heart so damn much and he wiped the newly-formed tears away from Jungkook’s eyes. “What did the girl’s parents tell you?”

Jungkook sniffled a bit and he cleared his throat before speaking. “They said they were grateful… that I had done my best and that they couldn’t have asked for a better lawyer.”

Jimin smiled slightly and pressed his forehead against Jungkook’s, glad that tears were no longer pooling at the corner of the younger’s eyes. “See? They don’t blame you, so please don’t blame yourself either. You worked so hard on the case, you did everything you could.”

Yoongi did not hear Jungkook voice out any reply, but from where he was standing, he could see that a small smile appeared on the human’s face and that was his cue to close the door and go back to bed.

The hybrid had just seen a new, completely different side of Jungkook, that boy managed to surprise him daily and Yoongi realized that there were probably many other things that he didn’t know about the lawyer.

He was starting to get slightly curious about what else Jeon Jungkook had in store to show him.

“Good morning.”
Jimin greeted when Jungkook finally opened his eyes. The vet has been awake for some time, but he just stared at his boyfriend’s peaceful form, happy that Jungkook went to bed with a smile on his face last night.

“Morning, Hyung.”

The lawyer replied and stretched his limbs, while yawning. Yesterday’s events had stressed him out a lot, but he slept soundly with Jimin by his side. Jungkook was about to wrap his arms around the other’s waist and pull him closer, but he frowned when a certain smell reached his nose.

“I think something’s burning!”

Jungkook said in alarmed voice and he lifted up the covers, hastily standing up from the bed and leaving a rather confused Jimin behind. Jungkook walked straight towards the kitchen and his eyes widened when he arrived at the scene.

There was a frying pan on the stove and something was definitely burning in it, there were all types of ingredients scattered on the counter and in the middle of that battle field, stood Yoongi with a knife in his hands, trying to chop some chicken on the board in front of him and no matter how much Jungkook looked at it… that chicken was practically frozen, so what in the world was the hybrid trying to do?!

But something else caught the human’s attention and he quickly strode towards the black-haired male’s side and instantly took away the knife from his hand.

“What are you doing?!”

Both Yoongi and Jimin flinched at the voice. The vet had followed after his boyfriend and he was about to lecture the younger for raising his voice at the hybrid (Jimin usually spoke with a louder voice to Yoongi, but he always got so excited whenever he talked to the older that he always failed to notice that he wasn’t speaking in a normal volume), but he soon saw what made Jungkook do that and he smiled.

Jimin turned off the stove and he couldn’t even understand what was in the pan, because it was totally burnt. He then walked over to the sink and simply watched as Jungkook washed Yoongi’s left hand, hearing him mumble under his breath.

“What a mess… you can’t even hold a knife properly and you cut yourself, gosh!”

Yoongi scrunched up his nose as he usually did and turned to his left to look at Jimin. “Why is he so angry??” The hybrid asked, motioning to Jungkook with his eyes. “Is it because of the goddamn
chicken?? I just grabbed the first things I saw, if he was saving them up for something-"

Jimin started laughing and the hybrid was even more puzzled now.

“He’s not angry, Hyung. Jungkook is just worried about you.”

“Huh? He looks pissed off to me.” Yoongi seriously got startled when Jungkook grabbed his arm and led him towards the sink, the fact that the boy turned on only the cold water just added up to Yoongi’s assumption that Jungkook was mad at him about something.

“You were bleeding, Hyung. Didn’t you notice it?”

Jimin’s words made Yoongi look back at his hand and just then he saw that there was some blood on one of his fingers and that Jungkook was trying to wash it away. The hybrid did hiss a little when the cold water hit his hand, but he didn’t know it was mainly because of the small cut on his index finger.

“I really didn’t know, I just-”

“Hyung, can you get the first-aid kit?”

Jungkook interrupted the hybrid’s words and Jimin hummed in response before heading towards the bedroom. Jungkook tapped the faucet and turned off the running water. He inspected the now clean wound, it was barely visible, but when he saw that blood was oozing off from the hybrid’s hand, he panicked and thought that Yoongi had badly injured himself, he was glad that wasn’t the case. Jungkook wiped away the water with a towel and the state of the kitchen once again made him sigh.

“Why did you do this? If you were hungry you could’ve just eaten a snack or you could’ve woken us up.”

There was no accusation laced in Jungkook’s words and Yoongi didn’t feel like he was being scolded, maybe the brat really wasn’t angry after all?

“I wasn’t hungry. I was doing this for you.”

“For me?” Jungkook repeated and blinked a few times.

“Yes. You were sad last night… you cried. So I just wanted to do something for you. To… you
Jungkook was stunned, because of the hybrid’s words. Yoongi had seen him cry, he had embarrassed himself not only in front of Jimin, but in front of the black-haired male as well. But as his brain processed the information, his lips stretched into a grin.

“So you wanted to make breakfast for me? To lift up my mood?” Jungkook questioned, still having it hard to believe, but Yoongi wordlessly confirmed his words by nodding his head. “Thank you, really.”

Yoongi had seen Jungkook smile like that only, because of Jimin and a strange feeling spread in his chest since the bright smile was now directed towards him.

“Y-you’re thanking me?” Yoongi didn’t mean to stutter, because Jungkook was really confusing him with his actions this morning. “For what? For almost burning down the kitchen?”

“It’s the thought that counts, so thank you for trying.”

The hybrid opened his mouth to say something, but then Jimin appeared with the kit and Jungkook stepped aside. The boy started cleaning up the kitchen, as Jimin wrapped a band-aid around Yoongi’s finger. The wound was really small and it was going to heal fast, but the vet still smiled when he thought back to the moment Jungkook had freaked out, as if Yoongi had cut off his finger or something. It was almost funny, but the hybrid still got hurt, even though it was just a little, so of course Jimin couldn’t laugh at the matter.

Something unusual happened while the trio was eating. Jungkook had prepared a rather lavish breakfast, which included vegetable omelet, rice, kimchi and some other side dishes.

Jungkook seemed to be in a better mood now and spoke a lot, Jimin replied to him from time to time as he stuffed his mouth with food, while Yoongi solemnly focused on eating.

However, the two humans immediately stopped talking when they saw what the hybrid was doing - Yoongi was chewing, not looking at Jungkook and Jimin, but the two were amazed when the hybrid placed some of his chicken on the rice in their bowls.

Yeah, it was that same chicken which Yoongi took out straight from the freezer and attempted to cut it, while it was still covered in ice. Jungkook did not really like eating meat for breakfast, but he decided to use the chicken.
The chicken itself wasn’t that important, but the fact that… Yoongi had just shared some of his food with them. The same Yoongi who always ate as if someone was chasing him, the same Yoongi who thought of every single person as a competition when it came to meals, the same Yoongi who was ready to fight for his food, afraid that it might get stolen, the same Yoongi who was left to starve for days and thought of food as something sacred… that same Yoongi had just willingly given a part of his chicken (damn, he loved meat to bits) and Jimin and Jungkook just looked at each other before they returned their eyes back to the hybrid, who paid them no attention and kept shoving rice into his mouth.

It was such a simple act, but Jimin thought it was a huge step. Yoongi was really opening up to them. He had told them his story, he was honest and didn’t hide anything from them and now he was trying to get over one of the things that has haunted him for over a year. The hybrid’s action showed that he was making some progress, that he was more than getting used to living with Jimin and Jungkook, that he wanted to fit in and the realization was just overwhelming for the vet.

“Hyung!” Jimin chirped, as he banged the table with his hands out of happiness. “That was just- aah, I need a group hug!”

Yoongi almost choked on his rice and he raised his chopsticks in Jimin’s direction in defense. “What? No! You and your group hugs… I swear- just stay where you are! I want to eat!”

Jungkook propped his head on the table, while using his hands and stared at the other two – Jimin was pouting, squirming in his seat, while the hybrid was looking at Jimin with narrowed eyes, ready to poke him with his chopsticks if the vet got up from his chair and decided to get close to him.

Jungkook was also taken aback when the hybrid gave him some of his chicken, it was something Yoongi had never done before and he looked both embarrassed and proud of his action, judging by the shy smile that was gracing his features.

Jungkook chuckled when Jimin couldn’t sit still anymore and gave a quick hug to the hybrid, who actually dropped his chopsticks on the floor instead of using them against Jimin. Jungkook also got up from his seat to get a new pair of chopsticks for the hybrid who was far from being done with his breakfast.

When he returned to the table, Jimin was already back in his seat, he looked very content after the hug and happily munched onto the chicken, which the hybrid had shared with them. Jungkook glanced at his bowl of rice and kept his eyes on the piece of chicken, he thought of it as a gift and he wanted to postpone eating it for as long as he could.

It somehow felt too precious to even touch it, because it was from Yoongi.
Jungkook decided to take the day off. He couldn’t imagine working on a new case at the moment. He knew he would probably do a terrible job if he tried and that’s the last thing he wanted.

He thought about going to the office, to personally inform his boss about it, but after breakfast he talked with Hoseok on the phone and the older told him that he would do that for him. Jungkook was truly grateful, sometimes he wondered what he would do without Hoseok. His Sunbae often used to cover up for him when he started working at the law firm, telling him not to worry too much and that it was normal to make mistakes in the beginning.

Jungkook wasn’t used to lazing around, but it looked like Yoongi totally did not have a problem with that. The hybrid actually fell asleep on the couch right after Jimin left for work and Jungkook could’ve went to his room or something, while the black-haired male was sleeping, but he didn’t and instead, he just stared at the hybrid who seemed to be having a nice dream, because he was smiling.

_He’s probably dreaming about food._

Jungkook had thought at the time and that made him smile as well.

It was cute how Yoongi slept by placing one of his hands below his head, while the other one was tucked between his legs and he had also curled up, which made him look even smaller.

Jimin liked sleeping on his stomach or he sprawled his body on the bed, occupying almost all of it, but Jungkook never complained about the little space that was left for him on the mattress, because in the morning Jimin was always in his arms and Jungkook couldn’t wish for more.

Time actually flew by really fast and when the hybrid woke up from his nap two hours later, he just shifted into a sitting position and turned on the TV.

Jungkook was bewildered by the fact how Yoongi could still look so drowsy and he silently judged the other male from the armchair he was sitting on.

There was no longer awkwardness lingering in the air when the two of them were alone and they actually talked normally to each other. Well, they tried. But they somehow always ended up bickering about small and stupid things, but Jungkook was always amused by Yoongi’s reactions and the hybrid’s glares and curses made him laugh.
Although Yoongi wouldn’t admit it out loud, he enjoyed having Jungkook around. Dealing with the brat was entertaining and it was much better than being left all alone during the day and be bored to death.

Yoongi was actually on a secret mission – he had promised Jimin to keep an eye on Jungkook today and so far the boy seemed to be doing well, he was not gloomy like he had been last night. During lunch, the hybrid even followed the human to the kitchen, constantly following him with his eyes.

Jungkook, being the rather observant person he was, noticed that right away, but he kind of got the wrong idea, because he thought that Yoongi was purely interested in watching him cook and an idea popped inside Jungkook’s head.

It wouldn’t hurt to actually teach the hybrid a thing or two, right? Then he wouldn’t have to worry that Yoongi would hurt himself in the kitchen like he had done in the morning. Jungkook still couldn’t understand how the hybrid could store so much food in his tiny body, Yoongi’s appetite was seriously no joke and yet he looked rather skinny in Jungkook’s eyes, though he could see a change. After the black-haired male started living with them, he had definitely gained some weight, his skin tone wasn’t that pale anymore, Yoongi surely looked more lively now.

And that couldn’t be blamed only on the beauty sleep.

Jungkook knew that the hybrid usually ate some snacks and not so healthy food when he was alone, so he wanted to alter that. When he offered the older to teach him how to cook, Yoongi gave him a skeptical look, but he did seem intrigued, so Jungkook proceeded with his first lesson.

He decided to just let Yoongi watch today, he didn’t allow him to touch any of the ingredients or do anything at all, Jungkook wanted to leave that for another time. Memorizing the steps, just with your eyes was of huge importance and Yoongi seemed pleased with just looking, but he did try to steal some of the freshly cut vegetables with the might to eat them while Jungkook wasn’t looking, but sadly… he got caught in the matter of seconds, it’s like that kid had eyes on the back of his head as well.

How could he sense that Yoongi was reaching for a rather yummy looking sweet potato without even turning around???

Jungkook simply knew the hybrid rather well by now and he was certain that Yoongi would try to get his hands on the food at the first appropriate moment and he scolded the older, as he searched for the oil in the cupboards.

He could only snicker when he heard the hybrid grumble behind him.
At 7pm Jungkook was about to start preparing dinner and Yoongi actually looked eager to watch him cook again, but right before he was about to go to the kitchen, Jungkook received a text from Jimin.

‘Come to the clinic. I have a surprise for you! Bring Yoongi-hyung as well!’

The message came out of nowhere and did not say much, what was Jimin being so secretive about?

Both Jungkook and Yoongi were curious, so they got dressed rather quickly and went out. The weather was pretty nice today, so they decided to go on foot to the clinic. Jimin hadn’t been specific about the time they should arrive, so a walk after staying at home the whole day, sounded just great.

But as they were walking towards the clinic, Yoongi started regretting agreeing to this. No, he wasn’t that opposed to the idea of moving around for a bit, but they should have really used Jungkook’s car, a taxi or a bus... because after he started living with the two humans, the hybrid kind of forgot about his status.

Even though Jungkook and Jimin treated him as an equal and were exceptionally kind… Yoongi was still a hybrid and hybrids were just pets… they couldn’t walk side by side with the humans and he was reminded of that fact, because of the many looks he received from all people they passed by on the streets.

Yoongi had covered his ears with a black beanie, but he didn’t buy a long coat when he was out, shopping with his new owners and his bomber jacket couldn’t hide his tail at all, so it was visible.

It hurt, but that was the painful reality, Yoongi had forgotten his place for a moment, he didn’t like this… he wanted to go back to the apartment, to hide in his room and-

Yoongi almost tripped over his own legs when Jungkook suddenly grabbed his hand and locked their fingers together.

“You don’t like it when people look weirdly at you, right? This will make them shut up.”
Jungkook said, as he kept walking and Yoongi hoped he won’t bump into something, because he couldn’t tear his eyes away from his and Jungkook’s connected hands.

The human had briefly touched his hands before, like this morning when he helped him clean his wound, but they had never ever properly held hands before. The only person who had held Yoongi’s hand prior this moment was Jimin – on the day when they met and a few more times when they were at the apartment.

But this felt different, because Jungkook and Yoongi were outside and people could see them and even though the human’s hand was warm and the hybrid didn’t really want to let go, because the touch was somehow comforting, he still tried to pull his hand away and that made Jungkook stop in his tracks and look at the older.

“Hyung, don’t.”

“But-!”

“I know what you’re going to say and I don’t want to hear it.” Jungkook stated sternly, as he tightened his grip around the hybrid’s hand. “Don’t you ever lower your head, you haven’t done anything wrong. If someone is looking at you, just look back at them and don’t cower, show all those people that they have no right to think lowly of you. So what if you’re only partly human? That doesn’t make you less human than me or anyone else. Think like that, Hyung and… make the others understand as well, make them realize that you’re not that different from us.”

Yoongi was just left speechless, he really didn't know what to say.

Jeon Jungkook was truly full of surprises.

Chapter End Notes

Can you feel it?? Jungkookie is whipped for a certain kitty as well! <3 haha
Nobody can resist the cuteness!!! >o<
Aaah!!! ‘Don’t Leave me’ sounds so damn good!! Jimin’s voice!!! *cries a waterfall*
Signal is one of my favorite dramas, so it makes me really happy that the boys are singing a song from the OST of the JP remake! *_*
black

Chapter Notes

600+ kudos.... awww, thank you so much, everyone!! >o<

See the end of the chapter for more notes

♫ All black, everything, everything...
All black, everything, everything..

♫

*click here to listen to the song~

True to Jungkook’s words, people stopped looking weirdly at Yoongi as they walked around the streets hand in hand. The hybrid could still feel some gazes directed towards them, but he was more focused on trying to figure out what was going on inside of Jungkook’s head at the moment, the boy was still holding his hand and he only let go for a minute when they stopped in front of a stall where an old lady was selling Hotteok. The human bought a few pancakes, but he ate only one and gave the rest to Yoongi who thanked him and they continued walking in silence.

The hybrid actually really felt like eating something sweet, but he could swear that he didn’t give away that in any way and yet Jungkook still figured him out somehow. After finishing the second pancake, Yoongi decided to save the rest for Jimin, who would definitely not refuse some sweets after a long day at work.

A few minutes later they arrived at the clinic. Yoongi vaguely remembered the place. The night when he first met Jimin, he was still apprehensive and careful around the human, he didn’t know if he could trust him or if he was being scammed, so he didn’t really memorize how the clinic looked like the last time he visited it.

There was a woman at the reception desk who smiled brightly upon seeing them and she surely noted Yoongi’s tail, but she didn’t comment on it.

“Oh, Jungkook. It’s been a while.”

“Hello, Mrs. Yang.” The boy greeted, while slightly bowing his head and the woman’s smile widened.

“Jimin is waiting for you.” The receptionist informed, as her eyes travelled to the hybrid, she looked at Yoongi for a few seconds, but didn’t say anything to make the black-haired male feel uncomfortable. “He said you would bring someone special.”

“Yeah, I did.”

Jungkook responded and at first Yoongi didn’t realize that they were talking about him, but when the woman’s eyes fell on their still locked hands, the hybrid stepped back and released the human’s boy hand.
“Well…” Mrs. Yang began, as her gaze lingered on Yoongi’s face for a few seconds before she turned to look back at Jungkook. “I kept you here for too long. Jimin has been eager to show you-” The woman put a hand over her mouth to stop herself from talking and she awkwardly cleared her throat before she spoke again. “Ops, I almost ruined the surprise! Go to Jimin’s office. My sweet angel promised to lock up the clinic for me today as well, so I’ll be leaving in a few minutes.”

Yoongi once again wondered what kind of surprise Jimin had prepared, couldn’t he bring the said surprise home? If not… then what was awaiting them?

Jungkook tugged at his sleeve and the hybrid started walking again. As they walked down the hall, he noticed that the place was pretty much empty just like the first time he had been here. Probably everybody besides the lady at the reception desk, had already went home.

They soon reached Jimin’s office, it was the only lit up room and Jungkook knocked on the door.

It took only a few seconds for Jimin to appear with that dazzling, big smile of his which simply made Yoongi smile as well.

“What took you two so long??” The vet almost nagged, as he fully opened the door, so his guests could step inside.

“We just came on foot, the weather’s nice.” Jungkook replied nonchalantly and pointed at Yoongi. “We got some Hotteok.”

“Ah, perfect! I’ve been craving for something sweet!”

Jimin made grabby hands towards the small, plastic bag which Yoongi was holding and the hybrid gave it to the human, not overlooking the fact that Jimin was still in his working attire – the long, white coat fitted him perfectly and there was a stethoscope around his neck, but the vet’s hair was a bit messy like always and his smile was as stunning as ever, he really did look younger than he was.

And just then something weird happened. Well, it wasn’t anything abnormal, but for Yoongi it was a peculiar sight.

Jimin was about to take a pancake out of the bag, but before he could do that, Jungkook leaned in and captured his lips in a languid kiss, making the vet giggle because of the action.

Yoongi had seen them kiss before, but this time something made him look away. He didn’t know why he did it, it certainly wasn’t because he wanted to respect the couple’s privacy. But there was
an odd tingling sensation in his chest, as he saw how his two owners kissed each other. He could practically feel the strong love, which was radiating from them and he somehow couldn’t bear to look in their direction.

“Aww, Hyung… are you sulking??”

The hybrid was rocking back and forth on his feet, while playing with his fingers, but upon hearing jimin’s voice, his head snapped back to the other two people in the room.

“Do you want a kiss as well?”

Jimin added then with a huge grin plastered on his face and Yoongi felt like all air disappeared from his lungs, the simple question did something to his breathing.

“W-what?” He stuttered and mentally cursed himself, because of the weak voice, which left his lips, but at least he managed to utter something.

In all honesty, Jimin was joking when he asked that. He just wanted to tease Yoongi when he saw that the older’s bottom lip was jutting out and that he was looking at the floor. It was cute, the hybrid always did things like that without even realizing but his currently wide, cat-like eyes filled with something akin to anticipation, made Jimin feel as if an invisible magnet was pulling him towards the black-haired male and when he stepped right in front of Yoongi, he could tell that the older held his breath.

Jimin just stared at the hybrid for a while, noting how Yoongi gulped down as he stared back at him. Without giving it much thought, Jimin’s body acted on its own and he pressed his lips on the hybrid’s smooth cheek, relishing in the warmness, which the older was emitting.

The vet pulled back a few seconds later and chuckled when he saw that Yoongi was still looking at him with those big eyes, batting his eyelashes as if he couldn’t believe what had just happened.

And he really couldn’t. Yoongi just stared at the vet, star-struck, not daring to move or even breathe and his heart was doing something similar to laps in his chest. He couldn’t believe that he actually got to feel Jimin’s plush lips on his skin even if it was just for less than ten seconds.

Heat crept up Yoongi’s face and he became well-aware of the fact that his cheeks had flushed, so he finally looked away from Jimin only to lock eyes with Jungkook who was intently looking at them with an unreadable expression.

It looked like the youngest wanted to say something, because he opened his mouth, but before even a word could come out, Jimin spoke first.
“Ughm, you two are lucky! They just woke up! You better sit down!”

Jimin exclaimed with a chipper voice and he placed the bag with Hotteok on his desk before he disappeared from his office.

Yoongi was awfully lost now.

*They?*

Who was Jimin talking about??

The hybrid sat down on one of the chairs and as Jungkook did the same, Yoongi glanced at the boy with question marks in his eyes, but the human just shrugged his shoulders, he looked just as clueless as him.

But soon all questions were answered when Yoongi’s ears picked up on the little noises, which seemed to be coming closer and closer and of course, he recognized them right away.

After all… he could never make a mistake when it came to his own kind.

Jimin walked into the office, smiling from ear to ear, while holding two, small fluff-balls in his arms. Two baby kittens, which looked barely a month old. One of them was mostly orange in color, but had a black tail, while the other one was grey with a few patches of white here and there.

“Here they are, those little troublemakers!” Jimin chirped, as he nudged the grey kitty’s nose with his index finger. “Dr. Kim found them on the street a few days ago, but he couldn’t just leave them there so he brought them to the clinic and we’ve been taking caring of them since then. We’ll probably put up flyers next week, hopefully someone will adopt them soon. They are calm now, because they were fed an hour ago and they just woke up from a short nap. Eating and sleeping is all they do.”

“Well… doesn’t that remind you of someone?”

Jungkook mocked, as he looked at Yoongi and Jimin just laughed.

“Very funny, Jeon.”
The hybrid bit back through gritted teeth, trying to come up with more to say, probably something smart like ‘What? Do you learn those things at school??’, but the two animals in Jimin’s arms started emitting louder sounds and Yoongi could see them moving around.

“I brought these two for you, Hyung.”

“For me?”

“Yes. Here, you can hold them.”

Before Yoongi could even think about protesting, Jimin carefully handed over the two kittens to the hybrid and the black-haired male got startled, because he thought he might drop the cats. Once they were in his arms, they started meowing and nuzzled their muzzles against Yoongi’s fingers, while the hybrid just stroked their soft fur.

“They seem to like you, Hyung.” Jimin commented, as he observed the interaction between the older and the kittens.

“Not to brag or anything, but I’m pretty popular… among cats.”

Yoongi decided to ignore the faint snort, which came from Jungkook’s side and focused his attention on the tiny cats, which he was holding. They appeared to be even livelier now and kept shifting in his arms, while waiving their tails.

The hybrid seemed immersed into playing with the kittens and that made Jimin smile, but then he looked at Jungkook who also seemed interested in the two newcomers and that made the vet remember something really important.

“Oh, I almost forgot! I have something really special for you, Jungkook-ah.”

And just like that Jimin dashed out of the office again only to reappear with another cat in his arms, but this one… it was indeed very special.

It was all black and Yoongi didn’t miss how Jungkook’s eyes lit up when he saw the animal.

“Surprise! A black kitty, your favorite.”

Jungkook instantly raised his arms and took the black cat, it was even smaller than the other two, it looked so fragile, but it had quite the character, because the second it was the young boy’s arms,
the kitty started nibbling on one of his fingers right away.

Jimin let out a sigh of relief when he saw that Jungkook was back to normal. A day at home to rest, to get his mind off of everything and relax was truly the best choice. And now there a black kitten on top of it… surely a day to remember. Jimin has always been aware of Jungkook’s fascination and adoration for black cats and he was certain that the tiny animal would be able to lift up his boyfriend’s spirits after yesterday’s events and he was right.

It was kind of new for Yoongi though, to see Jungkook so into the creature with black fur, which was tapping the human’s legs with its small, pink paws. As far as the hybrid knew, most people didn’t like black cats and avoided them, but judging from the look on Jungkook’s face… it looked as if he was holding the most precious thing in the world.

“Do you have a thing for black cats or something?” Yoongi asked in a mocking manner to get back at Jungkook for his reaction from minutes ago, but he totally didn’t foresee the answer he would receive.

“Yeah… that’s one of the reasons I like you.”

The words were already out before Jungkook could even process them and he probably still wasn’t aware of what he had just said, because he looked totally unfazed and just scratched the black kitty behind one of its ears.

*Those two are trying to kill me tonight… Such conspiracy, two against one… that’s not fair.*

Yoongi thought as his brain leaped through everything, which had happened in the past hour. First, Jungkook held his hand and they walked around the streets like that. Then Jimin kissed him, sure it was just on the cheek and it could be counted as a gesture of greeting, but then Jungkook just had to blurt out *that* and confuse Yoongi even more.

The hybrid’s owners were so good at making him lose his mind, at making his thoughts wander in the wrong direction, at making his stomach do back-flips and what not, at making him believe and hope, at making him ask himself questions about what they truly thought about him and if he would be able to stay with them… *forever.*

Before meeting Jimin and Jungkook, Yoongi’s biggest fear was being alone, unwanted, unloved.

But now that he had somebody by his side, a new fear invaded his heart.

He finally had people in his life who actually cared about him and Yoongi…
He was terrified of losing that.

Jungkook swirled his pencil with his fingers. He was supposed to underline the most important parts of his new case, but he just couldn’t focus. He was ready to get back to work today, he really was, but his mind was preoccupied with other thoughts.

He still couldn’t get it out of his head… the image of Jimin kissing Yoongi, right in front of him. He told himself not to dwell on it too much, but he couldn’t stop thinking about it, because Jimin had never done something like that before.

The older had never kissed anyone, but him even in a friendly manner. Taehyung and Jimin were joined at the hip, Taehyung usually clung to Jimin like a monkey all the time, they were extremely close and cuddled quite often and yet… they had never kissed, be it on the cheek, the forehead or whatever.

So Jungkook really wondered what had made Jimin do that, did he act on impulse? Probably.

And that was also unlikely for the vet, he was not like Jungkook who could be quite rational at times and acted or spoke before thinking.

Was it because Yoongi was partly a cat? Jimin had a deep bond with animals and he often showed his affection by kissing the heads of his little patients, but Yoongi was… a hybrid. In Jungkook’s eyes, the black-haired male was a human and he treated him like one. But somehow, when it came to Yoongi… everything had a different meaning.

Jungkook gnawed on his bottom lip as his mind travelled back to yesterday when he told Yoongi that he liked him. It was minutes later, when the black kitty tried to climb up his chest that he snapped out of his trance and realized what he had said.

What Jungkook said… he meant that he liked Yoongi as a human… as a hybrid… as a being… as an individual. He enjoyed the older’s company and living with him wasn’t as troublesome as Jungkook had feared it would be, he really got used to the black-haired male’s presence rather quickly.
However, the words just slipped out of his mouth and when the realization hit him, it was already too late to try to clarify himself in some way, so he opted for not saying anything at all and now he was wondering what did the hybrid think about that, but Jungkook couldn’t exactly ask him… he was really bad when it came to confrontations like this.

Jimin easily dealt with such talks and thank god, because whenever Jungkook had to express his feelings he felt like a student who had studied all night and knew what he had to write down, so he could score the best possible result, but he just couldn’t. His brain refused to listen to him and he usually said something, which made things awkward.

Jungkook himself knew that he had a tough character and people couldn’t really tell what was on his mind, because he sucked at expressing himself in front of the ones he cared about. They mattered, what they thought mattered and that’s why Jungkook usually froze and said or did something foolish.

His relationship with Jimin was a whole miracle, because there were 3 stages, which Jungkook had to pass before actually making Park Jimin his.

First of all, Jungkook had never been attracted to another man before, so when he started questioning his real feelings towards Jimin, it was hard for him to accept that it was love. He really tried to convince himself that he simply saw Jimin as a friend, a really good friend, a kind senior who made a ton of butterflies flutter with their wings in his stomach, no matter how sappy that sounded. He even tried to distance himself from Jimin, but that lasted only for a few days and then he comprehended the situation – he was in deep trouble and even a day away from Jimin sounded like the worse kind of punishment.

So when he accepted his fate and the fact that he was deeply in love with Jimin, came the second stage… the huge obstacle called Kim Taehyung. Jungkook saw the two older boys together all the time – whenever he tried to invite Jimin to a lunch, he was already eating with Taehyung, they always offered him to join and he did, but still… whenever he tried to invite Jimin for a movie night, the response he got 90% of the time was ‘Oh, sorry… I already watched that one with Tae.’, Jungkook was always mad at himself for missing his chance and for actually trying to ruin a happy couple’s relationship, because the closeness between Jimin and Taehyung made him believe that they were dating and going back to those days now… it really did sound stupid, because as already mentioned, Jungkook had never seen the two kiss or anything, they did hold hands from time to time, it was mostly Taehyung who initiated it, but it was never really an intimate action and when Jungkook found out that he had been wrong all along, he felt like the dumbest person on Earth.

After discovering that Jimin was actually single, Jungkook tried to work harder, he really tried his best, but the third stage was the most difficult one – to actually confess to the person he loved. There were those rare occasions when Jungkook found the courage to invite Jimin to something similar to dates, because it was always the two of them and since he couldn’t really express himself with words, Jungkook tried to show Jimin just how much he liked him, using other ways – he often treated him, even though Jimin kept telling him that since he was older, he was the one who was supposed to pay, but Jungkook never listened. He also tried to be more forward and often placed his hand on Jimin’s back or shoulder. The action was very subtle, so at times he wondered if Jimin
had even felt his touch, but when he looked at the older’s face from the corner of his eyes, he could always see a rather big and bashful smile on Jimin’s face, so that gave him the hope that he had a chance.

But on the faithful day when Jungkook felt brave enough to convey his feelings and confess to Jimin, he simply talked in circles, mumbling under his breath and looking away from the older, he just knew that it was all a lost cause.

Jungkook had already known Jimin for months, he fell for the vet harder and harder by each passing day and he managed to screw up everything.

Or… that’s what Jungkook thought.

But to his utter surprise, Jimin just gave him another dazzling smile of his and kissed him.

That was still the best day of Jungkook’s life.

So yes, the lawyer was painfully aware of the fact that he was no good when it came to clearing up misunderstandings or speaking up his mind (unless he was at the court), so he usually left people to assume whatever they wanted, but he didn’t want to make Yoongi have the wrong idea or-

“Jungkook!”

The said boy looked up from his desk and was greeted by a smiling Hoseok, who waved his hand at him.

“How are you feeling? You should’ve taken the whole week off.” Hoseok said as he stood next to the younger boy’s chair and peeked over his shoulder. “Already working on a new case?”

“I’m fine, Hyung. There was no need to stay at home for an entire week. Someone has to catch the criminals, right?”

Hoseok’s smile was about to become even bigger, because of the boy’s words, but it just disappeared from his face when Jungkook continued.

“We can’t all be like Kim Namjoon.”

Jungkook wasn’t the type to hold grudges, but he believed that the brazen lawyer deserved it and much more. Jungkook kind of regretted not hitting Namjoon at the court building, but if he had
done it, that would’ve brought him too much trouble and… Kim Namjoon wasn’t worth it.

“You know, Jungkook… you really shouldn’t judge the book by its cover. Every person has a story, something which has driven them to-”

“Nothing justifies his actions.”

Jungkook noticed how Hoseok’s usual cheerfulness was completely gone and that his body had stiffened up, because of the topic. And just then, something which had seemed like a minor and unimportant detail, re-emerged from his memories.

“While I was working on the case, I did some back-up research on Namjoon and you two studied at the same university, right? I’m pretty sure that you’re the same age as well. Do you perhaps… know him?”

Now Hoseok looked like a deer caught in the headlights and he hesitated a bit before speaking.

“I… yes. That’s true.” Hoseok paused, not really knowing how to continue or what exactly to say, so he needed a minute to gather his thoughts. “Namjoon and I… we used to be friends.” We still are. Hoseok once again tried to convince himself, desperately clinging onto a friendship which was like a mirage – he knew it still existed, but at times Hoseok wondered if that wasn’t just his wishful thinking. “I’m not saying that I approve of what he’s doing, Jungkook. But Namjoon wasn’t like this before… he changed when-”

“Hoseok!! In my office – now!”

Both Jungkook and Hoseok along with a few other people around them flinched, because of the command. It sounded like their boss was furious and even though he was generally a nice person, he sometimes had an awful temper, especially when something work-related was being addressed.

“Hyung, what in the world did you do?” Jungkook questioned and he saw the dread in Hoseok’s eyes.

“Uuh… I might have just accidently spilt some coffee over my report this morning. Haha, silly me! But I tried my best to clean it up and-”

“And then you handed it over to the boss?” Jungkook finished off and the older nodded his head in confirmation. “He’s going to kill you.”

The statement made Hoseok groan and he started pulling his hair in frustration. “I know! He’s a
perfectionist! What was I thinking???”

“JUNG HOSEOK!!”

The voice could be heard loud and clear even through the closed door of their boss’s office and Hoseok got some sympathetic looks from his co-workers.

“Oh my god… I’m a dead meat!” Hoseok was starting to panic now, he really hoped that their boss wouldn’t notice the very few coffee stains on some of the papers. Hoseok always wrote his reports in the last moment and he was in a hurry this morning, he was already late and he couldn’t print new copies and replace them, but handing over his report a few minutes later sounded like a much better option now. “Jungkook… if I don’t come out of that room in 5 minutes – call the police!”

Jungkook chuckled, he was by no means enjoying the older’s misery, but Hoseok’s dramatizing was always fun to watch.

“If you leave the boss’s office unscathed, we can have a dinner one of these days.”

Hoseok’s face brightened up upon hearing the offer.

“Dinner at your place?? Yes!”

“What? No. I just said-”

“Oh, come on. It’s been ages since I visited and I’ll finally get to meet your cute hybrid!”

Jungkook had forgotten that leading a conversation with Hoseok could be quite hard at times, because once the older set his mind on something, it was hard to talk him out of it or prove him otherwise.

“Cute? I’ve never said that either!”

“I’m sure he’s super cute! Just like Jiminnie! Which reminds me that I have to speak about something with him... face to face.”

Jungkook raised an eyebrow when he heard that, deciding to ignore the first part, because the older’s last sentence managed to quirk his curiosity. “Really? About what?”
“That’s… between me and Jimin, it’s a secret.”

“Wha-?”

Jungkook couldn’t even finish his question, because Hoseok practically skipped over to their boss’s office and Jungkook was so perplexed that he couldn’t even feel sorry for the older at the moment.

_Hyung!_

_You can’t just say something like that and flee the scene!_

When Jungkook arrived home that night, he stumbled upon something which he thought that he would never come across.

Yoongi always warmly welcomed Jimin when he came back from work, the hybrid always lingered around the vet at the apartment, so seeing Yoongi run towards Jimin’s side to greet him after not seeing him during the day was nothing out of the ordinary.

However… Jungkook was in bewilderment when he saw exactly the opposite – Yoongi was currently running away from Jimin.

(Okay – _run_ was sort of an exaggeration. The hybrid usually moved around leisurely, he even dragged his feet at times, claiming that he felt too tired to walk normally, even though he slept a lot, but there was definitely urgency in his movements now.)

“Jungkook! Finally!”

Yoongi quickly walked over towards the boy as soon as he spotted him and when he reached the human’s side, Jungkook gave the black-haired male a questioning look.

“Don’t let Jimin get close to me.”

The hybrid almost pleaded and hid behind Jungkook, using him as a shield.
“Hyung, stop acting like a baby.”

Jimin whined and supported himself on the couch to catch his breath, he has been trying to get his hands on the hybrid for the past half an hour, but surprisingly Yoongi could move rather swiftly when he wanted to, which wasn’t really that surprising considering his cat-nature.

“W-what did you just say??”

Yoongi muttered, offense clear as a crystal in his voice and Jungkook was beyond puzzled. He looked over at Jimin, who just sighed, clearly getting exhausted because of the situation.

“Jungkook, can you please grab onto Yoongi-hyung, so he won’t run away?”

Jungkook furrowed his brows at Jimin’s request and he glanced back at the hybrid, who actually looked… scared?

“If you just dare to fucking touch me, Jungkook… I-I’m going to break your arm, I swear!”

Jungkook was torn, he really didn’t know what to do or who to listen to.

What in the world is going on here??

Chapter End Notes

Wow, I feel like a lot of things happened in this chapter! *o*
Jung Hoseok…. and his many secrets xD
I wonder… what could’ve made Yoongi run away from Jimin, hmm??

10 chapters for a kiss on the cheek! We’re moving damn slow! But who cares?? haha Yoonkook with baby kittens… thank you for that, Jimin! My poor heart can’t handle all the cuteness!!! >////<
There were some snippets of Jikook’s back story here, but there will be a special chapter dedicated only to that in the future - how they met, started dating and stuff like that. ^^-^ 

Black-haired Yoongi needs to make a comeback!
Hopefully… soon! <3
Holy moly, this is the longest chapter so far and all I can say is…

*progress progress progress*

My cheeks hurt, because I smiled too much while writing this chapter.

I hope it will have the same effect on you when you read it! <3

Also... 700+ kudos and over 10k hits... why are you all making me so happy??? >.<

See the end of the chapter for more notes
When Jimin saw Yoongi, playing with the kittens, he was reminded of something really important. The first thing Dr. Kim did when he brought the baby cats to the clinic was to vaccinate them.

Of course… how could Jimin be so stupid? As a vet, animals’ safety and well-being was his top priority, but he got so caught up in other things, his mind was directed in a completely different direction - getting to know the hybrid better, making him feel comfortable around him and Jungkook, buying him clothes, listening to stories from his past, just spending time with the black-
Yoongi looked completely healthy, but he had been homeless for over a year and that was already quite worrisome. So he asked his favorite senior a few questions – Mrs. Lim, a woman with over 30 years of experience and although she said she didn't know much about hybrids, she told Jimin that they, just like other animals, had to get a vaccine every 6 months.

And that’s how Jimin found himself at a pharmacy, at the end of his work day. He considered bringing Yoongi to a vet who specialized in care of hybrids as well, but he believed that the black-haired male would be more comfortable if Jimin was the one who vaccinated him, not some stranger.

The pharmacist, a girl who looked even younger than Jungkook, looked back and forth from the paper which Jimin had given her, to his face.

“Is something wrong?” He asked, starting to feel slightly uncomfortable under her gaze.

“Oh, no. It’s just…” The girl gave Jimin a once over and the boy was this close to just walking out of the pharmacy and going to another place. “This is a very strong medicine. It’s not for humans and-”

“Yes, I know. It’s for my hybrid.”

The girl looked even more bewildered now and Jimin saw the hesitance in her eyes, it definitely looked like she was not going to give him the small bottle containing the vaccine and he realized that his approach had been wrong all along. So he pulled out his wallet and he handed over his card to the pharmacist.

“You’re a vet?”

“Yeah. Maybe I should’ve started with that?” Jimin awkwardly scratched his nape, but a small smile graced his lips, because the girl seemed more relaxed now. “I’d like to vaccinate my hybrid myself, is that… a problem?”

“No, no!” The pharmacist shook her head and got up from her chair, ready to get the bottle, which Jimin needed. “It’s just unusual. We rarely sell any of this medicine, unless it’s a bulk order made by a company or a clinic where hybrids are treated.”

“Well… I’m glad to be the first one then.”
When Jimin got home and told the hybrid that he had something for him, the black-haired male looked excited, but as soon as Jimin pulled the vaccine and the syringe from the plastic bag he was carrying, Yoongi’s face instantly fell and he stepped back, something akin to horror filling his eyes.

Jimin certainly did not expect such an outrageous reaction, because the hybrid didn’t even let him open his mouth and just tried his best to stay at a safe distance away from the vet. Jimin had never thought that he would actually have to chase Yoongi around the apartment, while the hybrid cursed under his breath and told him to stay away, the older’s behavior really caught him off-guard.

Sure… kids always made a fuss when they had to go for a vaccination, but Min Yoongi? A man who was already close to his 30s… Jimin really didn’t know what the hybrid was so afraid of.

And in the middle of that chase, Jungkook got home.

The boy no longer looked perplexed as he had just listened to Jimin’s story and just now noticed the syringe and the bottle, which his boyfriend was holding.

“A vaccine…”

Jungkook repeated slowly and Jimin nodded his head in confirmation. That made the youngest in the room once again turn his attention to Yoongi who looked a bit relieved now, absolutely sure that Jungkook would defend him from the evil items in the vet’s hands.

“I see.”

There was understanding in Jungkook’s voice and Yoongi breathed out, starting to calm down, but suddenly there were fingers around his wrist, firmly holding onto him.

“Where do you want him?”

Yoongi glared at Jungkook when he realized what was going on and he tried to pry the human’s hand off of him, but his attempt was not fertile at all.

“The kitchen would be nice. Thank you, Kook-ah.” Jimin replied, as he headed towards the said
place.

Dread spread all over Yoongi’s body and he tried to stay in place, unmoving, but Jungkook was practically dragging him towards the kitchen so it was impossible not to move. “What the frickin hell, Jungkook?! I thought you would be on my side!” Yoongi shrieked, hoping that he had managed to convey the betrayal he felt through his voice and he once again struggled to get free.

“I am on your side.” Jungkook said, as he stopped walking and turned around to look at the hybrid. “This is for your own good.”

“My own good? Are you fucking serious?!”

Jungkook sighed, now understanding why Jimin looked so exhausted. Doing this alone was just unthinkable and now Yoongi even looked mad, along with the fear in his eyes.

“Just walk. Please, Hyung.”

Upon hearing that, Yoongi looked at Jungkook’s face, really looked at him and saw how tired the boy looked, the grip around his wrist was loosening up and the hybrid could run away now if he tried, but what was the point really? They lived together and even if Yoongi locked himself up in his room… how long could he actually last in there?

Both Jimin and Jungkook sounded sincere, saying that the hybrid needed the vaccine and as much as Yoongi disagreed with them, causing so much trouble for the two humans made him feel guilty, so he obediently started walking towards the kitchen. He moved at an extremely slow pace, but Jungkook did not pressure him to walk faster and the black-haired male was grateful for that.

Yoongi tensed up when he saw the syringe and the small bottle, which was screaming torture. The hybrid could barely feel Jungkook’s grip around his wrist now and his hand slipped into the younger’s, seeking some sort of reassurance, Yoongi still didn’t know why he walked into the kitchen, willingly, when he was aware of what was about to happen.

Jimin was happy to hear steps behind his back, so he turned around, only to be met with a still frightened looking Yoongi, who was desperately clinging onto Jungkook’s hand. Jimin couldn’t help smiling when he saw that.

Before… Hyung couldn’t even lead a conversation with Jungkook and look at them now.

The lawyer followed Jimin’s eyes and he saw that he was looking at his and Yoongi’s intertwined fingers.
“If you’re so scared, you can just hold my hand… like you’re doing at the moment.”

Jungkook’s voice managed to bring Yoongi back from his staring contest with the horrifying syringe on the table and he looked at his hand, which to his surprise was indeed locked with the younger’s.

“What the-” Yoongi stopped himself from finishing that sentence and ripped his hand away from Jungkook’s grasp. If the hybrid’s mind wasn’t playing tricks on him, Yoongi was pretty sure that he was the one who grabbed the other’s hand in the first place, but he did it unconsciously. The black-haired male then sat on the chair next to Jimin, really wishing for this to be over as soon as possible. “I’m not scared.” He murmured, but the two humans were still able to hear him. “I just- I don’t know what shit they put inside that thing-” Yoongi spoke, frowning, as he glared at the bottle on the table. “But it hurt like a bitch every single time when I was injected with it. I’m completely okay, I don’t need it-”

“Hyung.” Jimin just had to abruptly cut in the older’s imploring speech. “I know you’re healthy, but you still need to get the vaccine. Even we humans need to, from time to time.”

“Bullshit. That can’t be true.”

It seemed like the hybrid wasn’t going to just believe his words, he needed some evidence, so Jimin unbuttoned the top three buttons of his dress shirt and Yoongi’s eyes widened, because wow why in the world was Jimin stripping?? The boy pulled his shirt to the side, revealing his left shoulder and the hybrid fought the urge to look away, but he just couldn’t. What if he never got the chance to lay his eyes on this work of Art ever again?

“See this, Hyung?” Jimin asked, as he pointed at an almost insignificant bump on his shoulder and Yoongi had to squint his eyes to be able to see what exactly the vet was showing him. “I got this when I was eight. It happens sometimes when you get a vaccine. It’s really tiny, but it’s been on my shoulder for as long as I can remember myself and I’ve gotten plenty of other vaccines after that. I know it might hurt a bit, nobody likes pain, but it’s something which needs to be done. I would never do anything to harm you. You know that, right?”

Yoongi absentmindedly nodded and after Jimin had fixed his shirt, the hybrid hesitantly extended his arm towards the vet. Jimin grabbed it and rolled up the older’s sleeve. The human simply stared at the milky skin for a few seconds, Yoongi really needed to be exposed to more sunlight, he was so, so pale, in a good way, but still…

The hybrid slightly shivered when Jimin started cleaning a certain spot on his arm with cotton soaked in something like alcohol or at least that’s what Yoongi presumed. But it just hit him how real this was and as he was about to pull his hand away, he felt fingers on his chin and his head was tilted in another direction.
“Don’t look at what Jimin is doing, just look at me.”

Jungkook said and Yoongi found himself staring right at the younger boy’s eyes, not knowing what to say, while his mind was in frenzy.

*L-look at you? Yeah, well… I’m doing that. But… how is that going to help??*

“Just talk to me, it will help you get your mind off of obnoxious thoughts.” Jungkook explained, sensing the black-haired male’s doubt on whether this was going to be of any use. “Just tell me about your day. What did you do? Did you go out today?”

Jungkook talked fast, saying word after word, it was hard to follow, but Yoongi tried to gather his thoughts and form a proper answer. “Yes… I went out.”

“Where did you go?”

“I, um… I went to the park, the one down the street.” Ever since Yoongi received his key, he often wandered around the neighborhood, but he never went too far and usually circled the area around the building where they lived. “When I got there, I sat on one of the benches to rest for a while.”

Jungkook tried really hard to suppress his laughter, because he didn’t want to literally just laugh in Yoongi’s face, but he found the older’s story really funny so far. The park, which the hybrid was talking about was about five minutes away from their apartment complex and the first thing, which the black-haired male did when he reached his destination was to sit down and lazy around once again??

*Don’t laugh, Jungkook. Don’t laugh.*

The boy chanted in his head, but his lips were stretched out into a smile and he glanced at Jimin, who was grinning, while he was drawing the vaccine into the syringe by pulling on the plunger.

“Some boys were playing with a ball near me and at one point, the ball rolled off towards me. I thought one of them would just come and get it, but it was right at my feet and I realized that they were waiting for me to give it back to them. Stupid brats.” Both Jungkook and Jimin could feel the annoyance in the older’s voice. “They disturbed my peaceful time, but I got up from the bench and kicked the ball back to them. I thought that would be it, but one of the boys kept looking at me and he-”

Yoongi paused and he tried to look away from Jungkook’s piercing gaze, he felt as if the human was practically staring at his soul, but he couldn’t move at all, because the boy held his face in
“What? Did he try to do something to you?” Jungkook questioned, inspecting the older’s face from up-close for any sort of injuries, but there was nothing… except for the hybrid’s wavering eyes.

“N-no, he just-”

*God, I would have to deal with so much embarrassment after this. Huh, why did I even bother saying anything at all??*

“He said that my kick was super lame.”

For a few seconds, there was complete silence and Yoongi was hoping, praying that his two owners hadn’t heard him at all, which was impossible, but a man could dream, right?

However that lovely dream was shattered to pieces when Jimin’s cheerful laughter filled the kitchen and Jungkook followed suit.

“Well… you’re not the most athletic person on Earth. That’s for sure.” Jungkook said between laughs and that earned him a pinch on the arm from a very irritated hybrid.

“Well… you’re not the most athletic person on Earth. That’s for sure.” Jungkook said between laughs and that earned him a pinch on the arm from a very irritated hybrid.

“Shut up! Stop laughing! Both of you! That’s why I-  ugh!”

Yoongi hissed when he felt a needle pierce his skin, he had totally forgotten all about *that*. Jimin saw that the hybrid was pretty distracted, so he decided to use the chance and injected the older.

The black-haired male clenched his eyes shut when he felt how the vaccine invaded his system, it wasn’t a pleasant feeling, but somehow… it didn’t hurt as much as the previous times when he had gotten the shot.

“What a big baby.”

Yoongi was about to blindly reach out, grab any part of Jungkook’s body and pinch him 10 times harder for saying that, but he felt a soft stroke along his cheek and that made him open his eyes.

There was no mockery in the human boy’s eyes and the expression on Jungkook’s face actually puzzled him to no end.
“Just breathe, don’t try to think about the pain. It will soon be all over.”

The younger calmly said and the comforting words along with the soothing touch on his face, made Yoongi relax completely and he just stared at Jungkook, who stared back at him without saying anything. The hybrid just hoped his face wasn’t as red as he thought it was, dealing with Jungkook’s mesmerizing doe eyes, his kind words and gestures was becoming such a hard task.

Sometimes, no… most of the time, Yoongi really wondered what was going on inside the boy’s head. He was hard to read and the hybrid often misunderstood the human’s words and actions, which were directed at him. Jimin was somehow… like an open book. Yoongi could easily read his mood and interpret even the unspoken words, though… Jimin was quite good at confusing him these days as well.

But Yoongi wondered… how was he like? Could the two humans tell what’s on his mind with ease or did they find difficulty in that?

“All done!”

The hybrid faintly registered Jimin’s voice and when Jungkook finally let go of his face, he glanced at his arm, only to briefly land his eyes on a small aid-band before the vet rolled down his sleeve and smiled brightly at him.

“See? It wasn’t that scary. Right, Hyung?”

“Y-yeah.” Yoongi replied, as his eyes shifted from his arm to the empty bottle, which was on the table. “Are you sure it’s the same? I mean, the vaccine?”

“Yes, why? Did you feel something different?” For a split of a second, Jimin almost panicked, thinking that he had gotten the wrong vaccine, but Mrs. Lim could never be wrong and the girl at the pharmacy had told him the vaccine was strictly used for hybrids.

“It’s just… it did hurt a bit, but… not like before. I don’t know…”

“Maybe the vaccine itself was never the problem?”

Jungkook’s comment made Yoongi and Jimin’s heads turn towards the youngest.

“What do you mean?” The hybrid asked, while furrowing his brows.
“Perhaps the doctors you were taken to, just weren’t careful enough. I don’t know about the others, but Jimin-hyung is the most kind and considerate person ever, so he always tries his best when he treats someone. Maybe you simply hadn’t had luck before.”

Jimin’s cheeks tinted in pink when Jungkook complimented him, he’s always been bad when it came to coping with such sweet words and for the first time ever… he was glad that crude words left the hybrid’s mouth, diverting the attention back to him.

“Those dumb fuckers… they should’ve been a little bit more attentive!”

Yoongi quietly cursed and Jimin was pleased with himself, he really did try to be as gentle as possible and seeing how there were absolutely no signs of discomfort on the hybrid’s face, made him feel joyful.

“Anyway, what did you do to that boy?”

Yoongi raised an eyebrow, because Jungkook’s question was directed right at him.

“What boy?” He asked, confusion seeping through his face.

“The boy at the park.”

The clarification did ring a bell, but Yoongi didn’t know what it was that the lawyer wanted to hear. “Uh… nothing?”

“You should know that by now, but… do you honestly think you can lie to me?”

Jungkook inquired and crossed his arms over his chest, waiting to hear the rest of the story.

“You really didn’t sound sure at all, Hyung.” Jimin added when he reached Jungkook’s side after throwing the bottle and used syringe in the trash. “Did you really do something?”

*Once again… two versus one. So not fair.*

If Yoongi looked to his right, there stood Jungkook, staring at him with a look on his face that pretty much said that he was getting impatient. If he looked to his left, there stood Jimin… staring at him with his beautiful eyes filled with curiosity and somehow, the hybrid had the hunch that the two humans wouldn’t get out of his face unless they heard a reply.
“Fine.” Yoongi groaned in defeat and leaned back onto the chair. “There were a few stones next to me. There were not big at all, just saying. A-and I just did it without thinking… I kicked some of them towards that shitty brat and I managed to hit one of his legs. Then he looked at me and he seemed kinda pissed off, but his friends started cackling, saying that at least I had a rather good aim and he ran back to his group, he wasn’t limping or anything and they scurried off after that. I don’t regret what I did, he was perfectly fine and if you ask me - he totally deserved it!”

“Hyung! You can’t just randomly attack people!”

“Attack?? That guy barely felt a thing! The stones were that small!” The hybrid protested in his defense, raising his hands and showing the exact size to Jimin. “Seriously, do you think I would’ve done it otherwise? Such kids just need to learn their lesson!”

“Good job.”

Unexpectedly, the remark came from Jungkook and Yoongi never thought he would feel proud for kicking some tiny stones at a stranger, but after hearing that, he really thought that he had done the right thing.

“If someone messes with you, you just gotta- ouch! Hyung!”

Jungkook’s little talk was interrupted when Jimin slapped his shoulder and Yoongi wondered how someone could look this adorable, while being angry. Maybe those round, puffy cheeks were to blame or those plump, pouty lips… who knows? The hybrid himself felt weird when those thoughts crossed his mind.

“Oh my god, Jungkook! Don’t encourage him!!” Jimin tried to scold the youngest, but it was hard when a smile threatened to appear on his face, because he also thought that it was great that Yoongi had stepped up for himself, but he also wasn’t the type to tolerate such acts. “Situations like that, should be solved with words, not fists! Don’t you dare to teach Yoongi-hyung bad things!”

“Hold on, hold on. Nobody is teaching me anything, I-”

The black haired-male couldn’t finish whatever he was saying, he actually didn’t even know where his sentence was headed to, because Jimin cut in and said the most bizarre thing ever.

“Ssht, Hyung! Just stay a good boy like you are right now and don’t let this little devil here corrupt you!”
Jungkook could only sniggle at the accusing finger, which Jimin waved in front of his face, but the boy just kept quiet, because *oh well* he really knew that he could be awfully devilish at times, but there was no way Yoongi could keep his mouth shut.

“A-a good boy?? For fuck’s sake! What am I?? A dog or something??”

Jimin’s words were supposed to be a praise, but the hybrid actually looked scandalized.

*For fuck’s sake.* Jungkook mouthed, as he peered at his boyfriend’s face. “You call that a *good* boy? If so… something definitely should be done about that mouth of his. Though, I’m already used to his language.”

Jungkook and Yoongi exchanged a look, an odd type of amity lingered in the air and the duo somehow managed to stay oblivious to Jimin’s inner turmoil.

*Gosh… what am I supposed to do with these two??*

“When was the last time you spoke with Hoseok-hyung?”

Jungkook asked when it seemed like Jimin had finally chosen what to wear for the night. Jungkook tried to sound as nonchalant as possible, but he was itchy to find out.

“Hm? We speak fairly often on the phone. Why?” Jimin replied and picked up a baby blue t-shirt from the wardrobe. It was a bit chilly tonight, but Spring was approaching and he wanted to try wearing something without sleeves.

Jungkook decided to completely ignore the older’s question and fired another one of his own. “Then, when was the last time you saw him?”

“Last week.”

Jimin answered without thinking much and put on the t-shirt. Then he undid his jeans and tugged them down. Even though his back was facing Jungkook, Jimin could feel that the younger’s eyes were on him, but he didn’t feel uncomfortable in the slightest, after all… Jungkook had seen him
naked plenty of times already.

“Really? When exactly?”

Jimin fished out a pair of grey sweatpants, his favorite ones actually, before he proceeded to answer to Jungkook. “I finished work earlier on Tuesday and I went to your office, but at the entrance I met Hyung and he told me that…” Jimin had totally not heard when the younger got up from the bed, but now he could feel that Jungkook was behind him, his hot breath ghosting over Jimin’s bare neck. “T-that you still had some things to look over for your case, I know how much it meant to you, so I didn’t want to disturb you and I went for a meal with Hoseok-hyung. He bought me some of the best bulgogi I’ve ever had in my life!”

Jungkook snorted in slight irritation when he heard that and he pressed his body against Jimin’s, his teeth grazing over the older’s earlobe in a teasing manner.

“Oh, so you meet other men behind my back and you let them buy you things?”

Jungkook whispered in the other’s ear and slightly bit down on the shell. He was rewarded with a giggle from Jimin who turned around and wrapped his arms around the younger’s neck, bringing him closer.

“Unbelievable… I’m scolding you and you’re laughing.”

Jimin could only chuckle in response, he has always found it endearing whenever Jungkook whined, he was just like a child sometimes.

“Hoseok-hyung is harmless and besides… you know it’s not that easy to get in my pants.”

There was a mischievous glint in Jimin’s eyes as he spoke and Jungkook knew exactly what the other was referring to, so he buried his face in the junction between the older’s neck and shoulder, while hugging him tightly.

“Hyung, please. Don’t bring up the past.”

Jimin smiled upon re-calling that same past and he carded his fingers through Jungkook’s hair. “Why? It was really cute, you know? How hard you tried, how you followed me everywhere, how you wanted to ask me out on a date but failed many times, how you were too shy to confess to me, how shocked you were when I kissed you, how-”

Jimin’s voice died down when Jungkook slotted their lips together and eagerly moved his lips. He
nibbled on the older’s bottom lip and Jimin responded by making a needy sound in his throat. Jungkook angled his face to the side, deepening the kiss even more, his tongue easily slipped into the other’s hot cavern and he swirled it around Jimin’s.

Jungkook always felt like an explorer whenever he kissed the older, because the kisses were never the same, there was always something new, something thrilling and those little noises, those breathy moans which left Jimin’s lips caused a tingling sensation to run through his whole being.

_Not enough, not enough._

Jungkook’s body just yearned for _more_, so he lifted Jimin from the floor and pushed him against the wall next to the wardrobe. A startled yelp escaped from the older’s lips and he hooked his legs around Jungkook’s waist for better support, even though he was aware of the fact that the boy was strong enough to hold him.

“Who’s the surprised one now?” Jungkook smirked when he pulled back a little, taking in Jimin’s flushed face, his ravished lips and his gleaming eyes.

“My little puppy has grown up so much.”

There was nothing but adoration and love in Jimin’s eyes when he said that and Jungkook almost melted on the spot, because _oh_… how much he loved hearing that nickname.

“It’s been a while since you last called me like that.”

“I missed saying it.”

“And I missed hearing it.”

Jimin smiled and leaned in, so he could once again capture Jungkook’s lips, but apparently kissing could no longer satisfy the younger and he pushed his body even further ahead until his crotch was grinding against Jimin’s.

“Aah, _god._” A whimper got stuck in Jimin’s throat when Jungkook repeated the movement, seeking even more friction between their bodies and Jimin didn’t miss how painfully hard his boyfriend already was. “Jungkook, the bed… _now._”

Whatever authority Jimin tried to show, he failed miserably, because instead of listening to the command, which definitely sounded more like a plead, Jungkook just squeezed his lover’s meaty thighs and tilted his head to the side.
“Is it really necessary?”

Jimin really wanted to resist the temptation, but he felt so weak whenever Jungkook looked at him like that, he was actually waiting for approval, not daring to cross the line unless he was allowed to.

“You are such a brat sometimes.”

“I know. But you still love that part of me as well, don’t you?”

“Yes, I do.”

Jimin rasped out, as he pressed his forehead against Jungkook’s, the smile never leaving his face.

I love you…

Incredibly much.

Just knock on the goddamn door.

Yoongi told himself for the nth time, but still didn’t move an inch and just stood in front of the bedroom of his owners.

It’s already so damn late. They’re probably asleep.

The hybrid tried to convince himself, but it was such a blatant lie that even the biggest fool out there wouldn’t believe it.

Besides… Yoongi could hear the voices of the two humans, so they were definitely still up.
He could’ve come earlier, but a very evident problem between his legs, prevented him from leaving his room. He needed some time to get his shit together, but he’s been standing in front of the door for how long exactly?

Five minutes?

Ten minutes?

F-fuck it!

Yoongi raised his fist and finally knocked, a few seconds later Jimin appeared at the door.

“Hyung?”

The human sounded and looked sleepy and the hybrid almost said ‘It’s nothing.’, but before he could say a word or even think of backing out, Jimin fully opened the door and invited him in.

“Is something wrong?”

Jimin asked when Yoongi stepped into the room. The only source of light was coming from the bedside lamp next to Jungkook, who seemed a bit more awake than the vet.

“Are you alright?”

The lawyer added and just then Yoongi realized that he had been standing there like an idiot, just looking around the room, without getting to the point for his visit.

“Aghm.” He cleared his throat and finally opened his mouth. “It’s raining.”

As if the simple sentence could explain everything, which needed to be said, Yoongi waited for a reaction from the two humans.

Jimin glanced at the window and saw the raindrops on the glass. “Oh, I haven’t even noticed. It’s more like a drizzle, not a real rain.”

“Yet.” Yoongi piped up and a shudder ran down his spine. “It’s going to rain heavily tonight, there might even be a storm. I can feel it… in my bones.”
“Waah, Hyung! Can you really sense the changes in the weather?? Just like other animals??”

Yoongi took a step back when Jimin launched towards him, fascination sparkling in his eyes.

“Y-yeah. I… as you already know, I don’t have any problem with water, I quite enjoy taking my time in the shower. But-” The hybrid gnawed on his bottom lip, once again reconsidering this whole thing, but he was already here… if Jimin and Jungkook decided to kick him out, then so be it, but at least he had to try before giving up. “But I don’t like storms. They make me recall all the times I had to sleep on the streets, shivering in the cold, just like a stray cat that nobody gave a damn about and I- I just-”

“You want to sleep here, with us?”

Jungkook interrupted then and Yoongi narrowed his eyes at the younger boy.

“I was going to get to that part. But yes… that’s what I’m trying to say…”

Jimin skipped towards the wardrobe and opened the drawer on the bottom where they kept an extra pillow and he handed it over to the black-haired male, while beaming. The vet surely looked happy.

Yoongi didn’t expect this to be so easy. Why did he mull over in front of the door for so long then? Seems like he had worried in vain, because the two humans accepted him in their room as if it was nothing.

Yoongi walked towards the bed and just stared at it.

“What is it now?” Jungkook was about to turn off the light when Jimin got in the bed, thinking that the oldest would do the same.

“Did you… did you change the sheets?”

The question made Jimin want to hide himself under the covers. “W-what??”

“Oh, come on… don’t give me those innocent eyes, Jimin.” Yoongi grumbled, as he clutched the pillow close to his chest. “I know exactly what you two did tonight, so…”

Jungkook and Jimin did reach the bed after all, because the vet complained that his back was
starting to hurt and a sore ass was more than enough to make him walk unnaturally on the next day, he didn’t need more reasons and thus, the couple ended up making a total mess on the sheets, trying to be as quiet as possible, but obviously… they were loud enough for the hybrid to hear them.

“Of course we changed them.” Jungkook stated, as he rolled his eyes. “Do you think we would want to sleep in sheets covered in our-”

“Aaah, say no more!”

Jimin screamed from somewhere under the blankets. Could people die from embarrassment?? Because Jimin was close to passing out, his face was burning and his furiously beating heart was just adding up to his distress.

Yoongi hummed in response before he crawled onto the bed and positioned his pillow in the middle. He lifted up the covers, but before he could lie down, he faced Jungkook who was looking at him instead of turning off the light.

“What?”

“Nothing. I just thought that you would-”

“I want to sleep next to the two of you. Is that a problem?”

Jimin peeked from underneath the blanket, because the words made an impression. Yoongi did not say ‘between’, somehow if he had used that word, it would make it sound like the black-haired male was trying to build some sort of a wall between Jimin and Jungkook, to separate them in a way.

But no, it was quite the opposite because Yoongi had said ‘next to’, which meant that he wanted to feel the presence of both Jimin and Jungkook, not to be a wall, but a connection that would link the two humans.

“No, of course not.”

It took a while for Jungkook to find his voice and Yoongi was left wondering what kind of expression the younger wore while saying that, because the lawyer’s hand had touched the switch of the lamp before the boy uttered the sentence.
Yoongi despised storms, they always made him feel alone and lonely. In his mind, there was a huge difference between the two and on many occasions, those two feelings invaded his heart, eating him up from the inside, ripping him off of any hope for better days.

But somehow the rattling of the windows and the pouring rain did not disturb him that much tonight, they actually lulled him to sleep.

Or maybe there was something else that had to be taken in account…

Perhaps Jungkook’s soft breathing coming from behind him or Jimin’s warm body that was curled up close to his, were the real reasons why the hybrid drifted off in minutes.

And as the Yoongi was falling asleep, he couldn’t help thinking that maybe…

This is where he belonged.

Maybe Min Yoongi had finally found his place in this world.

Right here…

Next to Jeon Jungkook and Park Jimin.

Chapter End Notes

Okay…

Okay…
They are finally in the same bed…

Okay…

Ok-

NO! I AM NOT OKAY!!!

You have no idea for how long I’ve been waiting to reach this part of the story and to finally be able to type it down! nvgeekjghvvcfxylsckhjngdrf

And the scene that will follow in the next chapter!
Prepare your hearts for it! >///<

But anyway… yes, the 3 lovebirds are finally going to sleep together, though… not in the way you all would want, but we’re slowly, slowly headed there! hehe

If you ever feel like talking to me, you can always message me on my Instagram ^^
morning

Chapter Notes

800+ kudos, thank you all so much!!! <33

When will Jimin and Jungkook stop messing with Yoongi???

That's the question of the year xD

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“Good Morning, Hyung.”

Yoongi had just opened his eyes and he almost got the shock of his life when he saw that Jimin was staring right at him, the human’s face was just centimeters away from his and for a few seconds Yoongi wondered what the fuck was going on, but then he remembered that he went to Jimin and Jungkook’s room last night and actually spend the night there.
He was no longer confused as to where he was or why, but that didn’t mean Yoongi was prepared for a breathtakingly beautiful Park Jimin and his puffy cheeks to be the first thing to see in the morning, so for a while the hybrid just stared back without saying anything.

Jimin has always been an early riser and over the years he developed the habit of looking at Jungkook’s sleeping form until the boy woke up, which mostly happened with the help of an alarm clock, because Jimin was nice enough to let the younger sleep as much as he wanted.

And this morning was no different, except for the fact that the current target of Jimin’s gawking looked a bit grumpy, even in his sleep, due to the somewhat furrowed brows. The hybrid’s lips were slightly parted, so he could easily take in new breaths and some of his black locks were covering a part of his face. Yoongi looked so peaceful like this, but also rather defenseless and that made a feeling of protectiveness rush through Jimin’s body.

The hybrid had said numerous times that he could take care of himself and that he could defend himself if needed, but Jimin couldn’t truly believe that. In his eyes, Yoongi looked fragile, not weak and even though the black-haired male acted tough most of the time, Jimin saw that simply as an act. The hybrid was forced to live on the streets for a year, so of course he had to behave in a certain way, if he wanted to successfully scare off those who could be labeled as potential danger.

When Jimin’s mind travelled back to the night on which he had met Yoongi, he was glad that he actually stopped the other before he left, because the look in the hybrid’s eyes was so cold and distant, he looked like a person (Well, a being) that was hard to approach, but just a few days were enough for Yoongi’s true colors to show – he was just closed off, because he had been through a lot, especially in the past two years, but Jimin knew it from the start, he knew that behind those sad eyes there was a kind soul and Jimin’s only regret was that he hadn’t met Yoongi sooner, that he couldn’t help him earlier, but the hybrid seemed used to living with them now, he smiled more and he wasn’t as reserved and skeptical as in the beginning and that could only make Jimin happy.

However, there was something, which Jimin couldn’t really explain, a certain feeling that invaded his chest whenever he looked at the hybrid. Did all owners feel that way towards their pets? But Yoongi was not a pet, definitely not and yet, the particular feeling in Jimin’s chest grew stronger by each day. Maybe it was a normal type of attachment, but he couldn’t really be sure, because even though Jimin loved animals with all his heart, he had never had a pet in his life.

Sadly, his younger brother was allergic to animals. Their family doctor had stated that the cause of the problem was the fur and even though Jimin’s heart ached every time his baby brother started sneezing or coughing whenever they passed by a dog or a cat on the street, the fact that he could only look at all animals from afar saddened him to no end, he couldn’t even get close. ‘Don’t pet them, Jimin-ah’, his mother would always tell him. ‘You might affect Jihyun when you play together later.’, that was always her argument and even though Jimin really wanted to say something like ‘But, mommy… I will wash my hands…’, he never did, because putting Jihyun’s health at risk was the last thing he wanted.
And even though Jimin had to stay away from the creatures that he was so fond of, he has always known that his dream was to become a vet who would take care of animals. Up until today, he had never regretted his choice, not even for a second. But whenever he went back to Busan, his mother inspected him from every possible angle just to make sure that Jimin had cleaned up properly before even setting his foot inside the house, he didn’t mind though, his mother has always put Jimin’s and his brother’s well-being above all.

So Jimin couldn’t really pinpoint why he felt so happy whenever Yoongi did something no matter how trivial – be it a simple smile, the hybrid’s eagerness when he welcomed him home, the way Yoongi always lingered around him or just a simple call of his name. Jimin has been thinking about those things for a while now and he has been troubling his mind with thoughts in that direction even more after Yoongi’s visit at the clinic when… Jimin kissed him.

*It was just a greeting.*

Jimin told himself at the time and he was quick enough to change the topic and bring in the kittens, because he didn’t know what else to do. He couldn’t look at either Yoongi or Jungkook, though he was dying to really know what they thought about his action, because Jimin surely didn’t know what had gotten into him or why he did that.

Neither Jungkook nor Yoongi had said anything about it though, so Jimin just let it be, but a lot of questions had been circling around in his head ever since.

“Good morning, Jiminie.”

Yoongi didn’t know how long it took him to utter those words, but the human’s surprised face told him that he had said something wrong and then he realized what exactly had slipped past his lips.

*“Shit. Sorry. Jungkook calls you like that sometimes and I kind of like how it sounds, but if you don’t feel comfortable with me calling you like that, then I won’t.”*

Contrary to Yoongi’s expectation, Jimin just beamed at him and the hybrid felt a bit at ease, because of that.

“No, it’s alright. You can call me however you want, Hyung. I actually like how it sounds, so…”

*Jiminie…*

Yoongi repeated in his head, the name didn’t sound odd at all, but he recalled how he made fun of Jungkook for giving a pet name to his lover and now he wanted to use that exact same pet name. Oh, well…
“Last night’s storm was seriously no joke. Did you sleep well, Hyung?”

“Ah, yeah. Like a baby.”

Jimin was quietly giggling now and Yoongi wondered what had caused the reaction, so he went over his sentence and then it clicked.

“Forget I ever said that.”

Leading a proper conversation in the morning was totally out of Yoongi’s league, it was a way too early for that shit.

Suddenly, that strong feeling of adoration once again bloomed in Jimin’s chest and he acted before thinking. It was a spontaneous action, just like at the clinic. And as Jimin inched closer, he noticed how the hybrid once again froze and just stared at him with wide eyes. But unlike last time, Jimin let his lips linger over the hybrid’s cheek for a bit too long and he knew that this could no longer pass as a simple greeting. But when he pulled back and noted how red Yoongi’s cheeks had become, he decided to stop thinking and just feel.

“I must say, Hyung… you’re one very cute baby.”

Jimin’s comment made the hybrid’s eyes grow even bigger and the vet felt like a total brat for saying that, but now he kind of got why Jungkook usually behaved like that, saying that made Jimin feel a peculiar type of satisfaction or maybe he just enjoyed Yoongi’s reactions a way too much.

Gosh, his ears are twitching in embarrassment. I want to play with them… but it looks like he seriously might bite me if I dare to touch him.

“I-I’m going to murder you in your sleep, Park Jimin!”

Jimin laughed at the threat, because his assumption that the hybrid was ready to do something in his defense proved to be right, but Yoongi totally didn’t seem angry and he didn’t try to push Jimin away when he kissed his cheek, so it didn’t look like the black-haired male minded.

Yoongi panicked a bit when Jimin didn’t say anything and pushed his body off the mattress with the intention to get up.
“Where are you going?” Yoongi asked, as he grabbed onto the hem of Jimin’s shirt, preventing him from getting up.

“I’m going to make breakfast. I’m sure you’ll start feeling hungry soon, Hyung.”

“Oh…” Yeah, food definitely sounded nice. “Do you want me to help you with something?”

Jimin shook his head and got up from the bed when the black-haired male let go of him. “It’s okay. Besides… I doubt you would be able to move, even if you wanted to.”

“What? Of course I can-”

Yoongi couldn’t finish his sentence, because when he tried to get up, he really couldn’t move an inch, because something or more accurately someone was holding him down.

What the hell?

The hybrid looked down at his body and just then he noticed that there were arms wrapped around his waist and it wasn’t hard to guess who they belonged to.

Jeon Jungkook…

Yoongi tried to remove the boy’s arms, but either Jungkook’s grip around him was too strong or Yoongi just didn’t have much stamina in the morning (Probably both though.).

“It’s no use, Hyung. Once Jungkook grabs you, he won’t let go until he wakes up.”

The clarification just further agitated the hybrid and he started struggling even more.

“And what… you’re just going to leave me here with him?? What the fuck am I supposed to do if he pops a morning wood??” Yoongi stopped his ministrations, so he could observe Jimin’s reaction and he totally wasn’t pleased with it. “Your alarmed expression tells me that happens fairly often.”

“No, no. Only… sometimes.” Jimin quickly denied, but he didn’t sound very sure and the hybrid caught on pretty quickly, judging by his narrowed eyes. “If… something happens, just call for me and I’ll come back.” Jimin added and hoped that would make the hybrid’s restlessness go away.
“To do what exactly? To save me? Or to take care of Jungkook’s problem?”

“Both, I guess?”

The bashful look on Jimin’s face just made Yoongi groan into his pillow.

“Ugh, great.”

Yoongi tried to shift a bit, because his left side was starting to feel a bit numb, but he once again couldn’t budge at all and that made him wonder why in the world he hadn’t noticed that Jungkook was hugging him from behind before Jimin addressed the whole thing.

Well… Jimin. That was enough of a reason. The vet was such a distraction and Yoongi almost got a heart attack when he felt Jimin’s lips on his cheek again. The human hadn’t even done much, but Jimin’s every action and word always screamed affection and Yoongi was really bad when it came to dealing with such stuff, he didn’t know how to react and thus, he was sure that he had managed to make a fool out of himself.

“Hyyung, stop moving so much.”

Yoongi got startled by the groggy voice and he ceased his movements. Jungkook sounded damn sleepy, he almost slurred the words and just now the hybrid became aware of how close exactly the other was. Jungkook’s hot breath landed right on his neck and Yoongi presumed that if he leaned back just a little, there would be literally no space between their bodies, but something else made an ever bigger impression.

He called me Hyung… so softly… he thinks I’m Jimin…

“I’m not Jimin…”

Yoongi mumbled under his breath and Jungkook sighed behind him right after.

“I know. I can tell the difference between the two of you even with closed eyes.”

Is this brat bragging? I don’t know how to interpret his words anymore…

“Did I wake you up?” Yoongi decided to ask, instead of answering anything to what the boy had
previously said.

“No, I’ve been awake for some time.”

Yoongi scrunched up his nose, because of the reply. Jungkook was awake, so why was he still holding onto Yoongi as if his life depended on it and how long has it been since Jungkook actually woke up?

“Were you awake?”

“Hm, when?”

Jungkook was starting to speak more clearly now, which indicated that he was waking up for real.

“When Jimin kissed me. Ah, I mean-” Yoongi wanted to correct himself, because that kind of sounded wrong, but he wasn’t given the chance to.

“Yes, I was awake.”

“And?” Yoongi really didn’t know where he was going with this or what exactly he wanted to hear.

“And what?”

The hybrid squirmed a little once again and sighed in relief when he felt how Jungkook’s hold around his body loosened up, it was kind of starting to get hard to breathe, but Yoongi blamed that on their conversation.

“You don’t mind?”

Did Jungkook mind? If it were someone else, the answer would definitely be ‘Yes’, he himself didn’t know why Yoongi was placed in another category, but he was.

“No, I don’t. It’s fine… because it’s you.” That sounded like the most plausible explanation in Jungkook’s head.

*Because it’s me?*
“Hey…” They were already talking, so Jungkook wanted to get this off his chest. “About the other day, at the clinic… what I said…”

He trailed off, not knowing how exactly to phrase his words, but to his surprise, Yoongi knew what he was referring to.

“I know.”

“You know?”

“I know what you meant by saying that you like me, don’t worry. I feel the same-” Yoongi thought the words would get stuck in his throat or something, but the confession just flowed effortlessly. “I don’t… dislike living with you. And thank you… for accepting me, for letting me stay here, for taking me out, _just_- thank you for everything.”

Jungkook stayed silent for a while, not because he had nothing to say, but because there was a lot on his mind at the moment.

When it came to Yoongi, there was so much that Jungkook still didn’t know, so much he was curious about, but he was slightly scared of finding out more. That was totally unlike him, ever since he started working as a lawyer, he had learnt how to be more forward, to always see things through, but he wasn’t certain what to except at the end. It hadn’t been that long since they had met, but the hybrid meant a lot to him already, to both him and Jimin. Jungkook wasn’t a fool… he knew that he and his boyfriend already did things unusual for them when Yoongi was concerned. Things were somehow starting to change and Jungkook wondered where that would lead them to…

“Can you say all those things to my face?” Jungkook questioned after a while and felt how the black-haired male tensed up in his arms.

“Don’t push your luck, _Jeon._”

The hybrid bit back in defense, the human had kept quiet for so long that Yoongi thought Jungkook won’t say anything in regards of his heartfelt speech. Of course the hybrid had said that only because he wasn’t facing Jungkook, there was no way he could’ve said the same things face to face with the human.

“Anyway, you are awake! So can’t you just let me go already?? My left arm is practically dead! I can’t feel it at all!”
“Sorry.”

Jungkook apologized and finally released the hybrid from his hold. If Jimin’s habit was to bluntly stare at Jungkook as he slept (and from today - at Yoongi as well), Jungkook’s habit surfaced only once in a while, because Jimin usually slept sprawled over the bed like a starfish, so it was hard to grab him, but Jungkook still managed to do that sometimes in his sleep. Jimin was better than any pillow in the world and Jungkook came to the conclusion that the hybrid was a rather soft and warm pillow too, he definitely started feeling some sort of absence right away.

Yoongi rolled off to Jimin’s side of the bed, because he wanted to put some distance between him and Jungkook, before facing the human boy. Somehow Yoongi felt that if he had simply turned around after Jungkook let go of him, his heart might’ve really given out.

There was a lot that Min Yoongi could handle, but being so damn close to his owners and dealing with both Park Jimin and Jeon Jungkook at some ungodly hour was just a huge NO-NO.

The hybrid massaged his left arm and was glad that it no longer felt as numb. He really did sleep like a baby last night and barely registered the storm, Yoongi slept soundly without waking up during the night, but he also didn’t move much and he ended up sleeping only on his left side. Besides… there was not much space on the bed anyway, it was definitely only for two people, so Yoongi had to settle for not changing his position for the whole night.

“You were right.”

Jungkook suddenly said and the hybrid realized that even though the boy was wide awake now, he didn’t have any intention to get up soon and Yoongi couldn’t agree more, if you asked him… lazing around in bed all day long was the best thing ever.

“About what?” He couldn’t help asking, because he wasn’t entirely sure what Jungkook was talking about.

“Last week you said that Jimin reeked of meat, I totally couldn’t feel it. But it turns out that you were right, he really did stop by to eat some meat before coming home on Tuesday.”

“I knew it… Jimin took a shower right after he got home that night, but he still smelled a bit different from usual.”

“Different from usual? How so?” Jungkook arched an eyebrow, intrigued by the hybrid’s statement.
“Yeah, well… Jimin usually smells like cherry blossoms.”

“What? He doesn’t have such cologne and our shower gel-”

“That’s not what I meant.” Yoongi interrupted right away. “I was talking about Jimin’s natural scent, he smells like cherry blossoms.”

“Really? Are you sure you’re not making that up?”

During all the years Jungkook has known Jimin, he has never felt such fragrance around him. Maybe the older did smell like flowers at times, but Jungkook thought it was because of a certain perfume or something.

“Why would I make that up?” Yoongi huffed in annoyance, he wasn’t even sure how to explain this to the human, but he had already mentioned the subject and like always, Jungkook seemed interested in hearing more. “Don’t forget that I’ve slept on the streets for a year, I can pretty much tell the difference between most types of flowers. Also, my senses are heightened. It’s not just my hearing, one sniff is enough for me to catch on someone’s scent.”

*Interesting. He has never mentioned that before, but I’m not even surprised.*

Jungkook recalled how a few days ago Yoongi warned him not to burn the beef and at the time Jungkook had found the hybrid’s warning a bit off, because while Jungkook was cooking in the kitchen, Yoongi and Jimin were in the living room. There was no way that the vet could’ve told the hybrid what was going to be tonight’s meal, because Jungkook had decided without telling neither of them.

*I guess it makes sense now… why he knew what I was cooking.*

“What about me?”

“Huh?”

“What do I smell like?”

The question definitely sounded better in Jungkook’s head, but he couldn’t help asking, he was curious. Yoongi has been near both him and Jimin many times, so if he was able to-

“Lilies.” Yoongi cut in Jungkook’s thought in the middle and spoke without hesitation. “You smell
like lilies. Which is strange, because I’m pretty certain those flowers are the symbol of pureness and innocence, while you-”

“That totally sounds like me.”

To show his disagreement Yoongi kicked Jungkook’s leg with his own under the blanket. “Brat.”

“This is child abuse. I’m going to file a report against you.”

“Go ahead, kid. You’re the one who told me to step up for myself when someone is messing with me.”

“Using my words against me? Clever.”

Yoongi cracked a smile upon hearing that, but he tried to regain his composure immediately and changed the topic.

“So… Jimin went somewhere all alone to eat meat without us? I feel betrayed.”

“He wasn’t alone though, he went with Hoseok-hyung.”

Yoongi was hella tired of hearing that name, who the heck was that guy anyway??

“That ‘Hoseok-hyung’, is he older than me?”

“No, he’s a year younger than you. He’s actually coming over for dinner tomorrow, so you’re going to meet him.”

“Do I really have to? He sounds like a weird human.”

Yoongi was now frowning and Jungkook chuckled, because of the sight.

“He could be, at times. But… he’s a really good human and a great friend whom both Jimin and I treasure. So, be nice and don’t hide in your room.”

“Who’s going to hide?? Let me see hoooo great that Hoseok dude is.”
“You haven’t even met him yet and you’re already judging him.”

The hybrid just shrugged his shoulders, trying to look nonchalant about the fact that he was indeed judging someone prior their meeting. The guy was a lawyer as well, so that made him sound like the reliable type, but Yoongi still had to see it with his own eyes – what kind of human Jung Hoseok was.

From his spot, the hybrid could see the nightstand next to Jungkook’s side of the bed and his eyes fell on a framed photo of the said boy and Jimin. It looked like a rather old photo, because there was some baby fat on Jungkook’s face, he looked much younger and Jimin’s hair was orange. Yoongi never knew that the vet had had such a vibrant hair color before. It did look really nice on him, but Yoongi was used to Jimin’s darker hair color, so he was taken aback.

Jungkook noted that Yoongi was looking at something behind him, so he turned around only to be greeted by his shy smile and a brightly smiling Jimin from years ago.

“That one was taken when we started dating.”

Jungkook mentioned when he faced the hybrid again and Yoongi racked his brain, trying to remember something about the relationship of his two owners, but there was barely a thing he knew.

Maybe all he had to do was… ask?

“How long have you two been together for anyway?”

“Five years.”

Yoongi didn’t see that coming, it was a big number. He thought Jungkook would say something like two or three years at most.

“Wow, that’s… a long time.”

“Yeah, it is. But time flies really fast when you’re with the person you love. Meeting Jimin-hyung is really the best thing that has ever happened to me.”

Yoongi pursed his lips, as the sentence sank in. This was one of the very few times when Jungkook had referred to the vet as ‘Hyung’.
“You call Jimin, ‘Hyung’ whenever you feel like it…”

“In the beginning I did it just for fun, to tease him. But when we got together, he gave me the permission to call him by his name. He said that when two people are in a relationship, they are equal and that such things as age don’t matter.”

*That sounds like something Jimin would say.*

But he and Jungkook were four years apart, not four months and yet the human called him by his name 90% of the time.

“What about me? You rarely call me Hyung… why? Simply out of disrespect?”

“No. I respect you, *Hyung.*”

“Then why?”

What else was the hybrid supposed to assume? Sometimes, he believed that he was finally starting to understand Jungkook’s way of thinking, but at other times, the boy was a complete mystery.

“I just like messing with you.”

That much, Yoongi knew, but instead of scolding the younger, his lips stretched out into a smile.

*What a brat.*

**Chapter End Notes**

This whole thing is just Yoonminkook in bed… cuddling and stuff… *Fine,* there was no cuddling, but close enough xD
There were so many other things, which I wanted to include in this chapter! I even wrote a whole scene with Jimin and Tae, but… I decided to leave it for next time! *-*

Yoonseok will finally meet soon!!! I’ve been waiting to type down their meeting ever since the beginning of the story! >.<

Black-haired Bangtan killed me… Euphoria killed me… the Yoonkook parts killed me… Burn the Stage is killing me… that Jikook selca killed me… *sighs*
This is my ghost typing!!! How can someone be alive after all of this?!?!?

I was in H&M yesterday and suddenly **Hope World** started playing!!! I was like ‘**YAS!! HOBi!!! YOU DESERVE THIS!!! AND SO MUCH MORE!!!**’ so proud!! <33 hehehe
Chapter Notes

Thank you for the 900+ kudos! <33

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
“I kissed Yoongi-hyung… on the cheek.”

“What??”

Jimin rarely managed to surprise Taehyung with something, simply because his best friend knew him like the back of his hand, but Taehyung’s currently big eyes and agape mouth clearly showed that he was taken aback.

Jimin ended work earlier than usual today, because in the afternoon he assisted Dr. Song during a surgery and he didn’t have any appointments after that, so he finally found some time to visit his friend’s studio and agreed to model for him. It wasn’t the first time anyway. Jimin was one of Taehyung’s models for his final graduation project along with a girl, whom Taehyung randomly met on campus and scouted her. The second Taehyung saw Hayeon, he yelled ‘She fits my concept so well!!!’, startling everyone around him. The poor girl had no idea what she was getting herself into, when she agreed to help, because Taehyung was a perfectionist, he wanted his final work to be top-notch and thus he made Jimin and Hayeon model for him for hours and hours, sometimes he even made them pose without moving, because he wanted to sketch them. It took ages to choose the right fabrics as well, the colors and Taehyung ended up changing his designs a few times until he was satisfied.

And as Jimin had predicted, the modeling thing wasn’t going to be done after just one visit. Taehyung was currently taking his measurements and he even took a few pictures of Jimin before that. Taehyung said that Jimin needed to come at least two more times for a fitting, to walk around and say if something felt off. Taehyung never just made clothes, he made them for people and before releasing something on the market, he always made sure that those who would wear his clothes would not feel uncomfortable in any way.

Taehyung had an attitude and Jimin believed that would lead his best friend to success and to the big scene one day. Taehyung was slowly headed there, Jimin knew it was just a matter of time before the other made it big.

“Why did you kiss him?”

Taehyung asked and Jimin realized that he had just been staring at his friend, who was waiting for him to say something.

“I don’t know… I just… really wanted to. He’s so cute Tae, especially when he smiles. His tail is just gorgeous and his ears… fluffiest things on Earth! I love touching them and he actually purrs when I do it, but then he gets super embarrassed and he can’t even look at me, but he still doesn’t brush my hand away. He always welcomes me home so warmly and remember how I told you that he hates sharing his food?? Well, he doesn’t have that problem anymore and he shares his food with me and Jungkook and that just does things to my heart. I’m really glad that I took him home,
Tae and… I’m really happy that he decided to stay with me and Jungkook.”

For a few seconds, Taehyung really didn’t know what to say. Jimin loved animals with all his heart, Taehyung knew that better than anyone else, because he felt the same towards all those creatures, which his best friend took care of, but there was something different in Jimin’s eyes while he spoke about his hybrid, in his voice and even in his body language. If Taehyung didn’t know any better, he would say that Jimin sounded and looked… in love.

“Well… as long as you did it only once, I guess it’s not that weird.”

Taehyung decided to say in the end, because maybe he was overanalyzing things and he didn’t want to say something odd, even though lots of comments and questions were circling around in his head.

“Well… it wasn’t only once though. I did it for the first time when Hyung came over for a visit at the clinic and this morning as well when he woke up. He looked so sleepy and adorable that I couldn’t help it.”

Jimin actually dared to look proud of what he had done and Taehyung simply couldn’t keep the questions to himself any longer.

“Sorry, but… first of all – where in the world did you sleep last night??”

Jimin wondered if he could sit down on one of the chairs next to Taehyung’s desk. Maybe they could take a short break while they were talking? Jimin couldn’t even utter his suggestion though, because Taehyung wanted to measure his waist next and thus Jimin had to rile up his shirt a bit and hold it. It seemed like they won’t be resting at all until they were done.

“I slept in my bed, where else? Yoongi-hyung just slept with me and Jungkook last night, because of the storm.”

When Jungkook’s name was brought up Taehyung started getting more and more puzzled by this conversation and he was used to being the one to confuse people with what he did or said.

“Jungkook was there...”

Taehyung muttered under his breath and the tape measurer almost slipped from his hand, when Jimin added ‘Yeah, Kook was at the clinic with Yoongi-hyung as well. He was the one who brought him there.’
“You… kissed someone else in front of Jungkook?”

“Yeah, why?”

Suddenly Taehyung was the one in need of a break, a permanent one, because… wow.

“How is your hybrid still alive? Didn’t Jungkook freak out or something?”

“Tae-”

“I mean… even though Jungkook tries to be subtle, he really doesn’t like it when other people get too close to you. Of course, I am an exception but I would never forget the looks he used to throw me when we first met. But I get it… he thought that we were dating back then, so he labeled me as competition right away. But I’ve seen the way he acts when others approach you. He was overprotective, especially in the beginning of your relationship, as if he was scared that someone would snatch you away from him. Maybe he just felt insecure and didn’t think that he was the right person for you, that you deserved more. But it seems like he managed to get rid of his self-doubts, which is good. He loves you a lot. You know that, right?”

Jimin could only nod his head, as he let go of his shirt, he was kind of in a trance, because of his friend’s words and he didn’t even tuck in his shirt, so Taehyung did that for him.

_I never noticed… How could Jungkook think that he wasn’t good enough for me? He always makes me so happy, he always tries his best…_

“Anyway, I’m getting more and more intrigued by that hybrid of yours. I wonder when I’ll be able to meet him…”

“Oh, Hoseok-hyung is coming over for a dinner tomorrow night. Do you want to come as well? You’ll be able to meet Yoongi-hyung and it’s been a while since you last visited.”

Jimin’s question made Taehyung halt all movement and he glanced up at his friend who tilted his head in confusion, because of the designer’s reaction.

“Hoseok-hyung…” Taehyung repeated the name and stepped back a little away from Jimin. He knew that his behavior was already suspicious enough, so maybe it was better to share this instead of keeping his mouth shut like he had been doing in the past few weeks. “I haven’t seen him since his birthday last month.”

“What? Why? Didn’t you two used to hang out from time to time?”
“Yeah, but…” Taehyung nervously licked his lips, a habit that Jimin was all too familiar with. “I’m kind of avoiding him.”

Jimin frowned upon hearing that, since when did Taehyung avoid people?? Unless-

“What did you do?” The shorter boy questioned and Taehyung opened his mouth to say something in his defense, but Jimin was quick enough to save himself from the stupid excuses. “You only avoid a certain person if you have messed up and Hoseok-hyung is a literal sunshine, so please… enlighten me… what have you done, Kim Taehyung???”

“It’s not my fault!”

“Really now?”

Jimin narrowed his eyes at his best friend, because he knew him better than anyone else and he was well aware of the fact that Taehyung was a social butterfly with a rather carefree persona, so it was unusual for him to be embarrassed about something, which he had done, but during those rare times he simply didn’t know how to deal with the situation thus he did the only thing he could think of – he simply avoided confrontation at all cost.

“I just… uh… Okay, remember how we parted ways after his birthday??”

Jimin recalled that day all too well – Hoseok hadn’t invited many people, it was mostly his colleagues from work, Jimin, Taehyung and a few longtime friends of his. That night Jungkook literally acted like a babysitter and tried to keep Hoseok away from alcohol on his own birthday, but whenever Jungkook went to the restroom he made Jimin promise that he’ll keep an eye on his Sunbae and of course Jimin agreed, but he still didn’t say anything when Hoseok drank a few sips of soju every time Jungkook was away, all in all he probably drank just one glass and no one got bitten in the end, so everything was okay. Jimin just wanted to let the birthday boy have some fun, he didn’t have to be monitored all the time. Kim Taehyung however was another story and the second Jimin let his best friend out of his sight, the designer had managed to get completely wasted.

‘It’s a party, isn’t it?? I’m celebrating!’

Taehyung had claimed that night when Jimin tried to take away the beer from his friend’s hand. Yes, it was a party and all, but they were not in a club, they were in a restaurant and Taehyung had to behave. He did sit still in did and didn’t make a scene when the bottle was ripped off from his hands, but he sulked for the rest of the night.
Jimin did feel kind of bad, but at least now he only had to worry about how Taehyung would reach his bed at the end of the night and not fear that his best friend might end up in someone else’s bed. Taehyung was already quite touchy to being with, but when he was drunk, he craved for even more attention and affection. In those occasions, Jimin had seen his best friend hook up with random people a number of times only to regret it tons in the morning and Jimin didn’t want to let that happen again.

He never intended to control Taehyung’s life, Jimin just wanted his best friend to be safe and he felt the need to take care of the said boy when he couldn’t do it himself.

And he was really glad when Hoseok had offered to drive Taehyung home. Jimin even had to help his friend to get into the passenger seat and let the two leave only after he was sure that Hoseok was completely sober, otherwise he wouldn’t have let him get anywhere near his car.

“I remember.” Jimin replied after he replayed the events from that night in his head. “Hoseok-hyung took you home, right?”

“Right… but when he parked in front of my apartment…” Taehyung hesitated, he once again licked his lips before taking in a deep breath and finally said what’s been on his mind for so long. “I- I don’t know, I mean… I don’t remember who started it… was it me or him… but we ended up kissing. It felt really good, but you know how I am when I’m drunk. I get light-headed, I usually don’t think at all and I have the urge to just touch, so my hand ended up on Hoseok-hyung’s crotch and he pushed me away in the speed of light. I still don’t get it… he actually looked petrified. All I did was barely brush my fingers over his dick and he reacted as if my touch had burned him.”

Jimin certainly did not expect to heart that. He thought that Taehyung had just said something stupid, a joke that made him want to hide in a cave and never come out, but this… it’s not like Taehyung hadn’t been turned down before, but that didn’t really affect him and he was soon all smiles again. Maybe that was simply, because he didn’t really care about the other party, but Jimin had seen how excited Taehyung was around Hoseok, so he did care this time and maybe that was the problem.

“He missed out one awesome birthday sex.”

Jimin would never learn how to deal with Taehyung and the outrageous things that left his lips.

“Can you be serious for a second???”

Jimin felt a parent who was always nagging and scolding his child, but what else was he supposed to do when Kim Taehyung was a walking disaster???

“I am serious… the things I would’ve let him do to me… ow, ow!”
Jimin grabbed Taehyung’s face and he started pulling his cheeks. Sometimes that was the only way to make his friend shut up, but when Jimin got a proper look at the other’s face, he noticed that the usual playfulness in Taehyung’s eyes was not there and that maybe… he really had been serious all along.

Jimin sighed and rubbed his friend’s slightly abused cheeks, he didn’t pull them that hard, his goal had never been to cause Taehyung any pain, but to make him snap out of whatever bizarre trance he was in. Jimin could feel the tension in the air and the drop in Taehyung’s mood, he no longer seemed motivated to continue working.

“Tae… you know I don’t like meddling in your affairs. I just do it, because I want you to be happy and settling down with someone can bring much joy in your life. I want what’s best for you, but… you know that Hoseok-hyung is straight.”

“I know, I know!” The designer groaned in frustration and Jimin let go of his face, because it looked like Taehyung had more to say. “B-but Jungkook wasn’t into men before he met you either.”

Jimin did not miss the hopefulness in his friend’s eyes, somehow he knew where this was going and he wasn’t liking the direction where they were headed.

“That’s different. Jungkook didn’t have much experience before that and-”

Taehyung was quick to interrupt Jimin’s speech.

“Great, you seduced an innocent kid. You should be proud of yourself.”

“Yah, I did no such thing!” Jimin defended himself and smacked Taehyung’s left shoulder lightly, making his friend smile. But Jimin knew that his friend was just looking for an excuse, something to just grab onto in his desperation. “Seriously though… you know Hoseok-hyung was in a serious relationship with a girl and it didn’t end well…”

“That’s why I’m avoiding him.”

“What do you mean?” Jimin already had a hunch, but he still felt the need to ask and Taehyung’s next words just confirmed his suspicion.

“I really like him, Jimin-ah… Hoseok-hyung makes me smile, he’s kind and he always asks me what I feel like doing whenever we meet up. He always buys me a drink before we meet, it’s like
he knows whether I’ve had a hard day or something and he always treats me something sweet when I’m feeling down, I don’t even have to tell him, he just... knows. I love spending time with him, he makes me feel special and I don’t know when it happened, but I started developing this tiny, little crush on him. And that day... when we kissed, I felt so, so happy. But when he pushed me away, it pained me to no end. It served as a wake up call, both for me and for him I guess. Maybe he’s trying to forget, to move on and I just happened to be there.” The solemn look on Taehyung’s face just made Jimin’s heart ache. “I don’t want to be someone’s replacement.”

There was so much sadness in Taehyung’s voice that Jimin didn’t think twice before he pulled his best friend into a hug and he chuckled, because Taehyung’s koala mode was instantly activated.

“Maybe you should just talk to him, avoiding Hoseok-hyung won’t solve anything.” Jimin spoke softly, as he patted Taehyung’s back.

“Yeah and what am I supposed to say? He made it crystal clear that he didn’t like it when I touched him. Actions speak louder than words...”

“Not always.”

Jimin added and Taehyung did not say anything for a while. They just stayed like that, in each other’s embrace, silence filled the studio and Jimin wanted to lift Taehyung’s spirits somehow. Buying ice-cream usually did the trick, but it was still a way too cold for that, so maybe a hot chocolate instead? There was a nice café down the street, Jimin could go grab something and then-

“Hyung.”

Taehyung finally spoke after a few minutes and pulled back, his characteristic boxy grin on full display. Since he had been called ‘Hyung’, Jimin was 100% sure that his best friend was up to no good, he called him like that only when he wanted something.

“Can we play my favorite game?”

Ah, there it was. Of course. It’s been over half a year since the last time, Jimin should’ve known that sooner or later Taehyung would bring it up again.

Usually, Jimin refused and said ‘No’ at least five times before he finally gave in, but Taehyung looked really dejected and of course the little devil was going to use that to his advantage, there was even no need for the puppy eyes, which Jimin was so weak against.

“Fine, fine. Let’s play.”
“Can we change the channel?”

Yoongi simply snorted, because of the human’s question and answered without tearing his eyes away from the screen.

“Of course not. I’m pretty sure we’ve already established the unwritten rule that you’re getting nowhere near my precious remote control.”

Jungkook saw how the hybrid placed the much treasured device behind himself, as his eyes were literally glued to the screen.

They were currently watching National Geographic, at least it was something educational.

When Jungkook got home from work, he stumbled upon Yoongi, who was sitting on the couch and he looked very engrossed in the program he was watching. The hybrid greeted him absentmindedly and when Jungkook changed his clothes, he returned to the living room and sat on the couch next to Yoongi, maybe even too close because their knees occasionally bumped, but the hybrid did not complain and then Jungkook actually paid attention to what the hybrid was watching, which happened to be something wild-life centered. Different animals in different environments were shown, but Jungkook noted that the program was mostly about cats.

Lions, tigers, cheetahs, panthers and so on, but Yoongi looked most impressed by a jaguar who was chasing after his prey, letting out remarks from time to time – ‘I bet it’s hot in that jungle, I wouldn’t survive there.’, ‘Damn, that thing is fast!’’, ‘Wow, do they really live in prides?’.

Yoongi was only partly a cat, but he still belonged to the Feline family, so Jungkook thought it was natural for the hybrid to be interested in the species that were also from his kind.

The program was interesting, but it was almost 9pm and there was a show on SBS that was about to be broadcasted in a while and he wanted to watch it. But ever since he practically forced the black-haired male to watch a cooking program with him, Yoongi absolutely refused to let him touch the remote control.

Jungkook always let the hybrid have his way, admitting defeat and saying ‘Okay, okay. You’re the
boss’, even though he was sure that he would be able to seize the device from Yoongi’s grasp without a problem. It was just an assumption, but Jungkook was pretty sure that he was strong enough to hold the hybrid down with one hand, while he could easily reach the remote with the other. But he didn’t. Maybe it was because he liked the victorious smile on the hybrid’s face after he had ‘won the battle’, maybe he didn’t really care what was being shown on the TV as long as the black-haired male let him sit close to him and even initiated conversations with him. But he still always asked if they could watch something else, because the pointed look the hybrid threw him was still as funny as the first time he did it, the disbelief and annoyance written all over Yoongi’s face were just priceless.

The hybrid’s reactions were rather amusing, but as Jungkook once again glanced at the clock on the wall he started getting a little concerned, because it was indeed 9pm. Jimin did call him to tell him that he would be stopping by Taehyung’s studio today, but they were supposed to be done by now. Why hadn’t Jimin returned yet? Maybe he had decided to grab a meal with Taehyung before coming back home? If so…

“Are you sure you don’t want to eat?”

Jungkook questioned and the hybrid finally looked at him. Yoongi’s stomach had grumbled at least 3-4 times already, but whenever Jungkook brought up the matter, the black-haired male told him not to mind the noises.

“I told you. We’re going to wait for Jimin. I won’t eat without him. If you’re hungry, then you can-”

“I’m not.” Jungkook cut in, not wanting the older to misunderstand. “I’m just worried about you. I mean… I don’t want you to skip meals.”

Yoongi just blinked for a few seconds, not knowing how exactly to respond. It’s not like he hadn’t eaten anything during the day, it’s just been a few hours since he last put something in his mouth and his tummy spoke on its own.

“I’ve starved for days in the past, Jungkook. I ate around 5pm, I’m not going to die from hunger.”

The human did not look very pleased with the explanation, especially because of the first part, but it was the truth. Yoongi couldn’t change the past, but now he was daily given so much delicious food. What was there to worry about?

“I’m fine, really.”

Yoongi was being honest, he was hungry, but he could bear a little longer.
“How about a snack then?” Jungkook was a rather persistent person, he half blamed it on being lawyer and half on his personality.

“Jungkook.”

“Alright… I was just asking.”

“Well, thanks for worrying, brat. I’m so touched I could almost cry.”

Yoongi pressed his lips together and placed his right hand over his heart for a more dramatic effect. He then leaned back into the couch, as if he had just fainted and Jungkook started laughing.

“Your jokes are so stupid, Hyung.”

The hybrid was about to say something harsh, but first off – Jungkook had subconsciously called him Hyung and secondly – the human was smiling from ear to ear and Yoongi really liked how a smiling Jungkook looked like, especially because he was the one who had caused the reaction.

“Shut up. Jokes are supposed to make people laugh and you’re laughing, so…”

It wouldn’t be Min Yoongi if he didn’t say something back, though his words were far from mean or at least that’s what the hybrid thought and seeing how the smile on Jungkook’s face hadn’t faltered, just further proved his point.

“I’m home!”

Two heads snapped towards the source of the voice and spoke in union.

“Welcome ho-”

Neither Jungkook nor Yoongi could finish their sentence once they set their eyes on the vet, who just took off his grey pea coat. Jimin should’ve taken it off right at the entrance, it was too warm in the apartment. He was about to go back to the hallway and hang it, but the hybrid’s alarmed voice stopped him.

“Holy shit! What the hell happened to you, Jimin???”
Yoongi fully turned around and practically climbed over the couch, he probably would’ve tumbled over if Jungkook hadn’t grabbed onto the ash-blue pullover he was wearing to keep him in place, but the black-haired male didn’t even notice and just kept staring at the newcomer with wide eyes.

Unlike the hybrid, Jungkook wasn’t shocked at all and had a knowing look on his face.

He knew exactly what kind of troublemaker Taehyung was and what a softie Jimin was when it came to his best friend.

“So… You played another game, huh?”

Chapter End Notes

As a fellow 95-liner, I have special feelings for Vmin. Their bond is just so precious! <333

But anyway… Kim Taehyung… what have you done??!! haha & hmmm… is another ship about to sail? *_-*

I have been feeling down lately, but at least my mood lead to something and I wrote a short angsty Yoonmin story in which Bangtan disbands and Jimin blames himself for that, I actually really like the final result.

A sneak-peak:

*It hurts. I’m scared. I hate this. I hate hurting you and yet I am… I can’t go on like this.*

If Yoongi’s eyes could speak, Jimin was pretty sure that’s what they would say and he wanted to get up and go to the older’s side, to wrap his arms around him and tell him that none of this was his fault, that things were going to be okay, that it was Jimin, it has always been him… he was the one who messed this up, but he couldn’t move, he couldn’t do anything.

You can read the story here.
First of all… Singularity killed me… damn it, Kim Taehyung! You gorgeous human being!!! And that voice… a true gift from the Gods! <33

Then those concept photos… Park Jimin needs to chill! Like… wear a shirt boy… will you???? >.<

Anyway, a few people said that they think there’s more Yoonmin/Jikook in the story than Yoonkook and I don’t really agree, because I think Jungkook and Yoongi have made a significant progress since the beginning, but… here is a Yoonkook filled chapter for you all and it is the longest chapter so far! *-*

A little something to get you in the mood… a happy looking Jungkook, carrying a shy looking Suga on his back! ^o^

& 1000 kudos.... oh my god!!! ♡♡♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“A game? What game?”

Yoongi asked in confusion as he looked back and forth between Jimin and Jungkook.

“Well… more than a game, I would call it just bets. We’ve been doing this ever since Taehyung and I met. Usually not more than twice a year, because… the loser has to dye his hair.”
Jimin explained, as he ran his fingers through his now honey-blonde hair. He had once again let Taehyung choose the color and he was glad it wasn’t something that stood out as much, because he really didn’t know how he would go to work with blue or purple hair without ducking his head in embarrassment.

“And somehow that loser always ends up being you.”

Jungkook added and there was no surprise in his voice, because he was already used to this. Jimin had won only once, years ago, but Jungkook thought that Taehyung just let the older win, because the designer had been talking about how he wanted to dye his hair for months, but just couldn’t make up his mind. Jimin looked happy nevertheless and he made Taehyung dye his hair red.

“What was it this time? Why did you lose?”

Jungkook asked and Yoongi’s ears perked up in interest, because he was curious about that too.

“This time it was something really easy! I thought there was no way I would lose!”

Jungkook could only shake his head at that. Taehyung always knew how to phrase his little games, so they would sound like the easiest tasks in the world, but there were always some clauses that Jimin did not pay attention to and that lead to his doom.

“I just had to stand on my toes for a minute without moving. I have a pretty good sense of balance and I tried it for a few seconds before agreeing. I thought I really would be able to pull it off, but—”

But… of course, there’s always a but.

“But sometime after I had stood up on my toes, Taehyung started tickling me and just couldn’t stand still.”

One of Jimin’s very weak points – being ticklish all over his body.

“Isn’t that shit against the rules??” Yoongi questioned with furrowed brows, as he leaned over the couch a bit too much and once again missed the fact that Jungkook was holding onto his pullover, so he won’t fall.

“We…” Jimin began with a regretful look on his face. “We didn’t set up any rules.”
Yoongi’s mouth opened in disbelief, while Jungkook just laughed. Taehyung was always creative when it came to fooling Jimin, what a talent. He probably urged the other to start the game before Jimin could even think about anything else they needed to clear up, like for example ‘No touching.’, that would’ve secured Jimin’s win perfectly.

“Are you sure that guy is your friend??” Yoongi couldn’t comprehend how Jimin could lose for such a stupid reason. It did make sense if there really were no rules, but still…

Jimin simply smiled, because of the hybrid’s concern and he walked closer to the couch.

“Not just a friend, Hyung. Tae is my best friend and that’s what best friends do – they tease you the most out of your friends, they make your life harder at times, you suffer from second-hand embarrassment, because of them, but you can’t be mad at them, because you know they mean no harm and you still love them anyway, no matter what they do or at least that’s how I feel about Taehyung, I treasure our friendship a lot.”

In Yoongi’s opinion, having such friend didn’t sound very nice. He couldn’t get it… how someone could do things to get on your nerves on purpose and yet you would still want that person in your life no matter what or maybe he did… because that’s how Jungkook behaved in the beginning. He was still rather good at annoying Yoongi, but once something becomes a daily occurrence in your life… you stop really paying much attention to it and just let it be.

“I can’t really relate to that, since I’ve never had any friends.”

Yoongi decided to say in the end and he could see the surprise and then sadness on the vet’s face, had he said something wrong?

“Aren’t we… friends?”

It was Jungkook who asked the question and Yoongi’s head snapped towards the younger who had a similar expression as Jimin.

Friends? They were friends?

Yoongi wasn’t really sure about that…

Friends could probably lend you some money, feed you a few times, let you stay in their home for a day or two, maybe even a week, depending on how bad your situation was, but did friends buy you clothes, fed you every day, let you live in their house without asking for anything in return?
When Yoongi thought deeply about it, he really didn’t know what to think about his relation to Jungkook and Jimin. Yeah, they were his owners, he was well-aware of that fact and yet in a way… they weren’t.

The closest to a family that the hybrid has ever had, were the years he spent with Dahye, but even then that place didn’t really feel like home. The old woman did treat him nice, but she didn’t pay that much attention to him, they never ate meals together and even though Yoongi had his own room, it was rather small and on the days when he didn’t feel like interacting with Dahye, he stayed in his room the whole day and only went to the kitchen late at night when he couldn’t stand the hunger any longer. He knew that the woman probably just wanted to respect his privacy, Yoongi was growing up and she was already old, maybe she didn’t feel like dealing with a moody teenager and the hybrid was okay with that, but here… Jungkook and Jimin never left him alone, they even dragged him out of bed in the morning just so they could eat breakfast together and constantly asked him how he was feeling, if he needed more blankets, if they had to change the aircon’s settings.

Jungmin had been a good owner in the beginning as well, but there was always a define line between them, a distance that neither of the two felt like shortening, it was fine like that. At least back then, Yoongi finally started speaking more and spent time with someone around his age, there were rarely any topics that he and Dahye could discuss, because of their huge age gap and Yoongi… as someone who had never set his foot outside the house, didn’t really have much experience when it came to life unlike the old lady.

But with Jungkook and Jimin, there was always something to talk about. The two humans liked sharing about their work and Jimin was always excited whenever he talked about animals, while Jungkook’s stories were a bit darker, because they revolved around crimes, but they were by no means less interesting and the two boys always urged the hybrid to tell them what he had done, while they were out, every day not just on the days on which Yoongi went out for walks and that showed just how much they truly cared.

It’s not like Yoongi enjoyed living on the streets, but freedom was very important to him, it was something he has always wanted and he knew he would’ve managed to survive as a homeless hybrid. For how long, he couldn’t know. But maybe what his heart has always craved for were small talks and gestures of kindness, warm smiles and bright laughter. He didn’t feel like a prisoner here, he felt no restrictions. Jungkook and Jimin’s apartment was a place he could really call home.

It took Yoongi a while to realize it, but now he knew that a home wasn’t really defined by the place, but by the people who occupied it and without a doubt, it was all Jungkook and Jimin’s fault that he felt so at ease here, like he really had nothing to worry about and even though he valued his alone time a lot, now he looked forward to spending time with the two humans who took him in, now that… was his most sacred time.

So friends… family… owners… Yoongi wasn’t really certain how to refer to Jungkook and Jimin, but he knew that those two were his home now and there was no place he’d rather be.

“Yeah, we’re… friends.”
The hybrid replied after a whole eternity, deciding to omit all other things that passed through his head and the smile was back on Jimin’s face, so Yoongi thought there was no need to correct himself or add anything else.

“I really want to change my clothes and then we can have dinner.” Jimin announced then, a shower sounded good as well, but maybe later. “Ah, unless you two have already eaten.”

“No, we haven’t.” Jungkook was quick to reply and casted a glance at Yoongi before he continued. “Our kitty here refused to eat without you.”

If looks could kill, Jungkook would’ve died on the spot because the glare he received from the hybrid was like no other.

Yoongi was this close to snapping and the smug expression on the human’s face, as if he had said something to be proud of, just added fuel to the fire. The hybrid was ready to open his mouth and fire back a comment, but then he felt fingers in his hair and he himself knew that the look on his face had softened, because of the touch, Jimin’s touch and Jungkook surely did not miss the change in the black-haired male’s expression.

Yoongi looked at Jimin and he noticed that he appeared to be rather pleased with what the youngest had said and somehow… the hybrid had a hunch about what was to follow.

“Park Jimin… if you fucking dare to say something like ‘Good boy’ right in my face, I’m going to bite off your fingers.”

Even though he said that, Yoongi tried to lean into the touch, but before he could do that, Jimin removed his hand, the smile remained on his face though.

“You read my mind, Hyung. But alright, I won’t say it.”

Jimin was about to retreat to the bedroom, so he could finally get rid of his attire and get dressed in more comfortable clothes, but the hybrid’s voice stopped him.

“Jimin. The new hair color… I like it, it suits you.”

Jimin’s eyes turned into crescents, because of his wide grin and Yoongi thought the human really looked beautiful like that, something which Jungkook totally agreed with, even though he did not voice it out loud.
“Thank you, Hyung.”

Jimin said and finally disappeared from the living room. That made Yoongi finally sit properly on the couch again and just then he noticed that the position he had maintained so far, had been a bit dangerous, but thankfully nothing had happened due to Jungkook’s assistance.

“Oh, thanks.” Yoongi thanked the human, as he plopped down on the couch and Jungkook let out a short laugh in response.

“ Took you long enough to realize. I’ve been on the edge ever since you decided that climbing over the couch was a smart decision.”

“Nothing serious would’ve happened even if I had fallen. I could’ve just sprained something, no big deal. Who cares?”

“I do.” Jungkook immediately stated and Yoongi could see the sincerity and genuine worry in the boy’s eyes. “Jimin-hyung cares too, he would freak out if you get hurt in any way. Trust me.”

Yoongi’s mind travelled back to the day when he had met Jimin and how he insisted on treating his hand, despite not knowing him in the slightest and the vet was probably going to be even more alarmed now if something happened to his hybrid.

“Speaking of Jimin.” Yoongi spoke with a hushed voice, as if he was going to share a secret when in fact he wanted more information about something specific. “If he always loses those bets… that means he changes his hair color fairly often, right?”

There was uncertainty in the hybrid’s voice, but Jungkook confirmed right away.

“Yes. As you already saw, he had orange hair when we started dating. Before that he had light brown one and over the years his hair has been black, different types of blonde, pink, grey.”

“Hold on.” Yoongi cut in, astonishment evident on his face. “Pink?”

That was a very vibrant color, which would probably look ridiculous on most people, but Yoongi thought that Jimin would be able to pull it off – to dye his hair in such a color and look great without much effort.

“Yeah, it was about this time last year, but he didn’t keep it for long.”
“I gotta ask Jimin to show me a picture.”

The hybrid chanted quietly and was about to get up from the couch, but Jungkook grabbed his arm and prevented him from standing up.

“He doesn’t have any.”

“What? Why??”

“You know that we’re both from Busan, right?”

Yoongi didn’t know how that was relevant to their current conversation, but he nodded his head. Jimin had told him where he was from at the clinic and while they were waiting for the vet’s so-called boyfriend to get home, Jimin had informed Yoongi that Jungkook was also from there.

“Last year in February, we both took a short break from work and we went to Busan. We spent a few days in my home and then a few days at Hyung’s and let’s just say that his mom does not take a ‘No’ for an answer and always stuffed our mouths with food. It was really tasty, yeah, but Hyung gains weight easily, so he refused to take any pictures of himself after we got back and deleted those he already had on his phone.”

_What a pity…_

Jungkook noticed that the hybrid looked dejected now, but the lawyer knew how to bring the hope back in the black-haired male’s eyes.

“That doesn’t mean there are no photos at all.”

_Ooh_, Yoongi looked a way too intrigued by that.

“Pink hair and round cheeks… Jiminnie looked absolutely lovely, so I couldn’t help it and took quite a lot of shots without him finding out.”

There was so much adoration in Jungkook’s eyes when he spoke about Jimin that Yoongi wondered how some people could fall so deeply in love, to care more about another person’s well-being than their own, to be so dedicated to another human being. And how can you be so sure that you will love that person for the rest of your life? What if you meet someone new? What if you break the heart of the person you have once dearly loved or what if… that person breaks your heart?
Yoongi didn’t know much about those complicated emotions, they confused him, but seeing how happy Jungkook and Jimin were together… he thought that maybe finding that special someone in your life was not such a bad or binding thing. After all, everybody was meant to find their other half in life, nobody should spend their life alone.

“I can show you some if you want.”

Jungkook’s voice brought Yoongi back from his slightly dazed state. “Really?”

“Yeah, but… I want something in return. I haven’t shown those photos to anyone.”

Yoongi furrowed his brows upon hearing that. He really wanted to see the photos, but he had nothing to offer in return. What could Jungkook possibly want from him?

“I want you to let me touch your tail.”

Yoongi had never addressed the matter, but he did make it painfully obvious that he disliked it when somebody got close to his tail. He always warned both Jungkook and Jimin to be careful around it and Yoongi always tensed up whenever he felt that the two humans were close to his tail, it was his instinct to curl it up and try to hide it.

“Fuck no. No, no. Just no. No.” The black-haired male refused with wide eyes, this was just not happening. Nope.

_Wow, that’s a lot of Nos._ Jungkook mentally commented. “Why not? Just for a while.”

Jungkook never did something without asking for permission first. Yes, he was a brat. But as a lawyer, he respected human’s rights (in this case hybrid’s rights as well, he believed that every living being had its rights) and he was not the type to just do something, because he wanted to. He’s been thinking about it for a while though, how it would feel like to brush his fingers over the hybrid’s rather fluffy looking tail. He has already seen Jimin pat Yoongi’s head a few times before just like he had done a few minutes ago and the hybrid seemed totally fine with that, however Jungkook knew it wasn’t the same when it came to his tail.

That was such a strange request, but the black-haired male pondered for a while. Should he let Jungkook touch his tail? A tail, which he valued more than his own dick. Don’t ask him why, but Yoongi cherished his tail a lot and he felt weird whenever someone touched it, which had happened only a few times and it was by accident, that’s why the hybrid was more careful now and always made sure that his tail was safe. But a pink-haired Jimin… Yoongi was willing to make the
sacrifice for that and besides it would be Jungkook who would touch his tail, for unknown reasons that brought some sort of reassurance to the hybrid.

“Five seconds.”

Yoongi breathed out after contemplating for god knows how long.

“That’s too short. Let’s make it at least fifteen.”

Were they supposed to use a timer for this? When Jungkook said ‘a while’, he meant a while and he didn’t really bother thinking about a specific time, but five seconds just sounded absurd.

Yoongi bit the inside of his cheek and narrowed his eyes at the human. He didn’t expect that making a deal with Jungkook would be so difficult.

“I bet some professional killers can kill someone in less time.”

It didn’t look like Jungkook would back down, but Yoongi looked determinate as well. However, for the greater good, just so both of them could get what they wanted, compromises had to be made.

“Ten seconds.”

The two of them said at the same time and phuh, they finally reached an agreement. But now there was something else that had to be discussed.

“The pictures first.” Yoongi demanded with a stern voice. “I want to see them nooow.”

The hybrid tugged at the human’s sleeve, as he sat closer and he thought that Jungkook would try to find some sort of excuse, but the boy just pulled out his phone from his pocket and started browsing the gallery.

“Just a second. The photos are in folder with hundreds of landscapes. As a cover, you know. So I’ve got to scroll down a lot.”

Clever brat. He wanted to have access to the photos all the time, but he didn’t want to risk Jimin to find them and delete them.
Yoongi didn’t want to be impressed by something like that, but he was.

“There.” Jungkook said, as he handed over his phone to the hybrid. “Just swipe to the right.”

And Yoongi did, he was surprised by well the pictures were taken and in some of them Jimin was even looking straight at the camera, but he probably thought that Jungkook was simply holding his phone, while he was actually taking shots. Jimin was smiling widely on most of them and the pink did look on him, it outlined his soft features and it made him have a specific glow. Yoongi saw some other people on the photos – a middle aged woman, who was most-likely Jimin’s mother judging by her eyesmile, a handsome laughing boy with a boxy grin who had his arm slung over Jimin’s shoulders, Yoongi presumed that was probably Taehyung, he fitted the description. There were photos on which Jimin was drinking something from a straw or he was eating, on other photos he was with barely open eyes either on the couch or bed, half-asleep or reading a book.

The whole folder was one big appreciation of Jimin’s beauty.

“He… looked like cotton candy.”

Yoongi concluded in the end, that’s the first thing which came to his mind from the second he saw the first photo.

“Yeah, he did and he tasted like one. He still does. Ouch, why did you pinch my arm??”

“You deserved that!” The hybrid huffed and returned the phone back to its owner.

“So, it’s my turn now.”

For a second Yoongi wondered what Jungkook was talking about, but he quickly made the connection.

*Right... shit, I agreed to let him touch my tail.*

“Oh…” Yoongi swallowed, unsure how to get out of the situation.

“Okay, I’m done! Let’s have dinner!”

*Oh, what a perfect timing for Jimin to appear.*
The hybrid did not waste a second and quickly rose from the couch, while Jungkook just sighed and stared as Yoongi trailed behind Jimin towards the kitchen.

_Tch, he got away._

Yoongi felt how someone covered him with a blanket, he wasn’t actually sleeping, he was just dozing off on the couch, so he was still aware of his surroundings.

He thought that the person would walk away after that, but the newcomer actually carefully sat down on the couch next to him and started playing with his hair. It felt nice, _really_ nice, it was making him even sleepier. Yoongi usually didn’t like it when people randomly touched him, especially on the head, it made him feel like a child, but he had grown quite fond of Jimin’s petting.

“Jimin?” The hybrid groggily mumbled under his breath and slowly opened his eyes.

“No, it’s me - Jungkook.”

That certainly made Yoongi’s eyes grow bigger, he really thought it was the vet who was gently caressing him like this as he had done before, but it turned out to be Jungkook who was looking at him with eyes filled with… Yoongi didn’t know… affection? Or some shit like that, he was probably dreaming.

“I didn’t mean to wake you up. Sorry.”

The boy apologized then, his hand still buried in the hybrid’s locks. Jungkook had never played with the hybrid’s hair before, but it just looked so soft and inviting, so Jungkook didn’t hesitate much.

“It’s fine, I wasn’t asleep. Thanks for the blanket, I was actually starting to feel cold, but-”

“But you were too lazy to get up and fetch a blanket yourself.”
Jungkook finished off and the hybrid felt like breaking the younger’s arm. Of course, this brat would always say something annoying like that. Yoongi swat the human’s hand away and regretted it instantly, because the soothing touch was now gone and Jungkook looked kind of disappointed as well. Once again… Yoongi was probably in dreamland.

“Go away, Jungkook.”

The hybrid snorted and pulled the blanket over his head, covering himself with it, successfully shielding himself from Jungkook’s eyes. He could feel that the human got up from the couch, but he was still there, lingering around Yoongi and that made the black-haired male peek from below the blanket and glance at the lawyer.

“What?”

“I was just wondering what to cook for dinner. What do you feel like eating?”

“You’ll cook anything I want?” Yoongi asked and lifted himself up from the couch.

“Yeah.”

“Even if I choose something with weird-ass ingredients, which you won’t be able to find in the kitchen?” Yoongi questioned in a challenging tone and was surprised when the younger nodded his head in response.

“I’ll just go out and buy what we’re missing. So… what do you want to eat?”

Yoongi was still not really sure what was going on, but he wasn’t going to miss this golden opportunity.

“Gamjatang.”

Usually, cooking the bone pork soup took up to two hours and Hoseok was about to arrive at 8pm, Jimin was supposed to get home around then as well, so there was enough time.

“Do you want to help me?”

“Help you?”
“I think it’s about time for you to have your second lesson. Don’t you think?”

Luckily, they found all the required ingredients in the kitchen. The fridge had been restocked a few days ago and now there was an abundance of fresh vegetables and fruits, lots of meat and spices in the cupboards.

Jungkook firstly made the seasoning paste and then started dealing with the meat. Last time Yoongi only watched, but this time with a little bit of guidance he took care of most of the vegetables. They were not as neatly cut as the ones, which the human had chopped, but it was Yoongi’s first time holding a knife and in his opinion he was doing a pretty decent job so far. And Jungkook kept giving him advices like ‘Slice the mushrooms thinly.’, ‘Just peel the potatoes, we can just include them as they are, there’s no need to cut them.’ ‘Careful with the onion, it might make your eyes sting a little.’

Cooking was fun, Yoongi wanted to try it out more often and maybe he could even prepare some of their meals from now on? Jimin and Jungkook were always tired after coming back from work, but they still prepared dinner, while Yoongi did nothing but laze around all day, so yeah… that sounded like a nice way to repay for everything the two humans had done for him. Of course, cooking a few times could not compare to all the hospitality he’s been showered with ever since he came here, but it was better than doing nothing at all. But the hybrid thought that he needed some more practice first, because he wanted the food he served to be not just edible, but delicious.

A dinner every night.

That was going to be Yoongi’s goal from now on. He was going to practice during the day and when he was completely ready, he was going to surprise Jungkook and Jimin with a mind-blowing dinner, he couldn’t wait to see the look on their faces.

“You’ve got a knack for this.”

Jungkook remarked and Yoongi paused his movements. He did not expect a praise, but it felt nice to know that he was actually doing a good job.

“Really?”

As someone with no skills at all, Yoongi still had doubts in what he was doing.
“Yes, you catch on quite quickly. You’re a fast learner and I guess… I’m a good teacher?”

“I guess…”

Yoongi tried to sound nonchalant, but he couldn’t hide the smile that crept onto his face. Perhaps he finally found something he was good at? A hidden talent… for cooking out of all things, who would’ve thought?

“We’re already done with the rice and the side dishes. The soup needs just a few more minutes and it will be ready as well. All we need to do is cut the green onion that we’ll put on top of the soup.”

Yoongi looked around the kitchen and just then became aware of the fact that they were indeed almost done, two hours flew by just like that.

_Maybe from now I’ll be spending much more time in the kitchen and not just to eat, but to-

Yoongi’s train of thoughts came to a halt when he felt that Jungkook stood behind him and he was very, very close.

“I’ll show you the best way to cut it.”

Jungkook said and Yoongi tried to focus on whatever happened on the chopping board in front of him, but it was hard to do so when Jungkook grabbed his hand, the one that was holding the knife and started slicing the onion, while being mindful of the hybrid’s fingers.

“We need the green onion simply as a decoration, it doesn’t really change the taste of the soup, but it will look better if it’s cut into really small pieces. Like this.”

Yoongi followed each motion with his eyes, but somehow the vegetable was the last thing on his mind at the moment. The way Yoongi’s hand disappeared below Jungkook’s one… that made an impression. It was similar to holding hands, but there was definitely a difference as well.

Jungkook was controlling Yoongi’s movements without adding too much pressure on the hybrid’s hand and the black-haired male could hear the human was still speaking, dangerously closely to his ear, but what was the boy saying… Yoongi had no damn clue.

Jungkook’s hand was warm, as always and his body was warm as well, that information wasn’t something entirely new either since Yoongi felt the warmness, which the boy was emitting, while they slept together, but Jimin was there as well and the hybrid was practically sandwiched between the two humans, so it wasn’t easy to decipher how much warmth was coming from who, but now
Yoongi could tell and-

“Are you listening to me?”

The hybrid would’ve totally missed the question if not for the fact that Jungkook let go of his hand and pressed his body against Yoongi’s back.

“What? No, I- I wasn’t listening. Can you, um repeat?”

Okay… they were completely done with the dinner preparations now, but why was Jungkook still standing right behind Yoongi?

“I never thought I would have to quote myself, but… ‘When are you going to let me touch your tail? We had a deal and I fulfilled my part.’, that’s what I said.”

F-fuck, he hasn’t forgotten about that!

Yoongi was not the type to back out or act cowardly, but if he could avoid that, he was willing to play pretend and act like the deal had never been made, but he should’ve known better, there was no way the human was going to let go of the matter that easily and suddenly Yoongi became hyperaware of the fact that Jungkook could effortlessly reach his tail now and he couldn’t allow that, so he let go of the knife and quickly turned around.

Bad idea. Very bad.

Yoongi’s hasty move definitely gave away his restlessness and all hope to get away vanished when Jungkook placed both of his hands on the counter and trapped the hybrid in between.

“I’m not letting you run away like you did last night.”

“I did not! I was hungry!”

That… was not a lie, but it was also a very convenient excuse and Yoongi was glad that his voice did not waver when he said that.

“Fine, I’ll let that one slide. But once you were done eating, you left the kitchen in a hurry and went to bed.”
Yoongi opened his mouth to retort, but Jungkook was faster.

“Just don’t say something like ‘I was tired.’ and you avoided my eyes during breakfast. Were you afraid that I was going to bring it up again?”

“I’m looking at you at the moment.”

“You are.”

Jimin’s eyes were mesmerizing, but Jungkook’s were quite enchanting as well. The urge to look away was there, but somehow Yoongi didn’t really want to break the eye contact. He was not used to being so close to someone, it was kind of enthralling and Jungkook looked amused. What for? Yoongi didn’t know, but he tried his best to keep a straight face as he stared back at the younger.

Neither of them moved for a while and Yoongi used the chance to inspect Jungkook’s face from up-close. He had never spotted the beauty mark below Jungkook’s bottom lip before, he was accustomed to the scar on the boy’s left cheek though. He had even asked Jungkook how he got it, but the lawyer just shrugged his shoulders in response and told him that it’s been there ever since he could remember himself. Jungkook’s doe eyes were charming, for sure. They were almost child-like, filled with playfulness and youthfulness. But Yoongi had also seen how serious Jungkook could be, he had seen the flames that burned in his eyes when he faced injustice, the boy was really earnest when it came to his work and he wanted to help people from the bottom of his heart. Despite his young age, Jungkook was a remarkable person, at least Yoongi thought so. The hybrid believed that the world needed more people like Jungkook and Jimin too.

Kindness was supposed to be a trait that most humans possessed, but sadly that wasn’t the case. Nowadays, things like returning money to someone, helping someone cross the street, getting up from your seat in the bus just so an elder could sit down, actually made it to the news.

Why?

Was helping others so uncommon? Wasn’t that something, which was supposed to happen on a daily basis?

Yoongi could probably dwell on that for hours, but his trance was broken when he suddenly picked up a distinctive sound – the ringing of the doorbell.

Jimin had a key, so there was no need for him to press the doorbell, which meant that-

“Your human friend is here!! We can’t keep the guest waiting, right??”
Jungkook did hear the doorbell, it’s been ringing for some time, but he ignored it. He felt like it was now or never and that he won’t get another chance. He already felt bad enough for cornering the hybrid like that, making Yoongi feel uncomfortable was not Jungkook’s goal. He just had a wish and the older had agreed to grant it. But he was not going to throw a tantrum like some five-year old or force Yoongi to stay still, just so he could do as he pleases.

But apparently… now was not the right moment, so Jungkook stepped back a little and the black-haired male stormed towards the front door.

Jungkook turned off the stove and put a lid on the saucepan over the still boiling soup, which smelled heavenly.

Then he strode towards the front door as well, but in his head… he nagged at his favorite co-worker.

Sunbae… couldn’t you arrive like I don’t know… five minutes later??

Chapter End Notes

I hope you listened to the song at the ‘Looking at you’ part, because it really suits the scene & those lyrics… my, my!

Are you ready for the Yoonseok?? Cuz I’M NOT!! xD

Is Jungkook ever going to get his hands on Yoongi’s tail?? Only time will show! haha

Jimin’s Twitter post from last Friday with Jungkook and Yoongi just melted my heart! >o<

I hope May is treating you all well! It’s my favorite month! <3 hehe

My birthday is on 12th May, so I’ll be going on a short trip for the weekend and then on Monday I’ll be celebrating with my friends, so I’ll reply to the new comments next week :)
Take care, everyone! ^_^
Yoongi believed that opening the door was his salvation, because his senses told him that getting away from the kitchen and Jungkook was a very urgent matter, he still didn’t know what to do with their so called deal, but he had something else to deal with at the moment.
Because the second he opened the door, something or more accurately *someone* latched himself onto him. It was definitely the human they had been expecting, but Yoongi couldn’t even see what the other looked like, because he was currently being squeezed in a deathly tight grip.

“Oh my god!! We finally met!!”

A very cheerful voice chirped and Yoongi wondered if this human was another hug maniac, just like Jimin.

“Yah, let go of me.”

Yoongi tried his best not to curse, because maybe first impressions did matter a bit to him now and he didn’t want to come off as rude and ignorant, especially when meeting someone who was friends with Jungkook and Jimin.

Was this human deaf or something? He was just quietly laughing now, while still holding Yoongi in his arms. The hybrid has always been good at sensing danger, he could smell it and this human was definitely harmless, but hugging someone whom he had met less than a minute ago, was definitely out of Yoongi’s comfort zone.

“Sunbae, back off. I warned you to keep a fair distance, didn’t I?”

Yoongi felt like he could breathe again when he heard Jungkook’s voice and thankfully, the guest pulled away. The hybrid took a few steps backwards and his back collided with Jungkook’s chest, he didn’t pay much attention to the close proximity and instead focused on the human who was now awkwardly scratching the back of his nape. He was *wearing* light-blue ripped jeans, a white polo which Yoongi was hoping was a long-sleeved one, because the weather was still damn cold and a long brown coat. It was a casual outfit, the human probably went home first to change his attire otherwise he would’ve arrived wearing a suit like Jungkook normally did when he came back from work. The younger lawyer had explained that his senior usually stayed behind to organize some of the documents and check if everything was alright.

‘*Despite his carefree character, Hoseok-hyung works harder than anyone.*’

Jungkook had said one day and indeed, Hoseok was smiling brightly at the moment, Yoongi could tell that the human had a bubbly personality.

“Sorry… I was just expecting you to open the door, Jungkook-ah. But you know how excited I’ve been to meet your hybrid and when I saw him… I just couldn’t help it!”
Hoseok apologized, but Yoongi had the hunch that this wasn’t happening for the first time, perhaps the smiling human was just affectionate even with strangers and Yoongi was grateful that Jungkook had warned his friend to not get too close, something which ultimately Hoseok failed to do, but still.

“Jungkook! You didn’t tell me your hybrid was *that* cute!”

Upon the exclamation, Yoongi’s head snapped in the youngest’s direction so quickly that he almost broke his neck.

“You told your human friend that I’m… cute?” Yoongi questioned in disbelief and moved aside a bit when he realized that he was standing right in front of Jungkook.

“No, I-”

Jungkook couldn’t even finish his sentence, because Hoseok jabbed him in the ribs and cut him off.

“But you didn’t deny either. That’s the same as admitting.”

“Just because I didn’t say Yoongi’s cute, that doesn’t mean he isn’t.”

The hybrid furrowed his brows, because of the statement, was this supposed to be a compliment? Did Jungkook just call him cute or what?

“You’re…” Hoseok has always been good at describing people, but sometimes with Jungkook, it was rather hard to put a label on that kid. “You’re such a complicated brat.”

Jungkook just shrugged his shoulders in response and suddenly Hoseok stretched out his hand.

“My name is Jung Hoseok. It’s nice to finally meet you!”

Hoseok knew he should’ve started with this, with a proper introduction. He never meant to scare the hybrid away, but looking at his currently flopped, fluffy-looking black ears and the hesitance to grab his hand, the lawyer knew he had done a great job at that. There was a time when Hoseok almost bought a hybrid, he wanted someone to save him from his loneliness after his girlfriend broke up with him. Keeping a straight face and smiling as he always did, was so hard back then. He hated pretending and he felt so fake, he was even lying to himself, that he was okay and when he looked at in the mirror he saw just an empty shell.
Was love supposed to hurt so much? A broken heart was the least Hoseok expected from his relationship with Soobin. Everything had been great, they were in love and they had been together for years, but it all crumbled down so quickly. Hoseok wanted to blame it all on her, on the woman he treasured so much, who had told him with tears in her eyes that she no longer loved him, but he couldn’t do that, because he knew that when a relationship didn’t work out, the two parties involved both had fault.

“Come on, it’s just a handshake. I don’t bite.” Hoseok prompted, because the hybrid has been just staring at his hand.

“Sunbae.”

The older laughed when he realized what he has just said. “Okay, I do bite.” Hoseok said between laughs, missing the weird look that Yoongi shot him. “But I do it only when I’m drunk and I’m in the process of trying to control my little habit.”

A very dangerous habit.

Jungkook wanted to correct, but he kept quiet and instead placed on of his hands on the hybrid’s left shoulder, that was his way of wordlessly reassuring the black-haired male that it was okay to hold Hoseok’s hand and it seemed to have worked, because Yoongi finally grabbed the guest’s hand.

“Min Yoongi. Nice to… uh, meet you.” Yoongi hated how awkward he was when it came to meeting new people, but Hoseok didn’t seem to be having problem with his weak handshake and stupid stammering.

“I know, I know. I’ve heard so much about you, Yoongs!”

Yoongi released the human’s hand right away and glared at the newcomer with all his might.

“What the fuck did you just call me?”

There goes the hospitality.

Jungkook studied his friend’s expression and all he could see was pure astonishment, Hoseok’s hand was still stretched out.

“Heol… he just cursed.”
“I warned you about that as well, Hoseok-hyung. I told you that-”

“That was sooo cool!!!”

Hoseok’s outburst surprised both Jungkook and Yoongi.

“The way he’s glaring at me with his small eyes and the way he barely moves his lips, while he speaks… that’s just super adorable!”

Yoongi didn’t know how someone could be so amazed by that and be so unbothered by the fact that he had just cursed.

Jung Hoseok was just… wow.

Jimin was supposed to arrive home very soon, but while waiting for him the trio just sat on the couch. Yoongi didn’t say much, because Jungkook and Hoseok were discussing some work-related things and used terms like indictment, docket, affidavit, subpoena, litigation, equitable. Yoongi couldn’t even repeat some of those words, but he didn’t mind that he was not able to join the conversation, because the two humans were by no means ignoring him and talked to him as well. It was admirable how the two lawyers spoke so passionately about their work and even though Yoongi couldn’t understand most of the stuff, which the two were saying, the hybrid listened with interest.

“We can go to the kitchen now. Jimin said he’ll be here in less than five minutes.”

Jungkook announced after he read a text from the vet and the three shuffled towards the kitchen. When the delicious aroma hit Yoongi, he recalled how hungry he actually was and he wasn’t going to lie… he was curious whether he had really done a good job while cooking.

The hybrid had his own place at the table and he instantly sat on his chair, but he was slightly surprised when Jungkook sat next to him. There were only four chairs at the table and Jungkook and Jimin sat side by side all the time, while Yoongi was seated opposite of them.
But if Jungkook sat at his usual spot and Jimin followed… that meant Hoseok would’ve sat next to Yoongi. It’s not like the hybrid felt uncomfortable around the human, which itself was an achievement, but since it was their first meeting Yoongi was still a bit cautious around the older lawyer, so he would’ve felt much more at ease next to Jimin or Jungkook. As per usual, the younger didn’t comment on his actions, but there was no need, Yoongi already knew the reasons and he was somehow proud of himself for being able to read Jungkook better these days and the boy definitely knew how to read his mood as well.

A few minutes later, Jimin stormed into the apartment, apologizing for being so late. He explained that an elderly man had brought his dog for a check-up in the last moment just as Jimin was about to leave, but the old man had looked so worried about his dog, which thankfully turned out be fine, it had just eaten something off, that the vet didn’t have to heart to send the man away.

Jimin noted how everyone was eyeing the food on the counter and he himself was starving, so he decided that changing his clothes could wait for after dinner. He started carrying the dishes to the table and the amount of food took him off guard, were they going to eat all of this?

“Hoseok-hyung, I think I’ll be able to pack you some food for tomorrow.” Jimin remarked when he set two of the side dishes on the table.

“Lucky me. You always feed me so well when I come here. Can’t I just move in?” Yoongi pursed his lips at the words.

Move in, where exactly? There’s no way I’m going to share my room with someone and the bed in the bedroom can barely fit three people in it. The couch… I have the best afternoon naps on it.

“I was just kidding, Yoongs.”

Hoseok said after noticing the thoughtful look on the hybrid’s face, a look that definitely spoke for itself – Yoongi was wondering how to keep his territory safe.

Jimin almost dropped one of the plates he was holding when he heard the nickname, but luckily Jungkook caught it before it could fall. The younger had gotten up from his chair to help with the final preparations for the dinner, he couldn’t let his lover do it all on his own. The hybrid wanted to help as well, but Jungkook just told him it was okay to stay still.

“What are you daydreaming for?”

Jungkook teased even though he knew that the way his senior had just referred to Yoongi was what
caused Jimin’s reaction and the vet puffed his cheeks in annoyance, because of the obvious teasing. But two could play this game and Jimin couldn’t wipe off his smirk of satisfaction when he kissed Jungkook and now the younger was the one who almost dropped the plates. Surprise attacks always worked like magic and Jungkook really wished they were in their bedroom right now, so he could have his payback. A lot of willpower was needed to just gently kiss Jimin back when all he wanted was to turn those giggles against his lips into sweet mewls, but it was such an inappropriate time to have such thoughts.

Jimin was the one who initiated the kiss, but he still felt a bit embarrassed for doing that in front of Hoseok and Yoongi, so he hastily settled down and tried to focus his attention on the food in front of him. He tried his best to pay no heed to the way Jungkook was eyeing his lips at the moment. It looked as if the younger was completely disinterested in the lavish dinner on the table and had desires for an absolutely different meal.

*Don’t think about it.*

Jimin chanted in his head, trying to fight the heat that threatened to creep up his neck and face. He began filling up his plate like Hoseok did and soon dug in. Everything was extremely delicious as usual, neither too salty nor too spicy.

The older lawyer also seemed very content with the food, he had said it numerous times – that he would love to visit for a dinner every night. He was just joking, but when Jimin and Jungkook told him that he was welcome to come if he wanted to, he declined the offer. Because he knew why his younger friends had agreed, they knew exactly how lonely he was, but he didn’t want to burden them with his problems and he always avoided topics that centered about his love life, which was non-existing at this point. But coming over from time to time or dragging Jungkook to a restaurant on the days when he really didn’t want to be alone… that was enough for Hoseok.

“Hmm... there’s something different about the kimchi bokkeumbap tonight.”

Jimin voiced out his opinion after putting another spoonful of the fried rice in his mouth. What was it? Less gochujang, more sesame seeds? The ingredients were the same and yet there was something, which made the dish taste different than usual.

“Oh, maybe it’s because Yoongi prepared it.”

The hybrid almost choked on his soup when Jungkook shared the vital piece of information and Yoongi cast a glance at Jimin. The vet was looking at him with wide eyes and the hand with which he was holding his chopsticks had frozen mid-air.

*Have I messed up? Jimin doesn’t like it? I knew it was a huge mistake when Jungkook let me take care of the rice on my own, just because he said it was easy and that I would be able to make it. I’m never going to cook again. Shit, what was I thinking? I was left to deal with one dish and I*
“fucked it up, just great.”

“Hyung… did you really make this?”

“Yes.”

Yoongi felt like confessing to committing a crime or something, the words tasted bitter in his mouth.

“This tastes… wonderful, Hyung! I didn’t know you could cook!”

Just as the hybrid was about to cast his gaze downwards at the table, Jimin’s words made him still his movements, had he heard that right?

“I-I can’t cook, it was my first try and-”

“Really, Hyung? That’s amazing! I would love to try more of the things you make. Ah, if you feel like cooking that is. Just know that you’ve got a fan right here!”

Hoseok raised his hand at the ‘fan’ part, to show that he should be included as well and Jimin beamed like the sunshine he was. Yoongi’s heart did a strange skip, because of the sight, lately there has been a tingling sensation in his chest whenever he looked at the human boy. The hybrid did not expect a praise, not at all and the vet’s huge grin along with his nice words, just made the black-haired male feel like he had accomplished something. It was just a wish, to make Jimin happy with his cooking and Yoongi had definitely managed to succeed.

“Maybe… I will.” The hybrid replied, wanting to sound as nonchalant as possible when in fact he was actually eager to prepare another dish again.

Hoseok and Jimin were now engrossed in a talk and Yoongi used the chance to fill up his tummy. Jungkook was the only who mostly dealt with the soup and as always, eating the food which the younger boy had cooked was like a journey to paradise, it was a palatable journey for the taste buds.

“See? I told you there’s nothing to worry about.”

Yoongi turned to his right when Jungkook spoke to him, a smile was gracing his features.

“Yeah… thanks for believing in me.”
Yoongi himself knew that over-thinking was not something he should do, but he didn’t want to disappoint his two owners. Jungkook and Jimin had never addressed the matter, but maybe they had certain expectations and Yoongi actually wanted to meet them. Doing small things in return for all the kindness he had been showered with, was the least Yoongi could do. He had never felt so grateful to anyone in his life before and he knew that there was not much he was capable of doing to repay for everything the two humans had done for him ever since they took him in, but he was determined to do everything in his power to achieve the goal, which he had set for himself.

“Waah, that’s awesome, Jimin-ah!”

Hoseok’s loud cheer brought Yoongi out of his little trance and he faced their guest who was now patting Jimin’s back.

“It’s all thanks to Jung-sunbae, really. If it weren’t for him, I would’ve missed the event once again.”

‘The event’, Jimin has been talking about it for days. A conference in Jeju, which took place every year at the end of March, but sadly the vet was never able to secure a spot for himself. The conference was about medicine in general, innovative ways of treatment, new meds and many lecturers from abroad. It has been Jimin’s dream to go ever since he was a student, but you either had to be a presenter, to have an invitation or to buy a ticket, which could allow you to enter and enjoy the event and somehow the tickets sold out in less than an hour, an hour during which Jimin was always preoccupied with other things. He convinced Taehyung to help him out once, because his friend happened to be free on the day of the sales four years ago, but the designer ended up buying tickets for a completely different event. Sadly, at the time Jungkook either had classes or later, was at work and this year Jimin thought he had missed the opportunity once again, but then a colleague of his, a man in his early 40s, gave him his ticket, because he had already attended the conference two times and on that day Jimin felt like a five-year old child, which had received an early Christmas present. He was thrilled to go and he even tried to learn some new English words these days, because there were going to be a lot of lectures who would speak in the foreign language and Jimin really wanted to understand as much as possible from their speeches. He had even bought a rather big dictionary last week and he was going to bring to Jeju, without a doubt.

“This calls for a celebration! Dreams do come true!”

Hoseok said and Jimin nodded his head in agreement, to some people it might seem like something insignificant, but it meant a lot to the vet.

“You’re right, Hyung. We have a very nice bottle of red wine, um… somewhere.”

Jimin spoke with uncertainty in his voice. He was the one who got that bottle, but it’s been a while and he wasn’t really sure where he left it. Maybe in one of the cupboards in the kitchen or-?
“The wardrobe’s top shelf, you told me to put it there.”

Jungkook stated and realization hit Jimin, he had totally forgotten. It was a bottle for special occasions and he wanted to preserve it for as long as possible, but Hoseok was here, Yoongi was here as well, Jimin was going to the conference of his dreams, they were all having a magnificent time and Jimin was feeling beyond delighted tonight, so the occasion just screamed special.

“I’m going to get the bottle then.”

Jimin announced, as he got up from his chair and Jungkook did the same.

“What?” Jimin questioned when the younger strode towards him.

“I said top shelf, you won’t be able to reach it. Ouch, ouch.” Jungkook yelped when Jimin smacked his shoulder, not very lightly. “Prince Charming comes to the rescue and that’s how you treat him?”

Jimin just started laughing and Jungkook dragged the older towards the bedroom, otherwise Jimin would’ve just stood there, laughing for god knows how long.

Yoongi followed two humans with his eyes until they disappeared from the kitchen and then he was left all alone with Hoseok. The hybrid thought that awkward silence would fall upon them, but the lawyer initiated a talk right away.

“You didn’t look away.” Hoseok pointed out the little detail, which has been on his mind for a while, he propped his elbows on the table and supported his head with his hands as he curiously looked at the hybrid in front of him.

“Huh?” Yoongi had no clue what the lawyer was talking about.

“When Jimin and Jungkook kissed. You just stared at them and didn’t look away.”

Ah, that.

Yoongi had caught himself staring at the two humans in such moments, but now that there was someone else in the room as well, it seems like it made an impression.
“So what?”

“Nothing, just… when a couple kisses or something, people tend to glance in their way before quickly averting their eyes. You however, intently gazed at them until they parted.”

Yoongi nervously played with his fingers under the table. Was there something wrong with what he had done? When people saw something they liked, they just looked… that’s what eyes were for… right? Yoongi used to look away when Jungkook and Jimin did couple stuff in front of him, but at a certain point he started doing exactly the opposite. So far, the two humans were not aware of Yoongi’s little fascination for their… activities and the black-haired male wanted to keep things that way. There was already a number of things he was not proud of doing, especially at night. The nights, on which Jimin and Jungkook were up for much more than just kissing. It was all their fault though, because Yoongi went to bed with the might to sleep not to eavesdrop, that just happened.

“Hey, Yoongs… what are you thinking about? Your face is red.”

Yoongi totally did not regret kicking Hoseok’s leg.

After two glasses of wine, Jimin’s voice grew even more in volume. Hoseok was allowed to drink only one glass, since complications could arise otherwise.

Yoongi knew what they were drinking, some humans really enjoyed alcohol. Jungmin had let him drink beer in the past, but he didn’t like the taste. This however… smelled like berries, it had a sweet fragrance.

The hybrid took another whiff from Jungkook’s glass and the boy’s question surprised him.

“Do you want to try it?”

Yoongi thought about it for a while blinking, but it didn’t take long to voice out his response.

“Yes.”

Jungkook looked at his boyfriend and the vet gave him an okay signal. Jimin has been reading quite a lot of articles about hybrids these days, he even borrowed a few books from a friend and
was about to buy some as well. There was so much to know about Yoongi’s kind and Jimin has always been a dedicated student, he wanted to learn more and he was wondering if the topic about hybrids would be brought up at the conference. A lot could be said about the species.

Yoongi was only party human, but a little bit of alcohol was not going to harm him in any way.

Jungkook pushed his half-empty glass towards the hybrid who took another sniff before taking the glass. He could feel that three pairs of eyes were on him and the sudden attention made his mind go blank, so he did the first thing that he could think of, which was to imitate Jimin’s way of drinking, so he emptied the contents of the glass in one go, but the burning sensation in his throat made him cough and Jungkook ran his hand up and down the older’s back, to relieve his coughing fit. But the drink did taste better than beer, maybe Yoongi could get used to drinking this?

“I want more.”

The black-haired male demanded after setting the now empty glass on the table and Jimin chuckled.

“Not a full glass though.”

It was quite hard to catch the vet’s words, because he was currently hiding his face behind his hands, but Jungkook still understood the older perfectly.

“So… wine is your thing, huh?”

Yoongi ignored Jungkook’s question and showed his impatience by practically shoving the glass in the boy’s hands.

“Just pour up the damn drink.”

“Jimin-ah.”

Hoseok had just put on his coat, while one of his hosts was leaning on the wall, sending him off,
after the marvelous dinner.

“Yes, Hyung?”

“I wanted to speak about something with you, but alone, so… I’m going to say it now.”

Hoseok’s usual goofy smile was not present and he looked rather serious, apparently he wanted to discuss something important.

“Uh… okay? What is it, Hyung?”

Jungkook decided to take care of the dishes and the hybrid suggested helping him. They also talked, while cleaning up, but along the way Yoongi stopped replying and he even did not take the plate which Jungkook held out, the black-haired male was in charge of drying off the dishes.

“Yoongi?”

Even after the boy had called out the older’s name, no answer followed and when the hybrid leaned his body against Jungkook’s, the human stopped all movement and glanced at Yoongi. “Hyung?”

Jungkook couldn’t clearly see hybrid’s face, because his bangs were covering most of it, but he could hear the soft sighs, which escaped from the older’s lips.

Gosh, is he falling asleep?? While standing up?? Is this, because of the wine he drank?

Jungkook stopped the running water and dried his hands on a towel. There were still a few things left to wash, but Yoongi could fall on the floor any moment and Jungkook couldn’t let that happen.

“Can you walk?”

Yoongi really wanted to shake his head, but he was so sleepy that he could barely move.

“Do you want me to carry you to bed?”
Jungkook didn’t know what else to ask, but even if he once again received no proper response, he was going to do exactly that since he saw no other solution, but thankfully this time the black-haired male managed to hum in reply.

“Mhm.”

Jungkook picked up the older by placing one of his arms on the hybrid's back, while the other one went under Yoongi’s legs. Jungkook frowned slightly, because he was really not fond of the fact the Yoongi was so light.

I keep telling him to eat more… I swear, if he skips just one meal from now on, he’s going to be in so much trouble.

“Tail…” The hybrid mumbled, as he let his head fall on Jungkook’s chest.

“I know, I know. I won’t touch it.”

But I wonder when the right moment will arrive...

On his way to Yoongi’s room, Jungkook spotted Jimin and Hoseok who were in the hallway, talking about something. Jungkook thought that his senior had already left, but the atmosphere around the two was a bit odd, Jimin looked conflicted and Hoseok was currently trying to explain something.

Jungkook soon reached his destination, he pushed the door open with his back and walked towards the bed. Yoongi hadn’t been using the room for that long, but it clearly belonged to him. The hybrid’s clothes were scattered here and there, the curtains were pulled so no light could find its way in the room and bother the older in the morning. The black-haired male hated it when his sleep was disturbed, he was always groggy whenever Jungkook or Jimin woke him up.

Jungkook carefully set Yoongi’s body on the bed, but he couldn’t pull back, because the hybrid clutched onto his arm.

“Yoongi, let go of me.” Jungkook spoke softly, as he sat down on the bed, because he couldn’t keep his balance and he feared that he might fall over the older.

“Don’t wanna… cold.” Yoongi muttered under his breath and tightened his hold on the human boy’s sleeve.
Jungkook is warm… I like being warm.

The hybrid mentally commented and a small smile appeared on his face.

“You’re not going to be cold. I’ll cover you with the blanket, come on.”

The smile was replaced by a pout and scrunch of the nose, Yoongi didn’t want to let go, but he knew that he would do so, eventually in his sleep, his grip wasn’t that strong to begin with. Jungkook could probably shake him off if he tried, but he didn’t. Instead, he waited for Yoongi to do it on his own and the hybrid complied to the younger’s request by finally letting go.

Yoongi instantly curled up and Jungkook swiftly covered the black-haired male with the blanket, the hybrid relaxed under the covers straight away.

“Hyung…”

The older’s voice was barely above a whisper and Jungkook wouldn’t have heard him if he wasn’t sitting so close to Yoongi.

“What?”

“I really like it… when you… call me Hyung.”

The younger smiled upon hearing that and faintly registered the opening and closing of the front door, which indicated that Hoseok had just left.

Jungkook stayed and observed Yoongi until his breathing evened out and he completely drifted off. Jungkook enjoyed watching the hybrid sleep, he always stared at the older for a while before waking him up in the morning. Jungkook kind of wanted to play with Yoongi’s hair like he had done in the afternoon, but the black-haired male could awaken from that, so instead Jungkook pulled the blanket even higher, up to the hybrid’s chin, hoping he would feel warm all night.

“Goodnight… Yoongi-hyung.”
Thank you so much for the birthday wishes here and on my Instagram! You all made me smile like a fool! ^-^ I had a really enjoyable holiday and a great birthday party last week on Monday! *_*

Hobi… what is this sunshine up to?? He’s always so secretive! ~.~

But anyway… our Hope joined Yoongi’s fanclub right away! haha

The way Jimin chugs down alcohol as if he’s drinking water, will always amaze me xD
Yoongi has the highest alcohol tolerance among the members, but here… his cat nature speaks and oh dear god, the way he can doze off even while standing up is really cute! >o<

Aaah, the new album… it feels very different and yet in a way so BTS! The lyrics are pure gold and those choreographies! *god bless* I like all songs, but my favorite ones are Paradise and Tear! <3 The Truth Untold just broke my heart TT___TT

& did you notice THIS Yoonkook moment during the CB Show?? Yoongi is sitting just like a kitty and the way Jungkook touched him :<( I’m so damn soft for such shit…

It’s exams time for me until 15th June, but I hope I won’t take too long with the next update, because something very important will happen in the next chapter! *o*
Bye, bye for now! ♡
present

Chapter Notes

The story got a lovely fanart! ^o^ Thank you, Sara! <3

I believe this chapter deserves to be entitled SHIPS, but whatever :D

& I really hope Jin will feel better soon… it’s always terrible to lose a family member :

(See the end of the chapter for more notes
“I need to ask you a favor.”

It was rare for Hoseok to ask for something, but Jimin was more than willing to help with whatever he could.

“Sure, Hyung. What is it?”
Now Hoseok looked a bit hesitant, as if he was having second thoughts, wondering whether he could utter his next words or not.

“I, uh…”

Hoseok had already made up his mind, really. He had even thought about calling Jimin or texting him, so he could finally ask for this little favor that actually meant a lot to him, but he kept postponing, because he hoped there would be another way, but sadly… there wasn’t.

“Can you… set me up a meeting with Taehyung?”

Jimin didn’t see that coming. He had no idea what kind of favor the older would ask for, but he didn’t think his best friend’s name would be brought up in the conversation.

“Set you up a meeting?” Jimin repeated, as he leaned on the wall behind him. He studied Hoseok’s face, trying to find some answers, but the lawyer was truly good at having an unreadable expression when he wanted to. “Can’t you just call him?”

“I have tried…” Hoseok replied and Jimin could practically hear the frustration in his voice. “He always takes too much time to pick up and he always finds an excuse that he can’t talk for long, he hangs up before I can even start a proper conversation and when he texts me back, his messages contain only one or two words… He thinks he’s being subtle, but I know he’s ignoring me.”

“Maybe he has a reason to?” Jimin didn’t want his words to come out in the form of accusation, but Hoseok’s expression changed immediately and for a second the vet regretted saying the first thing, which came to his mind.

“Did he tell you? About… what happened on my birthday.”

“He did and honestly…” Jimin crossed his arms over his chest and tried his best to look intimidating, he hated seeing Taehyung in pain and it was Hoseok who was causing his best friend’s suffering, so he wanted to make the older spill the beans, to tell him what had made him react in such way that night. “I think you’re the one at fault, Hyung. Tae told me that you pushed him away. You shouldn’t have done that.”

“I know, I know! It’s all my fault!” Hoseok tried to control his voice, but he couldn’t. He was angry, angry at himself, because the hurt look on Taehyung’s face from that night, haunted him to this day and he knew he was the one to blame for making the always smiling boy, be close to tears. “I had my reasons for doing that. I- I wanted to apologize to him right away, but he just ran out of the car and he has been avoiding the topic and me ever since. I want to explain to him… why I did that and… to tell him just how much he means to me, but he won’t meet me and… you don’t tell
someone that you like them over the phone, Jimin-ah.”

“Oh…” That’s the only sound, which Jimin managed to make upon the revelation.

“Yeah, ‘Oh’.”

“Do you really mean that, Hyung?”

Jimin received rather vigorous nodding as a response and he smiled slightly. He didn’t want to meddle in Taehyung’s affairs, but he wanted what’s best for him and he knew how stubborn his best friend could be. It was obvious that Taehyung did not want to avoid Hoseok, but he was scared of rejection, he had never been good at dealing with that and if Jimin had to do something behind Taehyung’s back… he was ready to do so, for his friend’s sake.

“Okay. I’ll help you, Hyung.” And at that Hoseok’s tensed up shoulders relaxed and the smile found its way onto his face again. “But you might have to wait a bit, because Tae is currently working on his new collection and he needs to be concentrated. A confession from-” Jimin stopped himself in time, he was about to say ‘from his crush’, thank god he didn’t. “From you… he’ll get excited for sure and he won’t be able to focus on his work.”

“I get it, I’ve waited for a whole month. I can wait a little longer.”

“Alright. You do know where his studio is, right?”

“Yes, I have been there a few times.”

If Taehyung had let Hoseok in his sacred studio, then his feelings for the older were more serious than Jimin thought.

“There’s a really nice café across the building and Taehyung likes going there, I can text him to meet me there, but you’ll go instead and I hope… you’ll be able to fix this mess.”

“I will, don’t worry. I won’t blow this chance. Thank you.”

“Good, good. But as I said, you’ll have to wait for a bit. Maybe when I’m done modeling for Tae, it will be okay to-”

“Model Jimin has made a comeback and I didn’t know?”
“Don’t be like this, Hyung.” Jimin whined and lightly punched Hoseok’s shoulder, because of his teasing remark. “Taehyung is a way too strict when it comes to his work, he acts like some dictator even with me, his closest friend. I seriously don’t want to know what he does to the poor models at his company.”

“He always looks so exhilarated whenever he’s working on his designs though.” Hoseok said in Taehyung’s defense, Jimin was just pinpointing how hardworking his friend was, but Hoseok still felt the need to say something, “And he looks really hot when he’s ordering people around.” The lawyer added and Jimin could only gape at him.

“Wow. I guess you’ll enjoy playing his games then.” Jimin commented after a few seconds and pointed at his hair, making the other laugh.

“What are you complaining for? The new color looks great on you.”

“I’m not complaining.” Jimin corrected, while shaking his head. “I was just stating the facts. It’s really hard to say ‘No’, when Taehyung gives you the look.”

“I would never say ‘No’ to anything he wants.”

And yet you pushed him away when he touched you.

Jimin didn’t want to add more fuel to the fire, so he kept his mouth shut and thought that the older would leave now, because he was about to grab the door handle, but then he turned around once again.

“Hey, about Yoongs…”

Jimin still couldn’t get used to the nickname, it did sound cute though and it fit the hybrid.

“He’s been living with you for almost a month, right?”

Jimin hadn’t really thought about it, but Hoseok wasn’t wrong.

“Yeah, that’s right.”

Maybe it was kind of a personal question to ask, but it’s been on Hoseok’s mind all night and he was going to let the mater slide, but a few minutes ago he saw how Jungkook carried Yoongi to his
room and the way the hybrid was clinging to the younger lawyer made an impression, besides Jungkook was still nowhere to be seen, which meant that he was still in Youngi’s room.

“Has Yoongs been in heat since he started living with you?”

“W-what?” The question took Jimin off guard and he couldn’t hide the surprise in his voice.

“I mean… I’ve heard that hybrids have heats, so I was just wondering…”

Hoseok trailed off and scratched his nape, while waiting for Jimin to say something, had his question been that strange?

R-right, Hyung said he has heats. It’s not like I’ve forgotten, but I can’t believe it’s been a month already. W-what are we supposed to do when it happens? Hyung said he’s always in pain…

“Um, no. Not yet.” It took Jimin a while to gather his thoughts and form a proper reply, but he just really didn’t know what to say and Hoseok’s next words surprised him even more than his previous question.

“Well, don’t worry too much. I’m sure you’ll be able to take good care of him. Just don’t freak out and keep your calm, okay?”

“Okay…”

Jimin did not sound sure at all.

“Jungkook.” Jimin uttered the younger’s name, the second he got under the covers.

“Yes?” When Jungkook faced the older, he could sense that something was off and his mind travelled back to the moment when he saw Jimin and Hoseok in the hallway and the serious expressions on their faces, as they talked. “What’s wrong? Did Sunbae say something?”
“He did.”

Jimin shifted closer to Jungkook and just stared at his face for a while, the boy didn’t look very tired, so having this talk now seemed appropriate, but Jimin didn’t know how exactly to phrase his words, so he just opened and closed his mouth a few times.

Jungkook saw how the older was struggling to formulate a sentence, so he grabbed Jimin’s face and kissed him. Jimin’s lips parted instantly and he eagerly welcomed Jungkook’s tongue in his mouth. For a second Jimin almost forgot what had been troubling him ever since his talk with Hoseok, Jungkook was just that good at easing him down, it only took seconds. Jimin couldn’t help the whimpers, which left his lips when Jungkook skillfully swirled his tongue around his, that brat was a way too good at kissing and whenever they kissed, the younger acted as if he was savoring a meal. Jungkook thought he was doing exactly that, because nothing tasted better than Jimin’s luscious lips.

“Jung- mghf- t-talk.”

Jimin barely managed to say between the kisses, it was hard to even take in a new breath, because Jungkook captured his lips again and again, the boy rarely listened in such situations, but he wanted to know what was tormenting the older, so he pulled back a little, but still remained very close and their breathes mingled together as they spoke.

“What is it, seriously? Do I have to get into a fight with Sunbae tomorrow?”

“You would that, for me?” Jimin asked with a bit of difficulty, because he was still trying to catch his breath.

“For you… any time, baby.” Jungkook replied right away and ran his hands along Jimin’s back before he pulled him even closer and the older tangled their legs together.

“It’s Hyung to you, Jeon Jungkook.” Jimin tried to scold, but his big smile failed him.

“Is that so, Park Jimin-shi?”

“Don’t call me like that.”

“You’re laughing though.”

“How not to? You always say that with such a straight face, it’s funny.”
A smug smirk was currently gracing Jungkook’s features, he always looked so proud of himself when he said something like that and he always intently looked at Jimin to see his reaction. At times, the vet managed to pretend that the words weren’t affecting him in any way, but he couldn’t even look away right now, if he moved forward just a little, they would kiss again.

“About what Hoseok-hyung said… he just made me realize that Yoongi-hyung is probably going to go into heat soon.”

“Ah… that. I guess it’s bound to happen one of these days. He’s been living with us for almost a month.”

“Right, so…” Jimin nervously licked his lips before he asked the very important question. “What are we going to do when that happens?”

That’s what has been bugging Jimin ever since his talk with Hoseok. He wasn’t worried about the fact that Yoongi would be in heat, it was something natural, but he was really anxious about how to handle the situation.

“I don’t know. Maybe we can… buy him some things?”

“Things…”

The word danced in Jimin’s head for a while, there was no need for Jungkook to clarify what he was talking about, it was clear as a crystal.

“I told you that I am not going to set my foot in a sex shop, ever again.” Jimin really didn’t want to think back and remember the day when he had to do that.

“We can play rock-scissors-paper like last time and it would be lovely if you lost again.”

“Ugh, don’t remind me.” Jimin groaned and buried his face in Jungkook’s chest. “We were just a stupid, young, horny couple back then.”

“We still are.”

“We… are not that stupid anymore, I think.”
Jimin’s argument made Jungkook laugh and he couldn’t say anything back, because in his eyes, they hadn’t really changed that much since they started dating. Sure, they were living together now, their relationship was serious and stable, but whenever he looked at Jimin, he still felt like that 19-year old boy who had fallen head over heels for the senior who was exceptionally kind to him ever since their first meeting.

“Whatever, it’s something which happened years ago. Who cares? We bought those stuff, used them once and then threw them away.”

“Naah, they’re still here.”

Jimin’s eyes widened, because of the statement and he lifted his head up to look at the younger.

“What?”

“You told me to throw them away, but I kept them. I thought that you might feel like using them again one day, but you never brought it up.”

“When will you learn to listen?? I told you that you are all I need.”

“I know, I know. But you did enjoy using them, so-.”

“I did not.”

Jimin denied, but Jungkook fired back an argument immediately.

“Your body is always much more honest than you.”

“Jungkook, don’t be a brat.”

“You love it when I’m a brat.”

“Not when we’re about to have sex.”

“Oh, are we?”

Jimin lifted his body up from his side of the bed and grabbed Jungkook’s shoulders, making him
lie on his back before he crawled on top of him.

“I’m in the mood.”

Jungkook mouthed the word ‘horny’ and Jimin rolled his eyes, but he decided it was better to silence up the younger in case he decided to say something like that again, so Jimin pressed a firm kiss on Jungkook’s lips and soon hands slipped under his t-shirt, hands that roamed all over his bare skin. Jimin usually did not act like this, but Jungkook had managed to irk him tonight and he nibbled on his boyfriend’s lower lip with the intention to separate the younger’s lips and deepen the kiss, but the brat actually dared to sneer, right in his face.

Jungkook let one of his hands rest on Jimin’s lower back, while his other hand travelled to the older’s face and he brushed his fingers over the other’s already kiss-swollen lips.

“Why don’t you use that pretty mouth of yours to get me in the mood as well then?”

There were no double meanings, no secret implications, so Jimin let his lips ghost over Jungkook’s neck for a few seconds and then started sucking on a particular place, right below his boyfriend’s ear. That place was one of Jungkook’s very few sensitive spots and Jimin was well-aware of that.

“Hyung.”

Jimin’s heart swelled in pride, because he knew he was the only one who could make Jungkook’s voice go lower in such a short span of time, he was the only one to make Jungkook’s body burn with desire, to crave for more and more, the only one to make the younger lose control.

“You… you know that’s not what I meant.”

Jimin did not voice out any reply and just dragged his tongue lower. He paused at Jungkook’s collarbones and frowned when he realized that the boy’s shirt was only getting in the way, so he raised his body a bit with the might to undress Jungkook, but the younger grabbed his hand before he could rile up his long sleeved shirt.

“If you continue like this, it’s going to take you ages to reach that place.”

“Maybe only about ten minutes.”

Jungkook huffed in vexation and flipped Jimin over, so he could hover above him and he absolutely enjoyed the startled yelp, which escaped from the older’s lips.
“Are you serious? Do you think I can wait that long?” Jungkook questioned, as he nestled between Jimin’s legs.

“I was about to test that.”

Jimin simply wanted to fool around for a bit, he wasn’t actually going to make Jungkook suffer for that long, because since he was sitting on top of the younger just seconds ago, he could feel that Jungkook was definitely already in the mood, judging by how he was already starting to get hard. Jimin just wanted to tease his boyfriend like he always teased him, but his quiet laughter died down in his throat when Jungkook started tugging down his striped pajama pants.

“W-what are you doing?”

“Enough games. If you’re not going to grant my request, I might as well just do it instead of you.”

Jimin gulped down when Jungkook successfully got rid of his pants and stared at him, so hungrily, just like during dinner and Jimin’s heart started beating faster in anticipation.

“You want to?”

Jimin asked and caught his bottom lip between his lips when Jungkook left a kiss on his inner thigh, Jimin was certain that the younger definitely had a thing for his legs, he had showed it on multiply occasions.

“Yes, it’s been a while since I last did it.”

Jungkook moved his lips higher, leaving more kisses along the way and Jimin attentively followed the younger’s every move.

“I know I’m not as good as you at this, but…”

Jungkook placed a kiss over Jimin’s still clothed erection and the older gasped, because of the action.

“…I just want to make you feel good, Hyung.”

Jimin carded his fingers through Jungkook’s hair and smiled.
“You do… you always do.”

And as Jungkook painted his body with beautiful red and purple hues that night, as he called out the younger’s name over and over again while he drowned in pleasure, a specific thought circled in Jimin’s head, a thought that just didn’t want to go away.

Sure… we can buy Yoongi-hyung some things...

or maybe...

We could just help him… ourselves.

Fuck, my head hurts.

Yoongi didn’t even drink much last night, but he still consumed more alcohol than he ever had, at once and the damn wine really hit him hard. But he didn’t want to ask the two humans for an aspirin or just anything that would make his headache go away, because how lame would that be?

He was going to wait until Jungkook and Jimin left for work and then he was going to look for a pill to soothe his pain. He did not regret drinking the wine though, he really liked the taste and if he ever got the chance, he would like to try it again or a different kind and he hoped that he won’t feel like shit on the next morning.

But maybe… there was one good thing about his current misery. He got knocked out for the whole night and slept like a rock, so he didn’t hear anything and that… that was great.

Because Jimin couldn’t even look at him in the eyes all morning, he did that only when he was super embarrassed. He was even wearing a turtleneck today and without a doubt, the reason for that was because he wanted to hide the marks, which Jungkook had left on visible places last night.
And Jungkook… that little shit actually had the nerve to leave the two top buttons of his dress shirt unbuttoned, displaying Jimin’s work for the world to see.

Stupid, stupid brat. What happened to his ties? Why isn’t he wearing one?? Does he have to make it so obvious that he had a wild night??

“Say, Yoongi…”

The hybrid stopped eating his breakfast when Jungkook said his name, but the question which followed, made Jimin choke on his water.

“How did you sleep last night?”

Fantastic, my headache just got worse.

Jimin decided to just walk home tonight, the weather was very pleasant, Spring really was here, though it was still a bit cold outside. It was Jimin’s favorite season, everything came to life, flowers and trees bloomed. Spring was a nice break from Winter’s low temperatures and snow-covered streets, but it was also gave the vet some time to prepare for July’s blazing sun.

It seems like a lot of people had made the same choice as him and Jimin smiled whenever a couple or a family passed by him, everybody seemed to be in a good mood.

I should ask Yoongi-hyung to come with me for a walk, Jungkookie too. Maybe we can even eat somewhere together? But… would Hyung like that? He hates receiving attention from strangers and people would look at him...

Jimin stopped in his tracks when his eyes fell on the display of the shop, which he was passing by – a jewelry shop.

He walked in without thinking much, his mind was rather occupied with thoughts about Yoongi lately and he just really felt like buying something for the hybrid, not food or clothes, something else – a present.
“Hello, may I help you?”

Jimin almost jumped at the voice, he had been looking around absent-mindedly for a couple of minutes, because he didn’t even know what he was looking for, so it was a given that one of the workers would come to offer some help.

The girl was at least a head shorter than Jimin, her long hair was tied up, she was wearing a uniform and she had a very polite smile on her face.

“Hello… I want to buy a present, but there’s so much to choose from.”

“Well, I am here exactly for this! I would be happy to help you out!”

“Thank you.”

Making spontaneous decisions was not Jimin’s thing, he liked planning everything beforehand to ensure that everything will go smoothly.

“So…” The girl began, as she guided Jimin further into the shop. “You want to buy a present, for the person you love?”

The girl patiently waited for a reply, but it took Jimin’s brain a while to process the question.

“Eh?”

The girl’s smile faltered for a second, but she quickly regained her composure.

“Oh, forgive me. It’s just… I observed you for some time before I approached you and you looked so happy, while browsing the shop and even now you’re widely smiling while thinking about the person whom you’re buying a present for. So I just assumed…”

Weird, very weird.

Why did people keep saying such things?

His co-workers at the clinic had already told him a number of times – that he speaks about his
hybrid with much affection and love, Hoseok and Taehyung kept throwing some peculiar comments in his way as well and now even people whom he had just met.

He was really starting to wonder if all those people could see through him, if they knew something, which he was missing.

And Jungkook… he could swear that the boy wanted to tell him something whenever he saw him together with Yoongi, but he never did.

*Is there something odd about my behavior towards Hyung?*

When Jimin arrived home, he expected to be either welcomed by the hybrid or to find him on the couch, but nobody came to greet him and Yoongi wasn’t in the living room either.

“Hyung?”

*Maybe he’s sleeping in his room?*

“I’m in the kitchen.”

Jimin chuckled when he heard that and headed towards the source of the voice.

*I guess he was hungry then and wanted to eat something before dinner.*

However, Jimin’s presumption was wrong, because Yoongi was not eating before dinner, he was actually *making* dinner.

“Sorry for not coming to welcome you home, I was just putting some rice in the cooker.”

Yoongi said without tearing his eyes from the food he was making and Jimin glanced over the hybrid’s shoulder.
"You’re making a stew, Hyung?"

"Aha. I think it’s called Sundubu Jjigae, but I’m not very sure. Jungkook has prepared it a few times."

"Mhm, you’re right. I’m really glad you decided to cook something again so soon."

"The kitchen is a mess." Yoongi mumbled, while stirring the stew.

"It’s okay, Hyung. We can just clean up later."

Jimin assured, as he stood next to the hybrid who grabbed a spoon and scooped some of the broth with it, he blew on it, because he didn’t want to burn Jimin’s tongue and then raised the spoon to the younger’s mouth.

It was cute how Yoongi just glanced at him before he looked away again, it was the hybrid’s first attempt to cook all on his own and he wanted an opinion, so Jimin did not hesitate to accept the mouthful with soup.

"H-how is it? Is it too spicy?"

*If I overdid it with the chili powder, I’m seriously never going to try to-

"It’s perfect, Hyung. You did really well, but-"

*But what? Yoongi clutched the spoon, waiting for Jimin to finish his sentence.

"Are you sure this is going to be enough for three people? It’s so good that I can eat it all by myself!"

Yoongi laughed, because of the remark, but he was relieved that Jimin liked the dish so much.

"If you eat all of that, you’ll get a stomachache. Besides, there are side dishes and rice as well."

The human pouted and Yoongi’s heart once again started acting funny, should he go and see a cardiologist or something?
“F-fine, I’ll give you the biggest portion. Happy now?”

“Yes, very.”

Jimin chirped and hugged the hybrid from behind, after some pondering he placed his chin on Yoongi’s left shoulder and grinned when the older stayed still. Thankfully, the black-haired male had gotten quite accustomed to Jimin’s surprise attacks.

“Can I consider myself your favorite, Hyung?”

Yoongi tried to ignore the fact that there was barely any space between his and Jimin’s body and cleared his throat before replying.

“Aghm, I don’t have a favorite.”

Yoongi turned off the stove, because he didn’t want to boil over the stew and opted for changing the subject.

“What took you so long to get home? You said you would be back by 6pm tonight.”

“I stopped by one place.”

Jimin answered and let go of the hybrid, a way too soon for Yoongi’s liking and walked over to his brown satchel bag, which he had thrown over one of the chairs in the kitchen when he arrived.

“What place?”

Jimin rummaged through his bag and his expression soon turned into a thrilled one when he found what he had been looking for. He took out a small black box and returned to Yoongi’s side. The hybrid could only tilt his head in confusion when Jimin handed him over the box.

“I bought it for you, Hyung.”

“For me?”

“Come on, open it.”
Jimin urged and he looked really gleeful, as if he was the one who was receiving a gift.

“I really, really hope you like it.”

Curiosity took over and Yoongi hastily opened the box, but the contents left him speechless.

There was a small note at the corner of the box with the simple message:

‘For Yoongi-hyung, from Jiminie.’

And in the middle of the box, there was a beautiful silver bracelet.

Yoongi traced his fingers over the accessory, was this really for him?

“Jimin, there was no need to.”

The smile disappeared from the human’s face and Yoongi just knew that he had chosen the wrong words.

“You don’t… like it, Hyung?”

Jimin really thought that the girl at the shop would ditch him after wandering around for so long, it’s not like he was usually this indecisive, he just didn’t know Yoongi’s taste when it came to those things, but when he saw the bracelet and pictured how it would look on the hybrid, he bought it at once.

“No! I love it, I really do… but there was no need to spend money for me, it… looks expensive.”

“I did it, because I really wanted to buy you a present, Hyung.”

A present…

The word echoed in Yoongi’s head and he beamed without even realizing.
His first present, he had never gotten one before.

It’s not like he was ungrateful for the clothes, the food and all other things, which Jimin and Jungkook had bought him so far, but those were… necessities. However, this bracelet was bought especially for him, not because he needed it, Jimin simply wanted to buy a present for him.

Yoongi didn’t know what he had done to deserve so much happiness lately, if this was a dream, he wanted to live in it forever.

Suddenly, the box was shoved back in Jimin’s hands and the vet opened his mouth to protest.

“Hyung, please. I told you that-”

“Put it on me.”

Yoongi cut in and extended his hand towards the human.

“I want you to put it on me.”

The hybrid repeated and Jimin stared at the older’s hand. The same hand, which he had bandaged on the night they had met. A hand that was covered in blood, a hand that used to belong to someone who always expected the worse, someone who had been through a lot, someone who was lonely, maybe even scared. Someone who was now smiling on a daily basis, someone who looked happy, someone who now looked forward to tomorrow.

Jimin grabbed the bracelet and set the box on the counter. He took hold of the hybrid’s hand and put the bracelet on his wrist, it looked even better than Jimin imagined it would and he hoped that Yoongi would keep it on all the time.

“Thank you, Jiminnie. I’ll treasure it a lot.”

Maybe just saying that was enough, the human seemed content with just that, but Yoongi still wanted to express his gratitude in another way. But what could he do? He had already cooked dinner, he had thanked Jimin, he loved the present, he really meant that and he was never going to take off the bracelet, so what… what could he do?

Perhaps... yeah, that sounds like a good idea.

“Thank you.”
“Hyung, you already sa-”

Jimin’s speech was abruptly interrupted when Yoongi leaned in and pressed his lips at the corner of the human’s mouth, but he pulled back momentarily.

“S-shit.”

Yoongi cursed under his breath, because dang it – that was not the plan, not at all. He was aiming for Jimin’s cheek, how did his lips end up so close to the boy’s mouth instead?

“S-sorry, I…”

Yoongi didn’t know how to interpret Jimin’s stunned expression, had he crossed the line?

But he didn’t know that Jimin was actually struck for an entirely different reason.

The second Yoongi retreated, a very distinct feeling invaded Jimin’s chest – disappointment.

He was disappointed, because the hybrid had missed. When the older inched towards him, Jimin really thought that Yoongi would kiss him on the mouth and he had no intention to stop him, just because… he wanted Yoongi to kiss him, for real.

Somehow, Jimin wasn’t as surprised as he thought he would be. He had never, ever felt the urge to kiss anyone but Jungkook ever since he met the younger boy and yet… here was Yoongi – looking at him with such apologetic look, the hybrid looked as if he had committed a crime.

He had nothing to apologize for, nothing and Jimin was keen on showing him that.

“Hyung, I’m about to do something and if you hate it- if I make you feel uncomfortable in any way, give me a sign, alright?”

Yoongi dumbly nodded his head, not knowing what he was agreeing to, because the very words ‘hate’ and ‘Jimin’ in one sentence just sounded absurd to him.

Jimin cupped Yoongi’s face and gazed at the hybrid who looked quite puzzled, his expression was rather amusing and the older’s eyes grew bigger when Jimin tentatively brushed their lips together before he ultimately closed the remaining distance between their faces.
Yoongi’s brain just stopped functioning, he had no idea where to place his hands, what to do. It’s been over two years since his last kiss, but his kisses with Jungmin were always in the heat of the moment, while they were being intimate, there were no feelings involved, it was just a desperate yearn to satisfy needs, nothing more. But this… this was not the same.

Yoongi could feel it in the way Jimin gently held his face, in the way the human moved his lips against his own, it was such a soft touch that it nearly melted the hybrid’s heart. Yoongi would be lying if he said that he had never wondered what it would feel like to have Jimin’s lips over his own. He had unceremoniously stared at the human boy’s plump lips many times.

Jimin’s scent was alluring, he always smelled like cherry blossoms which had just bloomed, it was a pretty sweet fragrance, but if the human smelled heavenly, he tasted even better, sweeter than anything Yoongi had ever tried in his life.

Luckily, the hybrid’s dumbfounded state didn’t last long and he properly kissed Jimin back. Yoongi wanted to have the human even closer to him, so he wrapped his arms around the younger’s neck without breaking the kiss and when he felt Jimin’s arms around his waist, Yoongi realized that the blonde male wanted the same thing.

Yoongi and Jimin’s only regret was that they hadn’t done this sooner.

Being in each other’s arms felt wonderful and yet something troubled them.

They couldn’t fully enjoy the moment, because they knew that this was a huge step.

Not only for the two of them, but also for a boy that meant a lot, to both of them.

Everything was going to change, that was just… inevitable.
Chapter End Notes

After 70k words…the Yoonmin ship has finally sailed!!! *throws confetti in the air*

But Jungkook… what about Jungkook?????

Jimin and Hoseok be asking the right questions xD

Min Kitty in heat? Coming very soon! *v*

My Tear album arrived this week and I got Yoongi’s photocard! ^o^ Actually, in all my albums so far… I got either Jimin or Yoongi’s photocards ~.~ hehe

It’s still the 10th, but I’ll say it now – HAPPY 5TH ANNIVERSARY BANGTAN!!! So many splendid things happened to the boys in the past year and I’m sure more amazing things are to come! Time surely flies though… I can’t believe it’s already been 5 years! But I’m happy that I’ve been with Bangtan since their debut <3

What about you? When did you join the fandom? *-*

Fake Love era?
More like Meow Meow era, don’t you think?
I know that all of you are curious what will happen to Yoonminkook, but it’s finally time for the Jikook special!

I have been craving to write this chapter ever since I started the fic, because Jikook’s backstory is cute af! *_* hehe

However, the chapter was starting to get too long (over 9k words), so I decided to split it into two.
I’ll post the second part really soon! ^^
Taehyung’s first class was always at 10am or even later, so why… why was Jimin here??

At 8 am in the morning on Monday, just wonderful.

It’s not like he had a huge problem with waking up, but he needed some time to get dressed, wash his face and teeth, choose what to wear for the day and things like that.

He usually worried that he might wake up Taehyung or something, but the boy proved to be a heavy sleeper, who just hugged his blanket or extra pillows and had a hard time waking up even at 9 am.

It was Jimin’s first class of his third year, but why did it have to start at 7 am??

It wasn’t boring or anything, it was quite interesting, but Jimin has always liked attending the seminars more than the lectures, simply because he valued practice more than theory. Both were very important, of course.

It was a bit after 8 am now and there were about 15-20 minutes before the lecture ended and Jimin’s stomach was craving for some food. He woke up at 6 am and didn’t have any time to eat, but he had a short break after this lecture because his next one started at 10 am, so he was definitely going to grab at least a sandwich or something and later he was going to grab a lunch with Taehyung around noon.

The professor was currently answering questions from students - how he would grade them, what would be the type of the exam, were all lectures obligatory, etc.

It’s not like Jimin wasn’t curious about the answers, but he could just listen and he didn’t have to pay much attention to what was happening in front of him, so he looked out of the window. He enjoyed sitting by the window, he liked being close to the sunlight.

There were many students outside, just like always at the beginning of the new semester. Somehow, later on people found other things to do and some rarely attended classes and yet they passed with rather decent grades. Not like Jimin was interested in finding out how that happened. This was his future, he was here to study, not to fool around. Well, at least not during classes time.

Most students were in groups, be it of two or more people, some were speaking on the phone, while others were reading books or scribbling something down in their writing pads.

And out of all the people, whom Jimin could see, there was a boy who stood out. A boy that kept going back and forth as if he didn’t know where he was supposed to go.
Jimin got only a glimpse of the boy’s face, because he was wearing a black hoodie with the hood on, but Jimin could tell the other looked distressed and… lost?

*Maybe he’s a first year? The campus can be quite confusing for them.*

The boy looked at the paper he was holding in his hands and Jimin thought that if he was currently next to the boy, he would definitely be able to hear him sigh in frustration.

Jimin glanced at his watch and saw that there were only around five minutes before the lecture’s end. He cast one last look outside the window and actually started shoving his pen and books in his backpack.

*I hope he stays right where he is at the moment.*

Luckily, when Jimin walked out of the doors, he could see that the boy he had been looking at, was still there, not exactly at the same spot, he had perhaps started walking in a certain direction before he gave up and returned next to the bench he was previously standing close to.

Jimin walked up to the stranger who was facing the other way and wondered how to approach the matter, should he just ask the boy if he needed some help or what? He pondered for a few seconds before he decided that being straightforward was the best option and he stopped a few steps away from the other.

“Hello.”

Jimin called out, but the boy did not react, so he got a bit closer and tried again.

“Hello.”

The boy jolted, because of the voice and finally faced Jimin. Seeing the other from up-close, made Jimin think that the boy looked really young and so, so clueless, question marks were practically swimming in his eyes.
“Are you a first year?”

Jimin asked and the boy turned around to see if there was someone else behind him, but there was no one.

Is he... talking to me?

Jungkook wondered and almost dropped his schedule when the other uttered his next words, because... could he read thoughts or something?

“Yes, yes. I’m talking to you. Are you a first year?”

Jungkook didn’t expect someone to initiate a conversation with him, just like that, it was just his first day at university, he was not mentally prepared for... interacting with people, yet.

“Um... yeah, I am.”

His mother had always told him to speak louder, but it was still a bit hard for him to do so.

‘How are you going to speak at the court then, son?’

She would always add and yeah, Jungkook really dwelt on that fairly often, but he truly hoped that by the time he graduated, he would be able to lead conversations normally like other people did. He really wanted to be a lawyer, a good one, so he was determined to give his best.

“I saw you wandering around and I decided to help you out. Do you want me to look at your schedule? I’m a third year, so I know my way around.”

Jungkook didn’t hesitate to hand over the paper he was holding to the other boy who smiled at him when he received the paper. Jungkook was kind of desperate at the moment, because his first class was starting in less than 15 minutes and he had no idea how to get to his lecture hall, so some help was surely going to be appreciated.

“Oh, no wonder you’ve been going around in circles. The law department is in the east building, but at least you’re at the right campus.”

“T-there’s another campus?”
Jimin chuckled, because of the boy’s response. “Yes, there are three in total. You didn’t know?”

The fact that Jungkook got to Seoul in one piece was a whole miracle. He got on the wrong bus, twice and he almost ended up in Mokpo. But he really wanted to handle the trip on his own, he hadn’t travelled alone before and he didn’t have the best sense of direction, but thankfully his gps saved his ass. His roommate was a second year industrial engineering student and they hadn’t spoken much so far, but Jungkook was totally fine with that, he was glad that he ended up with a rather quiet person and he hoped that they would be able to get along.

And just like a few days ago when he arrived in Seoul, he thought that the gps on his phone would show him the way. Well, he should have given it more thought. He got up fairly early in the morning and arrived at campus an hour earlier, the campus which was the closest to his dorm, he truly assumed that this was the only one. But when he got here, he had to look for a room number, nothing else was written in his schedule and that’s where the problems started from. He kept walking around, he probably circled the area at least ten times, but he couldn’t gather up the courage to ask someone for directions, he didn’t want to be late either and this whole thing was really starting to give him a headache until this boy with a bright yellow sweater and an even brighter smile appeared.

A savior.

“I didn’t know…”

Jungkook mumbled after a while and the other returned his schedule to him.

“Come on, I’ll walk to your hall.”

“W-what? No, no. It’s okay! Just tell me where I have to go and-”

Causing trouble for others was something which Jungkook hated, he didn’t want to be a burden.

“It’s fine, I don’t mind. I have some time until my next class starts and besides… I’m not really good when it comes to explaining such stuff, so I’ll just confuse you even more.”

Jungkook was still a bit hesitant… was this really okay? But the other boy had offered to help himself, so he naturally followed the other when he started walking. Jungkook rarely spoke to strangers, he always waited for the other party to approach him first and start the talk and even then he usually didn’t know what to say, but this person next to him… was helping him out of good will and Jungkook wanted to at least introduce himself.
“I’m Jungkook.”

He said and the other boy looked at him briefly with a smile on his face and Jungkook wondered how someone could smile so much, especially to a person whom he had just met.

“Oh, I’m Jimin.”

Jungkook hummed in response, Jimin was a nice name, it suited the boy and he said that he was a third year, right?

*He’s shorter than me though…*

“Where are you from, Jungkook-ah?”

Oh, here it is. The part where he had to keep the conversation going, why was he so terrible at that? But the way the older had just called him… Jungkook liked how it sounded, even his friends back in Busan just called him ‘Jungkook’, nobody had referred to him while using such a soft tone.

“Busan.”

The second the name of his hometown left his lips, the older stopped in his tracks and stared at him with wide eyes.

*W-what? Have I said something wrong? Busan, Busan… yeah, that’s where I was born.*

For a second Jungkook even forgot his own name, because there was now a huge grin on the other’s face and he was looking straight at him. Jungkook despised eye contact, it made him feel as if people could see through him, he felt exposed and vulnerable, because of people’s piercing gazes, but this time, he didn’t look away.

“No waaay!!! Another sea boy! I’m from Busan as well!”

Jimin chirped excitedly as if being from the same city was the greatest thing in the world, Jungkook totally did not expect that though.

“Y-you don’t have a dialect.”
Jungkook totally thought the other was a Seoul-born person.

“Ah, yeah. I learnt how to cover it up, but I still slip up from time to time and use satoori. You’ll get used to the Seoul dialect in no time, but nobody is going to judge you if you use satoori, trust me. People here actually find it quite appealing.”

Jungkook had practiced all summer, how to get rid of his accent. He wanted to blend in, but luckily youngsters’ satoori wasn’t that severe. The elders though, sometimes Jungkook had a hard time understanding what his grandmother was trying to say, especially if she spoke fast, it was as if she was babbling in a foreign language, but that was just one of the old woman’s many charms.

It was comforting to hear that he didn’t have to change just so he could fit in, Jimin had said something which Jungkook really needed to hear. Today’s society had a way too many prejudice against those who were different even if it was none of their business, some just used the chance to make fun of those who could not defend themselves or were just too nice to say anything back. That’s why Jungkook chose law, he wanted to speak for those who couldn’t do it themselves, he wanted to bring comfort in people’s lives, to be on the side of those who were suffering, he wanted to protect those people from the harsh world.

It was a big dream, he knew that. Especially since he himself sucked at communication with others, but he was ready to learn, both for his sake and for the sake of all those whose fate could end up in his hands later on.

“Have you ever been to Songjeongjip? It’s close to the beach.”

Jimin suddenly asked, bringing Jungkook back from his trance.

“Yeah, their food is nice.”

“The best! And not to brag or something, but I’m pretty sure the owner has a soft spot for me! She told me that I remind her of her grandson who lives far away. That’s really sad, you know? She really wants to see him more often, but he and his parents rarely visit Busan. That’s why I tried to stop by at least once a week.”

Jungkook just listened without saying anything, Jimin’s voice was rather pleasant and he seemed like the type of person who liked to share a lot about himself and actively took part in the conversation. Jungkook didn’t mind, in fact he was grateful that he didn’t have to speak much. But it was great to know that Jimin shared the same love for Busan as him, Jungkook already missed his hometown. He left his family and friends there, most of them decided to attend local universities, but Jungkook wanted to fly the nest, as people say and see the world. He was an adult now, but he still felt like a child at times and he was even treated like one, he wanted to prove that he could live on his own. Making friends has always been a very hard task for him, but listening to Jimin speak, made him hope and believe that he would be able to find friends soon and maybe...
he had already found one.

“Is your eyesight bad?”

Jimin’s question came out of nowhere and Jungkook just now realized that the older was intently staring at his face, they were practically breathing the same air. This was something a way out of Jungkook’s comfort zone, he felt self conscious under the other’s curious gaze.

“N-not really. I just wear these-” Jungkook muttered in reply, as he pushed his glasses up. “-because I like them.”

“I see… well, I think you have really beautiful eyes, so don’t hide them behind glasses.”

What was Jungkook supposed to say to that? Nobody had ever told him that he had beautiful eyes, they were big and he hid them behind even bigger lenses, so he just stared back and then it hit him – what an eyesmile really looked like, Jimin was practically smiling with his eyes at the moment.

Jumin pulled back and started walking again, he felt like he had somehow crossed a line with his behavior.

**Personal space, Jimin. People treasure that, when will you learn??**

Jimin scolded himself as they entered the building. It’s not like he was usually like this, it took him time to relax and feel comfortable around new people, but the ice between him and Jungkook broke quickly. No… it’s like there was no ice to begin with, it’s like they’ve known each other for years. And when the younger shared that he was from Busan as well, Jimin was just on cloud ninth. Who would’ve thought that they were born in the same city? It was fascinating, Seoul was filled with people from all over the country, but ever since coming here Jimin had met only a number of people who were from Busan and they barely even spoke to each other. But Jungkook here, listened to him talk on and on and replied timidly, he seemed like a shy kid, nothing wrong with that though, it was kind of cute actually and the boy was literally drowning in his oversized hoodie, half of Jungkook’s eyes were covered by his fringe and there were the glasses as well, they had pretty big frames, that’s why Jimin leaned in, to have a proper look and indeed… Jungkook’s eyes were gorgeous, so round and lovely. Jimin felt as if he was staring at youth itself and the urge to want to help the boy just amplified. Jungkook was just a shy, disorientated young boy and he reminded Jimin of a puppy, a sweet little thing that needed guidance and had to be taught many things.

“I would love to take you home.”

Jungkook froze upon hearing that and he gaped at the other, wondering if he had imagined hearing that, but the shock on his face made Jimin blush and the older boy hid his face with his hands.
“Oh, god… don’t tell me I said that out loud…”

“Y-you did…” University students are so f-forward… what’s going on??

Jimin just wanted to die, right there, right then.

“Aaah, that sounded so wrong! But it wasn’t! I promise!!”

Now Jungkook looked like a frightened animal and Jimin just wanted to slap himself.

W-why did I have to say that out of all things?? I think I scared him off…

“I just adooooooore animals!!! And you just look like a giant, adorable puppy that I would definitely want to cudd- ah, raise! So yeah… that’s why I said I would love to take you home… ughm…”

Jimin tried to explain though Jungkook didn’t look very convinced and honestly… neither was Jimin. He was usually a rather reasonable person, but all of a sudden the situation was out of control.

“I- I’m studying veterinary medicine and I usually lose my mind around animals, I just can’t help it. I adore them.” No, wait. That sounds wrong as well. “I’m not trying to say that you are an animal! I just-”

Oh my god, what’s wrong with me??

Jimin tore his eyes away from Jungkook who looked more than puzzled and saw that that they had arrived at the boy’s hall.

“231 A, here it is. Sorry I took so much of your time!” Jimin pointed at the door on their left and said one more dumb thing before leaving. “You just… remind me of a puppy, that’s all.”

Jungkook just stood there, still trying to process what had just happened. A student slightly bumped into him and he saw that people were rushing into the hall, because the lecture was probably just about to begin and yet Jungkook remained in place, his eyes glued to the senior in a yellow sweater.
It was only Wednesday, but Jungkook was drained already. He did know that he would have a tough schedule with many classes, but just in two days he already had tons of research to do and four reports to write.

_Coffee, I need coffee._

He chanted in his head, as he waited in line. It was no surprise that the café was filled with people. There was another one down the street, but the coffee here was just heavenly good, so Jungkook was willing to wait a couple of more minutes and besides, this way he had time to re-read the menu over and over again. There were so many types of coffee and it was hard to choose what to order.

He got the scare of his life when someone not only patted his shoulder, but also called his name… in a rather affectionate manner.

‘Jungkook-ah.’

He slowly turned around and was met by a pair of eyes that were currently half-closed, they looked like crescents, it was an endearing sight, especially because Jimin was smiling widely and really, that made his eyes almost disappear.

“How did you know it was me?” Jungkook couldn’t help asking, because he was wearing different clothes and with his back facing the older up until seconds ago, he was wondering how Jimin managed to recognize him.

“Your backpack. It’s huuuuge!! What do you carry in it??”

Jimin responded and sighed in relief, because he thought that Jungkook would ignore him after their last… and actually fist meeting. Jimin made a fool out of himself, at least he believed so and maybe he even offended Jungkook before just disappearing, running away was more like it though. But when he saw the boy standing in line to get his morning coffee, he just wanted to speak to him again.

“Uh… stuff.”
“Like what?”

“Just stuff… books, pencil case, recharger, a snapback, some food like ramyun and snacks.”

“You carry food around?”

“Yeah, I get hungry quite often. I also have a spare tee and a bluetooth speaker, headphones-”

“Speaker too?” Jimin’s voice was laced with amazement and even admiration, because the backpack looked heavy, but Jungkook carried it around as if it weighted no more than 2-3 kilos. “What for?”

For a split of a second, Jungkook wondered why he was telling Jimin all of this, but it was so, so easy to speak with the older, Jungkook’s mouth just acted on its own.

“I like listening to music. Sometimes I go on walks in parks and when there are no people around, I use the speaker, it’s like-”

“You are in your own little world?” Jimin finished off and the boy nodded his head confirmation. “Sorry for last time.” Jimin apologized and now Jungkook looked a bit perplexed.

“What are you apologizing for? You did nothing wrong. Turns out that professor is super strict when it comes to attendances and hates people who are not punctual. If not for you, I would’ve been late and who knows what would’ve happened then. So thanks, you saved my life.”

Jungkook just wished that the other hadn’t left so abruptly last time, he actually enjoyed the time he spent with Jimin and he still thought about the last few sentences, which the older had uttered before he left.

So… he’s going to be a vet? He looks like a kind person. I’m sure animals are going to love him just as much as he loves them. At least now I thanked him, it’s been on my mind ever since he left last time. I don’t want him to think I’m some ungrateful and impolite brat. And he even apologized to me, what for? He compared me to a puppy, that’s not a bad thing I guess and he said that- oh, oh what is he doing again??

Jimin was about to tell the younger that there’s nothing to thank him for and that he’s glad he could help, but then he got a better look at the boy and noticed that something was missing.
“You’re not wearing glasses today.” Jimin commented, as he stepped closer, so he could carefully inspect the younger’s face.

“U-uh, yeah.”

Jungkook wasn’t even sure why he decided to leave his precious glasses behind today, he just looked at his reflection in the mirror and then Jimin’s words about his eyes ringed in his head, so he took his glasses off and then just walked out. It wasn’t such a big change, because he didn’t wear the glasses often back in Busan, but Seoul was a new world full of many unknown things and people, whose attention Jungkook was not really keen on receiving, but he wanted to alter his personality and he knew that it was the best to start from the small things.

After observing the boy for a while, Jimin concluded that Jungkook indeed had strikingly beautiful eyes with a certain tint of playfulness in them, but he couldn’t help noting a little something.

“You’ve got very prominent dark circles under your eyes, Jungkook-ah.”

Jungkook thought nobody would notice, nobody stared at him for long enough to grasp that fact.

_Ah, probably because I stayed up until very late to play games._

“Did you play computer games all night?”

_He’s a m-mind reader._

“M-maybe.”

Jungkook knew he couldn’t do anything about his currently widened eyes, but he really wished he hadn’t stuttered like an idiot and just then Jimin started laughing and Jungkook was in awe.

Could someone’s laughter sound so enchanting? Jungkook could listen to that particular sound for hours without getting tired of it and then suddenly Jungkook felt a hand on his face, it took him a while to realize that Jimin was pulling his left cheek, because the older was still laughing and it was hard for Jungkook to focus on anything besides that.

“Don’t do that, it makes me feel like a child.” Jungkook whined, most likely sounding exactly like a child, which was close to throwing a tantrum.

“You do have some baby fat on your cheeks though.”
Jimin’s remark was meant to be a compliment, but he received pursed lips and narrowed eyes in response.

“What baby fat? I just gained weight this summer! I’m a grown up man. A man.” Jungkook repeated just in case, because he wanted to further prove his point.

“Sure, sure.” Jimin played along, as he let go of the younger’s face. Jungkook did not seem upset or annoyed, but Jimin felt like he was once again crossing a line, it was very unusual for him to behave like this around people whom he barely knew a thing about. “So, did you make any friends?” He decided to ask and the answer caught him off guard.

“Only you.”

The words were out even before Jungkook could process that he had opened his mouth to speak. It was just their second meeting, it took much more than that for Jungkook to consider someone as a friend, but he actually did not regret saying that.

“I mean… if you want to be my friend, that is.”

Jungkook added and he was rewarded with another stunning smile.

“I’m happy to be your first friend then, but I hope you’ll make some more soon.”

Jungkook couldn’t help smiling when he heard that, there was something about Jimin’s aura that calmed him and made him forget that the clock was ticking. Wasn’t it exactly like that with the moments you wished would never come to an end? Spending time with someone dear to you, it really made you wish it lasted forever.

“Yeah, me too.”

As soon as Jungkook replied, Jimin asked for his phone and the younger gave it to the other without much thought.

“Oh, it has a password.”

“0109.”
“Let me guess… birth date?”

Jungkook frowned a bit when he became aware of what he had done – he had just given his phone to another person and he was patiently waiting for Jimin to finish whatever he was doing. This was strange, why didn’t he mind that his phone was currently in possession of someone else?

“Jungkook-ah, you’re not supposed to give your phone to people so easily and you can’t share your password randomly either.”

Jimin wasn’t trying to scold the younger, he was just giving him an advice. Jungkook was truly a person who had to be taught many things.

“But… it’s you.”

At that Jimin looked up and they locked eyes. Jungkook didn’t really know what he was trying to say with that sentence, it just sounded right in his head, so he blurted it out. He studied Jimin’s expression and it seemed like the older was trying to decipher the meaning as well.

Jimin didn’t want to overanalyze Jungkook’s words, but it sounded like the younger already considered him as a friend. So now Jimin was kind of glad that he had to get up so early on Monday, glad that he looked out of the window in that particular moment and spotted Jungkook, glad that he decided to help him and definitely glad that he talked to him again today.

“Here.”

Jimin said, as he returned the phone to its owner and Jungkook looked at the screen, which was still lit up and saw that Jimin had added his number to his contacts.

*Right… we don’t even have each other’s numbers, I completely forgot.*

Jungkook couldn’t stop staring at the name, which Jimin had chosen for himself.
“Jimin-hyung ♥”

“Why is there a heart next to your name?”

Jungkook questioned, while still looking at the screen, because there was a heart… a heart!

“Ah, because from today on I’m going to be your most favorite Hyung in the world.”

There was confidence in Jimin’s voice and Jungkook let out something akin to a snort, but he didn’t disagree and just put his phone in his back pocket.

“Don’t you need my number as well?”

“Nah, I’ll wait for you to text me or call me first.”

“What if I don’t?”

Instead of vocalizing a reply, Jimin grabbed Jungkook’s shoulders and turned him around, there was no one in the line in front of them anymore.

“Go on, Jungkook-ah. It’s your turn.”

That night, Jungkook did something very unlike him, but he knew he wouldn’t be able to fall asleep unless he messaged Jimin. He tossed around in bed for a couple of minutes, pondering what to write and in the end he went for something, which was more on the teasing side, it was not typical for him to act so familiar with someone who could still be considered a total stranger and yet he wanted to be bold for once.

He tossed his phone to the side and hoped that in the morning, there would be a reply from Jimin.
Hey, it’s me… your most favorite dongsaeng in the world.

And Jungkook didn’t know that yet, but Jimin had sealed his fate on that day.

Because the older soon turned into much more than just a Hyung, much more than just a friend.

Park Jimin became Jeon Jungkook’s world.

Chapter End Notes

Jimin be flirting with Jungkook since D-1! hahaha
But who wouldn’t fall for a shy and awkward Kookie? >o<

I kind of like making moodboards for this story, do you like how it turned out? *o*
Some things from the moodboard will make more sense when the next chapter is up!

I knew it was bound to happen, but I’m going to miss black-haired Bangtan >.<

* if you are curious, the university which Jungkook, Taehyung and Jimin attended in this story is Konkuk university.
It’s the only university in Seoul (maybe even in whole South Korea), which offers Law, Veterinary Medicine and Design at the same place.
Konkuk is actually the university, which Seokjin graduated from last year :)

20k+ hits, oh wow!!!
Puppy (part 2)

Chapter Notes

1500+ kudos?? Aaah, thank you so much!! *hugs* ♡

Puppy’s second part was meant to be no more than 4,5k words, but it passed 8k words (What the fuck is wrong with me??), so I decided to once again split the chapter into two.

I will post the third and final part of Jikook’s story next week.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Jungkook got used to the university life quite fast, surprisingly.

The many classes and homework were really taking a toll on him.

He barely had any time to rest, because if he was not attending a lecture or a seminar, he was working on a report or a group project.
Now, he thought he would have huge problems with that. Because the fear of messing up was always present, but when he was a part of a team it was even worse, because then if things didn’t go as planned, it did not affect only him, but others as well.

And then the part of presentation came, but actually those projects were fun.

Talking with people was not that hard for him now, although he still didn’t try to push his opinion onto others as some teachers advised him and all other students.

‘You should learn how to be persuasive! Think about when you would have to be at the court!’

And yeah, sure. Jungkook agreed with that. He knew it was very important to make others see things the way he did, if he wanted to do a good job at defending his clients, if he wanted the outcome to be in his and his client’s favor. But that didn’t mean he had to manipulate others for that purpose.

Honest witness statements, gathered evidence, the victim’s testimony.

He believed those were the three most vital things that could lead to winning the case.

And as the years passed, he was often praised for his way of thinking and for his earnest approach, but sadly… he had to learn it the hard way – that sometimes the answer was money and nothing else mattered.

He didn’t have trouble interacting in a small group of people, but he left the presentations in front of the course to the more talkative and outspoken people in his team. Because there were over a hundred people in his course and speaking in front of so many people was still a way out of his league, but he was slowly headed towards his goal and he couldn’t help feeling proud of himself.

The sudden change in him was mostly thanks to Jimin.

Jimin, Jimin, Jimin.

His most-favorite Hyung in the world.

Jungkook adored spending time with the older. Sadly, their schedules often clashed and there were even some days on which they couldn’t see each other, but they still texted all the time and spoke on the phone daily.
Jungkook really thought that just hearing Jimin’s voice and his cheerful laughter first thing in the morning, were the only requirements for his day to be an amazing one.

Jimin often encouraged him to take the initiative and speak more in class, he told him numerous times not to be afraid to be himself and that being someone you are not, being fake would just result in having fake friends.

It was a bit tough at first, but Jungkook tried to follow the older’s advices and he soon found new, great friends. Some from his course, some not. He also got to know his roommate better and they often gamed together or ate junk food late at night only to regret it on the next day when their stomachs hurt, but oh well… you only live once.

But among the sea of people, among all the wonderful people Jungkook had met since he came to Seoul, Jimin was Jimin and nobody could replace him.

There was just something about the older, Jungkook couldn’t put his finger on it at first. What was so special about Jimin? What was so unique about his smiling eyes, soothing voice and warm smile? Why did Jungkook want to see him all the time? Why was it so important to be around the older every single day?

At first, Jungkook thought it was because Jimin was the first friend he had made after stepping into this new world. Jimin was kind and caring, he always asked Jungkook what he wanted to eat or where he wanted to hang out, Jimin always let him make the choices and never complained. Whenever Jungkook was too tired, they just sat somewhere and talked and talked. That managed to energize Jungkook quite a lot and after that he didn’t want to go back to his dorm and even though it was often dark, Jimin never refused to spend more time with him and they always found new topics to explore or new places to visit before they parted their ways for the day.

But as time passed and as Jungkook got to know more and more about the future vet, he started developing some very concerning habits. He stared at Jimin for far too long and he often even stopped listening to whatever the older was saying, it’s like he was under a spell. At one point he even started asking himself whether Jimin was seeing someone, he was hoping that the answer would be ‘No.’

If that thought crossing his mind was not weird enough, the leaps of his heart whenever Jimin sat next to him or playfully wrapped his arm around his shoulder, were more than enough to make Jungkook start looking at his newly created friendship in a different light.

He started paying even more attention to the little things. The way Jimin’s face flushed whenever he was embarrassed, the way he usually laughed while lightly hitting the person within a hands reach, the way he sometimes even fell while laughing, the way Jimin smiled widely whenever he spoke about animals and how he couldn’t wait to start treating them.
Jungkook has always thought that Jimin was beautiful, ever since the day he met him. But the more he looked at him, the more time he spent with him, the more charms he found.

It was like Jungkook had boarded a plane and it was a one way trip. He couldn’t deny that he had fallen for the lovely boy called Park Jimin and he really didn’t know how to deal with that. Simply because he had never been attracted to another man before and he had never been in a serious relationship either. He had been on dates with girls before, but he was never the one who approached them first and things somehow never worked out, because he always got told – ‘You don’t really seem interested in me’, but it couldn’t be helped. His mind was preoccupied with university entrance exams and school finals and he was not less busy now, not at all.

But he always found time for Jimin, it was actually never enough, no matter for how long they chatted or walked around. Jungkook started getting greedy, maybe even too greedy. He began wondering how it would feel like to hold Jimin’s much smaller hands, how it would feel like to kiss those lips that he loved looking at so much, how things would change if they were more than friends.

But one wrong move and it could all come to an end before it had even started. It was a scary thought, to know that he could lose Jimin’s friendship, because of the feelings he had developed, so he made the tough decision to put a distance between them.

What a fool he was to think that’s going to work.

He didn’t last long, not seeing Jimin was a torturous experience and he couldn’t stay away.

But just when he had finally managed to come to terms with his feelings, he met him… Kim Taehyung.

Jungkook had already heard a lot about the other, there was just no opportunity to meet him.

He knew Jimin and the so-called Taehyung were living together in a small apartment and Jungkook finally visited their place on Jimin’s birthday. He was a bit reluctant to go, because he wouldn’t know anyone there except the future vet, but Jimin reassured him that it would be everything, but a wild party and that there won’t be more than eight-nine people.

Jungkook was actually excited to meet Taehyung, because Jimin always spoke so fondly of his roommate that Jungkook got curious, but the excitement vanished within seconds, because of the other’s introduction.

‘Hello, it’s great to finally meet you! I’m Kim Taehyung, Jimin’s soulmate!’
Upon hearing that, Jungkook just gaped at Taehyung like a total idiot for over a minute before Jimin laughed and got hugged by his… oh, boyfriend.

*Of course he’s taken… why would someone like Jimin-hyung be single?*

That was Jungkook’s first thought after the revelation that Taehyung was not just a friend. He should have known, he should have just asked Jimin sooner, he should have just questioned him if he was dating someone or not, but he didn’t.

And he really tried to enjoy Jimin’s birthday party, he tried to smile, but whenever he looked at the older, Taehyung was glued to him and Jungkook did not like that, he hated the way he felt as he looked at the two. Jimin was all smiles and Jungkook was supposed to be happy for him, but the desire to be the one by Jimin’s side overtook and for a while he gave Taehyung the cold shoulder, because now the other boy often joined him and Jimin whenever they were together. It was starting to get hard to spend time alone with Jimin and Jungkook felt bad for getting in the way, for wanting someone he couldn’t have, because Taehyung was a marvelous person, a bit weird and crazy at times, but awesome nevertheless and although Jungkook started enjoying the other’s company, he felt guilty whenever he was around Taehyung, because he really, really wanted to be in his place and on the day when Jungkook learnt the truth about Jimin and Taehyung’s relationship, he just wanted to dig a hole in the ground and hide in there forever, he was *that* embarrassed.

“Don’t wait up for me tonight. I’m going to the library to help Jungkook with an assignment and then we’ll probably eat together, so I’ll be back late.”

Jimin informed as he scanned his best friend’s wardrobe with his eyes, wondering what to borrow for the night to complete his look.

“Help Jungkook with his assignment? Sorry, but… wasn’t he studying law? What could you possibly help him with?” Taehyung asked in disbelief, as he twirled his chair around and faced the other.

“He had to choose a topic and he settled for animal rights, so I’m going to help him with that.” Jimin replied nonchalantly and picked out an olive green bomber jacket that Taehyung rarely wore anyway.
“Out of all possible options, he chose animal rights, because…”

Taehyung had been damn invested in the sketch he had been working on for the past hour, but as he took in Jimin’s appearance – those super tight dark blue jeans and very thin grey long-sleeved shirt, he couldn’t ignore the fact that Jimin was trying to catch someone’s attention and Taehyung knew exactly who was the lucky person whom his best-friend was trying to impress.

“Because he likes animals?” Jimin’s words definitely sounded more like a question than an answer.

“Or maybe because he wants to get in your pants.” Taehyung’s remark made Jimin freeze in place. “But you would totally love that, wouldn’t you?”

Jimin almost threw the jacket at Taehyung, but he knew that an outrageous reaction would just encourage his friend to tease him even more, so he cleared his throat and put on the jacket, while trying to mask just how much that comment was affecting him.

“Jungkook and I, we’re not like that!”

“Sure, sure. That’s why you’re currently blushing like some high-school girl in love and seriously, you’re going to the library, not a fashion show. Why are you dressed like that? It’s already November, you should have chosen a different outfit, it’s cold outside.”

Jimin glanced at his attire and played with the hem of his shirt. What was wrong with his clothes? The library was close, it was warm there. It was also warm in diners and cafes, he wasn’t going to spend much time outside.

The lack of response made Taehyung sigh and he leaned back on his chair, as he spoke.

“Oh, god. You even saved him in your contacts as ‘Baby’ and you’re telling me that means nothing?”

Jimin’s mouth opened in shock and this time he threw a pair of socks in Taehyung’s direction and that earned him a groan followed by ‘Yah!’ from his friend.

“Taehyung! Y-you can’t just take my phone and-!”

“I didn’t do anything.” Taehyung cut in right away, as he placed the socks on the floor, but not before he made the mental note to put them in the washing machine later. “I discovered that very intriguing fact one day when you were in the bathroom, your phone screen lit up, because you had
received a text from Baby, which stated ‘Jimin-hyung, I just saw a black kitty!! But it escaped before I could pet it! : (’ like wow, who even sends texts about such things?”

Jimin smiled, as he recalled that particular text. Jungkook’s fascination for black cats was endearing and he never missed a chance to pet them or take a shot whenever he saw them on the street and of course, he always informed Jimin about those encounters.

“Jungkookie does.”

“Jungkookie, huh?”

Jimin’s face became even redder, he felt cornered and Taehyung hadn’t even said something out of place to make him feel this way.

“T-that’s… I…”

“Go on, I’m really curious about what sort of lame excuse you can come up.”

Taehyung got comfortable, ready to hear all the dumb shit which Jimin was going to say.

“Okay… um, I just saved his number under the name ‘Baby’, because I thought the baby-fat on his cheeks was adorable.”

“Aha.”

“H-he has a baby face!” Jimin supplied and Taehyung once again let out an indifferent reply.

“Aha.”

“Look, he just used to be super shy when we first met and that was really cute, so yeah…”

“Aha.”

“What’s with the Aha?? Why do I feel like you’re not even listening to me???”

“Because every time you open your mouth all I hear is Blah Blah Blah, you’re just spitting nonsense.”
“I just…” Jimin had never said it out loud, how he felt towards Jungkook, but of course Taehyung knew, his best friend could read him like an open book. “I’ve never met someone like him, Tae. He tries his best every day and he’s trying really hard to overcome his personal struggles, because he wants to help others. That’s really amazing, don’t you think? He’s so young and I wanted to treat him like a child, to be a good Hyung and guide him, but I get surprised daily by how mature he is. I’m sure he’s going to be an amazing lawyer- no, the best one. And whenever we talk or chat through texts, he just always seems and sounds so excited to meet me, it kind of brings my hopes up, you know? Is it… really too much to ask for? To… hope for more?”

Taehyung didn’t say anything and just looked at his friend. He had seen it all, the longing looks which Jimin threw in Jungkook’s direction whenever the younger was facing the other way, he had felt it in the way Jimin spoke about Jungkook, he became aware of his best friend’s feelings perhaps even before Jimin had realized it himself, that he was falling for Jungkook. But he had also seen the way Jungkook lovingly stared at his friend, the way his face brightened up whenever he saw Jimin, but he also noticed the hesitance in Jungkook’s moves and actions around Jimin, it was almost as if he was afraid to touch him and Taehyung caught Jungkook glancing at him before he did as much as sit close to Jimin, as if he was asking for his permission to do so. But he also hadn’t missed the way sometimes Jungkook glared at him as if Taehyung had stolen his most treasured plush toy. Fine, maybe that wasn’t a good comparison, but Taehyung held the toys from his childhood dear to his heart and they were still there in his room in Daegu, waiting for him. It was a well-known rule in the Kim residence that nobody could touch Taehyung’s sacred plushies, but if anyone did dare to lay a hand on them he presumed that he would have the same look, which Jungkook occasionally had on his face whenever he looked at him and Taehyung really thought they were getting along just fine.

Seriously, what was that kid’s problem?

“I like him… I really, really like him, Tae.”

Jimin finished off his speech with those words and of course Taehyung did not miss the opportunity to dramatize.

“Oh, wow. I’m shocked.”

Taehyung said while trying to make the most shaken expression he could manage and Jimin rolled his eyes, because of his friend’s behavior.

“You should just switch your major, acting seems to be your second nature.”

“And deprive the world of my fabulous clothes? Nope, not happening.”
Jimin could only laugh as he walked out of Taehyung’s room.

“Jungkook, wake up.”

Jimin called the younger’s name for the third time, but Jungkook did not move at all, so Jimin slightly shook the boy’s shoulder and Jungkook stirred in his sleep.

“Come on, Kook-ah. The library is going to close down soon, we have to leave.”

Jungkook slowly raised his head up and rubbed his eyes, he thought that he was in bed and that he was dreaming. Having dreams about Jimin was something, which often happened lately, but his aching back made him realize that he was not in bed. He looked around and saw that he was at the library.

*Right, Hyung was supposed to help me with my report, but I was so tired that I just… dozed off on the chair.*

“What time is it?” Jungkook asked, as he yawned.

“It’s almost 8 pm. I got a bit caught up at home.” What Jimin really wanted to say was that he stood in front of his wardrobe for half an hour, wondering what to wear, he always took so long to decide which outfit would look the best especially if he was meeting Jungkook. “Sorry about that. I tried to call you to warn you, but you didn’t pick up.”

“Oh, yeah. My phone was on silent. Library rules.”

Jungkook mumbled sleepily, he noticed that it was dark outside and that there were not many people around anymore. He’s been here since 5 pm. His appointment with Jimin was for 6:30 pm, but he wanted to get some job done beforehand, so he came earlier, but even if Jimin was late, he probably arrived at around 7 pm.

“Hyung, when did you come to the library?”
“Oh, a bit over an hour ago.”

Jimin’s reply made Jungkook arch an eyebrow.

“An hour? Why didn’t you wake me up sooner then?”

Now… how was Jimin supposed to answer?

‘I just love staring at your sleeping face, like a total creep.’

There was no way he could say that. He had stumbled upon a sleeping Jungkook a few times and every time, Jimin was captivated and he just used the chance to study every inch of the younger’s face from up-close. He was very hyped up to help Jungkook with his assignment, but when he set his foot into the library, he saw that the younger had fallen asleep. Jungkook’s head was over one of his textbooks and his lips were parted, as always. Jimin already knew quite a lot about the other’s sleeping habits, because of his constant staring, so he just sat on the chair in front of Jungkook and did nothing but look at the boy’s face for an hour.

Partly, because of his newly developed hobby and partly because Jungkook seemed very exhausted these days, so he wanted to let the boy rest for a while, but hunched over a desk in a library was not the best place and time for it, he knew that, but he would be a fool not to take advantage of the situation.

“Sorry, I should have woken you up. Now the report—”

“No, that’s not what I meant. It’s due to next week, so I’m not in a rush, but… but I wasted your time, Hyung.”

Ah, Jimin’s heart jumped in his ribcage whenever Jungkook looked at him with those big, puppy eyes of his. Jimin was totally weak for them and combined with the sadness in the younger’s eyes, Jimin was just done for.

“Kook, don’t say that. The time spent with you is never a waste, whether we talk or just walk side by side, whether we are having a heated discussion about something or doing nothing at all, it doesn’t matter.”

“Really?”

There was hopefulness in Jungkook’s voice and Jimin vigorously nodded his head.
“Really. Yes, totally.”

And there it was, the smile that Jimin loved so much. When Jungkook smiled widely, the corners of his eyes wrinkled and whenever his front teeth were on display, Jimin couldn’t help thinking that Jungkook looked like a bunny. He knew that he should stop comparing people to animals, but it was really difficult to get rid of his little habit.

“We can just re-schedule for another time. Is that cool with you?” Jimin suggested, because he still really wanted to help the younger.

“Yeah. Whenever you have time, Hyung.”

“Alright. Now… are you hungry?”

Jimin thought they could at least have a dinner together before he went back to the apartment, he knew he would have to endure Taehyung’s teasing for hours.

Jungkook’s eyes always sparkled whenever food was mentioned and today was no exception.

“Actually… I’m starving.”

It wasn’t an unusual occurrence, for Taehyung and Jungkook to sit together somewhere and wait for Jimin to arrive. The vet often complained and said it was unfair how whenever he had a break, the other two had classes and otherwise – whenever Taehyung and Jungkook were attending a lecture or a seminar, Jimin was left to wander on his own around campus.

November’s end was approaching and the temperatures were drastically decreasing, so waiting somewhere outside was not an option. So the two were currently at the Domino’s near the campus, scanning the menu over and over again, wondering what pizza to order when Jimin arrived.

“Hey, let’s go to a party one of these days.”
Taehyung suddenly said, as he set down his menu on the table. He knew they were going to order the same pizza again like every other time, what was the point in looking at the menu?

“What for? It’s so loud at those places and there are so many people…” Jungkook said, as he also set aside his menu. He was fine with any pizza and was going to go for whatever Jimin felt like eating.

“Exactly! People! I need to have some fun! And to you know… have a specific type of fun.”

Taehyung wriggled his eyebrows, as he spoke and Jungkook frowned, because of the suggestive act.

“I really don’t get why you want to go to a party so much, especially for some... fun.”

“Oh, Jungkook. Are you really that innocent?”

“No, I’m not. I get your point, but I don’t understand why-“ Jungkook paused, because he didn’t want to lose his temper, but he was starting to get angry just by listening to Taehyung. “How can you say you need to meet some people for that type of fun when you already have Jimin-hyung??”

Jungkook clenched his fists under the table, there was no way he could tolerate Taehyung’s behavior. How would Jimin feel if he knew about this?

“What?” Taehyung just blinked furiously, trying to comprehend what Jungkook was trying to say with that, wondering if the younger was implying what Taehyung thought he was implying. “You’re kidding… right?” Taehyung asked and Jungkook’s stone-serious expression was actually quite funny, even though the boy looked pretty mad by this point.

Jungkook was expecting Taehyung to suddenly come up with some excuse and apologize or something, but the older actually started laughing right in his face and if Jungkook wasn’t already pissed off by this whole thing, he could’ve laughed as well.

“Oh my gosh!!! You are SERIOUS!! Jeon Jungkook, what the hell??” Taehyung could barely speak, because of his laughing fit. “God, I should record this and play it to you ten years from now on. That’s going to be hilarious! Me and Jimin?? You think we’re together??”

Jungkook was starting to get slightly confused by the other’s outburst. “You two are together.”

“Jimin is my soulmate, Jungkook! I can’t live without him!”
“There, you said it again.” Jungkook has always known that Taehyung could be quite odd, but why were his statements so conflicting??

“My *platonic* soulmate.”

“Your… what?”

“My partner in crime, my brother from another mother, my best friend for life. That’s who Jimin is, we’re not dating. We’re friends, Jungkook.”

Jungkook’s brain just refused to process the information, because what the- Okay, he had never really seen the two kiss or do something… intimate at all, but he just thought that they preferred doing such stuff when they were alone, without any prying eyes. He’s only seen them hold hands a few times and hug, but… now that he thought about it, it was kind of in a friendly manner. He could feel the love the two had for each other, but close friends loved each other as well, right?

So… Jungkook had been wrong all along??

“Is that why you still haven’t confessed to Jimin? Because you thought we’re together??”

Jungkook’s eyes grew bigger, because of the question. “W-what?”

“Oh, please. You’re so bad at hiding it. So that’s the reason why you glared at me from to time?”

“I- I-”

Taehyung didn’t give Jungkook the opportunity to finish whatever he wanted to say and continued with his rant.

“I can’t believe this. I really thought I was missing something, I thought that I had done something to offend you, but no… turns out you were just jealous. I should have figured it out sooner, you were so obvious about your feelings towards Jimin that I kind of overlooked everything else. You really like Jimin a lot, don’t you?”

“No, I don’t.”

“Why are you being so stubborn? Just say that-”
“I don’t like Jimin-hyung.”

Taehyung opened his mouth to protest, because Jungkook’s denial was getting absolutely ridiculous by this point, but the words got stuck in his throat, because of the younger’s next sentence.

“I’m in love with him.”

And for the first time since Jungkook met Taehyung, he managed to silence the other in just one second.

Chapter End Notes

New hair colors, new hair styles… _ah_, what a time to be alive… though, they are desperately trying to kill us all xD

I hope you enjoyed the song at the beginning! ^^
SLCHLD & Rheehab are two of my most favorite underground Korean artists! <3

Kook’s love for _black_ kitties has been strong for years! *wink wink* hehe

Baby boy!!! (♥ω♥) *cries*
Taehyung both loved and hated working on his projects. There was truly nothing better than seeing his designs come to life, nothing better than to see how his sketches slowly turned into the real thing. Making clothes was his passion, fashion was a huge part of his life and to this day he hasn’t regretted his choice even for a second. But most students worked on their projects in the last moment and they could do that. However, Taehyung had to start much earlier than the end of the semester and even though his classes started rather late, unlike Jimin’s, he did stay behind quite often up until late, because once he started working on something he had to finish it no matter what and if he wasn’t satisfied, he started all over again.
Being a perfectionist has never been on his side and he was so, so tired. He practically dragged his feet to his and Jimin’s small apartment. It was nice though, to live together. It was always so loud and chaotic at the dorms, that’s why they moved in together last year. The apartment was close to the campus, the rent wasn’t high and they had the sweetest landlady in the world who often brought them food. There were two small rooms, which Taehyung and Jimin used as bedrooms, a bathroom and a living room joined with the kitchen. It was cozy, it was a place to return to, it was home.

Taehyung slowly opened the front door and stepped inside, it was already past 10 pm and Jimin was probably asleep. But to his surprise, the lights were still on and he could actually hear that the TV was on too. Jimin rarely watched TV on his own, he preferred having company and that’s why Taehyung concluded that someone was over. It wasn’t hard to guess who exactly when he put on his slippers and his eyes fell on a very familiar pair of timberlands.

Ever since Jungkook found out that he and Jimin were not an item (Taehyung still found the thought just absurd), he had been visiting a lot more often, he had been looking at Jimin for much longer, he had even started being more touchy, he was still far from Taehyung’s level, but still, it was progress.

And yet… there was no progress at all.

When Taehyung set his foot into the living room, he was about to greet the two who were sitting side by side on the couch, but stopped himself in time, because Jungkook was currently caressing Jimin’s face, the boy’s hand lingered on the older’s skin for much longer than necessary and Taehyung knew that there was no way Jungkook would’ve done that if Jimin was awake.

The two were really starting to give Taehyung headaches on a daily basis. Jimin looked very joyful around Jungkook, he smiled all the time, his eyes shone whenever he spoke about the younger. Jungkook wasn’t much different, he trailed behind Jimin most of the time and followed him like the lovesick puppy he was. Taehyung was still trying to get to know the other boy, but he could see that he was sincere about his love for Jimin and yet neither of them had made a move yet.

Taehyung felt the need to give the two a little push, he often told both Jimin and Jungkook to just spill everything, to let it out and be done with it. It was frustrating to watch and Taehyung didn’t know what the two were so afraid of- Okay, he did know.

Jimin was scared of confessing and he was terrified of rejection, because he was a man and for him, being Jungkook’s friend was better than to turn into someone who the boy would feel uncomfortable around.

Jungkook on the other hand, was fearful of letting Jimin know about his feelings, because he was… Jungkook and he was most-likely going to get rejected.
Taehyung still had no clue what that shit meant and he really didn’t know what else to do for the two. Lock them up in a room and tell them that he won’t let them out until they’ve sorted things out?

That was childish, they were not five anymore.

So for now, he decided to let them be. How long he would be able to bare watching the two steal glances and touches when the other wasn’t aware, Taehyung really didn’t want to find out. He hoped that the two would really figure it out on their own before his patience disappeared into thin air.

Taehyung just wanted his best friend to be happy and he believed that Jungkook was the key to that happiness.

Taehyung still vividly remembered the day when Jimin came out to him. He was crying so hard that it was a real struggle to understand what he was trying to say. He apologized over and over for keeping it a secret for weeks, but he said that he couldn’t lie anymore and that he would understand if Taehyung wouldn’t want to be his friend anymore.

‘Idiot! So what if you like men?? What does that change?? You’re still my kind, generous, lovable, cute, tiny Minnie-Hyung. I told you, didn’t I? We’re best friends for life! You won’t be able to get rid of me easily! And truth to be told… I think I enjoy playing with dicks a bit too much, ops.’

That’s what Taehyung had told his friend on that night and he received a smack on the head for calling Jimin an idiot and tiny, but the future vet had smiled and that was Taehyung’s goal. A smile suited his best friend’s face more than anything and he wanted Jimin to be happy, nothing else.

He himself hadn’t thought about his sexuality much. He had been with both men and women, girls were pretty, but he always felt a different type of excitement while being with someone from the same gender as him.

He had tried to convince Jimin to go to a gay club or something, there are tons of such places in Itaewon, just for fun, to see how things were there, but Jimin refused every time, he didn’t want to fool around with someone just for a night and then pretend like it had never happened.

Taehyung told his friend numerous times that he didn’t have to have sex with anyone, he could still have some fun without ending up in someone’s bed, but he got the same answer every time.

Taehyung was much more open when it came to those things, kissing someone just because he felt attracted to that individual, was not something out of the ordinary for him. A little bit of touching,
little bit of this and that was cool, he was a man in his 20s, he wanted to live a little.

But when it came to sleeping with someone, well that was a different matter. He was totally picky when it came to that. The stress always played a huge part, but he rarely did things that he would regret on the next morning.

He often declined offers and came up with excuses. He didn’t want to turn into someone whom people just called because they needed a quick fuck.

Taehyung really did want to find someone who would look at him the way Jungkook and Jimin looked at each other, someone who would call him and text him for no apparent reason, someone who was willing to be his in every sense of that word. He was still young, he knew that, but there was a number of people at his age who were already married and had kids, sure that probably wasn’t planned, but it didn’t change the fact that Taehyung did feel rather lonely at times, he wanted to be in a relationship. But he couldn’t just randomly date person after person in hope of finding the right one, things didn’t work out that way.

Maybe now was not the time, maybe one day he would find that special someone, he was truly hoping so.

“Hey.”

Taehyung greeted and Jungkook jolted, because of his voice, but his hand remained on Jimin’s face for a few more seconds, before he finally retreat it.

“Hi. Why are you back so late?” Jungkook asked, as he adjusted his position a bit, so Jimin could comfortably lay his head on his shoulder.

“Like you needed me here. Look at you two, being all lovey-dovey.”

Taehyung thought Jungkook would say something stupid, because of his remark, but the boy just smiled bashfully before he gazed at Jimin.

_Ugh, they would be such a disgustingly-sweet couple._

“You can stay over if you want.”

Taehyung said then, successfully gaining Jungkook’s attention. It was already December, Winter was definitely approaching and Taehyung didn’t want to let Jungkook wander at night, but when the boy glanced towards Jimin’s room, Taehyung kind of regretted making the offer.
“I mean on the couch, Jeon Jungkook.” Taehyung clicked his tongue in disapproval, this kid was starting to get quite bold these days.

“That’s what I was thinking as well.”

Jungkook said after he looked at Taehyung with the most innocent look in the world and Taehyung almost bought the act, but he wasn’t that dumb. He just huffed in response and decided to go to his room to change his clothes and then he would help Jungkook carry Jimin to his room. Well, Jungkook was definitely the one doing the physical work, but Taehyung was going to be there to watch the younger like a hawk.

“Jungkook.” He called out on his way out of the living room.

“Hm?”

“You and Jimin… you look good together. Even though you are not together. So… I hope you’ll be together soon.”

Jungkook let out a short laugh, because of Taehyung’s rambling, but he was glad that the other thought so.

“Thank you, Taehyung-hyung.”

Sometimes, Jungkook was really glad that Taehyung knew about his feelings for Jimin, it was great to know that he had the approval of Jimin’s best friend and Taehyung often let Jungkook and Jimin hang out on their own, he often wanted to tag along, but he let the two have their moments together. But there were other times when Jungkook wanted to wrap up Taehyung nicely, put a ribbon on top and ship him off to some deserted island, because damn that boy and his big mouth!

They were currently in a small restaurant, all of them were going back to their hometowns in two days and this was their last night before the Winter break, so they ordered some alcohol and as far as Jungkook knew, Taehyung rarely drank, but it seemed like tonight was the night.
“I’m lonely. Why is everybody around me dating??” Taehyung slurred, as he tried to pour more soju in his glass, but Jimin snatched the bottle before that and Taehyung whined like some pitiful, kicked puppy.

“I’m not dating anyone.” Jimin remarked, trying to lift his best friend’s spirits. Taehyung has always been the type which craved much attention and Jimin was hoping that one day, his dear friend would find a certain someone who would take care of him, someone who would treasure and love him. “And neither is Jungkook.” Jimin added and suddenly Taehyung started laughing.

“Aaaah, that! That’s the biggest joke of the year!! This kid here-” Taehyung pointed at Jungkook’s face as he almost yelled, absolutely having no clue how loud he was being, but nobody seemed to be paying any attention to them, because the people around them were either drunk or… looking after someone who was drunk. “- is seriously getting on my nerves! Because, come on! For how long exactly am I supposed to just watch him eye yo-”

Jungkook clamped Taehyung’s mouth with his hand, successfully shutting the older up. He almost got a heart attack, he knew what Taehyung was going to say and he couldn’t let that happen. He wanted to be the one to tell Jimin, not let a third party rattle his top-kept secret.

“Hyung, can you go and get some water?” Jungkook asked, as he looked at Jimin who seemed slightly puzzled as to why Jungkook was almost suffocating Taehyung at the moment. “I think this troublemaker here needs it.”

Jimin ran a hand through his hair and Jungkook intently followed the movement, he was still not used to the older’s currently bright orange locks. He was really surprised when he saw Jimin last week, the new color was a nice change indeed and later on he learnt why Jimin had to dye his hair, that was the first time he heard about the games between the two best friends.

“Alright.”

Jimin replied with a smile, as he got up from his chair and for a second Jungkook could breathe normally again until a very displeased Taehyung started shifting around.

“Asbbege- jdbvjbkj!!”

The older tried to speak, as he trashed around and Jungkook reluctantly removed his hand.

“Who- are yooohh calling a troubleee-maker??”

Jungkook hoped that after some water and no more drinking, Taehyung would sober up, because
there was no way he could let the older go home with Jimin like this, Taehyung was surely going to reveal everything.

“Please, just… don’t say anything for now.”

Jungkook begged, because the occasion called for drastic measures and Taehyung calmed down a bit, but Jungkook got jabbed in the ribs seconds later.

“Until when am I supposed to keep quiet???”

“I’m going to confess.”

“When??” Taehyung had decided to let the two handle this on their own, but he was running out of patience now.

“When the winter break is over.”

Jungkook replied firmly and Taehyung sighed in defeat.

This kid better not be lying.

Jimin and Jungkook couldn’t meet on Christmas, because Jungkook had to visit his grandmother who lived in the countryside and they also had to spend some time with their families, but the two managed to see each other on 27th December.

They went to one of Ediya’s many coffee shops, but since it was almost night time, Jimin settled for a green tea, while Jungkook got hot chocolate and they also ordered some sweets.

Jungkook couldn’t tear his eyes away from Jimin tonight. When they met in front of the café twenty minutes ago, Jungkook almost engulfed the older in a tight hug, because Jimin was slightly shivering despite the big and thick coat he was wearing. There was some snow on his vibrant orange hair, it had been snowing a lot this week and his nose was really red, but it was barely visible because Jimin had wrapped a huge scarf around himself and really, only his eyes could be
seen. Jungkook just… wanted to hug Jimin and never let go, but he managed to get a hold of himself before he did something irrational.

Jimin complained about how his mother was giving him too much food and Jungkook just listened, while he hummed in reply from time to time. He didn’t have the same problem, because when it came to food, he could eat more and more without any difficulty.

‘Your mom just wants to make sure you’re well-fed, Hyung.’

Jungkook said at one point and yeah, Jimin knew that, but he wished his mother would just let him be and not shove rice down his throat every five minutes. Mrs. Park has always been an avid fan of lavish meals, so Jimin was already used to eating a lot at home. His mom was an extraordinary cook and he could actually eat quite a lot, but even he had a limit. It was even worse during the holidays when his mother loved to experiment and prepare a big variety of dishes.

Jimin had managed to convince his mom that he shouldn’t eat dinner tonight, because he was going out with a friend, but really, he wasn’t feeling hungry at all, so some tea to calm down his stomach from the constant eating was a much better option and he had a sweet tooth, the vanilla strawberry cake he and Jungkook were currently sharing, just did wonders to his taste buds.

“Okay, time for presents.”

Jungkook announced, as he turned around and searched through his bag. The present was not a small one in size, so he easily found it and put it on the table in front of Jimin.

“Merry Christmas once again, Hyung.”

Jungkook said, as he lightly pushed the present towards the older and Jimin just eyed the nicely wrapped package for a good minute.

“Is something wrong, Hyung?” Jungkook really tried hard to find an appropriate present and he hoped Jimin would like it, but the older wasn’t even touching it.

“Huh? No, No. It’s just…”

Jimin trailed off, as he also took out a package from his bag and placed it on the table. Despite the different colors of the wrappers, the packages were identical in size.

“There’s no way we got the same thing… right?” Jimin questioned, as he ran his fingers over the blue wrapper of Jungkook’s present.
“I doubt it, Hyung. I bought something especially for you. It won’t be of any use to me, so I’m sure they won’t overlap.” Jungkook reassured, as he grabbed his own present. “You first, Hyung.”

“O-okay.”

Jimin took the present and carefully unwrapped it. What was awaiting him was a black rectangular box, exactly the same as the one which held Jungkook’s present and Jimin slightly panicked, because really… what were the chances? There was no way Jungkook had got him the same thing, right?

“Just open it, Hyung. You’re making me nervous like this.”

Jimin took in a deep breath before he finally opened the box and his lips parted in surprise. He could only stare at the object in amazement – it was a stethoscope and it even had Jimin’s initials on it, at the bell part.

“I know you’re going to be an outstanding vet, Hyung. Your love for animals is enough for me to believe so, but you’re also a very dedicated student. Treating animals is not just going to be a job for you, it’s your calling. I’m sure you’re going to do great.”

Jemin barely held his tears back, Jungkook managed to turn him into an emotional mess, because of his unique present and genuine words. Jimin was falling harder and harder for the younger, by each passing day.

“Thank you, Kook-ah. I love it, I really do.”

Jimin mumbled after a while, afraid that his voice might give in, but Jungkook heard him despite the low volume of his voice and the boy just smiled in response before he proceeded to opening his own present. A gasp left Jungkook’s lips when he saw what was inside the box – a simple yet very stylish navy blue necktie.

“Merry Christmas, Jungkook-ah. I hope this will bring you luck at the court.”

“A tie… I’ve never really worn one.”

Jungkook’s school uniform did not include a tie, but that thing actually looked kind of uncomfortable, so he totally did not envy all other boys who had to wear one.
“Well, you’ll start wearing suits and ties sooner or later, right?”

“Right… when I become a lawyer.”

“You’ll look even more handsome in formal clothes.”

The words were already out before Jimin could even process them and Jungkook almost dropped the necktie on the floor.

“Y-you think I’m handsome, Hyung?”

Jimin’s face heated up, as if he was the one receiving the compliment and he nodded his head to confirm the statement.

“Yes. You are… one very good-looking brat.”

Jungkook’s heart skipped a few beats upon hearing that, but he would be lying if he said that he didn’t like the feeling.

The feeling of being in love.

“It’s quite late. I’ll walk you home.” Jungkook said, as they stepped out of the coffee shop.

“What? No, it’s okay. You won’t be able to catch a bus later. I’ll be fine, I live twenty minutes away from here.”

“I insist.”

Jimin knew that once Jungkook set his mind on something, it was hard to persuade him otherwise and okay… staying together for a little longer did sound tempting.

“Alright, alright.”
Jimin gave in a way too easily and they strolled down the snow covered street that lead to his home.

After walking while talking for a couple of minutes, Jungkook noticed something.

“You’re not wearing gloves, Hyung.”

He commented, as he stopped walking and Jimin did the same.

“Oh, yeah. I forgot them at home.”

Jungkook saw that Jimin was about to put his hands into his pockets to warm them up, but he acted fasted and took off his right glove and handed it to Jimin. The older accepted it with a confused expression and put it on.

“Thanks.”

Jimin said, as he smiled softly and this was it. To this day, Jungkook doesn’t know where the sudden surge of courage came from, but he grabbed Jimin’s left hand and intertwined their fingers together.

“Ughm, since we’re sharing a pair of gloves… uh, we can you know… hold hands to- Is this okay?”

Jungkook babbled, not knowing what he was trying to say, but he was really hoping that Jimin won’t decide that the pocket of his coat was the better option to warm up his hand.

“Yes. More than okay.”

Jimin answered, as he tightened his hold around the other’s hand and tugged the younger, so he would start moving again.

Jungkook noted how the tips of Jimin’s ears had got red and he could swear that…

It wasn’t simply, because of the low temperature.
9th January, the D-DAY.

Jungkook has planned out everything, nothing can go wrong, really.

First, he was going to take Jimin to a nice place for dinner. He was of course going to pay, since he was the one who asked Jimin out and even though the older didn’t know it… this was a date, definitely.

Secondly, he had already booked tickets for a screening of a movie Jimin really wanted to see, the movie was set to begin at 8 pm, so it was going to end after 10 pm and Jungkook was going to use that chance to walk Jimin to his apartment and that’s where the most important part comes, because…

Third, he was going to confess. He was both thrilled and afraid, but he wanted to do this, he had to.

He wasn’t very experienced when it came to dating, but he wasn’t totally incompetent either and he could read the signals… at least he thought Jimin was sending some very subtle signals, hints that he was also interested in him. Jungkook could be absolutely wrong and he was probably going to make a fool out of himself tonight, but he didn’t care. He was certain that Jimin was not going to judge him, was not going to laugh at him and if things didn’t work out the way Jungkook wanted… he was hoping that he and Jimin could at least stay friends.

Part one of the plan: failed.

Everything was going great, Jimin laughed at his dumb jokes all night, he praised Jungkook for choosing such a wonderful place for dinner, but a problem arose when the bill arrived, because as usual Jimin insisted on paying since he was older. Jungkook was having none of that, he wanted to pay, he wanted to treat Jimin, it was… their first and maybe last date after all.

Jimin didn’t want to back down though, so in the end they split the bill and Jungkook left the restaurant slightly bitter, but then Jimin grabbed his hand and practically started dragging him to the Mall, because he said they were going to be late for the movie and Jungkook’s mood got a
Part two of the plan: failed.

Jungkook succeeded in buying the tickets while Jimin was in the restroom, but the second the older was back, Jungkook got scolded and Jimin bought popcorn and drinks. They were already quite full, but who liked going to the cinema with empty hands?

But as the movie began… Jungkook got completely distracted by Jimin’s sweet-sounding laughter and amusing reactions, that he barely paid any attention to the movie and stared at Jimin 99% of the time. He thought it was safe to do it here, because it was dark and the older was really into the movie. It was probably good, Jimin had a rather nice taste in movies and here comes the problematic part: after every movie they watched, Jimin always demanded a heated discussion, he always had lots to say about the actors, the storyline, the filming locations and Jungkook kind of realized that towards the end of the screening, because really… apart from the name of the movie and the very basic synopsis, which he had read online, he knew nothing else about the movie and on top of that he even got caught staring.

“… -my face?”

And just then Jungkook realized that Jimin’s lips were moving and that the older had just spoken to him.

“Sorry, what?”

“Is a movie being projected on my face or something, Jeon Jungkook?”

Jimin’s tone was teasing and his eyes twinkled in the darkness. Jungkook just gulped down, he didn’t say anything and just sank into his seat, hoping it could just swallow him, but Jimin nudged him a few times and laughed, so Jungkook couldn’t help smiling even though this whole date was turning into a disaster.

He barely said a thing during the discussion as well, it was more like a one-sided talk on Jimin’s part, but the older animatedly explained some things and Jungkook just nodded, not really knowing what he was agreeing with. But at least, Jimin seemed to be in a really good mood and Jungkook was glad that the older was having a nice time.

Part three of the plan: failed.
They decided to stop by the park near Jimin and Taehyung’s complex. It was already past 11 pm, but Jungkook still hadn’t reached the most vital part of his grandiose plan. The temperature was below 5 °C, as expected from January, but at least it wasn’t snowing tonight, so they sat down on one of the empty benches in the park, there were barely any people around, which was normal considering the weather and the current hour.

They talked for a while before Jungkook got the courage to stop Jimin, because he claimed that he wanted to tell him something very important. Jungkook had rehearsed this at least twenty times, he chose different approach and words every time, not knowing how exactly to tell Jimin about his feelings, but there was suddenly such a mess in his head, he started stuttering and paused after every few words and the fact that Jimin was just looking expectedly at him, waiting for Jungkook to say whatever was on his mind, just made the boy even more nervous.

Fail after fail, nothing was going right.

“Hyung… I, uh… I’ve wanted to tell you this for a while. You s-see, the thing is…”

Jungkook really thought he was currently in some tropical country, because he was actually sweating, in the middle of winter, outside.

“It’s… I love spending time with you. Ah, more than with anyone else and I wanted to let you know that-”

Jungkook paused again, so he could take in a new breath and he saw the puffs of air that were leaving Jimin’s lips. Jungkook couldn’t stop staring at the older’s rosy cheeks, Jimin’s head was tilted to the side, but he was still not saying a thing, but even though Jungkook was doing a terrible job at conveying his emotions, he somehow had the hunch that Jimin was already aware of everything that he wanted to tell him, judging by the knowing look on the orange haired boy’s face.

“I really, really like being friends with you and… I don’t mind if things stay that way…” Jungkook continued after he gathered his thoughts and he looked away, because looking at Jimin was making him forget what coherent speech was. “But if it’s okay with you, I- I have to tell you that… you are a very special person for me, Hyung.”

Why are you such a loser, Jeon Jungkook?? Just tell him… straight in the face… tell him…

Even though Jungkook told himself this in his head numerous times, looking at the snow on the ground was the only thing he did and seconds later he heard Jimin sigh. Jungkook clenched his fists, he wasn’t wearing gloves today, so he could feel the cold, but then Jimin grabbed his hands and Jungkook could feel that the older slightly moved closer to him.
That made Jungkook look up and he thought he would be faced with an irritated and frustrated Jimin, but instead the future vet was smiling just like every other time. Jungkook relaxed a bit, because of the look the other was giving him and he unclenched his fists. Jimin then took hold of the younger’s wrists and pulled Jungkook towards him.

Jimin didn’t waste time, he was really tired of this. He no longer wanted to feel like a mouse trapped in a maze, a mouse that was so close to the way out and yet took wrong turn after wrong turn and got further and further away from its goal.

There was no way he was misunderstanding this, Jungkook’s words, his actions, his looks, his sincere smiles, the boy liked him, Jimin was sure and he just needed this last confirmation.

So he pressed his lips against Jungkook’s. Jimin has always believed that actions spoke louder than words and since the younger seemed to be having trouble with exactly that, Jimin decided to help him. He patiently waited for Jungkook to say everything he wanted, it was endearing how he struggled yet tried again and again, but it seemed like the right words were at the tip of his tongue and yet he couldn’t utter them out loud.

It was a chaste kiss, but Jungkook’s eyes still widened, because he didn’t expect it at all. Jimin’s lips had a slight salty taste, because of the popcorn he had eagerly eaten at the cinema, but Jungkook paid no heed to that fact. Jimin’s lips were warm and soft, as if they were fluffy clouds.

Jimin pulled back after a while, but remained in the same position and even though his and Jungkook’s lips were not touching anymore, the proximity between them was close to none.

“I think that’s what you were trying to do.” Jimin chuckled, because of the younger’s starstruck state.

“I, um… no. I was trying to confess.” Jungkook admitted, as he briefly glanced at Jimin’s lips, he could still feel them, he doubted he would forget the feeling of having the older’s lips over his own any time soon. “But I guess I was going to go for a kiss… depending on your answer.”

“Well, I think you already got my answer.”

“I haven’t even asked yet…” Jungkook wanted to do this properly, but he was at a loss of words even before the kiss, he was literally tongue-tied at the moment.

“What? You’re going to ask me to go bowling with you one of these days?” Jimin joked, because Jungkook’s reaction so far was quite entertaining.
“We could go… if you want?” Jungkook wasn’t really sure how the topic suddenly diverted to bowling given the fact that they had just kissed, but okay… whatever Jimin wanted, Jungkook was willing to do it.

“Oh, Jungkook.” Jimin laughed, as he clutched the younger’s jacket. “Alright, we can go bowling. For our second date.”

“S-second?”

Was Jungkook hearing things now?

“I really enjoyed today’s date.”

Jimin’s most favorite part of tonight was the moment when he caught Jungkook staring at him at the cinema and when he started talking about a completely different movie, Jungkook just agreed with everything he said, that’s when Jimin was certain that the younger had indeed paid no mind to the movie. Perhaps, because gazing at someone particular was more fun. That was Jimin’s assumption, simply because the movie was surely up to Jungkook’s taste, so there was no other reason for the boy not to watch it.

“You did? I-I mean… you knew it was a date?”

To say that Jungkook was surprised would be an underestimation, he had imagined a lot of scenarios – from being rejected to being accepted with open arms, though the latter option was something like a distant and unreachable dream, but now… it seemed like it could turn into a reality.

“I was hoping it was a date. I was hoping that… things would be different after today.”

Jimin has been restless ever since Jungkook asked him out a few days ago and demanded that it should be just the two of them, nobody else. That had to mean something, right? And when Jungkook started talking in circles, Jimin tried to look as calm as possible, because he didn’t want to pressure Jungkook in any way and rush him, while on the inside he was actually dying to know how the younger truly felt about him.

“It was. It was a date.”

Jungkook confirmed and that made Jimin’s smile grow bigger.
It was freezing cold outside, but Jungkook had never felt warmer in his entire life.

It was close to midnight, but Jungkook had never felt more awake.

“I am truly happy when I’m with you, Jungkook-ah. I just… want you to know that.”

Jungkook’s heart started thumping loudly in his chest upon hearing that, but even with the dim lighting, which was coming from the street lamp, he was still able to notice the faint blush on Jimin’s cheeks and he knew the older was about to shy away, because he released Jungkook’s jacket, but Jungkook grabbed Jimin’s face before he could look away. They had come this far, Jungkook was not going to let this night go to waste. No way.

“I want to kiss you, Hyung. Can I?”

Instead of replying, Jimin just connected their lips again.

And Jungkook…

Jungkook could really get used to this.

“In the end… we only regret the chances we didn’t take, the relationships we were afraid to have and the decisions we waited too long to make.” - Lewis Carroll

Chapter End Notes

I just had to add that quote, because I recently re-read Alice in Wonderland and it does fit, don’t you think? :) 

A visual of Jikook’s first kiss ( ˘ ³˘)
I hope you enjoyed this backstory! It turned out 15.2k words!
I went overboard with about 10k words, because originally it was supposed to be a regular chapter of about 5-6k words :D
But I couldn’t resist the cuteness >o<

Can you guess why I chose 9th January for Jikook’s anniversary date? *_*

Ah, Yoongi’s hair color is such a lovely shade of red, I love it!
I can smell the comeback in the air… they are definitely going to drop something before their world tour!

& everybody is so damn soft for Yoongi these days…
I feel ya, Tae… I feel ya ❤️❤️
The story got a fanart of our dear Min kitty >o< hehe

WHAT DID I TELL YOU???? I KNEW A COMEBACK WAS COMING UP!!!
Jbsvjbejeak
Tae’s mullet is gone, but Joon’s hair – just wow! They all looked so happy at the wedding today, babies! <33

[!] there are mentions of drugs in this chapter, but nothing too triggering or explicit.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Jimin and Yoongi have been sitting on the couch in a comfortable silence for five minutes already, both of them currently had a lot on their minds and they had lots to say, but they didn’t know from where to begin.

They had to talk about this… about the kiss, kisses actually, one after another.

And this whole situation was something very new for Yoongi. When Jimin kissed him, he got
shocked by the action and didn’t know what to do at first, but he did know that he wanted to kiss Jimin back, so he did it.

Jemin was currently absentmindedly playing with the hybrid’s fingers and every touch made Yoongi’s heart flutter. He always felt a specific type of emotion around Jimin, he just didn’t know how to refer to it, because he had never felt like that before.

Jemin was a good owner, but Yoongi could say the same for Dahye and Jungmin as well. He was aware of the fact that he had led a rather decent life so far despite the fact that he was a hybrid. Well, if he didn’t count the last two years.

Dahye was like a mother to him, she taught him everything he knew and Yoongi was going to be forever grateful to the old woman. Jungmin was a Hyung that made Yoongi experience new things, he had great memories with him, but the hybrid could still feel that there was a line between them that couldn’t and shouldn’t be crossed. But apart from the times when Jungmin helped him during his heats, they did not share any intimate moments. They never kissed or held hands, but Yoongi was alright with that, he didn’t feel the need to do any of those things with Jungmin. Their relationship… whatever it was, was okay like that. Yoongi wanted nothing more or less, but ever since he started living with Jimin and Jungkook, new type of emotions started swimming in his chest, he started craving for things that he had initially never been interested in.

Yoongi could feel it, that everything was different when it came to Jimin and Jungkook. They did not treat him like a pet, they did not treat him like a hybrid and Yoongi didn’t think of them as simply owners either. Jungkook was a very confusing brat, sometimes Yoongi wanted to throw his very treasured remote control at the younger, but at other times he just wanted to hear Jungkook’s voice or see his face, just like that, for no reason. Jimin… Yoongi had blindly trusted him when they had first met and the hybrid had always had faith in his instincts, every fiber in his body had told him to go with Jimin and he hadn’t made a mistake. Just the thought of Jimin was enough to make him smile. It was really hard to put a label on his emotions, but maybe he didn’t have to.

When Jimin kissed him, Yoongi decided to just feel and do what his heart told him to, but he couldn’t help wondering about what he would have done if Jungkook was the one who had kissed him. The thought did sound absurd at first, but Yoongi couldn’t get it out of his head.

He tried not to dwell too much on that and focus on the matter at hand, which was Jimin and what they were going to do, how things were going to change from now on and Yoongi finally uttered the inevitable question.

“What about Jungkook?”

Jemin rested his hand over Yoongi’s and the hybrid smiled, because Jemin’s hand really was small compared to his or Jungkook’s.
“I love him, Hyung…”

Jimin replied without any hesitation and honestly, Yoongi did not expect to hear something else.

“I know you do.”

“I- my love for Jungkook is never going to change. We’ve had our ups and downs, all relationships do, but we stayed together and I still believe that falling in love with Jungkook is one of the best things that has ever happened to me. He… has grown so much since I met him. I mean, as a person. I used to be really worried about him, you know?”

Yoongi listened with interest, he liked hearing about Jungkook and Jimin’s past, about the moments they had shared prior their meeting with the hybrid.

“Jungkookie used to be so shy, he avoided eye contact, he couldn’t even talk for long, he felt uncomfortable around people and at a certain point I started wondering ‘How will this boy stand up for other people? Will he make it?’, but he proved me wrong, he proved everybody wrong. He worked really hard and he changed a lot, but he did it for himself, not for someone else. Now it’s nearly impossible to win an argument against him, because of his lawyer persona.” Jimin chuckled and Yoongi totally agreed, that brat was stubborn as fuck. “And when he finished his internship at the law firm, he looked so happy. He told me ‘This is it, Hyung. This is the feeling… this is everything I ever wanted.’ and I was really proud of him, still am. From the moment I met him and got to know him better, I just knew… that he is the one, but.” Jimin paused and held the older’s hand before he looked at the hybrid. “But I know that I have feelings for you as well.”

Yoongi tried to control his heart, but it just acted on its own and started beating faster and faster, because of Jimin’s confession.

“Maybe that’s why I tried to fight it for so long, maybe I felt as if I was betraying Jungkook, but I don’t really feel that way now that I’ve finally decided to embrace the reality. I don’t feel guilty, because I love Jungkook, with all my heart, but… but you’re in that very same heart as well, Hyung.”

Nobody had ever told Yoongi something like that, he had never really felt… loved? That was it, right? That was the word he was looking for, if an emotion like that could be put into words.

“I don’t know much when it comes to… such feelings.”

Yoongi admitted, because that was the truth. He was a hybrid and he knew what that meant. When he was young, he used to believe that he would spend his whole life with Dahye, but when she passed away and he was brought back to the center, he started fearing that a new purpose might be found for him. He had always hated how that sounded ‘hybrids for breeding’, it was as if they were
some animals that could be used only for reproduction. His opinion slightly changed when he was at the center though. He had always thought that two hybrids just got locked up in a room until the job was done and that the partners changed all the time. But when he met them… Jaesuk and Eunah, he realized that he might have been wrong.

Jaesuk and Eunah were cat hybrids like him and they were breeding hybrids, Yoongi actually felt bad for them right away, but somehow… they did not look as sad and miserable as Yoongi thought they would, they actually looked happy… together. They were still so young, they were around Yoongi’s age, maybe even a year or two younger than him and Jaesuk explained to Yoongi that a strict procedure was followed every time. He said that groups of hybrids of the same kind were put in the same room at a very young age and Yoongi had almost gagged when he heard that, because he started visualizing what they could be doing there, but Jaesuk had laughed at him before he told him that they were simply placed in the same room, so they could find a mate, a mate for life.

Yoongi’s delusion that breeding hybrids were forced to be together was shattered on that day.

‘But what if you can’t find a mate?’

Yoongi had asked, since that seemed like a possibility as well and Jaesuk had said that was the exact reason why all of this started from an early age, hybrid who couldn’t find a mate turned into ones for sale, while those who had found a mate remained at the center, but they were not allowed to have intimate contact until they were of age and all of that did not sound so bad.

At least they have someone by their side, at least they are not lonely… like me.

Yoongi had thought, but one day he saw how Jaesuk was trying to calm Eunah down. She was crying so much and Yoongi rushed to their side, asking what was going on and Eunah revealed that she was pregnant. Wasn’t that wonderful? Yoongi had congratulated the two hybrids, but the grim expressions on their faces made him realize that it was not a happy occasion and then it clicked.

Yoongi had never met his parents and Eunah and Jaesuk were never going to meet their child either, they were going to be separated right after the birth just like Yoongi had been taken away from his mother and his heart ached when he looked at the couple in front of him. He could once again see only the negative sides of being a breeding hybrid.

We are just animals for them… nothing more. Humans do not think of us as equals.

That’s what Yoongi used to think. His kind had rights, but at the end of the day they were just hybrids and when Jungmin bought him, Yoongi knew how his life would go on from then – he would live with Jungmin, even when the older found someone to spend his life with and create a family, Yoongi was still going to be there and live with them, he was just going to be a pet. He had come to terms with that, but now that he was with Jimin and Jungkook, he wanted more, he wanted to be more. He felt like after all the hardships, he had finally found a real home, but what if
he got too greedy? What if he asked for too much? Was he going to lose all of this?

He was already happy, but he felt even happier when Jimin has kissed him, but what if he destroyed someone else’s happiness just to gain his own? Yoongi did not want to hurt anyone… especially Jimin or Jungkook. He was not part of Jimin and Jungkook’s past, but he was part of their present and… he wanted to remain by their side in the future as well. Yoongi didn’t want to lose either of them. He knew it was covetous, but maybe it was okay to be greedy for once? He had never really asked for much in life and he hoped that fate won’t be that cruel to him and snatch his happiness away from him when it was right before his eyes.

“I… I think I’ve wanted to kiss you for a while.” Yoongi admitted, as he glanced at his and Jimin’s connected hands. A lot of things passed through his head in such a short period of time and he really didn’t know how to explain what he was feeling. “But I was never going to kiss you myself.” The hybrid added and looked at Jimin. “I don’t think I would have gathered the courage to do so. But now I want to be selfish, I want to hope that things are somehow going to work out, despite the situation we’re in at the moment and I-I uh, I can’t express myself well, I can’t find the right words, but I just want you to know that whatever you’re feeling, Jimin-ah… I feel the same.”

Was this okay? Yoongi wasn’t sure, the vet was just staring at him and the black-haired male was afraid that he had messed up especially when Jimin let go of his hand. But seconds later the younger’s hands were on the hybrid’s face and a pair of lips was once again pressed against his. Yoongi closed his eyes, relishing in the moment. Now he knew why Jungkook kissed Jimin all the time, it was addictive and Yoongi didn’t want to get used to this so soon, but maybe it was already too late.

When the hybrid opened his eyes again, it was when Jimin had slightly pulled back.

“Hyung, that was such a sweet confession. You’re adorable.”

Yoongi’s eyes widened a bit and he could feel the heat that crept up from his neck towards his face. The fact that Jimin was right there, in front of him, did not help at all.

“I-I’m not! Don’t call me l-like that!”

“If you could just see yourself right now…” Jimin began, as he took in the hybrid’s flushed cheeks, slightly bigger eyes and pink lips, which screamed that Yoongi had just kissed someone. “You would know that I’m not exaggerating when I say that. You are lovely, Hyung. In every single way.”

Yoongi bit the inside of his cheek, because he knew he was going to smile widely otherwise and that was going to encourage Jimin to say more. It’s not like the hybrid did not like hearing compliments, but his heart couldn’t take more than this and he opted for changing the topic.
“What are we going to tell Jungkook?”

Jimin sighed lightly and released the hybrid’s face only so he could grab his hands again.

“The truth. We just have to be honest.”

“And how is he going to react? To this? It’s already perplexing as it is. Do you think he’s going to get mad?”

Yoongi was feeling very uneasy, because of that. He had never really seen Jungkook angry, the closest to it would be when he accidentally cut his finger while trying to cook for the first time, but the lawyer had just been worried about him and this… this was very different.

“Honestly… I don’t know, Hyung. I’ve never thought that something like this would happen. When I brought you in, I knew you were special, I just wanted to keep you safe no matter what, but my affection for you bloomed into something more, something beautiful.”

Yoongi couldn’t hold back his smile at that, but even he and Jimin hadn’t got accustomed to this yet and telling Jungkook tonight sounded like a bad idea to the hybrid, it was going to be chaotic.

“Should we wait until tomorrow? I think Jungkook mentioned that he would finish work earlier tomorrow, because he has to attend some meeting in the morning?”

Jimin hummed in approval, because he really needed to sort out things in his head first. A day was not going to be enough, but he felt like he would be lying to Jungkook otherwise and he couldn’t do that.

“Okay, I’ll try to leave work a bit earlier. My last appointment is for 5 pm, so maybe I’ll be able to get home before 6 pm.”

This sounded like a plan, tomorrow night it is then.

Yoongi’s ears suddenly perked up, because he caught a certain noise – the jingling of keys.

“Jungkook is here.”

The hybrid proclaimed, of course it could be a neighbor or something, the sound of the keys was not enough, but it was accompanied by Jungkook’s breathing. It was kind of fascinating, even to
Yoongi. The fact that he could tell apart if it was Jungkook just by his breathing alone. It’s been some time since he started telling the difference and now he always knew whenever Jimin or Jungkook were at the door, about to get inside the apartment.

“Already?”

Yoongi could practically hear the pity in Jimin’s voice, they had to act like before, at least until tomorrow, so the hybrid hesitantly let go of the vet’s hand. He could hear the opening of the front door and the rustling of clothes, Jungkook was taking off his coat and shoes, but he was going to appear in the living room any minute now and even though Yoongi and Jimin were sitting very close to each other, neither of them made the effort to move away.

“We just have to act natural.”

Yoongi mumbled loud enough for Jimin to hear him and soon after Jungkook finally walked into the living room.

“Hey, I’m home.”

The lawyer greeted when he set his eyes on the two figures on the couch and Yoongi took in a breath before he spoke, he’s got this.

“Yoo, Jungkook!”

Jimin tried not to laugh too loudly upon hearing that, because it did not sound natural at all and Jungkook raised an eyebrow, as he strode towards the couch.

“Yo? I think someone has been watching too many movies lately.” Jungkook commented and Jimin laughed harder.

“I don’t have time for such dumb shit, I’m occupied with other things.”

“Oh, like what? Taking a nap on your bed, then on the couch?”

_T-this brat! He just got home and he’s already at it!_

“For your information, I do watch tv.” Yoongi said, as he turned around to glare at Jungkook who was standing right behind him, not like the little brat was intimidated in any way. “But I mostly watch cooking shows.”
“I thought you hated them?”

“I do, but I’ve got to learn from somewhere. You’re busy at work and you have to rest when you get home, I don’t want to be a burden.” The hybrid saw how the other two opened their mouths to protest, but he didn’t give them the chance to speak. “I know you’ll say that I’m not a burden, but you’re already doing so much for me. You gave me a home… so I wanted to do something for the two of you and making some decent meals sounded like a good start to me.” Yoongi took notice of the surprise on Jungkook’s face, he always felt a certain type of satisfaction when he managed to make the lawyer shut up.

“You know, Kook-ah… Hyung cooked Sundubu Jjigae tonight and I tried it, it’s really good. I’ve got to say that you have some competition in the kitchen.”

Yoongi tried not to grin, because of Jimin’s praise, but it was hard especially when the vet was looking at him while smiling.

“Is that so?” Jungkook said more to himself, as he glanced at the hybrid, his eyes lingered on the older’s ears for a bit too long before he reached out and slipped his fingers through Yoongi’s silky, black locks. “Is the student going to surpass the teacher? So fast?”

Jimin replied to Jungkook’s question, but somehow Yoongi zoned out and did not properly listen to the talk between the other two, because his whole being solely focused on the way Jungook gently ran his fingers through his hair.

_Damn it, I’m starting to get attached to this petting thing. This is not good. Get a grip, Min Yoongi… you’re usually not like this. Since when-

Yoongi’s thoughts were abruptly disturbed when Jungkook suddenly stopped moving his hand. The hybrid frowned, wondering what was the reason, but the conversation that followed puzzled him even more.

“First time?” Jimin questioned, but judging from Jungkook’s reaction, the answer was pretty obvious and the vet’s assumption was confirmed when his boyfriend nodded. “It feels nice, doesn’t it?”

“Very nice.”

Jungkook altered Jimin’s words and Yoongi’s frown deepened, because of the talk.
“First time for what? What are you two talking about??”

“Hyung, you’re really doing it without even realizing, hm?”

Yoongi pursed his lips in thought, because of what Jimin had said, but he still had no clue what the vet was referring to.

“What have I done?? I’m just sitting.”

“You just purred.”

Jungkook uttered then and Yoongi would’ve laughed it off as a joke if not for the lawyer’s dreamy expression, he looked as if something unbelievable yet marvelous had just happened.

“W-what?? I did not!” Have I? Shit, I didn’t just purr, right?? That would just be hella embarrassing!

“You did. When I scratched you behind your left ear.”

Nope, this was not happening.

Yoongi glanced at Jimin for support, because the brat was definitely making that shit up, but Park Jimin just made things worse.

“You always purr whenever I play with your ears, Hyung and you seem to enjoy it quite a lot.”

“N-no…. I… no…”

Yoongi hated it when it was two versus one, that was not fair. He was about to brush off the matter and suggest that they should go have dinner, but then his denial was just thrown out of the window when Jungkook started softly caressing the hybrid’s right ear. It happened almost instantly… now that Yoongi was not thinking about something else, he could feel it… the vibration that came deeply from his chest… he was purring for real, god dang it.

Holy shit! H-how do I stop this?? My own body is betraying me!!

Yoongi’s full panic mode was activated when Jimin extended his hand towards the head of the oldest, definitely with the mind to pat his other ear. If that happened, Yoongi was seriously going
to pass out due to embarrassment. What if his purring amplified?? He was not willing to find out.

Yoongi got up from the couch and stepped away from the other two.

“Stay away from me! You clingy, touchy humans!”

Yoongi rubbed the tips of his ears and he was glad that he was no longer… ughm… purring. When Jungkook and Jimin teamed up against him, the hybrid really didn’t know how to deal with them.

“We might be clingy humans, but at least we’re your humans, right?”

Jimin remarked with a pout, because he couldn’t get his hands on the older’s ears and Yoongi replied without giving it much thought.

“My humans… that’s irrelevant! But fine, I’ll let it slide this time.” And don’t attack me at the same time, jesus!

Jungkook snorted from where he was standing and Jimin smiled brightly, as if he had received a candy and Yoongi realized what he had just said.

Oh god… I’m so done here.

Without another word, Yoongi rushed out of the living room and if Jungkook and Jimin noticed how red his face was, the hybrid blamed it on his fair complexion.

Jimin simply stared at the older’s tail, which was moving from side to side, indicating how content the hybrid was at the moment and when Yoongi was out of sight, Jimin spoke up again.

“Hyung is getting cuter by each passing day. Don’t you think, Jungkook-ah?”

“Yeah, I totally agree.”

Yoongi was currently having the biggest dilemma of his life.
One big saucepan, 3 average sized bowls and a ladle were in front of him.

The hybrid did promise to give Jimin the biggest portion, but then there was that brat which had cooked for him so many times and he just couldn’t decide what to do…

Jungkook was changing his clothes right now and Jimin was in the bathroom, but Yoongi knew that he doesn’t have much time.

What if I just split the food evenly between the three of us?

Yoongi shook his head at the thought, he had already made a promise to Jimin, but Jungkook… he deserved a bigger portion as well.

Huuh, this brat is so damn good at giving me headaches.

Yoongi pondered for some more time before an idea popped inside his head.

He managed to set up the table on time, but when Jungkook and Jimin took their seats across of him, the hybrid felt that the two humans were looking at him, they were not even touching their utensils and they were staring right at him, he was sure even though he was looking at the table.

“What?” Yoongi asked, as he shoved a mouthful of rice into his mouth and started chewing.

“Hyung… are you not going to eat?”

Of course it would make an impression, but that’s the best Yoongi could come up with.

“I’m eating.” The hybrid answered calmly though he wished the attention would be diverted away from him.

“You are, but…” Jungkook began, as he once again scanned the whole table. “There are barely any clams and shrimps in your bowl, there’s only broth and a whole mountain of rice in your other bowl.”

That was Yoongi’s grand decision – he gave all the good parts of the stew to Jungkook and Jimin, so the two could have richer portions, while he mostly put broth and some vegetables in his bowl.
“I’m not really hungry tonight, so…”

The hybrid lied lamely and he thought it was better to not say more. He was actually starving, that’s why he decided to eat a huge amount of rice and there were side dishes as well, so… Jungkook and Jimin could share the stew.

Yoongi sighed in relief when the other two grabbed their chopsticks, thinking that the two humans were finally going to start eating, but the first thing Jungkook did was to place one of his shrimps on the rice, which was currently in the hybrid’s spoon.

“You love sea food.”

Jungkook justified his action by saying that and yeah, sea food was definitely Yoongi’s thing and he really wanted a few more shrimps besides the two-three that were in his bowl, so eating one more won’t hurt, right?

The hybrid widely opened his mouth, because the bite was quite big and his tail swished left and right in happiness, luckily Jungkook and Jimin couldn’t see that. But it seemed like the two humans were keen on ruining Yoongi’s big plan of giving them the bigger portions, because Jimin still hadn’t eaten and he was holding one of his shrimps with his chopsticks, but why was the vet’s hand slowly inching toward the hybrid?

“What now?” Yoongi asked with a bit of difficulty, because there was still some food in his mouth.

“I want to feed you, Hyung.”

Yoongi was this close to choking, he just wanted to eat in peace, not to have minor heart attacks every other minute.

“No. Just… eat your food, Jimin.”

Yoongi tried to say firmly, because he was not some baby, why would Jimin want to feed him?

“Just once, please?”

Aah, if he begs while looking at me with those eyes I might just say ‘Yes’.

Yoongi blinked a few times, getting frustrated by his own thoughts, he was usually rather strong-willed, but Jimin had managed to make his resolve waver quite easily.
“Come on, just agree.” Surprisingly, it was Jungkook who urged the hybrid into giving in. “Jimin even bought you a gift.”

Three pairs of eyes focused on the bracelet around Yoongi’s slim wrist, it was a given that the lawyer would take notice of the accessory.

“It looks good on Hyung, right?” Jimin was very proud of his choice, it was as if the bracelet was especially made for the hybrid.

“Yes, it does.”

Jungkook was not surprised when he saw the bracelet, Jimin was like that, he often bought presents for no apparent reason. It was a nice feeling, to receive a present when it was not your birthday or for some special occasion and Jimin had always loved making people happy, the little things and gestures really did the trick.

Yoongi stared at his bracelet for a while, he really liked it, he was seriously never going to take it off and he wanted the dinner to just continue, his rice was waiting for him after all, so he parted his lips and let Jimin feed him the shrimp.

The vet squealed after successfully completing his mission, Yoongi loved the little sound, which escaped from the vet and he was glad that the younger finally started eating. The hybrid glanced at both Jungkook and Jimin from time to time to observe their reactions, they were not making any grimaces and they seemed to be enjoying the food, which he had prepared.

“Yoongi.”

The hybrid stopped eating when Jungkook said his name. So far the younger hadn’t given an opinion on the food and the black-haired male was curious about what the lawyer thought.

“It’s very delicious. Well done.”

Min Yoongi concluded that he really enjoyed being praised.
“It’s time to get up.”

Yoongi just rolled to the other side, trying to ignore the source of the noise.

“Let’s have breakfast.”

“Nngh.”

The hybrid whined when the intruder grabbed his blanket. One of Yoongi’s most favorite things in the world was eating, but sleeping… that was his top priority.

“Come on, Yoongi-hyung. Wake up.”

So persistent. Let me sleep for a little longer. New weight was added to the bed and the black-haired male’s comfy blanket was tugged away. Damn it, I just want to-

A kiss was suddenly pressed onto Yoongi’s lips, followed by a fit of giggling and his eyes snapped open right away. He was greeted by Jimin’s smiling face and eyes filled with fondness.

“Good morning, Hyung.”

“J-Jimin.”

For a second Yoongi thought that he was dreaming and that none of this happened, but then the younger leaned in again and pecked his lips. The hybrid lifted his body up and yawned, he was definitely awake now, because of the kisses, but that didn’t mean he no longer felt sleepy.

“Good morning, Jimin-ah.”

The black-haired male greeted and hesitated for a bit before he landed a quick smooch on Jimin’s lips. It was the first kiss, which Yoongi had initiated and he felt the sudden urge to look away, but Jimin was beaming at him, grinning from ear to ear and Yoongi gave the boy an awkward, shy smile.

“Hyung, you're even cuter in the morning when you're half asleep.”
Jimin chuckled and brushed away a few locks that were almost covering the older’s eyes. Yoongi’s hair was practically a bird nest every morning.

“Cute…”

Yoongi repeated absent-mindedly, while Jimin played with some strands of his hair.

“Oh my god!! I’m going to be late!! Aah, I hate morning meetings!”

Jungkook’s voice resonated through the apartment and Jimin laughed, but Yoongi gave the vet a pointed look.

“Why didn’t wake Jungkook up?” The hybrid tried his best to scold the vet, who now looked a bit apologetic.

“I just got up rather early like usual, there was still some time until Jungkookie had to wake up and I went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast and make some coffee. Then I came to wake you up, Hyung. But you ignored me for quite the long time.”

“You know how hard it is to make me wake up in the morning.”

“I know, but I didn’t think it would take that long. But seeing how quickly you rose when I kissed you, I might as well just wake you up like that every morning from now on.”

A kiss every morning? Jimin’s smile as the first thing to see once he opened his eyes? Maybe Yoongi liked how that sounded a bit too much.

“Park Jimin… you’re going to kill me one of these days. But, sure… you only live once after all. So you better not forget to give me a kiss each morning.”

Every smile, every touch, every kiss… it was just not enough. Jimin was a very special human for Yoongi.

“Hyung, when you say stuff like that… it just makes me want to kiss you again.”

Jimin spoke and the boy’s hot breath ghosted over Yoongi’s lips, there was only one way to respond to that.
Yoongi prepared Tonkatsu for dinner tonight, because Jimin had made the request. Jungkook
didn’t even eat breakfast and leaped out of the apartment in the speed of light, but he did say that he
was okay with anything.

The hybrid was almost done cooking when Jungkook arrived home, he said that he was going to
take a shower and then help in the kitchen if there was any need, but Yoongi was done with the
main dish already. He was in the middle of wondering what side dishes to make when the lawyer
waltzed into the kitchen. Yoongi turned around to ask Jungkook what he felt like eating and his
heart nearly leapt out of his chest.

Jimin had warned Yoongi about this – the possibility of seeing a naked Jungkook randomly
walking around after taking a shower, but the hybrid believed he would never come across that. He
thought that in such situation, Jungkook would go straight to the bedroom and get dressed, but
no… here he was at the moment – in the kitchen, only with a towel around his hips (was that shit
even properly secured??), his hair still wet and his upper body in its full glory.

Wasn’t that kid a workaholic? When could he possibly find time to work out? Well, seems like he
was definitely a fitness maniac as well, judging by those well-defined abs.

Yoongi was by no means staring… Jungkook was just in his field of vision.

The younger had taken a bottle of mineral water out of the fridge and was currently drinking it and
Yoongi intently followed the movement of Jungkook’s adam apple, it bobbed up and down with
every gulp and the hybrid found himself gulping down as well, was he suddenly feeling thirsty or
something? Yoongi himself loved drinking water after coming out of the shower, it made him feel
even more refreshed, but couldn’t Jungkook put on a bathrobe?? It was still Winter, the hybrid
would understand if it was Summer, but now-

The hybrid’s train of thoughts was interrupted at once when Jungkook looked at him and their eyes
met.

“Jesus, Jungkook… put on some clothes! Aren’t you cold??” Yoongi felt the need to say
something, anything really, because he had been caught staring, dang it.
“No, it’s actually rather hot in the apartment.” Jungkook replied coolly, because he really did not feel cold at all.

“Then lower the temperature of the air-con!”

“I can’t.” Jungkook began, as he returned the now half-empty bottle of mineral water in the fridge and then faced the hybrid again. “Because you hate being cold. You look really content when you’re warm, I like that, so…”

_He likes that… stupid brat with his confusing speeches. “W-whatever, I can just wear more clothes if it’s a problem.”_

“No, it’s not a problem. Don’t worry. However, there’s something else, which is quite troublesome.”

Jungkook started walking towards him and Yoongi tried to step back as the younger inched closer, but his back collided with the counter and there was really nowhere to run to, especially since Jungkook was now standing right in front of him.

“You know… for a cat, you like water quite a lot.”

“I’m partly cat.” Yoongi corrected, not knowing what that had to do with anything.

“Right. Still…”

“What?”

How was the fact that Yoongi was party a cat, related to Jungkook’s concern?

“You take ages in the bathroom. There was once again barely any hot water left for me to shower with. Maybe you should take a shower with me one of these days, so I can teach you a thing or two. Perhaps then, you won’t waste so much precious water.”

Was there any air left in the room? Because suddenly Yoongi couldn’t breathe. The hybrid really did not want to imagine what showering with Jungkook would look like, but his brain decided to be a bitch and play some very vivid images in his head. It wasn’t Yoongi’s fault… he just really liked spending time in the shower and he even almost fell asleep once, that’s how much he enjoyed the feeling of warm water over his skin. But why did Jeon Jungkook have to say something like _that_??
Did Yoongi have to lock the bathroom door from now on?? Who knows what might happen if he didn’t. What if the damn brat decided to pop in the shower out of nowhere?? Yoongi was seriously going to die on the spot then.

“I’m kidding.” Jungkook said, as he laughed, because it looked like the hybrid was having a mental breakdown.

“Y-yeah, ha-ha. I know, very funny.” Totally not funny, totally bad for my already very weak heart.

Yoongi couldn’t bare looking at Jungkook, so he casted his gaze downwards, that was without a doubt a very bad decision and his eyes strayed in the wrong direction, but then he noticed something, it was barely above the towel, which was wrapped around Jungkook’s body, it was something on the lower part of the younger’s abdomen, on the right… there was a scar.

“How did you get this?” Yoongi asked, as he eyed the scar, he had never seen it before, because… he had never seen Jungkook without clothes.

“An accident.”

“Oh, really?” Yoongi said sarcastically and rolled his eyes. “Like I couldn’t figure that out on my own.”

“I got it last year, because of one case.”

“A case?” Yoongi questioned and finally looked up again. There was a mix of emotions in Jungkook’s eyes, none of which seemed to be connected to pleasant memories.

“Jung Hongcheol’s case.”

The hybrid’s eyes became bigger when he heard the name, because honestly… who hadn’t heard about that guy? Probably the whole country knew who he was.

“You mean… THE Jung Hongcheol? The drug dealer??”

“You’ve heard about him?” Jungkook asked, though he knew how the media blew up everything back then, all broadcasting channels aired news about the case all the time.

“Yes. I still lived with Jungmin at the time, but I never got to hear what happened in the end.”
“He got 25 years in prison… because of me.”

Yoongi would have never imagined that Jungkook got to work on such a big case at such a young age.

“Because of you?”

“Yeah. He was accused of many crimes, but they were all minor ones and he was going to get 6-7 years at most, if not for… Kim Eunkwang.”

The name did ring a bell, Yoongi vaguely remembered hearing it on the news along with Hongcheol’s name.

“Nobody wanted to take Eunkwang’s case, everybody called me crazy for doing it. But I didn’t hesitate, I couldn’t. Not when his mother looked so heartbroken. She had lost her 16 year-old son, because of Hongcheol’s doings.”

Jungkook sighed deeply and Yoongi could see the frustration on his face along with the sadness. By now, the hybrid knew how much those cases meant to Jungkook and how he genuinely wanted to help his clients, there was sentiment in the lawyer’s eyes.

“Hongcheol usually targeted rich kids who could pay a lot for his drugs, but he often lingered in areas where all kinds of students hanged out. He always told them that they won’t be able to find products like his on the market. It’s terrifying… how easy it is to trick curious kids who want to try out something like that just for fun or because they want to fit in a certain group. But because of the usually high prices, a lot of Hongcheol’s customers often committed other crimes to get their hands on money – robbery, beating up and threatening other students, stealing. It was an obnoxious circle – crime after crime and for what? Eunkwang was no different – young, curious, not very wealthy, but he had heard stories and saved up money just to buy… those terrible things that ultimately lead to his death. He died, because of the drugs which Hongcheol had sold him. That’s why he was arrested in the first place, but as always there was a lack of evidence. The police said that they had been keeping an eye on Hongcheol for over a year, but couldn’t catch him in action.”

“But you did? Catch him in action, I mean?” Yoongi had already seen it, how passionate Jungkook was when it came to his work, he thought about nothing else and focused only on the case.

“In a way. I spoke to Eunkwang’s mother and his friends, I checked every single place where he had went to days before his death and I managed to find the moment of his meeting with Hongcheol, because of one CCTV. But Hongcheol was smart, he never sold drugs on the main streets where someone could see him, so he lead Eunkwang to some alley and I thought it would be a dead end from then on, but I could see a parked car right in front of the alley. It was dark, the
registration plate could barely be seen, but I checked other cameras as well and I finally got a good shot. I have a close friend at one police station and he helped me track the car, we got the footage from the black box in the end and after countless days of sleep, I could finally breathe again, because the footage clearly showed how Hongcheol sold the drugs to Eunkwang. Most students were afraid to give testimonies, partly because of Hongcheol himself and partly, because they would have to admit that they had taken drugs, but Eunkwang’s death had shaken a lot of them and I succeeded in convincing a few students to come to the court. It’s true that Hongcheol hadn’t directly taken Eunkwang’s life, but drugs… they were his tool and who knows? Maybe more people had or would’ve lost their lives, because of him. When the verdict was announced, Eunkwang’s mother hugged me and thanked me, but… I wasn’t happy in the slightest. Because I went to question Hongcheol once and I would never forget his smug expression, he looked as if he had done nothing wrong, as if he was just making a living out of selling drugs and I felt sick, to this day I can’t believe that such people exist. He deserved to be locked up for the rest of his life.”

Yoongi slowly processed the information, he had met some terrible humans and he had been through a lot, but he realized that perhaps Jungkook had seen and been through even worse things than him and he was still so young. But wait, what about the most important part?

“And the scar?” The hybrid inquired, he still hadn’t heard how Jungkook had got that.

“It’s from Hongcheol’s brother. I always felt it during the court hearings… the venom and anger in his eyes, he hated me and he rooted for his brother despite everything he had done. He wasn’t pleased with the sentence his brother got and he blamed it all on me, he said that it was all my fault, that I had ruined his brother’s life by labeling him as a murderer, at least that’s what he told me… when he stabbed me.”

Yoongi felt as if someone just punched him when he heard that, because…

“He stabbed you?? What the fuck?!” Yoongi was sure that disbelief was written all over his face, he was just petrified.

“I tried to stop him, but it all happened too fast. Thankfully, there were many people around, because he attacked me near the law firm and an ambulance was called right away, I didn’t lose much blood and the wound wasn’t deep either, I was lucky.”

Yoongi felt furious now, he didn’t know why he was so angry, but he was.

“Lucky?? Are you fucking kidding me?! You got stabbed for fuck’s sake! I never knew your job was that dangerous! If it happened once, it can happen twice! And you might not be that lucky next time!”

_I knew it… he’s watching too many movies._ Jungkook somehow had the hunch that if he laughed, because of that, the hybrid might actually smack him, so he suppressed his laughter.
“What are you getting so worked up for?” He asked instead and the older narrowed his eyes at him.

“Because you got injured! And I can’t stand the thought of you getting hurt!”

For once, Yoongi did not regret babbling the first thing that came to his mind, the brat deserved a harsh scolding, but the hybrid was sure that Jimin had already done that.

“You’re saying the same things as Jimin-hyung. He refused to leave my side even for a second while I was at the hospital. But I’m quite healthy, so I was discharged after only a week.”

“A week… shitty brat! You’re making the whole thing sound as if nothing serious happened! How can you-”

Yoongi’s rant was interrupted when Jungkook placed his ever so warm palm over his cheek and stroked it. It was an action of reassurance, physical contact like that really calmed the hybrid down.

“I’m okay. I can defend myself, I’ll never let something like that happen again. Don’t worry, Yoongi-hyung.”

“If you can defend yourself, then why the heck did you get stabbed? And you call me Hyung only when it’s convenient for you…”

Yoongi muttered under his breath and Jungkook’s short laugh simply added fuel to his already boiling blood. The hybrid’s eyes just had to fall on the scar, it wasn’t big, but knowing that a blade had pierced Jungkook’s skin, made Yoongi’s heart clench. It’s fortunate that nothing fatal happened, but the older was still worried and he didn’t even want to imagine what Jimin had went through last year, because of the accident.

The hybrid did it without thinking, he traced his fingers over the scar and maybe he should have asked Jungkook before touching him just like that, but the younger did not stop him and his hand remained on Yoongi’s face, so the black-haired male deemed this to be alright.

“Ow, ow.”

Yoongi immediately retreat his hand when Jungkook hissed in pain, did he press over the scar too hard?

“I’m sorry. Did it hurt?”
Yoongi looked damn serious and concerned when he asked that and Jungkook couldn’t help laughing out loud.

“Silly, it’s been over a year. It doesn’t hurt anymore.”

The hybrid puffed his cheeks in annoyance. Of course the brat wouldn’t miss the chance to tease him.

“Stop joking and go get dressed!”

For how long did Jungkook intend to stay only with that towel on??

“Yes, sir.”

Jungkook swiftly moved away before the hybrid could slap his arm and headed towards the bedroom, while smiling and the second the younger was out of kitchen, Yoongi started feeling restless, because in just a few hours Jungkook was going to know about him and Jimin.

It was a scary thought…

That in a few hours he could lose everything, which made him happy.

[ Hoseok | 19:03 pm. ] Hi.

[ Joon | 19:12 pm. ] Stop it.

[ Hoseok | 19:15 pm. ] Stop what? I just said Hi…

[ Joon | 19:18 pm. ] Exactly. It always starts like this and then comes the nagging and all the other
bullshit that I’m not in the mood for. But you already know that, don’t you?

[ Hoseok | 19:19 pm. ] I was just… worried. Are you okay?

[ Joon | 19:19 pm. ] Do you think I’m okay?

[ Hoseok | 19:19 pm. ] Namjoon… please.

[ Joon | 19:21 pm. ] There’s no need to check up on me every single time. I’ll be fine.

[ Hoseok | 19:21 pm. ] I don’t think so. Do you want me to go with you tomorrow?

[ Joon | 19:22 pm. ] No.

[ Hoseok | 19:22 pm. ] You said that last time as well…


[ Hoseok | 19:23 pm. ] That’s what friends are for.

[ Joon | 19:23 pm. ] We’re not friends, not anymore.

[ Hoseok | 19:24 pm. ] We are, no matter what you say. So, don’t you dare to leave without me tomorrow, okay?

[ Joon | 19:31 pm. ] Don’t you have work or something?

[ Hoseok | 19:33 pm. ] I do, but I’ll take the day off, call in sick, I don’t know. I’ll figure it out.

[ Joon | 19:34 pm. ] You’ll do that, for me?

[ Hoseok | 19:34 pm. ] Of course I will. I’ll be there for you just like you were there for me. So, say that you’ll wait for me.
I can go alone…

Kim Namjoon, do I have to go and camp in front of your house??

Oh, god.

I’m really not kidding. So you better be there in the morning!

Fine, Fine.

Very good.

Hoseok…

Hmm?

Thanks… for caring, when nobody else does.

❤️

What the hell? Dude, did you just send me a heart???

Hehe ❤️❤️❤️

Huh, whatever.

Chapter End Notes

Somebody needs to control Yoongi’s humans, because the poor kitty can’t handle them xD

Yoonmin has sailed, but why does it feel like Jungkook has already boarded the ship
as well?? haha

I was about to split the chapter into two, because it’s longer than usual, but since you all missed Yoongi, I decided to leave it like this. I hope you don’t mind ~.

That Yoonkook moment from SBS’s SC… why did both of them have to close their eyes?? (1,2,3) >.<

Tagline of the next chapter: “Love was a beautiful thing, which brought much joy into people’s lives. But it could also drive you crazy and turn you into a mad-man and this… this was madness.”

Do I smell angst? hohoho

ps, dreams do come true! I’ve always wanted to take a picture among sunflowers and I finally did! yay
Taetaee!! T^T *sends him all the love in the world*

Jungkook's hair… I… am… NOT… okay…

See the end of the chapter for more notes
If you swear at me and call me a mad man.

In this crazy world, it’s normal to be crazy.

Just because nobody can understand me, that doesn’t mean I’m weird...

I’m just a little bit different from everyone else.

* this translation from Korean to English is done by me.

I recommend you to hear the song.

The time had finally come. The moment, which Yoongi had been dreading since yesterday was now here. Eating dinner tonight was such a task, both for him and Jimin, because they just wanted to tell Jungkook everything, but they deemed it right for the talk to happen after they were done with the meal.

But now Yoongi wasn’t so sure anymore, he could feel the tension in the air, even though Jimin hadn’t even opened his mouth yet. The hybrid wanted to be the one to explain to Jungkook, being the older one, but both he and Jimin agreed that Yoongi wasn’t very good at talking about such things, so the difficult job was pushed onto the vet.

After dinner, Jungkook wanted to do the dishes, but Jimin told him that they had to talk about something important and thus they ended up in the living room – Jungkook on the armchair, while Jimin and Yoongi were sitting side by side on the couch.

“Kook… you know that I love you, right?”

Jimin asked and the hybrid thought that was a nice start, it was a good way to ease Jungkook into the conversation.

“I’m completely aware of that.”

The youngest replied with a smug expression and Yoongi wanted to say something back to the cocky brat, but he kept quiet and instead looked back forth between the two humans. Jimin has been speaking for a few minutes now and he still hadn’t got to the very vital part, which had caused the talk to happen in the first place.
Jimin was now saying lovely things about the hybrid and Yoongi wanted to hold the younger’s hand, to say something as well, but he resisted the temptation and once again looked at Jungkook who was simply nodding and humming in response.

“I… I have been thinking about this for some time and… I realized that… Yoongi-hyung means a lot to me, a lot.”

Jimin repeated and Yoongi tensed up when Jungkook stared at him. The intense look, which the youngest was giving him at the moment, made Yoongi cower a little. It’s not like he was scared of Jungkook, but he still slightly hid behind Jimin’s shoulder just as the vet reached the part about their reciprocal feelings.

“That’s… how I feel and so does Hyung…”

Was it too late to turn back time? Yoongi wanted to do exactly that, because the silence that followed was worse than any words that could have been spoken. The hybrid dared to cast a look at the youngest again and surprisingly he didn’t look angry or disappointed or betrayed… Jungkook’s expression was actually completely unreadable and blank.

Yoongi hated the unexpected, he hated it when he didn’t know what was about to happen and the look on Jungkook’s face perplexed him to no end.

*Maybe he doesn’t get it? Though Jimin was quite direct…*

The hybrid wondered and it seemed like Jimin was about to clarify his statement even more, because he opened his mouth to say something, but Jungkook spoke first and Yoongi couldn’t believe his ears.

“I know.”

More silence followed, because neither Jimin nor Yoongi could comprehend what Jungkook had just said. The hybrid wasn’t prepared for such an answer, he wasn’t sure what he was going to hear, what was Jungkook going to say and do, but *this*… he expected this the least.

“Perhaps, I have known about your feelings for each other even before you two realized it.”

Jungkook added, as he leaned onto the armchair. He did look more relaxed now and there was a faint smile on his face. Yoongi was everything, *but* relaxed and he couldn’t move a muscle, let alone smile or actually utter something of use.
“W-what do you mean?”

Jimin questioned then and Yoongi was glad that the vet managed to speak despite being just as shocked as him.

“Come on, Jimin-ah. We’ve been together for five years, did you really think I wouldn’t notice?”

Jimin felt like an idiot now, because of course… Jungkook paid so much attention even to the small things, they knew everything there was to know about each other and Jungkook’s hunch was no joke, he could always tell whenever someone was telling the truth or was lying and Jimin had never been a good liar to begin with.

“You two kissed yesterday, right? And in the morning as well.”

The question made Yoongi’s breathing cease for some time and in any other situation, he would have laughed at Jimin’s currently widened eyes and largely open mouth in disbelief.

“How…? Eh… um…”

Okay, great, fantastic. Now Jimin lost the ability to speak and Yoongi cleared his throat at least ten times, while he listened to Jungkook.

“You two have been looking at me with guilt-filled eyes ever since I came home last night. Even though I knew about the two of you, I didn’t say anything and just observed you, but there were no drastic changes in your behavior, so that made me realize that you weren’t even aware of your feelings. But then I saw your kiss-swollen lips yesterday…”

Jimin raised one of his hands and ran his fingers over his lips, while the hybrid licked his own, they totally did not think about that, but damn it, Jeon Jungkook and his observation skills.

“Wait.” Yoongi somehow found his voice and finally voiced out his thoughts.”If you’ve known for some time and if you realized that-“ Yoongi paused, but the truth was already out, so he could ask… right? “That… Jimin and I kissed yesterday and today… then why didn’t you say anything??”

The question had been at the tip of Jimin’s tongue as well, but he was still trying to assimilate Jungkook’s ‘I know.’

“Because I wanted you two to tell me, I was certain that I’ll be able to tell when… things had
moved to the next stage or to put it simply when you would be no longer in the dark.”

“But what if we decided to keep it a secret from you?”

Jungkook actually let out a short laugh, because of Yoongi’s question, mainly because the hybrid looked deadly serious while asking.

“You barely lasted a day, but I must say that it took you quite a while to realize your feelings.”

Yoongi regretted not getting a bottle of water with him or at least a glass, because he kept gulping down or clearing his throat and his mouth was so dry. There has been a mess in his head since yesterday and things kind of got worse, because Jungkook was being so calm and chill that the hybrid thought that he might be dreaming since this scenario never passed through his head. He really believed that he even might get kicked out, the thought disappeared as quickly as it had appeared though, because he knew Jungkook wouldn’t do something like that, but he also knew how much the two humans loved each other and Yoongi didn’t know how and if he would be able to fit into their small family, but the turn of events definitely took him off guard.

“When… did you notice?”

Jimin’s question was above a whisper and the boy suddenly looked so small, Yoongi just wanted to pull the vet in a hug. One quick glance at the youngest and the hybrid knew that Jungkook wanted to do the same, but he resisted the urge to do so, because they were still not done talking.

“When I brought Yoongi to the clinic and you… kissed him. You had never done something like that before, to anyone. So I started paying more attention to your interactions from then on and well… I’m rarely wrong, so…”

And what now?? What are we supposed to do now?? What’s going to happen? God, this-

“This is giving me a fucking headache. That’s what you’re thinking, right?”

Jungkook’s words were directed towards the hybrid and yep, Yoongi definitely needed some water, because what did that brat just say?? And how did he know what exactly has been passing through Yoongi’s head??

“I’ve never heard you curse before.” Yoongi remarked, but Jimin didn’t seem surprised.

“He does it… from time to time.”
The vet muttered under his breath, while playing with his fingers. Yoongi took a closer and better look at the younger’s face and he noted that Jimin looked sad, why? The hybrid thought that things could’ve been much worse, so why? Why did Jimin have such a pitiful expression on his face?

“You asked me on the morning after you slept in our room, what I thought about the kisses on the cheek. Do you remember what I answered you, Yoongi?”

The hybrid remembered it vividly as if it had happened yesterday.

“You said you didn’t mind… because it was me.”

“Right. Back then I didn’t really think when I said that, but I guess that subconsciously I knew that those kisses were not an insignificant action and that one day it would come to this. A day when I’ll have to embrace the reality – the fact that I’m no longer the only one in Jimin’s heart and in any other case the thought alone would probably make me lose my mind, but you are different, Yoongi. It’s different, because it’s you and I’ve been thinking a lot about it ever since I started looking at the relationship between you two in a different light… it was hard to come to terms with it, because I love Jimin with all my heart, but… I kept thinking about you by Jimin’s side and the thought wasn’t disturbing, not in the slightest.”

Yoongi was trying his best to follow, but Jimin wasn’t saying a thing, that was bothering him and Jungkook… as always the brat was doing a great job at confusing him.

“Do you realize what you’re saying, Jungkook? I might be interpreting your words wrongly, but it sounds as if-”

“I’m okay with this.”

Jungkook finished off the hybrid’s words and suddenly got up from his spot, just so he could sit next to Jimin on the other side of the couch.

“I’m really okay with this.” Jungkook repeated, as he grabbed Jimin’s head and slowly lifted it up. “It’s fine, it’s alright. So please… don’t cry, baby.”

Ah, that was it. The atmosphere, which Yoongi had sensed. The way Jimin’s mood had drastically dropped and the way his shoulders were slightly shaking at the moment. The hybrid couldn’t clearly see Jimin’s face at the moment, because he was facing Jungkook, but he could clearly hear the very quiet sobs.

Jimin was crying, he was crying for real and Yoongi’s heart ached.
“I’m—I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

The vet’s voice gave in and the black-haired male couldn’t sit still any longer, so he wrapped his arms around Jimin’s waist and hugged him from behind.

“Jiminnie.”

Yoongi didn’t know what else to say and he tightened his hold around Jimin’s body when the boy started crying harder.

“I’m happy… I am.” Jimin mumbled, as Jungkook wiped away the tears from his cheeks. “You’re accepting this, us, Kook-ah and I’m happy, but I don’t know if I deserve this, if I deserve you.”

“If you don’t stop crying, I’ll feel like a bad guy. Am I a bad guy?”

“No.”

Jimin and Yoongi said in union and Jungkook smiled again.

“We’re going to make this work, the three of us.”

_The three of us…_

The words echoed in Yoongi’s head and he was really glad that soon Jimin’s snifflies decreased. Jungkook hugged his boyfriend from where he was sitting and placed one of his hands on top of Yoongi’s. The hybrid stared at their hands, he took in the way Jimin’s breathing evened out and he calmed down, but the storm in Yoongi’s heart hadn’t passed yet.

_What are we now?_

He couldn’t help wondering. He could stay, Jungkook was willing to try, to give _this_ a chance and that was more than great. But the lawyer hadn’t really said anything about what his relationship with Yoongi would be from now… both of them were now with Jimin, right? If so… what about them? There was already so much on the hybrid’s mind, his life completely changed in the past 24 hours and now there were even more changes.

He hoped and wanted Jungkook to accept him and Jimin, but he hadn’t really asked himself what
would follow once that happened.

Were they in a relationship... the three of them?

Yoongi was still trying to get used to the fact that he and Jimin were together and now that Jungkook was added to the picture as well, things had become even more complicated or maybe the hybrid was making it all sound too complicated.

For now, all which mattered was that Jungkook hadn’t freaked out and that Yoongi’s heart was beating at the same speed as the hearts of the two humans, it was nice - being so close to one another, being able to comfort each other with just a few words or a simple touch. The hybrid’s head was really starting to hurt from all this thinking, so Yoongi decided to clear his mind from all thoughts and leaned his forehead on Jimin’s back.

He focused on the vet’s soft breathing and on the way Jungkook was gently stroking his left hand, which was desperately clinging onto Jimin’s shirt and suddenly nothing else matter, because Yoongi believed that...

The three of them were going to make this work, somehow.

“Hey, love. I brought you a bouquet of carnations, your favorite.”

It was the same every year, Hoseok was quite accustomed to seeing Namjoon lay the red flowers down, near the gravestone of the once brightly smiling girl.

Song Yerin – the only source of light in Kim Namjoon’s life.

Light that was abruptly taken away from him and since then... there has been nothing but darkness.

Time really did fly, it was as if Hoseok attended Yerin’s funeral just a few days ago, but it’s been years already.
It’s been years since Namjoon lost her and it’s been years since Hoseok lost his friend.

They were just about to go for a lunch when Namjoon got the call, which turned his life upset down. He had a frantic look on his face and kept saying Yerin’s name over and over again, before he bolted from where he was standing.

Hoseok had called after him, he even tried to follow his friend, but Namjoon was too fast. However, on the next day Hoseok found out the reason for the other’s behavior.

Yerin had been crossing the street when a car appeared out of nowhere, it was speeding for sure and due to the slippery roads, the breaks didn’t do much work and the poor girl had ended up getting hit and passed away less than an hour after being transferred to the hospital.

To say that Namjoon was devastated would be an underestimation, he looked so lifeless at the funeral and barely said a word, even when people conveyed their condolences, he had no more tears to shed and no will to continue living without the girl that he treasured more than anything else in this world.

Hoseok knew how much Namjoon loved Yerin, they had been together since high school and Hoseok couldn’t even imagine how his friend was feeling at the moment, but he let Namjoon mourn in peace.

He only contacted the other days later to ask him how he was doing and if he wanted to meet up, but Namjoon sounded angry over the phone, because more details about Yerin’s case had been disclosed.

‘How could he?? He ran Yerin over with his car and he ran away! He let her bleed to death on that damn cold road without trying to save her! M-maybe, if he had called an ambulance- if he hadn’t been a coward, perhaps… Yerin would’ve survived…’

And maybe that was true, Hoseok later learnt that the person who had caused Yerin’s death was a man in his late twenties, whose father owned a chain of casinos throughout not only Seoul, but other cities as well.

And that’s… when the real problems started.

All the evidence pointed at the guy, there were witnesses, Yerin’s blood was found on the plate of Jang Sungmin’s car and even though the accident itself was not recorded by a camera, the man’s car was captured crystal clean minutes before the hit and then on another camera, Sungmin was
obviously speeding and there were dark stains on the front of his car.

Hoseok was convinced that the guy would get what he deserves, that once Sungmin was in prison, Namjoon would feel better knowing that the man who had killed Yerin was behind bars, but it all went downhill from there.

Nobody wanted to take Yerin’s case, Namjoon even begged on his knees – lawyers that he knew, professors whom he admired, people who were supposed to put justice above all. But they all shook their heads and refused, saying it was a hopeless case and why? Just because the other party was someone with a thick wallet. So what? Did that mean that he didn’t deserve to be punished? He didn’t even say ‘Sorry.’ and instead ‘Did I hit her? Maybe… I don’t really remember…’ left his lips when he was questioned.

There was no way, right? There was no way that guy would find a way to avoid punishment after taking away someone’s life, after creating so much damage, after breaking Namjoon’s whole being beyond repair, but turns out that there was always a way as long as you had money.

Namjoon soon came to the realization that all things about justice, which he had been taught in class were complete nonsense.

Law did not side with justice.

Law did not protect the weak, it did not help those in need.

Law defended those who had power, influence and money, those people… they were the law.

‘The girl crossed on a red light, Jang Sungmin was driving at a normal speed, but due to the snow and even ice-covered road, he couldn’t react on time and the hit could not be avoided. The victim is at fault as well, but it was an accident, which could’ve been prevented if she hadn’t been so careless. The statements of the witnesses are all vague, none of them witnessed the hit and this is not a hit and run accident. Sungmin-shi tried to call an ambulance and police right away, but his phone was dead…’

Namjoon had slammed the door of the court room after Sungmin received only a bunch of community service hours as a final sentence, because of his deep regret and large sum of money, which was paid to Yerin’s mother as a compensation.

Hoseok was present as well and he understood why his friend reacted like that, it all sounded so fake and fabricated and maybe it was rude to even think like that, but Hoseok felt like the elderly woman dressed in black had practically sold her own daughter, she had made a fortune out of Yerin’s death.
And hours after the girl’s case was closed, Hoseok found himself at the police station, because apparently Namjoon had caused a ruckus at the company where Sunmin worked. Hoseok tried to explain to the officers, that his friend had recently lost his girlfriend, he said that he would pay the bail just so Namjoon could be released immediately and get a proper rest at home, but the officers told him that it would be better if Namjoon spent a few days under arrest. Hoseok was ready to argue, but then one of the officers showed him footage from the company and Hoseok couldn’t say anything.

The footage showed how Namjoon broke into the building, he made a scene at the lobby, he was yelling, trashing in the arms of the guards until he broke free again and started throwing anything he could get his hands on, he even broke a window and there was blood on his hands, he had injured himself while making a fuss, but it he hadn’t even noticed and he was putting others in danger, because of his reckless actions.

Others probably just saw the rage, the madness in Namjoon’s eyes, but Hoseok… he saw past that and it scared him – to see how much a person could change in such a short span of time, it was devastating to watch how his friend was crumbling down.

At least, Hoseok was allowed to see his friend and when he asked Namjoon why in the world he had gone at the company, his friend’s reply just stupefied him.

‘I really wanted to kill him, you know? A life for life… He took Yerin away from me and I just wanted to rip him apart with bare hands just like he did the same thing to my heart.’

Love was a beautiful thing, which brought much joy into people’s lives. But it could also drive you crazy and turn you into a mad man and this… this was madness.

In that moment Hoseok realized that the person standing in front of him was not the Namjoon he knew.

Kim Namjoon had died on that day when he lost the love of his life.

This… Hoseok had no idea who this person was.

And after that Namjoon just… disappeared, he vanished without a trace. Hoseok was damn worried, he went to all places he could think of, but he couldn’t find the other anywhere and even Namjoon’s parents didn’t know where their son had gone.

September rolled in and Namjoon returned, he looked much more composed than before, the break must’ve helped him to get over his personal struggles and he attended classes just like before.
But Namjoon was not the same anymore, he was distant, he didn’t smile at all and whenever Hoseok looked at his friend, he saw… nothing. There was emptiness in Namjoon’s eyes, he did everything mechanically, it was as if he was robbed off of any emotion. He shut out everyone even Hoseok, who was persistent and glued to his friend’s side from the moment he was back.

When they graduated, Hoseok was scouted by the law firm where he was an intern at and he was happy to know that Namjoon had been hired right away as well, because of his remarkable academic results. Hoseok thought that working as a lawyer would help Namjoon with the healing, that he would help people and stand up for people who were in a similar situation as him, but Hoseok was terribly wrong, because Namjoon’s first client was a rich man who was guilty as hell and yet he wanted to avoid going to prison and Namjoon… he had miraculously made that happen.

Hoseok couldn’t understand why, how could Namjoon side with those people whom he hated with all his might, it was just absurd, but Namjoon won case after case and the distance between them grew. Nobody wanted to be associated with Namjoon any longer, his so-called friends and even family avoided him, because they were ashamed of him, but Hoseok never lost hope and when Soobin broke up with him, he didn’t think twice before dialing Namjoon’s number.

Hoseok has always wished for Soobin’s happiness and if he no longer managed to make her happy, then he was willing to let go of her, but when she told him ‘Sorry… there’s actually someone else.’, he was left heartbroken. He really did love her a lot and to know that she no longer felt the same and actually had feelings for someone else and not him, hurt like a bitch.

He really needed his friend by his side and Namjoon did come, Hoseok was totally wasted, but he still recalled how Namjoon tried to comfort him, how he told him that it was Soobin’s loss and that Hoseok deserved better, that he would one day meet someone who would love him just as much as he loved that person. Namjoon stayed with him at the bar for hours and then drove Hoseok home, he even texted in the morning asking if Hoseok was alive, because drinking had never been his thing.

That’s why Hoseok never gave up. He knew that deep down the Kim Namjoon who shared the same dreams as him, who was clumsy and broke his pen or glasses on a daily basis, who was a devoted student and a good person, was still there, he was just buried beneath layers of sadness and disappointment.

Hoseok was going to get his friend back, one day.

“Have you spoken to them lately?”
Hoseok asked after a while, they have been sitting on a bench outside of the graveyard for some time, Namjoon was not very talkative as always, but that didn’t stop Hoseok from trying to initiate a conversation.

“My parents? No. They… don’t approve of the person I have become.”

“What about you?”

Namjoon did not say a thing for a couple of minutes and Hoseok thought that the talk would die down just like that, but Namjoon proved him wrong.

“You know… it’s funny how I became just like them, the people who turned me into this…”

Namjoon’s voice was laced with regret and Hoseok wanted to once again use the moment to persuade his friend to drop the ridiculous thing, which he was doing.

“It’s still not too late, Namjoon. You can quit and-”

“It is, it really is… for me. I wanted to become a lawyer with the sole goal to help people, but when I needed help the most, everybody turned their backs on me, it was the worse type of betrayal, because it came from people who were supposed to stand by me and support me.”

“So you decided to help those terrible people instead?”

“Help them?” Namjoon scoffed and shook his head. “No. I simply stopped caring about other people’s pain and focused solely on my own. It ate me up from the inside until there was nothing left, until I turned into the Kim Namjoon I am today. All those crazy bastards, they cast their pride aside and get on their knees, they beg me to save their pathetic asses and it feels good to see them so miserable, it makes me feel like I’m the one in power, it makes me feel like I have their lives in my hands and I can do as I please, it gives me a twisted type of satisfaction.”

“I…” Hoseok didn’t know how to phrase his words, but Namjoon had finally opened up and Hoseok wasn’t going to let the chance slip away, he wanted to knock some sense into his friend’s head. “I haven’t been through what you have and everybody copes with pain in different ways, maybe that’s your way of dealing with the loss, but I’ve got to tell you, Joon… what you’re doing is really selfish.”

Namjoon did not reply, but there was no need to, because Hoseok knew that his friend agreed with him, he also knew that what he was doing was not right.
“I can help you, Namjoon. You can still-”

“You can’t save somebody who doesn’t want to be saved, Hoseok.”

That… was probably true and Hoseok opened and closed his mouth a few times, trying to come up with what to say.

“But I can at least try.”

“You’re optimistic as ever.”

Namjoon laughed as he stared at the sky and Hoseok followed his friend’s gaze. Yerin’s favorite color was light blue and she often said that she would paint the walls of her child’s room in blue no matter the gender and Hoseok always found the couple’s arguments amusing.

‘Blue? But I want a daughter! The room has to be pink!’

Namjoon would always say and Yerin would just look the other way and ignore her boyfriend’s pleads, but once she told Hoseok ‘Oppa keeps saying silly things. We can just have a son and a daughter, he’s such a dummy.’ and Hoseok had been promised the position of the godfather. Of course, Namjoon knew nothing about that, but Hoseok had Yerin’s blessing. Sadly, that promise could never be fulfilled.

“How about we go for a drink? Like in the good old times, hm?” Hoseok threw in and Namjoon looked at him.

“Do you still bite people?”

“What? No, no! I’ve got that under control! Really!”

The look of distrust that was written all over Namjoon’s face told Hoseok that his friend wasn’t convinced in the slightest.

“You’re haven’t changed at all.”

Namjoon commented and Hoseok tilted his head to the side in a questioning manner.
“You still suck at lying.”

A lot had changed in the past few days.

Jungkook knew what he was agreeing to and yet the first time he saw it with his own eyes, it was indeed quite strange. It happened while Yoongi was cooking. Jimin had been standing next to the hybrid for good five minutes before Yoongi faced Jimin perhaps to ask him something, but the question was long forgotten, because Jimin kissed him.

Jungkook shifted left and right in his chair, he thought that his instincts would make him get up and separate the two, but he didn’t and just observed like he usually did.

Both Jimin and Yoongi were quite cautious about the whole thing and tried not to rub it in Jungkook’s face, their skinship had increased for sure, but whenever they wanted to kiss and Jungkook happened to be in the room, they always glanced at him first as if they were asking for permission.

Jungkook really did appreciate the consideration, but they still had a lot of things to sort out.

Like for example his and Yoongi’s… status.

Jungkook could feel that the hybrid wanted to ask him, he could see it in his eyes and the black-haired male even approached him one night with determination in his eyes only to stammer and talk in circles, in the end he just wished Jungkook a goodnight and said ‘It’s nothing.’ when it was definitely something.

Jungkook had given that a lot of thought as well, about what Yoongi meant to him and how his life had changed since the hybrid started living with them. Jungkook just couldn’t put his finger on it when it came to Yoongi, the hybrid made him feel emotions, which were… reserved for Jimin only, but Jungkook couldn’t deny that he felt something special towards Yoongi, something that demanded a discussion for sure, but for now he decided to let things be, because it was all already too much to take in, for all three of them and Jungkook didn’t want to overwhelm and confuse Yoongi and himself even further.

Maybe Jungkook was going crazy.
That’s what he concluded one morning when Jimin was taking too long in Yoongi’s room, waking up the hybrid was like stepping into a battlefield unarmed, but Jungkook still decided to check up on the two and he found them rolling around in the bed, giggling happily.

Well, Jimin was giggling while Yoongi was just staring at him with a smile on his face and Jungkook found the sight incredibly cute and endearing.

Jimin with another man in bed and it was cute. Yep, Jeon Jungkook had totally lost his shit.

Jungkook had showed it on multiple occasions – the fact that he didn’t like it when someone got too close to Jimin.

He often let Taehyung off the hook even when the designer’s koala mode was activated and he clung onto Jimin like a monkey, even when Taehyung used Jimin as his personal pillow and took naps on the vet’s lap, even when Taehyung invited Jimin to his apartment for a sleepover.

‘Platonic Soulmates’, Jungkook would always remind himself as he was left all alone when the two best friends hanged out together and when Jimin got home, Jungkook was by no means sulking like some five-year old kid. Fine, maybe he was… just a bit.

But when it came to other people, Jungkook was not so forgiving. He still held a tiny grudge against his favorite Sunbae, because of the little accident, which occurred last year.

Jungkook had gone to the restroom, he was gone for barely two-three minutes, Hoseok didn’t even look that drunk, they were just having dinner and the older lawyer hadn’t drank much, but when Jungkook returned to their table, he stumbled upon a Jimin who was trying to push Hoseok away, but the damage had been done and there were teeth marks on Jimin’s neck.

Hoseok apologized like there’s no tomorrow and said that he really wanted to bite, because his teeth were itchy and Jimin just happened to be right there. Jungkook was having none of that and he gave his Sunbae the cold shoulder for a few days. He replaced Hoseok’s annoying marks on Jimin’s neck with his own, that very same night, because he couldn’t stand the thought that someone else had laid his hands (or in this case… mouth) on Jimin’s precious body. Jungkook knew that it wasn’t Hoseok’s fault, because his Sunbae really couldn’t control his habit and that’s why he accepted the older’s genuine apology. It never happened again, but Jungkook was always on the edge whenever there was alcohol in front of Hoseok, especially if Jimin was there as well.

And then there was that guy… Jae-something, Jungkook wasn’t even listening while the dude introduced himself, because he was busy glaring daggers at him. Jimin had got a bit tipsy on the Christmas party, which the staff members of the clinic held every year and his very kind and overly touchy co-worker was kind enough to send Jimin home. But was there a reason for the dude to hold Jimin like that when it was obvious that the vet could walk on his own?
At least Jungkook had some common sense and thanked the guy before he slammed the door in his face and then proceeded to scold Jimin who was just laughing, while hitting Jungkook’s chest with his tiny, adorable fists.

So yeah, you could say that Jungkook had a problem with letting others get too close to Jimin and yet…

Min Yoongi was an exception.

“Isn’t Jimin going to be gone for like… two days?” Yoongi asked, as he once again eyed the vet’s big suitcase.

“Yes, but he always brings a lot of stuff with him when he travels.” Jungkook replied, as he watched how Jimin nodded his head to whatever the lady at the front desk of the airport was saying.

“What’s even in there? A body or something?” Yoongi had seriously seen such huge suitcases only in movies.

“He’ll be back with even more things, trust me.” Jungkook commented as he recalled how Jimin bought souvenirs wherever they went.

“Hasn’t he been to Jeju before?”

“He has, we went there for my 21st birthday. It was a wonderful vacation. Maybe we can take you to Jeju this summer?”

Yoongi’s head snapped in the younger’s direction upon the suggestion, he had never been on a plane- God, he spent most of his life locked up in an apartment, he hasn’t really been anywhere.

“Uh… I’m not really into sunbathing.”
Yoongi blamed it on the fact that he had spent a big amount of time indoors, he wasn’t really friends with the sun, finding where to hide from it last summer while he lived on the streets was very troublesome, it was so hot, the hybrid couldn’t even have his favorite afternoon naps, because he couldn’t fall asleep due to the high temperatures.

“You can just lie under an umbrella most of the time and get drinks from time to time.” Jungkook was an avid fan of the beach, maybe because he was really used to the sea since he was born in Busan and besides, there were some really nice water sports.

“Drinks? What drinks? Wine?”

Jungkook noted how the hybrid’s eyes were literally shining in excitement, Yoongi had drunk wine only once, but he seemed very interested in it and was definitely eager to try it again.

“No. No alcohol.”

“Tch, boring.” Yoongi clicked his tongue in disappointment and looked ahead just in time to see that Jimin was headed towards them.

“Okay. I’m ready to go now.” The vet said, as he looked at Jungkook and then diverted his attention to the hybrid. “We’ve never been separated for that long, Hyung.”

“There’s no need to overdramatize. You’ll be back on Sunday.”

Yoongi knew he should have taken his beanie with him when they left the apartment. A hybrid at the airport? Yoongi was surprised they even let him inside, weren’t there animal restrictions or something? He had said that out loud and both Jimin and Jungkook told him not to refer to himself like that, but the hybrid couldn’t help feeling self-conscious, he felt like everybody was staring at him and of course, Jimin wanted a group hug before leaving, Yoongi wanted to refuse, because they were going to attract even more unwanted attention, but Jimin gave him the look and the hybrid gave in instantly.

“Hyung! You were supposed to say ‘Aaah, Jiminnie! I don’t know how I’ll survive without you!’ or something like that.”

“Jungkook will be with me, so I’ll be fine. But you, you’re going to be on an island all on your own.”

Yoongi was simply stating the facts, he was going to miss Jimin and it was true that ever since they met, they’ve seen each other every single day, but the hybrid was sure that Jungkook would
constantly irritate him, he was surely not going to leave him alone, so time was most likely going to pass very fast.

“Hyung, you’re being a meanie.” Jimin said with a pout, which was quickly replaced by a smile. “But yes, you’re right. Jungkookie is going to take good care of you.”

“Huh? Who’s going to take care of who?? I’m the Hyung! I’ll be the one in charge!”

“Yeeah, right.” Jungkook snickered in response and the hybrid narrowed his eyes at him.

“What the fuck is the supposed to mean?? Come on. Enlighten me, Jeon brat.” Yoongi demanded and nudged Jungkook in the ribs.

“Hey, don’t elbow me.”

“Then answer!”

“Well, I’ve got to say that …”

Yoongi and Jungkook’s bickering was always done in such a playful and teasing manner, that it made Jimin chuckle. He was actually afraid that the two would drift apart in some way, but they were not being awkward around each other at all, they were acting normal, the same as usual despite the situation they were in.

Jimin knew that there were still tons of things that the three of them needed to figure out, their relationship was quite… complicated and Jimin could only be immensely grateful to Jungkook. The two of them continued with their talk before going to bed on the night when everything was revealed and Jimin was on the verge of crying again, because of the sweet and reassuring things, which Jungkook whispered in his ear until he fell asleep.

But there was still a lot to clear up, they were yet about to decide what they were going to do in the future since they were just going with the flow now and they were adjusting to the changes, but Jungkook was not the only one who has been observing. Jimin has been doing the same and he was left wondering…

What exactly did Yoongi and Jungkook feel towards one another?
Something was not right.

Jungkook felt it on their way back to the apartment. Yoongi was being unusually quiet and the lawyer even tried to make some jokes like ‘What are you being so grumpy for??’, ‘Hey, are you about to fall asleep??’, ‘Yoongi-ah, at least answer to me.’, but all he got in reply were some grunts and the hybrid even turned his face away from him and looked out of the window during the ride, but maybe he really was tired, so Jungkook let the older be.

However, things got even weirder when they got back home, because Yoongi practically dashed to his room and... locked himself up. Jungkook didn’t even know about that, but when it was time for dinner he went to call the black-haired male and a rather muffled ‘I’m not hungry. Go away.’ was uttered and that made the younger arch an eyebrow, because Min Yoongi was not hungry?? Was an alien invasion about to follow or what?

So he tried to open the door and drag the older out of the bed, but to his surprise it was locked and he stayed at the door, asking Yoongi over and over again to open. Even if the hybrid didn’t want to eat, Jungkook just wanted to make sure that the other was okay, but it seemed like the older was keen on being super stubborn tonight and refused to open the door.

Jungkook sighed and gave up for the time being, he prepared dinner, ate on his own and left a rather big part of the dish in the fridge just in case Yoongi decided to come and grab a bite later. The lawyer presumed that the hybrid was acting like this, because of Jimin’s absence. Even though the oldest had said those things at the airport, maybe the thought that he won’t be seeing Jimin for two days upset Yoongi a lot?

The boy was determined to lift the other’s spirits, so after dinner he once again went to Yoongi’s room with his phone in hand, he had already texted Jimin during the day and was glad that his boyfriend had safely arrived at Jeju, but maybe they could have a short video call? If Yoongi saw Jimin, perhaps he was going to feel better? And besides, Jungkook was curious what Jimin was up to anyway, because the first events of the conference were about to begin tomorrow morning. But when he knocked on the hybrid’s door and told him about his idea, he got an even more instant and fierce ‘Fuck, go away!’.

Seriously, what was wrong??

It has been bugging Jungkook all night, there was no way he was going to bed any time soon, but he went to the bedroom and turned on his laptop, so he could at least get some work done and a few minutes after that, he heard the opening and closing of doors. He walked out of the bedroom and realized that Yoongi had went to the bathroom, the shower was turned on and that puzzled Jungkook even more, because what in the world?
Yoongi was not in the mood for his teasing, did not want to eat, clearly did not want Jungkook in his room either, neither did he want to see Jimin’s face, but he was up for showering in the middle of the night??

*This is very odd, why is Yoongi acting like this?*

Jungkook decided to go back to the bedroom, but he left the door ajar so he could hear more clearly when the hybrid would be done with his shower. As always the older spent a lot of time in the bathroom, maybe even more than usual and Jungkook had the slight hope that the hybrid would stop by the bedroom and at least wish him good night or something, but *no* – Yoongi just went straight back to his room and this was *it*, the last drop in Jungkook’s patience.

Of course they had a spare key for each room in the apartment, but the lawyer didn’t think things would have to go that far. He decided to go to the hybrid’s room one last time before he took more drastic measures and to his surprise this time the door was open.

Jungkook stepped inside and he saw a bundle on the bed, Yoongi had wrapped up himself with his blanket, he was completely covered with it. Jungkook slowly inched towards the bed and the bundle moved a little, Yoongi had definitely sensed that he was here.

“Yoongi. Hey, what’s wrong?” Jungkook asked, as he grabbed the blanket and tried to remove it, but the hybrid held onto it with all his strength.

“W-what the hell? How… how did you-?”

“The door was unlocked.”

“Damn it.”

Yoongi’s voice sounded off and something akin to a pained whimper left the older’s lips. Jungkook couldn’t take this any longer, so he harshly tugged the blanket away and the hybrid’s current state really worried him.

The older’s hair was wet, perhaps due to the shower, but Jungkook could also see that Yoongi was sweating, his face was flushed and his ears were flopped down. Jungkook reached out, because he wanted to touch the other’s face, but the older slapped his hand away. Had the hybrid’s nails always been that sharp?

“Yoongi-”
“D-don’t… ngh… don’t touch me, Jungkook.”

The hybrid mewled, as he curled up and hugged his body protectively.

Jungkook stared at the black-haired male, he took in the scene before his eyes and oh… oh.

He should have read the signs sooner, he should’ve deciphered the hints, which the older had been giving him all day.

“Yoongi… you’re in heat, aren’t you?”

The hybrid parted his lips to take in a new breath, even something so simple was difficult to do at the moment. Yoongi had been careless, forgetting to lock the door was a big mistake. Jungkook wasn’t supposed to be here, he was just making the situation worse. Yoongi was going to be fine, he could handle this on his own, it’s not like he hadn’t done it before, but if Jungkook remained in the room, Yoongi was going to let go of his sanity.

“L-leave, Jungkook. Just… get out of the room.”

Yoongi tightly shut his eyes when another wave of pain surged through his body. Jungkook’s presence was already affecting him, the younger had to leave now or else-

“No, I’m not going anywhere. I’m going to help you.”

W-what?

What the heck is this brat saying??

Chapter End Notes

I kept saying that Yoongi’s heat is coming soon, but did you expect it to happen now of all times? xD
I have been planning this from the moment I started the story, it took us 100k words to get here *sobs*

I wanted Yoongi’s first heat to be with Jungkook and Jungkook only, I have my reasons for that, so Jiminie was conveniently shipped off to Jeju xD

I think I managed to scare you with the angst thing last time haha
But some of you guessed right that it was connected to Joon *-_*
& I hope you won’t hate Namjoon too much for being like this… the poor boy just needs lots of love :((

Anyway, I made this moodboard for the next chapter and you can say it contains spoilers!
So… happy wondering/guessing about what will happen :D
Lately, I’ve been feeling very insecure about my writing… I’m just not satisfied with it.
But I’ll keep trying to improve myself, for all of you who are reading my stories! ^^

HOWEVER! I woke up to some bad news yesterday morning… a few kind people informed me that TWO of my works had been stolen!!! The stories are now deleted, but the person who stole my works was extremely rude to me. She sent me a message filled with insults like ‘Fuck off! ha ha’ when all I did was politely ask her to delete my stories. No apology, just mean and harsh words. I tried not to think too much about it, but I treasure all of my stories a lot, because I’m my biggest critic and I spend a lot of time writing and editing them, so it sucks to see that people can steal them so easily and be ignorant about the whole thing... :/

I publish my works only under the name StellyBish, so if you see any of my stories posted somewhere by a person with a different username, that means it’s not me and the fic has been stolen!

Enough with the drama! This is the longest chapter so far – it’s over 10k words!
I blame the holy Yoonkook for this...

Lovely photo *smirk*

& Yoongi’s heat is finally here!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
♫ I can’t even breathe. It’s not easy, baby.

The more I try to run away, the harder I fall…

Fall… fall for you. ♫

The song really fits the mood of the chapter *_*
Yoongi felt like an idiot. He always, always kept his heats in check. After all, they occurred every month. There were some rare occasions when his heat decided to give him a break and he could actually breathe normally for two months, but it happened rarely, he could literally count the number of times it had happened with the fingers on one of his hands.

He didn’t know why that happened, maybe his body really needed the break, he was immensely grateful nevertheless. However, he did know that being close to someone affected him. He didn’t have that problem while he was living with Dahye, after all the woman was like mother to him, but when Yoongi started living with Jungmin, it was like his body knew that it could finally get what it had always wanted.

So he was glad that he didn’t face any problems while he was roaming the streets for a year, he could feel it, the unbearable heat that made his body ache all over, he always hid somewhere safe, he knew a few places around the city, places where he could be alone and not be bothered by anyone and as he had expected, his heats were not that severe since he was away from Jungmin, he could handle them on his own.

He has always been careful, he knew the signs all too well – he became moody, he started eating even more, he drank tons of water and hours before his heat hit him, he always felt warmer than usually and the signs were there, but he just thought that he was not in the mood, because Jimin had left for two days, he has been eating like a pig lately, especially after he started cooking because he tried everything before he dared to put it in the plates for his two humans to eat, he did feel warmer today and drank a lot of water, but he thought it was just because the weather was changing. Winter had come to an end last week and Spring had arrived, the flowers were soon going to start blooming.

So yeah, maybe Yoongi shouldn’t have ignored the signals which his body has been sending him and he should have paid more attention. His last heat hit him just a few days before he met Jimin and he has been living with the two humans for a month now, it was already the end of March, of course it was bound to happen again.

And yet, that was the last thing on Yoongi’s mind, because he had been feeling so happy lately.

‘Happy’, a word that disappeared from his dictionary for two years.

But now, that was the only emotion, which he felt. This week alone, the hybrid had smiled more than he probably had in the past year while he was homeless, but the happiness had made him careless.

Yoongi felt it the second he put on his seatbelt and Jungkook got into the car as well, such a small place… so close next to each other, Yoongi should have sat on the back-seat just like on their way
to the airport, but Jungkook told him to take the seat, which Jimin had previously occupied.

The hybrid really didn’t mean to completely shut out the younger and ignore him, but he just couldn’t think straight. The burning in his body, which he despised so much was here again and Yoongi could only writhe uncomfortably in his seat and roll down his window a little, because damn it, he could barely breathe. Jungkook’s scent was starting to suffocate him, it was too much and Jimin’s sweet scent was still lingering in the car as well.

Yoongi just wanted to get back home fast and be done with this.

But he was terribly wrong, because things just got ten times worse once he stepped into the apartment. The whole place reeked of both Jungkook and Jimin so, so much and usually the hybrid wouldn’t mind, he was actually quite fond of the scent of the two humans, but now… now it sparked certain desires in him, so without saying a word to Jungkook, he just locked up himself in his room.

He barely reached his bed before he fell on it with loud thud, his legs couldn’t support him anymore. Should he try falling asleep? No, that never worked out. He felt like fire was spreading through his whole body, he couldn’t fall asleep. Should he let it pass just like that? No, he knew it was a foolish thought.

There was only one solution, like always.

The most pathetic and shameful way possible.

*Why does it hurt so much this time? God, I feel like I’m going to die.*

Yoongi already knew the answer to that question though. It sucked being homeless, but at least back then, his heats were bearable, but now his body and sharp instincts just knew that there was someone close by, someone who could help him, someone who could make the pain go away, someone who could turn the burning pain into a heated pleasure.

And before, it was just Jungmin, but now both Jungkook and Jimin’s scents invaded his nostrils and Yoongi just couldn’t stop thinking about the possibility of being touched, the possibility of being claimed over and over again until the awful heat was finally gone and Jungkook was just there… outside the door, the black-haired male only had to call over the human and-

*N-no, Min Yoongi. Stop it, you can handle this. Just like in the past two years.*

It was certainly not going to be as bad as all the times when Jungmin came into his room and just watched with no intention to help, right? Yoongi still felt sick whenever he recalled the days on
which he begged Jungmin to help him, it made him feel so miserable, but no matter how many
pleads left his lips, Jungmin just stood there, humans could really be very cruel.

But Yoongi could feel that his heat was different this time, it was nothing like the previous ones,
because he was not the same Min Yoongi anymore. He had finally opened up, he had finally let
someone in his heart, he felt safe, treasured and loved. So he was depriving his body of something
which it needed, something which felt right, this heat no longer felt like a primal urge to satisfy
needs, it was more, so much more.

And that’s why the pain had doubled and tripled, but it was going to be okay, Yoongi had done this
many times already. It was a well-known routine to him and yet, it was completely different this
time.

He usually didn’t think about anything when he touched himself, he was already hard and aroused,
because of the heat, he just had to deal with the problem between his legs, that was all and yet as
his hand found its way down his crotch, Yoongi couldn’t erase the image of Jimin’s bright smile or
Jungkook’s twinkling eyes, he could only see the faces of the two humans and that just made his
problem much bigger.

Yoongi would’ve never imagined that all those times when he listed in on Jungkook and Jimin’s
activities in the bedroom, would come so in handy. He was really ashamed for doing this, now
more than ever, because he was using the material he had gathered during the past month, just to
get off. Yoongi vividly remembered all the sounds, which came from the bedroom, Jimin had
never been good at keeping his voice down, even though the hybrid could tell that the vet really
did try not to be so loud. Yoongi knew it was all the brat’s fault, he was the one who turned Jimin
into a moaning mess on the bed sheets. It was easier to blame it all on Jungkook, when in fact the
lawyer himself was often left breathless and nothing, but ragged pants left his lips.

The hybrid painted the picture in his head without much trouble, but this was absolutely the most
embarrassing thing he had ever done in his life. Jerking off, just because he could hear everything
which was going on in the other room was one thing, but jerking off while being in heat and
imagining what exactly Jungkook and Jimin usually did when they were having sex… that was a
totally different matter.

It did help in a way, because Yoongi did come faster that way, but the burning sensation remained
and the hybrid really didn’t know what else to do, because even though he had already found relief
three times, his condition did not get any better and rutting against the bed while seeking more
friction, like some animal in heat, was the last thing Yoongi wanted to do… but he was…
technically an animal in heat, so screw pride, he did what had to be done and yet it was just not
enough.

And Jungkook was being very persistent. The hybrid really needed and wanted some food, so when
the human came to his room to call him for dinner, the black-haired male’s resolve was shaken
quite a lot. He wanted to apologize to Jungkook for acting like this, to explain why he was
behaving this way and when the lawyer came back some time later with the offer to call Jimin,
Yoongi was on the verge of opening the door, because he really wanted to see and hear Jimin, but the hybrid was well-aware of that fact that standing face to face with Jungkook would lead to nothing good, he was just going to say and do things that he would surely regret later, so even though it was super hard, he resisted the temptation.

But then, Yoongi saw light at the end of the tunnel. He heard how Jungkook walked into the bedroom and that meant the path was clear now, the hybrid could now go and take a cold shower with the hope that this will finally solve his problem. Besides, he really wanted to change his clothes and get rid of his already very much stained underwear.

The hybrid threw his dirty clothes in the corner of the bathroom, not having time to think about what Jungkook’s reaction might be if he stumbled upon Yoongi’s previous attire, but the black-haired male just needed a shower and since the hybrid was no longer restricted by his clothes, he could finally use his fingers, sadly they could never reach as deeper as Yoongi wanted them to, it was never as satisfying as sex with Jungmin was, but at least it was something and it usually did the trick, but now Yoongi’s body was left craving for more and more. He had really run out of ideas, he was so tired of all these humiliating actions, but he tried to convince himself that anyone in his position would be doing the same.

The very long shower did numb the pain for a while, but even though his insides were burning up, Yoongi could feel that his skin was becoming a way too cold, so he cursed under his breath and turned off the water. He dried himself in a hurry with a towel and then wrapped another clean towel around his body. The hybrid dashed back to his room, he quickly put on a pair of boxer briefs and a random long-sleeved shirt before he went back to bed and wrapped himself in his blanket to warm up his body a little, but in all the hurry, he completely forgot to lock the door again and his fear turned into a reality – Jungkook walked into the room, Jungkook saw him like this, Jungkook knew he was in heat, Jungkook said he was going to help him.

‘I'm not going anywhere. I'm going to help you.’

That’s what Jungkook had said and yet…. seconds after uttering the sentences, he practically ran out of the room and left Yoongi all alone… like…. What the hell??

D-damn it. Where the fuck is that shitty brat??

Maybe it was just a hallucination? Maybe Yoongi was losing his mind, it sounded possible to him. He was in such a daze that fantasies and reality tangled together and mixed into one, the hybrid couldn’t really tell them apart anymore. The heat was messing with his head so badly and he tightly shut his eyes, praying that the awful nightmare would just somehow end.

“-gi. Come on, answer me.”

I’m hearing Jungkook’s voice again… I’ve got to admit… it sounds so real and so…close…
“Yoongi, you have to open your mouth.”

What? What did he say? I- I can’t hear him well…

There was buzzing in the hybrid’s ears and he really couldn’t follow Jungkook’s speech, if that was even Jungkook and not just an illusion, which Yoongi’s brain had created.

The black-haired male did register something akin to a sigh and some other sounds, which he couldn’t really distinguish and then he felt a very familiar, warm hand on his face, no illusion could be that real, the hybrid could never mistake that hand.

“Gosh, you’re burning. Yoongi, can you raise your body a little?”

Do what? He wants me to do something, right? B-but what?

Jungkook could see that the older was out of it, but he still wanted Yoongi to make the choice himself. He didn’t want to do anything without the hybrid’s consent, but it was obvious that the black-haired male’s state did not allow him to formulate a proper response, so Jungkook deemed it right to act first and think later.

He slowly and carefully lifted Yoongi’s body a little into a sitting position, while holding onto him, so the hybrid wouldn’t slump back onto the bed. Jungkook slightly nudged the older’s lips with his index finger, but the hybrid still refused to open his mouth. Jungkook was worried that the other might pass out soon or something, so he had to act fast and be creative.

Yoongi wanted to lie back down, why was the brat torturing him like this?? He was seriously no help at all and oh, what… what was that? The hybrid opened his eyes when he felt a pair of lips against his own, he thought that it might be just another hallucination, but no – Jungkook’s face was right there and soon Yoongi felt something wet over his bottom lip. It didn’t take long for him to comprehend that the younger was trying to separate his lips by using his tongue. The hybrid didn’t know why, he had no idea what Jungkook was trying to do, but he complied by parting his lips a little and in the next second, Jungkook’s tongue was in his mouth.

The brat was so damn good at confusing him, Yoongi didn’t expect that at all, but he blinked a few times to clear his vision. Jungkook looked very concerned at the moment and when the younger pushed his tongue deeper into his mouth, Yoongi realized that the human was actually trying to pass something to him, something of an oval shape.

It tasted bitter, the hybrid wanted to spit it out, but Jungkook pulled back and started speaking again. Yoongi tried his best to focus on the voice, he wanted to know what was going on.
“You have to gulp it down, Yoongi. Here’s some water.”

The older didn’t really want to follow the younger’s instructions, but he knew that Jungkook was never going to do something to harm him in any way, so he accepted the water. He must’ve been very thirsty, because he emptied the contents of the bottle, which Jungkook held for him, rather quickly.

Jungkook almost failed at such a simple task, he was close to panicking when Yoongi refused to open his mouth at first, so he opted for using another method. He held the bottle of water with one hand, while he supported the hybrid’s neck with his other hand and he was glad that the older drank the water, Jimin had mentioned that Yoongi would probably need lots of liquids during his heat.

“Wh-what the hell was that?” Yoongi questioned when Jungkook lowered the empty bottle, the hybrid still wasn’t very certain what he had just drank besides the water.

“A pill. It’s… supposed to ease you down during your heat. Jimin bought a blister pack a few days ago, but he said it’s rather strong… I’m sorry, I should’ve asked you before giving it to you, but you looked like you’re in so much pain and you didn’t respond to me, so-”

“It’s okay.” The hybrid interrupted and tried his best to smile a little, though he wasn’t going to lie… he was still burning all over. If this pill could make his heat go away faster, Yoongi was more than willing to accept it. “When, uh when is this shit supposed to work?”

“I don’t know.” Jungkook shrugged his shoulders, not really knowing the exact amount of time, which would be needed. “Maybe it would take about 10-15 minutes?”

Jungkook noted how horrified Yoongi suddenly looked upon the statement. To Jungkook, it didn’t sound like a lot of time, but the older was hurting, so 10 minutes in hell… yep, that didn’t sound nice at all.

And just then, the lawyer looked at his right. He had left the bag next to the bed, he had grabbed it along with the bottle of water and the pills. Those things were supposed to help Yoongi, right? So why was Jungkook hesitating? After all, he went through so much trouble to buy those items… at the sex shop.

It was a rather traumatizing experience for Jungkook, really. Just like it had been for Jimin all those years ago.

He and Jimin had to decide who would buy what and the vet suggested a bet instead of rock-
scissor-paper. At first Jungkook wasn’t really into the idea, but Jimin said it would be something very simple, so Jungkook agreed.

It indeed sounded very simple – whoever touched the other first, would have to go to the damn shop.

Jeon Jungkook never backed down from a challenge and he hated losing as well, so he was absolutely sure that he’s got this. Maybe being in their bedroom, lying very close to each other wasn’t the smartest thing to do, but it was going to be okay, Jungkook could just play a game on his phone or maybe type down a report on his laptop to distract himself or- nope, that didn’t happen at all.

Because a minute after their little game had began, Jimin’s hands started roaming all over his own body.

That… was not mentioned in their rules, they couldn’t touch each other, but other than that…

Kim Taehyung was such a bad, bad influence.

He taught Jimin only bad things.

The vet was a very sweet person, not a prankster at all, but whenever he was paired with his best friend, Jimin turned into a little devil and he picked up on Taehyung’s habits. Of course, the designer, being the one who invented their bets, was still invincible, but Jimin had a target to practice on… in short, Jungkook was definitely going to have a word with Taehyung one of these days and tell him to stop corrupting his lovely baby.

And that night, Jungkook really did try his best to ignore Jimin, even though he was right next to him. He mentally applauded himself for not glancing in Jimin’s way, not even Jimin took off his pajama bottom and started emitting those little sounds, which made Jungkook’s skin prickle in excitement. But Park Jimin really could be a devil when he wanted to and he had the audacity to utter Jungkook’s name in a needy voice, as his hand moved downwards and honestly, who gives a fuck about the damn bet?? There was no way, Jungkook could just lie still, when so much was happening just centimeters away from him.

Of course, Jungkook regretted moving from his spot incredibly much on the next day and told Jimin that he would go to the pharmacy with him and that he would just order some stuff online instead of going to the shop, but the vet had refused, not only because Jungkook had lost the bet, but also because he believed that buying such things online was not the same as seeing them, well… in real life.

And that’s how Jungkook ended up in a very empty (thanks god) sex shop one night after work. So
what if he drove to the other end of Seoul just to make sure that he wouldn’t meet an acquaintance? So what if he went to the most secluded area he could find, a street where barely anyone passed by?

When he walked inside though, he realized why Jimin had told him that he would never set his foot in such a place ever again. What Jungkook saw before his eyes was rather… shocking. So many things were displayed on the shelves and he couldn’t even name most of them. He didn’t know why people bought such stuff and he definitely didn’t want to find out how and for what they used them.

The store was empty, yeah. But there was still that guy at the register who had such a sly smirk on his face and such a judgmental look that Jungkook almost bolted out of the store.

That dude had no right to judge. Was Jungkook the one surrounded by whips, butt plugs, cock rings, even chains and ropes on a daily basis? No, he wasn’t. So that guy didn’t have the right to make Jungkook feel like a criminal and-

Fine, maybe the guy had the right to judge… just a bit.

Simply because… Jungkook bought a bunch of stuff and he probably looked like some crazy sex maniac.

The thing was… he had no idea what Yoongi might need during his heat and he didn’t ask Jimin what to buy either. There was so much to choose from that Jungkook simply grabbed item after item and hoped that they would be of use. He didn’t know the hybrid’s preferences when it came to things like that, it would have been much easier if he had just asked Yoongi, but what was he supposed to say – ‘Hey, I’ll be stopping by a sex shop tonight. Do you want me to fetch you a dildo or something?’, the hybrid was probably going to murder him for daring to address the topic and seriously, even Jungkook knew what embarrassment was.

But now, as he looked at the black, plastic bag filled with some very interesting items, Jungkook knew for sure that he didn’t want to let any of those things near Yoongi, let alone… in him.

“I said I’m going to help you and I will.”

Jungkook spoke more to himself than the hybrid and he pushed Yoongi back onto the bed, as he casted the blanket aside. Maybe Jungkook should’ve given it a little bit more thought before uttering the words, because even though he said that, he had no clue what to do. After all… he had never dealt with a hybrid in heat before, but as he took a better look at the older, Jungkook noted that a flush was adoring Yoongi’s body or at least the parts he could see – his neck, his face, his arms, his legs, oh Yoongi’s legs were very different from Jimin’s, they were slender and pale just like the hybrid himself and since the blanket was no longer covering the black-haired male’s lower half, Jungkook noticed Yoongi’s bulge and okay… he could somehow help with that.
Jungkook crawled onto the bed and Yoongi tensed up, because suddenly the human was a way too close and shit, Jungkook was looking right at him, so the hybrid pressed his legs together and pulled down his shirt, even though he knew it was already too late, judging by the look on the boy’s face, he had already seen what Yoongi was so desperately trying to hide from him.

Jungkook placed one of his hands on the pillow next to the hybrid’s head and leaned in, dangerously close.

“Yoongi.”

The hybrid looked away instantly, because he couldn’t bear to look at the younger any longer. He was afraid of what he might see in Jungkook’s eyes.

D-don’t call my name… like that.

Yoongi wanted to believe that Jungkook’s current affection was not a fleeting one, the younger was trying to coax him and he even laced the fingers of their left hands together just to make Yoongi relax a bit, the lawyer had become so damn good at reading him and the hybrid knew that he hadn’t succeed in concealing how anxious he was feeling at the moment. He really did need Jungkook’s help a lot, his body craved to be touched, Yoongi desired the same, but… he knew it all too well.

He saw it all once when he and Jungmin were having sex in the bathroom, he accidently caught a glimpse of his reflection in the mirror and he was terrified of what he saw. He saw Jungmin’s hands on his body, he saw his face when he was close to release and the face he made when he begged Jungmin to go faster and harder, because he couldn’t stand the heat anymore, he saw the marks which Jungmin had left everywhere, marks that meant nothing, because they were nothing, they were just doing each other a favor. Yoongi hated what he saw, it was a hideous sight, he hated what he turned into during his heats, it was his own body, but he had no control over it. He was okay with Jungkook touching him, but Yoongi was not okay with himself, not when he was like this and he simply didn’t want Jungkook to hate him, the hybrid didn’t want to show his ugly side to the younger, he didn’t want to-

“Hyung.”

Ah, that magical word. It did things to Yoongi’s heart every time he heard it, especially when it came from Jungkook.

“Please, look at me.”
Yoongi’s brain told him not to glance at the younger, it was a terrible idea, but his foolish heart thought otherwise, so the hybrid faced the younger again and his lips almost collided with Jungkook’s, because of the close proximity.

“I really want to help you, but I won’t touch you unless I’m sure you’re totally alright with what I might do. I don’t want to make you feel uncomfortable.”

No, no. Jungkook couldn’t leave now, Yoongi couldn’t allow it, he wanted the younger to stay here.

“I- just… I-” Yoongi mumbled and grabbed the front of Jungkook’s shirt in fear that the human might really go away, while Yoongi was struggling with forming a coherent sentence.

“This is just hella embarrassing, okay? I’ve only done these types of things with Jungmin…” And I don’t want you to find me repulsive, I don’t want you to loathe me I, I don’t want you to pity me, because I’m like this. I want you to look at me and see the Yoongi, you’ve come to know in the past month, not this… not this version of me.

Yoongi wished he could say that out loud, but he didn’t. Instead, he desperately clutched Jungkook’s shirt in attempt to show him that he wanted the younger to remain in the room.

“Well… the only man I’ve ever done such things with, is Jimin. So that makes us even, right?”

There it was, Jungkook’s boyish smile, which Yoongi liked seeing so much and he looked at the younger, he really looked at him and came to the realization that he was not letting Jungkook step into his comfort zone just because he was in heat. He didn’t want to once again over think about what that meant and overanalyze the human’s actions, because something told Yoongi that Jungkook was not willing to help him just because of the current state he was in.

Yoongi was scared of what he might find in the younger’s eyes, but he saw nothing but fondness and warmth, a look which often graced Jungkook’s features when he was looking at Jimin and yet… Yoongi was the one before Jungkook now.

“Okay, we’re going to try this in a different way.”

Jungkook announced then, as he tugged at their still connected hands, which Yoongi totally forgotten about. The younger pulled him up again and the hybrid was curious what would happen next and Yoongi was not pleased at all when Jungkook let go if his hand and suddenly the distance between them grew.

Yoongi furrowed his brows, he was perplexed to say the least. Jungkook grabbed one of the
pillows and positioned it against the headboard of the bed. The hybrid intently followed the human’s every move with his eyes and he got what Jungkook was doing when the younger leaned his back onto the pillow and patted the empty space between his legs.

Yoongi gulped down, was he supposed to sit there… in Jungkook’s lap, basically?

“Um…”

The hybrid nervously played with his fingers, his eyes moving back and forth from the younger’s face to the spot where he had to sit.

“I just thought that if I’m not looking at you, you might feel less embarrassed.”

Jungkook decided to clarify, because he could see that the older was being jittery and was on the edge. Yoongi’s tail was always the best indicator to tell what his mood was and the hybrid’s tail was currently swishing left and right in a manner which implied that the older was very anxious.

The hybrid hesitantly inched closer, he turned around and settled in the small space, which the human had left for him. It was kind of fascinating to Jungkook, how the older perfectly fit into his arms, but it was also quite alarming, because the second Yoongi pressed his back onto his chest, Jungkook felt the heat, which the older’s body was radiating. Jungkook has always thought that ‘heat’ was just a term, which was used to summarize and describe the condition in a way, but now he wondered just in how much pain the hybrid was, Yoongi probably felt like a real fire was raging inside of him.

“Youngi, I want you to tell me if I do something you dislike, okay?” Jungkook asked, as he placed his left hand over the older’s stomach.

*I highly doubt you would do something I wouldn’t like…*

Jungkook was warm as always, but Yoongi couldn’t fully enjoy that, because of his own much higher than normal temperature at the moment. He could feel that the younger’s heart was beating fast, just as fast as his. Was the human also thrilled like the hybrid was?

“Youngi?”

“O-okay. Yeah, okay…”

The hybrid liked this position much more than the previous one, he felt safe in Jungkook’s arms and the fact that the younger couldn’t see his face at the moment was a huge bonus. Yoongi waited
in anticipation, maybe the pill was already starting to take effect, because otherwise he would have urged Jungkook to just hurry up and touch him already and when the human’s right hand slipped into his underwear, Yoongi’s breathing ceased.

It’s been two years since someone had touched his body, but having Jungkook’s fingers around his cock, felt better than anything the hybrid had experienced in his life. It wasn’t something that was supposed to bring him such immense pleasure, but it did. Jungkook simply started off with some slow strokes, he moved his hand up and down Yoongi’s length, but it was done in such a careful and mindful way and maybe a bit too languidly, because the pace was starting to drive Yoongi insane.

“O-oh, god. T-this is- I- aah-”

The hybrid really tried to suppress the little gasps, which threatened to escape from his lips, but it was so damn hard, especially when Jungkook circled his fingers around the base of Yoongi’s cock and tightened his hold, but moved ever so slowly and Yoongi almost buckled his hips up and thrust in Jungkook’s hand out of frustration.

“Can’t you- uh…” Yoongi whimpered when he felt how some of his pre come slid down his member, making it even easier for Jungkook to move his hand. The hybrid hated how each sensation amplified while he was in heat. Jungkook wasn’t even doing much, but it was already too much. “W-why are you doing this so slow??”

“Jimin likes it like this, he loves being teased.” Jungkook did not try to hide the amusement in his voice. He knew that he took his teasing too far at times and perhaps this is not what Yoongi needed at the moment, but Jungkook couldn’t help it, he was curious about what reactions the hybrid would have to this or that.

“W-who the fuck would enjoy that?? You’re just one little sadist, aren’t you?”

Yoongi squirmed in the human’s hold and Jungkook had to nerve to laugh before he rubbed his thumb over the slit of the older’s cock.

“S-shit, don’t just further prove my point, you stupid brat!”

As much as Jungkook enjoyed the older’s little outbursts, he knew that Yoongi was still restless, so he decided to stop fooling around and fastened his pace. Jungkook wasn’t going to lie, Yoongi’s sounds which were akin to angry mewls were pretty hot and they were starting to do things to his lower region. He had never felt attracted to another man besides Jimin, but touching Yoongi like this, it felt nice and exciting. It was a pity though, that Jungkook couldn’t see the hybrid’s face, he could only see that the flush all over his body had become even more prominent. He was dying to see what kind of expression Yoongi was making at the moment. Jungkook flicked his wrist and the action elicited more sounds from the older, but something made an impression.
“You’re the quiet type, aren’t you?”

“W-what?” Yoongi asked in disbelief, as he tried to catch his breath. Now his body was burning for a whole different reason, Jungkook’s touch felt a million times better than Jungmin’s, careful yet firm, attentive yet on point.

“Jimin is rather vocal in bed, while you’re trying to keep your voice down.”

Oh, Yoongi was well aware of how vocal Jimin could get, but he thought that Jungkook wouldn’t enjoy hearing his voice, so he bit back moan after moan.

“I just- *mgh*...”

Yoongi shifted a little and he stilled immediately when his bottom came in contact with something very, very hard. Even through the fabric, Yoongi could feel Jungkook’s erection. Was he the one who caused this? Was he the one who made Jungkook feel like this?

“Jung-Jungkook…”

“Aah, you noticed.” Jungkook sighed in defeat, even though he knew there’s no way Yoongi wouldn’t find out since he was sitting between his legs, but he didn’t expect the hybrid to move back a little and close whatever space there was between them. “Yoongi.” The warning in Jungkook’s voice was more than evident, but that didn’t make the older back down, quite the opposite. The movement was barely there, it was so faint, but Yoongi had started grinding his ass against Jungkook’s fully clothed member. “Yoongi, stop it.”

“I- I- Jungkook.”

Yoongi didn’t think it would come to this, he didn’t think Jungkook would have to use his free hand which had been resting over the hybrid’s stomach, to press down on his hips instead just so he could cease the older’s movements to a minimum. Yoongi knew they wouldn’t do more than this, but they had reached the phase, which he hated the most. The phase during which his own body refused to listen to him and did whatever it wanted and it wanted everything Jungkook could give him, *everything*.

Jungkook didn’t want the hybrid to get the wrong idea, he was only trying to stop the older because he knew what this might lead to and Jungkook didn’t know what he might do if the black-haired male continued doing that. But Jungkook did know that Yoongi was close to reaching his climax, he could tell by the way the older’s body shuddered now and then, he could tell by the older’s incoherent mumbling, the louder noises he had began emitting and his uneven breathing,
the hybrid needed one final push.

Yoongi’s tail had been pressed between their bodies ever since they started this and Jungkook had waited long enough to do this, he had a hunch about why the older was so adamant on not letting him touch his tail and it was time for Jungkook to finally confirm his suspicion.

He released his hold on the hybrid’s hips and hoped that Yoongi won’t trash too much in his arms. Jungkook continued pumping the older’s cock in a steady rhythm with his right hand and moved his left hand towards Yoongi’s backside. He admired the fluffy looking black tail for a few seconds before he finally dared to touch it and ah… it was softer than anything Jungkook had ever laid his hands on. Softer than Jimin’s silky hair after a shower, softer even than the hybrid’s ears, softer than the fur of any cat, which Jungkook had petted in his life and he slightly hissed when the hybrid grabbed his arm and scratched it, just like an irritated kitty.

“Oh my g-god- what the- Jungkook, no. D-don’t touch my tail, f-fuck.”

Yoongi felt the most vulnerable whenever his tail was touched, it was the most sensitive part of his body and Jungkook was not only touching it, he was stroking it at the same speed as the one he was using for his right hand and the hybrid’s breath hitched when he felt Jungkook’s lips on his neck, exactly at same time the younger touched the tip of the hybrid’s tail and that was it, Jeon Jungkook had managed to achieve an all kill.

Yoongi’s whole body jerked forward, as he came all over Jungkook’s hand, with a rather loud moan, because god dang it, that had to be his most intense orgasm in years.

Jungkook reluctantly let go of the older’s tail and he looked at his hand, which was covered in a sticky substance, he did not expect the hybrid would come that hard. Yoongi fell back onto Jungkook’s chest and tried to gather his thoughts, he still had a bit of difficulty in believing that had just happened and was positive that both him and his body were going to remember Jungkook’s touch for a very long time.

“Are you okay?”

The human asked after a minute or so of complete silence and was Yoongi okay? He was much more than just okay.

“Y-yes. I- yeah.” Yoongi did not like how raspy his voice sounded, he needed and wanted some water. “It was good- it felt really good.”

An airy chuckle escaped from Jungkook upon the blunt answer.
“That’s not really what I asked, but okay… good to know.”

Thankfully, Yoongi’s brain was still not functioning properly, so he didn’t register what he had said, but maybe it was for the better. He glanced at Jungkook’s right hand, his eyes quickly moved upwards and they landed on the marks, which he had left not long ago. It looked as if Jungkook had been attacked by some fierce animal, there was no blood, but the skin was quite reddened.

“I’m sorry.” Yoongi apologized, as guilt invaded his whole being. “I- I didn’t mean to do that, but holy shit! You fucking touched my tail, you damn brat!!!”

Jungkook laughed, because of the apology, the hybrid sounded more mad than apologetic.

“You agreed to let me touch it.”

“NOT NOW!”

“When then?”

“That-! T-that… just… not now…”

Jungkook was sure that if he could get a glimpse of the older’s face right now, the hybrid’s characteristic pout would be present. Since Yoongi was resting his body against his chest now, Jungkook could tell that the older’s temperature was returning back to normal and he was really glad that he had succeeded in helping the hybrid.

“I need a shower.”

Yoongi claimed after a while, he had to get up now, otherwise he was seriously going to fall asleep just like this, he always got so drowsy after... well, sexual activities.

“Do you want to me to prepare the bathtub for you? I can add a bath bomb too.”

“What? Are you serious? We have that?” Yoongi questioned in amazement, he had never really used the bathtub before.

“Yes. Surgeries stress out Jimin a lot, so he usually spends a lot of time in the bath tub to relax.”

“Why?” The hybrid asked, as he craned his neck a little, so he could look at Jungkook. It was
weird, how they could stay so close to each other and talk comfortably despite all which had happened tonight.

“Hm?”

“Why do surgeries stress him out?”

“Because he feels bad for the animals.”

“But… he’s helping them, right? So, why?” Yoongi couldn’t really understand why that could trouble Jimin.

“Yeah, he is. But the animals still feel pain before and after the anesthesia, they need some time to recover and he feels bad, even though he is treating them.”

“Jiminie is a way too nice.”

Yoongi was given the opportunity to choose from vanilla, coconut and roses scented bath bombs and he went for vanilla just because he felt like it. He cleaned up in the shower stall, while Jungkook got the bathtub ready and don’t ask Yoongi why, but he made Jungkook look the other way when he stepped out of the stall and walked over to the tub. Jungkook had practically seen him naked already, because the human did help him to get out of the bed and guided him towards the bathroom, because Yoongi’s thin legs had decided that it was an awesome idea to turn into jelly that might give out any second. But the hybrid started feeling more and more embarrassed, as his mind cleared.

The moment he dipped into the water though, his muscles relaxed completely. The temperature of the water was perfect, neither too hot nor too cold, it was exactly what Yoongi needed.

He was surprised when Jungkook sat down on the bathroom floor, the tiles were probably cold, but the human did not complain and just stayed right there, next to Yoongi who was in the tub.

Jungmin rarely stayed behind after they were done, he didn’t leave only when Yoongi asked him not to, but there was no need to say anything to Jungkook, the boy did it without being told and the
thought that Jungkook just wanted to spend more time with him, warmed up Yoongi’s heart.

That brat really was something.

The hybrid once again looked at the human’s arms, Jungkook had rolled up his sleeves, because he didn’t want to get them wet due to the contact with the water and Yoongi fought the urge to stare, but it was a futile attempt. The older wanted to reach out and hold Jungkook’s hands, the same hands which had touched him so fervently yet so tenderly, the same hands which had touched his tail and- ah, right, the brat had teased him more than enough for one night, it was time for a payback.

“Hey, Jungkook.”

The boy was in the middle of explaining that he preferred bubble baths, because it was fun to play with the bubbles, but when the hybrid called out his name, he halted his little talk.

“Is there still a tent in your pants?”

Seeing Jungkook’s stunned expression was such a rare sight, making the forever talking lawyer who always had an argument or two to defend his opinion, to lose the ability to speak… Min Yoongi lived for such moments.

“That was entirely your fault.”

Jungkook muttered and splashed some water towards the older’s face. Luckily, Jungkook had a pretty accurate aim and the hybrid groaned when the water landed on his face.

“Yah!”

Yoongi scolded, but he smirked, because he kind of felt proud of himself. His happiness was short-lived though.

“Do I need to remind you what you did after you found out?”

The so-called payback backfired at Yoongi with full force and now he was the one who was at a loss of words, he slid down so that only his face was above the water and made the mental note to never ever try to corner Jungkook like that, because the brat would always know how to play against him.
Stupid brat, stupid brat. There’s nowhere to hide, he’s staring at me. Ugh, change the topic Min Yoongi. Divert the talk in a completely different direction... Think, think.

The hybrid let his eyes wander around and he spotted one of the shampoo bottles next the sink.

“Can you... uh... wash my hair?”

Jungkook arched an eyebrow, but he did not question the request and rose to his feet. The human walked over to the sink and Yoongi let out a sigh of relief, the talk was dropped, he could breathe normally again. He laid his head on the edge of the bathtub, so Jungkook could have easier access to it. The boy couldn’t avoid getting his clothes wet now, but maybe he didn’t mind, because Yoongi soon felt how Jungkook ran his fingers through his hair and started massaging his scalp, while being mindful of his ears. Nobody had ever washed Yoongi’s hair for him, maybe Dahye did when he was a child, but the hybrid had no memory of it. Yoongi could fall asleep without regrets now, but he tried to keep his eyes open, because Jungkook ran his fingers through his hair and started massaging his scalp, while being mindful of his ears. Nobody had ever washed Yoongi’s hair for him, maybe Dahye did when he was a child, but the hybrid had no memory of it. Yoongi could fall asleep without regrets now, but he tried to keep his eyes open, because 1) he was still in the bathtub, 2) he was still naked, 3) Jungkook was there and Yoongi couldn’t risk falling asleep, because that meant Jungkook would have to carry him to bed just like on the night when the hybrid was too sleepy after drinking wine, so nope, Yoongi had to stay awake.

“Ow.” The older whined when the human pulled his hair a bit. “Gently, Jungkook.”

“What now? You’re oversensitive or something?” Jungkook tried to joke, because really, he was barely using any strength, but the hybrid’s reply made him freeze.

“In my post heat state? You bet.”

Jungkook paused shampooing the older’s hair and his mind drifted back to the day on which he told Hoseok about Yoongi and his Sunbae’s words echoed in his head.

‘I’ve heard that males are much more sensitive, responsive and submissive. A cat, huh? He must be a cutie. I bet he’ll be easy to train as well.’

“Submissive...”

Jungkook repeated dumbly and the hybrid’s ears perked up in interest.

“Did you say something?”

“N-no, nothing.” Jungkook answered, as he carefully sprayed water with the shower head, away from the older’s eyes, which were wide open, the boy didn’t want any shampoo to fall in the
hybrid’s eyes.

Jungkook was almost done with washing his hair and they’ve spent quite a lot of time in the bathroom already, so Yoongi knew it was about time to head to bed, but… he didn’t really want to sleep in his bed tonight, so he gathered the courage to utter the question, which had been at the tip of his tongue for quite a while.

“Can I… sleep with you tonight?”

“You can’t get enough of me, huh?”

The human’s tone was so playful that Yoongi wanted to smack him, but Jungkook was still in the middle of removing the shampoo from his hair.

“Brat.”

“Don’t worry. I wasn’t planning on leaving you alone even for a second anyway.”

Maybe Yoongi liked how that sounded… a bit too much.

Yoongi felt like a new person- hybrid, after the bath. He was definitely going to soak into the bathtub at least once a week. He felt absolutely refreshed, but also very sleepy and he insisted that he often went to bed with wet hair, so it wasn’t a problem, but Jeon Jungkook was a very stubborn human, so he was currently in the middle of drying the hybrid’s hair with a towel.

Yoongi was sitting on the bed, he just wanted to lie down and sleep and yet he couldn’t – the definition of so close yet so far away.

The hybrid was about to yawn when Jungkook suddenly let the towel fall on the older’s shoulders and started ruffling his hair with his hands, the action caught Yoongi off guard.

“I love your ears.”
Jungkook confessed, after making sure that the older’s hair was dry and grabbed the towel, which he had dropped on the older’s shoulders. He briefly touched one of the hybrid’s ears and stepped back a little, but the damaged had been done already, because the older was left blushing.

Yoongi really didn’t know how to deal with Jungkook’s compliments. Jimin told him nice things all the time, but the youngest often did it in an indirect way, he has been doing it more openly lately though and Yoongi just blinked for a while, trying to come up with something smart to say.

“Well, they’re pretty nice I guess. Like everything else about me.”

The comment made Jungkook laugh and the hybrid smiled as well.

“Off to bed now.”

Yoongi didn’t need to be told twice, because… finally. Nothing felt better than letting your tired body fall on the soft mattress and sleep soundly all night. The hybrid was going to use Jimin’s side of the bed for the night and Yoongi buried his face in the vet’s pillow. It was wonderful to be close to Jimin’s scent again, because even after the long time spent in the tub, Yoongi couldn’t tell where Jungkook’s scent ended and his own began, they had mingled together.

New weight was added to the bed and the hybrid turned his face to the left in time to see how Jungkook lay down on the bed next to him. The lamp on the nightstand was still on and Yoongi even though they had been apart for barely half a day now, the hybrid really wanted to see the vet again.

“I miss Jimin.” He said, as he scooted closer to Jungkook, because now that his heat had passed, he once again longed for the human’s warmth.

“Me too, but he’ll be back soon.”

“Did you… tell him?”

Yoongi knew that there was no need to clarify what he meant by that and Jungkook shook his head in response.

“No. I texted him while you were getting dressed. I just wrote that you were not feeling well, but you’re better now. It’s already past midnight, you know how he is. He might worry too much and not fall asleep. I’ll call him in the morning and properly explain the situation.”
The hybrid knew that Jungkook had made the right choice, the news about Yoongi’s heat were probably going to keep Jimin awake all night.

It was indeed quite late already and the hybrid was hungry since he hadn’t eaten dinner, but he once again declined Jungkook’s offer to bring him some food. Yoongi could see that the younger was exhausted as well and he didn’t want to cause him any more trouble. Jungkook had done so much for him in the past hours, Yoongi could only say ‘Thank you, thank you.’ over and over again, because he was greatly grateful. It was hard to express it only with words, but for the first time ever the hybrid did not feel as miserable as before during his heat. He knew it was all thanks to Jungkook, perhaps Yoongi’s heats were going to be a little more tolerable from now on?

“Oh, what’s going on?”

The question made the older snap out of his trance. He was so lost in his thoughts that it took him some time to realize what he had just done. Maybe the words were really not enough after all and that’s why Yoongi’s body had decided to show his appreciation in another way, because the hybrid’s tail was now wrapped around Jungkook’s waist and by the looks of it… it was not going anywhere.

“I-I don’t know…” Yoongi stammered lamely, this has never happened before, it was like his tail was hugging Jungkook and the hybrid was seriously baffled. “I guess my stupid tail likes you.”

“Hmm… so you and your tail have different opinions?”

Jeon Jungkook had to learn when and how to keep his mouth shut.

“Shut up.” Yoongi tried to retreat his tail, but it refused to budge.

“Why can’t you just say that you like me?”

Yoongi’s face tinted in pink, why was it always like this? He was always trapped in the most critical situations with no way out, because Jungkook had circled his arms around his body and the hybrid was 100% sure that he wouldn’t be able to escape even if he tried to.

“I-I told you to shut up.”

“I like you.”

“Shu- h-huh?”
“I said I like you.”

Yoongi’s eyes widened, because of Jungkook’s statement. The hybrid couldn’t even think about brushing off the words as a joke, because the younger looked absolutely serious. Why was the brat so keen on giving him have a heart attack tonight?

“Like… as in… you’re bearable to live with or-”

Yoongi couldn’t finish his question, because Jungkook leaned in and captured his lips. The hybrid vaguely remembered how it felt to have the human’s lips against his own, but he didn’t really think the passing of the pill from a few hours ago could be counted as a kiss, this however without a doubt was. It lasted only for a few seconds before Jungkook tried to pull away, but Yoongi didn’t give him the chance to do so and he tightly gripped the front of the human’s shirt to keep him in place. The hybrid tilted his head a bit and pressed his lips onto Jungkook’s, more firmly and their mouths started moving in synch. The lawyer’s lips were not as plump as Jimin’s, but they were just as warm and Yoongi enjoyed the kiss a lot, there was no rush, it was tender and sensual. The hybrid had never been a huge fan of kissing, but he was starting to think that things were drastically going to change. He decided to nip on the younger’s bottom lip just to tease him and he human let out a grunt. Jungkook tried to lick his way into Yoongi’s mouth, but the older quickly broke the kiss, he believed that the brat deserved to be left hanging… just this once.

It felt surreal – to be in Jungkook’s embrace, to kiss him, to be so close to him and to receive a confession from him. Yoongi began questioning their relationship from the moment the younger agreed to give him and Jimin a chance, maybe even before that actually. The hybrid was very perplexed at first, because he knew that both Jungkook and Jimin meant a lot to him and his feelings for the two humans were the same and yet different, because Park Jimin and Jeon Jungkook were two different people and they provoked different types of emotions to swirl in Yoongi’s mind and heart.

For example, if Jimin called him cute, the hybrid would just stay silent for a few seconds and then he would smile.

But if Jungkook called him cute, he would slap the human’s arm and maybe even glare at him.

If Jimin hugged him, Yoongi would just continue with whatever he was doing without paying much heed to the vet, because he was already used to the blonde’s clinginess.

If Jungkook hugged him, Yoongi was definitely going to freeze in place and then leave the room as soon as possible with a fast beating heart.

If Jimin kissed him, the black-haired male was simply going to kiss back and initiate a few kisses of his own. Kissing Jimin was an addiction, nobody could change the hybrid’s opinion on that.
If Jungkook kissed him, Yoongi was going to kiss back much more eagerly just so he could show some type of dominance. He was four damn years older than the brat for god’s sake and he had to show that kid how it's done… like the responsible adult that he was.

Even though Jimin and Jungkook made him react in a different way, the core of the emotion was still the same, it was strong and the flame that had been lighted up in his heart was just getting bigger and bigger. Yoongi didn’t know if it was possible to fall for two people, to have feelings for two people at the same time, but it had happened to Jimin and it had certainly happened to the hybrid as well.

Some people never found their significant other and Yoongi had found not one, but two remarkable, kind, genuine, sweet, gorgeous humans who felt what he felt for them. Maybe Min Yoongi had saved the nation in his previous life?

Whatever the reason, the hybrid felt truly blessed and Jungkook was currently staring at him with his beautiful eyes, patiently waiting for the older to say something, to give him an answer with words, not just with… his body.

“My tail likes you.”

Yoongi proclaimed and the younger rolled his eyes. Jungkook opened his mouth to retort, but hybrid cut in right away.

“A-and I treasure my tail a lot! So… you b-better feel damn special, Jeon Jungkook!!”

Jungkook smiled brightly upon hearing that, his face was adorn with that cheeky grin, which Yoongi most likely had a thing for and the human pulled the older even closer to him.

“What an honor. Does that mean I’ll get another kiss?”

_F-fuck, this brat is on a roll tonight. I’ll get a heart disease, because of him!

“No, but you might get a punch in that handsome face of yours.”

Yoongi smacked his lips together, only nonsense after nonsense left his mouth tonight.

“Handsome, huh?”
The hybrid huffed heavily, he had just boosted Jungkook’s ego, *fantastic*.

“Shut up, shut up! Don’t make me scratch you again!”

Yoongi was rather good at that, even though he didn’t have actual claws like cats did. He did what he had to, to keep intruders away from his territory and by *his* territory he actually meant that cozy spot under Banpo Bridge from where he could watch the rainbow fountain, tons of people stopped by to watch the light show every night and the breeze by Han river was quite enjoyable or that one very comfy bench at Yongsan Park, Yoongi really liked going there since it was a family park and it was usually rather peaceful there, except for the times when children spotted him and wanted to play with him. Yoongi was not good with kids, they were loud and demanding and unpredictable and had too much energy. He did get curious once though when a girl, who was pushing a pram, passed by him. She looked a bit too young to be a mother, but she seemed very happy and that’s all which mattered. The girl had introduced herself as Hyunjin and she sat next to the hybrid on the bench. At one point, her new-born baby girl started crying and Hyunjin rocked her back and forth in her arms to calm her down. Yoongi had never been so close to a baby before, it looked so small and fragile, she was a bit too loud and had drooled on her mother’s dress, but she had grabbed the hybrid’s pinky while smiling and Yoongi couldn’t help smiling back.

“Why are you being so feisty all of a sudden?” Jungkook wondered out loud, as he observed the hybrid. “You were so docile less than an hour ago.”

“*Stop talking.* I want to sleep.”

Yoongi had to ask Jimin for some advice on how to cope with the phenomenon called Jeon Jungkook. The two humans had been together for five years already and Yoongi doubted he was going to last more than five days versus this type of Jungkook. The hybrid prayed that he was wrong, but something told him that Jungkook was going to tease him even more from now on.

The older hid his face in the human’s chest, it was ironical really – the only way to escape from Jungkook, was to use the said boy’s body as a shield. Yoongi was supposed to smell like vanilla, because of the bath bomb, but no… the younger’s soothing lily scent was everywhere, including all over the hybrid. Yoongi closed his eyes when Jungkook started caressing his back and he fell asleep in less than a minute.

Jungkook had a few more things to say, but alright… enough for one night. But he knew that Yoongi wasn’t really mad at him, because the older never let go of his shirt and besides…

The hybrid purred in Jungkook’s arms, all night long.
No wonder Yoonkook’s other ship name is Sugakookie… they are sweeter than a hundred Nutella jars combined xD

Jungkook is whipped… what’s new? :D

Did you think that Yoonkook would have sex just because Yoongi is in heat?? Ha, think again! But at least Jungkook finally touched the precious tail *claps*

You should know that by now, but… the slow burn in this story is really slow haha

Jimin is in Jeju, but he still managed to cockblock Yoonkook with that damn pill lol

I’m sure that most of you have already seen this - that Yoonkook moment melted my heart! >w<
Can we just talk about the fact that Yoongi is wearing all black, with a t-shirt that says black cat on the front and has a cat face, I just- kjobebeagb!! & Jimin’s reaction?? He totally ships it! xD

Some people mentioned that they wish Namjin could get together, but I have to say that probably won’t happen…
I do ship Namjin a lot! But Seokjin might or might not appear in the story, even if he does I won’t just throw him in a relationship with Joon, because it won’t have much depth… if I can all it like that, I just won’t have the time to explore their relationship. As I’ve said before, my main focus is on Yoonminkook and Vhope will get the attention they deserve as well :)

Last, but not least in importance – the concept photos are just wow! ♥
The Forest Princes snatched me, but the L version, aah… and Yoongi’s photo for the F version is adorable! >o< It’s also so colorful! *o*
I might like the S version the least, because of the outfits and sets, but I like the
meaning behind those photos a lot.
First of all… thank you soooo much for the 2k+ kudos and 35k+ hits! o.o
Thank you, thank you! ♥

Hyung line’s solos are so strong in this album! I like them more than during the Wings era! hehe
My album should arrive around 10th September and if I get Yoongi’s photocard like I did in Her and Tear… I guess I should throw a party xD

This was supposed to be a fluffy Yoonkook continuation of last time… I mean, there is fluff. But… but-

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Surprisingly, Yoongi woke up rather early today, but it was simply because he hadn’t eaten much on the day before and he was starving.

Jungkook woke up at the same time, because of the movement next to him, but he stayed behind so he could talk to Jimin on the phone and just now waltzed into the kitchen. He stumbled upon Yoongi who was standing on his toes, while trying to reach something from cupboard.
Jungkook just stood at the door for a while to admire the sight before him. The hybrid was wearing one of Jimin’s oversized grey t-shirts and… nothing else. Yoongi had put on the t-shirt in the morning, and Jungkook clearly heard him mumble under his breath ‘Damn it, now I reek of Jungkook… Jimin… I need to wear something that belongs to Jimin.’

Jungkook had tried to suppress his laugher at the time, because the hybrid almost sounded mad even though Yoongi was the one who refused to let go of Jungkook all night long and besides, the human did not want the older to know that he was awake.

Jungkook tried to focus on the hybrid’s cute attempt and failure to reach whatever he needed from the cupboard, but as Jungkook ran his eyes over the older’s frame, his gaze just stopped at Yoongi’s pale legs and the way his tail swished from side to side in irritation. Jimin’s t-shirt was rather long, it was above the hybrid’s knees, but the contrast between Yoongi’s black tail and his fair skin complexion made an impression as always.

The human stared for a few more seconds before he finally walked towards the hybrid. Usually, Yoongi would’ve noticed the younger’s presence right away, but he was so invested in his little task and he realized that the other was in the kitchen only when Jungkook stood behind him.

“Is this how Jungkook is in a relationship? Gosh, this brat is going to be the death of me. Something else?”

Yoongi gulped down and tried to gather his thoughts.

“Uuuh…..” Yoongi did go to the kitchen with a goal in mind, but he was still far from being used
to dealing with Jungkook, so early in the morning.

“Milk.”

“Milk.”

Jungkook repeated, as he stepped back and headed towards the fridge. Yoongi used the chance to go and sit on his chair at the table, while clutching his cookies tightly.

“Warm or cold?”

“Warm, please.”

The hybrid responded without hesitation, but weird… since when does Min Yoongi say please?

Jungkook took out the bottle of milk they had and poured some from it in his favorite Iron Man cup, he drank his coffee in it all the time, but today he felt like letting the hybrid use it. Jungkook was still not over the fact that Yoongi did not like Iron Man. At first the hybrid, didn’t even know who the superhero was and Jungkook was honestly baffled, so he made it his mission to turn the black-haired male into a Marvel fan, it kind of worked, but not in the way Jungkook was hoping.

Jungkook had watched each Marvel movie tons of times, Jimin was probably sick of them, because he always tagged along to the cinema or sat next to Jungkook at home while he was re-watching the movies for the nth time, but Jimin did the same on the night on which Jungkook dragged Yoongi to the living room, so they could watch the movies. The vet brought some snacks and drinks, as he settled next to Yoongi who was sitting in the middle and handed the hybrid a bowl of popcorn. Jungkook didn’t want the hybrid to miss out anything from the whole story, so it actually took them a few nights to reach the Avengers movies, because they could watch only two movies per night, since it always got really late and their marathon sessions ended as abruptly as they had started when Yoongi said ‘That Tony Stark dude is a jerk. I like the one with the hammer. I mean look at him – he’s a God… for God’s sake.’, Jimin had laughed for good five minutes while Jungkook couldn’t believe that Yoongi had picked Thor over Iron Man, who does that???

The microwave soon beeped and Jungkook took out the ceramic cup, no steam was coming from the milk, which was good, he just wanted to warm it up a little, he didn’t want the hybrid to burn his tongue, because he had the hunch that Yoongi would start drinking right away and he was right. The second he placed the cup in front of the older, the hybrid grabbed it and took a few sips before he started munching on a cookie.

“Cookies and milk for breakfast? Will that be enough?” Jungkook asked amused, as he sat on the chair opposite of the older.

“Breakfast? Nah, you can say this is just an appetizer, I simply wanted to eat something sweet.”
“You missed dinner last night, so I guess we’ll be having a lavish breakfast today.”

The hybrid just hummed in response, as he ate two more cookies and finished the rest of his milk in one go.

“So this is why Jimin buys milk almost every day.”

Jungkook concluded, because the contents of the Iron Man cup were emptied in a flash. He often had to leave for work early in the morning and he couldn’t have a proper breakfast with Jimin and Yoongi most of the time. Jungkook liked adding milk to his coffee and so did Jimin, but he did notice that ever since the hybrid started living with them, the fridge was always stocked with milk.

“Yeah, I tend to drink a glass or two a day.”

“Because…?” Jungkook drawled out, waiting for the older to finish instead of him.

“I’m attached to it.”

Yoongi said, but that didn’t really explain anything, so the human tilted his head to the side and the black-haired male sighed in defeat.

“When I was little-”

The hybrid’s speech was suddenly cut off when a snort escaped from Jungkook’s lips and Yoongi narrowed his eyes at the lawyer.

“When I was young-” Yoongi still corrected himself, because it turns out that the myth that you grow up a lot if you drink milk or eat a bunch of other products which contain milk, did not really apply to him. “I used to cause Dahye lots of trouble. She told me that I refused to eat anything when she first bought me, so that worried her a lot, but one morning she was drinking a cup of warm milk and said that I seemed interested in it, so she gave it to me. I guess it just kind of turned into a habit, to drink milk.”

Yoongi shrugged his shoulders and tried to sound nonchalant, he had never really thought about it before and Jimin never made a comment about it either, not even when Yoongi asked him for another cup of milk, it was a part of their morning routine now.

It’s not like Jungkook had never seen Yoongi drink milk before, even though on most mornings the lawyer was already getting ready for work when the hybrid woke up, they still had breakfast together fairly often during the weekends. Jungkook just never addressed the matter, but Yoongi was partly a cat so it did make sense that he would like milk.
It was a brand new day and the itch to tease the hybrid was present, as always.

“So you used to be a bad kitty years ago, huh? Poor Dahye-shi.”

Yoongi’s eyes widened a bit and gripped the cup, which he was still holding.

“Call me like that one more time, Jeon Jungkook and see what happens.”

“Oh, what are you going to do?” Jungkook laughed, because the hybrid’s reactions were as funny as ever.

“I’ll smash your precious, stupid cup. Do you want to see it in pieces on the floor??”

A triumphant smile appeared on Yoongi’s face instantly, because it seemed like Jungkook wasn’t expecting to hear that and his lips slightly parted in shock.

“You wouldn’t.”

The human did not sound sure at all and of course Yoongi would never dare to do something like that, he knew how much the younger treasured his Iron Man cup, but Jungkook was the one who started this.

“Try me, brat.”

What a bad kitty.

Jungkook was not willing to find out how serious the older was, so he opted for changing the topic, he was about to let the hybrid know anyway.

“I spoke to Jimin.”

Yoongi started playing with the cup now, he felt nervous all of a sudden.

“What did he say?”

Jungkook ran a hand through his hair and that told the hybrid enough, the lawyer was not pleased with the outcome of the conversation.
“As expected… he said he’s coming back with the first possible flight.”

Honestly, Yoongi had seen it coming, he knew how Jimin was, but he hoped that the vet would stay at Jeju, he had been so excited, so thrilled to attended the event.

“I told him that you’re… fine now, but he didn’t want to listen. And if I remember correctly, tomorrow morning is the lecture from the English professor, whom he had been admiring since forever… he practiced his English so hard just because he wanted to say ‘Hello’.”

Yoongi couldn’t allow this, he couldn’t take this away from Jimin, the vet might not have the chance to go to the event next year and Yoongi was going to make sure that Park Jimin was not going to miss out something, which he had been dreaming about for years.

“Let me talk to him.”

Yoongi demanded and he was surprised how confident he sounded, because he had never really used a phone before, except for the times when Jungmin lent him his phone, so he could listen to music. So what if he presses a wrong button or breaks it or-?

“How about a video call? I think it will ease Jimin even more, to actually see that you’re okay.”

Yoongi would be a fool to say no to the suggestion, so he immediately accepted the offer.

“Yeah, sure.”

Thankfully, Yoongi managed to convince the vet to stay in Jeju at least until the lecture he was looking forward to, ended. It was supposed to start at 11 am tomorrow and last about two hours. There was a flight at 2:15 pm and luckily, there were still some seats available, so Jimin booked one. The duration of the flight was a little bit over an hour, but the traffic in Seoul was always terrible during the weekends, so Jimin was unlikely to get back before 4 pm.

“I bet on the one with the chestnut hair.”

Yoongi broke the silence after a while and Jungkook turned his head towards him. The hybrid did not look away from the screen, but he could feel that the younger’s eyes were on him now, so he
“Provided an explanation.

“She’s going to die first. She’s being too loud, why the fuck would she scream so much if she knew she was being chased?”

_Maybe, because she’s scared._

Jungkook wanted to say, but did not voice out his thoughts.

Yoongi was finally wearing a set of his own clothes and after the breakfast, which actually turned into a lunch, he took a short nap on the couch.

Jungkook had to look over some details about his new case, but he didn’t want to leave the hybrid alone, so he went to the bedroom, took his laptop with him along with a few files and sat on the armchair from where he could peek at Yoongi’s sleeping form from time to time.

The hybrid woke up in the early afternoon and even though Jungkook was still far from being done with his work, he set his laptop aside and made his way towards the older who was in the middle of stretching his limbs.

When Jungkook sat on the couch next to Yoongi, he was a little surprised when the older moved closer to him and leaned his body against his. It was an opportunity and Jeon Jungkook never failed to act when he saw an opportunity, so he draped his arm around Yoongi’s shoulders and definitely did not miss the smile, which graced the older’s features.

They decided to watch the first movie they came across and sadly, it happened to be a typical horror movie, with a shitty plot and too much fake blood, but oh well… at least Yoongi looked much more awake now and genuinely curious about what would happen next.

“The one with short hair. I bet on her.” Jungkook commented, as he slipped his fingers through the hybrid’s soft locks and started twirling a few strands of his hair.

“Why? She’s being very quiet and she’s hiding in the closet.”

Yoongi tried not to sway his attention away from the movie, but the way Jungkook was tenderly playing with his hair, was making it difficult for the hybrid to focus on anything else.

“Exactly. She’s not moving from her spot. You have a higher chance to survive if you change your location all the time.”

“But… you might run into the killer that way.”
Yoongi pointed out and Jungkook nodded his head in agreement, even though the hybrid could not see him since he was still facing the tv, while Jungkook was staring at the hybrid’s profile.

“True, but you can also avoid him or find a better hiding place or an useful item to defend yourself with. If you’re circling the same area, like they are doing at the moment.” Jungkook paused for a moment, as he briefly glanced at the tv again where the main characters were trapped inside a mansion. “Running into the killer is bound to happen anyway, staying in the same place and just waiting to be found is not the best tactic. If you want to stay alive, that is.”

Yoongi tore his eyes away from the screen and looked at Jungkook, the boy spoke with a monotone tone, as if he was explaining something trivial, but the hybrid knew there was more to it and he could clearly see it in Jungkook’s eyes – there was sadness in them.

“You…” Yoongi hesitated, maybe he shouldn’t ask, maybe it was a bad idea, but the look in Jungkook’s eyes… it told a story on its own, a story which Yoongi wanted to hear more about. “You have met murderers, right? What… what are they like?”

Jungkook stilled his hand and for a second, Yoongi regretted asking, but it really looked like the younger was willing to share and the hybrid wasn’t wrong.

“They look like everyone else, normal… until they open their mouths.” Jungkook’s jaw tightened, as he recalled some conversations, some people whom he desperately wished he had never met. “You could mistake them for people who were framed and falsely accused, until their true colors show. Until they realize how proud they are of what they have done, until they start giving you details, until they begin spilling everything… until you hear them say how good it feels to take away someone’s life, how great it is to have someone’s hot blood on their cold hands and you can see that they feel no remorse at all. And do you know what the worst part is?” Yoongi shook his head in response, because honestly he had no idea, those things already sounded bad enough. “The worst part is when they look you in the eyes and tell you that they wish they could do it again. There are many who kill in the spur of the moment, out of anger or another blinding emotion and try to seek redemption for what they’ve done, but there are others who kill for no apparent reason and-” Jungkook’s voice broke and Yoongi just listening to this made his heart ache, he couldn’t imagine what Jungkook had been through. “I have seen some terrible things, Hyung. Things that… I will never be able to forget, no matter how much I want to.”

Seeing Jungkook like this, reminded Yoongi of the Jungkook he had seen on that night when the lawyer got back home late and cried in Jimin’s embrace. Jungkook often teased and joked, he acted like the brat he was on a daily basis, but he was so lively and energetic that at times Yoongi forgot that Jungkook was only 24 and had a very tough job. The ever smiling and playful Jungkook suddenly looked so incredibly hurt that the hybrid didn’t think twice before he wrapped his arms around Jungkook’s torso and hugged him tightly.

Jeon Jungkook was one hella strong kid… in every meaning of that word.

“Isn’t it hard?” Yoongi questioned, his voice was a bit muffled due to the fact that had he buried
his face in the younger’s chest and he could feel how Jungkook’s whole body had tensed up, because of their talk. The hybrid looked up and left a fleeting kiss on Jungkook’s lips in hope to lift the younger’s spirits and the lawyer smiled a little.

“It’s hard, really hard.” Jungkook let his arms fall on the hybrid’s waist, just having Yoongi so close to him was making him feel better. “I have a close friend who’s a police officer. He… was practically devastated when he saw his first dead body, he thought he was ready, but nobody can prepare you for what you’re going to find at the crime scene. What I deal with is the aftermath and trust me… that’s just as hard. But there’s so much pain in his world, so many people are suffering and I just want to do something for them.”

Despite the many sleepless nights, despite the countless hours of work and the many hardships, Jungkook had never regretted his choice.

“Lim Chungjae. I’ll remember that name until my last b-breath.”

Jungkook’s voice wavered once again and Yoongi tightened his hold around the younger’s body. Jungkook had talked to Jimin about his cases many times, he had told the hybrid some things as well, but he couldn’t help it, Jungkook was always swept by emotions whenever he spoke about his cases, because each one of them left a certain trail in his life, each case left something behind, be it the gratitude of the victim’s relative, lover, a friend or the vicious glint in the look of the person on the other side of the court room, a person whom Jungkook felt the urge to put behind bars.

“He was the offender of my first case.” Jungkook supplied after a while, because he got lost in his thoughts and it took him some time to start speaking again. “Attempted murder, that was the crime he was accused of and he admitted to all charges. When I met him, he told me that he regrets it a lot. I was kind of relieved to hear that he was repenting, but I was just being foolish.” Yoongi shifted a little and placed his chin on the younger’s chest, so he could get a better look at him and innocent, wishful thinking flashed through the boy’s eyes. “He told me that his only regret was that he was accused of attempted murder and not… a murder.”

Yoongi thought that the younger took his cases to heart too much, but how not to be affected when Jungkook had seen people with tears in their eyes, people who were mourning, people who would probably never be the same after losing someone dear to them. While Jungkook was working on a case, he carefully gathered information and the people’s pain became his pain. Jungkook’s cases turned into something personal each time and that probably made things even harder, but after winning a case… the feeling just couldn’t be described with words. Finally reaching freedom after being trapped in a small space that suffocated you, maybe it was something similar, a weight was lifted from Jungkook’s shoulders every single time he heard a ‘Thank you.’ from someone whom he had helped. It made everything worth it, it made him keep going.

“I’ve always tried to look for the best in people… like Jimin-hyung always does.” Jungkook continued and his smile widened, because really… he had never met a kinder person than Park Jimin. “But… sometimes, it’s just impossible. I can’t- I can’t when I know what they’ve done and-”
Yoongi lifted his body a little and whatever else Jungkook had to say, the words died down in his throat when the older kissed him again. Jungkook’s fingers slipped from the hyrid’s hair to his nape, so he could bring him even closer. Neither of them had the intention to deepen the kiss, they just wanted to shorten the distance, mouth against mouth, warm lips pressed together, hands on each other’s body, it was reassuring and comforting.

“It’s okay… it’s okay, Jungkook.” Yoongi uttered when he pulled back a bit and leaned his forehead against the younger’s. “You don’t have to try so hard, some people just… don’t deserve it.”

Yoongi understood very well, probably better than anyone else. He had tried his best to see the good in Jungmin, he had told himself numerous times that his previous owner would get better, but things just got worse and worse. Yoongi had tried to see something positive in the system, the system which used pretty words and sweet lies, but at the end of the day that same system crushed dreams and tore children away from their parents, that same system gave one right to the hybrid kind and took twice as much away from them.

“Sometimes, it just doesn’t work out. Sometimes we can do nothing, but face the cruel reality, no matter how harsh it is.”

Jungkook knew that sadly, this was the truth.

“Today’s world is a fearsome place, but… at least there are humans like who try to make it a better place.”

Yoongi hoped that Jungkook’s efforts wouldn’t be in vain and that no matter what types of disappointments the boy faced along the way, he would never give up.

“Thank you for trying, Jungkook-ah.”

Jimin took off his sneakers in a hurry and left his suitcase by the front door. It was already almost 5 pm, he couldn’t avoid the traffic, everybody was trying to get back home after being away during the weekend.

He saw no one in the living room and his next destination was the kitchen, Jungkook was there. He
was not doing anything in particular, he was standing beside the counter and was probably wondering what to cook for dinner.

“Jungkook.”

The younger turned around and smiled upon seeing his boyfriend. Jimin practically skipped towards Jungkook and enveloped him in a hug. It’s barely been two days, but so much had happened during them that it definitely felt like a longer period of time had passed.

“Welcome back, baby.”

Jimin giggled loudly and oh… how much Jungkook had missed that angelic sound.

“I’m finally home.”

The vet’s lips were captured in a welcoming kiss and even though Jimin really enjoyed his short stay in Jeju, there was no place like home, a place where your loved ones were waiting for you.

“Where’s Hyung?” Jimin asked, as he looked around, his eyes searching for the hybrid.

“He’s sleeping in our room.”

“In our room?”

“Yes.”

Jungkook answered, while popping the ‘p’ and grabbed Jimin’s hand to lead him to the table, so they could sit down.

“Tell me, did you say ‘Hello’ to your crush?” Jungkook questioned when they plopped down on the chairs and that earned him a light slap on the arm.

“For your information – I even shook his hand!”

Jimin bragged, pride evident in his voice. Thank god that he sat next to a woman who was quite good at English and even translated some things for him during the lecture and then dragged Jimin to the professor when he was done with his speech. The man was already in his 60s, but he still spoke about animals with a lot of love and practiced to this day, he was an outstanding vet, someone you can learn a lot from, so when the man had extended his hand for a handshake, Jimin’s inner fangirl had been on cloud nine.
“Good for you. It’s fortunate that you decided to stay there for a little longer, it was once in a lifetime opportunity. That professor might not attend the event next year, right?”

“Yes.”

The man was probably going to retire in a few months, so Jimin was really happy that he got to meet him, but he knew what had happened while he was away and he’d been troubled ever since Jungkook told him that the hybrid was not feeling well, but yesterday morning when his boyfriend clarified that Yoongi had actually been in heat, Jimin was ready to pack his stuff and return to Seoul right away.

“What… really happened, with um… Hyung?”

Jimin had been restless ever since he heard the news, because he couldn’t really ask for details over the phone, knowing that Yoongi was no longer in pain was enough, but he was still worried.

“I gave him one of the pills you bought, but I couldn’t just sit back and do nothing while he could barely breathe.”

Jimin patiently waited for the younger to continue, as he absentmindedly ran his thumb over Jungkook’s since their hands were still connected.

“So I helped him.”

“You used the things you bought from the shop?”

Jungkook had momentary forgotten about the items. Sure, they were bought with a purpose, but it hadn’t come to using them.

“No.” Jungkook awkwardly scratched his nape with his free hand, because he was a little embarrassed to say what actually had happened. “I- uh… I used my hand. But we didn’t- I didn’t-”

Jungkook hurried to add, but Jimin’s soft smile told him that he got it, that he knew they wouldn’t take things too far in his absence.

“And then?”

Jimin was actually more interested in that, because he was certain that Jungkook had helped Yoongi find the much needed relief without much trouble.
“We went to bed and we were talking and really, all kinds of thoughts have been crossing my mind lately and I’ve been thinking about it seriously… about why it was so easy for me to accept everything about you and Yoongi, I’m great at observing, so it didn’t take long for me to realize what feelings you two harbored for each other, but it took me a while, maybe too long to realize what I was feeling.”

“That’s because you’re an oblivious dummy.”

Jimin threw in and Jungkook couldn’t say anything to that, because he could be quite dense when it came to such things.

“You don’t look surprised.”

“Neither were you.” Jimin said, his smile still plastered on his face. “We’ve been together for five years, I know you like the back of my hand and I have eyes as well.”

It was just an assumption, but Jimin was good at reading people. Jungkook indeed had great observation skills and studied people rather well, but Jimin watched and gathered the pieces together to complete the puzzle and have the whole picture before himself, so he was rarely wrong either.

“I confessed first-”

“You did??” Okay, maybe Jimin was surprised now. “What happened to the shy Jungkook who talked in circles and couldn’t even look me in the eyes, while trying to confess?”

Jimin was never going to get tired of bringing that up, because in his eyes the younger’s confession was a really cute one, no matter how much Jungkook wanted to forget about how he stuttered for minutes.

“Shy Jungkook? Never heard of him, never met him.” Jungkook retorted and Jimin laughed. “As I was saying, I confessed first and basically… we’ve been joined at the hip since then. We haven’t left the apartment since we got back from the airport on Friday.”

Jimin left for work later than Jungkook and often got back before him, so he had already spent a fair amount of time with the hybrid, just the two of them, so even though he missed something as important as Yoongi’s heat, he was glad that at least the older and Jungkook got to spend more time in each other’s company.

“Did you figure it out then?”

Jungkook was about to open his mouth and ask what Jimin meant by that, but then he remembered
That night when Jimin had wondered out loud, Jungkook had been completely unbothered, he did not feel uncomfortable knowing that Jimin and Yoongi kissed or hugged he just… didn’t know they did it that often. That was also one of the signs, which made him dwell more onto why Yoongi was different, why it was okay for Jimin to do such things with the hybrid, because if it were someone else, Jungkook was not going to allow it. Surprisingly, the answer was simple – Jungkook did not have any problem with that, simply because he wanted to do the same things with the black-haired male too.

“I think Yoongi’s into cuddling.” Jungkook proclaimed, his mind drifting back to all the times Yoongi had scooted closer to him, craving for more warmth. “But… I think he enjoys kissing as well. Maybe he just likes physical contact?”

“Maybe.”

Jimin wasn’t entirely sure, they were still learning things about each other, likes and dislikes, though the hybrid’s preferences were quite obvious – he loved sleeping in late, he hated loudness, his afternoon naps were a must, he always spoke back but he meant no harm, he got embarrassed easily and sometimes spoke before thinking and ended up uttering something cute. Yoongi never refused hugs or kisses, he had been rather lonely his whole life, so he craved for someone else’s presence. He could be quite sarcastic at times and when he got teased, he always looked for a payback.

And truthfully, Yoongi had never had a thing for skinship, but thanks to Jimin and Jungkook, he was starting to like it a lot and he used to jolt at first just because, nobody had touched him so gently or for no reason. Nobody had held his hand just because, nobody had patted his head just because, nobody had spent hours talking to him just because, nobody had showered him with so much affection and kindness before, so there were a lot of new emotions, emotions which he used to be quite afraid of and now… he was ready to welcome them with open arms.

“I told Yoongi about Chungjae.”

Jimin squeezed the younger’s hand upon hearing that. Jungkook rarely spoke about Chungjae and he had talked about the man only with Jimin. Nobody else knew the significance of that case, nobody knew how deeply it had scarred Jungkook. He had seen criminals before, but it was his first time seeing someone who spoke so openly about his desire to kill. When Jungkook had won the case, everybody at the law firm had congratulated him and told him that he had an aspiring future ahead of himself, but nobody asked how he was. Only Hoseok did, but Jungkook lied and said that he was okay. His Sunbae wasn’t dumb, but he didn’t push Jungkook to talk and just bought him a drink. Sometimes, it was great to have someone you could talk to, someone whom
you could tell your darkest secrets and reveal your biggest fears and desires, for Jungkook that someone had always been Jimin and now… Yoongi as well. And sometimes it was great to have someone by your side who knew how you were really feeling, but didn’t ask you any questions and instead tried to cheer you up, that’s what Hoseok had done and Jungkook could proudly call the older one of his closest friends.

“Did you cry?” Jimin asked, because that’s exactly what Jungkook had done when he told him about Chungjae. The younger did not like showing that side of himself much and often bottled up his feelings, until… they overflowed and so did the tears.

“Of course not!” Jungkook was quick to deny, but the knowing look on Jimin’s face told him that there was no way he could deceive him. “I was close to… but I didn’t, really.”

The kiss, which Yoongi gifted him did the job in calming him down and thanks god, because the last thing he wanted was to sob in front of the hybrid.

“You really have grown up.”

Jimin truly meant that, Jungkook had come a long way, he had both changed a lot and yet remained the same. Maybe that sounded ridiculous, but in Jimin’s head… it just made sense.

Jungkook couldn’t be a fair judge, it was always easier to see the progress in someone else, but when it came to giving yourself feedback about whether you’ve done a good job or not, it was hard. But Jungkook also believed that he had grown up quite a lot in the past five years. Not only because of his job, but also because of his relationship with Jimin and the things they had been through.

“It’s weird…I never thought something like this would happen to us.” Jungkook stated and Jimin knew what the boy was referring to.

“Me too. I love you, Kook. A lot, still do and always will. You make me happy.”

“I love you too and you bring nothing but joy in my life, but-”

“But now you can’t imagine a life without Yoongi-hyung in it.” Jimin finished off and the younger nodded in confirmation. “I really tried to fight these feelings, my feelings for Hyung, but the contrary happened.”

“He knows how to charm people.”

Jungkook remarked and for a few moments, he got lost in Jimin’s eyes. Eyes, which were filled with so much love just like always. Jungkook had never doubted Jimin’s feelings for him and he
knew it was the same for the older. They meant a lot to each other, they were each other’s comfort in hard times, each other’s happiness, each other’s everything and that’s why both of them tried to turn a blind eye, but falling in love with someone just happened. Feelings were not something which could be turned off and on with a button and neither Jungkook nor Jimin could deny that they had feelings for Yoongi and the hybrid had clearly showed them that he was not indifferent either.

“Did you and Hyung talk about what’s going to happen from now on?”

“Yeah, in a way. But we wanted to wait for you, so we could-”

“Jimin.”

Both humans turned their heads towards the source of the voice and were greeted by a very sleepy looking hybrid with a disheveled hair, there were strands of black hair in every possible direction, his fluffy ears were flopped down and his eyes were barely open, Yoongi looked incredibly adorable.

The vet practically fled from his spot and reached the older in a matter of seconds. Jimin cupped the hybrid’s face and started smothering it with kisses.

Jungkook chuckled, because at first there was no reaction from Yoongi, he just stood still and he was probably trying to comprehend what was happening, but Jimin just kept on leaving kisses all over the hybrid’s face and soon the black-haired male’s eyes grew bigger, but so did his smile.

“J-Jimin, hi. Welcome home.”

Yoongi somehow managed to mutter and was rewarded with one final kiss, on the lips.

“I’m so sorry that I wasn’t here, Hyung.”

Yoongi didn’t know what the younger was apologizing for, Jimin had no fault. The hybrid was the one who was feeling sorry, because he had worried the vet when he was supposed to be having the time of his life at Jeju.

“It’s okay, don’t apologize. It would have been great if you were here, but Jungkook was by my side, so…” Yoongi trailed off and glanced behind Jimin just in time to see how the lawyer stood up and marched towards them.

Jimin released Yoongi’s face and the hybrid’s attire caught his eyes, he was so glad to see the black-haired male that his brain completely ignored everything else.
“Hyung… you’re wearing my sweater.”

It was the same white sweater, which Jimin had lent to the hybrid when he had just started living with them, maybe he should just give it to Yoongi, permanently, because it looked so much better on the older.

“He’s been stealing your clothes since yesterday morning.”

Jungkook said, as he stood right next to the other two and the hybrid’s face tinted up.

“S-shut up, brat.”

Yoongi and Jungkook have basically been glued to each other for the past two days and although the hybrid really liked having Jungkook’s scent on him, he just missed Jimin’s and thus he ended up borrowing the vet’s clothes, he felt much better after that, because he smelled like his two humans.

“I’m really going to scratch you again, so watch your mouth.”

The hybrid threatened and Jimin once again looked at Jungkook’s arm, he did notice the marks on his forearm, but there was already so much to talk about that the question just slipped from his mind.

“You did that, Hyung? Why?”

Yoongi’s face got even redder, because of the question. There was absolutely no way he was going to answer that.

“He, ughm…” The hybrid cleared his throat and jabbed Jungkook in the chest with his index finger. “He fucking deserved it.”

Jimin shifted his eyes to the youngest, he thought Jungkook would defend himself in some way, but the opposite happened.

“Yeah, I deserved it. But if I could turn back time… I would do the same thing again.”

Yoongi glared at Jungkook, if the brat dared to touch his tail during such a moment ever again…. Oh, he better be prepared for much more than some already, barely visible, tiny marks. The hybrid’s tail was a way too sensitive to begin with and during his heat when each sensation amplified, having it touched just did things to Yoongi, good things and it was normal to get
addicted to good things, he really didn’t want to know how fast he could actually get used to that particular emotion. Because really… just one more time and consider it game over for him.

“I heard what you two were talking about before I appeared.”

The hybrid said then and the attention of the two humans was solely on him now. The moment Yoongi woke up, he could tell that Jimin was back, so didn’t wait for the two boys to be done with their talk, he had already waited long enough to see the vet again.

There wasn’t really much to say, but as the Hyung in the household, Yoongi felt the need to clarify what he thought about their relationship. A relationship that was simply overwhelming to him, Jungkook and Jimin made him experience tons of emotions in a short span of time, every single day.

“You and Jimin are together.” Yoongi began, as he glanced between the two humans and took in a deep breath, so he could continue. “Jimin and I are together.” He paused and started toying with the hem of Jimin’s sweater before he casted a look at Jungkook. “And… you and I… we’re also together. So we’re together, together, right? The three of us, we are together.” Yoongi ended his speech with a firm tone, there was no doubt in his voice or his eyes, he had wanted to say that and he was glad he finally did.

“How many times did you say together? I seriously lost count.”

Jungkook teased, there was no bite to his words, but Yoongi was ready to fire back something. However, he didn’t, because Jungkook intertwined the fingers of their left hands.

“Yes, we are together. The three of us.”

The youngest confirmed and the hybrid’s heart started thumping faster, his heart almost leapt out of his ribcage when Jimin smiled brightly and grabbed his other hand.

“Together.”

The vet repeated and Yoongi was happy, really happy.

He was damn sure that he was going to remember this day, each word, each look and each touch…

For the rest of his life.
Yoongi’s Monday was a rather uneventful one, because Jimin and Jungkook were at work. Something peculiar happened in the morning though. Not Jimin, but Jungkook was the one who woke him up with a kiss and because of that, Yoongi was in a rather dazed and dreamy state during breakfast.

He watched a rather interesting movie around noon while eating some Seolleongtang which was left from yesterday, then he showered and of course slept for a while.

He was not expecting someone to get home that early, it wasn’t even 6 pm when the front door was opened and Yoongi could tell that it was Jimin right away.

Perfect, maybe they could cook dinner together?

However, as Yoongi inched closer to the human, an obnoxious feeling settled in his heart and it became stronger with each step he took. It was just that… Jimin’s breathing was a little bit off, the apartment complex had an elevator, it’s not like the vet had climbed the stairs, so why was he so out of breath?

When the hybrid reached the corridor, he saw that Jimin was supporting his body weight by leaning on the wall, he hadn’t even taken off his shoes or coat yet. But just when Yoongi was about to ask the vet if he was okay, Jimin’s legs suddenly gave in and he fell down.

Yoongi’s eyes widened and he quickly rushed to the younger boy’s side. He knelt down and noted that Jimin’s eyes were closed. The hybrid didn’t want to panic, but Jimin did not look well, at all, so he shook the human’s body, gently and called out his name.

“Jimin, Jimin! Hey, what’s wrong??”

Park Jimin did not respond.
Juminie, sweateheart… what are you doing on the floor?? :((
Shooky might be afraid of milk, but Min Kitty is a fan xD
Yoonminkook and their deep talks, ah ah… T^T

Happy Birthday to the cutest brat alive!! ♥
Jungkook grew up so well… and so fast *cries*
You are so, so loved precious baby bun! (≧▽≦)

Ah, I forgot to mention last time, but I wrote a Yoonmin story last month and I really like how it turned out! *-*
It’s a story in which famous rapper Yoongi has a huge crush on the nurse who treated him once (aka Jimin), so he keeps coming up with lame excuses to go back to the hospital just so he could see Jimin again.

You can read the story here ^^^
This time I got Namjoon’s photocard, right on his birthday! *o* waah

[!] Until now, I updated every two weeks, so there were 2 and sometimes even 3 chapters per month. However, my last year in university is starting on 1st October (omg, I can’t believe I’m graduating next year!) and my life is going to be quite hectic, so I won’t have as much time to write. I will still update at least once a month! And depending on my schedule, there might be more chapters :)

As you can see, I added the number of chapters. This is not final, but I pretty much have an over-all idea of what I want to include until the end of the story, so… ^^

8k words filled with fluff… you’re welcome xD

See the end of the chapter for more notes
♫ You have changed my whole world in an instant.

You made me love all the parts that I didn't.

When I'm with you I lose all of my cares.

I fall in love every time I look in your eyes.
Yoongi chanted the boy’s name over and over, as fear invaded his heart. Jimin’s breathing was irregular, but the fact that the younger had lost consciousness bothered him even more.

“Jiminie.”

He tried again and carefully lifted Jimin’s head, so he could place it on his lap. Thankfully, it seemed like the vet hadn’t hit his head when he fell down, but the floor wasn’t exactly the most comfortable place to lie on, so he wanted to take away at least a little of Jimin’s discomfort.

Yoongi was seriously about to panic now, but just then the human slowly opened his eyes and the hybrid heaved out a sigh of relief.

“Jimin, hey. Are you okay? What happened? How are you feeling? Did you-”

The older’s rambling was ceased when Jimin laughed and the hybrid puffed out his cheeks in annoyance.

“Seriously? You can laugh in this situation?? My heart almost stopped when I saw you on the floor, you know!”

Yoongi had never been so worried in his entire life and when the vet did not respond to him instantly, he was on the verge of losing his mind.

“I’m- I’m sorry, Hyung.”

Yoongi frowned the second Jimin spoke up, why was his voice so hoarse?

“You- just what in the world happened?”

Yoongi asked, as he carded his fingers through the younger’s hair and Jimin smiled at him, but the
hybrid couldn’t do the same, not when he was still damn worried and he definitely did not miss to note the fact that Jimin’s temperature was higher than normal.

“I’ll explain… but… c-can you call Jungkook first? My throat kind of hurts, so…”

The black-haired male could tell that speaking was currently a struggle for the younger, so he nodded and reached out for the phone that was in one of the front pockets of the boy’s jeans. Yoongi had never dealt with a phone before, during their talk with Jimin, Jungkook was the one who held the phone, but Yoongi knew what to do. He clicked on the icon for the contacts and scrolled, but there was no one written under the name ‘Jungkook’, maybe Yoongi had missed it?

“It’s… the last number I’ve called.”

Jimin clarified with something akin to a shy smile and the hybrid narrowed his eyes at both the vet and the device in his hands, before he clicked on the other icon and he just blinked for a few seconds, as he stared at the contact name.

‘Baby ❤’

Of course… why am I even surprised? They have these bizarre pet names…

Yoongi cleared his throat and dialed the number, Jungkook picked up almost right away.

“Hello? Jim-”

“No, it’s me - Yoongi.” The hybrid cut in immediately, his legs were starting to get numb and he didn’t think it was a good idea for Jimin to keep lying on the floor like this.

“Eh? Why are you-?”

“Jungkook, Jimin just fainted and I think he has a fever and his voice is off as well. Just- can you come back home… now?”

Yoongi fired word after word and he hoped Jungkook had managed to catch everything, judging by the gasp of surprise on the other end of the line and the rustling of clothes, it seemed like the lawyer heard everything.
“I’ll be there as soon as possible.”

The hybrid was about to hang up, but Jungkook spoke up again, concern was evident in his voice.

“Take care of him, Yoongi.”

“Don’t worry, I will.”

Yoongi ended the called and slipped the phone in his own pocket. He then diverted his attention back to Jimin who had just been staring at him until now.

“Can you stand up?”

The hybrid questioned and received a pout in response.

“Can’t we just stay like this? I don’t want to move.”

Yoongi stopped moving his left hand, which was still buried in the boy’s locks and Jimin’s pout became even bigger.

“Come on, your back might start hurting if we stay like this, your neck as well.”

Jimin did not look very happy to comply, but he did by raising his body a little and so did Yoongi. The hybrid stood up first and held out his hand for Jimin to take. The moment the vet was on his feet, he swayed, but Yoongi supported him by wrapping his arm around his body.

“Small steps, we’ll walk as slowly as we have to.” The hybrid said and they started walking towards the bedroom. “I would offer to carry you…” Yoongi threw in once they were in the living room. “But I don’t think that’s going to end well.”

Jimin chuckled upon the words and the hybrid was glad that the human got what he truly meant. He was by no means trying to say that Jimin would be too heavy to carry, it was just that… Yoongi was pretty sure he might drop the vet or maybe he could actually pull this off? The distance wasn’t that big, there was a chance that he could-

“Hyung.”

Yoongi stopped in his tracks and realized that they had already reached the bedroom.
The hybrid helped Jimin to sit down on the bed and wondered what to do from now, it was going to take Jungkook at least half an hour to get home and there was no way Yoongi could do nothing in the meantime.

Jimin was sick, there was no doubt in that. His throat was hurting, he was light-headed, he fainted, his temperature was high and he was even sweating.

How come he was in such a bad condition? The vet said that he would explain, but with that throat… Yoongi didn’t want to make him talk and Jungkook was going to want to hear what Jimin had to say as well, so it was pointless to make the blonde to say the same things 30 minutes later.

“I’ll be back in a minute, don’t fall asleep.”

Yoongi announced then and Jimin looked a bit puzzled.

“W-what? Where are you-”

“Ssht, don’t force yourself to talk. I’ll be right back.”

The hybrid had never taken care of someone who was sick, but he knew that Jimin needed some medicine, some food, definitely lots of rest and a new set of clothes.

Yoongi grabbed some stuff from the bathroom and he stopped by the kitchen as well, he filled a glass with water and wondered if he should bring Jimin something to eat as well, but he wasn’t really sure what the vet’s stomach would be able to take, so he decided against it and headed back to the bedroom.

Jimin hadn’t moved from the spot where the hybrid had left him, but his eyes about to close any moment.

“Jimin.”

The boy got slightly startled, because of the voice and widely opened his eyes.

“I’m awake, Hyung. See?”
Jimin said, as he tried to make his eyes even bigger to prove his point even though he looked half-asleep and in any other situation Yoongi would’ve kissed the human, but there were more important things at hand.

“Well done. Hyung is proud of you.”

The older praised, as he set everything on the bed next to Jimin and the vet smiled.

“I got you paracetamol, you probably have a headache. It should help to reduce your temperature as well, right?”

“Yeah. Thank you, Hyung.”

Yoongi handed over the glass and the pill to the vet and hoped that the water wasn’t too cold, but Jimin didn’t complain. When the vet was done, the hybrid placed the glass on the nightstand and glanced at the small bottle on the bed.

“I also found some ssanghwa tang, do you want to drink it?”

The human’s face said enough, he definitely did not look like he wanted to get close to the drink.

“No, it’s too bitter. Jungkook bought it actually, but it just stayed in the cupboard.”

“Oh, but I’ll make you a cup of tea later. You can’t refuse that as well.”

“I won’t.”

Yoongi was still feeling on the edge, because of the vet’s condition, but seeing him smile like this, eased him down a bit.

“You have to change your clothes, Jimin.”

And just like that, the pitiful look on the younger’s face was back. Of course, Yoongi was so damn weak to those puppy eyes, but he was a man on a mission, he couldn’t be swayed so easily, so he turned around and dashed to the wardrobe and grabbed a random black t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants. When he faced Jimin again, the human was still giving him the same look, a look which said that he was too tired to move a muscle, but Yoongi couldn’t let the boy go to bed like
“It feels like I’m taking care of a kid, seriously.” The hybrid grumbled once he reached the vet’s side again.

“Well, compared to you… I’m still quite young, Hyung.”

Yoongi paused whatever he was doing, because of the teasing remark, that definitely sounded like something which Jungkook would say.

“What now? I have to deal with not one, but two brats?”

Jimin chuckled in reply and the hybrid shook his head in disbelief.

“You have two bratty boyfriends. Isn’t that great, Hyung?”

Jungkook loved messing with Yoongi, but Jimin enjoyed it quite a lot as well and he couldn’t help laughing at the older’s baffled expression.

“Y-yes, just splendid.” B-boyfriends… Okay, wow… heart you better stop beating so fast.

“Aww, Hyung… are you blushing??”

Yoongi’s cheeks tinted even more and Jimin grinned, teasing the hybrid was always fun. His reactions were always amusing. Sometimes he spoke back, sometimes he just froze in place, sometimes he practically ran away without saying anything, sometimes he threw a quick glare and cursed under his breath.

It was not Jungkook and Jimin’s fault for wanting to tease the hybrid.

It was all Yoongi’s fault for being so cute.

“Shut up. I-I don’t have time for this! Hands up!” Don’t get distracted, Min Yoongi. Jimin has to change his clothes, that’s the top priority at the moment.

Jimin laughed at the older’s demanding tone and raised his hands, so the hybrid could help him to take off his shirt. In all honestly, Jimin was dying to change his attire, because he was sweating too much and he was glad that Yoongi chose a t-shirt, the temperature in the apartment was always
adjusted to the hybrid’s preferences, so as per usual it was rather warm and Jimin’s fever just made things worse.

Yoongi told himself that he wouldn’t get distracted a second time, but he stilled all movement once the vet’s shirt was in his hands, because oh holy shit… Park Jimin looked hella fine.

The hybrid didn’t even try to look away, he was absolutely sure he wouldn’t be able to anyway, so he just stared at Jimin’s well-defined upper body in amazement.

*What the fuck? Why is he so- Oh god, these brats are really going to be the death of me.*

“What? Hyung! I’m not! I just- When Jungkook goes to the gym I sometimes tag along.” The vet stated in his defense, but his words were far from convincing.

“Sometimes?” The hybrid quirked an eyebrow and he looked rather skeptical.

“M-most of the time…”

“So I thought.”

Jimin has always liked being in shape, it was a bit bothersome at times and he’s been working out for over ten years. He started way before he met Jungkook, but as they got busier with their jobs, Jimin kind of stopped paying too much attention to his body and it’s not like Jungkook went to the gym that often, but apart from that he also worked out at home and Jimin really didn’t have the energy for that, so he knew that Jungkook was much more fit than him and yet the hybrid was currently looking at him with eyes filled with fascination and that surely felt nice.

“Hyung… weren’t you going to do something?”

Jimin looked to their left and Yoongi did the same. His eyes fell on the towel, which he had snatched from the bathroom, he had taken it with the intention to wipe away the younger’s sweat before he changed into another shirt.

*Okay, get a hold of yourself, Min Yoongi. Jimin is sick, s-stop staring like an idiot and just-

The hybrid hesitantly took hold of the towel and he trailed his eyes over Jimin’s body, the human
was looking at him, waiting for his next move and maybe Yoongi overestimated himself, he thought he would be able to take care of Jimin just fine, but it turned out to be much harder than expected.

“H-here.” Yoongi stuttered, as he tried to pass the towel to Jimin. “You, um… do the front and I’ll help you with the back, okay?”

“Hyyuung, I’m really, really sleepy, so can’t you just do it all by yourself? Please?”

Jimin was not that sleepy, he was capable of wiping even some parts of his back, but Yoongi’s internal crisis was a bit too entertaining and the human tried to fight off the big smile, which threatened to appear on his lips when the hybrid sighed in defeat and started wiping the younger’s torso.

“Why do you look like this?” Yoongi muttered, as his hand moved up and down Jimin’s stomach. “Both you and Jungkook keep feeding me like a pig and I’m seriously starting to turn into one. I’ve gained so much weight in the past month!” The hybrid clicked his tongue, as he gazed at his tummy. “And you two are just- ugh- two damn good-looking brats.”

“Hyung.”

Yoongi met the younger’s eyes, Jimin had called out his name so softly and he was giving him an even softer looking smile.

“You used to be too skinny when you started living with us, but you were really pretty. It’s true that you have gained some weight, your cheeks are fuller, it shows on your face, but you look healthy, much better than before and even prettier. But even if you gain more weight, I guarantee you that you’ll still be pretty to me. You’re pretty no matter what, Hyung. Don’t compare yourself with anyone else.”

Jimin chuckled when the hybrid’s face turned into a beet red shade and he opened and closed his mouth in attempt to say something, but no sound came out.

Yoongi thought he was already used to hearing sweet things from Jimin, but the vet outdid himself with his short speech and the older really didn’t know what to say.

“T-that sounded like a pick-up line.” That was all Yoongi could come up with after a while and he proceeded to wiping Jimin’s back, he absolutely wanted to avoid eye contact at the moment.

“Hyung, we’re dating.”
The boy laughed and yeah, Yoongi did know that he ended up saying something idiotic.

“That doesn’t mean I can’t hit on you once in a while though.”

The vet added and Yoongi hastily finished wiping his back before he helped Jimin put on the t-shirt and stepped back a little, Park Jimin was really trying to finish him off tonight.

“I thought you had a sore throat. W-why are you talking so much?” And why do you keep saying stuff like that?? “I-I’ll go to make you tea and I’m also going to wet some cloth or a small towel, so we can put it on your forehead, to reduce the fever. In the meantime, you need to change your pants.”

The younger wanted to protest, but Yoongi did not let him utter a word.

“I’m not helping you with that. I honestly can’t handle more of you right now, so-”

“So you’re going to run away.”

Jimin interrupted and Yoongi did exactly that, he wordlessly left the bedroom and the vet once again chuckled, because of the hybrid’s behavior.

Seriously, Hyung... I was the one who was having a hard time.

Why are you so adorable?

Jungkook huffed in irritation when he managed to park his car on the third try. He was a very good driver, but he was feeling rather anxious at the moment and he almost ran a red light, twice, but thankfully he managed to step on the breaks on time.

He fainted, why would he faint?? He seemed okay this morning.
Jimin was very, very healthy. He rarely got sick, so the call from Yoongi was totally out of the blue.

*Come on, hurry up, hurry up.*

Jungkook chanted in his head, when he saw that he was still on the third floor. Has the elevator always been this slow?? He suddenly regretted not taking the stairs. He played with his keys for some time and literally bolted out of the elevator when the doors opened.

It was relatively quiet in the apartment, except for the noises that were coming from the direction of the bedroom. Jungkook could hear the hybrid’s voice and Jimin’s soft giggling and he calmed down a little at that, but he was still jittery, so he took off his bluchers in a hurry and stormed off towards the bedroom.

The chattering died down once he walked into the room and for a moment, he simply stared at the two men on the bed. Jimin was wrapped up in a blanket and the hybrid was lying on Jungkook’s side of the bed, he had curled up as always, but rose up a bit as the lawyer inched towards them.

“Jimin-hyung.”

Relief washed over Jungkook when Jimin smiled at him and so did Yoongi. He knew that Jimin was in good hands since the hybrid was with him, but he didn’t expect them to be so relaxed. Jimin looked really sleepy though, so Jungkook concluded that Yoongi had been talking until now to prevent the blonde from falling asleep, they have been waiting for him to come back home.

“What happened?” Jungkook asked when he settled on the bed next to Jimin and fired question after question. “Why did you faint? When did you start feeling unwell? Where does it hurt? Do you want to go to the hospital?”

“Is this a questioning room, Mr. Lawyer?”

Jimin laughed and Jungkook looked at the oldest in the room, while question marks were swimming in his eyes.

“Don’t look at me like that, he’s been joking ever since he regained consciousness. There’s something wrong with him.”

Yoongi shrugged his shoulders and Jimin tried his best to sulk, but the smile on his face was hard to be erased.
“Hyyyung, I’ve made you laugh at least ten times already!”

“You have, but that doesn’t change the fact that we still don’t know how you ended up in this condition.”

The black-haired male looked serious and so did Jungkook, the atmosphere in the room changed and Jimin’s bright smile was replaced with an apologetic one.

“I’m sorry. I’ve been feeling off since yesterday, but I didn’t say anything, because I thought I would get better.” Jimin started explaining and Jungkook took hold of his hand, as he listened. “I took some medicine when I went to the clinic this morning, but there was so much work that… I might have forgotten to eat lunch…”

Jungkook squeezed Jimin’s hand, he was definitely not happy to hear that. He did skip meals sometimes as well when he was too immersed in his work, but in Jimin’s case, if he was already feeling unwell, he needed food more than ever, no wonder he fainted.

“I began feeling rather dizzy in the late afternoon, so I decided to leave work earlier. I had two appointments left, but I rescheduled them for other days. I never thought I would actually faint.”

“But you did.”

The accusing tone the hybrid used did not go by unnoticed, seeing Jimin collapse on the floor, had scared the shit out of Yoongi, so he believed the boy deserved some scolding even though he hadn’t done that on purpose.

“Sorry.” Jimin apologized once again, he didn’t want to worry Yoongi and Jungkook, so he didn’t say anything in the morning, he thought that he would be all good by the end of the day, but he just started feeling worse and worse.

“You’re really getting better at acting. When you coughed during breakfast and played it off as the coffee being too hot, I totally believed you.” Jungkook should’ve caught on then, but Jimin had managed to fool him. “How in the world did you catch a cold??”

It was obvious that the vet was feeling much better now, but Jungkook still wanted to know what had caused this and the hybrid was really curious about that as well.

“I had some time before the conference yesterday, so I went for a walk… by the beach.”
Realization graced the lawyer’s features, but Yoongi was still confused, what was that supposed to mean?

“How do you mean?”

“I’m sorry.”

Jimin repeated for the third time, he knew that it was a careless thing to do, but at the time, he didn’t think he was making a wrong or a bad choice.

“Park Jimin!”

Yoongi almost jumped, because of Jungkook’s loud voice, he didn’t see the outburst coming, but Jimin didn’t seem that surprised.

“Hey, hey! Don’t raise your voice, Jungkook!”

The hybrid’s words made the youngest realize his mistake and he reached out, so he could touch Jimin’s cheek.

“Sorry, it’s just…” Jungkook wasn’t mad at Jimin, he really wasn’t, but the vet’s actions had affected his health and Jungkook couldn’t let that slide. “For god’s sake, it’s barely April. Why did you go inside the water?”

“Water?” Yoongi was still lost, what they were talking about, really?

“It was just for a few seconds, only up to my knees. The sea was so beautiful…”

Jimin had such a dreamy look on his face that for a fraction of a second, Yoongi forgot what they were discussing, but then it clicked and his mouth opened in shock.

“What? You went into the water?? What the hell?? It must’ve been really cold, Jimin!!”

“Hey, hey. Don’t raise you voice, Yoongi.”

“Don’t imitate me, brat.”
“Or what?”

Jimmie just loved Jungkook and Yoongi’s bickering, they both tried to appear tough in such moments, both refused to back down and yet there was no bite to their words, but they definitely liked to challenge each other.

“Don’t fight.” Jimin said and two pairs of eyes fell on him.

“We’re not fighting, we’re just fucking worried about you!” Yoongi clarified and the youngest nodded his head in agreement.

“Fucking worried.”

Jungkook repeated and that earned him a light slap on the arm by the hybrid.

“Damn it, you can’t just curse like that, brat!”

“You do realize that you’re lecturing me, while doing exactly what you’re telling me not to do, right?”

Jungkook spoke so fast that it took Yoongi a while to process the younger’s sentence and he realized that the other was right, but before he could come up with something clever to say, he decided to leave that conversation be and got back to their previous talk.

“Why did you go into the water, Jimin??”

Yoongi still couldn’t believe Jimin had done that, the weather was still cold and the temperature of the water was still very low as Spring had just arrived.

“He just loves the sea.”

Jungkook replied instead of Jimin, he was well aware of just how much the vet adored the sea. Most of Jungkook’s friends from Busan were not very fond of the sea, they said that growing up next to it made them crave to be away from it and although Jungkook had never been crazy about the sea, he did not dislike it. Feeling the breeze caress your skin, breathing in the fresh ocean scent, closing your eyes and listening to the way the waves splashed at the shore, it was an amazing feeling. But for Jimin, the sea wasn’t just a place for walks, he connected it with many joyful memories, moments he wished he could re-live again and again.
“It’s been a while since we went to Busan… I miss home.”

Jimin said then and it downed on Jungkook that it really has been quite a long time since they last visited their hometown. The last time they went there was around Christmas, they were supposed to go again in February to celebrate Seollal with their families, but they were both so busy at work that they couldn’t afford taking a break.

“We’ll go soon, I promise. I’ll take less cases this month and we’ll match our schedules somehow, okay?”

“Okay, I can’t wait. Have you ever been to Busan, Hyung?”

Yoongi was taken aback by the question, did that mean he could go with them? He had never really travelled anywhere, except for when he left Daegu, so he could go to Seoul.

“No, never.”

“You’re going to like it there a lot, Hyung. We’ve got the best fish!”

The hybrid rolled his eyes and Jungkook laughed.

“I do like fish, but how many times do I have to tell you that I prefer meat, Jimin-ah??”

“Liar.”

Yoongi had said that numerous times already, but Jimin still thought otherwise and believed that the older was a fish-person, well… a fish-hybrid. Oh, that sounded weird… fish lover? Yeah, that was better.

“Speaking of food, I’ll make you some rice porridge, Hyung. It’s easy to digest.” Jungkook said, as he let go of Jimin’s hand, but before he could get up, the vet tugged at his sleeve.

“But I hate porridge. Ah, I mean – I’m not hungry.”

Jimin corrected himself, but Jungkook did not buy the lame cover-up lie and neither did Yoongi.

“You have to eat, Jimin. You need food to get your strength back. Rest and meds can’t do all the job.”
“Cuddling too.”

“Huh?” Yoongi furrowed his brows in confusion, because of what the vet had just said.

“I need cuddling too. Lots of it, like… right now.”

The hybrid was stunned, Jimin was definitely going to make the best out of being sick. Jungkook used the chance to slip from Jimin’s hold and got up from the bed, but stopped at the doorframe.

“No kissing.”

The youngest warned and two heads turned towards him.

“What??”

Jimin and Yoongi asked in union, because… how dare Jeon Jungkook ban them from kissing each other??

“One sick person in the household is more than enough.”

Jungkook did not wait for the other complains to follow and quickly exited the room. Silence fell upon Yoongi and Jimin and the hybrid lifted up the blanket and got under it. Jimin had asked for cuddling, so the black-haired male wrapped his arms around the human’s waist, he was rewarded with a huge smile and yet something seemed to be bothering Jimin, he didn’t look completely satisfied.

“What?” Yoongi already had a hunch about the answer he would get, but he asked just in case, for final confirmation.

“I want a kiss… but Jungkookie said no kissing…”

Yoongi did not think twice before he leaned in and pressed his lips on Jimin’s forehead, he felt how the younger hugged him and pulled him closer.

“There, a kiss.”
The hybrid said and Jimin beamed at him.

Yoongi wondered if it’s normal to feel so much happiness while simply… looking at someone’s gleeful expression.

“I don’t get it.” The hybrid voiced out when he and Jungkook stepped in his room.

“You don’t get what?”

“Why can’t we just sleep with Jimin?”

“Because we might catch his cold.” Jungkook stated, as he set his pillow on the bed, was one blanket going to be enough? Mhm, yeah. No need for another one.

“I don’t really care.”

“And how do you think Jimin would feel if he passes it to one of us?”

Yoongi pressed his lips together, the brat had a point and it’s not like Jungkook could sleep on the couch, they had the most comfortable couch in the world, but still…

“It’s just… the last time we were here…”

The black-haired male trailed off, he thought there was no need to continue that sentence and suddenly a wicked smile appeared on the younger’s face.

“Oh, I see. You’re having dirty thoughts.”

Yoongi’s eyes widened, because what did that stupid brat just say??

“W-what? I’m not!”
Jungkook took one step towards the older and the hybrid took a step back in return.

“Don’t worry. I won’t be as touchy as last time… unless you want me to be.”

The hybrid’s face heated up upon the suggestive comment and he raised his hands with the intention to once again slap Jungkook’s arm and to push him away, but the lawyer grabbed his hands before that and kept them in place. Yoongi struggled to get free, but Jungkook didn’t budge and even dared to laugh at him.

“You know… it’s funny how you think you can overpower me.”

_Maybe if you didn’t work out that much, I wouldn’t have such a big problem, ugh!_

Yoongi glared at the younger, but that didn’t lead to a different result either and he got irritated when his back met the wall, the damn brat kept coming closer and closer.

“Yah! Let go of me! Do you have a thing for cornering people or something?!”

“No.” Jungkook said that with such a straight face that the hybrid almost believed him, but the younger’s actions spoke clearly and it was evident that he- “But I do have a thing for cornering my cute hybrid.”

Yoongi sucked in a breath and just stared at the other like a fool, he definitely needed to go for a check-up one of these days, his heart was beating too fast, but he actually liked the feeling, so his head needed to be checked as well, he was going nuts, because of his… _boyfriends_.

_C-cute, he called me cute… D-damn it, what the fuck?!_

“L-listen here, brat! I-”

“Jungkook.”

“What?”

“I feel like you call me brat more often that you say my name.”
The black-haired male gave it a thought, did he really call Jungkook *brat* so often? It was just… a natural defending reaction, he usually felt embarrassed around Jungkook and that was his way of coping with whatever the younger did or said. He never really meant that in a bad way…

“You rarely call me Hyung…” Yoongi mumbled, he didn’t really know what else to say.

“But at least I call you by your name.”

The hybrid noted that the human did not look offended, but Jungkook was right, perhaps being called *brat* most of the time wasn’t very pleasant.

“I’ll try to… call you by your name more often… Jungkook-ah.”

There it was again, that dazzling smile, which made Yoongi’s legs go weak, whenever Jungkook smiled liked that, a great amount of warmness spread in the hybrid’s chest.

‘*Your happiness is my happiness.*’

That phrase surely summed up what Yoongi felt whenever he looked at his two humans. But still… the older was going to make an effort to change that habit of his and he believed he deserved something in return.

“Have you ever heard of give and take, *Jungkook*?”

A short laugh escaped from the boy and he intertwined their fingers together, Yoongi totally missed the moment he lowered his hands.

“I’ll call you Hyung more often.”

Yoongi couldn’t even feel smug about being able to educate the younger a bit, because Jungkook closed the remaining distance between their faces and slotted their lips together. The kisses from the brat always came out of nowhere and the hybrid never got any time to prepare himself. Jimin liked long-lasting, soft kisses, while Jungkook always deepened the kiss whenever he got the chance to. It was hard for Yoongi to keep up with the different types of affection, but he gladly accepted everything with open arms.

“So… have you ever heard of give and take, Yoongi-*hyung*?”
Jungkook questioned when he broke the kiss after what seemed like a whole eternity. Yoongi really needed to think twice before he said something in the lawyer’s presence.

“Why do you always use my words against me??” And gosh, stop imitating me!

The younger kept quiet, but he released one of the hybrid’s hands and tapped at his own lips with his fingers. He looked like a puppy, which was waiting for a treat and really… how could Yoongi say no?

“You’re seriously the biggest brat on Earth.”

Jimin wanted to go back to work on the next day, of course Jungkook and Yoongi did not allow him to do that and in the end the vet agreed to take two days off, though he was feeling completely fine now.

He spent the whole Tuesday lazing around with Yoongi and when he texted Taehyung and told him that he had got sick, his best friend said he was going to drop everything and come to see him, but Jimin knew that his friend was finishing up his new collection and he didn’t want to mess up his schedule, so he told him that he would visit on Wednesday and he did, but… he didn’t go to his best friend’s studio alone.

Yoongi had a lot about Kim Taehyung, it almost felt as if he knew him. Jimin and Jungkook had described the designer rather well – tall, gorgeous, flawless sun-kissed skin, a heartwarming boxy smile, extraordinary and loud, but Yoongi was not expecting Taehyung to be so… eccentric.

There were silver earrings on both of his ears. Jungkook and Jimin’s ears were pierced as well, but they rarely wore earrings. Jungkook said that he couldn’t really appear in the court room with them, but Yoongi had seen Jimin put on an earring or two a few times.

Taehyung was wearing a floral shirt and baggy pants. No matter how much Yoongi looked at them, they definitely looked like a pajama bottom, the designer’s fashion sense was seriously something.

Taehyung’s hair was barely visible, because of the beret on his head and the hybrid could feel a
rather strong perfume coming from the designer, it wasn’t unpleasant though.

“Oooh mmyyy god!!!! Look at him! That tail! Those ears! His cheeks! I want to squish them!! Such a tiny Hyung! Aww, he’s so precious!!”

Taehyung squealed and okay, Yoongi didn’t think the taller male would be that loud. The designer was now making grabby hands at him and the hybrid backed off a little.

“Don’t scare him, Tae.” Jimin said when the hybrid stood right next to him.

“I’m not scared! But damn it, why are all of your friends so frickin’ weird??”

Taehyung tilted his head to the side, because the older had said ‘friends’, who else had Yoongi met before him?

“You’ve met only Hoseok-hyung though.”

“Yeah, that was more than enough.”

“Oh.”

The designer gasped and Jimin looked at his friend, Taehyung had been super thrilled until seconds ago and now he looked kind of down.

“Tae… are you still avoiding Hoseok-hyung?”

Taehyung looked elsewhere, it seemed like he wanted to avoided the topic, but Jimin had had enough of this.

“Have you spoken to him lately?” He asked, as he crossed his arms over his chest and was surprised when his friend nodded and smiled.

“U-um, yeah. Yesterday actually. I’ve been craving to hear his voice for so long and often just stared at his name in my contacts, but yesterday my finger hovered over his name and I accidently clicked on it. I was going to hang up, but he picked up right away, as if… he had been waiting for me to call him.”

I’m sure he was. Jimin concluded in his head, he had spoken to Hoseok a few days ago and the
older had asked him if the appropriate moment to meet Taehyung had come. His best friend was mostly done with his collection, so maybe a little bit of distraction, especially in the form of the sunshine whom Taehyung appeared to be head over heels in love with, sounded very nice. Jimin was going to put his and Hoseok’s plan into action soon, he had to arrange the meeting as soon as possible.

“I thought he would be angry at me for… acting like this, but he asked me how I had been, if I was eating regularly and he listened to me saying pointless stuff and I- I just… miss him so much. But… he rejected me.”

Jimin hated seeing Taehyung like this, his friend had always been good at faking his emotions, most people saw him smiling constantly and thought that he had no worries at all and it was exactly the opposite. Taehyung always bottled up everything and tried to pretend that everything was okay, but his façade had finally been broken and in Jimin’s eyes, Taehyung once again looked like a defenseless child, which he had to protect at all cost and he was going to do that, his friend’s suffering had to come to an end.

“Don’t jump to conclusions so fast, Tae. Just talk to him, for real.”

“I don’t know, maybe I will…”

Jimin knew that Taehyung was ready to meet Hoseok, but if he was not willing to make the first step, Jimin was going to lend him a hand and help him, his friend just needed a little push.

Yoongi had been following the conversation up until now without saying anything, because he was quite perplexed.

“So… Hoseok rejected you??” Yoongi wondered out loud and the two same-aged friends looked at him. “Why?? You’re such a beautiful human.”

Taehyung’s eyes started shining and his hype mode was switched back on.

“Ah, that was so sweet of you, Hyung! I want to hug you! Can I??”

Yoongi was still not used to being touched by other humans, besides Jimin and Jungkook and was reluctant on letting the designer get close to him.

Taehyung sensed that he might not receive a positive response, so he suggested something else.

“Can I at least play with your ears for a while??”
Usually, the hybrid would refuse, but Taehyung was giving him such a hopeful look that he didn’t have the heart to do that.

“Alright, but only my right ear. It’s less sensitive, so you better keep your hands away from my left one.”

“Yeeees, I got it!!”

Taehyung’s big palm was warm and from up-close Yoongi could finally decipher the designer’s natural scent. Under the layers of perfume, the designer smelled like rain. It was a rather peculiar scent, it was calming. Yoongi had never really thought about how rain smelled like, but as Taehyung petted his right ear while smiling from ear to ear, the hybrid could imagine being in a field surrounded by countless flowers, running barefoot on the grass, relishing in the raindrops that fell on his face.

Kim Taehyung smelled like a good human, like a friend.

“You’re nothing like the pictures, you look so much better, Yoongi-hyung!”

The designer commented all of a sudden and the hybrid thought he was hearing things.

“What? What pictures?”

“Jimin loves taking pictures of Jungkook while he’s sleeping, so I saw it coming – that he would start sending me similar photos of you sooner or later.”

Yoongi’s head snapped towards Jimin, he was waiting for his human to deny, but instead the vet smiled bashfully.

“You always sleep with a slightly opened mouth, Hyung. I couldn’t resist taking a few shots.”

“A few? You’ve sent me like…. twenty photos already, I’m sure you have hundreds.”

“Taehyung!”

Jimin flushed, that was a top secret, Yoongi wasn’t supposed to find out that he used every chance he could to take pictures of him, his favorite one was taken recently – it was from yesterday
morning. When he went to the hybrid’s room to wake him up and Jungkook, he stumbled upon the two of them hugging each other in their sleep, so one photo turned into two, two turned into three—a whole photoshoot basically.

“Oh, what is it, Jiminie? Are you embarrassed?” Yoongi teased and pressed a kiss on Jimin’s plush lips, it was brief but sweet as always. “Cute.”

“Eh- w-what- um…?”

Yoongi faced Taehyung when the younger spoke and shit, Taehyung was there. The designer was gaping at them like a fish out of water and he stopped playing with the hybrid’s ear. Taehyung looked beyond bewildered and speechless. Jimin had told Yoongi that he wanted to break the news to his best friend today, they were supposed to tell Taehyung first and then they could act like they did daily, but seems like they were not going to do things in order.

“Tae… I have something important to tell you.”

Jimin announced, but there was still no reaction from Taehyung, he kept on staring at them with wide eyes.

“I’ve already told you how much Yoongi-hyung means to me, but… I wanted to tell you in person, just how serious things are.”

S-serious, what… is this some joke?

“We’re in a relationship.”

Taehyung almost his balance when he heard that, he was ready to start laughing even though he didn’t really find the confession funny, but when the hybrid laced his fingers with Jimin’s, Taehyung realized that they were deadly serious. The designer had seen that look on his best friend’s face many times, Jimin always looked like that at Jungkook, with eyes filled with nothing but love and adoration, but that same look was currently directed towards Yoongi.

“A relationship…b-but-” The words rolled off Taehyung’s tongue robotically, he still couldn’t comprehend what was happening. “But Jungkook… you love him. How- why?”

“I meant the three of us, Tae. Me, Yoongi-hyung and Jungkook, we’re together. It was a mutual decision, our feelings are reciprocal.”

Taehyung was glad he wasn’t eating or drinking anything, because there was a high chance he
would’ve choked and died on the spot. He had heard of people who loved two different individuals at the same time, but Jungkook and Jimin have always been so into each other that the thought that they could have feelings for a third party was just unbelievable.

“I- wow, that’s surely the revelation of the year. I think I need a minute- no, at least an hour to grasp the whole thing. A few days actually, yep.”

Jimin had never seen his friend so surprised, now even when he told Taehyung about his sexuality, somehow, his friend had always known about that, but this, Jimin knew it was unexpected, even he still couldn’t believe that so much had changed in the past month, that he had found another person who made his heart thump just like Jungkook did. It was unreal, dreamlike even.

“Jimin, can you get me something to drink?”

The hybrid’s sudden request made Taehyung snap out of his trance, now that Yoongi had mentioned it, a bottle of water sounded very appealing.

“Ah, I have some-”

Taehyung’s speech was abruptly cut off when the hybrid shook his head and the designer got the hint.

“Okay, Hyung. I’m kind of thirsty as well. There’s a small market on the first floor, but they might not have any milk.”

“I’m fine with anything.”

Jimin hummed in response and left the studio.

“I’m trying my best not to freak out, because of the news. Just so you know, Hyung.” Taehyung remarked and the hybrid’s attention was on him now. “But you got me interested. You wanted us to be alone, right? That’s why you sent Jimin away, right?”

“Yes.” Yoongi admitted, he had been waiting for the right timing and he saw the heavy topic as an opportunity, once Jimin returned, they could continue with their talk, but now… the hybrid had something else he wanted to discuss with Taehyung. “This is our first meeting and it might sound strange, but I really don’t know who else to ask…”

It’s been on the black-haired male’s mind for a while now and he believed that Taehyung might be able to help him.
“I need a favor.”

It’s been a very blissful week.

Jimin recovered quickly, Jungkook spoke with his boss and he got permission to take some days off during the second half of the month, Jimin had started making plans immediately, he animatedly told the hybrid that they should visit this place or that place, it was going to be a lovely trip.

The three of them spend an unhealthy amount of time together, they were inseparable and Yoongi even spent the night in Jungkook and Jimin’s bedroom on Tuesday and Thursday. The pattern was the same every time, the hybrid settled in the middle and he laid on his back at first, but he always shifted minutes later and ended up with his back turned to Jungkook and before he fell asleep he said things like ‘I’m cold.’, ‘Scoot closer, Jungkook.’, the lawyer found that endearing.

And since Yoongi slept, while facing the vet, Jimin could stare at the older’s face as much as he wanted to, he was the night owl type and it always took a while before sleep took over him, so he got to enjoy Jungkook’s sleeping face as well.

The hybrid had begun initiating more kisses and hugs on his own, things were going well, very well.

But in the past few days, Jungkook has been observing Jimin and Yoongi and he noticed that the level of their skinship had increased drastically. It was like both of them were dancing around each other, but were fearful of crossing a line.

In all honesty, Jungkook was going to let them figure out things on their own, but he couldn’t postpone the talk any longer, especially after he saw the hickey on the hybrid’s neck this morning. He was not the one who put it there, so the culprit was more than obvious.

The weekend had arrived and Jungkook has been thinking about this all day, as he kept an eye on both Jimin and Yoongi today. The hybrid had just finished washing the dishes while Jimin stood next to him, not leaving his side even for a moment. The vet either placed one of his hands on the oldest’s waist or shoulder and whispered something into the hybrid’s ear from time to time.
Jungkook watched and watched and he really couldn’t continue ignoring the matter.

“You two… exactly how often do you make out?”

The cup, which the hybrid was holding, slipped from his fingers, because of the question, but luckily, Jimin grabbed it in time and placed it near the sink.

Yoongi really didn’t know how he hadn’t got a heart attack already, that brat and his forward questions were very dangerous.

“Every day.” Jimin answered and he actually sounded proud. “Just like you and I, Jungkook-ah and it’s the same for you and Hyung.”

“No, we don’t really-” The hybrid was quick to deny the reality, but Jimin successfully shut him up with his next remark.

“I saw you two on the couch the other day, Hyung. Did my eyes deceive me or was your hand really under Jungkook’s shirt?”

D-damn it, how come Jimin saw that? Yoongi wasn’t going to lie, that did happen. But his courage disappeared just as fast as it had appeared, so things pretty much ended before they had even began.

“We can’t keep our hands away from each other, I figured out that much.” Jungkook said and he hesitated before continuing, he knew that there was no going back once he uttered his next sentence. “But we haven’t really done anything sexual, except for what happened during Yoongi-hyung’s heat.”

Jungkook had really kept his word and he referred to the hybrid as Hyung much more often, the black-haired male was still trying to get accustomed to that.

“And to me, it certainly looks like you two want to… well, do something sexual.”

Jimin and Yoongi glanced at each other simultaneously before they quickly looked away and oh, Jungkook was having none of that any longer.

“Let’s go to the bedroom.”
All I’ve got to say is that the next chapter is going to be nothing, but porn xD

The favor that Yoongi asked for from Tae… keep that in mind, because it’s important!

Sometimes, I get scared of my ‘foreseeing abilities’, because OMG did you see THIS ???
Min Kitty really does love milk a lot!!! This is the softest thing I’ve seen this month!!! kjfiegnqe

The inspiration hit me and I wrote an abo one-shot with alpha Yoongi and omega Jungkook.
It turned out kinda filthy, but… also cute? Haha I don’t know xD

You can check out the story here ^^
Chapter Notes

You probably noticed that the rating of the story changed from M to E, there are many reasons for that: Jungkook’s cases and the sensitive topics that they touch, the sexual content in this chapter and in the future ones, as well as because of some scenes in the next chapter, which some of you might find triggering, I hope not though.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Wanna just take a sip of your lips, it’s never enough.

My breathing becomes rougher, my heartbeat becomes faster.

My whole body trembles, you know what I want, baby.

Soundtrack 1

I want you, touch me. I love you, baby.

We’re falling deeper and deeper.

Soundtrack 2

I’m yours, every part of me.

Baby, you know how I feel.

Soundtrack 3

You don’t play with fire unless you wanna get burned.

Soundtrack 4

Jungkook had a plan.

Of course he had a damn plan.

His train of thoughts was in this direction: Jimin – Yoongi – bedroom- uh, something-

But as he saw how Jimin gently pushed down the hybrid onto the bed and hovered above him,
Jungkook realized that he had no plan.

Absolutely no plan, at all.

He just stood there next to the bed for a while, pondering on what to do.

Should he leave?

Then again… why?

If Yoongi or Jimin didn’t want him here, they would’ve said something. Well, they seemed preoccupied with each other at the moment, but they didn’t tell him to leave them alone, so Jungkook did the only thing he could think of and sat down on the chair next to the desk where he usually worked, but instead of facing his desk like he always did, this time he swirled the chair around, so he could look at the other two on the bed.

It was still a bit weird… to learn how to share.

Jungkook wasn’t the type who believed that he actually owned the other person in the relationship, but what was his was his, he knew that he could be quite childish at times, but he was serious about Jimin, he has always been and he’s always done his best to protect what they had and during the five years they’ve been together, it worked just fine.

But now… now Min Yoongi was added to the picture and even though they were still in the stage of learning and discovering more about each other, Jungkook could say without a doubt that he had no problem with the close proximity between the hybrid and the blonde. He himself had made out with Yoongi plenty of times already, it was a new experience, because of the feelings he had for the hybrid, he never thought that he would have someone so dear to him apart from Jimin, being close to Yoongi was an experience that made his heart thump in excitement, just like at the moment.

He had already seen Jimin and Yoongi kiss each other before and he wasn’t going to lie… he actually quite enjoyed what he saw. The hybrid used to shy away in the beginning, but things had drastically changed, because now the black-haired male tangled his fingers in Jimin’s hair to pull him closer, Yoongi was the one who eagerly opened his mouth and let out little sounds of contentment when the vet’s tongue slipped into his cavern, Yoongi was the one who chased after Jimin’s lips when the blonde pulled away to take in a new breath.

It was a captivating scene for Jungkook, to see Jimin in such an intimate position with someone else, on their bed, bodies pressed together, the vet’s hands were placed on each side of the hybrid’s head, so he could support his weight and not crush Yoongi beneath him.
The lawyer bit down on his bottom lip, as he stared at the two older males on the bed. He didn’t expect the sight to be so… hot.

He had the hunch that things were probably going to escalate from there, Jungkook couldn’t fully see Jimin’s expression, but he noted how the blonde licked over his own lips, as he eyed Yoongi’s ravished ones and then the vet’s eyes trailed down the hybrid’s frame.

Jungkook took in a deep breath, because this was it. He and Yoongi had got this far before and surely the hybrid and Jimin as well, kissing, touching, seeking more warmth and more contact, just when things were about to get better, whatever they were doing always came to an end with no explanation. It was uncertain who always pulled back first, but those abrupt stops in the middle made them crave for so much more. It was always so frustrating to get to the best part and then… nothing.

Jimin had no intention to back down now, Jungkook was also in the room and that somehow gave him the courage to continue, because of the younger was alright with this and if the black-haired male didn’t mind as well, then he had no reason to stop. He was far from done savoring Yoongi’s pink, sweet lips, but he couldn’t wait any longer, so he decided to divert his attention to other places. He littered kisses all over the hybrid’s face - his cheeks, his forehead, his nose, his jaw and then he moved downwards to the older’s neck.

Yoongi tensed up a little and Jimin knew why, he pressed his lips over the soft skin a few times before he started sucking on the same part of the hybrid’s neck as last night, because his mark was slowly fading away. He still doesn’t know what got into him last night, he had just gone to the older’s room to wish him a goodnight, but somehow they got carried away and Yoongi’s pale, unblemished neck just begged to be marked, so Jimin acted before thinking and he had no regrets.

“J-Jimin- ah, that’s- oh!”

Yoongi couldn’t help the moan, which escaped from his lips when the blonde sucked really hard on that particular spot, which was still a bit sensitive, because of the previous night. The hybrid tugged at the boy’s hair and placed a hand over his mouth to make sure that no more sounds would leave his lips, it was an almost impossible task having in mind what he and Jimin were doing at the moment, but the least he could do was to try.

The vet left a kiss on the slightly abused flesh and locked eyes with the hybrid.

“Hyung, please… I told you last time as well, don’t cover your mouth.”

Jimin said, as he lowered the older’s hand. Yoongi had done the exact same thing last night, as if he was afraid of the sounds he was making and to Jimin, they were like honey to the ears.
“I- Jungmin just always wanted me to keep my voice down.”

Jimin frowned upon hearing that and caressed the hybrid’s right cheek with his thumb.

“Why would he want that?”

Yoongi simply shrugged, he had never asked, he just did as he was told.

“I’m a man, maybe he found it weird that I made such sounds.”

“Bullshit.”

Jungkook blurted out and two pairs of eyes landed on him. For a second, Yoongi had forgotten that the youngest was still in the room and that he was… watching them.

“I mean… what that guy said is bullshit and he’s an idiot, because each sound that comes from you is absolutely unexpected and precious. So, don’t cover your mouth, don’t keep your voice down. We want to hear you, both of us, Yoongi-hyung.”

The hybrid blinked at the lawyer and Jimin chuckled, so the oldest once again faced the blonde boy.

“Heard that, Hyung? Jungkookie is right.”

Jimin said with a smile on his face and the black-haired male wordlessly let his hand rest at his side.

*These two are so strange, why would they want to hear me- ah, wow.*

Yoongi’s thoughts came to a halt when he felt Jimin’s warm palm over his stomach, the vet had hiked up his sweater, but the angelic smile on the blonde’s face, totally did not match his dark gaze.

The hybrid gulped down, Jimin had never looked at him like that before, with unmasked desire and unmistakable intentions, he wanted to go further and Yoongi wondered what the younger would do next. He followed the human’s every move with his eyes like a hawk, he didn’t want to miss anything. Jimin just dragged his fingers over the hybrid’s abdomen in a lazy pattern, unaware of just how much the fleeting touches were affecting Yoongi.
It was as if the hybrid was lost in a trance, as if he was dreaming, as if this was not real and he
would have certainly thought so in any other situation, because he’s had similar dreams before, not
vivid or detailed, but he’s had them and they revolved around either Jimin or Jungkook or… both
of them, but everything felt too real. Every touch on his skin made his heart swell in anticipation,
the fast-beating hearts – three of them, the different scents that mingled together in the room, none
of this was a fruit of the hybrid’s imagination.

Yoongi could only watch, as Jimin started pulling his pants down until they caught at his ankles
and the older impatiently kicked away the piece of cloth, which made Jimin laugh.

“Someone’s eager.”

Jungkook said from the side and the hybrid clicked his tongue in annoyance.

“Oh, shut-“

The words died in Yoongi’s throat, because when he turned his head to the left and looked at
Jungkook, he saw that the youngest was looking at him with the same eyes as Jimin and the black-
haired male wondered what was going through the lawyer’s head at the moment, but he couldn’t
pay much more heed to that, because just then he felt Jimin’s touch again and this time, the vet’s
warm hand was right on Yoongi’s member.

“Hyung, you look wonderful like this. Pink suits you a lot.”

The hybrid wanted to groan, because of Jimin’s comment and he would’ve if the boy didn’t start
running his fingers over the older’s still clothed cock.

That damn sweater, Yoongi hated pink with all his might, but on the day when Jimin and Jungkook
took him out shopping, that sweater caught his eyes, because it was big and the fabric was really
soft, it wasn’t going to irritate his skin and it was going to keep him warm, but unfortunately the
only available color was the only fucking color, which the hybrid couldn’t look at, so he placed the
sweater back with the intention to find something else, but of course… Jeon Jungkook always saw
every little thing, so in the end they ended up buying it.

“God, don’t say such things, Jimin.”

Yoongi covered his face due to the embarrassment and the fact that now Jimin was in the middle
of getting rid of his underwear as well and the human soon casted it aside. The vet had never seen
him without clothes and the hybrid felt a way too exposed, but when nothing happened in the next
couple of seconds, he peeked from between his fingers and his breath hitched, because Jimin was
just staring at him. In a way, Yoongi felt like a prey, which was about to be devoured, but he also felt appreciated and loved, because the human’s eyes were filled with adoration and the hybrid seriously couldn’t breathe, even though Jimin was currently not even touching him.

“The words got stuck in Jimin’s throat, as he raked his eyes over the hybrid’s body again, it was fascinating to see Yoongi like this – with flushed cheeks and reddened lips, his lovely legs were on display and oh, the older was completely hard despite the fact that Jimin had barely touched him down there, was the hybrid that sensitive? “You’re so pretty, Hyung. I- I’m just-”

“Speechless.”

Jungkook finished off Jimin’s speech, though he himself was left in awe. On the night of the hybrid’s heat, he couldn’t get a proper look at the oldest, neither his body nor his face and the expressions he was making, but now he could see everything and he thought the same as Jimin – Min Yoongi was astonishingly beautiful.

“Brats.” The hybrid mumbled quietly, dealing with compliments was still something he was trying to get used to.

Physical contact with people who meant so much to him was another thing, which was difficult to cope with and Yoongi hoped that not too many indecent sounds will leave his lips when Jimin got a hold of himself and finally reached towards him again. Skin on skin was something the hybrid had never liked much, but that was simply because all of his sexual encounters up until now have been during his heats and he didn’t really want to recall the many times during which he and Jungmin had slept together. But even though he was in heat when Jungkook touched him the same way Jimin was doing right now, Jungkook’s touch felt totally different from all the times with Jungmin. Jimin was making the hybrid feel so many emotions at the same time, all of them pleasant and addicting. The blonde was now slowly stroking his erection, almost teasingly and Yoongi was about to scold the human, because god dang it, not that agonizingly slow pace again, but his complaints were never voiced out, because the vet asked him a rather shocking question.

“Hyung… has Jungmin ever used his mouth on you?”

“W-what?” Yoongi questioned in disbelief, why in the world was the younger asking him that? “No, n-never.”

Such a wicked smile graced the vet’s features that a lump formed in the hybrid’s throat, what was Park Jimin thinking about at the moment?

“I see, that’s good. I promise I’ll make you feel good, Hyung.”

“F-feel good? What-” Yoongi’s eyes widened when the blonde lowered himself, Jimin’s soft
breath was now fanning over his member and goosebumps appeared all over the hybrid’s arms. “W-wait, Jimin. Jung-Jungkook…”

“It’s okay, Hyung. If he wanted to stop us, he would have done it.”

Jungkook squirmed a bit in his seat when he was brought up, but he didn’t say a thing, he couldn’t, he didn’t have much faith in his voice. This whole thing was turning into a five-star show that thousands of people would want to see and he had managed to snatch a first-row seat.

Kissing Jimin was like something out of this world, Yoongi really enjoyed kissing Jungkook as well, though he would never admit that to the brat, but Jimin… there was something about his lips, especially when they were kiss-swollen like at the moment, so red and full, the urge to stare at them and touch them, to press your own lips over them, it was hard to resist, but Yoongi had never imagined that he would actually have the chance to experience something like this.

He really wanted to look at Jimin, to see what he was doing, but the second the blonde took him in his mouth, Yoongi slumped back onto the pillow and tried to grasp what was happening.

Jimin worked his way down the older’s length, inch by inch, but he easily managed to fit Yoongi’s cock into his mouth, he circled his fingers around the base of Yoongi’s member, it was the part he couldn’t reach with his mouth and started bobbing his head up and down.

Curses started falling from the hybrid’s lips, accompanied by mewls, which he tried to muffle with his hand once again. Jimin began sucking even more earnestly and Yoongi was left panting, his hand found itself in Jimin’s hair and he tried to show in some way that the human needed to slow down, Yoongi was going to lose his mind at this rate.

“F-fuck, Jimin! Ah, it’s- it feels so damn good.”

Jungkook could tell that the hybrid was already a goner, but he couldn’t blame him, he himself came embarrassingly fast the first time Jimin sucked him off. The vet was a way too good at putting his mouth into use, his skills were mind-blowingly good and the scene before his eyes, was starting to affect Jungkook a lot, he looked down and saw that he was already hard, no wonder that his pants felt so tight all of a sudden, they were in the way.

“Aah, oh my god- Jimin!”

Jungkook returned his attention to the other two and noted that the hybrid’s lips were parted and he was gasping for air, his legs were already trembling and he had let go of Jimin’s hair, he wasn’t going to last long.
Jimin hoped he was making the hybrid feel good, the older’s inappropriate language and barely-audible moans served as a proof that he was doing a good job, so he dragged his tongue along the underside of Yoongi’s cock and hollowed his cheeks, which made the hybrid moan harder.

The vet swiped his tongue across the older’s now leaking head and he could feel the taste of pre-come on his tongue, the black-haired male was close, so close.

“Damn it, I-”

Yoongi’s voice broke in the middle, he was honestly on cloud ninth, Park Jimin was going to be the death of him. The hybrid tried to even out his breathing a little and he dared to glance towards Jungkook. The youngest wasn’t really in a better condition than him – his gaze had darkened even more, he must have been biting down on his lower lip a lot, because he was definitely close to drawing some blood out, but Yoongi’s eyes enlarged when he saw that Jungkook was palming himself through his slacks.

The lawyer couldn’t just sit still and do nothing, he never thought that it would be so arousing to watch this, something like this hadn’t crossed his mind before – the possibility of seeing Jimin and Yoongi like this, he wanted to move from his spot so badly, but what was the point? Getting closer to the other two was going to make everything a hundred times harder, so he settled for watching from up-close, it certainly wasn’t enough, but he didn’t know what he might do if he walked closer to the bed.

T-that shitty brat! Innocent as a lily, my ass!

Yoongi averted his eyes from Jungkook, this whole thing was too much for him. His entire body was on fire, but not like during his heats. The burn during his heats made him feel awful, he hated that feeling, he was scared of it and wished he would never have to go through something like that again, but the fire, which was currently burning him from the inside was a pleasant one, this felt heavenly good.

“J-Jimin, I’m- you have to-”

‘You have to stop, you have to pull back.’

That’s what Yoongi wanted to say, but he made the mistake to look at the vet and there was no way he could calm himself down, because Jimin was staring at him while his lips were stretched around the hybrid’s member, Yoongi couldn’t even breath at this point, his mind had gone completely blank.

And when Jimin dug his tongue into the tip of the older’s cock, the heat that had been coiling at the pit of Yoongi’s stomach, became unbearable and he came inside the blonde’s mouth with a loud cry.
The hybrid stared at the ceiling, as he tried to come down from his high, he already missed the feeling of Jimin’s lips around- wait, shit!

Yoongi shot up from the bed and panic flooded him.

“I’m- I’m sorry, Jimin. I didn’t mean to.”

He apologized and just now noticed that Jungkook had joined them on the bed, the younger boy was patting the vet’s back and Yoongi looked around, why were the bed sheets so… clean?

“It’s fine, Hyung. Don’t worry about it.”

Jimin replied with a smile and damn it, his voice was hoarse, realization hit the hybrid and he grabbed the vet’s face. He inspected it, while trying to confirm his assumption.

“Don’t tell me that you- gosh, Jimin… did you swallow it?” The hybrid looked and sounded frantic, his heart was on the verge of stopping when the blonde nodded his head. “W-why didn’t you spit it out??”

“He never does.”

Jungkook replied instead and Jimin elbowed him lightly, the lawyer could be rather blunt and forward at times.

“Did it feel- did I do a nice job, Hyung?”

Yoongi couldn’t believe Jimin was asking him that with such an uncertain look on his face, as if he really had no idea just how well he had done.

“More than nice, Jiminnie. It felt amazing, really.”

The boy deserved the praise, but Yoongi was taken off guard when Jimin blushed and smiled bashfully. It was difficult to believe that this was the same person who had given the hybrid the suck of his life just minutes ago.

Jeon Jungkook was a little devil, that was a fact. His horns showed all the time, so the oldest kind of knew what to expect from the brat and yet the lawyer still managed to surprise him daily.
However, Jimin… he looked and acted like an angel, but sometimes Yoongi wondered if the boy wasn’t actually a wolf in sheep disguise, if the halo that was surrounding him most of the time, disappeared behind closed doors.

Jimin and Jungkook were still his kind, caring, loving humans. That wasn’t going to change, no matter what. But it was interesting to see the different sides of the two boys. The more Yoongi found out about the other two, the harder he fell for them.

“Now… where the fuck is my underwear?”

The hybrid grumbled and shifted around to look for what he needed. Jimin tried not to stare too much, but oh Yoongi was utterly cute, however… he had an even cuter ass and the blonde wanted to reach out and just touch and feel, but he tried his best to resist the temptation.

An airy ‘Aha’ left the black-haired male’s lips when he spotted his underwear, it was tossed at the corner of the bed and he quickly put it on. He also grabbed his pants and was about to get up from the bed, but the vet grabbed his wrist.

“Hyung, where are you going?”

“Oh… to shower or to change my clothes or both, I don’t know.” Yoongi replied and he didn’t miss the disappointed look that flashed across the younger’s face. “Look, Jiminnie…” The oldest began as he smiled at the two humans who were curiously looking at him. “I really want to try out doing more stuff with… both of you.” The hybrid paused and threw a quick glance at the lawyer and then looked back at Jimin. “But, I honestly don’t think I can handle more tonight. It’s… overwhelming, all of this and I need time when it comes to dealing with such things, so… yeah.”

The blonde released the hybrid from his hold, even though he really wanted Yoongi to stay and the black-haired male got up from the bed.

“Don’t go overboard.” The hybrid said, his words specifically directed to Jungkook, as he noticed the huge bulge in the lawyer’s pants. “You know I can hear everything, right?”

“Yeah, I’m already well-aware of that.”

Yoongi narrowed his eyes at Jungkook, which made the youngest chuckle and the hybrid’s look softened upon that, but he didn’t give the lawyer the chance to see that, as he made his way towards the door. He casted one last look at the vet who was now boring a hole into the bed sheets.
The hybrid hoped that the lawyer would listen to his advice.

When the door was closed and Yoongi exited the room, Jungkook let his hand rest on the small of Jimin’s back.

“So… that happened.”

He said after a minute or so and the blonde just dumbly nodded his head.

“Y-yeah.”

Usually in the bedroom, Jimin acted first and thought later. He had been longing to touch the hybrid, to kiss him and hold him in his arms, but it just dawned on him that he actually did that in front of Jungkook. The person whom he’s spent the last five years of his life with, a person whom had fully dedicated himself to Jimin and now... to Yoongi too.

Jungkook loved the shy smile, which appeared on Jimin’s face whenever he realized what he had done or asked for in their bedroom. It was like the vet turned into another person in such moments, he was more alluring, seductive and then he turned back to his every-day persona and blushed madly, it was endearing.

Jimin’s eyes widened when he saw that Jungkook leaned in and tried to close the remaining distance between their faces.

“W-what are you doing??” The vet shrieked and placed his hands on the younger’s chest to stop him from moving. “You want to kiss me? After I-”

“I don’t care.” Jungkook said instantly and for a second, Jimin’s attempt to push him away faltered. “It’s not like we haven’t kissed in similar situations before.”

“B-but it was you- y-your-”

Jungkook didn’t wait for the older to finish his sentence and pressed their lips together. A gasp left Jimin’s lips and he slightly opened his mouth, because of that, but to his surprise, Jungkook did not try to deepen the kiss and just moved his lips against Jimin’s in a chaste kiss, which made the vet’s heart erupt in happiness.

“We can still kiss like this, right?”
Jungkook asked and received a hum in reply. Jimin didn’t want the hybrid to leave, but maybe it was for the best. Yoongi seemed willing to go further, but Jimin understood that it could be too much for the older to take in, they could take things slowly, they had all the time in the world.

However, there was a rather urgent matter at hand. Jungkook was hard and Jimin wasn’t going to deny that he needed to find some release as well.

“So… watching me and Yoongi-hyung, that got you excited?”

Jimin questioned, as he placed his hand on Jungkook’s crotch and rubbed his very erect cock. The younger did not voice out any sort of response and just closed his eyes, as the blonde continued with his ministrations.

Jungkook wondered how far they were going to take things with Yoongi tonight, he knew that the hybrid would have been comfortable with doing more, he could sense it. But at least now, the tension between the oldest and Jimin had been lifted off and he was sure that the next time the two felt like doing something, they wouldn’t hesitate to act and Jungkook also hoped that he and Yoongi would soon move things to the next level as well.

“Jungkook-ah… I want you so badly.”

Jimin whispered in the younger’s ear, as he squeezed the boy’s erection and Jungkook’s eyes snapped open. The lawyer stared at Jimin, as his hands sneaked underneath the older’s shirt and he trailed his fingers up along the blonde’s spine, which made the vet shiver slightly.

“Take off your clothes or… should I do it for you?”

Jungkook asked, but Jimin was quick enough to act on his own. Usually, the older took his time in stripping, he always did it in such a teasing manner that drove Jungkook insane, but this time Jimin was in a rush and he was soon stark naked.

Jungkook would never forget the day he saw Jimin like this for the first time, the day on which their bodies intertwined in one for the first time. Jungkook didn’t really know how things between two men worked out, but the vet was patient with him and told him not to worry. Jungkook was still afraid though, he thought that he was doing everything terribly wrong and that he wouldn’t be able to make his boyfriend feel good despite all his efforts, but Jimin assured him numerous times that he felt nothing, but pleasure and as time passed, Jungkook’s confidence grew, because the older’s reactions to everything he did to him in bed boosted his ego a lot.

“You too, Jungkookie.”
The boy barely registered Jimin’s voice, he was so lost in his thoughts that he didn’t even see when the blonde got what they would be needing from the top drawer of the nightstand on his side of the bed.

Jungkook got rid of his own clothes, but his eyes never strayed from Jimin and when he kept his boxers on, the vet made a face, something between a pout and a scowl, the lawyer just smiled.

The older’s body finally hit the mattress and Jungkook drank in the sight before his eyes. He simply worshiped Jimin’s body, he loved every single inch of it and yet the blonde always tried to find flaws in himself. That’s why Jungkook tried a hundred times harder to show Jimin that he was nothing short of perfect.

Jungkook’s lips instantly landed on the older’s neck, marking Jimin’s flawless skin was one of his most favorite things in the world.

“J-Jungkook, no. Not so high.”

The vet complained, but that did not make Jungkook stop and instead he adamantly sucked on the skin. The weather was already too warm for scarves and Jimin knew that he wouldn’t be able to cover up the mark, his co-workers were very understanding and so were most of his long-time clients at the clinic, but appearing with marks on his neck all the time made some people look at him for far too long as if they were waiting for some sort of explanation. That didn’t make Jimin feel uncomfortable, it was quite the contrary. He proudly carried Jungkook’s marks, but these days Mr. Nam – the head of the clinic was in a bad mood and he even raised his voice, something which Jimin had rarely witnessed the older man to do, so he wanted to lay low for a week and a big hickey on his neck - he was definitely going to get scolded.

“Jungkook.”

Jimin tried again, he used a firmer tone this time and the younger huffed before he moved his lips lower, he nipped on the junction between the vet’s neck and his collarbones. Jimin finally relaxed against him and the whimpers that left the blonde’s lips made Jungkook’s chest swell in satisfaction.

He always paid special attention to Jimin’s upper-half, so his mouth travelled across Jimin’s chest, he made sure to leave as many kisses as possible while he ran his hands over the older’s sides and soon Jimin started giggling. Jungkook looked up and raised an eyebrow.

“Sorry, you know that I’m super ticklish around the ribs.”

The vet apologized with a sheepish smile and Jungkook smiled back.
“That wasn’t very sexy, but it was hella adorable, so I’ll let it slide.”

The lawyer muttered, as he left one last kiss close to Jimin’s bellybutton and then his hands moved to the older’s member, which he had neglected up until now, but that didn’t seem like an issue, because the vet was just as hard as him, but he could feel that Jimin was growing impatient and the vet’s next words, just confirmed Jungkook’s suspicion.

“How it up, I can’t wait any longer.”

Whenever Jimin was sexually frustrated, he always had to get what he wanted, what he needed and he felt no shame even when he begged for it, that happened later on when he replayed the events from his and Jungkook’s sexual encounters in his head.

“Yes, yes. I got it, your highness.”

Jungkook teased, as he twisted the cap of the lube with one hand and caught Jimin’s leg with the other, because the older was done with his teasing and actually wanted to knock some sense into him, but Jungkook prevented the blonde from doing so and held Jimin in place.

The lawyer coated his fingers with the rather cold substance and hoped that Jimin would adjust to the temperature difference without a problem. Jungkook let the older’s leg down but not before leaving a kiss on Jimin’s ankle and then slipped one of his fingers past the blonde’s entrance.

“Oh, yes. Finally.”

Jimin moaned and didn’t appear bothered by the intrusion of the finger, so Jungkook started wriggling the digit around. Jimin has always been very responsive to every single touch and the younger added a second finger almost immediately. The older easily sucked in both fingers and Jungkook proceeded to properly stretching Jimin, while he stroked the older’s cock with his other hand.

“Jung-Jungkook, M-more, I need- ngh-”

Jimin whimpered when one of Jungkook’s fingers grazed over his prostrate and he wanted to feel that again, so he adjusted his position and moved his hips on his own.

“Ah, please… again.”

Jungkook angled his fingers and thrust them in, managing to hit Jimin’s sweet spot dead on.
“Oh, oh, there. Kook, add the third one. I can’t- I want-”

“I know, I know. Just wait a little longer, baby.”

Jimin did not fancy the waiting part at all, so grabbed Jungkook’s neck and pulled him closer all the while the younger worked his fingers in and out and still pumped the blonde’s cock. Jimin was so, so wet already, both because of the lube and due to the pre-come that was dripping along his shaft, but that just made it easier for Jungkook to move his hand.

“Now, Jungkook.”

Jimin knew he sounded a way too demanding, but that was the point. He tugged at Jungkook’s earlobe with his teeth and was rewarded with a third finger, at last. He was already used to the stretch, he really didn’t know why the younger always prepped him in such a throughout way as if they hadn’t had sex before. He appreciated it, he really did, but right now he just wished to have Jungkook inside of him already, not his fingers.

The younger kissed Jimin again and enjoyed the moans that spilled from the older’s lips, the blonde was feeling everything so much tonight.

“Usually, my fingers alone are never enough to satisfy you completely, but… I guess tonight is an exception.” Jungkook spoke against Jimin’s lips when he retreated a little and the older gave him a puzzled look. “You don’t even realize what you’re doing right now, huh?”

“What?”

“You’re so into it that you didn’t even notice that I stopped moving my hands. You’re literally fucking yourself on my fingers.”

Jimin flushed, because of Jungkook’s statement, but when he looked down he saw that the younger wasn’t lying, Jimin was doing exactly what Jungkook had said. His face became impossibly red, but just as he was about to stop performing that embarrassing act, Jungkook resumed his activities and his fingers brushed against Jimin’s prostate again. Just with a few more strokes, Jimin came, painting his stomach in white and Jungkook pulled out his fingers. The older already looked wrecked – different hues were decorating Jimin’s body, his breathing was ragged, a layer of sweat was covering his body, he looked stunning.

Jungkook let the older catch his breath, while he wiped the semen off of Jimin’s abdomen and he cleaned his fingers as well, he used the shirt he had been wearing tonight, their clothes were going to be washed anyway. He couldn’t afford more time to spare though, he had been holding back for
a way too long and he couldn’t do it anymore.

Jimin heard the rustling of clothes, it was a task to focus on whatever at the moment, but he saw how Jungkook removed his boxers and grabbed the bottle of lube again, but the blonde rose up and snatched the bottle away.

“Let me.”

Jimin said without looking at the younger and he poured a generous amount of lube on his fingers. He slicked up Jungkook’s cock and the younger could barely contain himself, because the way Jimin moved his hands up and down was just driving him crazy.

“Hyung.” Jungkook rasped out with difficulty and Jimin looked at him. “I’m dying to be inside of you.”

The blonde’s lips shaped into an ‘O’ and Jungkook dived in for a kiss again, he pushed Jimin back onto the bed and settled comfortably between his legs. He positioned himself, while he distracted Jimin with kisses, but the older arched his back when Jungkook finally settled inside of him.

“Ah, ah, Jungkook.”

Both of them sighed in satisfaction and Jungkook started off with slow, but calculated movements, he dragged his cock in and out and the slap of skin was hard to ignore. Filthy sounds filled up the room in an instant, Jimin’s moans became louder and louder by each passing second and Jungkook quickened his pace.

“Jimin, Jimin. Baby, god-”

Being engulfed by Jimin’s familiar heat was a superb feeling, Jungkook lived for every obscene sound Jimin made, every broken plead that he barely found the strength to utter, every kiss, every touch, every call of his name.

“I love you so damn much, Jimin-hyung.”

Jungkook husked and gripped the older’s thighs, he pounded into Jimin and that elicited more wanton sounds from the blonde who clutched onto the younger’s arms and chanted his name over and over again.

“Jungkook, Jungkook, Jungkook. Aah, I love you.”
Jimin felt like he could come again, the way Jungkook’s cock pulsed inside of him, almost made him lose it, but he wanted this to last as long as possible, so he suppressed the urge to ejaculate again.

“F-faster, please.”

Jimin shamelessly pleaded and Jungkook complied right away by bottoming out, his precise movements allowed him to once again hit the spot, which made the older see stars and Jimin’s whole body rocked, because of the impactful thrust.

“Oh-oh my- Jungkook!”

Jimin cried out when the younger repeated the motion. Jungkook buried himself deeply inside of the older and showered his face with kisses.

“I’ve got you, baby. *Always.*”

Jimin pressed a sloppy kiss at the corner of Jungkook’s mouth and that made the younger tighten his hold around him.

“I- I know.”

The older already looked like a mess and he sounded like one as well, but Jungkook wanted to mess Jimin up even more, so he carefully lifted up one of the vet’s legs and placed it on his shoulder. Jimin’s flexibility always came in so handy, especially during sex. Jungkook could reach even deeper, because of the new angle and he smoothly slid in and out, it has always been spellbinding for the lawyer, to see how his cock disappeared into Jimin, the older always took him in so well.

Jungkook observed how the older’s muscles contracted with every erratic breath he took, Jungkook’s breathing had become heavier too.

“It’s so good, so so good.”

Jimin moaned, as he tried to focus his eyesight on Jungkook and his heart skipped a beat when he saw the searing passion that was burning in the younger’s eyes, but after a particularly sharp and perfectly-aimed thrust at his prostrate, his vision started swimming again. Jimin was drowning in pleasure, but so was Jungkook. Fervor took over him and he started snapping his hips swiftly, as he chased after his climax, but Jimin yelped due to the sharp moves and Jungkook tried to soothe the older by running his hand along Jimin’s inner tight.
That did the trick, but Jungkook could no longer trust himself, so he decided to let the older take control. He removed the blonde’s leg from his shoulder and wrapped his arms around the vet’s waist. He attentively pulled out and switched their positions, so he was now lying on his back and Jimin was on top of him.

“Why… why did you do this? You know how much I hate this position.”

Jimin whined, he already felt the absence of Jungkook’s cock, but thankfully, the younger’s shaft was practically between his ass cheeks, so Jimin stuck out his bottom a little and grinded against Jungkook’s member.

The lawyer’s cock twitched, because of the friction, but he knew the older’s body better than anyone else, even better than Jimin himself.

“You don’t. You love it. Do you know how tight you become while you’re riding me?”

Jimin’s ears tinted in pink and he smacked the younger’s bicep. “Idiot, you always come faster that way.”

“Oh, so that’s actually your problem?”

Jungkook laughed and Jimin tried to avoid the boy’s eyes, he should’ve just kept his lips sealed.

“You’re such a brat.”

“This brat here wants to come inside of you, so… what are you going to do about that?”

Jimin’s face, ears, his whole body flushed because of the boy’s remark and he wanted to nag at Jungkook, but how could he… when he desperately craved for the same?

The blonde lifted up his hips and slowly sank down on Jungkook’s cock, it throbbed inside him and Jimin knew it wouldn’t take much before the two of them found the relief they sought.

“Ah, there you go, baby. Depending on what you do next, I might provide some assistance.”

Jimin started rolling his hips in frenzy, he was intoxicated by the thought of pleasuring the younger and hearing Jungkook pant in delight, seeing the look of ecstasy on his face, it was pure bliss for
Jimin, but it was just *not* enough.

“P-please, Jungkook. Move, please.”

Jungkook intended to drag out this a bit longer, but he really couldn’t, not when Jimin was bouncing up and down on his cock in such a needy way, so without saying a word, Jungkook thrust up, his hips smacking against Jimin’s ass and the older almost toppled over him, but he placed his hands on Jungkook’s chest in the last moment to support himself.

“Jung- damn it, you should’ve told me that-”

Jimin’s speech was cut off when Jungkook once again gripped his thighs, more harshly this time, he was definitely going to leave hand prints behind and pulled the older’s hips down just as he firmly pounded into him, *faster, harder*, again and again.

“You’re- ah, yes! Jungkook, I’m *so*-”

Jimin didn’t know what he was saying anymore, he couldn’t think straight, his head was spinning, it felt incredibly good.

“You know that you just sound illegal while you’re being fucked, right?”

Jimin didn’t even hear Jungkook’s question, his ears were buzzing, he just wanted to come already, he wanted Jungkook to feel him up, he wanted-

“Hey, Jimin. Baby, are you with me?”

Jungkook asked, as he placed one of his hands one Jimin’s face and that got the older’s attention, but he couldn’t utter any coherent words, so he just moaned and slightly nodded his head.

“Ssht, keep your voice down a little. If you’re so loud the whole building is going to hear you. You don’t want that, right?”

Now Jimin shook his head and it took him a few moments to speak up.

“N-no.” He breathed out as Jungkook drove him closer and closer to his peak. “Only y-you. Only you and Yoongi-hyung.”
“He can hear you without a doubt, but only if he could see you like this.”

The mention of the hybrid’s name did things to both of them. Jungkook wondered what Yoongi was currently doing, had he taken a shower, was he taking a shower or was he doing something entirely different? Jimin’s mind flooded with images of Yoongi, there were so many things that he wanted to do with the hybrid, things that involved Jungkook as well. Just thinking about the possibility that any of his fantasies could turn into reality was enough to make Jimin come for the second time that night and Jungkook followed seconds later.

Jimin couldn’t feel his limbs any longer and he collapsed into Jungkook’s warm and inviting embrace. The younger carded his fingers through the other’s blonde locks and tried to slip out of the vet, but Jimin stopped him.

“Nnmgh, no. Don’t move yet.”

“But-”

Jimin pressed his body down and Jungkook was left tongue-tied.

“I want to stay like this a little longer.”

“Oh, baby. Whatever you want.”

Jungkook said and smiled when Jimin pecked his lips. The vet looked so content and gleeful, Jungkook felt truly blessed to have someone like Jimin by his side and now Yoongi as well. He was going to try his best to make the two older men happy, they deserved all the love in the world and Jungkook was going to make sure they got it.

*Only smiles and joyful moments... I promise you, Jimin-hyung, Yoongi-hyung.*

“Jungkookie.”

The boy looked at Jimin, the spark in his eyes was back.

“How about another round?”

The vet questioned, as he batted his eyelashes at Jungkook, waiting for him to accept the offer.
Yoongi waltzed into the kitchen rather late this morning, he slept in today, but at least Jungkook still hadn’t left for work, he a thing or two to say to the stupid brat.

“Good morning, Hyung.”

Jimin greeted as soon as he saw the hybrid and Yoongi sat on the chair next to the vet. He leaned in and kissed the younger, who grinned against his lips.

“Good morning, Jiminie.”

“Morning, morning.” Jungkook said, as he placed his Iron Man cup in the cupboard, he had just finished washing it. “Where’s my kiss?”

“Like you deserve one.”

The hybrid stated through gritted teeth, while he glared at the youngest and Jungkook was puzzled, had he done something?

“What do you mean?” The lawyer asked, trying to clear up the confusion.

“What did I say last night?? Didn’t I tell you to take it easy?!”

“Oh, it’s just that.” Yoongi was now giving him a piercing gaze, which made Jungkook feel like he had committed a crime, while in fact he had done nothing. “I did take it easy, okay? Right, Jimin-hyung?”

The black-haired male looked at the blonde and found him nodding his head, two against one and it was never in Yoongi’s favor.

“Yes, we did it only two times last night.”
“Oh, please.” The hybrid scoffed, because of the vet’s words. “You’re terrible at lying and besides… did you really think I wouldn’t hear what you did in the bathroom?”

Jimin’s beautiful eyes became bigger upon hearing that. “Y-you heard us, Hyung?”

“I sure as hell did. I bet the whole floor did actually, I’m surprised there’s no noise complaint.”

“Noise complaint… we got one the day after my birthday last year.”

Jimin threw in and Yoongi wasn’t sure he wanted to know what the two humans had done for their neighbors to finally snap.

“Mmm, wild night it was.”

Jungkook’s words just added more fuel to the fire and the hybrid once again faced the youngest who was standing near the table.

“Define wild. No, wait - don’t. Last night was enough for me. Do you know that I was actually afraid the bed might break?? And then I had to worry about my new favorite thing in the apartment – meaning the bathtub! All the while, I was also worried that you might break Jimin as well! Yah, are you laughing, brat?!”

Jungkook didn’t mean to laugh, but the hybrid’s rant was quite amusing, he couldn’t help it.

“First of all-” Jungkook started after his laughing fit was no longer preventing him from speaking. “We spent a fortune on the bed, it’s steady as hell. Secondly, we didn’t do anything in the tub, we were in the stall. Ah, while we’re on the topic. Do you know that we stopped doing it on the couch after you moved in? Since you treasure it so much. How considerate of us, don’t you think?”

Yoongi simply gaped at the lawyer, because he had given away too many details that the hybrid could’ve lived on without ever knowing.

“And lastly, there’s no need to worry about Jiminie. He’s very good at taking it, no matter how hard.”

“Jungkook!” Jimin’s face changed its color at once, because of the younger’s remark.
“True or not true?”

Jimin wanted to say it’s not true, but his mind drifted off to last year and his face heated up even more as he recalled the night of his birthday. That night, it was as if Jungkook was trying to test his stamina and well, they established lawyer could go at it all night long, but Jimin couldn’t. The countless hours of sex exhausted him to no end and they stopped only when the vet could barely keep his eyes open, his body was aching all over, in all the right ways, but he needed to rest, both of them did.

“True…”

Jimin admitted and Yoongi really wanted to wipe off the smug smile that was now gracing Jungkook’s face, but before he could even think of a biting comment, the youngest captured his lips in a brief kiss.

“However…” Jungkook stepped back and straightened his suit, he had to leave now or he was going to be late for work. Jimin still had half an hour left though, so at least he could keep the oldest some company during breakfast. “I wonder how well you are going to take it.”

It took Yoongi a while to assimilate the words, but when he did his eyes scanned the near-by area for simply anything to throw at Jungkook, but sadly there was nothing within his reach and the lawyer was brazen enough to laugh before he walked out of the kitchen.

“Get your thirsty ass back here, Jeon Jungkook! Yah! Your Hyung is speaking!”

Yoongi yelled after the youngest, but to no avail and when Jimin chuckled, the hybrid looked at the vet.

“It’s better not to poke the bear, Hyung.”

“What bear?” Yoongi furrowed his brows in perplexity, he couldn’t catch the meaning.

“It means that you shouldn’t provoke Jungkook unless you’re ready to be walkingfunnily for days or maybe even limp. Last year, after my birthday… I even had to take the day off, because I couldn’t move from the bed let alone go to the clinic, but Jungkookie stayed behind to take care of me. He was rather affectionate and pampered me all day, it was great.”

Yoongi swallowed hard when he heard that, but judging from what Jimin just said, he totally did not uh… regret poking the bear.
“So, um- do you do it often?”

“Hm?”

“Provoke Jungkook, I mean.”

Maybe it was a stupid question, but Yoongi did not want to misunderstand anything, so he had to ask.

“Only once in a while, doing that is like playing with fire – it’s unavoidable to get burned. Jungkook and I have our limits in bed, but sometimes he’s uncontrollable, he can be like a beast, which is hard to tame, he gets unpredictable, but it’s somehow thrilling not to know what to expect.”

Yoongi could agree with that, exploring someone’s wild side did sound rather tempting. It was worth the risk if the other party was someone whom you could trust with all your might, someone whom you were absolutely sure that wouldn’t harm you in any way. The hybrid wondered what the brat was like when he completely lost control, he wondered what Jungkook might do to him if he was irked enough, he wondered if he would end up like Jimin or maybe… even worse?

Fortunately or unfortunately…

Min Yoongi loved playing with fire.

Chapter End Notes

Pretty Yoongi in pink, aaah (灬♥ω♥灬)
I rarely write smut… *oh, the sacrifices I make for this story xD* haha

Happy Birthday to the sweetest, cutest, most precious and lovely angel! (° ^°)♥
Always be happy and healthy, never stop smiling!
I love you, Jiminie!!! (∀ `)♡

The boys’ poor condition lately is making me so, so sad (’;_;’)

As always, if you ever feel like talking to me, you can message me on my [Instagram](https://www.instagram.com) ^^
Chapter Notes

This chapter focuses on Yoongi’s past and his struggles of growing up as a hybrid.

Things do not go as far as self-harm, however there’s a lot of self-hatred, so I believe that’s the only warning the chapter calls for.

Prepare your tissues and tons of hugs and kisses for our kitty >.<

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Hate me, baby. I would hate me too.

It's hard to love when you've been broken.

Soundtrack for this chapter:

RM – Reflection

Day6 – I need somebody
Yoongi did not dream very often. This is why he treasured his sleep so much, he actually got a great rest most of the time, but on some nights, his brain decided it was fun to disturb his sleep with pointless images and events that he barely even remembered in the morning.

But tonight... tonight it was *different*. Because the images that filled his head were not meaningless ones and the events, those things had actually happened to him.

It was as if he was not dreaming, but re-living his life with a few missing pieces here and there, but still.

He was firstly greeted by Dahye’s face, which he hadn’t seen in years. Sadly, they never took a photo together. Yoongi’s mind sometimes drifted back to his first owner. He couldn’t pinpoint his first memory of the old woman, but he vividly remembered that she smelled like cinnamon and orange.

The woman was nice to him, but something has always felt off. Was she his mother? She seemed a bit too old for that. His grandma perhaps? Or just a relative?

Later on, Yoongi learnt that it was none of the above.

When he was a bit older, Dahye told him how she constantly worried about him, because he refused to eat anything and only showed interest once, in her cup of milk. That wasn’t enough to satisfy one’s hunger, but it was a start and with small steps, Yoongi started accepting the food that was being offered to him.

He thought it was strange though – the fact that he had never left the house before, when Dahye went out it was always for a short period of time just so she could buy groceries. Yoongi wanted to ask if he could go with her, but he didn’t want to appear greedy or to be scolded, he wanted to be a good child, so he hoped that one day the woman would offer to take him out on her own.

But as Yoongi grew up a little more, he started noticing things and he started dwelling on stuff, which had never crossed his mind before. He was around five when he actually paid attention to
his cat ears and his tail. Of course, he had noticed them before as well, he had even played with his tail a few times, he tried to catch it, but it kept swishing left and right, it was fun though and he had curiously touched his fluffy ears, while looking at himself in the mirror, but they had never really made a big impression, because he believed they were something normal.

However, as he observed Dahye from up-close, he saw that she didn’t have a set of cat ears or a tail, so one day Yoongi decided to ask her about that.

“Dahye.”

The woman looked up from her book and adjusted her glasses, as the small hybrid waddled towards her.

“What is it, Yoongi?”

“Can you teach me?”

The little boy asked excitedly, but the request confused the woman.

“Teach you what?”

“How to hide my ears and tail like you!”

Dahye’s lips parted, but she didn’t say anything for a while and just stared at the hybrid. He was still a child, she was going to tell him everything, when he got a bit older. There was no way he could understand now, but he had already asked, so maybe it was about time he knew.

“You can’t hide your ears and tail, Yoongi.”

The boy pursed his lips in thought, not fully understanding the old woman’s reply.

“Oh, you mean I have to grow up more before I can do that? Okay, I can wait.”

Dahye sighed and set her book aside, she beckoned for Yoongi to come closer and he did, he stood right next to the armchair she was sitting on.

“No, Yoongi. That’s not what I meant. You can’t hide them.”
“But you can, Dahye.”

The woman shook her head in response and that further puzzled the hybrid.

“I can’t. I don’t have ears and a tail like you, Yoongi.”

The boy’s eyes enlarged and he grabbed one of the woman’s hands.

“Did someone take them away from you, Dahye?? That’s terrible! How could they-”

The woman put her other hand over Yoongi’s, as she once again shook her head. She knew it, he was a way too young to understand, but he had the right to know.

“I’ve never had those type of ears or tail, Yoongi. You do, because… because you are a hybrid and I am not. I am a human and you are not.”

A hybrid? I’ve never heard that word before…

“What do you mean? I- I am what?”

“A hybrid. Your kind holds the characteristics of both humans and animals. There are different types of hybrids, depending on their animal genes. You are a cat hybrid, Yoongi.”

The little boy released the woman’s hand from his hold and stepped back. He tried to process what she had told him, but he just couldn’t understand. He wasn’t a human? He was a… hybrid? A cat hybrid? That wasn’t possible, he has always felt that he was a little different, but he mainly blamed it on the fact that he wasn’t very talkative and the children on the shows he watched on tv, were always brightly smiling and talking with their friends. Yoongi had no friends, he had never left the house, so could he? He wasn’t even sure if he would ever be able to make friends or if he would be able to lead a proper conversation with someone who wasn’t Dahye, but he was going to learn, he wanted to have friends, he wanted to be like the other kids around his age.

“Y-you are lying. I’m- I’m not! I’m not that type of thing! I’m- I’m a human! L-like you-”

Why were Dahye’s eyes suddenly filled with pity? And why was the image of her suddenly so blurry? Why were Yoongi’s eyes stinging like this? Why were tears rolling down his cheeks? He wasn’t crying, right?
Dahye was about to say something, but Yoongi didn’t want to listen, so he just dashed out of the living room, but when he was in the hallway he made the mistake to look up and he saw his reflection on the full-sized mirror, which was there – tears were falling from his eyes, his nose was a bit red-ish, but the second he spotted his tail and his ears, his heart clenched at the sight.

*A monster.*

*I am a monster.*

*Why am I like this?*

*Why... why was I born this way?*

*I want to be normal, I want to be like the others.*

*I have to be normal, I have to-

Only if he could get rid of what was making him different, then maybe... everything was going to be okay?

With that thought in his mind, Yoongi grabbed his cat ears and started pulling them harshly.

*Please, please... just go away, please.*

More tears welled at the corners of his eyes, he has always liked his ears, they were dear to him, but right now... he couldn’t stand to look at them.

*It hurts. But it will be okay, I just have to pull harder and it will be all over.*

Yoongi tried to reassure himself, but no matter how strongly he pulled at his ears, they refused let him get what he wanted.

“Yoongi! Oh, god! Stop it, you’re going to hurt yourself!!!!”

The boy barely registered Dahye’s panicked voice, he was not going to give up, he wanted to be normal and when the woman grabbed his hands and tried to make him let go of his ears, Yoongi trashed in her arms and cried harder.
“Please, please! I want to be a human as well!”

“Don’t do this Yoongi, your ears are a part of you. No matter what. You are a hybrid, you just have to get used to that thought. I know it will be hard, but you have to accept yourself as you are.”

Dahye cradled Yoongi’s small and trembling body in her arms and the hybrid’s tears stained her shirt. Raising a child was hard, but raising a hybrid was ten times harder.

She didn’t know what the boy was going through at the moment, but she hoped that with time, Yoongi will come to terms with the fact that he’s a hybrid.

It took years.

It took years for Yoongi to look in the mirror and to not be repulsed by what he saw.

It took him years to feel comfortable in his own skin again.

When he was seven, Dahye started teaching him how to read and write and that lifted his spirits a bit, he no longer felt as useless as before, because now every once in a while when the woman was too tired, Yoongi took the book she was reading and read the following few pages out loud for her, before she fell asleep.

Over the years, their relationship did not change much – they still didn’t talk much, there was not much to say anyway. Dahye told Yoongi that she bought him from the center when he was basically still a baby and that she was not the one who named him. Yoongi’s mother had done that and the boy often thought about his parents, he wondered what they were like, if they would’ve loved him, if they would’ve been proud of him as their son.

He couldn’t get why and how, humans could treat his kind like this – why were hybrids either for breeding or for sale? They were living, breathing beings as well, they were partly human, so why? Why couldn’t they lead a normal, proper life without restrictions?

When he was around ten years old, Yoongi got the courage to ask Dahye a few times if he could go out with her, but his owner refused every time and after that, Yoongi just stopped asking even though his biggest dream was to walk around the streets and explore the city they were living in.
‘Owner’, Yoongi was not very fond of that term, but that was what Dahye was to him. Even though the woman treated him kindly, Yoongi was a hybrid. They were not friends, they were not family, they never even ate their meals together. Dahye had never suggested it and neither had Yoongi.

As the years passed, Yoongi found more comfort in his tiny room, which barely had anything, but he had a bed to lie on and a roof over his head, so that was more than enough. He started enjoying the silence more and more, he grew accustomed to it and the urge to make friends or to be normal like the others slowly started fading.

He was Min Yoongi – a cat hybrid.

It wasn’t easy to face the reality, but Dahye had been right – he had to learn to accept himself as he was and he was on his way to accomplishing that, but then all of a sudden everything fell apart.

Everything went down the drain when his first heat hit him.

At first he thought he had just caught a cold, but then his body started feeling a way too hot, the pain was too much, so he desperately called for Dahye and when the old woman saw him like that, she told him that she knew what was happening to him and that she would go buy him some medicine.

Yoongi didn’t want her to leave, he didn’t want to be left all alone, when he was feeling like this.

His body has always been against him, that’s what Yoongi thought and his point was once again proven, as his heat tortured him and made him gasp for new breaths.

He knew that he would never be normal, but why did he have to go through this??

Just when he was on the verge of finally accepting himself, this had to happen.

His heat just made all the hatred he bared for himself to come back with full force.

He hated this, he hated that he was different, he hated that he was a hybrid.

Yoongi hated himself.
When Dahye passed away, his world once again crumbled.

She had raised him, he had spent his whole life with her. She was there by his side when he broke down as a child, she was there when he tried to fight his demons, she was there during his hardest times, she was always there.

So when he had to say goodbye to her cold body and to go back to the center, where he had been bought from, Yoongi felt utterly helpless.

What now?

What was he supposed to do now?

Dahye’s sister didn’t want to take him in, he knew what that meant – he was about to be proclaimed as a breeding hybrid or he was about to be put up for sale again.

Neither sounded good, he didn’t fancy either of the two options, but they were the only options, which existed.

Yoongi spent the first few weeks at the center in complete solitude. He didn’t want to interact with anyone.

It was sad how all he took with himself when he left Dahye’s house, was a bag with a few sets of clothes.

He really had nothing that belonged to him. The clothes he wore were quite old, Dahye had never had much money and she couldn’t afford to buy him much, but Yoongi was thankful for what he had.

After a month passed, he started going out of his room. The center was pretty boring, most hybrids who lived there already knew each other. It was unusual for a hybrid to be bought and then to be brought back, some even threw Yoongi weird glances, but Yoongi ignored them. He didn’t really care about anyone’s opinion.
He avoided most hybrids, even those who tried to talk to him. Party, because he didn’t know what to say, partly because he just didn’t want to get close to anyone here, because he knew he wouldn’t stay for long. During his third week at the center, a woman had come to inform him that he was up for sale again. At least they had the decency to tell him, not like it made much of a difference.

Yoongi wanted to have a choice, not to have to put up with what fate others chose for him.

‘You are a hybrid. You’re already 21, Min Yoongi. Don’t be so naïve.’

That’s what Yoongi always told himself when he wished for things to be different, it wasn’t possible.

The humans at the center weren’t stupid and they were aware of exactly when Yoongi would go into heat, so he did find it a bit weird when a pill and a bottle of water were placed on his nightstand by one of the staff members who was in charge of the hybrids on Yoongi’s floor.

But as the night came and the well-known burn took over him, he realized what the purpose of the pill was and he took it without hesitation. This one made him feel sleepy and soon he drifted off. Maybe that was for the best, he really didn’t want to stay awake. Dahye wasn’t there, there was no one to comfort him.

There was only silence and his ragged breathing.

And the room, which smelled nothing like home, it actually had no smell.

It was just… a prison.

He started spending more time among the other hybrids and that’s when he met Eunah and Jaesuk.

Yoongi liked them, they were a cute couple and they showed great interest in Yoongi. The other two cat hybrids had lots of questions about the outside world, but sadly Yoongi could answer none of them, simply because he had never seen that outside would with his own eyes either.

When Jaesuk told him about the breeding system at the center, Yoongi was surprised, Jaesuk and Eunah looked happy together, but Yoongi was no longer a foolish child and some time later, when Eunah got pregnant, Yoongi wished he could do something to help, but he knew that no matter what he said, he wouldn’t be able to make the other two feel better.
It was going to hurt a lot, to have their child ripped away from them, hours after the birth and Yoongi hoped the girl won’t lose her sanity, Eunah was a rather sensitive and a really gentle hybrid.

A few weeks before Eunah found out that she was pregnant though, Yoongi led a conversation with Jaesuk. A conversation, which turned into another storm in Yoongi’s life.

It was a bit after dinner, Yoongi did not see Eunah at their usual table, but Jaesuk wasn’t present either. However, as Yoongi was going back to his room, he saw Jaesuk who was just walking around in circles, while babbling to himself.

“Jaesuk.”

The boy looked up and smiled when the older hybrid approached him.

“How, Hyung.”

“What are you doing here? Why weren’t you-”

Yoongi’s words were suddenly cut off when Jaesuk grabbed his shoulders and shook him lightly.

“It’s happening, Hyung! I-I’m so nervous yet excited at the same time!”

Yoongi scrunched up his nose in confusion, it was just a typical Tuesday night, nothing out of the ordinary.

“What’s happening?”

“Eunah is going into heat!”

Jaesuk almost yelled, he looked thrilled and Yoongi was left speechless, he had never discussed anything heat-related with anyone. He suddenly wondered if everybody had it as bad as him or not, did everyone else take pills like him or-?

“I’ve already helped her plenty of times, but it always feels like the first time, you know? We got separated in the afternoon and I’m just waiting to be told if it’s okay to visit her already!”
“Helped her?”

Yoongi repeated, because really that’s the only thing he heard and Jaesuk nodded his head.

“Yeah, we…” The boy gave Yoongi a shy look, before he let go of the older hybrid’s shoulders. “We spend the night together and—well, I’m sure you’re aware of what we do.”

Jaesuk’s face had flushed, while he spoke and Yoongi tried to connect the dots. He wasn’t that oblivious, he knew what Jaesuk was referring to, so… doing that helped during a heat?

_I guess not everyone takes pills like me, but then again… Jaesuk and Eunah have each other, while I… have no one._

“What about you?”

Yoongi questioned, as he fully absorbed Jaesuk’s words, but the boy just tilted his head in perplexity.

“What about me?”

Jaesuk asked and Yoongi bit on his bottom lip. Did he really have to spell it out? Wasn’t it obvious what he was talking about?

“I mean—when Eunah’s in heat… what about you? Do you... _uh_… as well…”

Yoongi tried to clarify and Jaesuk looked even more confused now. But just when Yoongi was about to tell the boy to forget about it, Jaesuk spoke up and the words, which followed made Yoongi freeze in place.

“Eh? Nothing really happens to me. Well, Eunah’s heat does have its effect on me, but I’m a man. Only female hybrids have heats. But you already know that. Right, Hyung?”

_‘Only females.’_

Yoongi’s heart dropped when he heard that.

_But… I’m a man, so why?_
Yoongi wanted to utter the question, but there was no way Jaesuk could have an answer for it. Seconds ago, Yoongi’s heart was barely beating, but now it was loudly thumping in his chest and that only amplified upon Jaesuk’s next words.

“Hyung… don’t tell me that you-”

“I have to go!”

Yoongi cut in and rushed towards his room, he practically ran towards it. He needed a place to hide, he had to hide, he didn’t want anyone to see how he was once again breaking down. When he reached his room, he closed the door with a loud bang and locked it. He pressed his back against the door and his legs just gave in, he slid down and sat on the floor. He buried his head in his hands and tried to calm down, he tried to make his heart stop beating so fast, but it didn’t and as new thoughts flooded his mind, his heartbeat just accelerated.

“Unbelievable. What the hell…”

He muttered under his breath and tightly shut his eyes. He thought he would cry once again, just like on the day when he found out that he was a hybrid, but strangely… he didn’t.

A freak.

You’re a freak, Min Yoongi.

Even among your own kind… you’re abnormal.

You’re not like the rest.

“Get up.”

Yoongi frowned when someone tugged his blanket away and grabbed his wrist, just so he could pull him up.

“What the- what the heck do you want??” Yoongi questioned in annoyance when he saw that the
one who had disturbed his slumber was a staff member, whom he didn’t like much. The man walked around like he owned the place and definitely thought of hybrids as a lower class, he had showed it on multiply occasions.

“Watch your mouth, Min Yoongi and do as I say.”

Yoongi got up from his bed and before he could ask what really was going on, the bag which he arrived at the center with, was shoved into his hands.

“Pack your things. Though… you own close to nothing.”

That guy always spoke in such a way that it just made you want to punch him, but Yoongi knew that nothing good will come out of that, so instead he gripped the bag in his hands and glared at the other.

“Where are you taking me?”

“Someone wants to buy you, but he said he wants to see you first.”

He?

Yoongi wasn’t given much time to think about that, as the man urged him to hurry up and then he lead him down the hall, opposite of where the hybrids usually had their meals.

Yoongi looked back, he thought about Jaesuk and Eunah and how devastated they were, upon realizing that their daughter was going to be taken away from them as soon as she was born.

“Here he is.”

The hybrid looked ahead of himself and saw a man who did not appear to be much older than him. He was taller than Yoongi and had black hair just like him. The man walked towards him and smiled upon reaching his side.

“Hello. I’m Kwang Jungmin. Nice to meet you, Yoongi.”

“What’s the point of saying my name when you already know it?”

That was the first thing, which Yoongi could think of, so he said it, but the staff member scolded
“Min Yoongi, behave.”

“It’s okay. I’ve read his profile, so I know that Yoongi speaks like this.”

Yoongi eyed the human, who was supposed to be his new owner, he really didn’t seem to mind the way Yoongi had talked and the hybrid blinked rapidly when Jungmin announced that he had made his decision.

“I’ll buy him.”

Something akin to a cheer left the staff member’s mouth, because their dislike for each other was mutual and the damn dude was probably pleased with the fact that he won’t have to see Yoongi anymore.

“Fantastic! I’ll go get the documents!”

The man commented and left the room, leaving Yoongi all alone with his new owner.

“Just like that?”

“Hm?”

“You’re going to buy me… just like that? Why?”

Yoongi had been told that there were others who had showed interest in him before, but nobody bought him, for unknown to him reasons. But this human spent like what… two minutes in his presence and made his choice, that fast?

“From what your profile states, you sound like an interesting hybrid, different from the rest.”

Yoongi clenched his fists, he didn’t even want to know what was written in his so-called profile.

“Different?” He still dared to ask, even though he hoped the human would spare him the details.

“You can read and write, right? That’s rare. Most hybrids can’t do even that.”
Yoongi didn’t like how Jungmin phrased his words. It’s not like hybrids couldn’t read or write, they were just never taught how to and if they wanted to learn, their owners didn’t allow it, because they were just pets, so what was the point of educating your pet? Hybrids were not stupid, but it was more convenient for the humans that way. To make hybrids believe that they could be nothing more, that they didn’t deserve to be more.

“I hope we’ll get along, Yoongi.”

And they did get along. It was awkward at first, but Yoongi soon got accustomed to living with Jungmin. The human was mostly out during the day, but when he got home, he stayed behind and talked with Yoongi. The hybrid mostly listened, because he usually didn’t do much during the day, but Jungmin always had something to share, because tons of stuff happened at the airport on a daily basis. He never really asked Yoongi how his day had been or any personal questions, he just wanted to talk and to share.

That made Yoongi realize why Jungmin had bought him – he was lonely, perhaps just as much as Yoongi, so he needed company, he wanted to have someone by his side, someone who would listen and reply to him from time to time.

Jungmin told Yoongi that he could call him by his name, but the hybrid insisted on using the proper term and always addressed the human as ‘Hyung’, since Jungmin was six years older than him.

But due to their similar age, they had common interests and Jungmin always painted such a fascinating world just by using words as he spoke about his work and Yoongi got more and more curious about everything, which the vast world had to offer.

Sadly, just like at the center and while living with Dahye, Yoongi was still not allowed to leave the house.

It became a habit to wait for Jungmin to get back, just so he could hear another story, but sometimes the human worked extra hours and arrived much later than usual. Just like tonight.

“Yoongi, wake up.”
The hybrid opened his eyes and rubbed them, he had fallen asleep on the couch while waiting for the human.

“I had a lot of work today. Sorry, I’m too tired. I’ll just take a shower and head to bed after that.”

Yoongi tried to conceal his disappointment, but he couldn’t. Jungmin’s stories were his favorite part of the day, he often closed his eyes and tried to imagine how all the people his owner spoke of, looked like, he tried to imagine all the marvelous sights that he would never be able to lay his eyes on. It was his way of escaping the reality, it was his way of coping up with everything that was happening in his life.

Suddenly Jungmin grabbed his hands, he handed Yoongi his phone and took his earphones out of one of his pockets.

“Hyung?”

“You’ll enjoy this, trust me.”

Jungmin said, as he adjusted the earphones in the hybrid’s ears and tapped a few times on the screen of his phone.

“I’m sure that you find watching tv quite boring now, so I hope this will make it up to you for not being able to hear another story. If you press on this button, you will change the song and if you press on those two, you can either lower the volume or raise it. Got it?”

Yoongi had stumbled upon music channels a few times before, but he always just clicked and clicked, he constantly switched the channels, nothing grabbed him.

“I got it.”

“Okay.”

That was the last thing Yoongi heard before Jungmin pressed ‘play’ and the hybrid was submerged into yet another world.

Another escape route – music.
They lived in peace like that for almost three weeks, but nothing in Yoongi’s life ever worked out. Problems always found their way between the cracks and when Yoongi’s heat hit him, he knew that a pill won’t be able to help him this time.

The burning sensation was the same and yet entirely different. It’s like his body knew that it could finally get what it had always longed for and when Jungmin found him panting on the bed that night, Yoongi managed to tell the human that his previous owner and the people at the center always gave him pills in those situations, but the hybrid didn’t know what he was given at the center. He did know the name of the medication, which Dahye bought for him though, so he relayed it to Jungmin, who quickly headed towards a pharmacy to buy it.

But Yoongi didn’t know that, the older he got, the stronger pills he needed and the ones Dahye used to buy for him, no longer had an effect and being close to Jungmin sparked certain desires in Yoongi, desires which he was terribly ashamed of.

“Yoongi, you don’t look any better.”

Jungmin said after the nth glass of water, which the hybrid drank and Yoongi was reminded of his conversation with Jaesuk and how he helped Eunah during her heats. Yoongi really tried to fight it back, the need and urge to find relief, to be touched, but he wanted the pain to go away and so he asked for something, which brought him even more pain.

“I’ll go get you more wat-”

Jungmin was about to get up from the bed and walk out of the room, but Yoongi clutched the human’s arm and requested for something, which he regretted with all his might on the next morning. His judgment was not that clouded, he knew what he was asking for, it was the only solution at the time, at least that’s what Yoongi wanted to believe, even if he was deceiving himself.

“Don’t leave. P-please… help me.”

It was a plead, which made Yoongi despise himself and his hybrid nature, but he couldn’t help it and the vague memories of what he had done with Jungmin on that night, haunted him for days. He wanted to forget, but he also wanted to remember. He had hit his lowest, he had slept with Jungmin just because he couldn’t handle his stupid heat on his own and the worst part was that… it actually felt good. The pain really disappeared completely, it was an euphoric feeling, but when Yoongi woke up alone with no one beside him and with marks on his body, marks which meant nothing, shame overtook him and he once again couldn’t stand to look at himself, he couldn’t look at Jungmin either, for a few days, but the human acted as if nothing had happened and Yoongi
decided to do the same.

It worked for a while and neither he nor Jungmin brought up the matter. Was it something that trivial? Having sex with someone and then pretending that nothing had changed, was it that easy for the humans? It certainly wasn’t for Yoongi, but when his heat once again decided to mess with him, it wasn’t that hard to make the same choice again.

What was the difference? If it happened once, it can happen twice and again and again.

After their first night together, the thought to take pills again didn’t occur to Yoongi. Jungmin was always willing to help him and then he acted as if they hadn’t had round after round during the previous night.

Yoongi wanted to stop caring, but he just couldn’t and he felt like every time he slept with Jungmin, the distance between them grew.

*I screwed up everything. Just for a few hours of pleasure, I ruined everything.*

When Jungmin lost his job and started acting strange, Yoongi thought things would pass in a few days or weeks at most and then Jungmin would find a new job and everything would go back to normal.

But he was wrong, it turned out that Jungmin valued his job more than anything else and he started spending the nights out, he never told Yongi when he would come back or where he was going. Whenever he returned, it was always so so late and he reeked of alcohol, it was a suffocating smell which made the hybrid gag.

Jungmin’s parents just added fuel to the fire, Yoongi heard his owner argue with them over the phone, he heard how Jungmin’s parents called him a failure and told him to get his shit together, that he was behaving childishy, but that didn’t encourage Jungmin to go down the right path again. It was quite the opposite, it just angered him and motivated him to show his parents what a real failure looked like.

Jungmin soon encountered problems, because he carelessly spent money and took loans that he couldn’t possibly return.
He was destroying himself and Yoongi told him to stop acting like that, he tried his best to knock some sense into the human’s head, but the response he got was ‘Know your place, Min Yoongi. You can’t tell me what to do.’, Jungmin was incredibly drunk that night, Yoongi was sure that the human won’t even remember their conversation, but after that Jungmin ignored the hybrid and spent even more time outside, which resulted in leaving Yoongi without food for days.

Jungmin’s bad treatment was most evident during Yoongi’s heats, because unlike before the human no longer helped him, but Jungmin always stayed in the room and added up to the hybrid’s torture and in the moments when Yoongi simply casted his pride aside and begged the human to just do something, anything – Jungmin didn’t move an inch, but Yoongi could swear that he saw regret flash through the human’s eyes a few times, but it was always gone as soon as it appeared and the look of remorse soon stopped gracing Jungmin’s features.

One night, while the hybrid was sleeping he heard the breaking of glass and that made him rise at once. He followed the source of the noise and found Jungmin in the kitchen. Lately he had those outbursts where he randomly broke things or they just slipped from his hands, because he was anything but sober.

There were shards of glass on the floor and there was a half-empty bottle on the counter, the human was mumbling some nonsense, but when saw that Yoongi was there, he faced him completely and Yoongi could tell that Jungmin was once again wasted.

“Tell me, Yoongi… have you ever wondered if your life has any purpose?”

Yoongi didn’t reply, he was well-aware of the fact that Jungmin wasn’t asking, because he wanted to hear an answer.

“Right, why would someone like you worry about something like that? It’s not like someone set up expectations your whole life and all it took was one mistake for those same people to turn their backs on you and throw dirt at you.”

Yoongi knew that Jungmin was talking about his parents and his so-called friends whom his owner rarely spoke to, but ever since he fell into this… slump, he lost all contact with them.

In Yoongi’s eyes, Jungmin had just… given up. Life was hard, Yoongi knew that better than the human himself. Everybody had their struggles, which they were trying to overcome, but sometimes it just couldn’t happen and when the burden became too heavy, some still tried to swim to the surface while others, like Jungmin just stopped giving a damn, as far as that was possible.

“I think you’re going overboard. Stop doing this to yourself.”
Yoongi spoke as calmly as possible, but he was really close to losing all of his patience and he definitely did not miss how his owner’s left eye twitched in irritation.

“And who are you to tell me that? Min Yoongi, you’re just a pet. Have you forgotten that?? You’re nothing, but something I possess. Don’t make me regret spending my money on you.”

Yoongi’s mouth opened in shock, he didn’t expect to hear that. Jungmin has been in an awful mood this past week and he began saying hurtful things to the hybrid and Yoongi did get offended, because despite everything - they had been living together for years and the way Jungmin was acting lately, it was a type of betrayal.

“Jungmin!!”

Yoongi had never dared to drop the honorifics, all these years, he has always been respectful, even when the human started treating him as an object, as something that didn’t even exist.

“Why? Is the truth so hard to bear? Do you want me to be more honest? Do you want me to tell you what you really are??” Jungmin spoke with such a cold and mocking tone, that the hybrid shuddered. “I thought I was just buying a pet, but…” Jungmin paused and he lifted up Yoongi’s chin, so he could look the hybrid in the eyes, as he continued. “I ended up with a slut like you. You spread your legs for me and you beg me to fuck you, you’re pathetic.”

It’s been a long time since Yoongi felt like crying, he was trying his best to become stronger, but right now he felt as if he had been splashed with freezing cold water right in the face. Jungmin knew that Yoongi had no fault for acting like that during his heats, Jungmin knew that they would’ve never ended up in the same bed under different circumstances, the fact that they slept together only when Yoongi was in heat, further proved that. So it hurt, it really hurt to hear something like that from a person whom you trusted or maybe used to trust?

The hybrid had been bottling up everything until now and instead of wailing, he felt angry. Angry at himself for keeping quiet for so long and angry at the human in front of him for turning into… this.

“You don’t mean that! Take it back, Jungmin!!”

Yoongi had never raised his voice at the human before and Jungmin definitely looked taken aback, but mad as well, because the hybrid wasn’t supposed to talk back, he was supposed to withstand everything and never go against his owner.

“Even you… even you are turning your back on me!”
Jungmin had totally lost it, but Yoongi wasn’t given the chance to say another word, because the human slapped him across the face. Jungmin had never hit him before, Yoongi had gotten used to being neglected, but he believed that his owner would never harm him.

Well - physically that is.

Because Jungmin’s harsh words and icy treatment in the past few months hurt more than anything else. The scars, which every mean word left, it was hard to erase them and some were going to remain forever.

In that moment, the only thought in Yoongi’s mind was that there really was nothing he could do to save the man in front of him. So he better just save himself and that’s exactly what he did.

He fled towards the door and since it was unlocked, he used his chance and ran away.

He ran and ran with the might to get away from Jungmin, he just ran.

He never looked back.

The world Yoongi had always dreamt to be a part of, wasn’t that perfect. Yes, there were many beautiful places, but he had spent his whole life locked up, he wasn’t ready for the big world, but he was on his own now and he managed to survive just fine.

There were a lot of people in Seoul and some looked at Yoongi as if there was something wrong with him, seeing a homeless hybrid was unusual and living on the streets was a task, it was a battle of survival every day.

He even had to fight for his territory at times, this or that bench was his for the night, so the others had back off. The summer heat was unbearable, so Yoongi was glad when Autumn arrived, but that didn’t last for long, because then it was Winter’s turn and the cold weather was even more problematic.

Most humans threw everything in the waste bins – including edible food and decent clothes, but there were others who left such things near the bins, so someone could take them and Yoongi was
thankful to those people, because thanks to them he managed to get through the cold nights and to fill up his tummy.

There was a nice middle aged woman who owned a salon and she even cut Yoongi’s hair for free, while she was mindful of his ears. There was also that kind grandpa who let Yoongi spend the coldest December nights in his bathhouse and even gave him food, in exchange the hybrid helped with the cleaning.

But most people were either indifferent or gave him looks filled with something akin to disgust.

‘He must have done something outrageous for his owners to kick him out.’

That’s what a woman whispered to herself once, but Yoongi heard her. How wrong she was, he had done nothing wrong and he didn’t regret running away no matter what obstacles he had to go through, but he wasn’t going to lie – living like this, it was rather lonesome.

Until…

He met her.

It was utterly cold, typical for the end of December and it even snowed yesterday. Most people were excited for the holidays, but Yoongi just hoped that he would make it to the next year.

It was difficult to find food these days, because everyone acted fast and while humans had lavish meals at home, Yoongi struggled with hunger, but luckily he had found some bread today. It wasn’t much and it didn’t really taste good, but it was still food and while living on the streets, Yoongi had learnt to treasure the little things.

Humans tended to overlook spontaneous gestures of kindness and didn’t find happiness in the simple things, but the hybrid was not like that.

Yoongi was in the middle of munching on his slice of bread when he heard some rustling and then barely audible meowing.

He looked around and he almost missed the creature, which was making the noises, because it was completely white, but it had black paws. At the other corner of the street, a baby kitten was
stumbling while trying to walk over the snow-covered street.

Yoongi immediately walked towards it and the animal got startled by him, the hybrid sensed that, so he tried to coax the cat, as he knelt down and extended his hand, in which there were small pieces of bread.

“I’m not going to hurt you. Here, you can eat this.”

The cat stayed unmoving for a while, but so did Yoongi and he smiled when the white kitty tapped the snow with its paws and soon reached his side.

The animal instantly nuzzled against Yoongi’s hand and that warmed up the hybrid’s heart, but the kitten just sniffed the bread and didn’t eat it.

“Can you even eat something like that? Maybe some warm milk will be much better. You’re so tiny. Where are parents? Are you alone?”

The kitty just stared at him and meowed a few more times, then it shivered and Yoongi placed what was left of the bread in his pocket and picked up the cat, which was literally still a baby.

“You’re going to freeze to death, Snow.”

The cat let out more sounds and curled up in Yoongi’s arms, making the hybrid smile widely.

“You blended in with the snow so well, that I almost didn’t see you. Judging by your reaction, I’ll take it as a ‘Yes’ to the name I gave you.”

Yoongi once again scanned the area, but there was no one in sight, no other cats and the hybrid knew what was going to happen if he didn’t take Snow with him, she wasn’t going to survive.

“Are you lonely too?”

Yoongi asked and the kitty locked eyes with him, the choice was made in the blink of an eye.

“Then… let’s be lonely together.”

He stated, as he tried to shield Snow from the wind, which had started blowing.
“Maybe… we’ll feel a little less lonely that way.”

Yoongi took care of Snow for less than two months, because in mid February, he saw a group of cats near an apartment building, the white fluffball took a liking to the rest of cats right away and a very old woman, whom lived on the first floor told Yoongi that she daily fed the cats and even let them sleep in her hallway at times.

It was hard to part ways and Snow licked the hybrid’s face all over at least five times before Yoongi let her down and told her ‘Go, girl. You’ll have a family from now on.’, but he was certain that the kitty will be happy with the other cats.

While he was with Snow, Yoongi wasn’t allowed to sleep in the bathhouse and the hybrid understood. He was half-human, but the grandpa couldn’t let an actual animal inside and he was currently ill, so he wasn’t able to give Yoongi food from time to time.

The hybrid had stolen food only twice before, in very extreme situations and he hadn’t eaten in days, he had no coat and his body was trying to tell him that if not for the cold, the hunger was definitely going to make him lose his mind.

He told himself that it will be just this one time, Winter was going to end soon, it was already March after all.

He chose a secluded small corner shop and he hesitated a lot before he grabbed a packet of some random snacks and a chocolate bar, because something sweet sounded really appealing, but he jolted when he heard the owner’s voice.

“What do you think you’re doing?! I have a camera in here and I saw you standing there for minutes! Are you trying to steal something from my shop?!”

Yoongi slowly turned around, god dang his luck. How was he supposed to know that the old prick could see him?

“Fuck.”

The hybrid dropped what he was holding and bolted out of the store, but he could still hear the man.
“Hey, get back here! I’m going to call the police!! Yah!!”

Running was not Yoongi’s thing, but he was much faster than that old geezer. When he slowed down though, he lost his balance, since his stamina was really low and he fell down. He cut his hand on something sharp and he hissed, but the wound wasn’t very big and he soon found his strength back, so he got up.

“Damn it! There was no need for the stupid fucker to chase after me!”

He said to no one in particular and started walking again, but he stopped in his tracks when he noticed that a human was looking at him with wide eyes.

“What the fuck are you looking at?”

Yoongi scowled, but even though he wasn’t next to the human he could tell that the boy in front of him smelled like cherry blossoms, the hybrid liked that smell a lot, Spring was his favorite season and he associated it with blooming flowers.

“Y-your hand…”

The boy mumbled and just then Yoongi realized that he was actually bleeding, the injury wasn’t serious, the hybrid could take care of it on his own and yet when the human offered to help him, Yoongi followed the boy and his life changed forever.

Meeting Park Jimin and after that Jeon Jungkook, changed Yoongi’s life.

It changed Yoongi as well.

Because despite his many flaws and things he didn’t like about himself, the two humans seemed to accept everything there was about him, they simply adored him the way he was and slowly, Yoongi learnt how to finally accept himself too. Being a hybrid wasn’t a crime and Yoongi was no sinner for being born that way.

Thanks to Jimin and Jungkook…
Yoongi learnt how to *love* himself.

Yoongi opened his eyes and quickly rose from his bed, the swift movement of sitting up so fast, even made him dizzy.

“Hyung, are you alright?”

The black-haired male thought he was hearing voices, but when he looked to his left he saw that Jungkook was sitting at the corner of his bed and he was giving him a concerned look.

“Wha- why are you here? In the middle of the night…”

“I woke up and went to drink some water in the kitchen, but then when I was passing by your room I heard you. It sounded like you were shifting around in the bed in discomfort, so I decided to check up on you. When I walked in, you looked quite restless in your sleep, so I wanted to wake you up, but you did it yourself before I could.”

Yoongi just stared at Jungkook, as he tried to clear his head. Dreams and reality had mixed into one and for a second the hybrid thought that he still might be dreaming, but Jungkook’s lily scent was floating in the air and there was no way this wasn’t real.

“Come here.”

Jungkook said as he opened his arms and the hybrid didn’t think twice before he practically threw himself into the lawyer’s embrace, making the human chuckle.

“Did you have a nightmare?” Jungkook asked, as he circled his arms around the hybrid’s torso and brought him closer.

“Kind of.” Yoongi replied, as he relished in the human’s warmth and let his head rest on the boy’s chest. He could fall asleep so easily like this. “But in a way, not really. Memories decided to pay me a visit.”
Jungkook hummed in response and one of his hands travelled up towards the older’s hair. He rubbed the spot between the hybrid’s cat ears and he grinned when Yoongi closed his eyes, definitely a soft spot.

Dreamland was calling for Yoongi once again, but he didn’t want to fall asleep, not yet and something worse could happen – he could start purring or some shit of the sort, so he lifted his head up and spoke.

“Jungkook, do you have access to people’s personal files?” Is it even called like that?

“Only if they are connected to the case I’m working on. Otherwise, no. Why?”

Yoongi had asked with a very serious expression, Jungkook was intrigued.

“I-” Those dreams or memories or whatever, had made Yoongi think about his previous owner and he couldn’t help wondering what Jungmin was doing. “I was wondering how’s Jungmin… he wasn’t in a very good condition when I left.”

“I might be able to dig up something. I told you that I have a close friend who’s an officer, but we’ll need more than just a name…”

“I don’t know his address in Daegu, but I know when his birthday is and- ah! Whenever he drove me for a vaccination, he usually drove fast, so he might have a speeding ticket? And I know exactly what he worked as at the airport. Will this information help?”

“Yeah, I’ll see what I can do.”

Jungkook responded and leaned down to capture the hybrid’s lips in a tender kiss. In his dreamy and hazy state, Yoongi tried his best to reply to the kiss, but he was seriously going to melt one of these days, because of the affection he was showered with all the time.

“Thanks, brat.”

Pushing Jeon Jungkook’s buttons was always so much fun.

“You should have said something like ‘Wow, I have such a reliable boyfriend!’, Yoongi-ah.”

“Like I would ever say-”
“This is sooooo not fair!!!”

Yoongi almost jumped, because of Jimin’s loud voice and when he turned around, he saw that the vet was standing at the door and he was pouting like there’s no tomorrow.

“You two are having a cuddling session without me!!!”

“Huh? We’re not.” Yoongi paused, as he took in the position he and Jungkook were in – one of the lawyer’s arms was on Yoongi’s waist, a little bit above his tail, while his other hand was buried in the hybrid’s black locks and Yoongi… he can’t even remember when he hugged the younger boy, but yeah… no matter how he looked at it, they were cuddling. “Fine, we are.”

Yoongi admitted and Jimin leapt towards them, the vet crawled onto the bed and lay down.

“What now?” Yoongi asked, as he detached himself from the youngest.

“I’m going to sleep here.”

The vet proclaimed and before Yoongi could even think about retorting, Jungkook scooted closer and lay down as well. The hybrid looked back and forth between the two humans and it was obvious that they were not going anywhere.

“You’ve got to be kidding me… my bed can barely fit in two people! There’s no way the three of us can sleep here together!”

“We’ll just have to cuddle all night long, Hyung. Come on.” Jimin casually said with that angelic smile of his, as he patted the place between him and Jungkook.

Yoongi huffed, but squeezed in between the two humans, there was absolutely no space between their bodies, was the hybrid going to get any sleep at all?

“You two are crazy.”

The hybrid grumbled, as he settled for once again facing Jimin, so Jungkook could hug him from behind, they always, always slept like that. All three of them preferred it that way.

“Yeah, we are.”
Yoongi didn’t expect Jimin to agree so easily with him, but when the devilish brat continued the vet’s words, the hybrid almost died, because of embarrassment and he prayed that Jimin couldn’t see how his face had changed its color, because of Jungkook’s remark.

“We’re totally crazy for you, Yoongi-hyung.”

Chapter End Notes

Jikook got their special chapters, but I wanted more about Yoongi’s background to be revealed as well.
Jaesuk and Yoongi’s conversation – there will be an explanation later on.

Baby kitten Yoongi? >Click here< Cuteness overload, really♡♡♡

This is how Jungmin looks like.

Real name: Seo Joon Young and he’s 6 years older than Yoongi just like in the story.

I was worried this chapter might turn out short – around 3-4k words, but no… of course not, it’s a 9k monster xD haha
I’m really sorry that it took me so long to update!

Truth is… I wrote most of the chapter back in November (the first half), but I just wasn’t satisfied with it, so I didn’t post it and then I got really busy and just got the chance to re-write most of it these days and I decided to combine it with the next chapter, so you can say this is like… a double update? Because the chapter is over 12k words.

[!] There are flashbacks in the beginning of the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Peter Manos - *In My Head*

♫
I know, I know you've changed. You don't feel the same.
But nothing else is right, your hold has got me tight.
And it seems never ending, you're in my head. ♫

Lauv – *The Other*
“I’m sorry, Oppa. I just… don’t love you anymore.”

Hoseok wasn’t expecting to hear that. He was sure that nobody was ready to hear such a confession from the person they loved.

It was all too sudden, out of nowhere.

Like every other couple, Hoseok and Soobin had fights from time to time, it was never anything serious though and Hoseok was even ready to dedicate his whole life to the girl in front of him, a girl that now… looked like a total stranger.

Soobin was toying with the table cloth and she wasn’t looking at Hoseok, she was probably feeling guilty and she was supposed to, after all… she had just shattered her boyfriend’s heart into small pieces.

There were tears in her eyes when she uttered the faithful words that changed Hoseok’s life forever and he did nothing but stare at her. He tried to re-call something, which he had missed. Had something in her behavior changed in the past few weeks? Had she started treating him differently?

He really couldn’t remember a thing, everything had been just fine between them, so how could she say that?

It was terrible… the way some people mastered the skill of deceiving and lied to you for days, for weeks, because Hoseok was certain that Soobin didn’t just wake up this morning with the decision to break up with him.

No, things must have started long ago. Maybe even months ago and he was too foolish or maybe simply too in love to notice that something was going on and now he just couldn’t comprehend the truth.

‘You kiss me, you let me hold you in my arms, day and night, you say how much I mean to you, you paint a beautiful future for the two of us, you let me dream, hope and then… you just… don’t love me anymore?’
Hoseok wanted to say at least that, to seek some sort of explanation from the girl in front of him. They were currently having breakfast at Hoseok’s apartment or *their* place as Soobin would often call it, because honestly… half of the apartment was filled with her belongings, but Hoseok didn’t trust his voice.

He was afraid of how broken he might sound if he tried to speak, because he felt broken without a doubt, so he opted for just looking at Soobin in attempt to read her, to understand what had caused her decision and just then the girl slightly lifted up her head and looked at him and *oh*, that’s all Hoseok needed.

He could see it in her eyes… the reason, which he had been neglecting for so long and he truly felt like a fool.

He sighed and closed his eyes for a moment, only to open them again seconds later and to find himself examining his surroundings. Almost everything in the kitchen reminded him of Soobin, in the bedroom as well, the whole apartment was full of memories, their memories and Hoseok was going to be haunted by those memories for a long time, because from tomorrow on, he knew that he would return to an empty home.

A home robbed of the only thing, which made him look forward to tomorrow.

He didn’t want to ask and he didn’t want to hear the answer either, because he already knew what the girl would reply.

And yet, humans were stupid creatures and Hoseok was the type of person, which preferred confirming his suspicion even if it would bring him nothing but pain, instead of speculating and wondering.

So he took in a breath and asked, he hated how shaky his voice sounded.

“Is… is there s-someone else?”

The girl looked startled by the question and deep down, Hoseok prayed that she would lie to him, that another sweet lie would leave her lips, but sadly, luck wasn’t on Hoseok’s side.

“Yes, there is someone else.”

Aah, how easy it was… for a person’s life to crumble down in seconds.
Hoseok doesn’t remember much of that night, but he barely made it through the day and he simply wanted to forget, to not think about how devastated he was, even for a few hours.

So he did the only and very immature thing he could think of – he got totally wasted.

It helped in a way, it numbed the pain for a while, but he didn’t really feel any better and he really wanted to have someone by his side, he wanted and needed someone to comfort him.

He didn’t fancy showing his weak sides in front of others, he was good at putting on a mask and acting as if everything was okay, but tonight, just for tonight he wanted to be himself and he didn’t want to be alone and he could think of only one person, who would come to his aid.

Namjoon, he really wanted to see Namjoon.

So he called him with the hope that his friend would come soon and he did.

Namjoon arrived surprisingly fast, but maybe Hoseok wasn’t supposed to be that surprised, because he knew Namjoon all too well.

No matter what the tall and clumsy man said, they were still friends, they always would be.

Hoseok talked a lot that night and Namjoon mostly listened, the slightly older of the two couldn’t recall much from their mostly one-sided conversation, but he does remember that at a certain point Namjoon snatched the glass away from his hand and helped him get up from his chair.

The bar was crowded and it was whole miracle that Hoseok didn’t get robbed or something, having in mind just out of it he was.

He doesn’t remember how he got home, he doesn’t remember how he ended up in his room, but when he woke up in the morning and found a bottle of water along with some aspirin for the splitting headache he had, he smiled, even though his heart still ached.

Because Namjoon had taken care of him and as Hoseok’s head cleared a bit, he smiled once again when he remembered what his friend had told him on the previous night.
Everybody gets what they deserve in life, Hoseok-ah. And Soobin... she didn’t deserve you, you were too good for her. So one day, you will find someone who will be good enough for you and you will be happy, happier than you have ever been with Soobin.’

At the time, Hoseok did not believe Namjoon’s sophisticated speech, but he should’ve known better, because his friend’s words were always meaningful ones.

Because he met a boy, which made his heart thump again, in all the right ways.

Meeting Kim Taehyung was the best thing that ever happened to him.

After his break up with Soobin, Hoseok was just stuck. Stuck in time, stuck in that day when everything ended, it’s like time had frozen, everything around him moved, but only he remained at the same place.

Sadly, there was not much he could do about it. He wanted to move on, to forget, but it wasn’t easy, not at all.

Hoseok wasn’t in the mood for anything today, like most of the other days. He just wanted to shower, maybe put some food in his mouth and be done with this terrific day, but Jungkook had begged him to come over for a dinner tonight, to distract himself a little and Hoseok declined a few times before he finally accepted the offer.

So here he was now, standing in front of the door of Jimin and Jungkook’s apartment, waiting for either of the two to come and welcome him inside.

But to his surprise, when the door was opened, Hoseok was met with an unfamiliar face.

And oh, he had never seen a more gorgeous person in his entire life.

“Hi! Jiminnie and Jungkook are busy with the dinner, so I came to greet you. Come in.”
Hoseok robotically moved his feet and stepped inside the apartment and the boy smiled brightly before he closed the door.

To say that Hoseok was staring would be an underestimating, because he couldn’t look away from the astonishing person, whom he had never seen before.

“I’m Kim Taehyung! Nice to meet you!”

Hoseok gulped down, because hearing the boy’s voice just added up to his astonishment and he continued staring.

After a while, Taehyung curiously tilted his head to the side and Hoseok realized that the boy was probably waiting to hear his name.

_Idiot, introduce yourself!

Hoseok scolded himself, but instead of saying his name, he just repeated Taehyung’s.

“Kim Taehyung…”

The said boy’s eyes widened and he stepped closer, maybe a bit too close for a first meeting, because now they were breathing the same air, but somehow… Hoseok didn’t mind.

“Whaaaat?? Your name is Kim Taehyung as well?? I have a name-twin!! Oh my god!!”

Taehyung literally squealed in happiness and Hoseok blinked rapidly.

“Eh? Oh, no, no.” He had to clear up the misunderstanding without making a bigger fool out of himself. “My name is Hoseok. Jung Hoseok. I just… said your name, because…” Thankfully, Hoseok’s brain stopped him in time and he trailed off, instead of saying something that might make him look and sound like a loser.

“Ah, I see.” Taehyung said, as he pulled back a little. “Sorry for acting overly-excited. I’m just… like that.”

“It’s okay. I wish I could be your name-twin. That would be cool.”
Taehyung grinned upon hearing that and Hoseok’s heart almost did a back-flip at the sight.

“Do you want me to help you with the coat?”

Taehyung asked and just then Hoseok realized that he still hadn’t taken off his coat and shoes. He shook his head in response and quickly took care of his shoes and coat. He put on a pair of slippers, they were just his size, as if they had been bought especially for him all the while he wondered why Taehyung’s name sounded so familiar and then it clicked.

*Jimin’s best friend.*

The vet had spoken about Taehyung many times, the boy’s name was brought up almost every time, but it was nice to finally connect the name with a face.

“You’re Jimin’s age, right?”

Hoseok questioned and Taehyung hummed in reply, as they headed towards the kitchen.

“You?”

“I’m a year older.”

Hoseok answered and Taehyung stopped so abruptly that the lawyer almost collided into the younger’s back.

“Hoseokie-hyung!”

Taehyung turned around and beamed, Hoseok forgot how to breathe.

“U-uh, yeah. H-hyung, I’m- yeah…”

A big smile crept onto Hoseok’s face and suddenly Taehyung pressed a finger against his forehead, confusing the lawyer with the action.

“It’s finally gone.” Taehyung stated and that left Hoseok even more puzzled.
“What is?”

“What is?”

“Your frown, it finally disappeared. It was barely visible, but it looked like there’s something on your mind. You should just smile, Hyung. It suits you, you shine.”

“I… shine?”

It was weird how they had met just a few minutes ago, but Hoseok felt completely comfortable in Taehyung’s presence, as if they had known each other forever.

“Yeah, when you smile you shine… like the sun.”

Taehyung clarified, as his own smiled widened and Hoseok was left star-struck.

Jimin had mentioned that his best friend had a boxy smile, but Hoseok couldn’t agree.

Taehyung had a stunning, heart-shaped smile.

It became a habit for the two of them to hang out, be it somewhere outside like for a walk or at a café or at each other’s apartments. Hoseok got accustomed to Taehyung’s presence very quickly, maybe a bit too fast, but he didn’t pay much attention to that. He loved spending time with the younger, he loved how the boy’s eyes shone whenever he spoke about the clothes he was working on, he loved how Taehyung smiled at every little thing, he loved the younger’s bubbly laughter and cheerful personality.

Even the single thought that he would see Taehyung or just hear his voice, made Hoseok smile to himself.

He always anticipated their meetings and today was no different.

A few days ago, they had agreed that they would watch a movie together at Friday night, because both of them were super busy during the week. Hoseok was about to grab a pizza or something else, but he didn’t know what the boy would feel like eating, so instead he bought some drinks, they could decide on the food later on.
It took Taehyung a lot of time to open the door, Hoseok was starting to get worried, but when the younger finally appeared, the older’s heart dropped.

He had never seen Taehyung like that.

The boy looked very tired, as if he hadn’t slept in days, there were bags under his eyes, his hair was a mess and he was still wearing his pajamas, he probably hadn’t changed at all today, which also indicated that he hadn’t gone to work and Kim Taehyung never skipped work, not even when he was sick.

“Tae…”

Hoseok almost whispered, because from the moment the boy opened the door, he had just been standing like a statue without saying a thing or moving aside to let Hoseok in.

Taehyung’s eyes enlarged a bit and he looked at Hoseok, really looked at him.

“H-hyung, oh god… I completely forgot. I’m so sorry! Today has just been-”

Taehyung stepped back, as he spoke and he almost stumbled down, but Hoseok grabbed his arm before he could fall.

“Are you okay? Did you eat anything at all today? Did you get at least an hour of sleep??”

“No, I- I didn’t.”

Hoseok was about to scold the younger, to tell him that he should’ve called him, not to cancel their meeting, but to tell Hoseok to come earlier, but before he could open his mouth, Taehyung spoke first.

“It’s Tanie.”

Hoseok should’ve figured out sooner that it had something to do with Taehyung’s little sunshine. It’s been only half a year since the younger bought his puppy, but he adored him with all his heart.

Everybody did, one look was all it took to fall in love with Yeontan.
“Why? What’s wrong with him?” Hoseok couldn’t help asking, because the sad look on Taehyung’s face told him that it was definitely something worrisome.

“He’s been having some tooth problems since yesterday. I took him to Jiminnie and he took care of Tanie, but he said that it would take a few days for the pain to be completely gone and Yeontan been making those pitiful sounds all night and today as well, I just- I couldn’t fall asleep when he’s in so much pain. I’ve been so focused on Tanie that I forgot that you would be coming tonight. I’m really sorry, Hyung.”

“Don’t say that.” Hoseok said, as he took off his sneakers and shuffled inside with Taehyung trailing behind him. “Where is he?”

“In my room.”

Taehyung replied and accepted the plastic bag, which Hoseok handed him, it was quite heavy, drinks he presumed. He let the bag on the table in the living room and followed after Hoseok to his room.

Hoseok had visited the younger’s apartment many times already, but he’s never been in the designer’s bedroom before. It was pretty much like the rest of the apartment – aesthetic, unique, colorful, with lots of framed photos and paintings hanging on the walls.

Taehyung loved art.

If you asked Hoseok, Taehyung himself was Art.

But… that was irrelevant at the moment.

The boy’s bed wasn’t made, but Hoseok’s sole attention fell onto the small, fluffy creature that was in the middle of the bed.

The lawyer sat down at the corner of Taehyung’s bed and called out the puppy’s name.

“Tan-ah.”

Yeontan did not move from his spot, Hoseok couldn’t exactly see the puppy’s face, but he was sure that Yeontan wasn’t sleeping.

“Tanie.”
He tried again and this time the puppy shifted a little, but still did not raise its head.

“Kim Yeontan.”

Yeontan’s ears perked up and he finally faced Hoseok.

The lawyer chuckled, because Taehyung only used his puppy’s full name when he wanted to scold him, so Yeontan reacted right away.

“Hey, little one. Come here.”

Hoseok beckoned the puppy to come closer and Yeontan got up with a little effort and dragged his tiny paws along the sheets, so he could reach the lawyer’s side.

If Taehyung hadn’t slept or eaten, Hoseok assumed it was the same for the puppy, so maybe that was the reason why Yeontan wasn’t as energetic as usual.

The sweet, little thing tried to climb in Hoseok’s lap, but it was a futile attempt, so the lawyer picked up the puppy and placed it in his lap. Hoseok started patting Yeontan right away, touching his soft fur was always such a pleasure.

“He really likes you, Hyung.”

Hoseok looked up upon hearing Taehyung’s voice and smiled at the boy who was standing beside him.

“It’s mutual. I really, really like him as well.”

Taehyung forced a smile, but Hoseok knew what the boy needed the most at the moment.

“You should take a rest for a while.” The older said, as he got up from his spot, while tenderly holding Yeontan in his arms.

“I can’t. Tanie-” Taehyung was quick to protest, but Hoseok didn’t give him the chance.

“I’ll take care of him. I’ll try to feed him and I’ll keep him company. We’ll have fun, right Tan-
“Ah?”

The puppy tilted its head to the side and Hoseok tried to suppress his laughter, Taehyung always did the same when he wanted to ask something, it was funny how alike the two were at times.

“But… you must be tired as well, Hyung. I can’t just—”

Taehyung’s speech got cut off when Hoseok ruffled his hair and once again smiled.

“Please, Tae. Let me help and besides, someone needs to take care of you as well.”

“I’m fine.”

“Do you think your Appa is fine, Tanie?”

The puppy barked right away and Taehyung’s lips parted in surprise, because besides the almost crying sounds since yesterday, Yeontan had kept quiet most of the time.

“That’s what I think as well.” Hoseok grabbed the puppy’s paw, making it look like they were shaking hands, uh hand-paw and then he looked at Taehyung again. “I’ll make sure Tanie is okay and I’ll make you something to eat. Ah, I can also stay over if you’d like?”

“Hyung—”

“I’ll sleep on the couch and I’ll make you breakfast in the morning, then we can watch movies or tv all day and relax. How does that sound?”

“But you said you’re working on an important case.”

“I can afford to slack off a day and I wouldn’t spend it with anyone, but you and Tanie. So listen to me while I’m being nice and go to bed.”

“Hyung, you can’t not be nice, that’s impossible.”

“Kim Taehyung.”

Hoseok tried to sound as stern as possible and schooled the most serious expression he could
muster, luckily Yeontan barked again and Taehyung finally complied.

“Wow, you two are scary.”

The designer muttered, as he got under the covers and the second his head slumped onto his pillow, he felt like he could fall asleep.

Hoseok happily skipped towards the kitchen with Yeontan in his arms.

“You realize what you had, only after you lose it.’

Hoseok had never really dwelled onto that thought, but it turned out to be nothing, but the truth.

Because on his birthday, when he pushed Taehyung away and saw the heart wrenching look on the boy’s face, he felt like he had made the biggest mistake in his life.

When Taehyung kissed him, he replied to the kiss without thinking twice. It had felt good, more than good and he wanted to just touch and feel, to have Taehyung close to him, like never before, but the taste of alcohol in the younger’s mouth made him realize that he couldn’t do this, no matter how much he wanted to, not when Taehyung wasn’t sober.

He wanted to explain himself, to speak with Taehyung, but the younger just ran away and then started ignoring him.

That kiss and the Taehyung’s pained look on that night, served as a wake-up call to Hoseok.

He was so used to having the younger in his life that he had made the grave mistake to take Taehyung for granted.

He was so immersed into spending as much time as possible with the younger that he never asked himself why he wanted to be around Taehyung all the time, why he wanted to make him happy and see him smile as if his life depended on it.
The answer was painfully obvious and Hoseok felt like a part of him was missing now, he needed the younger boy back and he had to make things right.

He wanted to fix his mistake and to say what he should’ve said months ago.

He was going to make sure that Tehyung knew how he felt about him.

He had to or he was going to regret it for the rest of his life.

Taehyung was pretty much done with his new collection, minus some minor things that he needed to take of, but he could afford an hour or so during the day for a cup of warm cocoa with his best friend.

But when he stepped inside the café and scanned the place for Jimin’s blonde locks, he didn’t see his best friend.

What he did see however was Jung Hoseok, sitting at one of the tables.

It wasn’t hard to figure out that Jimin had set up the meeting and even though Taehyung was so, so glad to see the older again, he really wanted to strangle his best friend for doing this.

But he could still walk away, he could pretend like he never even saw Hoseok and-

Just then, the older looked right in his direction and they locked eyes.

Taehyung’s breath got stuck in his throat.

The thought to leave the café vanished immediately and his own body acted before he could even register it, because now he was walking right towards Hoseok.

“Hey, Tae.”
Hoseok greeted when Taehyung reached the table and the boy felt like crying.

He dreamt of seeing the older again, but now that it was happening… he didn’t know how to react, what to say, what to do, but he decided to stop thinking so damn much and just go with the flow, because Hoseok was the one who wanted to see him, Hoseok was the one who had asked Jimin to somehow help him arrange this meeting and the least Taehyung could do was to sit down at the table and hear what the older had to say.

“Hi, Hyung.”

Hoseok used all his willpower to stay still, because what he actually wanted to do was to pull Taehyung in his embrace and pepper his face with kisses, but… later.

“I hope you don’t mind that I already ordered.”

Up until now, Taehyung couldn’t see anything but Hoseok, but now he noticed that there was a cup of coffee in front of the older and in front of him… a mug with hot chocolate.

But it wasn’t just any hot choco, it was Taehyung’s favorite one – with lots of whipped cream, chocolate sprinkles and cherry syrup.

“You remember.”

Taehyung mumbled as he grabbed the mug and just held it.

It was something rather insignificant, it was just a drink he liked ordering, but still, Hoseok had paid attention and had remembered. That warmed up Taehyung’s whole body more than any hot drink ever could.

“Of course I do.”

Hoseok stated and didn’t miss the smile, which graced Taehyung’s beautiful features. The boy has always been a beauty, but he looked even more lovely than usual with his slightly reddened nose and rosy cheeks, Hoseok was simply enchanted.

Taehyung casted aside his big scarf (it was already warm, since it was April, but… fashion) and grabbed the spoon next to the mug, but halted his movements when Hoseok laughed.
“What?”

“At least give me one sprinkle this time before you eat them all.”

Taehyung giggled and protectively pulled his mug away from the older’s reach.

“Not a chance, Hyung.”

The boy said between laughs, as he scooped some of the cream along with a few sprinkles and widely opened his mouth to eat the treat.

Hoseok just lovingly stared at Taehyung and he was glad that things between them were not that awkward despite the way they had separated last time and because of the time they had spent apart.

The lawyer knew that Taehyung would need some time to fully comprehend what they had done that night, what they could’ve done if they hadn’t stopped and Hoseok needed some time as well.

He needed it to sort out his feelings for Taehyung, feelings which had always been there, maybe from the moment he laid his eyes on the younger.

But even though years had passed, he still thought about Soobin from time to time.

The way she had hurt him, the way she had tossed him aside as if the years of relationship meant nothing…

Hoseok was scared, he was scared to love and to be loved again.

It was terrible – to want to start all over, to find someone who would mean the world to you and yet to be restrained by the voice at the back of your head, which told you that if you got hurt once, it could happen again.

Maybe that’s why whenever Jungkook asked him if he wanted to date someone, Hoseok used the excuse that he had no time or that he hadn’t found the right person.

The right person was right here, in front of him.

And time… Hoseok wanted to spend all the time in the world with Taehyung.
He has always felt that the boy wasn’t indifferent towards him, but he never had the courage to act.

But now… nothing was stopping him.

“I really miss my baby.”

Hoseok whined all of a sudden and Taehyung almost choked on the hot chocolate, because he had just taken his first sip from it after eating all the sprinkles.

“W-what?” Taehyung questioned and his face flushed a little.

“Tanie. I really miss him.”

“Oh.”

Taehyung tried to hide his disappointment, but his face and voice gave him away.

“But… I missed you even more, Tae.”

Hoseok continued and Taehyung tightly gripped his mug, ah how much he craved to hear that, because he felt exactly the same.

“Me too, Hyung. I missed you a lot.”

Hoseok was glad that when Taehyung saw him and not Jimin, he still decided to stay, to talk, to finally listen to him. Maybe some time apart, no matter how difficult it was, was what they needed, both of them.

“You’re still wearing it.”

Hoseok commented, as he glanced at Taehyung’s charming hand, the boy usually wore a lot of accessories, but one in particular made an impression.

It was a silver ring on Taehyung’s index finger, it was a rather simple one, no stones, nothing extravagant and yet it was a special one, because it was from Hoseok. A present for Taehyung’s 26th birthday.
Hoseok wasn’t sure if the younger would like it, because it was different from his usual style, but Taehyung loved it from the first second.

“It’s my favorite.” The designer admitted, though he had showed how much he treasured the ring on multiply occasions already. “After all, it’s a gift from the person I like.”

Taehyung continued, but after the words were out of his mouth, he realized what he had just said and his eyes widened.

“I- I shouldn’t have said that. I’m sorry.”

He really wanted to tell Hoseok, he was going to do it one day, eventually, but… after the rejection from the older, he didn’t know if he wanted to let him know any longer.

Taehyung released the mug from his hold and was about to reach out for his scarf and most likely run away and avoid Hoseok for… an even longer period of time, but before he could even think of touching his scarf, Hoseok grabbed his hand.

“Taehyung, please… let me speak.”

Taehyung didn’t need to hear it directly, to be rejected once again, he couldn’t handle it.

“Hyung, I-”

“I like you, Taehyung. A lot, for a very long time. I mean it.”

The boy thought that he had heard it wrong at first, because he had dreamt of hearing it numerous times, but he never thought that he would actually get to hear the heartwarming words one day.


“And who told you that?”

Taehyung was ready to fire back an argument, but he deeply thought about it, have they ever talked about each other’s sexuality?

In a way – yes. Because Taehyung had mentioned a few times that he had been both with women
and men. But Hoseok didn’t really say much during those moments and he mostly spoke of Soobin. Taehyung knew how much harm that woman had brought upon the older, so he avoided bringing her up, he didn’t want Hoseok to think about her and to be saddened once again.

But apart from that… Taehyung didn’t really know much about Hoseok’s relationships – before and even after Soobin.

“I’m bi, Tae.”

Hoseok proclaimed then and intertwined his fingers with Taehyung’s, making the younger’s heartbeat speed up, because of the action.

“I-I had no idea.”

“I haven’t told many people about it, even Jungkook doesn’t know.” Hoseok said, as he tightly held Taehyung’s hand, he just got the chance to hold it and he was never going to let go of it.

Taehyung tried to process the older’s words. So Hoseok was okay with the fact that he was a man and he liked him? But then… why did he react like that on his birthday?

“You pushed me away, Hyung.”

Hoseok had been brushing his thumb over the younger’s hand, but upon hearing that he stopped with his ministrations.

“I had to.” He simply said, but that didn’t seem to be enough, because Taehyung was looking at him, eyes filled with expectation. “Otherwise, we would’ve ended up in the same bed.”

“But I wanted to sleep with you, Hyung.”

Maybe Taehyung had to learn how not to be so straightforward all the time, but he spoke nothing but the truth, so…

“I know and trust me, I wanted the same. But you were drunk.”

“Hyung, I knew what I was doing. I wasn’t even that drunk, I-”

“Maybe that’s true, but I still would’ve felt as if I was taking advantage of you.”
Taehyung didn’t seem too pleased with the older’s words, but he forgot everything he wanted to say when the older further reasoned his actions.

“And we were probably not going to mention feelings, we were going to have a splendid night together and then… pretend that it never happened, because we would’ve wanted to maintain our friendship. And one night with you… that’s not what I want, Taehyung. I… I’m serious about you and I want to make things between us work. I want to be in a proper relationship with you, if- if you feel the same.”

Hoseok tried his best to convey how he felt, he hoped that the words would reach Taehyung, that the boy would accept his feelings, but judging from the way the younger was also holding his hand as if it was the most precious thing in the world, Hoseok already had his answer.

“A relationship…”

Taehyung repeated quietly under his breath and his whole face lit up, because even in his wildest dreams, the possibility of Hoseok returning his feelings, seemed like an illusion and yet… the older was saying that he wanted to give it try and Taehyung would be the dummy of the year if he let the chance slip away.

Maybe he was making the choice on impulse, but he needed to follow his heart for once and stop letting his brain get in the way, because over-thinking could definitely be considered as an enemy at times.

“So… where are you going to take us for a first date?”

“Us?” Hoseok quirked an eyebrow, because Taehyung’s voice was laced with much amusement.

“Yeah. Me and Tanie. We are a package. One plus one, consider yourself lucky, Hyung.”

Hoseok laughed out loud and Taehyung did the same.

This was it, Hoseok had missed this so damn much, speaking with Taehyung, hearing his voice, hearing his laugh, making jokes and just being together in general, he had really missed Taehyung a lot.

“I’ll figure it out. A dinner for three it is then, whenever you’re free.”
Taehyung felt like his face might split into two, because of too much smiling.

“Okay. But first, you have to buy dog biscuits for Tanie to redeem yourself.”

“Consider it done!”

Taehyung made the mental note to thank his best friend later.

Yoongi yawned for the nth time in the past hour. He already had his afternoon nap, but he woke up earlier than usual today, because Jungkook had to attend a morning meeting and the hybrid wanted to send off the human and make sure he eats breakfast before he leaves.

And thus, Yoongi has been feeling drowsy all day, but it was worth it, because Jungkook kissed him and hugged him before he went to work. Yoongi tried his best not to show just how content that made him feel and then, an hour later Jimin did exactly the same before leaving as well, so you can say that Yoongi’s day started off in a marvelous way and… that was it.

Then it was all the same, like any other day.

But at least, now he wasn’t as bored as before during the day, because after the little accident with Jimin, the two humans deemed it right to buy Yoongi a phone.

What if there was an emergency? What if he had to call them, because of an urgent matter, but couldn’t simply because he didn’t have a phone?

Yoongi kept saying that he doesn’t need one, but his two humans insisted, especially Jungkook and well… it was impossible to win a verbal fight against that brat and Yoongi had quite the skills in that area.

So now, he texted Jungkook and Jimin from time to time, not too often, because the two were busy and he didn’t want to bother them too much.

There were only three names in his contacts list and the third one belonged to no other than Jung
Hoseok.

The news that the hybrid now owned a phone, had slipped past Jungkook’s lips and as a result, he ended up giving Yoongi’s number to Hoseok.

The black-haired male was just playing a game on his phone the other day, when he received a text from an unknown number.

[ Unknown | 13:46 pm ] Yooooooongs!!!!! o( ^_^ )o

Well… it wasn’t hard to guess who the sender was, so he saved Hoseok’s number.

Just in case of… you know… emergency.

So chatting with Jimin, Jungkook and of course Hoseok, during the day, made the time pass faster, but still…

Yoongi wanted to call Taehyung and ask him how things were going with the favor he had asked for.

But he couldn’t ask for the designer’s number without raising any suspicion, so he could only wait until Taehyung contacted him himself.

The hybrid was just about to change the channel when the front door got unlocked and he knew who it was right away.

_Jungkook’s home._

Yoongi rose from his spot and shuffled towards the hallway where Jungkook was in the middle of hanging his bomber jacket on the hanger. It wasn’t typical for the younger to go to work in casual clothes, but he had explained that after the meeting he would mostly work on his new case and he wouldn’t have to go to the court, so he could afford not wearing a suit today. And he did throw in that he didn’t have much work to do today, so he would probably be back earlier than usual.

“Welcome home.” Yoongi greeted and Jungkook faced him.

“I’m ho- oh…”
The hybrid couldn’t understand why the human didn’t finish his sentence and was now just staring at him.

Was there something odd about his attire??

Yoongi looked at his clothes and *fuck*, he had forgotten about *that*.

He turned on his heel with the single thought to leave and take off what he was wearing, but Jungkook grabbed his hood and prevented him from running away.

“Not so fast.”

Jungkook said, as Yoongi tried to get free from his hold, but instead the human let go of the hood, grabbed the hybrid’s shoulders and spun him around.

“So… you stole my clothes again.”

Jungkook remarked, as he once again took in the hybrid’s appearance.

Yoongi was wearing one of Jungkook’s hoodies, it was a very large one, dark grey, rather baggy and much bigger in size than necessary, it made even Jungkook look kind of small while he was wearing it and Yoongi… he was practically drowning in it.

“I *borrowed* it, Jungkook.”

Yoongi hissed in response, as he tried to break free, but damn it… that brat was really too strong.

“I wonder why.”

Jungkook wondered out loud and the hybrid spoke up in his defense.

“Because it’s big! And comfy and… it keeps me warm and *yeah*… that’s why.”

The black-haired male cursed under his breath, because he was supposed to sound firm, but now the brat looked smug as hell and far from convinced.
“Maybe you have another reason?”

“I- I don’t!”

Yoongi didn’t know for how much longer he would be able to keep this up without revealing the actual reason, but he had the hunch that Jungkook already knew.

“Really?”

“Re… ally.”

Yoongi replied and Jungkook stepped towards him, he leaned in and the hybrid closed his eyes out of instinct, because he believed the human would kiss him.

He did feel Jungkook’s warm lips over his skin, not in the form of a kiss though.

“Really, Hyung?”

Jungkook once again questioned, he spoke so close to the older’s ear that his lips ended up right against the hybrid’s earlobe.

Yoongi opened his eyes and he bit the inside of his cheek, that brat was really going to finish him off one of these days.

Jungkook pulled back a little, so he could look at the hybrid and he saw that he had managed to shaken the black-haired male’s resolve, but instead of letting go of the older, he let his hands slip down from Yoongi’s shoulders, along his arms and then circled his own arms around the hybrid’s waist.

Yoongi grumbled something incoherent before he ultimately gave in.

“Fine. I wanted to wear it, because it smells a lot like you and I just couldn’t resist. Happy now?!”

The hybrid said the sentence in one breath and he almost sounded and looked angry. He wondered what the human would say now, just to get on his nerves, but instead of verbalizing an answer, Jungkook just pressed his lips against Yoongi’s, so softly and so gently that it just melted the hybrid’s heart.
“What the fuck was that?”

Yoongi spat once Jungkook’s lips were no longer over his own, he tried to sound nonchalant, while his heart was pounding in his chest, he had absolutely failed to conceal his embarrassment.

“My welcome home kiss.”

*And a reward for being a good boy.*

Jungkook wanted to add, but he decided not to tease his Hyung that much tonight.

“You call that a kiss?”

But it seems like Yoongi was up for some teasing after all, so how could Jungkook not say something to that?

“I don’t know…” Jungkook began and he noted how Yoongi followed the movement of his lips with his eyes. “Why don’t you show me what a kiss is, Hyung?”

Yoongi felt weak whenever Jungkook used the *Hyung* card on him and the shitty brat totally knew what effect it had on the hybrid.

But it was a challenge and Yoongi really wanted to wipe off the stupid smirk from Jungkook’s face, so he stood on his tiptoes and wrapped his arms around the younger’s neck, so he could pull him closer.

Yoongi smashed his lips against Jungkook’s, but it was as if the brat had been expecting it and didn’t even flinch.

The black-haired male moved his lips against Jungkook’s and the boy did the same, but Yoongi made the mistake to slightly separate his lips and the human used the chance to slip his tongue inside his mouth.

Yoongi should’ve seen that coming, because Jungkook always did that, but the wet muscle which tangled with his own, still made him react.

“Mmghh.”
The hybrid whimpered and fisted a handful of Jungkook’s hair. He thought the younger would get the hint, because Yoongi’s legs were seriously threatening to give in any minute now, so he admitted defeat. The damn brat won, as always, but when the older tugged at the human’s hair with the might to further show his surrender, Jungkook just kept on kissing him even more vigorously than before.

Well… if waving the white flag wasn’t going to help, two could play this game.

Yoongi pressed his body against Jungkook’s and pushed forward until the human’s back was met with the wall. The hybrid sighed in satisfaction, because he might have lost the battle, but not the war. And Jungkook finally appeared a bit taken aback, so that encouraged Yoongi even more and he slipped out his tongue from the human’s hot cavern only to bite down on the lawyer’s lip, not very harshly though, but he still felt proud of himself.

“The kitty got feisty again.” Jungkook husked out when he finally broke the kiss and the comment earned him a glare from the hybrid.

“Shut up or next time I’m going to bite off your tongue.”

The human couldn’t possibly take the threat seriously, because no matter what the older said, he couldn’t deceive Jungkook and the boy knew the hybrid had enjoyed the kiss just as much as he did.

*He’s blushing again…*

Jungkook mentally noted, as he let go of the older’s waist and then brushed away some strands of black hair away from the hyrid’s face.

“My hair has gotten quite long.”

Jungkook said then and the hybrid unwrapped his arms from the younger’s neck. Yoongi touched his bangs, they were pretty much covering his eyes now.

“I guess… it’s been a while since I last cut it.”

“Do you want to shorten it a bit?” Jungkook suggested and the hybrid look quite interested. “Me and Jimin-hyung go to the same place. We can go to the salon this week, if you want?”

The last time Yoongi cut his hair was days before he met Jimin and it’s been almost two months
since then, Spring was here now and cutting his hair definitely sounded nice, but there was also something else, which the hybrid wanted.

“Sounds good, but… can we stop by another place as well?”

Jungkook was about to ask what the older meant by that, but Yoongi reached out and started playing with the earring on the human’s left ear. The boy didn’t often wear earrings, especially during the week, while he was working, so it was a fascinating sight for the hybrid.

“You want to pierce your ears?”

“Yeah, both of them.”

Yoongi has been thinking about that for a while, he’s never seen a hybrid with earrings before, but that’s not why he wanted them, he just thought that maybe they would-

“Earrings would look good on you, for sure.”

The older smiled bashfully, but Jungkook’s next words made Yoongi groan.

“By the way… I really like it when you steal my clothes, Jimin-hyung’s as well.”

The human announced and received an irritated look from the hybrid.

“B-borrow, god damn it.”

“Yes, borrow, borrow. That’s what I said. Oh, do you want to borrow some underwear as well?”

Yoongi’s eyes widened and he pinched the human’s arm.

“I don’t need it!!!”

The hybrid yelled, but he could feel that heat crept up his cheeks.

“You don’t need underwear? Like… at all?”
Yoongi gaped at the younger for a few seconds and then marched towards his own room.

“Fuck this! Don’t bother me until dinner!”

Jungkook was left laughing.

“Damn it, woman. Stop touching me so much!”

Yoongi grumbled loudly when the so called hairdresser ran her hands through his hair once again with no real purpose.

“You’re a cutie.”

The woman said and Yoongi was seriously starting to regret his decision to come here.

Jimin was trying to suppress his sniggling, but it was impossible – for two reasons.

Hwayoung-noona, as both Jimin and Jungkook called the woman even though she was in her early 40s, was in charge of cutting Yoongi’s hair, but she had taken a liking to the hybrid instantly and she’s been playing with Yoongi’s hair for a while now.

Yeojin, a girl who was just a few months older than Jimin, had latched herself onto Jungkook from the moment he walked into the salon and she’s been trying to drag him to one of the chairs ever since, because she really wanted to dye Jungkook’s hair.

Jimin changed his hair color a few times a year and so did Taehyung, but Jungkook refused to part with his natural hair color and Yeojin has been trying to change his mind since forever, she wanted Jungkook to finally do something different with his hair.

So yeah, Jimin found the scene before himself quite amusing.
“Another time, noona.”

“You always say that!”

The girl had made it her mission to see Jeon Jungkook with another hair color, she was never going to give up.

“I have to speak with Jimin-hyung.” Jungkook simply stated, as he headed towards the chair where Jimin was sitting.

“Oooh, don’t you dare to use Jimin as an excuse!”

The girl wailed, but Jimin didn’t really mind, he was glad to save his boyfriend from his misery, but when he looked at Jungkook, he realized that the boy really wanted to talk about something and when the younger extended his hand towards him, Jimin grabbed it and stood up.

“Let’s go outside.”

“Alright.”

Yeojin shook her head in disappointment, but let the two be and smiled when her eyes met Yoongi’s in the mirror before him.

Jimin and Jungkook walked out of the salon, still hand in hand.

“So, what did you want to talk about?”

Jimin asked and Jungkook briefly glanced at the hybrid.

Because of the big glass windows, you could still see what was happening inside and he saw that Hwayoung had finally grabbed her scissors and was about to start cutting the hybrid’s hair.

“I just didn’t want Yoongi-hyung to hear this conversation.”

Jungkook said, as he returned his attention back to Jimin and the older was suddenly very intrigued. Jungkook hoped that the blowing of the hair dryers, as well as the chatter from all the people in the salon, would prevent the black-haired male from picking up on the conversation.
“Remember the night when we slept in Yoongi-hyung’s room?”

Jungkook’s question made Jimin beam in happiness.

“Yeah, we cuddled until the morning.”

And when they got up, the hybrid complained for hours how he couldn’t sleep properly and he swore that he would never, ever sleep in the same bed as the two humans.

Two nights later, Yoongi ended up in Jimin and Jungkook’s bedroom and he didn’t let them utter a single word, he just lay down in the middle, made himself comfortable and fell asleep in minutes since he was finally enveloped in his two humans’ warmth again.

“Before you joined us… Yoongi-hyung told me that he was curious how Jungmin was doing. He asked me to look for him.”

The surprise was evident on Jimin’s face and he just blinked without saying anything, because he knew that Jungkook had more to say.

“Hyung gave me some information about that man and he has lots of speeding tickets, it won’t take a long time to locate him. I think I’ll be able to find him soon.”

“Okay?”

Somehow, Jimin had a bad feeling and Jungkook saw through him right away, so he held his hand even more tightly.

“But I don’t think that will be enough…” Jungkook continued and the blonde started feeling even more anxious. “I think that Yoongi-hyung wants to see him.”

Panic overtook Jimin and he grabbed the younger’s other hand in despair.

“W-what? Kook, no! He can’t- what if- what if that man tries to take Hyung away from us?!”

“He can’t. Yoongi-hyung was homeless for over a year before he met us, that guy can’t claim him back, the law won’t allow it. He has no right-”
“But if he decides to go against us, he’ll still have more rights than us.”

Jimin cut in and Jungkook breathed out, he knew that the blonde wasn’t wrong and he didn’t want the hybrid to meet his previous owner either, but it was a necessary evil.

“Yoongi-hyung still thinks about his past, he didn’t part with Jungmin in a nice way and he can’t let go… no matter what that man made him go through, the way he treated him, Hyung can’t forget and he doesn’t have to, but he’ll feel much better if he puts a proper end to everything between him and Jungmin.”

Jimin let go of Jungkook’s hands and clutched onto the boy’s cardigan instead, he wanted to find an excuse, to say that the younger wasn’t right, but he himself could feel it too. Yoongi was getting better, he was no longer hesitant when it came to touching the two of them or letting Jimin and Jungkook touch him, kiss him, embrace him. But in the beginning… Jimin could feel that the hybrid mulled over before doing or saying anything, closeness frightened him and partly, that was probably because the only person who had ever touched him intimately was Jungmin and there’s no way Yoongi could get rid of the thought about his previous owner, especially having in mind how they separated.

“I’m just… afraid that we might lose him, Kook. I- I can’t-”

Jimin’s voice wavered and he felt that he’s close to tears, because the obnoxious thought that the hybrid could be taken away from them, crossed his mind and he just couldn’t live without Yoongi.

Jungkook felt bad for making the older experience such negative emotions, sometimes Jimin tended to imagine the worst scenarios, he did it unintentionally, it was a bad habit that he had tried to get rid of, but he just couldn’t.

“Nothing of the sort will happen, I’ll make sure of it. Nobody can take Yoongi-hyung away from us, no one.”

Jungkook cupped the older’s face and Jimin relaxed a bit, because the younger’s reassuring gaze comforted him to no end.

“Do you trust me?”

“More than anyone else in the whole world.”

Jimin replied and Jungkook leaned in, so he could capture the older’s lips. It was a kiss, which sealed their promise – that no matter what happened, they were going to get through it, together.
“Then you have nothing to worry about.”

Jungkook said and the smile was finally back on Jimin’s face.

“Yeah… silly me.” Jimin looked inside the salon again and noted how the granny, which was sitting on the chair next to the hybrid looked pretty much scandalized and that Yoongi’s lips were moving, so he was most likely… swearing like there’s no tomorrow. “I better go save Hyung now, Hwayoung-noona seems to be having a hard time as well.”

“Well… not everyone can handle the mighty Min Yoongi and his potty mouth.”

Jimin giggled in agreement and headed back inside. Jungkook saw how when the blonde reached the hybrid’s side, he placed a hand on the oldest’s shoulder and Yoongi’s rambling was ceased. The two were now smiling and that made Jungkook smile as well.

He was going to protect their happiness.

No matter what.

Yoongi thought that getting his ears pierced would hurt a lot, but the pain was bearable. He couldn’t put on his silver earrings right away though and that sucked big time, because he liked them a lot.

Jungkook was the one who chose them and at first the hybrid was skeptical with the human’s choice, because both earrings were a bit different, they were not stud ones or hoops, but were a bit long.

The design was very pretty and Jimin had voted for them as well, so the hybrid tried them on out of curiosity and the earrings dangled when he moved his head, but he liked how they looked on him, so they bought them.

Now he was currently lying on his tummy on the couch and he clicked his tongue in annoyance,
because he failed the level of his favorite game for the 17th time, but he was stubborn, he was going to kill that damn slug.

Jimin was sitting on one of the armchairs and he was reading a book, Jungkook was sitting on the other armchair and he was working on his new case, the constant tapping on the keyboard was driving Yoongi mad, just a tiny bit, because he needed to be fully concentrated, while playing, but when Jungkook had tried to go to the bedroom to finish his work, Yoongi just told the boy to stay where he was, because having to put up with some typing sounds was much more tolerable than being apart from the lawyer, but… Yoongi didn’t mention that last part.

“Yes, yes. Just a little more.”

Yoongi chanted, because he was really going to pass the stupid level this time, but just when he was about to make his final and most fatal move, his phone started ringing and the hybrid almost tossed the device against the wall.

“Aaah, who the hell-?!” Yoongi was ready to cuss at whoever had disturbed his game, so he picked up with the might to… pick a fight with the person with an unknown number. “Hello??”

“Hi, Hyung. It’s me, Taehyung.”

After hearing the voice, Yoongi calmed down and sat up on the couch.

“Taehyung?”

Jungkook stopped typing and looked up from his laptop, Jimin lowered his book and looked at the hybrid.

“Yeah. Sorry for calling you so suddenly. Hoseok-hyung gave me your number. I… I’ve got some news.”

The hybrid made the connection, he knew the reason for the boy’s call.

“Just a second.”

Yoongi got up and dashed towards his room.

Jungkook and Jimin exchanged a look.
“What was that for?” Jungkook questioned and Jimin just shrugged his shoulders.

“I have no idea.”

Yoongi didn’t know when to bring up the topic, Taehyung had finally given him an answer and now he just had to tell Jimin and Jungkook, but he didn’t really know how to let the cat out of the bag.

“I spoke with Taehyung today.”

He blurted out towards the end of their dinner, they were just about to have dessert – cheesecake with blueberry jam, the kind auntie from the upper floor had given them 3 pieces today, because they were her favorite neighbors, as she had said numerous times.

“Wow, really?”

Jungkook said in a sarcastic tone and Yoongi lightly kicked the human’s leg under the table.

“What did you talk about, Hyung?”

Jimin has been itchy to ask ever since Yoongi secluded himself in his room to have the talk, but he was waiting for the hybrid to speak up on his own.

“So, um… when we went to Taehyung’s studio, I asked you to bring me something to drink, right Jimin-ah?”

“Yes, you were really happy, because I managed to find and buy you milk.”

“Ughm, not my point.” The hybrid cleared his throat and made up his mind to stop talking in circles. “So, while you were gone, I asked Taehyung for a favor.”

“What favor?”
Jungkook piped up in the conversation and Yoongi nervously licked his lips, he wondered how the two humans would react, but he had made his choice already and he hoped that Jimin and Jungkook would accept his decision.

“I asked Taehyung to help me to find a job.”

Jimin almost dropped his chopsticks upon hearing that.

“Whaaat?? Why, Hyung??”

“I’ve got many reasons, okay? I just can’t stay at home all day while you two work your asses off and pay for everything.”

“But, Hyung-”

Jimin tried to interrupt, but Yoongi wanted to finally share what’s been bothering him, so he continued talking.

“I just want to help you two with something. To bring in some income as well. You bought me so many things already, you pay for absolutely everything – food, clothes, bills. Fuck, I can’t even cut my hair somewhere without asking you for money. I don’t like this. Besides, I get bored doing nothing all day and going on walks feels nice, but nothing much happens during them either. I believe that going to work will be much better.”

“When did you start thinking about getting a job?”

Jungkook asked, but Yoongi couldn’t pinpoint the exact moment, the feeling and need to do something of use just bloomed in him one day and he’s been thinking about it ever since.

“I don’t know. It was definitely before we… got together.” Yoongi admitted and he was glad that the two humans did not appear to be opposed of the idea, they were just surprised.

“I think…”

Jungkook began and the hybrid waited for the next words with abated breath.

“… that you are free to make your own choices. But it sounds like a good idea.”
The hybrid breathed out a sigh of relief and then looked at Jimin, waiting for the vet to express his opinion.

“It looks like you really want to do it, Hyung and I support your decision, but… what kind of job are we talking about?”

Yoongi wanted to let out a cheer, because he was super happy to get his humans’ approval, but he settled for a smile, as he drummed his fingers on his knee, thankfully the table hid his little act of happiness.

“I asked Taehyung to tell me about any available position, really. But he said that he couldn’t find anything. However, he also told me that since there’s a lot on his head, he easily forgets things and that it’s quite the task to keep up with everything, so… he offered me to work for him. Like an assistant or something, I don’t know. He said he’ll give me more details later on.”

Jimin was a bit apprehensive to let the hybrid go somewhere where he didn’t know anyone, he didn’t want to underestimate Yoongi’s abilities, but he would’ve been on the edge if the black-haired male had to work with complete strangers, but knowing that the older would be spending his days with Taehyung, eased Jimin down.

“That’s great, Hyung. I’m sure you’ll enjoy working with Tae, even though he can be quite strict when it comes to his work.”

Yoongi was ready to work hard, he was ready to invest all his time in the little tasks, which Taehyung would ask him to complete, it was going to be his first job ever and he was really excited.

“I can’t wait to start, honestly.”

Namjoon has been ignoring Hoseok’s messages lately and he also managed to dodge most of Hoseok’s questions whenever they spoke on the phone, which wasn’t very often, because… Kim Namjoon was a pro when it came to avoiding people.

Hoseok also hasn’t seen his friend at the court lately and he was feeling rather uneasy, something
was not right.

So he literally sprinted towards Namjoon when he spotted him across the corridor, but he slowed down when he noticed that his friend wasn’t alone.

Namjoon was speaking with Lim Joohyuk – a man in his late 50s, a judge, very well-known and powerful one, everybody knew the man’s name, he had quite the reputation and you could hardly hear anything bad about him.

He actually used to teach at their university and Hoseok always enjoyed the man’s lectures, they were inspiring and most of all… real.

Joohyuk was one of the very few people who valued justice above all and he wasn’t corrupted, not in the slightest. But at the time of Yerin’s death he was abroad and he couldn’t provide any assistance, Hoseok didn’t even know if his friend had spoken to the man back then to ask him for help.

“Thank you for your time, sir.”

Hoseok heard Namjoon say and then the older man patted his friend’s shoulder before he walked away.

Hoseok bowed to the judge when he passed by him and the man returned the gesture.

Namjoon said a simple ‘Hi’ as a greeting to his friend, he was definitely going to scurry off, but Hoseok clasped his friend’s arm before he could escape.

“You are up to something, Namjoon.”

It wasn’t a question, but a statement, because Hoseok could put two and two together, there was something unusual about the taller’s behavior.

“Maybe.”

Namjoon neither confirmed nor denied the possibility and Hoseok’s restlessness increased.

“But… I’m not doing anything bad, so don’t give me that look.”
“What look?”

“The ‘I’m watching your every move, so don’t do something stupid.’ kind of look.”

A smile threatened to appear on Hoseok’s face, but he managed to maintain his serious face.

“Are you sure you’re not doing something you might regret later?”

Namjoon kept quiet for a while and Hoseok just wanted his friend to spill the beans, to tell him what the heck was going through his head and to tell him if Hoseok could help him with something, because he was more than willing.

“I am sure.”

Hoseok let go of the other’s hand, but before Namjoon could walk away, he spoke up again.

“I am dating someone.” Hoseok shared and this time he couldn’t hide his smile and he could swear that Namjoon flashed him a faint smile, it’s been so long since he last saw his friend smile for real that… it could be considered a phenomenon now.

“Good for you, it’s obvious that she’s making you really happy.”

“He.” Hoseok corrected, but Namjoon’s face remained the same. The taller male was one of the very few people that knew about Hoseok’s sexuality and Namjoon had never judged him, he’s always been a supportive friend. “We are still in the beginning of our relationship, but yeah… I’m really, really happy. I guess you were right after all.” Hoseok noted that his friend was giving him a perplexed look, so he decided to clarify his statement. “That one day, I would find someone who would make me happier than Soobin ever did.”

“I thought you wouldn’t remember a thing from what I said that night.”

“Well… I’m sure you said more clever stuff, but I that’s the only thing, which I remember clearly.”

“I’m not surprised. Your hangover is total shit.”

“Tell me about it.” Hoseok laughed shortly, but there was one more thing, which he wanted to say before Namjoon left. “I hope that one day… you will find that person as well, Joon.”
“For me… that person was, is and always will be Yerin.”

Hoseok felt a pang in his chest upon hearing his friend’s words and he just stared at Namjoon’s retreating back.

It turns out that even after years…

Namjoon was still clinging onto the past with no intention to let go or move on.

“Jimin, you’re in the way.”

“I’m not.”

It’s not like Yoongi didn’t like the vet’s back hugs, he totally loved them, but he was in the middle of cutting vegetables, because he wanted to make a salad, but when Jimin got home, the first thing he did was to tightly hug the hybrid and now the older could barely move, because of the human-sized koala on his back.

“You’re starting work tomorrow, Hyung. I want to cling onto you while I still can.”

Yoongi rolled his eyes, he wanted to continue cooking but he couldn’t even properly cut the spring onion on the board, let alone grab another vegetable.

“We’ve already established that nothing’s going to change. You or Jungkook are going to give me a ride the first few times and then I’ll catch a bus or the subway, whatever and we just won’t see each other during the day, like before, so don’t be like this.”

“Hyyung!”

Jimin cried out and gripped Yoongi’s body. The hybrid couldn’t take this any longer, so he placed the knife on the board and turned around in the vet’s embrace with a lot of difficulty. He launched forward and kissed Jimin, once, twice, three times, but even after the fifth kiss, the younger was
still pouting.

“Okay, you big baby. What do I have to do to make that pout of yours go away??”

Jimin’s eyes started sparkling and Yoongi’s sixth sense told him that shit was about to go down.

“Hyung, Jungkookie told me that your tail is really soft.”

Well… holy moly shit indeed.

“Uuh… I guess?”

“Softer than your ears?”

“Where is this conversation going? Or more like… where is your hand going, Park Jimin?”

Yoongi questioned and narrowed his eyes at the human, because Jimin’s right hand was pretty much on the hybrid’s ass now.

“If you let me touch your tail, it will make my day. No! My week, month, year!”

Yoongi felt like he’s going through a fucking déjà vu, what was so compelling about his tail that both Jimin and Jungkook wanted to touch it so much?

“How about another kiss?” Jimin shook his head. “We can cuddle on the couch?” Another shake. “We can-”

The hybrid’s next words died down in his throat when Jimin squeezed his ass, an action which was in total contradiction to the piteous look he was giving to the older.

“Just for a few seconds, Hyung.”

Jimin pleaded, as his hand slowly travelled up towards Yoongi’s tail and the hybrid just stood still, he had enough time to react, to push the human way or to tell him not to touch his tail and yet… he did nothing.

So when Jimin carefully wrapped his fingers around the base of the hybrid’s tail…
Something in Yoongi snapped.

This is not how the hybrid imagined the night to go.

He thought that he would make dinner, Jimin and Jungkook would come home, they would eat, talk for a while and of course sleep together in the bedroom.

However… here he was now – straddling Jimin’s hips, leaving yet another mark on the human’s neck.

He had turned the boy’s neck in his canvas and Yoongi would be lying if he said he wasn’t proud of his work.

Reaching the couch was a whole miracle, but thankfully Jimin had managed to pull the hybrid away from the kitchen in time.

The vet kept his word and let go of the hybrid’s tail seconds after touching it, he didn’t even stroke it or try to move his hand along the marvelous tail, but still… Yoongi got excited, but he didn’t expect to get so worked up.

“Hyung… the phone.”

The hybrid missed the human’s words, because he was now too focused on unbuttoning Jimin’s shirt, the vet’s neck was now fully decorated in different hues, but Yoongi wanted more, he had to go lower, to expand his work.

“Hyung, it’s Jungkookie.”

That made Yoongi look up and his heartbeat quickened when he saw how Jimin was gnawing on his bottom lip, face flushed, eyes quite unfocused.

Yoongi had caused this, Jimin looked like this because of him, looked at him with eyes filled with desire just like on that night when they went beyond just touching and kissing.
And just then, the hybrid heard the ringing of the phone, which was casted at the other side of the couch, it’s like he had turned into a deaf man, but he saw that Jungkook was the one who was calling, so he grabbed the phone and passed it to Jimin who accepted the call right away.

“You finally picked up.”

“S-sorry. I was-” Jimin paused and glanced at the hybrid, who left a kiss on his jaw before he moved his lips downwards. “I was just preoccupied with s-something.”

“Judging by the way you’re speaking… you’re doing something with Hyung.”

“I- we-…. yeah, yes.”

Jimin rasped out and heard a chuckle from the other end of the line.

“I guess you won’t be interested in what I’ve got to say then.”

“No, no. W-what is it?”

Jimin tried to control his voice, but it was hard when Yoongi was so dedicated to leaving kisses wherever his lips could reach. The hybrid usually wasn’t this bold or forward, but it’s like tonight someone had turned on a switch and now the black-haired male was totally keen on making Jimin lose his mind.

He really was trying not to touch too much, not to push the hybrid too far, but so far no complaint had left the older’s lips, not even when Jimin had once again cupped Yoongi’s bottom and kept his hands there.

“Hoseok-hyung wanted to grab a drink and I was going to decline, because I don’t feel like drinking, but then he said that he’s going to call Taehyung-hyung as well and that just screams trouble. I can’t leave those two with drinks in their hands somewhere where there are… people. So I guess I’ll have to tag along, because you know – someone has to babysit them.”

Jimin tried to process Jungkook’s words, his brain was kind enough to comprehend most of the information and something between a hum and a moan escaped from his lips when Yoongi pressed down his body onto his, as if he was really trying to test the vet’s limits.

“Babysit… ah, okay-”
Someone definitely had to look after the newly formed couple, because they’ve been all over each other ever since they started dating and it’s been just a few days. Jimin was really glad that Hoseok and Taehyung had decided to give each other a chance, but Jungkook’s reaction when he heard the news was rather entertaining – he thought that his Sunbae was joking, but since Taehyung was there as well, because he had decided to grab lunch with the two lawyers during their break, the couple decided to demonstrate just how serious they were and thus… they kissed the shit out of each other, right there in the restaurant where they were having lunch.

It’s needless to say that the younger lawyer just wanted to hide under the table and pretend that he didn’t know the other two, because now everyone was looking in their direction.

So yeah, the boy didn’t deem it okay to leave Hoseok and Taehyung alone in public, especially if they were a bit tipsy.

Who knows what they might do? It was going to keep Jungkook awake all night. Better be safe than sorry, at least now in the beginning since Taehyung and Hoseok were still in their… honeymoon phase as Jimin had phrased it.

Jungkook didn’t say anything for what felt like an eternity and Jimin thought that the younger had hung up, but instead the lawyer said something unexpected.

“That being said – I’ll be back in a few hours. So… you have a lot of time.”

“What?”

“A few hours, Jimin-ah. You can do a lot of things in that time. You understand what I’m trying to say, right?”

The hand, which was still resting on the hybrid’s bum, travelled upwards and Jimin settled it on the older’s waist. The gesture made Yoongi stop whatever he was doing and he faced the vet. Jimin’s eyes were widely open and his lips were moving, but no sound was coming out. Eventually Jimin found his voice.

“Kook-”

“I’ll bring you dinner, so no worries about that. Just… do what your heart tells you, do what you want to do and what Yoongi- hyung wants to do, okay?”

“Okay.”
Jimin found himself responding without thinking and then Jungkook ended the call. The vet stared at his phone and then he looked at the hybrid.

“What is it? What did Jungkook say?”

Jimin dropped the phone beside him and moved his hand towards the hybrid’s face, he caressed the older’s cheek and then let his fingers run all over Yoongi’s lips, lips which had touched every exposed patch of skin of Jimin’s body.

“I feel like… you’re trying to eat me up, Hyung.”

Yoongi’s cheeks tinted, because of the comment, maybe he went a little bit overboard, but he couldn’t stop and he certainly had no regrets.

“Jungkook told me you taste like cotton candy. Well… he wasn’t lying.”

Jimin dove in for another kiss and the hybrid let out, sweet, intoxicating mewls against his lips and yeah… Park Jimin had finally reached his limit.

“Jungkookie said that we have some time before he gets back…” Jimin started, as he pressed his forehead against the hybrid’s and he could actually feel how fast Yoongi’s heart was beating due to their close proximity. “And I want to make use of that time, Hyung. I want to… continue this, for real, but only if you wish for the same.”

Jimin was thrilled to hear the hybrid’s answer and his heart almost leapt out of his chest when…

Yoongi simply nodded his head.

Chapter End Notes

A lot of things happened in this chapter and some questions finally found their answers (and hopefully... now some other questions arose), so even though I feel like my
‘writing skills’ have become kind of rusty, I hope the wait was worth it and that you enjoyed the chapter as a whole! >.<

You know it’s Christmas when you get Vhope & Yeontan, Yoonkook, Namseok and Yoonmin in one chapter! haha

Happy Holidays, everyone! ❤

Thank you for all the support so far!

50k+ hits, 2700+ kudos and tons of wonderful comments!
It’s been a great year for Redamancy and for me as a whole.

I hope 2018 treated you well and I wish you an even more amazing 2019! (♡ >ω< ♡)

Oh and this is the hoodie, which Yoongi stole- I mean… borrowed xD
This is a bonus chapter, which was supposed to be up for Christmas, but I totally messed up my updating schedule, so here it is... a month later.

I suggest you not to skip this chapter, because otherwise some things from the future chapters won't make sense.

The events in the bonus take place during the day, before Jimin got home at the end of 'past'.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
I made a moodboard with our dear Min Kitty 😺

+ Yoonmin and Yoonkook 😊

Yoongi’s fingers hovered over the keyboard for a while. He hesitated, as always, because he
didn't want to bother his humans while they were working, but he really had nothing better to do and besides... he missed Jungkook and Jimin, so why not text them?

With that thought it mind, Yoongi finally typed in a message and sent it.

Surprisingly, the answer arrived almost immediately.

😊😊 Prettiest Hyung: Hey.

😊 Jiminie: Heey, Hyung!

How are you?

What are you doing?

Did you eat?

Is something wrong?

Did we run out of milk?

Do you want me to buy some on my way home?

Oh, maybe I-

😊😊 Prettiest Hyung: Jimin...

😊 Jiminie: Sorry... I did it again 😊

I just got really excited, because you messaged me, Hyung! ❤

Yoongi smiled at the heart, it was such a minor and simple thing and yet, it made his day a hundred times better.

😊😊 Prettiest Hyung: Aren't you busy?

😊 Jiminie: Not at the moment! hehe
Prettiest Hyung: Ah, okay. So... to answer your questions - I'm sleepy, kinda.
Maybe I'll nap for a bit later.
I'm not doing anything 😴
I just had lunch and now I'm lazing on the couch.
Milk... there are still two bottles left, so we're good.

Jiminie: Aww, you should rest if you're tired, Hyung!
You always get really drowsy after eating.
But... can you go to bed in a few minutes?
I want to chat with you some more.
I miss you, Hyung! 😊😊😊

Yoongi’s smile became bigger and the sleepiness almost disappeared. He was glad that Jimin wasn’t preoccupied with something at the moment, his timing was a good one.

Prettiest Hyung: Silly... we saw each other a few hours ago.

Jiminie: 4 hours and-
17 minutes now, Hyung! 😄😄😄

Prettiest Hyung: You're counting, huh? :D

Jiminie: Don't be a meanie, Hyung! 😄😄

Yoongi could perfectly imagine Jimin pouting, while holding his phone and the hybrid let out a short laugh.

Prettiest Hyung: Sorry, sorry.
I guess the surgery ended then?
How did it go?
Jiminie: Dr. Kang is amazing!
The puppy will be able to walk again! 😊

😊😊 Prettiest Hyung: That's great.
But... you assisted him, right?
You're amazing as well, Jiminie!

Jiminie: I didn't really do much...

😊😊 Prettiest Hyung: Don't be like that.
Take some credit as well!
Assisting is still something remarkable!

Jiminie: I guess...
Have I told you about Ahreum?

😊😊 Prettiest Hyung: Ahreum?
No, I can't recall anything.

Jiminie: Ahreum is one of my favorite patients, though I wish we had met under different circumstances 😊
She was in a terrible condition when she was brought to the clinic.
Car accident.
Poor little thing! 🙁🙁

😊😊 Prettiest Hyung: Oh... and what happened with her?

Jiminie: I led the surgery!
It was my first time, I was super nervous!

But I did my best and she recovered completely! 😊😊

Yoongi wrote his reply, but stared at it for a few seconds before sending it.

😊😊 Prettiest Hyung: Well done, Jiminie.

Hyung's proud of you! ❤️

😊 Jiminie: A... a heart......

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHBBBBBBHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

😊😊 Prettiest Hyung: Okay, calm down.

😊 Jiminie: I'm jumping up and down in my office, Hyung! I can NOT calm down!

Now I miss you even more!!!! 😞😞😞😞😞😞

I want to see you so, so much!!!! :((((((((((((((

Yoongi bit on his bottom lip and wondered what to do. A stupid idea appeared in his head, he dismissed it instantly, but it re-appeared once again, because he knew it would make Jimin happy, so he lifted his phone a little and snapped a photo really quickly.

He didn't like it, but... maybe Jimin will?

He decided to stop thinking so much and just pressed 'send'.

😊😊 Prettiest Hyung: Don't laugh, okay?

I know I look awful...

I can't take selcas at all. 😞
Jiminie: OH...
OOOH..... MY....
GOD!!!!!!

HYUNG! YOU CAN'T ATTACK ME LIKE THIS!!!!

YOU ARE SO PRETTY, HYUNG!!!!!! I JUST- 😊😊😊😊😊

Yoongi tried to fight the blush, which crept up his cheeks, but there was nobody to hide from, so ultimately, his face tinted up, because of the compliment.

Jiminie: But you cut off your cat ears, Hyung! 😊

Prettiest Hyung: Told you... I can't take selcas...
Jiminie: Don't say that, Hyung!

My heart is still doing laps, because of you!

You should take responsibility for this!

Prettiest Hyung: Huh?

How?

And more importantly why?

I haven't done anything.

Jiminie: Tctc, Hyung.

You damaged my heart! 😊😊

So... when I get back home I'll play with your ears and I'll hug you tightly and I'll kiss you all over!!

Then... I'll feel better.

Yeah and then... I'll be the one with a damaged heart.

Yoongi thought to himself, but he was totally looking forward to that.

Prettiest Hyung: If you insist...

Jiminie: Yay!

Prettiest Hyung: Can't you send me a photo as well?

You look amazing in your white coat.

Yoongi almost typed down that as well, but thankfully he managed to stop himself in time.
Jiminie: Oh... I'm kind of a mess right now, because the surgery ended like 20 minutes ago.

Yoongi was about to start sulking and complain, he was certain that Jimin looked beautiful, but the vet surprised him with his next message.

Jiminie: Ah! But I have a photo with Ahreum from last year!

It was taken a month after her surgery.

Her owner brought her for a check up and she took a picture of us.

Wait a second.

Yoongi stared at the screen in anticipation. Jimin took a lot of photos on a daily basis, so it was probably going to take him a while to find what he was looking for and about 2-3 minutes later, the hybrid finally received another message.

Jiminie: She's cute, isn't she?
Yoongi smiled at the photo. Happiness always radiated from Jimin whenever he spoke about animals, all of them, not only the ones, which he had treated. But seeing him with one of his patients, looking so fond and happy, it was definitely a wonderful sight.

😊😊 Prettiest Hyung: Two cuties. 🐱❤
You saved her life, Jiminie.
She’s lucky to have met you, Dr. Park.

😊 Jiminie: Hyung... Hyung.... Hyung....
Another heart! 😊😊
I think we need to add something else to my treatment, because my condition just got worse! 😊

😊😊 Prettiest Hyung: I'll... think about it.

😊 Jiminie: I can't wait!
I have to get ready for my next appointment, Hyung.
It's in 10 minutes.
See you tonight!

😊😊 Prettiest Hyung: See ya. ❤

Yoongi felt rather lively at the moment, so he decided to text Jungkook next. Messaging the lawyer was kind of a task, because when he was at the court, it always took him a long time to reply and he was a workaholic, he never slacked off, so chatting with someone while he was still at work, was not something Jungkook often did. But the boy always apologized whenever it took him more than half an hour to respond.

👏 Tiny Kitten: Jungkook.

👏 Bratty Kook: Yes, Hyung?

Well, turns out luck was on the hybrid's side today, because just like Jimin, Jungkook replied to
him in less than a minute.

Tiny Kitten: Did you have lunch?

It was past 1pm already, so the hybrid deemed it right to ask. Jungkook often forgot to eat when he was immersed in his work.

Bratty Kook: Yes, I just got back from a near-by restaurant.

What about you?

Did you eat the Japchae?

Tiny Kitten: Yep, I did.

It was really good.

Did you have lunch with Hoseok?

Bratty Kook: I'm glad you liked it.

Noo, Sunbae was at the court.

He won a very tough case!

Lawyer of the year!!

Tiny Kitten: You praise him all the time.

I wonder if he's as good as you say...

Bratty Kook: Even better!

Sunbae's work can't be put into words, he's just... so devoted...

Tiny Kitten: Like you?

Bratty Kook: "Choose a job you love and you will never have to work a day in your life."
That's what people say and I guess it applies to me.
I love my job, I love helping people.

Yoongi recalled his previous conversations with Jungkook, the ones related to his job. His passion was like no other, his resolve to seek justice and help those in need was really admirable.

Jungkook was an excellent lawyer, the hybrid had no doubts in that.

But most of all, Jungkook was a human. A real one. An extraordinary one.

Yoongi wished there were more humans like Jungkook.

The hybrid wanted to write something encouraging, he wanted to let Jungkook know that he really appreciated everything he did, but he thought that saying something as important as that, in person would be much better. So he decided to keep the heartfelt speech for another time.

(bratty kook) Bratty Kook: She's late... again.

The hybrid was lost in thoughts and he forgot to type any sort of response to the boy, but the new message kind of confused him.

(tiny kitten) Tiny Kitten: Who?

(bratty kook) Bratty Kook: My client. She should've arrived at 1pm, but she's still not here.
I bet she got stuck in traffic again, she's really bad at calculating her time.

(tiny kitten) Tiny Kitten: Maybe you should call her?

(bratty kook) Bratty Kook: That's a good idea.

Sadly, they had to say goodbye a way too soon, but before that, Yoongi had something else to say.
Tiny Kitten: Jungkook-ah.

Thanks for... choosing those earrings.

I really like them.

The hybrid had meant to say that days ago. Now, he was really used to the silver earrings which dangled from his ears and he often played with them, but saying things like 'Thank you.', 'I'm sorry.', 'I miss you.' face to face, was still a bit difficult for the hybrid. He's never been good at expressing his emotions, he was learning and he was getting better, but for now... typing those very vital, short messages was still an achievement.

Bratty Kook: You're welcome. 😊

I knew they would look great on you!

And... I'm rarely wrong, so... 😊

_T-this brat! And he sent me a kissing face... ugh..._

Tiny Kitten: Of course, Mr. Know it all. 😊

Bratty Kook: Ohoho, a grumpy kitty! 😲

Tiny Kitten: Shut up!

Go do your job!

Bratty Kook: You're good at distracting me...

I'll text you later again, okay?

The corners of Yoongi's mouth lifted up, he was about to smile widely, but of course... the brat would always be a brat.

Bratty Kook: After you take your nap, of course. 😴
Beauty sleep is important! 😊😊

And who knows?

If that nap turns into the sleep of the century, you might be awaken with a kiss by a Prince! 😊

😊😊😊😊😊😊

Yoongi almost dropped his phone or maybe he wanted to drop it, *who knows*?

The damn Jeon brat could be really annoying at times.

😊 Tiny Kitten: If this is your way of asking for a kiss...

Guess what?

You won't be getting any!

HA!

😊 Bratty Kook: Ooooomhh.....

Oooooooohhhhh.....

😊 Tiny Kitten: What??? 😊

😊 Bratty Kook: I said you'll be awaken by a Prince and you thought about me?

So I'm a Prince?

Your Prince?

Yoongi-ah....

Does that make you my-?

😊 Tiny Kitten: Finish that sentence, Jeon.

Go on.

Just be ready to sleep outside for a week.
Bratty Kook: But it's still cold at night.

Tiny Kitten: You won't turn into a popsicle, so there's no need to be so dramatic.

Bratty Kook: Ah, you're right.
That means I have nothing to be afraid of!

Tiny Kitten: What?
No, I-

Bratty Kook: Until later, Princess!

Tiny Kitten: YAAAAAH!!!!
YOU LITTLE-!!!!

Bratty Kook: ps, Hoseok-hyung is eating Jajangmyeon in his office and I'm pretty sure he's going to spill sauce all over the place.
The Boss is going to kill him.
So... if you want to save him, feel free to do so.
Because I have to figure out where my client is.

Yoongi huffed in annoyance, he was going to knock some sense into that brat's head tonight.

He decided to leave Jungkook at seen, he deserved it.

The hybrid's initial plan was to send a heart to the younger, just like he sent some to Jimin, because he had never done that before.

But Jeon Jungkook caused him a heart attack, so... no hearts for him, just no.
Now... gotta save my human friend.

Yoongi clicked on Hoseok's contact and typed a message.

😊 Yoongs: Jung, behave like a decent human being at your work place and don't make a mess.

Hoseok: 😅😅😅😅

Yoongs... I almost dropped my bowl.

Have you installed a camera in my office?? 😅😅😅

Or is this just your... super kitty sense? *o*

😊 Yoongs: Very funny.

Just don't drop anything on your documents, okay?

Hoseok: Not... even... a drop... of sauce?

.....................

A few drops?

😊 Yoongs: You're dead meat, Jung.

I heard your boss is really scary.

Hoseok: He's the sweetest fairy ever!

But when he gets mad... I'm always on the verge of wetting my pants!

😊 Yoongs: Gross.

I didn't need to know you need a diaper at your age.

Hoseok: Yoongs, have some sympathy! 😅😅

I was just really hungry!
But I had to write one report and after I finished at the court, I came back straight to the office and there was some takeaway.

I'm going to clean up!

Really... the boss will never find out! 😄😄

Yoongi laughed, conversations with Hoseok always turned into amusing ones. But judging from the texts, the lawyer was already quite alarmed. The hybrid wanted to ease down the other a bit.

😊 Yoongs: It's alright.

He won't be that mad at you.

At least not today.

Jungkook told me you won a case.

A tough one.

So... congrats.

Hoseok: Oh, yes!

I shed blood, sweat and tears, because of that one!

Thank you, Yoongs!!!!

I'll use that to my advantage later on, because there's some sauce right on the report I wrote...

There's no way I'm going to re-type the whole thing again. 😁

😊 Yoongs: You didn't save it?

Hoseok: I forgot. 😎

The black-haired male shook his head. Sometimes he wondered how Hoseok managed to survive in the fierce field where he was working.

😊 Yoongs: Well... buy him a coffee when you hand in your report.
Hoseok: He doesn't like coffee, it worsens his mood.

Ah! But he loves sweets!

I might buy him some treats from the shop across the street!

Thanks, Yoongs!

You're jjang!

😊 Yoongs: That's an established fact.

Anyway...

Enough with this sappy shit.

Hoseok, entertain me.

Hoseok: Entertain you?

😊 Yoongs: Yeah, I'm bored and you can multitask: eat and chat with me.

Hoseok: But... I'll make an even bigger mess like that...

Yoongi re-read the message and sighed, the lawyer was right. Hoseok was still at work and Yoongi didn't want to interfere too much. The hybrid was just about to agree with the human, when he received another text.

Hoseok: But who cares?????

Anything for my dear Yoongs!

I have something for you!

Get ready!

I've been saving it for a special moment!

So... here we go!

Tudum-tadah!

This is US!!! 😊
Yoongs: What in the world?
Where did you get that?
And what the hell do you mean by us??

Hoseok: You're a black kitty...

Yoongs: And you're a what?
A jolly unicorn??

Hoseok:

Yoongs: Oh, god...

Hoseok: Come on, Yoongs!
It's cute!
Admit it!!!

 التطويق

Yoongs: Nope.

Hoseok: You're seriously no fun. 😊
And here I am being kind enough to give you a ride. 😊

Yoongs: What?
Your last message makes no sense.

Hoseok: Yoongs... come on... 😊😊😊

Yoongs: And what's with that weird-looking face??

Hoseok: Are you serious?

Yoongs: About what??

Hoseok: You really... don't know what I'm trying to say??

Yoongs: I have no fucking idea and honestly... sometimes I think even you, yourself don't know what you want to say.

Hoseok: Point proven, but wow... Yoongs, I'm surprised... you're such an innocent soul! 😊

Yoongs: Once again... I don't it.

Hoseok: No worries, Yoongs.
You will get it... one day. 😊😊😊😊

For sure.

Jimin and Jungkook will take care of that.

/smiley Yoongs: Why are we suddenly talking about Jimin and Jungkook??

Just say what you've got to say!

Hoseok: No, no. 😊

Wanna see something that will take your breath away??

/smiley Yoongs: Don't change the topic.

Hoseok: Do you wanna see it??

Yoongi sighed in frustration, he wanted Hoseok to clarify his puzzling statements, but he was also a curious creature, so he was definitely intrigued.

/smiley Yoongs: Fine, it better be something aaaaawesome! 😊

Hoseok: Of course, Yoongs!

Now, now...

Meet my son! ❤️❤️
🤔 Yoongs: What the flying fuck is that thing you're holding???

It looks mad.

Hoseok: Yooongs!!! 😢😢😢

How... how could you say that about my little baby???? 😢😢😢

🤔 Yoongs: Seriously though, what's that?

Hoseok: THAT is Tae's puppy! Yeontanie! 😊😊
And since Tae and I are together now... Tanie is also my son! 😊😊

😊 Yoongs: Are you on good terms? Because it really looks kinda mad.

Hoseok: Okay... Tanie was a bit angry at me that morning. 😊

It honestly broke my heart! 😔😔

We've always had such a strong bond! 😊😊

😊 Yoongs: What did you do?

Hoseok: Well...

Yoongi scrolled back to the photo and examined it for a bit.

Hoseok looked rather content and happy, while the animal in his arms looked like it held a grudge against him.

The lawyer had said that he was close with the dog, so why...

Yoongi’s lips parted a little and he stared at the picture with an open mouth.

There was no way.

Why did that even cross his mind??

And why did he decide to ask that very same, dumb question??

😊 Yoongs: Was this photo... taken after sex?
Hoseok: Yoongs... this definitely has to be your kitten sense! 😄

😄 Yoongs: Holy shit!!
Are you for real???

Hoseok: Yeeeah. 😊😊😊

😄 Yoongs: Blushing emojis???
Seriously???

Hoseok: What?
I suddenly got shy.

😄 Yoongs: I don't know what to say to that...

Hoseok: How did you know?

😄 Yoongs: I'm a genius.

Hoseok: Of course you are, Yoongs.
You're the smartest kitty that I know! 😆

😄 Yoongs: I wish I could the same about you.
I thought lawyers were supposed to be smart?
God knows what you made that dog listen to all night.
No wonder it looks like it wants to punch you in the face.
Hoseok: Yoongs!!!

In my defense - I didn't know Tanie would react like that!

I mean... yeah, he's overprotective and Tae's well-being is his top priority...

Don't let Tanie's size fool you, Yoongs!

He can defend Tae very well!

So... that night, me and Tae... hehehehe

The hybrid rolled his eyes, he could even picture Hoseok's big grin and giggling, as he was typing that.

Hoseok: We had a marvelous night together, but we locked Tanie out of the bedroom...

And in the morning he started barking when he saw me and he even glared at me!

You can tell when he glares, because of the way he moves his eyebrows!

And I spent hours, trying to make him stop giving me that murderous look!

Tae let out his voice a lot during the night and Tanie got the wrong idea...

😊 Yoongs: He thought you were doing something bad to Taehyung...

Hoseok: Yeeeah.

Best night of my life!

And saddest morning of my life... 😐😐😐😐

😊 Yoongs: I hope you learnt your lesson then.

_Because Jimin and Jungkook surely haven't learnt how to control themselves at night, not yet and maybe never._

Well... not like Yoongi minded that much.

Hoseok: We did, we did.
Yoongs: But I can't believe it... didn't you and Taehyung get together like two days ago??

Hoseok: Six days, Yoongs!

Tomorrow is our one week anniversary!!!

Yoongs: And you already jumped into the deep waters, huh?

Hoseok: We couldn't help it.

But anyways, I'm sure your sexual life is much more interesting. 😊😊

Yoongs: What?

Hoseok: Now, now... don't be shy. 😊😊

You've got Jimin and Jungkook after all.

I bet you do the deed every night!

He's sending me that weird-ass emoji again, why??

And what sexual life??

I have none.

Well... I kind of do...

Yoongi's mind travelled back to that night... when they finally moved things to a higher level.
It was a night during which he felt like having sex for real, for the first time in his life.

He wanted to, he really did, but he also didn't feel ready at the time.

Sex with Jungmin had always felt good, but maybe the heat played its part as well.

The hybrid couldn't tell for sure.

After all, so far... he had never done *that* while he wasn't in heat.

Sleeping with Jungmin was a necessity, something that had to be done, something which numbed the pain, but Yoongi would've never slept with his previous owner otherwise.

But when he was with Jimin and Jungkook... the desire, the burning sensation, which made his whole body grow hot all over, the yearning, the craving to give and receive more...

It scared Yoongi, it truly did.

Because he had never felt something like that before, it couldn't be compared to his needs during his heats.

This was only him, what he needed and wanted, but he wasn't certain how exactly to ask for *it* and for how much he could ask.

He was well-aware of what his two humans did at night, *how* they did it and for how long.

And during *that* night as well... he could hear everything, he could clearly picture everything.

So leaving the bedroom was not the end for him, it was only the beginning.

Because while Jungkook and Jimin were being the brats they always were, the hybrid had to deal
with his own problem, which he completely blamed on Jimin's seductive moans and all the things, which Jungkook did and said to the vet.

He fell asleep for a while after he finally found his release for the second time that night.

Yoongi always felt damn sleepy after doing anything sexual.

He slept for three days straight after his worse heat.

So when he woke up in the middle of the night, he grumbled, because he was too lazy to get up, but there was no way he could go back to sleep, not when his underwear was sticky as heck, he needed a shower.

So still half-asleep and quite disorientated, he headed towards the bathroom, but just when he was about to reach out for the handle, he heard voices.

"Do you think Yoongi-hyung is sleeping?"

That was surely Jimin's voice and the hybrid sleepily rubbed his eyes, trying to get rid of the drowsiness.

"Maybe. Though, I think we're going to get scolded in the morning."

Yoongi couldn't agree more with Jungkook, he totally had a few things to say.

The hybrid could hear that the shower was on, he wondered how much it would take for the two humans to be finished with their showering.

If it was up to 10 minutes, he could wait here and-

"Jimin, don't."
"But I want to..."

The black-haired male furrowed his brows, not quite following the conversation, maybe he was just too sleepy.

"The bathroom floor is cold and your knees will hurt later on if you kneel for too long."

"I highly doubt it's going to take long."

Yoongi could hear Jimin's cheerful chuckle, it was laced with amusement, his words kind of sounded challenging as well.

It was the middle of the night and the hybrid was completely out of it, his brain really couldn't function properly at the moment, but when he caught Jungkook's sharp intakes of air and the lawyer's barely audible groans, along with the noise which Jimin was making... it finally clicked.

Oh, fuck.

They are doing that.

Jimin is doing that... again.

"B-baby... stop that. Don't tease me. Please, just-"

Yoongi gulped down, he had never heard Jungkook sound so desperate before.

He had also never heard the boy literally beg for something before.

The hybrid really wanted to see the human's face right now, he wondered what was the lawyer's expression at the moment.
He was very tempted to just open the door, to just get a glimpse of what was happening, because he knew that the images in his head could never be compared to the real thing. 

But instead, he rushed back to his room and waited until his two humans were done with what they were doing.

Listening to Jimin and Jungkook's adventures in the bedroom and now the bathroom as well... Yoongi could describe it only like this:

It was a blissful torture.

The hybrid had an overall picture of the the two humans' activities and he couldn't help wondering how sex with Jungkook and Jimin would feel like.

Nowadays, his mind often strayed in that direction and sometimes his imagination ran wild.

He imagined hands softly caressing his body, hands gripping at his sides, leaving marks, evidence of a heated make-out session or maybe even more.

He imagined fingers touching him in all the right places, making him lose the last strand of his sanity.

He imagined lips over his, kissing him gently and even a bit roughly.

Sometimes those little fantasies of his were with Jimin - they were overwhelming, just like everything when it came to the vet, but they filled up the hybrid's chest with happiness.

Sometimes those peculiar fantasies of his were with Jungkook - the hybrid really wondered how his brain managed to come up with some of the scenarios and he even wondered if those things were possible.

Sometimes his dreams included both Jimin and Jungkook - he really had no comment about those ones.
All of that longing was not driven simply by lust. Feelings, they were the fuel to everything and that frightened the black-haired male.

Yoongi was used to dealing with harsh treatment, with cold looks and to being neglected.

He was used to starving and shivering in the cold.

Life had made him accustomed to the bad things.

But he really couldn't cope with affectionate words and sweet smiles.

He didn't know what to do when he was being petted softly or how to react when he saw the fondness, which graced Jimin and Jungkook's features when they looked at him, spoke to him.

Happiness always seemed so distant, like a mirage, which Yoongi couldn't even dream about and now... his heart was seriously about to burst, because of too many emotions.

The hybrid glanced at his phone and noticed that he had a few new messages from Hoseok, he had spaced out again.

Hoseok: Yoongs...

Sorry...

Was that too much??

Too personal??

Pleeeease, respond to me!!! 😊😊

Oh my gosh, you're not answering! 😞😞

Yoongs... did you fall asleep??

Please wake up and tell me it's just that!!!!
A smile plastered itself onto the hybrid’s face upon reading the texts, Hoseok was good at overreacting.

😊 Yoongs: I'm here now, I just spaced out.

And it's fine...

Friends talk about such things...

I guess...

Hoseok: !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSS!!!!!

FINALLLYYY!!!!!!!

😊 Yoongs: What now?

Hoseok: YOU CALLED ME YOUR FRIEND!!!!!!!

I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS FOR YEARS!!!!!! 😳😢😢😢

😊 Yoongs: We... met last month.

Hoseok: Don't ruin MY moment, Yoongs!

No, I mean... OUR moment!!!

My friiiiiend!!!!!!!!! 😅😅

😊 Yoongs: Stop sending me hearts... 😊

I'm going to tell Taehyung.

Hoseok: Oh, Tae... yes!
I should tell him that you finally referred to me as your friend!!!

😊 Yoongs: That's not what I meant...

Huh, whatever.

Speaking of Taehyung... I can't believe I'm starting work tomorrow.

Hoseok: Aaah, that!!!

A baby kitten and a baby tiger playing together in an office!!!! 😊😊😊

Just thinking about it can make my heart melt!!!

😊 Yoongs: A baby kitten and a baby tiger?

Hoseok: Yep, yep!

I'm going to keep the juicy details to myself, but... Tae is a real tiger in bed! 😜

And he's a baby, my baby! 😊😊😊

And you're a kitty...

But a baby one, because... you know...

You're small!

😊 Yoongs: Wow, the block button looks kind of tempting.

Hoseok: Yoongs... you're such a mood killer! 😒😒

Where's your sense of humor??

😊 Yoongs: Alive and kicking.

But you won't be, if you don't stop spitting nonsense.

Hoseok: Oohh, so this is it... 😒😒
Hoseok: The wild and fierce kitten, which Jungkook spoke about! 😅 vệ
Are you like this in bed as well, Yoongs??
And here I was worried about your ass... ah, ah.

The hybrid closed his eyes and took in a breath, trying to calm down a bit. Why was he even friends with that human??

Hoseok: No, Yoongs!
Don't be like this!!!
❤️❤️❤️❤️
Fine...
Ignore me then.
I'll just sit and enjoy the show.
Jungkook can be quite a dense kid, aigo, aigo.

The hybrid was really about to ignore the human, he wanted to lie down and try to sleep for a while, though he no longer felt like taking a nap. But when Jungkook's name was suddenly brought up into the conversation, it managed to irk the black-haired male's attention.

Hoseok: Oooh, so we're talking to each other again?? 😃

Yoongs: Don't irritate me even more, human.
What show????
Hoseok: Human... that's cute! 😊❤️

Anyway, Jungkook's client is here!

✿ Yoongs: At least one of you is working...

Hoseok: Yoongs!

I deserve some break!

And Jungkook was right... annoying you is kind of... fun. 😊

The hybrid sighed and massaged his temples, he was really going to get a headache at this point.

✿ Yoongs: I'm about to lose my patience soon, watch it.

Also, Jungkook is working and you're calling that a show??

Hoseok: Ops, ops.

I'll be careful from now on then! 😊

It's a show, because that woman, Jungkook's client, she has been flirting with him since Day One and he just doesn't get it!! 😊😊

✿ Yoongs: Flirting?

Hoseok: Well, yeah... she laughs for no reason, she stares at him like she wants to devour him and she often places her hand on his shoulder or-

oh... god...

Yoongs...

✿ Yoongs: What???

Hoseok: She's touching his thigh!
The hybrid gripped his phone tightly, his blood was boiling, which was kind of strange, did he have a fever or something?

.lazy_loader_image_45f914e6.png

🌟 Yoongs: And he's not doing anything about that???

Hoseok: He's just... talking and he's not paying attention to anything else.

It's like he's reciting the Constitution to her and he doesn't care about anything else!! 😂😂

🌟 Yoongs: And you think that's funny???

Hoseok: Only if you could see it... it's funny as hell! hahahaha

I don't wanna see that, absolutely not.

Ugghhh, damn it!

🌟 Yoongs: What is that woman's case?

Hoseok: Divorce, she cheated on her husband with a younger man.

Looks like she wants to add another one to her collection. 😊😊

🌟 Yoongs: What did I say????

Do you want to get blocked that badly???

Hoseok: Sorry, Yoongs.

But I can imagine you fuming right now, with a red face and a tail, which says you're ready to fight! phahahaha

The hybrid gritted his teeth and tried to relax a little, but as Hoseok had said... he was kind of pissed off and ready to pick up a fight with someone.
Hoseok: Jokes aside.
I actually feel bad for that woman.

백종원: 왜?!

Hoseok: Seems like she and her husband never really loved each other.
They just married out of convenience.
Plus, the husband cheated first and he has probably been doing it for years.

백종원: 이제 어떻게 되는 건가?
They can't divide their property and money??

Hoseok: No...
They have two kids and the husband wants full custody.
He doesn't want to let his wife, well ex-wife soon, close to the children.

백종원: 법은 엄마를 율하는 건가?

Hoseok: It should...
But that man has money, a lot and... that makes things difficult.
What that woman and her husband have done to each other is wrong.
But it seems like she loves her kids a lot.
No mother deserves to be torn away from her children.
And Jungkook is trying his best to help her.

Well, okay... maybe Yoongi did feel slightly bad for that woman now, but still... that didn't change the fact that she was shamelessly touching something, which wasn't hers.
Yoongs: She's in great hands, so if I were you, I wouldn't worry too much.

Hoseok: Of course!
Our Golden Maknae is going to win the case, for sure!

Yoongs: For once we agree about something.
Now...
Save Jungkook.

Hoseok: Save him?

Yoongs: Yeah, he obviously can't- shit, just go and make sure that woman stays away!

Hoseok: Of course, Yoongs.
I can do that.. but...

Yoongs: But... what???

Hoseok: I want something in return.

Yoongs: Stop stalling time!
What do you want??
Hurry up!!

Hoseok: Change my contact name.

Yoongi cursed under his breath. Jungkook had accidentally seen him chatting with Hoseok once and thus, he ended up seeing how the hybrid had saved the other lawyer's name and that information somehow reached Hoseok's ears. He often made a fuss about it, but Yoongi ignored his whining. Just from the other's texts, the hybrid could tell that Hoseok was whining like some little kiddo or maybe he was even throwing tantrums.
Yoongs: What?
Are you fucking kidding me??
There's NO time for this!

Hoseok: But 'Hoseok' is just too plain and boring!!! 😏

Yoongs: Tell that to your mother.
She's the one who named you.

Hoseok: Rude, Yoongs. 😊😊
Ruude!
I love my name!
But there are so many lovely nicknames!
Do you know how Tae calls me??

Yoongs: I don't give a damn about your bizarre pet names.

Hoseok: He calls me Hobear!
Wanna know why??

Yoongs: Hoseok-

Hoseok: Because he loves bear hugs and I give the best hugs and-

Yoongs: 'You successfully changed Hoseok to Hotteok'.
Happy now?

Hotteok: No emoji?
Hotteok: And why Hotteok??

🔐 Yoongs: I don't know... I'm getting sleepy and I feel like I might say your name like that when I'm sleepy.

Hotteok: Aw, aw! ❤️❤️❤️
But... I know the real reason, Yoongs! 😊
Jungkook told me once that you loooove Hotteok a lot, it's your favorite street food!
This is your way of indirectly saying how much I mean to you!

🔐 Yoongs: Whatever, human.
I fulfilled my part, now go rescue that stupid brat!

Hotteok: You didn't deny. 😎
Mission Save Kookie is on!
You can count on me, Yoongs!

Yoongi dropped his phone at his side and his eyelids grew heavier, he had used too much energy while... texting.

*Time for a nap.*
Hoaegi: Taaaae!!!!

My love: Yes, my sweet gummy bear? ❤️❤️

Hoaegi: SKNEIOGNWPGNWBE

Gosh, you're bad for my heart.

My love: Am I really? 😊

Hoaegi:

My love: You wanted to tell me something?

Hoaegi: Ah, yeah!

Yoongs said I'm his friend!!! 🎉🎉🎉

I'm sooo happy!!!!!

My love: Good for you.

Does the occasion call for a celebration?

Hoaegi: Absolutely!
웃 1004: Jungkooooook!!!!!!!

❤❤ Baby: What is it?
Did you fall in love with another one of your patients?

웃 1004: What? No-
Well, yes.
I've never seen a bunny with such big ears, Kook!!!
But that's not the reason why I'm freaking out!

❤❤ Baby: No?

웃 1004: Yoongi-hyung sent me a cute selca a while ago!!! ❤❤
I've been staring at it ever since then and he just gets cuter and cuter each time I look at the photo! 😄😄
I just want to grab him and pepper his pretty face with kisses!!!
Like... right now!!! 😄😄😄
But there are 3 hours until my shift ends!! 😇😇😇

❤❤ Baby: Only 3 hours.
Then you'll be able to snuggle with our kitty on the couch.

웃 1004: Our kitty. 😁 hehehe

❤❤ Baby: Just... restrain yourself from bone-crushing hugs, okay?
Take it easy.
1004: sent an image.

This is the selca... just look at him... 😊😊😊

❤️ ❤️ Baby: Okay... I take my words back. 😊

Attack with full force!

😊 1004: I was about to do that anyway! 😊

Chapter End Notes

Hoaegi - aegi is a cute version of saying 'baby' in Korean.

1004 - when that number is pronounced, it sounds identical to the word 'Angel' in Korean.
Oh and I think I forgot to mention this?
In the first chapter, it was said that Jimin works at Cheonguk Animal Clinic.
'Cheonguk' means *Heaven* in Korean.

This took me a while, because of the 'editing'. I hope everything looks okay! & I hope you enjoyed the bonus! ^^
I planned this chapter long ago, but I was waiting for the right time to write it (Yoongi had to pierce his ears, to get a phone, Vhope had to start dating).

I apologize in advance, because the next update is going to take a while! >.<
It's exams time for me right now, then in March my internship starts and I also got a job offer, so I'll probably start working in March.
All the while, I have to work on my thesis and prepare for my graduation in June.

So, I probably won't update in February... at all. *sighs*
But as you can see... there are not many chapters left and I have planned out everything until the end, so the story will be completed! No worries! ^^

I hope we will be showered with many lovely Yoonminkook moments in the meantime! ❤️
*hugs and kisses* 😘 hehe
Nathania & Harms - This Night (feat packxday)

 Musical Notes: The way you whisper makes my heart go crazy now and then.

 This night, I'll never ever forget...

 Tell me, tell me, baby, what you wanna do?
oddbob - **drunk love** (feat Hyoram)

♫ Oh, baby come to me. Don't be shy.

*Make love, I wanna make love. ♫*

Oh and... Satan works hard, but **Park Jimin** works **harder**. ;)

---

“Is this part of your treatment?”

Yoongi asked, as Jimin carefully let him on the bed and for a second the vet looked mildly confused, but then he smiled.

“I thought you had forgotten all about that, Hyung.”

Jimin replied in a whiny voice and kissed the hybrid’s cheek. Yoongi tried his best not to melt at the action.

“W-Well, I did let you play with my ears and you gave me a suffocating hug when you came back, so-”

“I said I want to kiss you all over.”

Jimin said, as he licked his lips and eyed the older. Yoongi wanted to look away, he really wanted to, but there was something about Jimin looking at him like this… and the hybrid just didn’t dare to break the eye contact.

“I- I kissed you all over instead, isn’t that even better?? Are you cured now??”

Jimin chuckled with the bubbly, angelic voice of his and Yoongi was about to grin, because just hearing the vet let out a short laugh was enough to make him smile like crazy, but then Jimin rubbed his erection against Yoongi’s left leg and the hybrid fought the urge to moan at the feeling.

“What do you think, Hyung? I think that instead of curing me, you’re making things much worse. I don’t think I’ll ever recover. You’re just too much for my weak heart.”
Yoongi wanted to protest, to say that Jimin was doing much more damage to him, but his words died down in his throat when the vet repeated the motion and once again rubbed his hard-on against the older’s leg.

Jimin was already situated between the hybrid’s legs, but Yoongi still spread them a little further, to allow the younger to move more freely and the vet latched his lips onto the black-haired male’s neck.

This time Yoongi couldn’t help the little sighs, which left his lips and he almost jumped up when the vet slipped his hands under his long-sleeved shirt and hitched it up all the way up to the hybrid’s chin. Yoongi felt very exposed, especially with the way Jimin was staring at him, at his chest, at his face, as if he was seeing a bit of the older’s bare skin for the first time.

“Hyung- you’re just… so… gosh… you’re so pretty, Hyung.”

Yoongi’s cheeks tinted up, he really didn’t know how and why the younger could refer to him like that, when in Yoongi’s eyes he was super ordinary, he had a cute face, kinda, he’ll admit that and the cat ears and tail added up to the look, but still… Yoongi has never thought that he was pretty or beautiful or anything like that, but after the constant compliments of his two humans, the hybrid was starting to believe that maybe he didn’t look that bad after all.

“What are you saying, Jimin…” Yoongi mumbled, as he reached out and grabbed the vet’s shirt to pull him closer. “Forget all about me, just look at yourself. Have you seen how you look? Because damn it-”

Yoongi was surprised when the younger smashed his lips against his with force. Jimin had never kissed him like that before, so desperately, so hungrily, so hot, lips opening and moving in synch, tongues battling together, breaths mingling together. It was different, but the hybrid definitely liked it.

“Hyung… the things you’re doing to me right now…”

Jimin huskily said when they parted and Yoongi wanted to counterattack and say - *No, the things you are doing to me, Park Jimin* - but he once again couldn’t say a thing, as the younger trasingly brushed one of his fingers over the hybrid’s right nipple.

“These are so cute and tiny… like you, Hyung and pink like your lips. I just wanna-”

*Wow, cute and tiny.*
Yoongi’s pride was on this now. He was not that tiny and he was definitely not-

“Y-yah! What are you- mgh-”

Yoongi’s lips just parted when Jimin’s mouth was suddenly onto his other nipple. The younger wasted no time and started sucking on the nipple with all his might, while he continued playing with the other one, making it harden.

“J-Jimin, Jim- ah-”

It was all too much for Yoongi, the warm lips on his body, the even warmer and kind hands, Jimin’s intoxicating cherry blossoms scent, the hybrid could get drunk from it. The vet grinded his clothed member against the older’s leg, much more impatiently this time and he was even harder than before. The thought that Yoongi was the one who had caused this, made his own cock twitch in excitement and anticipation.

Jimin pulled back a little and took in the sight of a panting Yoongi with flushed cheeks and open mouth, reddened nipples, chest heaving up and down, a few marks decorating his porcelain skin.

More marks, not enough.

Jimin told himself and launched forward again, kissing and sucking onto every patch of skin he could lay his mouth on. The hybrid squirmed below him, quiet moans and curses spilling from his lips and Jimin wanted to hear more, to see more, to touch more.

The vet tugged at the hybrid’s pants, but the older was too lost in his own little world, so Jimin just pulled down the older’s pants along with his underwear.

It was not the first time, surely not the first Jimin was seeing the hybrid naked, but the sight still managed to take this breath away.

The blonde already knew that the older was rather sensitive, his pale skin got bruised so easily and the marks did not fade away quickly, but that didn’t mean that Jimin couldn’t add new ones, just because. The hybrid turned his head to the side and the vet’s eyes fell onto the hickey just below Yoongi’s ear, freshly made, from just a day or two ago, it was big and dark, it looked as if someone had tried to suck the life out of the hybrid.

Oh, Jungkook-ah... were you trying to eat up our dear kitten?

Jimin ran his fingers over the hickey and the older shivered slightly at the touch. Jimin pulled up
the older’s shirt and tossed it aside, because it was seriously starting to get in the way. Then he pressed a light kiss over the mark, which Jungkook had made and after that left a peck on the hybrid’s wrist, right next to his bracelet. The bracelet, which Jimin had bought for him. Yoongi hadn’t lied, he had really never taken it off, not even for a moment, ever since Jimin gave it to him.

“Hyung.”

Jimin called out ever so softly and the hybrid faced him. The vet kissed the older again, not in a rushed manner this time, he savored his lips and the little sounds, which the hybrid was making. Yoongi’s head was seriously spinning, seems like Park Jimin was damn keen on making him lose his mind today, but the blonde was far from done and Yoongi could only gulp down, as the vet started littering kisses all over his neck, his chest, his abdomen and stopped dangerously close to the hybrid’s aching cock.

Yoongi sucked in a breath, he was not going to miss a single thing this time, he was going to watch. Well, that is, if Jimin was about to do that again, the thing, which made Yoongi lose his mind last time.

Luck was on the hybrid’s side and he almost came on the spot when Jimin left a kiss on the tip of his cock, before he finally took him in his mouth. The vet’s cavern was just as hot as he remembered and having Jimin’s plump lips wrapped around his shaft felt just as good as before, if not even better. Yoongi just couldn’t tear his eyes away, he simply watched in a haze as his cock disappeared into Jimin’s mouth and that was doing things to him, god it felt heavenly good, but to be able to actually witness it with his own eyes made the whole experience even better.

Jimin bobbed his head up and down, slowly, teasingly and Yoongi groaned, he was really not in the mood for teasing and the hybrid wanted to get the message across, so grabbed a handful of Jimin’s blonde locks and tugged the vet’s hair, he whined in a needy way, hoping the younger would just hurry up, but it was a mistake.

It was a mistake to not look away or to tug at Jimin’s hair, because the vet simply traced his tongue along the underside of Yoongi’s cock, as if in slow-motion and the hybrid just wanted to murder the little shit. The vet dragged his tongue higher and higher and lapped it over the head of Yoongi’s cock. Jimin giggled when he felt the pre-come, which was oozing from the older’s tip and the slight vibration, due to the vet’s laugher literally drew Yoongi over the edge. He was so, so fucking close.

“Jiminnie, please.”

The hybrid’s voice didn’t waver and he actually felt no shame, as he begged, he was that desperate, but all air got kicked out of Yoongi’s lungs when Jimin looked up.

Angelic-like Jimin was simply thrown out of the window, this was another Jimin, a sexy one with
such a sultry look in his eyes that for a moment Yoongi wondered if Satan had decided to pay a visit.

Smiley, sweet Jimin was just nowhere to be found at the moment. The Jimin who was looking at the hybrid right now was making his heartbeat race, Jimin with red-swollen lips stretched out around Yoongi’s member, Jimin with a dark and seductive look in his eyes, Jimin with salvia dripping from the corner of his mouth.

Yoongi was a goner, _oh_ he was so damn done.

And he practically came apart when Jimin took his whole length into his month without breaking the eye contact. Jimin felt how the hybrid’s cock hit the back of his throat and his eyes stung a little, but he was already used to this feeling, so he ignored the fact that it was a bit difficult to breathe.

“J-Jimin, oh my- _fuck-_ you can’t just-”

Someone, _anyone_ had to write a book entitled: ‘How to cope with Park Jimin and Jeon Jungkook’, it was going to be a best-seller and Yoongi was going to be its number one fan, he was going to get the first copy for sure and read the whole thing in a few hours, he really needed to learn how to deal with his two humans, because it was getting harder and harder by each passing day.

“Jimin- I’m going to-”

The familiar warmth coiled up in the hybrid’s belly, he was finally on his way of finding release, he wondered if Jimin would - _well_, gulp down everything like last time, but the thought was pushed aside when the vet released the hybrid’s member with a pop and on top of that he placed one of his thumbs over the slit of the head of the older’s cock.

Yoongi felt like committing murder. He was going to kill this brat, with no remorse at all.

“What the- _why-_”

Yoongi grumbled in anger, he wanted to strangle Jimin, Jimin with his deceiving kind smile, as if he wasn’t currently denying Yoongi the right of reaching his so much desired climax.

“Have a little patience, Hyung. I’ll make you feel even better.”

“Fuck that! I want to come, _now_! Let me come, Jimin! _P-please_?”
Yoongi thought that asking nicely will get him somewhere and he did receive a sweet smile in response, smile which tugged at his heartstrings, but other than that…

The hybrid realized what the younger meant by *make you feel even better* when the blonde extended his free arm towards the night stand with a lot of difficulty, rummaged through the top drawer in a hurry and got a hold of a bottle of lube.

Right, Yoongi almost forgot that they were going to do *that*. They were finally going to do it, to cross the line, which they have been dancing around, the hybrid’s heart thumped in joy and the will to end Jimin’s life, because of this torturing, which Yoongi was going through right now, slowly drifted away and the black-haired male’s mouth watered when the vet opened up the bottle and coated up some of his fingers with the lube.

Yoongi stared with abated breath, he followed Jimin’s every move and sighed in bliss when the younger gently pressed one of his fingers at his rim before he finally pushed one of his fingers inside. No discomfort was shown onto the hybrid’s face, the finger went in easily and that made Jimin tilt his head to the side.

“Hyung… have you perhaps…?”

Yoongi’s whole face lit up like a Christmas tree, because of the vet’s unfinished question. They had never talked about this, the hybrid had never revealed how much he struggled at night, because of his humans, but he didn’t complain for a reason.

“S-shut up! Do you- do you know what kind of noises you and Jungkook make at night?? A- anyone would get turned on!”

Jimin laughed and leaned in, he captured the hybrid’s lips in a languid kiss and Yoongi didn’t know what to think about the fact that he could actually taste himself on Jimin’s tongue, it was weird, new, thrilling.

“So you got off by listening to us? How cute. You’re adorable, Hyung.”

The urge to kill surfaced again, Yoongi was definitely going to snap this brat’s neck once they were done, not even that damn eye-smile, which Jimin was giving him at the moment was going to save his life, absolutely not.

Jimin started pushing his finger in and out of the hybrid and the action awarded him with shaky moans, which made his cock harden even more in his pants. It was a task not to peel off his clothing and just have his way with his hybrid, it was so, so difficult, almost impossible, especially when Yoongi looked and sounded like *this.*
The vet soon added a second finger and tried to reach deeper, he curled up the digits and decided to finally let the hybrid breathe properly, so he removed his thumb from the slit and instead started moving his hand up and down the older’s shaft, with the might to bring even more pleasure to the hybrid.

Jimin wondered what the older usually did to please himself. He had actually wondered if Yoongi had jerked off, while he listened to his and Jungkook’s activities in the bedroom. After all, he knew that the hybrid was gifted with an incredible hearing and no matter how quiet they were (they never really were…), the black-haired male would still be able to hear them. But Yoongi fingering himself while listening… that thought had actually never crossed his mind, it was arousing for sure, to know that Yoongi couldn’t resist the urge to touch himself, to know that he probably imagined Jungkook’s or Jimin’s hands to be the ones touching him, pleasing him.

The thought made Jimin bite harshly onto his bottom lip and he added a third finger, he tried his best to properly stretch the older, because he knew that Yoongi hadn’t had sex in over two years, so he didn’t want to hurt the older in any way.

Jimin thrust in his fingers, going in as deep as he could and his other hand moved faster and faster, up and down, fingers in and out, hand up and down, fast, fast, fingers in and out, opening up the older’s tight hole and then came the breathless moan from Yoongi, he looked like he was about to pass out and Jimin knew, he just knew that he had finally managed to hit that spot with his fingers and the murderous looks, which the older was throwing at him a while ago were long forgotten.

Yoongi had become absolutely pliant under Jimin’s touch and the vet’s heart swelled in pride.

“Jim- Jimin, I- Jimin, Jimin, Jimin~”

The hybrid just chanted the name over and over again like a broken record, he felt like he was going to burst due to the many emotions and the things, which Jimin was doing to him - fingers inside of him, hand working up and down his cock, lips on his neck, then on his cheek, his lips.

Yoongi came with a loud cry, spilling his cum over his stomach and Jimin’s hand, the vet continued pushing his fingers in and out of the hybrid’s hole, even after the older’s orgasm and the hybrid really didn’t know what he had done to deserve such attentive and caring hands, such a wonderful boyfriend who seemed to treasure him so much and put his pleasure above his own, because Yoongi definitely did not miss the bulge in the vet’s pants, it even looked painful by this point.

The hybrid made a face when Jimin grabbed his underwear, Yoongi’s favorite boxers if you would like to know and used the sacred piece of clothing to wipe off the cum from the black-haired male’s abdomen and his fingers. Not like Yoongi needed those boxers for anything at the moment, but they were his favorite ones and he slightly shook his head in disbelief when the vet discarded
the dirtied underwear aside. Well-

“You’re going to kill me one of these days, Park Jimin.”

Yoongi said after he regained some of his sanity and brought the blonde closer for a messy kiss.

“Not if you kill me first, Hyung.”

The hybrid rolled his eyes and then reached down to touch Jimin’s clothed erection.

“Well… this is definitely killing you.”

“You don’t even know how much…”

Jimin husked out and pulled out his fingers, the action earned him a pout from the hybrid, but it disappeared as quickly as it had appeared and the older helped the blonde to take off his shirt. Yoongi was left in an awe for two reasons:

1) Jimin’s upper half was covered in different hues and Yoongi definitely felt proud, this was surely a masterpiece he would love to recreate a million times, both on Jimin’s body and Jungkook’s.

2) He already knew that Jimin was rather fit, not as much as Jungkook, but it was still a honey for the eyes.

Yoongi traced the well-defined muscles with his fingers and his lips once again parted in astonishment, he just wanted to touch and kiss and touch and touch and kiss and lick and—

Park Jimin’s effect. Totally not good for Yoongi’s heart.

“Fuck, Jimin. It’s illegal to look like this.”

Yoongi said that with such a serious face that Jimin couldn’t help laughing. He got up from the bed and the hybrid frowned, but the vet quickly got rid of his remaining attire, now he was stark naked and returned back to the bed.

The hybrid’s eyes travelled all over the blonde’s body. He had never seen Jimin completely naked before, so he took his time in taking the little details. Yoongi definitely stared the longest at Jimin’s
V line and below, the blonde was so hard and the hybrid gulped down, his mouth has been watering a bit too much tonight, but he could easily blame it all on Jimin and his damn fine looks and the look of fondness in his eyes as he looked at Yoongi... yeah, that was even harder to deal with.

“You should just see Jungkookie, Hyung. He’s the illegal one.”

Yoongi’s mind was brought back to the day, on which he saw Jungkook half-naked in the kitchen, his toned chest, perfect body and devilish smirk, the hybrid also got reminded of the night, on which the lawyer helped him during his heat, how warm Jungkook’s body had felt, how good it had felt to feel the lawyer’s hard-rock erection against his ass and although Yoongi wasn’t exactly in his right mind back then, he vividly remembers that Jeon fucking Jungkook appeared to be very gifted in that area and it seems like it was the same for Jimin, but Jungkook... Jungkook, Jungkook, Jungkook.

Jimin comfortably positioned himself between the hybrid’s legs again and Yoongi realized that this is it, they were about to do it now, but... a very particular question bloomed inside the hybrid’s head.

“Jimin, have you ever done this?” Yoongi asked with seriousness in his voice, but the blonde seemed perplexed, not quite knowing what the hybrid was referring to, so the older clarified. “I mean this - like... have you ever... you know... topped?”

Yoongi can’t tell why it was so hard and even embarrassing to ask, but from all he’s heard at night, Jimin was always the one who, well got it up in the ass, literally, so the hybrid was genuinely curious.

“Oh, yeah. I have.”

Jimin replied rather casually and the hybrid furrowed his brows when another question, rather ridiculous one appeared in his head.

“And... with Jungkook?”

Totally a stupid question, the hybrid regretted asking the second he uttered out the words, because really, there was absolutely no way that-

“Yes, I have.”

Absolutely no- no... huh... what... what???
“What do you mean by ‘yes’???” Yoongi lifted up his body, he was totally shocked, this was not the time for some jokes. “You’re trying to say that you… you have fucked Jungkook? When? Why? How?”

Jimin laughed again and Yoongi was 100% sure that he was addicted to that holy sound.

“When you say it like that, it sounds a bit strange, but yes… I have… Jungkookie was just curious about how it felt, so we tried it during our second anniversary and then a few more times during special occasion, especially on Kook’s birthday. It’s a tradition. You’ll be surprised what a baby he can be at times.”

Yoongi just blinked, he tried to imagine how that would look like - Jungkook, breathless, panting, begging and Jimin hovering above him, touching, kissing, loving, doing as he pleases. This was definitely going to haunt Yoongi’s dreams for quite some time.

“The sex is really good otherwise. But both Jungkook and I enjoy it more when-”

“When you’re the one on the receiving end.” Yoongi finished off and Jimin nodded his head.

New, interesting piece of information, which the hybrid was definitely going to use against the biggest brat on Earth.

Jimin took out a condom from the top drawer, but the hybrid snatched it from the human’s hand before he could do anything with it.

“Can we- um, can we do it without this thing?”

Yoongi noted that Jimin did not look surprised by his request, but it definitely looked like he wanted to hear the hybrid’s reasoning.

“It’s just-” Yoongi started off, as he tried to clear his mind, he did not want to go back to years ago, to the touches and sex, which meant nothing, he did not want to re-call all the times, which he had slept with Jungmin. “Whenever Jungmin and I did it, we used a condom and I don’t know- I just… what to know how it feels like without it and besides-” The hybrid bit on the inside of his cheek, suddenly getting too shy to continue, but the blonde’s eyes filled with curiosity and a feeling, which Yoongi did not want to put a label on, made him continue. “In my entire life, I have had sex only when I was in heat and that definitely can’t be compared to now. No matter how much I try to keep my mind and body in check during those times, a heat is a heat and it’s not the same, because it sparks certain desires in me and I do and say things, which I- I don’t- I wouldn’t- ugh, my point is that no matter how I look at it, this, what I’m doing with you, what I’m about to do with you, feels like a first time, like something I have never done before and so I-”
Yoongi was engulfed in a bone-crushing hug, Jimin was suddenly squeezing his body very hard, as if he was afraid that the hybrid might disappear and the older really couldn’t understand why.

“Jimin- hey, Jimin, look at me.”

The vet just kept on hugging Yoongi’s body, tightly, he held him as if the hybrid was the most precious thing in the entire universe and Yoongi felt so, so loved, but he grabbed Jimin’s face and literally forced the younger to face him.

The hybrid’s heart dropped.

Why...

There were tears at the corners of Jimin’s eyes and Yoongi was about to panic.

“Jiminie- gosh, what is it? Did I say something? *Fuck, did I mess up?”

The blonde vigorously shook his head, denying right away and Yoongi brushed away the unshed tears. He kissed the vet’s cheek and smiled in response to the younger’s smile.

“I just… I got reminded of the time when we met. Do you remember what’s the first thing you said to me?”

“Um yeah… ‘*What the fuck are you looking at?' or something like that.”

Yoongi really wished he could turn back time, there were far better things to say during his first meeting with one of the people who changed his life. Now that he thinks about it, the first thing he did when he met Jungkook was to curse at him as well.

“You said exactly that.”

Jimin said between laughs and Yoongi once again wondered if the younger was an angel, otherwise… how could he be so accepting of someone like the hybrid, someone who used to be rude and distant? Yoongi knew he was like that back then, but he did what he had to do in order to survive and sugar-coated words were not included in the program.

“I remember how reluctant you were to follow me, how you didn’t even what to tell me what had
happened to you. I remember how you were afraid to open up at first, how you didn’t smile much, how you protected your food all the time. But now… now you’re letting me touch you, kiss you, hold you and I’m just so happy, Yoongi-hyung. This… is very special for me.”

“For me too. It’s very, very special.”

The vet stoked the hybrid’s cheek and Yoongi leaned into the touch.

“I have changed a lot, thanks to you and Jungkook and I trust you completely. I trust my two humans more than I trust myself.”

New tears appeared in Jimin’s eyes and Yoongi kissed them away, he meant that, he really did, both Jungkook and Jimin meant the world to him, they were his everything and the two humans were all he wanted and needed.

“Jungkookie would love to hear that, Hyung.”

The hybrid pressed his lips together, his eyes were saying that he wouldn’t utter those words in the lawyer’s presence, he was going to die out of embarrassment, but maybe one day… he was going to find the guts to actually admit a thing or two to Jungkook.

“I’m glad you don’t want to use the condom.” Jimin commented, as he glanced at the condom, which the hybrid had cast aside a while ago. “Jungkook and I rarely use them anyway.”

“So… why do you buy them?” Yoongi asked in confusion and received a rather weird answer.

“We don’t. Tae buys them and gives them to us.”

“What? Why the fuck would Taehyung buy you condoms??”

“He’s doing it to annoy us, especially Kook. The first time it happened was back when Jungkook and I hadn’t slept together yet. We were at my and Tae’s shared apartment and Kook was over. He decided to stay over, he was going to sleep in my room, just sleep really, but Tae ran to his room and then handed a condom over to Jungkook, as he said something like ‘Don’t make a mess.’, I can’t remember clearly, but Jungkook was so shook that he dropped the condom on the floor and froze for a whole minute. Taehyung laughed for what felt like hours and he’s been tossing condoms at us ever since.’”

“What a strange human… I’m going to scold him tomorrow. No worries, Jiminie. Hyung’s got
Jimin chuckled and he got hold of the bottle of lube again, he poured a generous amount of the cold substance on his hand and slicked up his whole length. He could feel eyes on him, the hybrid was watching and Jimin’s heart thumped loudly in his chest, he felt like his heart was going to explode, he was incredibly happy to finally be able to touch Yoongi in such an intimate way.

The hybrid gulped down for the nth time that night when the vet positioned himself at the older’s entrance.

Yoongi nodded his head, despite not being asked anything. But he could see the question swimming in the human’s eyes and he wanted to reassure the younger that everything was alright, that he wasn’t having second thoughts.

A voiceless gasp left the hybrid’s lips when Jimin finally pushed inside, slowly, carefully, inch by inch and Yoongi would be lying if he said that he didn’t feel the stinging in his lower half, but Jimin was now rubbing his sides, as he was whispering sweet nothings into his ear and the black-haired male soon got accustomed to the feeling of finally being connected to Jimin like this, the feeling of finally becoming one with the human who meant so damn much to him.

“Are you okay, Hyung?”

Jimin questioned, as he littered butterfly kisses along the hybrid’s throat and his chest. He hadn’t dared to move yet, he wanted the older to get used to his size. Jimin felt how Yoongi tensed up the second he entered him and his cat ears started twitching in discomfort.

“Y-yes, I’m okay. Don’t worry, Jimin-ah. You can move now.”

“Are you sure, Hyung?”

“Mhm.”

Jimin wasn’t very sure the hybrid was telling the truth, but he pulled out a little before he pushed back inside and this time the hybrid let out a moan. That encouraged Jimin to do that again, a kiss on the hybrid’s cheek, again, in and out, slowly, gently, a kiss next to the hybrid’s ear, in and out, then he thrust up his hips and buried himself inside of Yoongi, a kiss on the older’s forehead, soft, sweet.

“J-Jimin, that, that- felt good, again.”
The blonde complied right away and rolled his hips in a way, which made the hybrid arch his back.

“Oh, god- J-Jimin.”

Yoongi was already dissolving in pleasure. He had always wondered how it would feel to have sex when he was not in heat, how different it would be.

Sex with Jungmin had always felt good. Good, but wrong. Wrong, but good.

At those times, Yoongi couldn’t help it, the need to satisfy those animalistic urges was uncontrollable and the heat always amplified the feeling, his senses leveled up and he felt every single touch so much more than usual.

But this… this was taking his breath away, it was making him dizzy, it was making him see stars, it was overwhelming him in many ways.

Doing this with Jimin felt a billion times better than all the times during his heats and Yoongi wondered just how it would feel if had sex with Jimin or Jungkook during his heat, sex that wasn’t going to be one without meaning, it was going to be something, which people with mutual feelings shared and the hybrid mewed at the possibility.

“H-hyung. What are you thinking about? You just tightened around me, that was just-”

Yoongi blushed and brushed some strands of hair away from the human’s face.

“Just… about you… and Jungkook and- aah, Jimin!”

The hybrid moaned when Jimin bottomed out in one swift move, hitting Yoongi’s prostate dead-on. The black-haired male grabbed onto the sheets, as he asked for more.

“A-again. Do that again, Jiminie.”

Jemin repeated the movement, as pants left his lips and Yoongi whimpered at the sensation, so so good. The blonde set a steady rhythm and rocked his hips back and forth in a motion, which made the hybrid’s toes curl in pleasure.

“Hyung, you’re so beautiful like this, so breathtakingly lovely. Ah, Hyung.”
Jimin’s moans have always affected the hybrid more than he would like to admit and now that he was the cause of them, Yoongi felt like he was floating, he was on cloud ninth.

The hybrid yelped when Jimin suddenly grabbed his legs and practically bent him in half. The vet picked up his pace and from this new angle, Yoongi felt like Jimin could reach even deeper, just when he thought this couldn’t get any better, the human proved him wrong.

“F-fuck, Jimin. Fuck, you just- damn it.”

To see the hybrid like this, to hear him moan his name, it was like a dream come true for Jimin and the wanton sounds, which the hybrid let out, were like his fuel and Jimin just got… worked up, a lot. He squeezed Yoongi’s slender legs, harshly, marks were surely about to form on the hybrid’s body, but that just made the blonde squeeze even harder, he wanted to leave evidence behind, to embody himself on the hybrid’s entire being. His actions elicited more pleasing sounds from the older and that made Jimin pound into Yoongi at an even faster pace, he pretty much lost himself. But nobody could blame him, Yoongi was just- Yoongi was just-

“Jimin- Jiminnie-”

The call of his name made Jimin snap out of his little trance and he realized that he should slow down a little, beads of sweat were decorating the hybrid’s face and his pale thighs had handprints on them.

“I’m sorry, Hyung.”

The blonde apologized and he left a few kisses on the hybrid’s face.

“What are you apologizing for? It feels fucking good.”

Jimin smiled, he thought he was overdoing it and that maybe it was too much for the hybrid, but he was glad that wasn’t the case.

“It doesn’t hurt?”

“No, No. But…”

The hybrid didn’t finish his sentence and the vet slowed down even more, he wondered what was wrong but then he saw it - the hybrid’s tail, which was slightly to side. Some of it was hidden from Jimin’s sight and he realized that the hybrid’s body weight was all on and perhaps some of Jimin’s
as well, the poor precious thing was being crushed below their bodies.

Yoongi whined when Jimin pulled out completely, *why the hell*—But then the vet rolled the hybrid onto his side and laid behind him, Yoongi’s tail sprang free and he wriggled it around, it had been stuck below him for some time and that definitely hadn’t felt nice, he was glad that the blonde caught on.

“Is it better like this, Hyung?”

“Y-yes, mggh.”

Yoongi moaned when the vet grabbed his legs again, not so roughly this time and once again slipped his cock inside of him.

The hybrid clutched onto the pillow and nothing but gasps, whimpers, moans, pants could be heard in the bedroom, but add the sinful sounds of fucking into the mix and consider Yoongi a dead man, he was barely hanging on and the hybrid jolted when Jimin nipped at his shoulder and sucked onto the flesh.

“Jimin, Jimin, aah, Jimin.”

Yoongi could barely breathe, Jimin kept on rolling his hips sensually, but managed to hit the hybrid’s sweet spot with each thrust and the black-haired male knew he wouldn’t last much longer.

*I knew it… he’s a devil in disguise.*

Yoongi thought to himself, as Jimin kept on doing the Devil’s work, the hybrid really couldn’t take this anymore, he wanted to, he had to-

“*Yoongi.*”

The hybrid’s whole body shuddered. Jimin had never, *never* dropped the honorifics before, he had never called him by his name, but Yoongi didn’t find it disrespectful at all. He loved it, he loved it and he hoped that Jimin would say his name again, because it just did wonders to the older.

“*Yoongi. Yoongi, my pretty, marvelous, Yoongi.*”

*Fuck, fuck, fuck.*
The hybrid turned around and planted a kiss on the vet’s lips, he saw that the blonde was also drowning in pleasure and he was happy to know that Jimin was enjoying this just as much as him.

“I’m close, Jiminie. So damn close.”

“Me too, me too.” Jimin wondered if he should voice out his thoughts, but he was up for some teasing. “Are you going to get mad if I touch your tail?” The hybrid didn’t say anything, but his whole body trembled and that was a very honest and evident answer. “Are you going to come if I touch it?”

“Y-yeah. Yes, damn it.”

“Then I won’t do it.”

The hybrid arched an eyebrow, bewildered by the human’s words.

“I don’t want you to come yet. Together.”

“Together.”

Yoongi rasped out and felt the emptiness right away when Jimin pulled out. The hybrid fully turned around and moaned when the blonde brought their cocks together and started stroking them at a very fast pace. Yoongi joined in and tried to bring the younger to his climax as well. Jimin pressed his forehead against the hybrid’s and stared at him so lovingly that Yoongi reached his peak right then and there, ragged breaths and quiet moans filled up the room and Jimin followed seconds later.

They kissed again and honestly, Yoongi had never felt more content in his entire life. This was something. So many emotions, so many feelings, so much love that was all around in the air, lingering and reminding the hybrid just how happy and lucky he was to be here, to have Jimin and Jungkook by his side.

And then, the blonde said something, which made Yoongi’s heart stop beating.

“I love you. I love you so much, Yoongi-hyung.”

One second his heart had stilled and in the next, it started beating so freaking fast that the hybrid feared he really might get a heart attack.
“I...”

Yoongi choked out and he got mad at himself, because he knew what he felt, he knew it, it was a feeling he had never felt before in his life, but he felt it, because of the two humans.

Min Yoongi was in love. He unconditionally loved both Park Jimin and Jeon Jungkook.

He loved them so damn much and he was never going to let go of them, he was going to hold onto them with everything he had, because those two humans were the source of his happiness.

So why? Why couldn’t he just say it out loud? Why couldn’t he?? Why?

“It’s okay, Hyung. You don’t have to say it.”

“But-!”

The hybrid’s talk was ceased when Jimin placed his palm on his chest, right over Yoongi’s heart, the same heart, which was about to pop out of his ribcage any second.

“I know you feel the same. Jungkook knows it as well. You don’t have to say anything, not until you’re ready. Don’t force yourself, Hyung.”

Yoongi felt like crying, he really didn’t deserve the love of his two humans, they were just too good to be real.

There was a total mess between their bodies, but Yoongi didn’t give a single shit. He hugged the younger and Jimin did the same. They stayed like that for a while, without saying anything and the hybrid closed his eyes. He focused on the human’s breathing and how it evened out, but Jimin’s heart was beating just as fast as his and that made the black-haired male smile.

“Post-sex cuddling is nice. But... we have to get up and shower, Hyung.”

“No.”

Yoongi was not moving from the bed, absolutely not.

“Hyung, you’re going to fall asleep.”
“Am not.”

“You are.”

“No.”

The hybrid was a stubborn one, he was aware of the fact that they couldn’t stay like this forever, especially with all the sticky stuff between their tangled limbs, but he just didn’t want to get up.

“Hyung… you’ve been purring for over a minute now and the next step is falling asleep.”

Yoongi’s eyes snapped open when he heard that, his damn body was acting on its own again.

“Ugh, fine. But let’s get up in a minute, okay?”

“In a minute.”

Jimin repeated and Yoongi continued purring like the happy kitty he was.

Yoongi was blissfully sleeping, but he stirred a little when he felt a hand in his hair. Someone was petting him tenderly and he grinned when he caught the fresh, lily scent, which was floating in the air.

Jungkookie is home.

The next thing Yoongi felt were lips on his own and his eyelids fluttered open.

“Hey, Hyung.” Jungkook said, as he continued playing with the older’s hair.
“Hey.”

The hybrid greeted back and tried to raise his body a little, but Jimin was tightly hugging him from behind, so he couldn’t move much.

“You really got awaken by your Prince after all.”

In his still half-asleep state, it took the hybrid a while to catch on, but he huffed in annoyance when the lawyer continued.

“Did you sleep well, my pri-?”

Yoongi jabbed the younger in the stomach, successfully making the boy shut up.

“Seriously… if you finish that question - what I said in my texts won’t be an empty threat!”

Jungkook’s eyes wrinkled cutely when he smiled and the hybrid tried to keep on a stoic face, because really, he wasn’t joking, but it was hard not to smile back, Yoongi’s tummy was doing flips, because of Jungkook.

“Don’t be such a grumpy kitten.”

The hybrid was about to attack the human again, more harshly this time, because Jeon Jungkook was never going to learn otherwise, but he just stood still as the lawyer kissed him again, and again, and again…

What was Yoongi so angry about? He kinda forgot.

“Galbi and lamb skewers, that’s what you had for dinner, right?” The hybrid tried to guess, judging by the taste in the younger’s mouth and the boy confirmed his suspicion.

“Yeah, I brought some, along with rice and kimchi, but by the looks of it… you two won’t be eating tonight.”

Yoongi glanced back and Jimin’s peaceful sleeping face made warmth spread through his chest.
“So… how was it…”

Jungkook trailed off, the hybrid faced the youngest again and smirked. It was time for a payback.

“I don’t know. Why don’t you tell me? How is it usually… with Jimin.”

The hand in Yoongi’s hair stopped moving and the black-haired male wanted to jump and scream in joy. Finally, he had finally managed to catch Jungkook off-guard and the brat had nothing to say back.

“He told you…”

Jungkook muttered under his breath and Yoongi’s wicked smile just grew bigger.

“You bet. I simply can’t imagine how that would look like, wow… what a sight it would be.”

“Don’t try to imagine it.”

Oh, yes, yes. It was so much fun to play around with this brat. It was giving the hybrid immense satisfaction to-

“Next time Jimin-hyung and I decide to mess around in bed, you can just come and watch or even better, join us while we’re at it. I think that would be a sight.”

Fuck, what was Yoongi thinking?? There’s absolutely no fucking way he can win against that brat, he’s always prepared with a fight-back speech and the hybrid tried his best not to think too much about the lawyer’s suggestion, but his heart was acting funny again and did it suddenly get hotter in the bedroom or was it just Yoongi’s imagination??

The point is - maybe the hybrid liked the idea a bit too much, but his brain decided to stop functioning and he couldn’t say anything back and now Jungkook was the one smirking and god, Yoongi just wanted to kiss away that stupid, little smirk off the brat’s gorgeous face.

“J-just change your clothes and come to bed, you bratty brat.”

“Wa, I just suggested it and you’re ready to go for it right away?”

Jungkook laughed and Yoongi wanted to reach out and to pitch, to scratch, to bite, to make the brat
stop spitting nonsense, but when the lawyer dipped down and left a feather-like, soft kiss onto the hybrid’s forehead, as he gave Yoongi’s cat ears one final touch, the oldest’s fragile heart just melted like an ice-cream during the summer heat.

The lawyer got up from the bed and went to the wardrobe, he started unbuttoning his white dress-shirt and the hybrid looked away, because seeing Jungkook strip was the last thing he needed right now. Yoongi shifted around in Jimin’s embrace, so Jungkook could hug him from behind as always. The hybrid kissed the corner of the vet’s mouth, he didn’t want to wake up the younger, so he quickly pulled back.

After a few minutes, the covers were lifted up and Jungkook settled in the bed, he instantly wrapped his arms around the hybrid’s torso. Now Yoongi was practically sandwiched between his two humans, but he didn’t mind at all and soon he drifted off again.

Yoongi didn’t expect to see so many people around, last time when Jimin brought him to his best friend’s studio, the hybrid wasn’t that hyper-aware of his surroundings, but now he noticed that pretty much everyone was looking at him, as if they hadn’t seen a hybrid before. But surprisingly, he wasn’t met with judgemental eyes, but eyes filled with pure wonder and curiosity.

He wasn’t feeling uncomfortable in the slightest, but he still squeezed Jungkook’s hand, as they kept walking. So far the lawyer had greeted a few people, it was obvious that it was not his first time coming here.

“Nervous?”

Jungkook asked, as they stood in front of the elevator’s doors.

“Yeah, I guess. A little.”

The younger hummed in response and held the hybrid’s hand tightly, as they got on the elevator. He pressed the button for the 7th floor and looked at Yoongi. His cat ears were flopped down, which meant that he was actually rather nervous, but he was trying to hide it and his tail had been restlessly swishing from side to side.
“You’re going to be fine, but if your boss gives you any trouble, just call me and I’ll deal with him.”

Yoongi beamed without realizing, he didn’t think he’s going to have any issues with Taehyung, but it was his first job, he had never worked before and he didn’t want to disappoint anyone, especially his humans and their friend, so he’s been a nervous wreck ever since he woke up. Jimin’s comforting words during breakfast managed to calm him down a little, but when he and Jungkook arrived at the big building, where Taehyung’s studio was located, the hybrid got jittery all over again.

The black-haired male was brought out of his trance when he heard a ‘Ding’ and the elevator doors opened. There were many people on this floor again, they were all smiles, they looked like nice humans and even smiled or nodded their heads in greeting at Yoongi and Jungkook as they passed by.

They stopped when they reached the end of the corridor and Jungkook knocked on the door. Yoongi took in a deep breath when a ‘Come in’ was uttered and the lawyer opened the door.

The designer’s studio was pretty much the same as last time, but a bit messier - there were designs and sketches everywhere, there were clothes, ready or in the making, different fabrics were scattered all over the place, there were tons of papers on Taehyung’s desk and the hybrid couldn’t even see the desk itself due to the big amount of stuff, which were dropped on it, but he took notice of something new - a smaller desk, at the corner, next to the designer’s. There were just a few pens and pencils there, sticky notes, a notebook and a bottle of water. Yoongi presumed that this is where he would be sitting and working.

“Yoooooongiiiii-hyyyyung!!!!”

The designer literally threw himself onto the hybrid and Yoongi stumbled back. He didn’t know Taehyung that well yet, so he didn’t hug back the human, but didn’t push him away either.

Jungkook cleared his throat, as if to make his presence known and Taehyung latched onto him next.

“Don’t worry, Kook. I saw you, I was going to give a hug as well! No need to look so dejected!”

Taehyung said after hugging the lawyer and Jungkook sighed.

“I wasn’t asking for a hug. Try not to scare Yoongi-hyung with your skinship mania.”

“I don’t have a skinship mania!”
“Yeah, right. As someone who has been your personal human pillow many times, I would beg to differ.”

Taehyung grinned sheepishly and the hybrid wondered just how much the designer loved skin to skin contact. He hoped Taehyung wouldn’t… touch him much, at least until they didn’t get to know each other better. Yoongi didn’t want to lose his job, simply because he couldn’t keep up with his boss’s antics.

“I have to go now.” Jungkook stated and the hybrid looked at him. “As I already said - if your boss bothers you, just give me a call.”

Taehyung stuck out his tongue to show that he wasn’t afraid of Jungkook, but the hybrid missed the action, because he stood on his toes and kissed the lawyer. Jungkook looked surprised for a moment, but he gathered himself almost immediately and kissed back his boyfriend.

Yoongi broke the kiss when he heard a ‘snap’ and looked at the designer just to see that he was pointing his phone in their direction.

“Did you just take a fucking picture?” Yoongi grumbled, as he narrowed his eyes at the human.

“W-what? Uh… mmm… oh, yes! I- I did! I took a selca! I just l-look stunning today!”

Taehyung flashed the most awkward and fake smile ever and Jungkook laughed.

“Well, let me rephrase my words - Taehyung-hyung, if your cute assistant gives you any trouble, call me and I’ll gladly deal with him.”

Taehyung gave a thumbs-up to the lawyer who waved and left the room, while Yoongi quietly mumbled ‘What a traitor.’.

“Hyung, come here.”

Taehyung said, as he grabbed the hybrid’s wrist and lead him towards the smaller desk. Seems like Yoongi had to establish a no-touching policy, otherwise he felt like the designer would be all over him non-stop.

“This is your desk, Hyung! Right next to mine! It just arrived this morning, so I hope you like it!”
Almost everything in the room was in white - the walls, the couch, Taehyung’s own desk, the stylish curtains, other small furniture, even the hangers where you could see clothes, however Yoongi’s desk was mahogany and it was a total contrast to everything else in the studio, but the hybrid really liked it. He brushed his fingers over the desk and walked around it, he slumped into the big chair and damn, it was super comfortable, even appropriate for afternoon naps.

“Thank you, Taehyung. It’s- I really like it, thank you.”

The designer put on a blinding smile and he looked even younger than he was, he was probably quite stressed due to his work lately and Yoongi hoped he would be able to lessen the human’s burden somehow.

Taehyung went over to his desk and grabbed a few papers, he placed them in front of the hybrid and Yoongi paged them through.

“I don’t want to dump all of my work onto you, Hyung. Especially since it’s your first day, but those need to be organized in an alphabetical order and I really have no time for that. Oh, and my monthly schedule is a total mess, you’ll have to type it down week by week and then day by day, new things keep getting added and I have a lot of events to attend and some meetings. Ah, maybe you’ll have to join me during some meetings or attend some on your own, without me. I also have to choose models, who would join my show where I would present my new collection and I have to choose a location for the show and a catering team and invites need to be sent out to the people, some of them are famous, so hopefully nothing will go wrong and I also have to-”

“Slow down a little.” Yoongi interrupted and raised both of his hands in defeat. “Is this some rap competition or what? I feel like you said all of that in one breath.”

“Sorry, Hyung. Too much information?” Taehyung scratched his nape with an apologetic look on his face.

“It’s fine. I just don’t know how you managed to do all if this on your own up until now.”

“*Barely* and with pretty-much no sleep at times.”

“Well, I’m here now, so you’ll be able to get some rest from time to time. I’ll just organize these in an alphabetical order for now and then I’ll try to fix your schedule for this week. After that, I can go to buy lunch, it looks like you haven’t eaten in days.”

“Yeah… my eating pattern is kind of off lately, last night’s meal was the first proper one I had in a while, so thank you a lot, Hyyyung!”
“Stay right there.”

Yoongi firmly instructed the human when he saw that Taehyung was about to reach out and grab him and probably hug the shit out of him. The designer’s smile dropped and usually Yoongi didn’t give a shit about such stuff, but oh well… he was willing to make a few sacrifices.

“For now… let’s stick to one hug per day and if you touch my head, you get no hug.”

“What? Just one hug per day?! Hyung! I can’t- whenever I see you, I want to squish you in my arms and play with you and aaaaah, I just love kitties a lot!”

“I am not here to play. One hug per day and that’s final, don’t make me regret allowing even that.”

The hybrid threw a pointy look at the human and then grabbed the papers, it was about time he started working, he wasn’t going to slack off, not at all. Yoongi wanted to focus on his work, but Taehyung was still there, standing beside him, so the hybrid looked up.

“Don’t you have something to do?”

“Hm? Yes, I do, but… I was just… looking.”

“Looking? At what?”

“At your neck, seems like you had a wild night.”

Taehyung wriggled his eyebrows suggestively and Yoongi’s face got red.

Fantastic, his first day at work and his boss saw that.

Yoongi pulled up his collar, hoping that he would be able to cover up his marks somehow, but the damage was already done.

“It’s alright, Hyung. There’s no need to hide Jiminie’s love bites.”

The hybrid wondered how in the world Taehyung knew that it was Jimin who had made the marks, this was surely some bizarre soulmate shit, which Yoongi couldn’t understand.
“I’ve got some as well, see?” Taehyung remarked, as he pointed at a particular spot on his body - the lower part of his neck, which was slightly hidden by the collar of his silky shirt, so he pushed it aside a little and Yoongi made a face. “I think Hobear has a biting kink.”

“I’ve heard the stories, but damn… this just looks hideous. Was Hoseok trying to tear you apart or what?”

Taehyung shrugged his shoulders and let go of his shirt, Yoongi was glad that he could no longer see Hoseok’s outrageous work.

“I’m not talking about when he’s drunk. He bites then without realizing it. It’s a cute habit.”

Yoongi couldn’t disagree more, there was nothing cute about teeth marks and the hybrid would give no damn if Hoseok was drunk or not, if he dared to get close to his humans and try to bite them or any shit of the sort, Yoongi was going to pluck off Hoseok’s hair, kick him in all the right places and cancel their newly formed friendship. If someone tried to make advances at Jungkook or Jimin, Yoongi was not going to let it slide.

“But Jungkook is a party popper and he doesn’t know how to have fun, so he didn’t let us drink much last night and Hobear and I did it completely sober, I got kind of surprised when he sank his teeth into my neck and it hurt a little, but it was very exciting and what’s life without some pain here and there, right?”

Animals.

Sometimes Yoongi thought that humans acted like animals and performed various activities, which the hybrid couldn’t understand, not in the slightest, just like right now - Taehyung had such a dreamy look on his face, as he spoke about his boyfriend and what they did at night, that Yoongi prayed his boss would spare him the details and would never talk about such things again, because-

“What about you, Hyung? Do you have any kinks? You look like the type who likes it rough in bed.”

Could people resign on the day when they had started work? Yoongi was suddenly contemplating over the idea.

Another devil in disguise.

Yoongi thought to himself, as he struggled not to bolt out of the room. Taehyung had a very
innocent look on his face when he asked that horrific question, talk about a contradiction between looks and behavior.

No wonder Taehyung and Jimin were soulmates, they must have been personally trained by Satan himself.

“Shut the fuck up. Go to your desk, sit on your pretty ass and get to work. Now.”

Taehyung gasped and Yoongi kind of regretted trying to order his boss around, because… the designer was still his boss.

“Hyung!”

There it goes… he’s gonna say that he can fire me for saying something like that. What did you expect, Min Yoongi? You can’t just curse as you please and-

“You think I have a pretty ass?? Really?? Thanks a bunch, Hyung!”

That’s all he heard? This human is a hopeless case…

Taehyung happily skipped over to his desk and sat down. He unlocked his phone and went to his gallery. He clicked on the most recent picture and quietly cackled like a hyena, as he stared at the picture he had taken - Yoongi and Jungkook kissing, he had snapped it from the most perfect angle, the slotted lips were on display as well as the hybrid’s fluffy ears and tail. Taehyung has always been a master at taking pictures.

I’ve got to send this to Jiminie. He’s going to love it. hehe It’s definitely going to be his new wallpaper!

“Before I forget. Send me that picture of me and Jungkook, which you took.”

Taehyung almost dropped his phone and looked at the hybrid who was busy organizing the papers, which the designer had given him.

“W-what? I- uh, I don’t understand-”

“What? You thought you had managed to fool me?” Yoongi looked up for a brief moment before he went back to the work in front of him. “I’m not an idiot. Send it to me. Now.”
“O-okay, Hyung.”

If someone walked into the studio right now, that person would probably ask himself who was the boss around here - Taehyung or Yoongi?

“Also, stop giving condoms to Jimin and Jungkook.”

“Whaaaaat??? No way! That’s my favorite hobby ever! Jungkook’s face is always priceless!”

“Don’t.”

“But-”

“They don’t use them, so stop spending your money on useless shit.”

The human quieted down and Yoongi looked at Taehyung, he looked like a kicked puppy and fine, maybe the hybrid felt a little bad for his boss, but there was no need to spend money on something, which wasn’t going to be used.

Yoongi thought that the designer would start sulking or throw something like a tantrum, but instead Taehyung eyed the older up and down, he stared at him for a while and then something in his eyes changed, a very odd glint flashed through them and the hybrid had a bad feeling about this.

“Okay.”

“Okay? Okay what?”

“I won’t buy condoms anymore, but…”

Oh… what did Yoongi get himself into now?

“My inner fashionista is screaming at me that something in your look is missing!”

Yoongi looked at his clothes, but he found them just fine, so he had no idea what the designer was talking about.
“I have decided!”

Taehyung announced with a loud voice, which almost made the hybrid shriek, he was going to have a problem with the volume of his boss’s voice.

“I’m going to buy you a choker, Hyung! A black one! It will go very well with your ears and tail! Aah and I’ll try to find one with a bell! It will jingle when you-”

“How about a fucking no? Get to work or else-” Yoongi threw a look around the room and saw the many sketches that were hanging on one of the walls, probably models, which the designer was yet about to work on. “Or else I’m going to rip those things to pieces.”

Taehyung’s eyes enlarged when he saw that the hybrid was pointing to his sketches.

“You can’t! Those are my babies!!!”

“You better listen to me, human.”

Taehyung opened his mouth with the might to say something, but his mind went blank and okay… he was up to the eyes in work, so he better focus on his duties now.

“Hyung?”

“What is it?”

“I think we are going to be a great team.”

Yoongi smiled upon hearing that.
In the past few days, Jimin and Jungkook have been taking Yoongi to work and they always picked him up as well and the hybrid started feeling like some child that had to be escorted everywhere. He had already memorized the way to the studio, he could go on his own, so this morning when Jimin dropped him off at the studio, Yoongi told him that there was no need to pick him up. The vet had protested for a few minutes, but the hybrid said that he was going to be perfectly okay on his own and that if there was any problem, he was going to let both of his humans know.

Yoongi felt extremely proud of himself when he got on the subway, he didn’t get lost even though the station was rather big and filled with hundreds of humans.

No problem at all. Min Yoongi was a big boy, his humans worried for him a way too much. There was no need to pamper him that much.

People stared at him, but the hybrid paid them no heed.

However, towards the end of his ride, a small girl with long, curly hair and a pretty, flowery dress approached him and gave him a candy. Yoongi was about to give it back, but the girl smiled brightly at him, it reminded him of Jimin’s smile and the black-haired male put the treat in the front pocket of his jeans.

The hybrid was starting to think that the little humans were not that bad.

Yoongi greeted a few of their neighbors when he reached the apartment complex. Most of them already knew him, at least his name and whom he lived with.

The hybrid hurried towards the apartment, he wanted to brag to his humans, to tell them that from now on, there was no need for them to accompany him to work and he really wanted to share about his day. Taehyung dragged him to a meeting today. People used unknown to Yoongi words and many numbers, he didn’t get much, but it was still an enjoyable and interesting experience.

“I don’t know, Kook. Hyung is so happy these days. I just-”

“We should let him decide. It’s his right to make the choice.”
Yoongi was by the door when he picked up the voices of his humans and he unlocked the door in a hurry. He wondered what Jimin and Jungkook were talking about. The black-haired male took off his sneakers and headed towards the living room.

Jungkook saw him first and he tapped Jimin’s shoulder, making him turn around.

“Welcome back, Hyung.” Jimin greeted with a faint, weak smile and that was kind of concerning.

“I’m back. What were you two talking about? What choice do I have to make? Is it about food?”

Jimin’s smile turned in a real one, but Yoongi could tell that something was on the vet’s mind.

“No… it’s not about food, Hyung.”

“Huh? Then what is it?”

“I found him.”

Jungkook proclaimed then, but the hybrid couldn’t catch on.

“What? You found who?”

“Kwang Jungmin. I found him.”

Yoongi’s blood went cold. He was not expecting to hear that. It’s true that he had asked Jungkook to look up some information about his previous owner, but the hybrid wasn’t ready, it was too soon. Did he really want to know? Was ever going to feel ready to know how that man was doing? Yoongi wanted to connect Jungmin’s name with good things, he had nice memories with him, he really did, but all he could remember at the moment were cold and empty looks, poisonous words and hunger and loneliness and fright and-

“How is he?”

Yoongi doesn’t know how he managed to find his voice, doesn’t know how it cracked only a little, doesn’t know if he wanted to hear the answer.
“I can tell you want you want to know, but we thought that—” Jungkook paused and looked at the vet, it seemed like they were communicating with their eyes only and that was making the hybrid slightly anxious. “We thought that you might want to go and see him.”

Yoongi’s heart stilled. Jungmin? To go and see Jungmin? The man who had caused him so much pain?

Jungmin…

Jungmin...

Jungmin…

The man who had brought him out of hell, out of prison, because Yoongi really didn’t know how much more he was going to last at the center.

The man who perhaps saved him from becoming a breeding hybrid.

The man who let him listen to music for countless hours.

The man who stayed up late at night to tell him stories, which fascinated the hybrid to no end.

The man who was Yoongi’s only salvation during hell-ish times.

The man who… until a certain time, cared for him and treated him kindly.

_Jungmin, Jungmin, Jungmin, Jungmin, Jungmin._

“We don’t have to go if you don’t want to, Hyung.”

Jimin said, but Yoongi surprised the two humans with his answer, the hybrid himself was surprised.

“I want to go. Jungmin… I want to meet him.”

Jungkook and Jimin exchanged a look before they once again looked at the hybrid and the
youngest spoke up.

“Alright, we are going to Daegu then.”

Chapter End Notes

Fashion designer Kim Taehyung and his cute, little, shy assistant.

Once again... I rarely write smut and I am usually never satisfied with it, but this one... I kinda like how it turned out, so I hope you enjoyed it! :)

I am sure many people will be curious, so let me get this clear - there will be no smut scenes with bottom Jungkook in the story, even though it was mentioned in this chapter. So... join Yoongi’s wet- I mean dreams, if you would want some of that.

I am sorry that it took me over two months to update! But February and March were just terrible months for me and I went through some stuff, which I don’t really want to remember, but everything is in the past now! I am still very busy, because I started work as an English teacher last month and I’m still working on my thesis, but I’ll try to update more often! >.<

As for the next chapter... Yoonminkook are going to have their first real fight, so... :(((

* I have a surgery scheduled for 1st May and I’m so not looking forward to it TT____TT
It’s nothing life-threatening, but it’s something, which has to be done, so I can lead a proper life.
The surgery itself (even though it’s going to be over 4 hours) doesn’t bother me that
much, but the recovery process, which is going to be a bitch. *sighs*

But all the bad stuff aside… Bangtan is finally back!
Everyone looks so good, but Taegi… oh Taegi!!!
Which is your favorite track from the new album? *-*
I really like all songs, but imagine Dionysus live… stadiums shall be shaking xD haha

I still can’t believe that I’m finally going to see them live, but it’s happening on 1st June!
I managed to buy pitch seating tickets, close to the stage, so… that’s going to be an experience! hehe
I’m definitely going to upload lots of stuff on my Instagram! ^^
Chapter Notes

Hello! It's been a long time! ;w;

This chapter was supposed to be combined with the next one, but it seems like I really missed this story, because once I started writing, I couldn’t stop. haha & the whole chapter will probably be around 15 000 words, so in the end I decided to split it into 2 parts. The next chapter will be with a different title though and it will include the Jungmin x Yoongi meeting as well as Yoonminkook’s fight, along with other things, so stay tuned!

The good news is... I am pretty much done with university and I have time to write. Half of the next chapter is already written, so I will most likely update again next week! ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes
♫ I can't make you love me if you don't.

You can't make your heart feel something it won't. ♫

Dave Thomas Junior - I Can't Make You Love Me

♫ Though I wish you never broke my heart...
I don’t want a brand new start.

I'm not me without my scars. 🌸

Before You Exit - The Butterfly Effect

This is Jungmin x Yoongi chapter.

However, it is VERY important, so I advise you **not** to skip it.

I feel like I need to refresh your memory, so... here's Jungmin.

[!] there is a slightly triggering scene in the chapter, but nothing too explicit.

“Dude, seriously… what’s wrong with you?? Why do your girlfriends keep dumping you??”
Jungmin faked a smile and just stared at his glass.

He needed a drink, after… he got dumped again. Every time it happened, he just felt worse and worse. It’s not like he was madly in love, it’s not like he imagined spending the rest of his life with that particular girl, but he did like them, each one of them. He harbored feelings for them and the worst part of the break up was that there was never really a reason, an explanation, they just left, always.

He knew he wasn’t the perfect boyfriend, but he didn’t think he was a bad one either. He dedicated a lot of his time to his job, but he was trying to build up a career, he wanted to make a name for himself, to be known, recognized for his potential.

But he really wanted to have someone by his side, someone who would stay, someone who wouldn’t throw him away at the first opportunity or difficulty in their relationship. He wanted to settle down already, maybe even to have a child, just to make his parents happy.

But no matter how hard he tried, it just didn’t work out and he wanted his friends to cheer him up, not to rub salt into the wounds.

“Maybe the problem are the girls. Chicks nowadays can be quite crazy.”

Another of his friends said and Jungmin didn’t know what to say to that, there were indeed some rather strange girls, but the same thing could be said about some guys.

“It doesn’t matter who’s at fault. Jungmin, how about you just try something different?”

Jungmin raised an eyebrow, the words picked up his interest. Different? He’s already tried his best, many, many times, so what-?

“How about you just buy a hybrid?”

Jungmin was glad that he wasn’t currently drinking, because he was definitely going to choke.

“W-what? What are you talking about, man?? A hybrid?? Why in the world would I need that?”

The brunette raised his hands in defense and smiled, as if he just hadn’t suggested the most ridiculous thing ever.

“Just think about it… if you buy a hybrid, you own it. It’s yours, so… it can’t go anywhere without your permission, it can’t leave. Sure, you’ll spend some money, but in your case… it’s a win-win situation if you ask me.”
Jungmin just gulped down the rest of the soju in his glass and regretted even going out with his friends.

This was absurd. The idea to buy a hybrid. Totally nuts and yet… Jungmin couldn’t stop thinking about it.

He went to a special shop about hybrids a few days ago, but most were rather young and he certainly didn’t have the nerves to deal with a baby or a teenager, so he asked the employees if there were older hybrids and they advised him to check out Daegu’s center.

Maybe Jungmin should’ve left things at that, but he didn’t, so here he was now, at the center, browsing through some hybrids’ files. He didn’t pay much attention to the details, just their names, age and the main reason as to why they were back in the center at that age.

There were some cute ones, like that girl dog hybrid named Eunji or the cat one called Dain, but somehow nobody managed to grab him. He was about to give up, but when he turned to the next page, he just stared at the photo of the hybrid there.

Black hair, fluffy ears, pink lips, porcelain skin, a frown on his face, oh… a pretty, pretty face.

**Name:** Min Yoongi  
**Age:** 21  
**Hybrid Kind:** Cat  
**Type:** Extremely rare

A cat… neither too young nor too old, interesting.

“Excuse me. What does ‘extremely rare’ mean?” Jungmin asked the staff member who had been playing on his phone up until now and upon the question, he finally looked up from the device.

“Here.” Jungmin said, as he pointed at Yoongi’s photo. “It says that this hybrid is extremely rare.”

The man got closer and made a face after scanning the photo.

“Ugh, Min Yoongi. What a nightmare. That one is totally mental.”
Jungmin doubted that’s what ‘extremely rare’ meant, so kept on looking at the staff member, who sighed before speaking up.

“Look, he’s just-” The man sighed again and ran a hand through his hair in frustration. “Min Yoongi is not like the rest of the hybrids, okay? He’s…” The man paused and looked around, making sure that no higher-up was around and could hear what he was saying. “He’s messed up. He’s not worth anyone’s time, so-”

“I want to meet him.”

Jungmin interrupted and the staff member just gaped at him.

“What? Did you not hear what I just said? Min-”

“I’m a customer, right? I have found a hybrid, which I’m interested in buying, so… bring the said hybrid to me, isn’t that your job?”

The man looked like he had something else to say, but he swallowed the words and walked out of the room.

Jungmin got up from the chair where he was sitting and paced around the room. He was starting to get kind of nervous. This whole thing began as something akin to a joke and now he was actually considering buying a hybrid, for real.

Well, maybe once he saw that Min Yoongi, he was going to drop the idea of getting a hybrid. He had actually never seen a hybrid in real life before, he was more into dogs honestly and wait, wasn’t that hybrid a man? Didn’t Jungmin come here with the intention to-

Jungmin’s train of thoughts was cut off when the door was opened again and the same staff member walked inside, but he wasn’t alone.

“Here he is.”

The man said and Jungmin’s eyes fell onto the hybrid. He was just as pretty as in the photo, perhaps even more and perhaps Jungmin missed the height info, but the hybrid definitely looked rather small and maybe even fragile, he didn’t appear to be in a good mood, maybe Jungmin was overthinking this, but the hybrid didn’t look happy, at all.

“Hello. I’m Kwang Jungmin. Nice to meet you, Yoongi.”

Jungmin greeted the smaller man and smiled, but he received a snappy response.
“What’s the point of saying my name when you already know it?”

Jungmin was a bit taken aback by the hybrid’s voice, but it was definitely a nice surprise.

“Min Yoongi, behave.”

The staff member scolded the hybrid and Jungmin could feel the annoyance, which was radiating from Yoongi, he surely did not enjoy being here, maybe if Jungmin took the cat hybrid with him, both of them would feel better?

Yoongi was going to get away from the place, which he most-likely considered a prison and Jungmin… maybe he was going to be less lonely from now, if he had someone like the hybrid by his side?

It all really started as a game, as a way to feed his curiosity, but on that day, he made a choice, which changed his life.

He decided to buy Yoongi.

The first few days were a total disaster or at least Jungmin thought so.

Yoongi did look happy to leave the center, but to go to Jungmin’s place… not so much.

Once they entered the human’s apartment, Jungmin showed Yoongi the small room (which actually used to be just a storage room, which he thankfully cleaned up a few weeks ago, due to his past girlfriend’s request), the hybrid literally ran towards it and… never came out.

Jungmin really didn’t know what to do, but he thought that Yoongi needed some time to get used to the new environment, so he let him be and just left a tray with food in front of the hybrid’s door. The food was left untouched during the first day, the same happened on the second day, so Jungmin decided to knock on the door after leaving the food and simply said ‘Just eat.’.

Thankfully, the food started disappearing, little by little, until everything on the tray was gone every single time, from the 4th day onwards.
It was now the fifth morning of their rather unusual cohabiting. Jungmin was just about to leave the food and go to work, but just when he was about to lay down the tray, the door got opened and the human almost stumbled back.

The hybrid was wearing a baggy, grey T-shirt and black pants, which outlined his legs perfectly, Jungmin tried not to stare much and decided to focus on the hybrid’s messy hair, which looked like a bird’s nest.

“The rice was good.”

The hybrid mumbled in a sleepy voice and Jungmin blinked a few times.

“What?”

“The rice last night was good. Did you make it?” Yoongi asked again, as he yawned and cutely tilted his head to the side.

“Uh, no. I have no time for cooking and I’m rather bad at it, so… I bought it.”

“I see.” Yoongi eyed the tray, which the human was holding and snatched it from his hands. “More rice for dinner would be nice and… milk, can you give me milk in the morning? I like drinking it.”

Jungmin just stood there frozen, because this was actually his first conversation with the hybrid, minus the one at the center and the few words they exchanged on their way to the apartment.

More rice and milk in the morning. Yoongi’s request.

Jungmin took a mental note of the hybrid’s wishes and nodded his head. Yoongi nodded his own head in silent agreement. The hybrid intended to close the door and hide in his little cave again, but the human stopped him.

“Wait!” Jungmin called out, as he grabbed the hybrid’s arm, but quickly let go of it when Yoongi pretty much glared at him. “I, um… I’m going to work, so you can eat in the kitchen?” The hybrid still looked skeptical, but Jungmin wanted them to make some progress, he didn’t buy Yoongi, so the hybrid could hide in one of the rooms all the time. “After that you can stay in the living room, you can watch TV or something? I’ll be back late from the airport, so-”

“The airport?”

“Yeah, I work at the ticket counter. You have no idea how many people I meet every day. There was that woman last week who didn’t know Korean or English and my Japanese is super poor, so
we had to use body language to communicate, but I felt like a complete clown and a few people laughed at me, but at least the woman got on the right plane, at least she didn’t go to the wrong terminal like that old man who—"

Jungmin realized that he was babbling, so he ceased his talk, but Yoongi was listening to him, the hybrid was actually listening to him and he even seemed interested. This is what Jungmin had been craving for - to have someone to talk to, someone who would listen to him, someone who would stay with him.

“I’m in a bit of a hurry right now, but I can tell you a story a two from the airport once I get back.”

Jungmin could swear he saw a faint movement from the hybrid’s cat ears and he instantly thought that Yoongi looked adorable, especially when the hybrid once again slightly nodded his head and headed towards the kitchen.

Jungmin smiled. He had made the right choice when he bought Yoongi.

It became a routine, to talk to the hybrid every night, it felt amazing, to share about his day with someone and Yoongi always looked interested and fascinated, no matter how boring the story was. Those little talks- well, one-sided talks, since Jungmin was the one who spoke, were what the human desperately needed.

Jungmin didn’t want to admit it, but… he was lonely, he really was, but ever since Yoongi started living with him, Jungmin’s home no longer felt empty. They had a peculiar relationship, but at least they weren’t awkward around each other anymore and although the hybrid wasn’t very talkative, Jungmin didn’t mind, he enjoyed the company, he enjoyed not being alone anymore.

Whenever Jungmin was too tired due to his work, he let Yoongi listen to music from his phone and he noticed that the hybrid was fond of that, so he turned it into another routine.

They never really ate meals together, because Jungmin had to leave super early and got back after 8pm most of the days, so Yoongi had already eaten. The hybrid did try to wait a few nights, but Jungmin always took a shower before eating and the human could hear the sounds, which the hybrid’s stomach was making, indicating that Yoongi was rather hungry, so he told him to eat alone.

Jungmin thought that’s the best he could do, but little did he know… Yoongi got the wrong idea and thought that the human had no desire or intention to eat with him, they were an owner and a
pet after all, why would they sit at the table together and eat, while having a friendly talk? Yoongi thought he was dreaming too big, so he soon gave up on the idea of eating together with the human.

It was a Saturday night now and Jungmin had to leave at noon on the next day, so he could afford lazying around a little. He decided to watch a movie and asked the hybrid if he wanted to join him and Yoongi did.

They watched mostly in silence, but Jungmin threw a comment about this or that and the hybrid hummed in response. Jungmin did notice that Yoongi always got rather drowsy after eating, so he understood why the hybrid didn’t formulate any sentences, he was too tired to do so.

But at a certain point, Yoongi stopped replying even with quiet mumbles and that made Jungmin turn his attention to the hybrid.

“Yoongi, do you~”

Jungmin’s next words died down in his throat when the hybrid’s head fell on his shoulder.

Yoongi had fallen asleep.

Once again, Jungmin tried his best not to stare too much, but it was hard and it was getting more and more difficult by each passing day.

The thought that Yoongi was beautiful just couldn’t go away and the more Jungmin looked, the more convinced he became… there was something, there was something about the hybrid, something, the human couldn’t put his finger on it.

At times he even wondered if he was going crazy, because from to time… he had to urge to wrap his arms around the hybrid and hold him close, to protect him, to keep him safe, to make sure that he would never disappear and at times, just like right now… some wild thoughts ran through Jungmin’s head.

He stared at Yoongi’s slightly parted lips and inched closer, closer, closer.

The hybrid took in a deep breath and shifted a little, his head lolling back a bit and Jungmin moved as well, because he wanted to let Yoongi continue sleeping on his shoulder.

It took him over a minute to realize what he had almost done.

He was going to kiss Yoongi, he really would’ve and he still wanted to.
One night, Jungmin woke up in the middle of the night, just to find Yoongi panting and curling up in pain in his bed. The human had no clue what was happening, but the hybrid didn’t look in a condition where he could provide a detailed explanation, so when Yoongi told him the name of some pills, Jungmin just ran to the nearest pharmacy and got the meds, but even after taking the pills, the hybrid did not look any better.

Yoongi continued whimpering like a little, hurt animal and Jungmin’s heart ached just by watching the hybrid like this.

“I’ll go get you more wat-”

Jungmin tried to announce, because he thought that the hybrid definitely needed to drink more liquids, but Yoongi clutched onto his arm and prevented him from moving.

“Don’t leave. P-please… help me.”

The hybrid sounded so pitiful and broken that Jungmin was ready to do anything to help him without asking any questions, but he was starting to connect the dots and he knew what the hybrid was asking for, but could Jungmin just- could they- him and Yoongi- just like that?

“Yoongi, maybe one more pill will help-”

“Please.” The hybrid begged again, as he tightened his hold around the human’s arm. “Please, Hyung. Help me, it hurts, it hurts s-so much.”

The hybrid barely managed to choke out his pleads in a hoarse voice and Jungmin noted how Yoongi was close to panicking now and he seemed to be in pain, lots of pain and Jungmin’s resolve to leave the room was close to none now.

“I-is it because I’m a man? Do you find me repulsive, Hyung? Disgusting?”

“Yoongi, that’s not-”
“I’ll keep quiet.” This was Yoongi’s final and last attempt, he needed the human’s help, no matter the consequences. “I’ve never d-done this before, but I p-promise… I won’t utter a sound, so please… please… please…”

The hybrid kept on saying ‘please, please, please’ as if he was a broken record and Jungmin crawled into the bed.

“Okay, Yoongi. We’ll do this… just keep quiet, don’t say a word.”

Don’t utter a single sound, because otherwise… I might enjoy this a way too much. You are already confusing me as it as, I don’t… I don’t need more reasons…

... to fall in love with you, Min Yoongi.

Jungmin expected things to change after he and Yoongi slept together, but nothing much happened, except for the fact that the hybrid avoided looking at the human for a few days. Jungmin thought that Yoongi was just being shy and that he needed a bit of time to grasp the whole situation, so Jungmin decided to act normal, as if nothing had happened, while on the inside, his heart thumped loudly every time he saw the hybrid.

Jungmin wanted Yoongi to bring up their night together first, so he waited and waited, but the hybrid never spoke about that night and neither did the human. He had deceived himself into thinking that Yoongi harbored feelings for him, that he would share how he felt, but none of that happened.

It hurt to say the least. It hurt to realize that he had fallen for someone, who didn’t look at him the same way, but at least… they had spent one magical night together, it was something, which Jungmin dearly held onto until… Yoongi’s heat hit him again.

The human was conflicted, he once again didn’t know what to do. Should he follow his heart? Which was telling him to stop thinking and just have another intimate moment with the person whom he liked or should he listen to his brain? Which was telling him to give Yoongi pills until he felt better?

In the end, one needy look from the hybrid, made the final decision.
After the second time, having sex with Yoongi turned into another routine. None of them brought up the topic, while they spoke to each other.

During the hybrid’s fourth heat, Yoongi let out his voice just for a fraction of a second and Jungmin told him to keep quiet, he reminded the hybrid that he had promised to never say a word.

Yoongi misunderstood that, he really thought that Jungmin didn’t like sleeping with him, because he was a man, he felt bad, he was ashamed for forcing his owner to do this, he felt pathetic and he wished there was another way, but once he had tasted the forbidden fruit, it was hard to let go.

It was the same for Jungmin, he knew it wasn’t right, he knew Yoongi would’ve never slept with him unless he was pushed to the corner like that, unless the pain was so intense that it could drive him mad. Jungmin knew that and yet... he played along, he acted as if sleeping with Yoongi meant nothing when it meant everything to him.

Jungmin hoped that with each night they spent together, the distance between them would lessen, but he was wrong, it was the opposite. The distance between them grew, it became bigger by each passing day, but he held onto the sacred, precious nights he shared with Yoongi, they were his only comfort. At least there was still something that connected them.

But when Jungmin lost his job, he crumbled down completely. He had dedicated his life to the airport, eight bloody years of his life, his whole career. Jungmin didn’t expect the whole thing to hit him so hard, but when you push all of your efforts into something just so it could be snatched away from you in an instant, the pain is beyond bearable. Jungmin truly felt like he had hit the bottom, so eating even a grain of rice, became difficult, falling asleep was out of the question, because whenever he closed his eyes, he dreamt of going to work.

Seeing that Yoongi cared, gave him a little strength, just so he could push himself to eat something, so he won’t pass out, but it wasn’t enough, he no longer felt alive, so he decided to follow the unwritten rules that drinking could make the problems go away. It didn’t, it just numbed the pain for a few hours and once he sobered up, he felt more miserable than on the day before. He hoped that some support from his parents would bring his spirits back, but once again... life knows how to surprise you.

Jungmin’s parents had always been strict, he always had to have perfect grades, he wasn’t supposed to cause trouble, they wanted to hear only praises when it came to their son, but once he started working at the airport, they began complaining. They wanted him to reach a higher position soon, they said he was wasting his life doing unimportant tasks, but Jungmin loved his job, so he reassured his parents that everything would come with its time, but after their talk on the phone, he regretted even calling them.

He couldn’t understand how and why his own parents could call him names, how they could treat him like dirt, as if he was some rubbish that could be tossed aside. The phone call angered him a lot, it even made him laugh like a mad man. When he hung up, all he wanted to do was to once again drown in alcohol, but when he turned around with the might to grab a drink from the fridge -
Yoongi was there.

Jungmin didn’t want the hybrid to see him like this and by know, he knew that Yoongi had a pretty good hearing, so he had probably overheard the conversation and he could see it in the hybrid’s eyes - the disapproval. Now even Yoongi judged him, just perfect.

Jungmin took a step towards the hybrid and Yoongi raised up his hands.

“Stop it, Hyung. Stop doing this.”

“Know your place, Min Yoongi. You can’t tell me what to do.”

The hybrid refused to budge, he was not going to let the human destroy himself like that, but Jungmin had other plans. He clenched his fits and grabbed his jacket. If he couldn’t drink at home, he could always do it outside. He spent more money that way and soon encountered money problems, due to some loans he took, but the more time he spent outside, the more he wanted to spend and drink and not think about his problems.

He never meant to leave Yoongi starving for days, he just lost track of time and spent day and night outside, while the hybrid was locked up in the apartment. He felt bad, he really did, but then he thought about Yoongi’s eyes - how distant and cold they were and he decided not to return back to the apartment, back to those eyes, which were filled with anything, but love for him.

Jungmin had once again misunderstood. Yoongi never looked at him with disapproval in his eyes, he was just worried and even scared, because the human was acting like that and Yoongi wanted to somehow help Jungmin, but what could he do when the human was either never at home or was too drunk to even hear word the hybrid said whenever he decided to crawl back into the apartment?

The answer was obvious: nothing.

There was nothing Yoongi could do.

Yoongi woke up with a start when he felt hands under his sweater, big, hot hands, which were roaming up and down his bare chest.

“H-hyung? W-what are you doing??”
Picking up Jungmin’s scent wasn’t that hard, despite the layers of alcohol, which were covering it. The smell was so, so strong this time, the hybrid could only wonder how much the human had drank before barging into his room.

“Just be quiet, Yoongi. Don’t say anything, like always.”

Yoongi did not like the tone and he definitely did not enjoy the way his owner was touching him.

“Hyung, don’t-”

The hybrid grabbed the human’s wrist, but even in his drunken state, Jungmin didn’t have a problem in brushing off Yoongi’s much more slender hand and pressed his body against the younger’s back.

“I lost a shit load of money today, I’m in a terrible mood, so I wanna fuck. Just stay still.”

Yoongi’s eyes widened and he gathered all the strength he could muster, so he could wriggle out of the human’s arms and turned on the lamp on the nightstand.

The hybrid hoped this was some sort of a joke, but Jungmin looked deadly serious and deadly drunk as well, Yoongi was certain the human had no idea what he was doing, but when he tried to reach out and touch him again, Yoongi pushed himself towards the end of the bed and grabbed one of his pillows in defense, as if it could serve as a shield, which would protect him from the older man.

“Don’t touch me, Hyung! I mean it! I don’t- I don’t want to…”

Yoongi trailed off, because he was too embarrassed to say ‘I don’t want to have sex with you.’ and he felt like he was in no position to say the words, not when they had already slept together numerous times, upon the hybrid’s request, but… it was different, Yoongi was in heat then, right now… sleeping with Jungmin, he couldn’t imagine it.

The hybrid thought that the human would get angry, that he would try to get a hold of him again, but instead, Jungmin started laughing, it was a sinister, sick laughter, which made Yoongi’s belly twist uncomfortably.

“So… you can use me as much as you want to. When you want to do it, I always agree. But I offer to do it for once and you push me away. Do you think that’s fair, Min Yoongi?”

The hybrid opened his mouth to say something, but he couldn’t. What could he say in his defense?
Jungmin was right and it wasn’t fair, Yoongi knew that, he had always known he was being unfair towards his owner, because he made Jungmin sleep with him and it was a given that he should be able to return the favor, but Yoongi just couldn’t, he couldn’t.

“Get out.”

That’s all Yoongi managed to mutter out, as he hugged his pillow more tightly and buried his face in it. His lower lip had started trembling and so did his whole body. Yoongi knew he was on the verge of crying, he hadn’t cried in a long time, he never really had a reason to, he didn’t cry even when he was so hungry, that the world was spinning, but now… he felt like he could start sobbing.

He didn’t even realize that he had been holding in his breath, but he finally started breathing again when the door of his room was slammed with a bang, at least Jungmin had listened to him and left.

That night, for the first time…

Yoongi wondered if it would have been better to have stayed at the center.

Looking at Yoongi was already hard as it was, Jungmin didn’t have the guts to face the hybrid, so he mostly ignored him, especially after… almost forcing himself on the hybrid. He didn’t remember much, but he clearly recalled that Yoongi was trembling a lot that night, that he was probably afraid and Jungmin couldn’t blame anyone, but himself for that.

But once Yoongi’s next heat hit him, Jungmin made a very fatal and final decision: never again.

You have no right to touch him, Kwang Jungmin, not after what you did.

He knew that he should leave, he knew that he should give the hybrid something to ease his pain, but he didn’t.

It was a punishment - both for him and for Yoongi.

He was never going to lay his hands on the hybrid again, but Yoongi had refused his touch, so in a way, Jungmin believed that the younger deserved this, that he had brought this upon himself.

And he wasn’t going to lie… he enjoyed it, he enjoyed being wanted so damn much.
Yoongi needed him, called for him, begged for him, casted his pride aside and cried in pain, he wanted Jungmin and that made the human feel good, being wanted was all he wished for.

His wish was to be wanted by this parents who no longer seemed to care for him, to be wanted by his employers whom he wished would call him and tell him that they had made a grave mistake and told him to go back to work, to be wanted and accepted by his friends who also turned their backs on him and no longer paid him any heed, to be wanted… desired… loved by Yoongi.

All of the above were impossible, but Jungmin had turned into a selfish man.

And Yoongi… he wanted to at least keep the hybrid to himself, even if everyone left him, Yoongi was going to stay by his side, one way or another.

If he couldn’t receive love and acceptance, then maybe… if Yoongi feared him, he wouldn’t talk back, he would listen to Jungmin and would obey him.

That was once again, just Jungmin’s wishful thinking, because it was true that the hybrid was now intimidated by his owner, simply because Jungmin was unpredictable, he was a man who had nothing to lose and such people were scary, but Min Yoongi was Min Yoongi and he couldn’t just sit back and take everything, speaking back was in his nature.

Jungmin should’ve probably seen it coming, the fact that the hybrid would snap one day and tell him a thing or two, but the timing was bad. Back then, Jungmin thought that he had managed to break Yoongi, to turn him into an obedient pet, so Yoongi raising his voice at him - it shocked Jungmin and it also made him see red, so he raised his hand at Yoongi in return.

Even after everything he had to go through, Yoongi still held onto the little hope that Jungmin could be saved, even after the accident on that night, Yoongi still believed that the human would never harm him, neglect him and ignore him, yeah, but to actually cause him physical pain or something close to it, the hybrid thought that if such day came, then that would really be it, it would be his final call and reason to get away.

When the hybrid ran away, Jungmin was petrified, he couldn’t believe it, so it took him a couple of minutes to register what had happened and when he realized that Yoongi had left, the human ran after him, but the hybrid was nowhere to be found.

He called out Yoongi’s name, he looked everywhere for him around the neighborhood and at places he could think of. He never even thought of the possibility that the hybrid was no longer in Daegu.

He kept on looking for Yoongi everywhere, for days, weeks, months. He even stopped random strangers on the street and described the hybrid to them, asked them if they had seen him, but they all shook their heads.
Jungmin never reported Yoongi as ‘missing’, because he was well-aware of the fact that there would be questions from the center: ‘Why did the hybrid run away?’, ‘What happened?’, ‘Were you not taking care of him well?’, ‘Are you capable of looking after him?’; he knew that if the center helped him and they found Yoongi for him, that would pretty much be the end, the hybrid was surely going to be taken away from him, looking at Jungmin’s bank account, transactions and all the things he’s done in the past months, Yoongi’s words could easily be confirmed.

But that didn’t mean Jungmin was going to give up, not at all.

He was going to get Yoongi back, the hybrid belonged to him and no one else.

Min Yoongi was his possession and Jungmin was going to find him and keep him by his side, forever.

Chapter End Notes

I hope that you hate Jungmin a little less now ;w; The man went through a lot and he loved Yoongi in his own way, he just didn’t know how to show it and made all the wrong choices, which pushed our sweet hybrid away.

What do you think is going to happen in the next chapter? Trust me... I think I'll manage to surprise you xD

Anyway, sorry for disappearing for so long! But my surgery went well and so did the recovery. ^_^

The concert at Wembley was amazing! I'll surely remember it for the rest of my life! I can't believe I finally managed to see Bangtan and the fact that I was so close to the stage made the whole experience even better! They spent a lot of time on the front stage and I got so many Jimin shots, my eyes were blessed a countless amount of times! *cries a river*

I had some problems with my Thesis >_< But everything is over now and I just have an English exam left, this Thursday, after it, I'll really be done with my Bachelor's degree, wow... it feels surreal.
♫ Because of my damn pride...

Everything was my fault.

I'm not used to seeing you like this.
Baby, babe hate to see you cry.
Just talk to me, talk to me... 🎵

pls, give some love to my baby 😊

He's only 21 and he's one of my favourite solo Korean artists!

Yoongi didn’t know what to expect. He and Jungmin didn’t part on good terms, but he wasn’t afraid, he had Jimin and Jungkook with him now.

Everything was going to be okay.

They were going to have a talk, a civil one, as much as it was possible. The hybrid wasn’t worried or anxious, because now… he had humans who would always watch his back, humans who would always protect him, so he felt at ease.

Everything was going to be okay.

It’s been over a year, but Yoongi hoped that Jungmin would have changed, the hybrid hoped that his previous owner would understand and come to terms with the fact that Yoongi had found happiness with Jimin and Jungkook.

Everything was going to be okay.

Everything-

Who was Yoongi fooling? He should’ve known better.

Most things in life just don’t work out the way you wish, never ever.

The hybrid felt that something was off, he felt it the second they entered Daegu with the car.

He rarely went outside, but he still knew the neighborhood where he lived, he remembered bits of it, so when the car went for a completely different direction, he should’ve known… he should’ve figured out that something was not right.

He thought he was over-thinking and quickly dismissed the odd thoughts that were circling in his
head, perhaps Jungmin had moved to another place? Yeah, that was probably it.

So he just used the chance to stare at the buildings and simply everything in his hometown, a place which he barely knew a thing about, since he spent most of his life indoors.

As the drive continued, Yoongi couldn’t shake off the feeling that something was not right and when the car was finally parked, he realized that his hunch hadn’t been wrong.

He’s been here before, at this place. Only once and he thought he would never come again.

The first and last time Yoongi was here… he paid his last respects to the woman who had raised him.

The columbarium.

He knew what that meant, if Jungkook and Jimin had brought him here to meet his previous owner, that could mean only one thing…

Kwang Jungmin was dead.

The mere thought made Yoongi’s legs go weak, but Jungkook grabbed his arm to steady him and Jimin took his other hand in his.

They stayed like that for a few minutes, in front of the car, without saying anything.

Yoongi didn’t know if he would be able to take a single step towards, towards, towards…

“Hyung.”

The hybrid looked to his left and was met with a slightly worried and apologetic look, which was gracing the face of the youngest.

“I should’ve told you as soon as I found out. Maybe bringing you here was a mistake.”

The black-haired male turned his head to the right and saw that Jimin was giving him the same look.

He was making his humans worry, he didn’t want that. Knowing a few hours earlier was going to change nothing, it was probably going to occupy his thoughts too much, so much that he probably would’ve felt like he was losing his mind. It was better like this, finding out like this was better.
He had no time to mentally prepare himself for this, but… nothing could prepare you for losing someone, death was something which only took away and gave nothing, but pain and grief.

“It’s alright. It’s fine, Kook. Don’t worry about it. You too, Jimin.”

Yoongi assured the two humans, as he squeezed the vet’s hand and grabbed the lawyer’s hand. He locked their fingers together and that gave him some strength, it really did, but… the fact that Jungmin was gone, forever… it was hard to comprehend it.

“Do you know how he died?” Yoongi asked and he received a hum in response from Jungkook. “Was he- was Jungmin in pain?”

This time the lawyer kept quiet, one look at his face and Yoongi had his answer.

* I shouldn’t have asked. Why did I ask? What for?? God… *

Yoongi started walking, but Jimin tugged at his hand and he looked back.

“Are you sure you’re fine, Hyung?”

Jimin asked in such a tender tone that in any other case, the hybrid would’ve smiled widely, but he just couldn’t bring himself to do that now, not in this place.

“I don’t know…” Yoongi answered truthfully, because he really didn’t know. “But… we’ve come all the way here. I can’t back down now. I want to see Jungmin. I mean- you get it.”

Jimin nodded his head and the three of them headed towards the entrance. Yoongi tried his best to clear his head, but he couldn’t help feeling down. It’s true that he went through a lot, because of Jungmin, but he truly wished his previous owner, nothing but the best. The hybrid wanted to believe that his previous owner had come to his senses and sought help, but it turned out to be the opposite.

Yoongi did not make the mistake of asking for details. He didn’t want to know how Jungmin had died, but he could guess that the older man must’ve felt lonely, he was probably all lone… until the very end and that made the hybrid’s heart ache.

He did however make the mistake of going to see Jungmin alone. A woman at the entrance gave them directions and Yoongi told Jimin and Jungkook to wait for him outside, he said he wanted to go alone, but once he stepped into the room, he regretted his choice.
Because behind every small glass where the remains of each person were, there were flowers, other items which belonged to the said person, a framed picture, but when it came to Jungmin… there was nothing - no flowers, no objects, no picture of a once smiling person, the glass was even a bit dirty, as if it hadn’t been cleaned in months, as if no one had visited in months and that was probably not far from the truth.

Kwang Jungmin

24th April ~ 18th December

That was the only thing written on a tiny wooded piece, the only thing, which indicated that this was the place where Jungmin was supposed to rest in peace.

18th December… it’s been four months… four months since he died.

Yoongi placed his shaking hand over the glass, he didn’t even notice the shaking, because he was very upset at the way things had turned out.

His parents… his fucking parents really don’t give a damn about him, even now- how can they- what kind of people don’t visit their son?? How can they act as if he never existed?? How dare they-??

The hybrid’s train of thoughts was ceased when he felt the hot tears, which rolled over his cheeks. After all of this, after everything… here he was, sobbing like a little child for someone who caused him so much pain.

“I told myself that I would never cry, because of you again…”

Yoongi muttered quietly, as the tears kept falling from his eyes and he let his head fall and hit the glass.

“I told you… I told you, didn’t I? Why didn’t you listen to me, Hyung? Why?”

Yoongi closed his eyes and tried to re-call all his happy moments with Jungmin, all the times the human made him smile or lifted up his spirits by telling him a story or letting him listen to music. Despite everything, Jungmin wasn’t a bad person. Yoongi knew that, the older human just went down the wrong path with no intention to go back.

“I’ll always remember you, Hyung. I want you to know that… there will be someone who will remember you, you won’t be forgotten. I promise you that.”
This is not what Yoongi was expecting when he came to meet Jungmin, he wasn’t actually sure what to expect, but he could’ve never imagined that scenario. He wanted to put an end, a proper ending to his relationship with Jungmin. He didn’t know if he could call this an ending, but he somehow felt lighter. If he hadn’t come here, if he hadn’t asked Jungkook to find information about Jungmin, the hybrid knew that he would always ask himself what had happened to his previous owner.

Knowing that Jungmin was dead was one thing, knowing how he died was another. Yoongi could guess though, the older man was already in a bad condition when the hybrid escaped and with no one left around to control him, Jungmin’s wrongdoings probably escalated drastically.

Yoongi’s heart still ached, as he thought about Jungmin, but when he left the building, he saw Jimin and Jungkook.

They weren’t doing anything special, they were just standing next to each other and Jimin was speaking, while the younger was listening, nodding his head from time to time and the scene filled the hybrid’s heart with happiness.

Just seconds ago, he was feeling bad, he was feeling sad, but one look at his humans was enough to change his mood.

Yoongi watched the two humans for a while, he laughed when Jimin wasn’t pleased with something, which the youngest said and thus Jungkook received a rather painful looking pinch on the forearm.

Then the lawyer made a face, which made him look like some abandoned little pup, he really could act like a baby sometimes. It was kinda, well… cute.

The black-haired male let out another short laugh and started walking towards the two humans. Jungkook was the first one who noticed him and smiled upon seeing him. The hybrid did the same and sped his walk.

Yoongi ended up in Jungkook’s arms right away.

A safe place.

The hybrid told himself, as a big smile plastered itself on his face and it just became bigger when Jimin joined the hug and hugged him from behind.
Perhaps they looked like a rather strange trio, hugging each other at a place like this, but Yoongi didn’t give a shit, he loved this, he loved being so close to his humans, especially now when he was feeling down.

“How are you feeling, Hyung?”

Jimin asked and the hybrid slightly shrugged his shoulders. It was still a bit too much to take in, life truly was unpredictable.

“I’m sorry for your loss, Hyung. I didn’t know Jungmin, I do dislike him a bit, because of the things he did to you, but still… he was young and… his life wasn’t an easy one.”

“Yeah.”

Yoongi agreed quietly and almost melted when Jungkook stroked his left cat ear in a comforting manner. The lawyer wasn’t very good with words during such moments, but he still had his ways of showing affection and support.

“I know it will be hard to get used to it, to the thought that… Jungmin is dead. But I hope you’ll start feeling better soon, Hyung.”

“Thank you, Jiminie.”

Jimin pecked the hybrid’s neck and let go of the older. The black-haired male thought that Jungkook would do the same, but instead he tightened his hold around Yoongi’s body and said something, which utterly confused the older.

“You know that I would never do something to hurt you, right?”

“What?” Yoongi asked, as he lifted up his head a little and gulped down when he saw how serious the younger looked.

Why was Jungkook asking something like that? All of a sudden, out of nowhere?

“You know… you know, right?”

Jungkook asked again, as he cupped the hybrid’s face with his hands. The lawyer sounded almost desperate to hear an answer and that puzzled the older even more.

“I know that, Jungkook. But I don’t under-”
Yoongi’s sentence got cut off in the middle when Jungkook leaned in and kissed him. That surprised the hybrid, because they haven’t really kissed outside where others could see them, except for when Taehyung saw them, but they were inside a building, so…

Before the hybrid could even question Jungkook’s actions, the younger broke the kiss and turned around. He kissed Jimin as well, while the vet patted his back and after that the lawyer got inside the car and drove away, without looking back.

*What the- what the heck just happened??*

Everything happened so fast, that Yoongi couldn’t react in any way, he just stared at the car until it disappeared from his sight and it took him a while to realize that Jimin was holding his hand. The human looked troubled, but he forced a smile. The hybrid knew both Jimin and Jungkook all too well now and he could tell apart a fake smile from a real one.

“Let’s have a walk, Hyung.”

Yoongi tried his best to ignore this whole thing for as long as he could. The streets of Daegu did distract him for a while, especially when they passed by Dalseong Park, because the hybrid recalled spending a night at the park when he ran away.

It was weird how this was his hometown yet everything felt unfamiliar, so all the shops, cafes, restaurants, buildings, people, he found everything fascinating.

Jimin babbled a lot, but he was doing it only to further distract the hybrid and Yoongi was aware of that.

“Hyung, did you know that I’ve always-”

“Where did Jungkook go?”

Yoongi asked, as he stopped walking and Jimin looked pretty alarmed now, nervous too.

“W-what?”

“Has Jungkook been in Daegu before?” The hybrid used a firm tone, he needed and wanted an answer.
“Um, no… he… he has something to take care of. He’ll be back soon.”

*He’s avoiding my eyes… why won’t you just tell me, Jimin-ah??*

“Where is Jungkook, Jimin? Tell me.”

Yoongi noticed the once again apologetic look on the human’s face and there was even a tint of guiltiness added to it.

“I really want to tell you, Hyung. I don’t want to keep this a secret, but…” Jimin looked at the hybrid and he felt even worse for not saying a thing, because it seemed like Yoongi was more than curious, but the vet knew he couldn’t tell the hybrid anything, not without Jungkook. “I promise that you’ll find out in an hour or so, Hyung. When Jungkookie comes back… can you please wait until then?”

Yoongi opened his mouth to complain and demand an explanation, but Jimin’s expression told him that it was something serious and that he would really keep quiet, at least until Jungkook returned and that made Yoongi feel uneasy.

*What in the world is going on??*

Yoongi sighed in frustration, but meekly nodded his head. An hour or so… he could wait that much.

“Are you hungry, Hyung? Thirsty? There’s a café over there, it looks nice.”

Yoongi glanced in the direction where the vet was pointing - a café across of them, it looked cozy and there were lots of people outside and quite a lot inside as well, it was easy to tell, because of the big windows. It was surely a popular place.

Jimin did not wait for the older to voice out a response, because the hybrid’s eyes literally started shining upon the mention of food, so the vet headed towards the café and the older tagged along.

There weren’t any available tables outside, so a waitress guided them inside and honestly, Yoongi preferred that, but he couldn’t focus on the menu when they sat down, because he could feel the eyes on him.

Everybody was staring, as always. Was it that weird to see a hybrid walking around?

Yoongi was already used to the people at Taehyung’s company. Although he mostly stayed in the designer’s office, he still went out from time to time, be it to grab something to eat or to complete a
Yoongi didn’t fancy the attention from strangers, so he pretty much hid behind the menu. He wanted to disappear, to make himself as small as possible.

The hybrid felt a tap on his hand and lowered the menu. Jimin was brightly smiling at him and the hybrid figured out what the younger was mouthing to him: ‘Head up, Hyung.’

*Right? Why do I have to cower and hide? Jiminie is with me, so I shouldn’t care about anything else. Let those humans stare until their eyes fall off, ugh.*

Yoongi straightened his back, he felt confident all of a sudden and decided to discard the menu aside, but just then something was placed in front of him on the table with a bang and the sound almost made both him and Jimin jump up.

The hybrid looked at the plate in front of him - there was a rather big piece of cake with lots of whipped cream and strawberries and well… Yoongi was really hungry, so the piece looked more than appetizing.

“Um, excuse me… we haven’t ordered yet.”

Jimin told the waitress who brought the cake, while Yoongi simply wondered if it would be too strange if he started eating the piece with hands.

“Oh, yeah. I know! But me and my co-workers-” The girl paused and looked at the counter where another waitress and a barista waved their hands. “We think that you’re really cute, so we decided to treat you! It’s on the house!”

It took Yoongi a while to realize that the girl actually spoke, while looking at him, so she just… called him cute and… gave him a piece of cake, for free.

*Wow, what the fuck.*

Yoongi felt the need to hide again, so he grabbed his menu and hoped that his face wasn’t red or anything, but he could swear he could hear the waitress say ‘Cute, cute.’ and that just made him cover his entire face with the menu.

“Okay, are you ready to order?”
Yoongi was in Heaven. Good food always made his belly super happy.

Jimin ordered sandwiches and fresh juice, along with some sweets and a drink, which he thought the hybrid would like - milkshake. Yoongi totally loved it.

While the hybrid was enjoying the food and drinks, the vet sent a text with their location to Jungkook, so he could find them later when he was done with what he was doing.

The food and Jimin’s company really made the older temporary forget where he was and the reason for the visit of his hometown, but when a new scent invaded his nostrils, he was reminded of the whole situation once again.

Yoongi turned around and instantly spotted Jungkook, he was scanning the place for his boyfriends, but he was looking in the wrong direction and the hybrid rolled his eyes.

The lawyer’s sense of direction could be terrible at times and the hybrid shook his head, as Jungkook kept on looking around, but the black-haired male noticed that he wasn’t the only one who was currently looking at the lawyer.

There were a few other people who were stealing glances and others, bolder ones who just shamelessly stared at Jungkook.

The lawyer’s eyes met Yoongi’s and he let out a sigh of relief, he was glad that he finally managed to locate the people he was looking for.

The hybrid glared at one girl with all his might, because the way she was eyeing Jungkook was just getting on his nerves. His eyes pretty much said:

*What the fuck are you staring at, woman?? Do you have a death wish or something?? Is it your first time seeing a handsome brat?? Shoo, shoo!!*

The girl finally averted her eyes and the hybrid mentally cheered in triumph.

Jungkook sat down next to the vet, opposite of Yoongi and the oldest smiled when the two humans shared a kiss, but almost choked on his own spit when the lawyer looked at him, as if he wanted something from him.
“W-what?”

“Won’t you give me a kiss as well?”

_Damn it- the brat arrived like minute ago and he’s already about to give me a heart attack._

“Absolutely not! W-wait, what are you doing??”

Yoongi’s eyes widened when Jungkook grabbed one of his hands and left a soft kiss on his knuckles. The hybrid’s face lit up like a Christmas tree and he snatched his hand away from the lawyer’s hold.

“I always get what I want, Yoongi-ah. One way or another.”

Jungkook looked so smug and cocky at the moment, that Yoongi just wanted to smack him in the face or smack his lips against Jungkook’s, who knows? Minor, unimportant details.

“A milkshake. Why am I not surprised?” Jungkook said, as he noticed the drink in front of the hybrid.

“It’s his third one, Kook. Hyung really likes it!”

Jimin beamed and Yoongi once again started wondering if he would ever figure out how to deal with the two humans, they were so bad and so damn good for his heart.

“Of course our kitty would like it.”

The hybrid was now trying to come up with creative ways to kill Jeon fucking Jungkook, the damn brat was going to finish him off one of these days. In the middle of his scheming though, Yoongi noticed the folder on the table and cleared his throat before speaking up.

“Jungkook, where did you go?”

The lawyer’s face changed drastically upon the question and the vet seemed serious all of a sudden as well. The two humans exchanged a look, there was something like a silent agreement between them and Jungkook pushed the folder towards the oldest.

“What’s that?” Yoongi asked, as he grabbed the folder.

“Your… file.”
Jungkook replied and the hybrid was about to ask what the youngest meant by that, but then realization hit him - his file, file… as in… the file from the hybrid center.


So many questions invaded Yoongi’s mind and he thought the only way to get answers was to open the folder, so he did.

There was a simple piece of paper in it with information about the hybrid and he started reading.

**Name:** Min Yoongi  
**Age:** 29  
**Place of Birth:** Daegu  
**Hybrid Kind:** Cat

That much he knew, but then he saw something, which almost brought tears to his eyes.

**Parents:** Nara and Hojoon

“Nara and Hojoon… my parents… I didn’t even know their names.”

“Now you know them.”

Jungkook said and Yoongi nodded his head. The hybrid felt like it was too late now, that it’s been too many years, but he had always wondered if his parents were still alive, if they were well, if they wanted to meet him. He knew that he would probably never get an answer to those questions, because the center was never going to reveal that information, but knowing their names… it was far from enough, but at least it was something.

Yoongi continued reading and the next line made him scoff.

**Type:** Extremely rare

“Extremely rare? They would say all type of bullshit just to sell someone, huh?”

“Hyung-”
Jimin tried to argue, but Yoongi’s stoic expression told him that there was no use. The hybrid was learning how to accept himself, how not to feel different, but Jimin knew that older had his reasons to resent the center and everything connected to it, because of the way they labeled and treated hybrids.

Yoongi’s eyes travelled further down and he felt a pang in his chest, as he read the next line.

**Previous Owners**: Min Dahye (Dead); Kwang Jungmin (Dead)

Seeing it written down, somehow made the whole thing even more realistic and Yoongi wondered if things would’ve ended differently if he hadn’t ran away.

He didn’t blame himself, because he did everything he could, but maybe… just maybe, if he had stayed, Jungmin would’ve been still alive or maybe… he would’ve lost his life anyway and maybe he would’ve dragged down Yoong along with him.

The hybrid could only wonder, he couldn’t turn back time, but if he could’ve… he was going to make the same choice. Running away was his only option, his *only* way to find salvation.

Yoongi took in a deep breath to calm himself down a little, he knew there was nothing in his file that would shock him now, so he didn’t hesitate to continue reading, but his heart practically stopped beating when he read the next line, he couldn’t believe his eyes, there had to be a mistake, this wasn’t possible.

**Current Owners**: Park Jimin and Jeon Jungkook

“You… b-bought me?”

Yoongi questioned with a shaking voice and even more trembling hands. He looked up from the paper, hoping that this was some sort of twisted and absolutely not funny joke, but when he saw the expressions of the two humans, which said only one thing ‘Sorry, Hyung.’, Yoongi’s heart started beating again, so fast and for all the wrong reasons that rage started filling him up.

This is the thing, which Jungkook had to take care of?? *This???

“You fucking bought me?!”

The hybrid yelled and a few customers at the café looked in their direction, but Yoongi didn’t give a damn about the other humans right now.

“Whose idea was it??”
“Mine.”

Jungkook replied and Yoongi clenched his fists. Of course, he should’ve figured, he asked a stupid question.

“I-it’s true that it was Jungkookie’s idea, Hyung. But we discussed it and I agreed with him. Please, don’t blame him! It was a mutual decision, we-”

“A mutual decision, which you made behind my back.”

Yoongi said through gritted teeth and the vet casted his gaze down, he only wanted to defend Jungkook, but he knew the hybrid was right, so he couldn’t say anything else.

“I was homeless for a year… you told me that means Jungmin no longer owned me, so why in the world did you buy me??”

“That’s true, but when Jungmin died, the center learnt that you are not with him and they proclaimed you missing.” Jungkook explained and hoped that Yoongi would actually listen, that he would hear what he had to say. “So they’ve been looking for you for four months. The fact that Jungmin is dead changed everything. He lost his rights over you months ago, but all hybrids are still owned by the center, they refer to you as…”

Jungkook trailed off, because he really didn’t want to say that word, but unfortunately Yoongi finished his sentence.

“Property. We are their property.”

“Yes... If Jungmin found you now, fighting against him wouldn’t have been so hard, because he lost his ownership rights over you. But the center... if they happened to find you, they could take you away. You go out a lot nowadays and it would’ve been a matter of time before they located you and tried to do something. It was a risk neither I nor Jimin-hyung was willing to take.”

“We could’ve-”

The hybrid wanted to come up with some excuse, but Jungkook interrupted him right away.

“What? We could’ve told them that we are dating? That we’re happy together and they should leave you alone? Do you think they would’ve done that?”

Yoongi bit the inside of his cheek and he could taste the copper in his mouth, he had bit down too
harshly, but it was so, so hard to contain his emotions, because he wanted to tell Jungkook that he was wrong, that he had done something outrageous and uncalled for, but the hybrid knew how the center acted, better than anyone else, so deep down, he knew that the lawyer was saying nothing but the truth.

“Hyung, there was no other way.”

Jimin said then, in a pleading voice, with such a sad look on his face that it just tugged at the hybrid’s heartstrings, but there had to be another way, anything but this.

“How much?”

“What?”

“How much money did you pay for me? Jungmin once told me that I was a pricey one, so how much the hell did they make you give them?”

Knowing how the center worked, they probably asked for much more money than they had the right to, they probably added a fine as well, since Yoongi had run away, but what made him run away, they probably didn’t even ask, they didn’t care about such things. They tried to mask everything, they smiled politely and showed the society how much they cared about the hybrids, while in fact they didn’t give a shit about them. It was just business and money was their only goal.

“A few million won.”

Jungkook stated that so calmly, as if he didn’t care about the huge amount of money he and Jimin had to part with and it was the truth. They wanted the center to stop meddling with Yoongi’s life, they wanted to protect him no matter the cost and if lots of money was the price they had to pay, then so be it, they were willing to do anything in order to keep Yoongi safe.

The hybrid looked at his file again, looked at the words, which made his stomach churn uncomfortably.


Yoongi shot up from his spot and just bolted out of the café.

Jungkook instantly got up as well and chased after the hybrid, while Jimin took out some money from his wallet, hoping that they would be enough. He left them on the table, grabbed the folder and followed the other two.
“Yoongi, wait! Where are you going?? Hyung!”

The hybrid really could be fast when he put his mind into it, he could clearly hear Jungkook’s frantic calls of his name, but he decided to ignore the human and just kept running. Where was he going? He had no idea, he just wanted to get away from that café, he couldn’t breathe there.

“Yoongi-hyung!”

The voice was so clear and vivid now. The hybrid felt fingers around his wrist, Jungkook had finally caught up to him, but the hybrid acted on impulse and he wriggled out of the human’s hold, but as he did so, he scratched Jungkook’s arm, without meaning to, but maybe he used too much force and the wound he had created, started bleeding.

Yoongi froze completely, he was utterly terrified now.

*Shit, fuck- what have I done? How could I do that?? I hurt him… I hurt, Jungkook.*

Jungkook took notice of the hybrid’s horrified expression and tried to cover the little cuts on his arm, which the hybrid’s nails had made.

“It’s okay, Hyung. It doesn’t hurt. I’m fine.”

Jungkook tried to reassure the older, as he stepped closer, but Yoongi stepped back, afraid that he might hurt the lawyer again, even by accident.

Just then, Jimin reached their side. He was panting and as he tried to catch his breath, he saw Jungkook’s arm and the hybrid’s wavering eyes.

Both Jimin and Jungkook knew that Yoongi wouldn’t accept the news well, they didn’t know how exactly the hybrid would react, but seeing the black-haired male like this, hurt, it hurt a lot. They never meant to cause Yoongi any pain, they only wanted to keep the hybrid away from it and sometimes, sacrifices had to be made… for the greater good.

“Please, Hyung… it was a very difficult decision to make. But being separated from you… Jungkook and I couldn’t imagine that, so we had to do it. We’re sorry, we really are, but we had no other choice.”

The hybrid knew the two humans must’ve given it a lot of thought, that it was hard on them too. Yoongi knew that a stupid piece of paper couldn’t change things between them, what the three of them had - it was Yoongi’s most sacred and biggest treasure, to be loved for who you are and to be able to love back… it was an incredible thing.
So maybe the hybrid overreacted a bit, but he was both mad and upset, both scared and happy, glad that no one could ever take him away from Jimin and Jungkook, but sad that something like *that* had to be done in order to secure his safety.

He could tell the two humans felt awful, they probably even felt like they had betrayed him and Yoongi wanted to apologize. He wanted to say that he was sorry too, for acting like that. He wanted to say that they could and will make things work out, just like always, the three of them, *together*.

But just as he was about to open his mouth, tears started falling from Jimin’s eyes and Yoongi was taken aback.

Jimin was crying and it was all his fault. He had made Jimin cry.

Jungkook was bleeding and it was all his fault. He had made Jungkook bleed.

Yoongi always acted without thinking when he was affected. It was in his nature, to let his instincts lead him, it’s like things went out of his control and he could only regret what he had done afterwards.

He was angry at both Jimin and Jungkook, he really was, even if the actions of the two humans were justified. But he knew he was in the wrong as well, because he should’ve let Jungkook and Jimin properly explain themselves without acting up, he should’ve acted like an adult, but that piece of paper and what was written on it, just made him see red.

However, seeing his two humans like this… it was the last thing the hybrid wanted to see.

Yoongi had never felt shittier in his entire life.

The hybrid didn’t know how to act afterwards, he didn’t want to do or say another stupid thing, so he just reluctantly got in the back of the car and prayed that he would come up with something to say once the ride was over.

He was so lost in his thoughts and looked only at his feet that he totally missed the fact that they were not driving back to Seoul.
Yoongi realized where they actually were going when he saw a big, green sign with white letters, which stated:

‘Welcome to Busan’

“Why are we in Busan?”

The hybrid’s voice sounded a bit weird even to his own ears, he hadn’t spoken in a while and his question made Jimin turn around in his seat and face him.

“Oh, you didn’t hear me, Hyung? I told you about two hours ago. We’re going to visit my house.”

House… Jimin’s house? Wait… Jimin’s family home?!

Yoongi shifted uncomfortably, could this day get any worse?

First Jungmin, then the whole thing with his file and now… Busan?

Don’t get the hybrid wrong. He’s never been to the city and after hearing Jimin and Jungkook speak about it with such adoration, it surely made him curious, but if they were visiting Jimin’s home… didn’t that mean that the boy’s parents would be there as well?

Shit- what the hell am I supposed to do?? What are Jimin’s parents going to think of me when they see me??

Yoongi’s palms got sweaty and he wiped his hands on his pants, this was nerve-wrecking - meeting the parents of his boyfriend, well… one of his boyfriends.

Jimin had said that he grew up in a loving family who supported him and loved him no matter what, even when he came out and told them that he liked men, but Yoongi… what about Yoongi? He wasn’t… even a human.

The black-haired male shook his head to dismiss all the bad thoughts. It’s true that he wasn’t a human, but he was alright with that fact now. Jimin and Jungkook accepted and loved him as he was - a hybrid and that was more than enough, so maybe Jimin’s parents weren’t going to mind too much?

“We’re here, Hyung.”

Jimin announced once the car came to a halt and Yoongi started fidgeting once again, he was not getting out of that car, absolutely not.
“Don’t worry too much, Hyung. My parents are nice.”

The vet’s words didn’t really help in calming down the hybrid, because Yoongi was damn sure that Jimin’s parents were nice, super nice even, but he still couldn’t help, but worry.

“Ah, there’s one thing though… my parents are kinda…”

Jimin now seemed thoughtful, it looked like he didn’t know how to phrase his words and that made the hybrid grow even more anxious.

*Kinda… kinda what??* *Kinda what, Jimin??*

“Never mind, you’ll see in a few minutes.”

_Huh? No. You’re gonna leave me in the dark? Nope, I’m staying in the car, ugh!_

“We didn’t take any clothes with us, but that’s okay. I have a few sets here, so I’ll lend you something, Hyung. I don’t know what we’re going to do with you, Jungkookie… none of my clothes here are going to fit you.”

At the mention of the youngest’s name, guilt overtook Yoongi, as he looked at Jungkook’s arm. The lawyer did say he was fine, numerous times, but Jimin still cleaned the small cuts and put ointment on them before they departed from Daegu. The hybrid just watched and he wanted to help or at least say *‘sorry’*, but he couldn’t move nor speak, it was like he was stupefied and just like him, Jungkook hadn’t said a word during the ride.

Yoongi felt bad, really bad and his heart skipped a beat when his eyes met with Jungkook’s through the rearview mirror, but the hybrid quickly looked away.

“We’ll figure something out.” Jungkook replied, as he removed his seatbelt when Jimin did.

*‘Well, I’ll just walk around shirtless or something.’*

Yoongi thought that Jungkook would say something like that in reply to Jimin’s concern, but seems like the brat wasn’t in the mood for joking or teasing.

“Come on, Hyung. Hop off.”

The hybrid got startled when Jimin spoke to him and opened his door, the black-haired male didn’t even realize that the two humans had already stepped out of the car.
Okay, you’ve got this, Min Yoongi. Make a good first impression. Just don’t screw up.

Yoongi was glad that he didn’t trip over a non-existent stone, as he followed the two humans. He was pretty much a… nervous mess.

There were other things he had to take care of, urgently - like talk to Jimin and Jungkook, properly, but he still didn’t know what to say and now that Jimin’s parents were added to the list… he was utterly lost and even a bit terrified.

What if Jimin’s parents didn’t like him?

The vet pressed the doorbell, as he tried to find the right key for the house. Jimin had too many keychains and keys in general - car key, key for the apartment, key for the clinic, key for his office, key for his family home; a bear keychain from Taehyung, because as the designer had said when he gifted the keychain to Jimin:

‘Taetae gives the best hugs, Jiminie! So when I’m not around, just look at Bora and imagine I’m there!’

Yes… Taehyung even named the bear keychain. It had a purple strap and the bear itself looked like a girl in the designer’s eyes, so naturally he named it ‘Bora’, after the color purple, which is boraesaek in Korean.

Jimin also had a baby chick keychain, a present from his parents, because they loved calling him ‘little one’ or ‘baby chick’ while he was growing up, plus Jimin was an early riser.

A smiley emoji keychain from his co-workers, because they loved his smile a lot.

A rather big and fluffy puppy keychain from Jungkook, because when they were passing by it, Jimin had said that it reminded him of Jungkook when they had first met, so of course… Jungkook bought it and gave it to Jimin.

So, yeah… Jimin’s keys and keychains looked like a whole weighing pack to Yoongi, they seriously looked heavy, so it was no wonder that the door got opened before the vet could find the right key.

“Hi, mom!”

Jimin greeted brightly, as he hugged his mom who just laughed and Yoongi just blinked.

Wow… she’s… very… short.
The hybrid self-noted, while the middle aged woman welcomed them inside. She had a shoulder length dark brown hair and a sweet eye smile, just like Jimin’s. No… it was an exact copy.

Yoongi was practically hiding behind Jungkook, but when the lawyer was brought in for a hug by the older woman, the hybrid’s shield was gone.

“Hello, Mrs. Park. It’s been a while.” Jungkook said, as he smiled, while the woman patted his back.

Another thing, which made an impression, at least to Yoongi, was the fact that the whole house reeked of flowers.

Jimin’s cherry blossoms scent mingled with the scent of his mother, she smelled like water lilies and orchids. It was a very fresh and calming scent.

But apart from that, the hybrid could also sense a more musky scent, which was a mix of pine trees and other types of trees, but there was also a sweeter scent lingering in the house, flowers, flowers, flowers, Yoongi’s nose was blessed.

The hybrid almost jumped out of his skin when he noticed that Jimin’s mother was now looking at him and she was walking towards him.

*S-shit, say something, you idiot!*

“Um- uh, h-hi- ah…”

“So… this is Yoongi?”

The woman asked with a slightly raised eyebrow, she scanned the hybrid from head to toe and Yoongi just wanted the Earth to swallow him.

“Yes, mom. This is Yoongi-hyung.”

Jimin said, as he placed one of his hands on the hybrid’s tense shoulders. That eased down Yoongi a bit, but Mrs. Park was still staring at him with pursed lips and the black-haired male didn’t know what to think about her reaction and then suddenly… he felt a hand on his cheek, Mrs. Park’s hand.

Yoongi continued blinking, as the woman grabbed a little of his cheek and started pulling it, then she placed her other palm over the hybrid’s other cheek and literally squished his face, as she squealed.
“Oh my gosh, you kept saying ‘Hyung, Hyung, Hyung’, so I thought Yoongi would be taller than you, but look at him… he’s just as tiny and adorable as you are!”

*Hey, heey, I am taller than Jimin! I really am!*

Yoongi wanted to say in his defense, but he couldn’t, because Jimin’s mother was still squishing his cheeks.

“Jimin has told me so much about you, that I feel like I already know you. It’s great to finally meet you, Yoongi-ah. Welcome to the family, dear.”

‘*Welcome to the family*’

Yoongi had never thought that he would hear that in his life, that he would actually have his own family, a real one, loving and affectionate family.

Jimin and Jungkook really were his everything - his present, his future, his home, the missing puzzled pieces of his life, his family, they truly were… but now… now that family was expanding and the hybrid really felt like he could start crying, for the second time today and he probably would’ve if another person hadn’t joined the scene.

“What’s with all the commotion?? I’m a man on a mission, I have a dinner to make and-!”

Mrs. Park finally let go of Yoongi’s face and when she stepped aside, the hybrid saw a man around the woman’s age, who had a rather big belly, was slightly bald and was wearing an apron.

He looked a bit intimidating, maybe because his task had been interrupted, but the hybrid’s first thought when he saw the man was:

*Darn, he’s really short.*

*Why am I even surprised? Jimin had to inherit that from somewhere.*

The man marched towards Yoongi and this time the hybrid considered running away, because it looked like Mr. Park was going to crash into him, but thankfully the man stopped right in front of him and instantly grabbed his shoulders and… started shaking him.

“Appppaa! Stop that! What are you doing??”
Jimin questioned, as he grabbed one of his father’s arms, but Yoongi couldn’t say anything, because he was shook… literally.

\textit{Touchy… Jimin’s parents are touchy… I guess that’s what he wanted to say, but didn’t know how. I get it now, there are some things, which you can’t fully understand until they happen to you.}

The shaking came to a halt and Yoongi took in a breath, when Mr. Park let go of him.

“Oh, sorry. He just looked so pretty that I had to make sure he was real. Yoongi, right?”

Yoongi nodded his head and blushed upon the compliment. He wondered if he was dreaming. Jimin did tell him that he had already informed his parents about him, not only about the fact that he was a hybrid and was living with him and Jungkook, but also the news that they were in a relationship.

Jemin had said his parents were very confused at first, not understanding what their son meant, but after further explanation, they came to terms with it. Yoongi wasn’t entirely sure the Parks were actually aware of what they were saying okay to, because seriously… how could there be such accepting and understanding humans?

Seems like they existed indeed, Yoongi had spent just a few minutes in the presence of Jimin’s parents, but they had a heartwarming aura, they were kind and they were great humans without a doubt.

“Another lovely boyfriend on board. You surely know how to seduce the best ones, Jimin-ah. As expected of my son!”

Mr. Park laughed loudly, as he clapped Jimin on the back. Mrs. Park rolled her eyes and the hybrid barely contained his laugh.

“D-dad! I’ve never seduced anyone!”

Jemin huffed with a red face and he glanced at Jungkook and Yoongi, seeking help, but his two boyfriends kept their lips shut and gave him a look, which said:

‘\textit{We have totally been seduced, Jimin-ah. What do you want us to say?’}

“Allright, Victim #1 to Park Jimin’s charms, help me with the dinner. What do you say, Jungkook-ah? I need to do some other things, so you can deal with the meat.”

Jimin’s father suggested, as he head-locked Jungkook in a playful manner.
The lawyer looked at the hybrid and he wanted to ask if Yoongi could join them, because he didn’t want to be separated from the older at the moment and besides…

*Yoongi-hyung is really good at seasoning meat. He’ll do much better than me…*

That’s what Jungkook wanted to say, but he felt guilty. He did not regret buying Yoongi, of course he didn’t. It had to be done and the money… he was absolutely willing to pay the price, but Yoongi… what if Yoongi never looked at him the same way, because of what he had done?

At the moment, the hybrid felt guilty as well (even though there was no reason for him to feel like that), Jungkook knew that, but once Yoongi overcame that feeling, the younger knew a talk would follow and judging by the way the hybrid has been avoiding his eyes, the human didn’t know what to expect.

“Oh, I’ll help you, but ow, ow, Mr. Park- I can’t breathe, let-”

Jungkook’s voice grew quieter and quieter along with his protests, as Jimin’s father dragged him towards the kitchen.

“Jimin-ah, why don’t you show Yoongi your room?”

The hybrid looked at the woman, she was widely smiling and her eyes had disappeared, Yoongi could only imagine how happy Jimin must’ve been while growing up with such a woman by his side.

“Is everything alright, dear?” Mrs. Park asked, as she ruffled the hybrid’s hair. “You look a bit sad.”

“Ah- I’m- I’m okay.” Yoongi smiled a little, it wasn’t exactly a genuine smile, but it wasn’t really a forced one either and the woman smiled in return.

“Call me if you need any help, mom.”

Jimin said and grabbed the hybrid’s hand. Yoongi quietly followed behind the vet, as he looked around the house - there were quite a lot of family pictures on the walls and Jimin’s room wasn’t any different. It was filled with framed pictures, as well as tons of Polaroid ones with dates on them and most likely some messages on the back. The room had peachy walls, there was a desk with a chair at the corner of the room right next to the window where Jimin probably used to study, the bed was made as if it was waiting for Jimin to come back and sleep in it.
The hybrid smiled for real this time when he spotted a picture of Jimin and Taehyung, laughing while looking at something. Jungkook was probably the one who took the photo.

And then Yoongi’s eyes fell onto a picture of a formally dressed Jungkook with Jimin by his side, the vet was grinning and was holding a bouquet of roses, while the lawyer was trying to keep a straight face.

But there was another picture, which grabbed the hybrid’s attention the most - a picture of Jimin with a gold medal hanging from his neck. He looked young, perhaps he was no more than 15-16 on the photo.

“When is this from?”

Jimin stood behind the hybrid and grabbed the framed photo from the desk.

“Ah, memories. It’s from when I won first place at a competition.”

“First place? A competition? What competition?”

“Dancing.”

Jimin responded, as he placed the photo in its place and Yoongi turned around. He paid no heed to the close proximity and focused on the younger’s expression, it was melancholic, sorrowful even.

“I gave up a long time ago.”

The vet added after some time, as if he knew that the hybrid was waiting for him to say something connected to the new revelation, seriously Yoongi learnt new things about his two humans on a daily basis.

“Why? You look happy on the photo.” The hybrid didn’t mean to be nosy and pry, but the question just left his lips.

Jimin sat down on the bed and patted the spot next to him. Yoongi sat down next to the human and the vet once again took hold of his hand.

“Yeah… it made me happy, but… I had an accident.”

The hybrid didn’t miss how Jimin looked almost dejected now, as if he was recalling something, which brought him pain.
“I just fell down really bad once, I walked with crutches for a few weeks and the doctors said I should give up on dancing completely or else there might be some complications later on.”

“I’m sorry to hear that, Jimin-ah.”

“Yeah… it’s unfortunate. Dancing made me happy, but being a vet has always been my dream and it makes me happy as well. I love helping animals, so it’s okay… I just wish I didn’t have to abandon dancing completely, but life is full of unexpected things.”

“It is, indeed.”

Yoongi agreed right away, because he had always thought that life was unpredictable and today’s events just made him believe in that even more.

“Some things in life… are just meant to happen, Hyung.” Jimin continued and the hybrid could feel where this was going. “Like… what happened today.”

Jimin once again looked apologetic, he was probably going to apologize, but Yoongi didn’t want that, the vet had nothing to apologize for.

“Sorry for acting out…” Yoongi started off and he was glad that Jimin seemed too surprised to say something back and interrupt him. “I was angry, I really was, but just for a moment. I just- I was happy that I was no longer owned, you know… in that way. I know that a stupid piece of paper can’t change our relationship, but I was just shocked and taken aback.”

“And we’re sorry, Hyung. Both Jungkookie and I, but there was no other way, trust me, we wouldn’t have done it otherwise.”

“I know, I know…”

“I can go to the car right now and give you the file, you can rip it apart if you want. Will that make you feel better?”

Yoongi shook his head. The file and the paper itself were not a problem, but the fact that Yoongi was bought, in the eyes of the center he was just a toy that could be exchanged for money and even though he was glad that the center couldn’t take him away now, he just wished he could be treated as an equal by the people who worked at the center. A dream that was apparently too big at the moment.

“Jungkook knows much more about law than us, Hyung, so when he said it’s something that had to be done, I had no doubts. I agreed, I know that we should’ve discussed it with you, but I get the feeling that-”
“I was going to want to go to the center as well.” The hybrid cut in, confirming Jimin’s suspicion. “But… me and my zero mouth filter were going to cause trouble, it was probably going to turn into a huge mess. But if I knew, there was no way I would’ve let Jungkook go to that damn place alone.”

“You should really speak to him, Hyung. Jungkook actually thinks you might not speak to him anymore, but he was willing to take the risk if it meant to keep you safe. He’s ready to do whatever it takes for the people he loves, as always…”

The look in the human’s eyes, told Yoongi that Jimin was saying this for a reason and that this was probably not happening for the first time.

“What do you mean?”

“What do you think about my parents, Hyung?”

The hybrid got startled by the question, they were talking about Jungkook, so why did the conversation shift into that direction?

“Eh? Your parents, well… they are nice, good humans, amazing parents, I think. I like them.”

“And they like you too, Hyung. This meeting went much better than the first time I brought Jungkookie home. Dad bombed him with a hundred questions and mom didn’t leave him alone either, she kept filling up his plate and Jungkook didn’t want to seem rude, so he ate everything, even when he was full, but my parents tend to get carried away when they like someone. I warned them to behave themselves today though.”

The hybrid chuckled upon hearing that, a son warning his own parents to behave themselves while meeting the said son’s boyfriend and to think that the elderly couple actually complied… the Parks were truly remarkable.

“But Jungkook’s parents are not like that… they are more… conservative and not so accepting, that’s why they completely disapproved of our relationship, especially Jungkook’s mother. When we told his parents, they were both in disbelief. Jungkook told them he loved me and his mother kept saying that he didn’t know the meaning of that word, that he was still just a child… Jungkook was almost 20 back then, he wasn’t a child and his mother knew it, it was just an excuse. A lie, which she wanted to convince herself in, simply because she couldn’t accept the reality.”

Yoongi just listened, he didn’t really know a thing about the lawyer’s parents, but hearing this made him dislike them, especially after Jimin continued.
“Jungkook’s mother started calling me names, harsh and hurtful things. Such words leave a bigger impact and hurt even more than being stabbed with a knife. She told me to give up on Jungkook, to leave him alone and to let him be… normal again. But when I told her I have no intention of breaking up with him, she slapped me.”

The hybrid’s eyes widened when he heard that, he never knew that Jimin and Jungkook went through something like that. It must’ve been terrible to be denied acceptance and support from people you deeply cared about, especially in the beginning of your relationship.

“Jungkook got very angry then. He yelled at his mother and he had never raised his voice at her before. He told her that if she can’t accept the person he loves, then she doesn’t accept him, then… she doesn’t have a son, so she better not look for him until she changes her mind.”

_Drastic, very drastic._

Yoongi thought to himself, but if he had been in the same position… he would’ve probably done the same.

“And what happened after that?”

The hybrid couldn’t help asking and the vet sighed.

“She really started acting like Jungkook wasn’t her son. A month later, Jungkook started receiving texts from his dad, I was glad that at last he was on our side, but even after half a year, Jungkook’s mother refused to contact him and he was stubborn and did the same. But I could see it was slowly killing him on the inside, he pretended that he was okay, but I knew he wasn’t. It’s his mother we’re talking about after all. So… I was the one who contacted her.”

“You?” Yoongi didn’t know if he would have the guts to call or face the lawyer’s mother in such situation.

“I told her that if she can’t accept me… then that’s fine. But I begged her not to cut Jungkook off, he was still her son. He loved her a lot and she loved him as well. I could tell even just by her voice, that she missed him. Things slowly started changing since then, but she was still rather reserved and awkward around me, during the first two years. We’re okay now though.”

Yoongi pecked Jimin’s lips. Kisses always made the younger feel better, so he was glad that now a smile was gracing the vet’s features.

“What I’m trying to say with this is that… Jungkookie was ready to be casted aside by his own parents, for me. It was a sacrifice he was willing to make, just to be with me. He really loves with all his heart, Hyung and that’s why he did that today. Just tell him you’re not mad at him, otherwise the guilt is going to crush him.”
“I am going to tell him, of course. I’m just waiting for the right- shit!”

“What is it, Hyung?”

“Jungkook’s coming.”

As if on cue, the door got opened and the lawyer stepped inside.

“Jimin-hyung, your mom is looking for you.”

“Oh, okay.”

Jimin let go of the hybrid’s hand and got up from the bed. He looked at Yoongi and mouthed ‘Talk to him.’. Then he headed towards the youngest and stood in his way, because it looked like Jungkook was ready to leave the room.

“You stay here, Kook-ah. I’ll help in the kitchen.”

“But-!”

The door was slammed shut before Jungkook could finish his sentence and he was left all alone with the hybrid. He glanced at Yoongi and got surprised when the older motioned to his left with his head, as if he was telling Jungkook to sit down next to him and he did, but he left some distance between them and that made the hybrid frown.

*What the fuck? Why is he sitting so far away? This brat-!*

Yoongi scooted closer to the younger, their thighs were now touching and the hybrid was satisfied.

“I’m sorry.”

Both of them said that in union and it looked like Jungkook was ready to start firing apology after apology, but Yoongi put his hands over the lawyer’s mouth to prevent him from speaking.

“I’m the Hyung, so I’m going to speak first. Okay, first of all… I was super pissed off.” Yoongi noted how the lawyer’s face fell upon hearing that and the hybrid sighed. ’Was is the key word, past tense, alright? I was very surprised, you dropped the bomb out of nowhere, I didn’t know where you went, but I would’ve never imagined that you would go to the center. So yes, I was mad that you went there, that you went there *alone*, that you took such a grand decision without telling
me and that you burdened yourself with something like that.”

Jungkook tried to say something, but the hybrid didn’t remove his hands, the look in his eyes softened though, he didn’t even realize it, but Jungkook saw it and that seemed to be enough to make him continue listening.

“I bet the center didn’t even care about how I was doing, they just gladly took your money and signed the papers, right?”

The younger couldn’t form a proper reply, but judging from the incoherent mumbling of agreement, Yoongi was right.

“This is how is it, Jungkook-ah… that’s how they are. I’m sorry that you had to go there all on your own, I’m sorry that you had to meet those people. I don’t blame you, I want you to know that. The fact that you bought me… it’s bit hard to swallow, I won’t lie. But it won’t and can’t change anything between us.”

By now, Yoongi had learnt how important communication was. You might think the other party knows what you want to say or how you feel, but sometimes words are necessary, otherwise misunderstandings arise and they can lead to many problems.

“That paper changes nothing, because I already belong to you and Jimin, my heart belongs to both of you. I am yours just like you and Jimin are mine. So, stop worrying about that.”

The hybrid was definitely kind of proud of his words, because he was usually not good at voicing out his emotions, but he wanted to let the younger know how he felt, he wanted the lawyer to know that there were no issues between them.

But what followed after his words… Yoongi totally did not expect it, because… Jungkook started crying.

“S-shit! What the hell, brat?! W-what’s wrong with you?? Why- why are you crying??”

Yoongi panicked and began wiping the boy’s tears with his sleeves, but new ones kept steaming down and the black-haired male felt like his heart was about to break into two.

“I was so scared… so… so scared.” Jungkook mumbled between his sobs and he tightly hugged the hybrid.

“Scared? Of what?” Yoongi asked, as he caressed the younger’s back.
“I was afraid that I had really messed up… that you might not forgive me for doing that, but I couldn’t… I couldn’t let them take you away. If not now, it was going to happen eventually. I’m really sorry, Hyung.”

“Silly.”

The hybrid said, as he let go of the younger and wiped the remaining tears in the boy’s eyes, they were glistering, shining even, Yoongi could swear that he could see stars in them.

“You let it all out, so are you okay now?” The black-haired male asked and smiled when the younger nodded his head. “Good. Ah and… sorry about your arm.” Yoongi apologized when his eyes fell on the scratches on the lawyer’s arm.

“Right, my arm. It hurts a lot.”

Jungkook whined, as he fully showed his arm to the hybrid and the older squinted his eyes.

“What? You said you were fine.”

“No, no. I’m not. I’ve seen how cats and animals in general lick their wounds.”

“So?”

To be honest, Yoongi had done that only once. Last year when he fell down and cut his hand on some glass.

“So I think I would heal and recover miraculously if you lick it.”

“Li-” The hybrid’s eyes became bigger and he shoved the boy’s arm away. “I’m not going to lick your arm, you damn brat!”

“You can lick other places instead, I don’t mind. Should I take off my shirt?”

Yoongi wanted to smack the brat and make him shut up, because he was now toying with the top button of his dress shirt. Jungkook was in the mood for teasing again and the hybrid didn’t know how to deal with that.

“What’s with that smell?” Yoongi questioned when a strong sweet scent invaded his nostrils.

“Don’t try to change the subject, I know-”
“Oh my goooooooooooood!!!!!! FINALLY!!! A KITTY!!! Yes, yes, yes!!!”

Yoongi did jump up this time, because damn that voice was loud and the door was opened with a bang, so that sound was hard to ignore too.

The hybrid looked towards the source of the voice - a boy with black hair, small eyes, round cheeks, short… when it came to height, young and smelled like flowers, the scent which Yoongi had sensed before.

Jimin’s brother had just barged in the room.

It looked like the newcomer was ready to launch himself at Yoongi, but Jungkook stood up before that and placed his palm over the other boy’s forehead, successfully keeping him in place.

“Oh, come on, Jungkook! Don’t treat me like some kid! I’m older than you!”

“Only by two months and I’m taller than you… by lots.”

Fair point.

Yoongi quietly laughed and Jimin’s brother tried to reach out towards him.

“Omg, omg! The tiny kitty Hyung just smiled!”

Yoongi shot up from his spot and stepped closer to the other two.

“Excuse you? My name is Min Yoongi! And I’m not tiny!”

“What are you saying? You’re just like Jimin-hyung, even tinier if you ask me. Ah, I’m Park Jihyun! Nice to meet you! Now let go of me, Jungkook! I want to-”

“Did you get permission?”

“What permission??” Jihyun huffed, as he struggled to get away from Jungkook, but as always, it was impossible.

“Did Jimin-hyung say it’s okay for you to touch someone who is-” Jungkook paused and looked at the hybrid who was in the middle of glaring at Jihyun since he had called him tiny. “Someone who
is partly a cat.”

“Oh, that. Yeah, I asked and Hyung said he’s not 100% sure, but I should be fine. We’ve just got to test it out, so let me touch, touch, touch!”

Just now Yoongi recalled what Jimin had told him about his brother - he was allergic to animals, their fur, so he was never allowed to touch an animal.

*That explains why he’s being so frantic and excited to see me. Well, as long as it won’t harm him, I guess… he can touch me.*

The hybrid stepped even closer to Jimin’s younger brother, he was just within a hand’s reach, Yoongi didn’t say anything, but by the looks of it, he was waiting to be touched by Jihyun and the boy almost started jumping around, but just when he was about to pet the hybrid’s head, Jungkook grabbed his hand.

“Not so fast. You need my permission as well.”

Yoongi was starting to feel bad for the poor kid, it was obvious that Jungkook was just fooling around, but Jihyun had ran out of patience.

“Oh, come on! Why do you always have to make things so difficult?! Have I ever said something when you and Hyung make out in front of me?? No, I haven’t! Also-”

“Make out in front of you? We’ve never done that. We’ve only held hands or kiss-”

“Aaaaah, I need to hear no more!!!” Jihyun yelled, as he clamped his own ears, having no intention to listen. “I don’t need to hear that your tongue goes into my brother’s mouth on a daily basis. No, thanks! Just ew, no!”

“My tongue has been to many more places than just Jimin-hyung’s mouth.”

Yoongi wanted to facepalm himself and he elbowed Jungkook.

“Stop that. The kid might pass out if he hears you.”

Jungkook laughed and Jihyun reluctantly lowered his hands.

“So… can I touch you?”
Yoongi couldn’t help thinking that the boy looked like a younger version of Jimin, they really were alike.

“Yes, you can.”

“Aww, thank you!!! At last… a kitty’s tail!”

Yoongi’s eyes enlarged and Jungkook stepped in front of him just in time.

“Not the tail!”

Both Jungkook and Yoongi shouted and Jihyun was left perplexed.

“What? But I want to touch the tail, it looks super fluffy!”

“Not the tail.”

The two repeated once again and Jihyun finally made contact with the hybrid by petting his head.

Touching Min Yoongi was true bliss.

“Mr. Park put too much salt on the steak, so be careful with it. You don’t like it when the food is too salty.”

Jungkook leaned in to whisper in the hybrid’s ear, because he didn’t want Jimin’s father to overhear that, the man was too big fan of salt.

“Okay.”

Yoongi replied, as he grabbed a piece of friend squid with his chopsticks and in the meanwhile, Jimin placed more side dishes over his rice.

“You should also try the crab stew, Hyung.”
The vet advised and Yoongi was surely going to try the stew, it smelled heavenly. The hybrid was basically in Heaven right now, because the table was filled with sea-food. He liked everything he had tried so far, but the pollock pancake and the lobster gimbap topped his list.

Yoongi felt very comfortable like this - sitting between Jimin and Jungkook at the table, the other three Parks across of them. Jimin’s father cracked some jokes, which the hybrid couldn’t really get, but he laughed along because everybody did. Mrs. Park kept telling him nice things and Jihyun hadn’t stopped grinning all night.

The atmosphere was very… homey, if the hybrid could put it into one word.

“Seems like you made up, hm?” Mrs. Park concluded after observing the three boys for a while and they looked at her in confusion. “I could tell something was off between the three of you when you arrived, but seeing you now makes me think that you solved whatever problems you had.”

“How did you know?”

Yoongi was the one who asked the question, had they been that obvious? Mrs. Park smiled and secretly pointed at her oblivious husband who was stuffing his mouth with rice and grilled meat.

“After being in a relationship for over 30 years, you just know. I can sense those things.”

30 years, wow… props to the Parks.

“It was hard at times though, because of this player here.”

Mrs. Park nagged, as she jabbed her husband in the ribs and the man just laughed, because he was ticklish.

“A player?? Me?? What are you saying, honey?? I have eyes only for you! But… sometimes my eyes stray a bit when I see a cutie, like our Yoongi here. Exactly my type!”

Mr. Park winked at him and Yoongi almost choked on his gimbap, his cheeks reddened and Jimin fanned his face.

“Dad! Stop hitting on my boyfriends!” Jimin scolded his father and handed over a glass of water to the hybrid.

The man was about to deny the accusation, but Jungkook joined in.
“Now that I think about it… you told me the exact same thing 5 years ago when we met, Mr. Park. You said I was exactly your type.”

“Well… you were my type, Jungkook-ah. Five years ago.”

The man started laughing again and Yoongi didn’t know if this was a joke or if he was being serious.

“Oooh, so that’s your pick-up line, huh?? Because 35 years ago, you said I was your type!”

“Honey, why are you bringing up something from decades ago??”

The elderly couple continued barking at each other and Jihyun just ate unbothered, Jimin and Jungkook grabbed their chopsticks as well and the hybrid couldn’t understand how the other humans could be so relaxed.

“Jimin-ah, shouldn’t we do something? Your parents are fighting.” The hybrid asked in worry, because the situation looked bad.

“They are not fighting, Hyung. They are flirting.”

Jimin calmly replied and Yoongi gaped at the Park couple, that’s what they call flirting??

“It always starts off like this.” Jihyun added, as he moved a bit further from his parents. “Then they start proclaiming their undying love for each other and bla bla, same old story.”

Yoongi thought that wasn’t possible, he thought that the Park brothers were wrong, but now their mother was giggling while lovingly staring at her husband and the hybrid was left in awe.

*They look so in love… even after all those years.*

Yoongi smiled in delight, he was very happy for Jimin’s parents and wished their happiness would go on for many, many years.

“Hyung, do you want to go on a walk by the beach tomorrow?”

The hybrid’s cat ears perked up in interest due to Jimin’s question.

“The beach? I’ve never been to the beach.”
“We can go in the morning, to see the sunrise.”

Jungkook piped in the conversation and the hybrid gave him a curt look. The moring? That didn’t sound like a plan, at all.

“Are you fu-” The Parks were no longer fighting slash flirting and all eyes were on the hybrid, so he couldn’t curse. Nope, nope. “A walk sounds nice, but I would have to decline your offer. I apologize.”

Jimin and Jungkook exchanged a look, why was Yoongi acting all formal? One look across the table, gave them their answer.

“You could’ve just said you’re too lazy to get up so early.”

Jungkook threw in and the hybrid stepped on his toes under the table. Jeon brat was not supposed to disclose that classified information.

“Just this once, Hyung. It’s going to be fun.” Jimin pleaded, because he really wanted to see the sunrise with Jungkook and Yoongi, it was going to be magical. “We can take pictures and videos and eat breakfast at the seaside. What do you say?”

Yoongi really didn’t fancy the thought of waking up early, but it was his first time in Busan and who knows when they were going to visit again. Besides… it did sound like fun, so oh, well…

“Fine, fine.”

Yoongi agreed and smiled widely when Jungkook grabbed his hand and Jimin hugged him.

Nothing could get in the way of Yoongi’s happiness now, he was sure of that.

Nothing, huh? Scratch that. There were always obstacles.

The newest one came in the form of no other than Kim Taehyung.
Yoongi really wanted to bury his boss alive at the moment.

“When are you going to stop sulking?”

“I’m not sulking.”

Jungkook could only sigh, he knew this was going to happen.

“You’ve barely touched your food, you keep toying with it and you’ve been frowning and making faces all night.”

“I just don’t fucking get it! Why does Jimin have to sleep with Taehyung!”

Yoongi clenched his fists, he probably looked like some child who was ready to throw a tantrum, wait- he was already doing that.

“It sounds weird when you say it like that. Soulmate bonding nights happen every once in a while, you’ll get used to it.”

“I don’t give a damn about that soulmate crap! Jimin can’t spend the night with Taehyung!”

“I was just like you when it happened for the first time. I crashed at Taehyung-hyung’s place and ruined their plans. They gave me the stink eye for about a week and it made me feel terrible, so I always let them have their moments after that.”

“But you said that Taehyung turns into a koala when he sleeps! How am I supposed to eat my dinner when I know that Taehyung is going to cling onto Jimin all night long?! This is unacceptable!”

The hybrid was fuming by this point, the more he thought about it, the angrier he got.

“You know… you’re hella adorable when you’re mad. Your face turns red, just like at the moment.”

Yoongi was about to say ‘We should’ve just stayed in Busan.’, but the younger’s comment just made him forget what speech was.

“I’ll advice you not to call Jimin-hyung. Just send him texts if you’re so worried and he’ll reply to you whenever he can. For now, stop troubling your mind with that and just eat your dinner.”
The hybrid was still in a daze, so Jungkook grabbed the older’s spoon and dipped it in the stew he had made. Then he extended his arm over the table, so he could feed the older. One bite was going to be enough to make the black-haired male eat.

Jungkook nudged the hybrid’s lips with the spoon and Yoongi slowly opened his mouth. It was a subconscious action, he did it without thinking, but he either didn’t open his mouth widely enough or there was too much on the spoon and as a result, some of the soup dripped from the hybrid’s mouth and went down his chin.

Once again, Yoongi was too slow in reacting, because before he could even think about doing something, Jungkook was already wiping the spilt soup with his fingers.

That much, the hybrid could take, but as usual… the brat was on a roll and instead of wiping the remains of the soup off his fingers on a napkin or something, Jungkook simply licked his fingers, as he intently gazed at the hybrid.

Yoongi’s mouth watered for unknown to him reasons and he licked his own lips.

“Tastes good.”

“Y-yeah, I guess. Spicy pork stew always tastes good.”

“I never said I was talking about the stew.”

Jungkook replied without breaking the eye contact, as he propped his head with his hand and continued staring at the hybrid.

_Fucking hell- what the- what did he just say? He wants me dead, that’s what he wants!

While Yoongi was having one of his many _Jeon Jungkook mental breakdowns_, he felt something along his leg. Jungkook was now playfully and teasingly sliding up and down his leg along the hybrid’s and the action made Yoongi swallow hard.

_He wants me to eat?? How the fuck am I supposed to eat when he’s doing that?? I’m going to choke on thin air and he wants me to have dinner! Then let me eat in peace, you little-!

Jungkook’s leg travelled further up and the hybrid almost jolted, because of the friction.

Yoongi knew that his face was beet red at the moment, but he wasn’t going to give the brat the satisfaction of saying something, which would just boost his ego, so he grabbed his chopsticks and
prayed that he won’t drop any food on the table.

He’s got this, everything is under control. No problem at all.

Somehow, the hybrid managed to survive the dinner, but now he was cleaning the dishes, as a thanks for the dinner, which Jungkook had cooked, but plate after plate threatened to slip from Yoongi’s hands, simply because… the brat was glued to him.

Standing next to him or even behind him, Yoongi could handle that, but the lawyer was doing much more than that.

At first, Jungkook just stood behind the hybrid and circled his arms around his waist, then he placed his head on the older’s shoulder and started speaking dangerously close to his ear. Right then, Yoongi almost dropped a plate for the first time.

And if that wasn’t enough, a minute later, Jungkook started littering kisses over the hybrid’s nape. That made Yoongi’s whole body shiver and he almost dropped a plate for the second time.

It’s not like the hybrid wasn’t enjoying the affection, he did, a lot, but just when he thought that there would be no more reasons for minor and not so minor heart attacks, Yoongi felt hands under his t-shirt, hot fingertips gently touched here and there and that was it.

The hybrid stopped the running water, he wiped his hands on a towel and swiftly turned around, only to find himself between Jungkook’s firm body and the counter, because the lawyer placed his arms on both of his sides, trapping him in between.

“O-okay, brat. W-what do you want??”

Yoongi quietly cursed under his breath, because his voice cracked and his breathing became irregular when Jungkook leaned in and kissed him.

Their lips barely touched and the hybrid opened his mouth with the might to deepen the kiss, because that was far from enough, but the younger pulled back and Yoongi almost chased after his lips.

“I think I’ve made it quite clear, by everything I did tonight. But the question is… what do you
It worked like magic, every single time Jungkook used the *Hyung card* on him, Yoongi’s heart thumped faster and faster. And tonight… the lawyer had been very forward, he had indeed been quite clear with his intentions and he’s been teasing Yoongi all night.

Jungkook gave him a taste of this or that, but it wasn’t enough and the damn brat knew it.

What did the hybrid want? Much more than just a kiss or some teasing touches, that was for sure. Yoongi was left craving for more, more, more.

“Listen carefully, brat. B-because I’m going to say it only once!”

Yoongi grabbed the younger’s hoodie and bit down on his bottom lip, he tried not to blush, but knowing what he was about to say, what he was about to ask for, along with the younger’s attentive look, it was impossible not to show some type of reaction.

“Hyung wants to do dirty stuff with you.”

That definitely sounded better in Yoongi’s head, but seeing Jungkook’s stunned expression, gave the hybrid an odd type of satisfaction and when the younger tightened his hold around him, excitement filled up the hybrid’s body.

Yoongi’s mind was brought back to that morning when Jimin told him not to poke the bear, not to provoke Jungkook and the hybrid wasn’t entirely sure if he had done that, but…

… something was definitely poking his thigh at the moment.

Yoongi wasn’t wrong to believe that… it was going to be a long, long night.

Chapter End Notes

Writing this chapter drained me out, a lot happened in it, so I hope you enjoyed it! \(˘\ ▀\ )/
Yoonkook… it’s finally happening next time! ｏ(*⊃ω<*)o
Jungmin’s death and the reason for Yoonminkook’s fight… was I able to surprise
you? I truly hope so! :D

Daegu + Busan = Daesan
I’m really proud of that ship name! hehe

* travelling between Seoul - Daegu - Busan, usually happens with KTX, but
Yoonminkook had to go with a car, for the sake of the story, so… let that slide xD

I officially graduated from university last week (the ceremony will be next year
though), but freedom is finally here! *jumps around*

I am leaving for Venice on Friday, then I’ll be visiting my hometown and after that I’ll
go to the seaside for a week and then on a trip to the mountains and I have other short
trips planned with my friends... ah, my summer is packed, but with great things! hehe

What will you be doing this summer? *_*
♫ Your eyes… your voice… your waist… your lips… everything about you is unique.

I keep falling and falling for you, I want to have all of you.

Until when are you going to hesitate?
"Brat, take off your clothes."

Jungkook laughed at the demanding tone and grabbed the older’s hand when Yoongi tried to reach out towards him. Jungkook just stared at the hybrid for a while.

Yoongi’s lips were slick, red and swollen from the kissing, they’ve been attached to each other ever since they moved to the bedroom, it was even hard to breathe at times, because they didn’t part from each other for more than five seconds. The hybrid’s face was flushed and he already looked rather worked up. He looked beautiful like this, sprawled on the bed below Jungkook, eyes swimming with desire, hands trying to touch, lips wanting to kiss, body craving for more friction.

Yoongi was breathtakingly gorgeous and Jungkook really just needed a moment to stare and do nothing else.

“Why… why did you stop? Kiss me, Jungkook.”

The lawyer’s trance was broken and he complied to the older’s wishes when the hybrid raised his body and supported his weight on his elbows just so they could kiss.

Jungkook swiped his tongue over Yoongi’s bottom lip and the hybrid eagerly opened his mouth, welcoming Jungkook’s tongue in.

Yoongi enjoyed this a lot, being out of breath, kissing, sucking onto Jungkook’s lips and tongue,
making the younger let out sounds of satisfaction, it was driving the hybrid a little bit insane.

They had kissed like this before, they had been this physically close before, but Yoongi knew that they were going to do much more than that tonight and he was really, really excited. Judging by the bulge in the younger’s sweats, so was Jungkook.

“Such an impatient kitten.”

Jungkook commented when he pulled back a little for an intake of air, but the hybrid instantly smashed their lips together again, it was no longer playful, no longer nice and slow and gentle. Jungkook lost count on the number of times Yoongi had bitten him already, mostly his lips, but twice at his neck too and well… the human just hoped that the older would calm down a little and won’t actually bite other, vital… things.

Jungkook pressed himself against Yoongi’s leg, successfully rubbing his erection over the hybrid’s thigh. Yoongi moaned into the kiss, he tried to rut himself against the younger as well and Jungkook realized that there was no way either of them was going to calm down anytime soon.

Yoongi was on the verge of protesting when Jungkook pulled back again, really, did he need air that much? But he just watched the younger’s next actions with an open mouth.

Jungkook grabbed the hybrid’s pants and started pulling them down, the second some of Yoongi’s skin got exposed, Jungkook started littering the older’s lovely, slender legs with kisses, until he reached the hybrid’s ankles and finally got rid of the piece of cloth.

“Let’s take care of you first, okay?”

Whatever Yoongi had in mind to reply to that, all words died down in his throat and he slumped back onto the bed when Jungkook moved his lips upwards and mouthed along Yoongi’s still clothed erection, when Jungkook lightly sucked the older’s cock though his briefs, Yoongi almost came on the spot.

“Fuck- Jungkook, what the-”

The lawyer repeated the action, but this time he slid his hands up and down the inner parts of the hybrid’s thighs and Yoongi’s breathing quickened, was he going to survive this night?

“Take off your underwear and sit up.”

Yoongi was so lost in the sensation of Jungkook’s lips on his body, that it took him some time to register the human’s words, but when he noticed that the younger’s warmth was gone, he looked to his side and saw that the boy was searching for something in one of the drawers of the night stand
and the hybrid knew exactly what the other was trying to find.

When Yoongi got a hold of himself, as much as he could, considering the situation, he pushed his body up, leaned back onto one of the pillows and took off his briefs.

He felt too exposed like this, but thankfully he was still wearing his t-shirt, which was quite big and he pulled it down a little to cover himself.

Yoongi gulped down when Jungkook turned his attention back to him, the human seemed pleased with what he was seeing, he was glad that the hybrid had listened to him, so he leaned in and kissed Yoongi, surprisingly tenderly and slowly this time, no tongues battling for dominance, no teeth trying to tease or leave marks, just warm lips over lips.

The hybrid got another surprise when Jungkook handed him over the bottle of lube. Yoongi looked at the lawyer and furrowed his brows in a questioning manner.

“Why don’t you do it yourself?”

There was a playful glint in Jungkook’s eyes, almost challenging.

“W-what?”

“The stretching, do it yourself.”

Yoongi’s eyes widened and he let the bottle fall on the bed.

“I don’t want to! Last time Jimin did it for me!”

“That’s because Hyung is mostly a softie in the bedroom, but I am not. Letting you lay in bed while I do all the work… where’s the fun in that?”

“Jimin seemed to be having a lot of fun-”

Jungkook harshly gripped one of the older’s thighs, ceasing his talk and once again gave him the lube.

“Do it and I’ll reward you properly after that.”

The sultry look, which Jungkook was giving him at the moment, almost made Yoongi cream his
pants. *Wait*—he had no pants.

“F-Fine, I’ll do it. Just… look the other way.”

“No, I won’t.”

Yoongi glared at the younger, this was going to be super embarrassing anyway since Jungkook was going to hear him, but to see what he was doing as well - *no*, not happening.

“I want to watch.” Jungkook admitted, as he left a kiss on the hybrid’s cheek and then continued whispering in his ear. “I want to know what kind of face you make when you please yourself, what sounds leave your lips, the curses that you would utter now and then, how desperate you would get when you climax approaches, *everything*. I want to see and hear everything.”

The hybrid’s face got red, there was a tint of lust in Jungkook’s eyes when he said that, but he also looked so genuine and curious that Yoongi just didn’t have the heart to say *no*.

Yoongi opened the bottle and slicked up his fingers. He pulled up his legs close to his chest and abused his lower bottom lip. He tried his best to ignore the fact that Jungkook was sitting on the bed, staring at him with those pretty eyes of his, but it was hard, so damn hard, because he could sense that the younger was watching and Jungkook’s scent was everywhere, *so, so* close.

The hybrid took in a deep breath and slipped one of his fingers past his entrance, a few sighs escaped from his lips and he dared a glance at the younger, Jungkook looked pretty much fascinated, his expression almost made the older laugh.

Yoongi pushed his finger deeper and deeper, as he let out more sighs and moans, when he started moving the finger, in and out, in and out, it was so fucking embarrassing, but it also felt so damn good, because Jungkook appeared to be in some sort of daze and the hybrid didn’t miss how the younger’s erection was becoming more and more prominent, this was turning Jungkook on, *a lot*.

The black-haired male added a second finger and leaned back onto the pillow, this was affecting him a lot as well, Yoongi never thought he would end up fingering himself in front of Jungkook.

“*Fuck*- damn it, *ah*-”

Maybe he was going a little bit too fast, but he couldn’t care less about that at the moment, Yoongi really needed to find release and slipping his fingers in and out of himself, while Jungkook was watching, just made his whole body tingle, he felt hot, he felt that a strong desire was burning inside his body, but he knew that he would feel tons better if Jungkook was not only watching, but... touching him as well.

Yoongi gasped in pleasure when his fingers brushed against his prostate and the loud sound he let
out, made him feel a bit shy, so he tried to close the gap between his legs, but he couldn’t, because Jungkook grabbed his legs right away and spread them again, even more than before.

“I need to be able to see, right? You’re doing great, Yoongi-hyung. Keep going.”

Yoongi mewed at the praise, he wasn’t even doing anything special, but he felt special, he really did. He grabbed the younger’s hoodie with his other hand, he pulled the human closer and kissed him. The older needed to feel Jungkook’s lips over his own again, having his presence around was really not enough, Yoongi needed more.

“Touch me.”

The hybrid pleaded against the lawyer’s lips and the human smiled, as if he had been waiting to hear those exact words.

Jungkook kissed the older again and wrapped his fingers around Yoongi’s cock and the hybrid was very glad to finally have the human’s hands on himself again.

Jungkook pumped the older’s cock at the same pace, which the hybrid was using to finger himself, add the kisses, which the human kept showering him with and consider Yoongi a goner.

“J-Jungkook, you- what the- *fuck*—”

Yoongi’s breath hitched and his lips parted when Jungkook suddenly pushed one of his fingers past his entrance, the hybrid literally forgot how to breathe, let alone move his own fingers. More curses left Yoongi’s lips, as Jungkook continued sliding his hand up and down his cock, while he moved that damn, sinful finger as well.

Jungkook curled up the digit, as he fastened the pace with his other hand and Yoongi really couldn’t hold it in any longer. He came all over Jungkook’s hand, but the younger didn’t seem to mind, he simply continued working his hand up and down the hybrid’s member and only stopped when Yoongi’s breathing stabilized.

“Felt that good, *huh*?”

The hybrid was ready to fire back a comment, something which would manage to wipe that damn smirk off of the younger’s face, but he realized that… he still had fingers in his ass.

Yoongi muttered under his breath and removed his fingers, Jungkook followed suit. The hybrid wiped his fingers on the human’s sweats, partly to get back at him, partly to give the lawyer a reason to take off his clothes. Neither was achieved, because Jungkook simply wiped his own hands over his pants as well and stared at the older.
This was really starting to get on Yoongi’s nerves, so without a warning he grabbed the hem of Jungkook’s hoodie and pulled it over his head. The hybrid momentary forgot what was on his mind, because seeing Jungkook’s naked upper-half made him speechless. It wasn’t even his first time seeing the younger’s bare torso, but it was a sight, which was hard to get used to, those damn well-defined muscles and tiny waist were just making Yoongi’s cock twitch again.

“You’re making fun of me, but let’s see how long you’re going to last.” The hybrid spoke up and his words made the human raise an eyebrow. “Pants off and lay down, now. Don’t make me repeat myself.”

Yoongi was trying to glare at him again, but he was pouting while doing so and Jungkook found the hybrid adorable not intimidating, but he did as he was instructed and the second his back hit the mattress, the older crawled on top of him.

“You really liking giving orders in the bedroom, hm? What are you going to do with me now? Should I be afraid?”

The hybrid had learnt it by now… the only way to make Jungkook shut up, was to… not let him speak at all, so Yoongi moved forward and once again sealed their lips together. It was a messy, sloppy kiss, which once again involved teasing and biting and Yoongi moaned when Jungkook grinded against him.

Yoongi was still sensitive after his orgasm and the fact that there was pretty much nothing between their bodies now, was giving the hybrid lots of joy, maybe more than he would like to admit out loud.

The black-haired male broke the kiss and the whine, which Jungkook let out in response, surely boosted the hybrid’s ego, he wanted to continue kissing the younger, he could do that all night honestly, but there were other things, which he wanted to do even more right now.

Yoongi nipped at Jungkook’s throat, his neck, his shoulders, he sucked onto the skin and bit down here and there just to tease the lawyer, but also because he wanted to leave marks on the human’s body.

Yoongi moved downwards, he trailed kisses along Jungkook’s chest, his stomach and he froze when he reached the younger’s scar. It was right above the waistband of the boy’s boxers, on the right, it was a mark, which was going to grace Jungkook’s body for an eternity and that was enough to piss off the hybrid, because the marks he made were going to disappear soon, he could always create new ones, but still…

So far, Jungkook had just kept quiet, watching the hybrid do as he pleases was entertaining enough and it definitely felt very good, but the lawyer noticed how the older was now angrily eyeing his scar. He thought that Yoongi would snap or say something, but instead, the hybrid tenderly
brushed his fingers over the scar and then pressed his lips against it.

The scar was close to a very throbbing area, which demanded instant attention, but there was nothing sexual about Yoongi’s action. Jungkook could feel the love, the care even the worry and anxiousness, which the hybrid was emitting.

The older suddenly looked up and Jungkook got caught staring, he didn’t really care though and judging by the look in the hybrid’s eyes - he was really about to snap now.

“I swear to God, Jeon Jungkook… if you dare to get hurt one more time, I’m going to kill you! So you better be careful!”

Jungkook laughed and his laughter amplified when Yoongi pinched his sides and gave him a ‘I’m not kidding!’ look.

“You still dare to laugh, you damn brat?!”

Yoongi couldn’t help getting angry, because whenever his eyes fell on the scar, he thought about the pain, which the younger had gone through and how scared Jimin must’ve felt back then, he was probably terrified that he could lose Jungkook and the lawyer was probably afraid as well.

Jungkook had never treated that accident as a joke, even though his injury wasn’t fatal, he could’ve died on that day, he knows that. That’s how fragile humans’ life was - one day you’re here, the next you’re gone, but it was all in the past now. Jungkook was never going to forget that day, he learnt important lessons back then - never be careless, be alert all the time, if you feel that something is wrong, if you think your life is in danger, seek help, there’s nothing shameful in that.

Jungkook grabbed the hybrid’s arms and pulled him up with ease, it was cute how Yoongi just let him do that without protesting.

“It happened once and it’s never going to happen again.” Jungkook said, as he caressed the older’s cheek and Yoongi leaned into the touch. “I made a promise… I promised Jimin-hyung it would never happen again and I promised myself that I would never make him cry like that again and I’m never going to make you cry for that sort of reason either, so stop worrying.”

“You better keep your promise, brat or you’re going to have to deal with a wild cat. I can hurt you, I guarantee you that!”

Jungkook chuckled, because of the threat, which sounded more like some sort of a tempting offer, but when Yoongi kissed him, there was no urgency in his actions, he kissed him softly and warmly, he was no longer anxious or worried, Jungkook was glad.
“Alright, but can you deal with that now? Because it’s really starting to hurt.”

Yoongi followed the human’s eyes and was met with the younger’s painfully-looking bulge.

Right, he had a plan when it came to that, but he was starting to get nervous now, he was starting to wonder if he would be able to do what he had in mind.

The hybrid decided to act first and think later, so he tugged at Jungkook’s boxers and the boy lifted up his hips, so Yoongi could get rid of his last piece of clothing.

The older just gaped, as the human’s erection sprang free.

*What the- fucking hell!*

That night during his heat, Yoongi had felt Jungkook’s cock right at his ass, but there were still clothes in the way and he had felt the younger’s erection a few other times, but now that he was seeing the real thing for the first time, he really, really doubted he could put his plan into action.

Jeon be damned Jungkook was a very… gifted brat… in every area, it appears.

Jungkook noted the hybrid’s wavering eyes and almost panicked expression, for a second he wondered what the problem was, but then it clicked.

When he had asked the hybrid to deal with the problem, which he was fully responsible for, of course, he thought that Yoongi would use his hands to get him off, but seeing the look on the older’s face, as if he was doing the calculations of his life, Jungkook realized that the black-haired male actually wanted to use his mouth.

“Hyung… you don’t have to. It’s okay. Don’t force yourself.”

Yoongi narrowed his eyes at the human and huffed in annoyance.

“Forcing myself? I am not. I want to do it. It’s just- I’ve never done this before, I have no clue what to do and it would be really ironic and lame if I suck at sucking, don’t you think? I was about to go with the flow and try to remember what Jimin did, but I have zero confidence in this! I want to make you feel good, but I’m not Jimin. I can’t do it like him, I’m going to do a terrible job, shit, I-”

The hybrid could go on for hours, but his rambling came to a halt when Jungkook opened his mouth to speak.

“You’re not Jimin-hyung and you’re never going to be.”
Yoongi wanted to look away when he heard that, but the lawyer didn’t give him the chance to do so, because he lifted his body from the bed and grabbed the older’s chin to keep him in place.

“And you don’t have to be. You’re Min Yoongi - impatient, honest, always saying what’s on your mind, doing cute stuff without realizing, you’re kind and loving, you care so much about me and Jimin-hyung that at times I feel like my heart is going to burst, because of too much happiness. You are unique, special, loveable in your own way. You are you and that’s why I love you, Yoongi-hyung.”

Yoongi just stared at the other with wide eyes, Jungkook had never uttered those three sacred words before, the hybrid could always feel it, but… hearing it really did make a difference. It made a tingling, warm and happy feeling spread through his entire body - from the tip of his cat ears, all the way down to his toes. Yoongi felt like his heart could combust in happiness.

“Damn it, brat… I really want to kiss and hug the shit out of you right now.”

Jungkook briefly connected their lips again, it was just for a few seconds, but it was enough to make the hybrid’s heart beat faster and faster.

“You’re going to have time to do that. You’re sleeping here tonight, so I’m not going to let go of you all night long.”

Yoongi smiled when he heard that, he really wasn’t that much into cuddling, really, but he was willing to make a sacrifice once in a while (or maybe every night, anyway).

The hybrid lowered himself once again and licked his lips, this really wasn’t going to work, no matter how much he looked, it just-

“You really don’t have to do it, I don’t mind if you just-”

“Be quiet! I’m trying to figure out what to do!”

Have you ever wanted to give up on something before you even started? Well, Yoongi was currently considering doing exactly that.

“It’s just… this thing won’t fit in my mouth.”

Jungkook tried his best not to laugh, because Yoongi looked damn serious and concerned over the matter.
“Judging by the way the food in your plate always disappears in a blink, I can say that you can shove quite a lot in your mouth.” Jungkook’s remark earned him another glare and he just shrugged his shoulders. “I’m just stating the facts and besides, you can open your mouth rather widely, I’ve seen that.”

“You know what, brat? If you compare your dick to gimbap or some other shit, I’m going to leave the room and I’ll just let you suffer with that boner of yours.”

“I can always just use my hand.” Jungkook was absolutely joking, because there was no way his hand could be enough, but the hybrid really looked ready to leave the room, so Jungkook grabbed his hand. “Sorry, I… didn’t mean that. I know you will do just fine, I don’t want you to feel burdened. We can try it out and if you decide you can’t go on, we’ll stop. Just do what feels right, I’m sure I’m going to enjoy it, just… don’t bite.”

Yoongi couldn’t fight off the grin, which spread across his face. It was real fun, to tease Jungkook at a moment like this, he was vulnerable and it was easy-peasy to get him to say whatever the hybrid wanted to hear.

“Well, since you asked so nicely…”

Yoongi settled between the human’s legs and took in a deep breath, he knew he was going to need it. He opened his mouth as widely as he could and slowly took in Jungkook’s cock inside his mouth. It was a strange, foreign feeling, but certainly not unpleasant.

The hybrid tried to remember all the things Jimin had done to him, while he sucked him off, it’s not like he wanted to copy the blonde’s actions, but… that was pretty much his only experience when it came to this, though he was the one on the receiving end the previous times.

Yoongi made his way down Jungkook’s length, so, so slowly, in a way, it was because he wanted to tease the younger, in a way he just really didn’t want to choke and embarrass himself.

The black-haired male bobbed his head up and down, he tried to create some sort of pace, but there was still a lot, which he couldn’t take into his mouth, so he decided to use both his hands and lips.

Yoongi started stroking the parts of Jungkook’s cock, which he couldn’t reach with his mouth and continued working his way up and down the human’s shaft. The younger started emitting sounds and the hybrid could swear he could a faint ‘hurry up’, so he looked up.

He almost stopped moving altogether, because the sight was hypnotizing - Jungkook was panting, his chest was moving up and down and his abs contracted with every breath he took, his mouth was open and his eyes were definitely saying that he was drowning in pleasure.

Yoongi had always wanted to see Jungkook like that - wrecked, heaving breath after breath,
begging for something, which the hybrid was gladly going to do for him. He was making Jungkook feel good, he really was and Yoongi felt proud of himself, so he decided it was about time the younger’s torture ended.

“Yoongi, Y-Yoongi, Yoongi…”

The countless chants of his name encouraged the hybrid to try out more things, so he swirled his tongue around the head of Jungkook’s cock and then once again took in as much as he could and began sucking, he felt that his jaw was going slack already and some his salvia rolled down the younger’s member.

Jungkook was on the verge of losing his mind, did the hybrid lie or what? There was no way he was doing this for the first time. He felt that he was close and he was surely enjoying the way Yoongi was deliberately sucking onto his cock, but the lawyer couldn’t wait anymore, so he grabbed the older’s hair and started fucking his mouth.

Jungkook’s initial plan was simply to guide the older, but being engulfed by Yoongi’s hot cavern and having to cope with the way he moved his hands and lips and the sinful things he was doing with his tongue, was not something the younger was capable of. Jungkook felt bad when he saw tears at the corners of the hybrid’s eyes, he knew he was going overboard, he knew that and no matter how hard it was, he was about to stop, however Yoongi patted his thigh and did not try to move, it was his way of saying that everything was okay.

The hybrid promised that he won’t bite, but the brat’s sudden action did startle him and it was a bit too much, but as long as it was making the human feel good, he could handle it, still… he could always surprise the younger as well and he definitely did when he lightly grazed Jungkook’s cock with his teeth, it was end game.

“S-sorry, I’m sorry, Hyung.”

Yoongi couldn’t understand why the younger was apologizing all of a sudden, but when Jungkook spilled into his mouth, it all made sense.

The hybrid coughed and pulled back. He tried to swallow whatever was in his mouth, but some of it dribbled down his chin and Yoongi made a face.

“I did say sorry.”

Jungkook threw in, as he sat up and cleaned the remains of his cum off from the hybrid’s face and then wiped his hand on a random piece of cloth, which he grabbed.

“This tastes terrible.” Yoongi said and he continued making a face, because he could still feel the taste in his mouth.
“What did you expect it to taste like? Milkshake?”

The hybrid was kind enough to… once again glare at the younger and pinch his sides.

“Jimin makes it look like it tastes great!”

“Because he’s used to the taste.”

The black-haired male blinked a few times, as he processed the words.

_Ah, I see._

“Well, I guess I’ll just have to get used to the taste.”

“You want to try doing it again?”

Yoongi shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly, as if it wasn’t a big deal.

“I did make you come, didn’t I?”

“You did, you did. Well done, my sweet, dear, kitten.”

The hybrid was pulled in for a kiss and Yoongi couldn’t decide if this was gross or not, because his tail was swishing left and right in joy, so he made the choice to just enjoy this. He yelped into the kiss when Jungkook wrapped his arms around his waist and fell back onto the bed with the hybrid on top of him.

“Maybe you should try doing that to Jimin-hyung one of these days, I’m sure it’s going to make him happy. Even after all these years, I’m still not very good at it and you’ve absolutely got talent.”

Yoongi’s cheeks tinted in pink, both because of the younger’s compliment and because of the possibility of sucking Jimin off, he was definitely going to try it soon. The hybrid turned even redder when he shifted around in the younger’s lap and Jungkook’s cock brushed against his ass.

_He’s still hard, what the hell? How much stamina does this brat have?_

“Since you like giving orders so much, you’re going to love this.”
“Love what?”

Jungkook looked to his left and Yoongi followed the human’s eyes, the lawyer was looking at the discarded bottle of lube.

“You like being in control, so I’ll give you a chance.”

“A chance?”

Yoongi was still not quite following where this was going and his confusion amplified when the younger grabbed the bottle and once again handed it over to him.

“Do as you wish.”

Jungkook stated, as he leaned back on the pillow, he placed his hands over the hybrid’s thighs and stared at him in expectation.

“Do… as I… wish? Like this? But- But I’m-”

“I told you that I’m giving you a chance. A chance to start off with your own pace, you really wouldn’t want me to lose control from the beginning. I’m doing this for your own good.”

*Lose control? What? Is he gonna fuck me into oblivion or something?*

Yoongi chewed on his bottom lip, as he poured a big amount of lube on his palm and reached behind himself. He lubed up Jungkook’s cock real well and he contemplated fingering himself again, but in the end he decided against it, because the stupid brat was smirking at him and Yoongi wanted to make Jungkook’s composure crumble completely.

*This is fucking embarrassing, I can’t believe I’m doing this- damn it.*

Yoongi raised his body and positioned himself over the younger’s cock, maybe Jungkook noticed how nervous he was, so the hybrid was glad when the human grabbed one of his hands and laced their fingers together.

The hybrid gradually started lowering himself and he squeezed Jungkook’s hand, as not so quiet curses fell from his lips. The black-haired male let out a sigh of relief and contentment when he fully sank down, finally becoming one with Jungkook.

Jungkook wished eyes could take pictures, he was sure the memory of this was going to be engraved into his mind forever, but still… seeing the older on top of him, covered in *his* marks, flushed all over, face covered in bliss, lips so red and swollen, he wished he could take a picture, he
really did.

Yoongi held Jungkook’s hand tightly and placed his other hand on the human’s chest. He placed it right above the boy’s heart, it was by accident, it wasn’t intentional, but when he felt how crazily fast Jungkook’s heart was beating, the hybrid’s face split into a grin.

The black-haired male just stayed unmoving for some time, he wanted to appreciate the moment, it was an overwhelming feeling, to know that Jungkook was just as happy and excited as him and besides, Yoongi needed time to get accustomed to the younger’s size. When he deemed it alright, he moved a bit, he raised his body and sank down again, slowly, too slowly, he could feel each drag of Jungkook’s cock against his walls and it was both not enough and everything he needed.

“Yoongi-ah, stop tormenting me.”

Jungkook had been right, Yoongi really did love this, because the brat was left at his mercy and judging by the way the younger’s pupils were blown, strong desire evident in them, the hybrid knew that the human won’t lay still for much longer.

“Jungkook, you’re killing me, do you know that?”

Yoongi leaned forward and pecked the younger, who smiled against his lips.

“I’m not even doing anything.”

“You’re doing more than you can imagine.”

It was true that the younger was basically doing nothing, but he was filling up Yoongi so good that the hybrid wished they could stay like that for days, weeks, months. Connected, body against body, lips over lips.

“Ah, ah- Jungkook.”

Yoongi moaned when Jungkook thrust up to meet his moves, the hybrid could feel that the younger was buried even deeper inside of him now. The older rolled his hips teasingly and he smiled when the lawyer sucked in a breath.

“Okay, I think that was it.”

“W-what?”

Yoongi’s smile faltered and his heart threatened to jump out of his ribcage when Jungkook flipped
him over and his chest met the bed. The hybrid grabbed the sheets when the younger positioned himself behind him, Yoongi could feel Jungkook’s cock against his bottom, but the younger didn’t enter him and the black-haired male whined, he should’ve known better than to tease the brat of the year.

“Raise up your ass a little.”

Jungkook husked out and the hybrid bit on his bottom lip, he was really going to draw out blood from it if he continued like that.

Yoongi shivered when Jungkook hiked up his t-shirt, baring his back and the hybrid jolted when the human sucked on an exposed part of his shoulder.

“Did you not hear me?”

“Mgh.”

There was something about Jungkook’s voice and the way he spoke, that just made Yoongi whimper and warmness spread low in his belly, but he did what the younger had told him to.

Yoongi didn’t know if it was a reward of some sort, but Jungkook tugged one of his human ears with his teeth, while he patted the spot between the hybrid’s cat ears on his head and the older almost melted at the touch.

Yoongi’s whole body shuddered when Jungkook trailed down kisses along his spine and he flinched when the younger reached his ass and lifted it up even more. The hybrid wondered what the human would do next, his heart was going to burst.

“J-Jungkook, oh my, fuck-”

Yoongi arched his back when Jungkook sank his teeth in his left ass cheek, the bite was harsh, it was going to bruise for sure, but the hybrid didn’t give a damn, it felt so fucking good, especially when the human lapped his tongue over the mark he had just created, as if he wanted to ease down the older’s pain if he was feeling any, but honestly… the hybrid felt nothing but pleasure.

The hybrid’s whole body rocked forward when Jungkook pushed inside of him without a warning and Yoongi struggled with his breathing, he felt as if all the air had been knocked out of his lungs.

“F-fuck, brat, I-”

Yoongi’s voice gave out and nothing, but broken sounds left his lips, as Jungkook mercilessly
rocked his hips back and forth, he pulled out his whole length, before he pushed inside all at once, over and over again, without stopping for a second, the hybrid had no time to get accustomed to the pace, Jungkook just thrust deeply into the hybrid.

“Yoongi… Hyung… damn it.”

The hybrid mewled when Jungkook continued uttering his name along with some curses, the feeling was almost intoxicating… to know that the brat had completely lost his cool. Yoongi could only moan when Jungkook spread his ass and pounded even deeper into him, the angle was just right, the human hit the hybrid’s prostate with every thrust and Yoongi feared that he might black out, because of how fucking good it felt.

“T-there, it’s- fuck-”

The hybrid couldn’t finish his incoherent sentence, but Jungkook got what he was trying to say, so he repeated the motion and set an even quicker pace. All Yoongi could hear were his needy moans, Jungkook’s pants and the sinful slap of skin against skin, because the human’s hips met with Yoongi’s ass each time the lawyer slid all the way in. His and Jungkook’s scents had mingled together, they had become one, just like their bodies had and the room simply reeked of sex, the black-haired male was seriously starting to get dizzy.

Yoongi grabbed the pillow closest to him and buried his face in it, because he wanted to muffle his voice, he was practically screaming by this point and it was hella embarrassing.

“Ah, ah, ah.”

The hybrid cried out when the human grabbed his hair and yanked back his head, it wasn’t too forcefully, but it wasn’t gently either.

“What have I told you? I want to hear your voice.”

Yoongi shook his head and Jungkook loosened his grip around the strands of the older’s hair and instead kissed his neck.

“I- I can’t, ah, I’m- I’m making weird noises.”

“Weird?” Jungkook questioned, as he didn’t slow down even for a moment, his cock kept on disappearing in the hybrid’s tight hole and Yoongi’s wanton moans just urged him to continue. “Can you feel how hard I am? It’s all because of you. I want to mess you up so badly, Yoongi-ah.”

The hybrid could feel it, everything, he could sense every little angle change, each kiss, each
whisper of his name.

“What are s-saying? You already messed me up.”

“Hm, did I?”

Yoongi’s lips just parted and his eyes widened when Jungkook’s pace turned into an almost animalistic one, the hybrid could swear that the whole bed was shaking and he could only moan and whimper when the human started jerking him off and when Yoongi felt how Jungkook wrapped the fingers of his other hand around his soft tail and started stroking it as well, the hybrid felt like he was sent to another dimension.

Was it possible to feel so much pleasure? It was just pure ecstasy.

“No, no, Jungkook, s-stop that! I’m- it’s too- fuck, fuck, fuck!”

Jungkook didn’t listen at all, Yoongi felt overstimulated and seconds later his thighs quivered when he came hard all over the sheets, but even that didn’t make the human stop and as Yoongi’s intense orgasm hit him with full force, Jungkook just continued fucking him through it.

The hybrid felt that his body was all too pliant now, he couldn’t support his own body anymore and besides… the younger still wasn’t done, so the black-haired male voiced out a request.

“Jungkook-ah…”

“Hm?”

“I… I want to see your face when you come.”

Jungkook slowed down at last until he was basically not moving at all and slipped out of the older. He carefully turned Yoongi around and helped him lay down on the clean side of the bed.

“Well… you look fucked out, Hyung.”

“I am fuck out, you damn brat!”

Yoongi retorted and he wrapped his legs around the human’s waist, so he could pull him closer. The hybrid circled his arms around the younger’s neck and Jungkook leaned in for a kiss, he grinned against the older’s lips, because the older moaned when Jungkook once again entered him.
The lawyer was already out of rhythm, his moves were not as sharp and well-aimed as before, it was obvious that he was very close to his climax.

“I can’t feel my ass, you probably feel proud of your- ugh, yourself.”

Yoongi told himself that he would stop making all those noise now, but he couldn’t help it, not when he was sensitive as heck and Jungkook had the audacity to hit his prostate even though his moves were completely out of synch.

“Yeah, I do. I do…”

Jungkook hugged the hybrid and after a few languid thrusts, his hips faltered and he came inside of Yoongi.

The older closed his eyes, bathing in Jungkook’s warmness, in his affection and non-stop kisses, Yoongi felt loved, so, so loved.

When the lawyer pulled out of him though, Yoongi suddenly felt how something hot leaked out of his hole and trailed down his thighs. The hybrid’s eyes snapped open and the sheepish grin, which the brat was giving him, just made his blood boil.

“Jeon Jungkook, I’m going to kill you!!!”

“Fuck… this brat… doing as he pleases…”

Yoongi muttered under his breath, but his voice echoed in the bathroom. He leaned his forehead on the cold tiles and focused on the running shower. The water was far from warm, but that’s what Yoongi needed, to calm down a little, to momentary forget about what had happened in the bedroom, but… he couldn’t.

He couldn’t stop thinking about it, because he could still feel Jungkook’s hands on his body, the lingering touches, the sweet kisses, the things the younger whispered to him and besides… every time Yoongi moved even a bit, he felt as if Jungkook’s cock was still buried inside of him.

“Fuck, seriously.”

The hybrid hurried to the bathroom with the might to clean up himself, but he’s been just standing
under the shower for god knows how long already.

*Okay, I can do this… no dirty thoughts, no dirty thoughts.*

Yoongi told himself, as he finally dared to slip a finger past his entrance and he winced once the digit was fully inside.

*Damn it, I’m so sore. This brat wrecked my ass… I’m going to murder him, I’m really going to-*

“A-ah.”

Yoongi couldn’t help the moan, which escaped from his lips once his finger brushed against his sensitive insides. This really wasn’t the point of this, he just… wanted to clean up the remains of Jungkook’s cum, because he could definitely feel that there was still some left inside of him, but… but… this felt kind of nice, too nice actually, so he repeated the movement and sighed in contentment, as he pushed his finger in and out.

*I want to mess you up so badly, Yoongi-ah.*

Yoongi’s whole body tensed up when Jungkook’s words rang inside his head, over and over again.

Great, now he was hard. Yet another problem to take care of.

*N-nothing ever works out the way I want it, really, god…*

“As Jungkook… Jungkook, ah-”

Yoongi was about to reach out and do something about his now aching cock, but then he froze completely.

“Do you need some help, Hyung?”

The black-haired male’s heart skipped a few beats and he turned around, his eyes widened when he saw that Jungkook was standing near the door with his arms crossed over his chest. Yoongi did absolutely not stare at the younger’s biceps or his upper half, since Jungkook’s lower half was covered with a towel, which was dangerously low.

*If this thing falls down, I’m going to go nuts.*

The hybrid removed his fingers and straightened his back, he did look kinda funny though, with
that boner of his.

“I didn’t hear you come in…”

Yoongi said more to himself than Jungkook, but the lawyer heard him and replied.

“You were busy.”

The older was about to fire back a comment, but then he realized what he had been preoccupied up until a minute ago and suddenly the cold water started burning his skin.

“How long have you been standing there?”

*How much did you hear?? How much did you see??*

“How long enough to know that you are a naughty kitten.”

The hybrid’s mouth hung open for some time, he couldn’t say anything, his brain stopped functioning altogether, but then heat rushed to his face.

“W-what?! What the fuck did you just say?!”

“Naughty kitten.”

Jungkook repeated and Yoongi shuddered under the younger’s intense gaze, at first the human just stared at his face, but then his eyes travelled up and down the hybrid’s frame and Yoongi just- just- just-

“I’m not-!”

“You were fingering yourself while you were moaning my name. You’ve been naughty-naughty, Hyung.”

The older grabbed the closest thing to him, which was a shampoo bottle and aimed his hand at the lawyer.

“Fucking hell, Jungkook… get out!”

The hybrid yelled, but the human continued staring at him.
“Why?”

Yoongi really was going to strangle the brat one of these days, there was no way he could answer truthfully to that.

“I need to… shower.”

“So do I.”

The hybrid opened his mouth, but soon closed it again. He knew that he had spent quite a long time here already and Jungkook had the right to take a shower now, Yoongi knew that, but still…

“I need to…” Yoongi chewed his bottom lip and looked down, if his face was red now, it should be blamed on the fact that he had spent so much time here, under the shower, no other reason. “I need to c-clean up.”

The hybrid looked at the younger, hoping that he wouldn’t have to say more, he hoped that the human would get what he was trying to say.

“Since I’m already here, should I just help you?” Jungkook offered and he noticed how the older’s eyes wavered a little, but he wasn’t entirely convinced. “There’s probably still lots to clean up and it’s a mess I made, right? I didn’t even ask you for permission and I did what I wanted. So why should you be the one to clean up after me? It’s only fair if I do it, since I’m the one responsible in the first place.”

*Did I manage to convince him? Did he buy it?*

Jungkook tried to hide his smile when the older lowered his hand and put the bottle back in its place.

“You’re *damn* right about that, brat. Why should *I* be cleaning up your mess? Get right here.”

Yoongi impatiently motioned for the younger to get closer and this time Jungkook grinned, as he followed the hybrid’s command.

*Ah, Hyung… this is why you shouldn’t let a lawyer speak for too long. We have our way with words and we know how to get what we want.*

Jungkook frowned once he entered the shower stall, he grabbed the hybrid’s arm and his frown deepened.
“What?”

“Your skin is so cold… why is the water so cold?”

“I- uh, I have my reasons.”

Yoongi mumbled and just watched as the human adjusted the shower and warmer water started pouring down and as if that wasn’t enough, Jungkook started stroking the hybrid’s arm, he was trying to warm him up.

“I’m fine.”

The black-haired male reassured, as he pulled the younger closer and connected their lips. Yoongi closed his eyes, he enjoyed the human’s warmness and lily scent a bit too much, it was making him drowsy actually, he could fall asleep, just like that, in Jungkook’s arms.

“Still… it’s a good thing that I decided to come here, you’ve been in the bathroom for over twenty minutes. You really, really need a lesson or two when it comes to wasting water.”

Yoongi opened his eyes and for a second he got startled by the closeness of the human’s face, Jungkook’s breath was practically fanning his face, his hair was now wet because of the water and the look in his eyes had darkened drastically. The hybrid feared what he might see if he lowered his eyes.

“Y-you said you were joking about that.”

The hybrid vividly remembered the day when the human had made that joke, it was one of the many days on which Yoongi almost died, because of Jeon Jungkook, so of course he remembered.

“Was I really?”

Yoongi gulped down and mentally cursed for the nth time that night, this brat was toying with him, but Min Yoongi was not going to go down without a fight.

The black-haired male turned around, he presented his back and especially his ass and placed his hands on the wall.

“Well, you were going to help, right?”
Yoongi pushed back his bottom until he could feel that he was touching the younger’s towel and wriggled his butt a bit, but it was enough to earn a reaction from the human.

“Gosh… you really know how to rile me up.”

Something akin to a growl left Jungkook’s lips and the hybrid bit back a moan when two fingers were suddenly pushed inside of him. The lawyer twisted the digits around, making Yoongi squirm a little, but the fingers went in a way too easily, so Jungkook knew that he wasn’t causing the older any pain.

The human decided to pay attention to Yoongi’s cock as well, so he took it in his hand and started pumping it. This time the hybrid couldn’t help the moans, which started falling from his lips.

The older was already rather loose and seemed to be craving for more, so Jungkook deemed it right to add another finger. Yoongi gave an even louder response to that and his legs started trembling.

“J-Jungkook…”

“Yeah?”

It took Yoongi a while to utter his next words, because everywhere Jungkook touched - it’s like a scorching fire had been lit up and the hybrid wasn’t very good at dealing with so much pleasure at once, he even forgot what he was going to say in the first place, when the human started kissing his neck and then moved his lips to his shoulders, his back.

“I- it’s… not enough.”

Jungkook took notice of the hybrid’s human ears, how red they were and he was sure that the older’s face was just as flushed and in all honesty… he did come to the bathroom with the might to play a little, but he just wanted to make Yoongi feel good, so he made his mind to push aside all of his desires. It was their first night together, he didn’t want to act like some horny brat who couldn’t keep it in his pants. It was a very difficult choice to make, but… anything for his Yoongi-hyung.

“Hyung… you can’t… say things like that. I’m really trying my best to hold back.”

Jungkook almost sounded pitiful and Yoongi wanted to turn around and hug the other, but he couldn’t move at all, he just kept on panting, as he Jungkook’s hand worked up and down his shaft, as warm lips pressed against his cold skin, as fingers touched his sweet spot and made him see stars.

Yoongi could simply come like this, it was going to be very satisfactory, but he knew Jungkook all too well by now… the human was definitely going to take care of him and then he was going to
tuck him in bed and act as if everything was cool, but the hybrid just wanted to give as much as he was receiving. He wanted to make Jungkook feel good too.

The black-haired male already knew that he was going to be walking funnily tomorrow and Taehyung was going to laugh his ass off and ask for details… over lunch, just so Yoongi could choke on something, he was prepared for that, so a little more, just a little more was going to cause no harm, not at all.

“Jungkookie, please.”

What was pride anyway? Yoongi couldn’t care less about the fact that he was shamelessly begging like this.

The hybrid reached behind himself and got hold of the human’s towel, he struggled with it for a bit, because he couldn’t see what he was doing, but when the stupid towel dropped with a thud and Jungkook groaned, Yoongi smiled in triumph.

The lawyer slipped out his fingers from the hybrid’s hole, as he also let go of his cock and the older whined at the loss. But when Jungkook turned Yoongi around and kissed him with lots of vigor and passion, the black-haired male was once again a happy, moaning mess.

When Jungkook mumbled something along the lines of ‘Gotta go to the bedroom.’, the hybrid grabbed the boy’s hand and shook his head.

“You’re not going anywhere. I’m going to be okay, let’s just do it like this.”

“Hyung, no-”

Jungkook’s protests died down when the older once again kissed him, that really was the most efficient and fastest way to make the brat shut up.

“I’m pretty aware of what you and Jimin do in bed and pretty much how, so if Jiminie was alright after the first or second time, so will I be. I know that he’s used to… dealing with you since you two have done it a billion times already-” The younger said something like ‘Not that many times.’, but the hybrid paid him no heed. “What I’m saying is - don’t underestimate me, Jeon Jungkook.”

“I just hope you won’t regret this.”

“Why would I- wah!”

Yoongi yelped in surprise when the younger suddenly lifted him up. The hybrid wrapped his legs
around Jungkook, out of instinct, in case he fell, though he was damn sure that there’s no way the lawyer could drop him. He was about to scold the boy, but then he saw the reflection of the younger’s back on the mirror behind him and the black-haired male’s eyes widened.

Marks, there were red, angry marks, all over Jungkook’s back and there was one, which was especially prominent and even looked painful, it looked like Yoongi had literally sank his nails in the human’s flesh.

“Shit, did I do that? Sorry… does it hurt?”

Jungkook blinked at the older and smiled when he saw how apologetic Yoongi looked.

“It hurts just a bit, but it’s okay, I don’t mind.” Jungkook replied, as he pecked the hybrid’s chin. “But I think you should be more worried about yourself and you should definitely hold on tight.”

Yoongi did not question the younger’s words at all and instantly sneaked his arms around the human’s neck. When Jungkook kissed him again, Yoongi knew it was simply to distract him, but the hybrid’s body reacted right away anyway.

Jungkook kept on kissing the hybrid, as he finally pushed inside. He was a total expert in this position, Jimin loved having sex in the shower, so over the years, the lawyer learnt a trick or two.

“B-brat… you really are a brat, do you know that?” Yoongi questioned when the boy separated their lips, a string of salvia was still connecting them and the hybrid wanted to lean forward and once again capture the boy’s lips, to bite to lick, but instead, he tangled his fingers in Jungkook’s hair and enjoyed the feeling of once again having the human’s cock inside of him.

“I know, Hyung.”

Jungkook responded, as he thrust up his hips and loved how Yoongi’s whole body quaked.

The hybrid closed his eyes, as he tightened his hold around the human, he got exactly what he was longing for.

Ah… I just hope this brat doesn’t actually think he managed to trick me or something… you’re right where I wanted you to be, Jungkook-ah. You should know it by now…

What Min Yoongi wants - he gets it.
Yoongi woke up to the sound of bright giggling and shutters of camera. He opened his eyes and was met with nothing, but Jungkook’s chest. He huffed and tried to move, but the younger’s iron grip prevented him from moving an inch.

More giggling followed and the hybrid groaned.

“Jimin… stop taking pictures and help me.”

“Oh, sure, Hyung.”

Jungkook’s arm was lifted up a little and Yoongi managed to wriggle around and face Jimin. The vet let go of the lawyer’s arm and it once again landed on the hybrid, but at least he could move now.

“How many pictures did you take?”

Jimin’s expression changed to a guilty one and he faked a cough, Yoongi narrowed his eyes at the human.

“Um, just a few… and… some videos… not many! Yeah…”

Does he honestly think I’m going to believe those lies?

Yoongi grabbed Jimin’s shirt and forcefully pulled him closer, the boy panicked a little.

“O-okay! I admit! I took about fifty photos and twenty videos, short ones! But I’m not going to delete them… please don’t get mad, Hyung.”

“Forget about the damn photos, I am _hella_ mad. Did you cuddle with Taehyung all night long?”

“Hm? Yeah.” Jimin answered truthfully and now the hybrid appeared to be even angrier.

“You reek of him. I don’t like this. You can smell only like me and Jungkook.”

Yoongi said, as he raised his body as much as he could and nuzzled his face into Jimin’s neck. He desperately tried to leave some of his scent on the human, while the vet just giggled. The hybrid continued doing that for good five minutes until he was satisfied, but Jimin still did smell like Taehyung, a bit, but what made Yoongi scrunch up his nose was the fact that the vet smelled like someone else as well.
“Why the fuck do I smell Hoseok on you?”

“Oh, Hoseok-hyung joined us in bed in the morning.”

Yoongi’s left eye twitched in annoyance and if his tail wasn’t closely pressed to Jungkook, he was sure, it was going to attack Jimin, because what the hell?

“Excuse me? I thought this was a crappy soulmate bonding night, not a trio pajama party or something.”

“Crappy?? Aw, Hyung! I know you’re jealous, but there’s no need to-”

“Cut the crap and explain yourself, Park Jimin.”

The hybrid’s lower lip was jutted out, his hair was sticking out in all directions and he was looking at Jimin through sleepy eyes, in conclusion, Yoongi looked super cute at the moment and the vet wanted to kiss him and hug him and stay in bed with him and Jungkook all day, but the older’s grip on his shirt told him that Yoongi might in fact strangle him if he didn’t provide a proper explanation.

“Okay, so… me and Tae had a wonderful time like always, but in the morning I heard some noises, so I woke up. I could hear that it was Hoseok-hyung and he was talking to someone… later on I realized it was Tanie and then a few minutes later, Hyung jumped in the bed and I think it took him a bit too long to realize that Tae was not alone, but when he saw me, he paused his actions for a few seconds, before he threw himself over me and Tae and Tae was kind of surprised since he was still sleeping, so he screamed in response and then Tanie came running, because he thought he had to save Tae, so he crawled into the bed as well and started barking and-”

“Stop, fucking stop, my head hurts. How did Hoseok get in the apartment in the first place?”

“He already has a spare key, so he can come over to Tae’s apartment whenever he wants to. Cute, right?”

Yoongi sighed, there was nothing cute about that, his boss and his human were moving faster than a KTX if you ask the hybrid, but since nobody was asking…

“So if they decide to get married next week, I shouldn’t be surprised?”

“I guess… ah, but same-sex marriage is legal only in Taiwan, when it comes to Asian countries, but you know, they can still-”
“Jimin, I was kidding.” Yoongi ceased the boy’s blabbering in the middle and Jimin made an ‘O’ face. “But… when it comes to Taehyung and Hoseok, I guess you can expect anything, so…” Jimin nodded his head and beamed at the hybrid, it was too early for the sun to be shining so brightly. “So… I sensed some weird smell on you as well, I guess it’s that… Tanie?”

“Yep, yep. Yeontanie is seriously the sweetest and most adorable pup ever, Hyung! You’re going to love him when you meet him!”

The hybrid’s cat ears rose in alarm. A dog? Hah, no thanks.

“I’d rather not…”

“But I already invited Tae and Hoseok-hyung for a dinner… I told Tae to bring Tanie as well.”

“What? No, nope, just no. Cats and dogs don’t do well, Jimin! I’ve been chased on the streets by those demons! For no reason! I was just passing by!”

Jimin took hold of the hand, which was still clutching his shirt, he briefly kissed the hybrid’s cheek and that eased down the older.

“Everything is going to be alright, Hyung. You’ll become friends with Tan in no time.”

“I don’t think so. I’ve seen a picture of that mop thing. It looks evil, not friendly at all.”

Jimin didn’t mean to laugh, but the hybrid’s serious expression made him burst.

“Hyung, Hyung. If you say that in front of Taehyung, he might fire you!”

“Hmp, let him try. That human can’t live without me now, he literally can’t survive without me, so…”

Jimin continued laughing, because he knew it was true… Taehyung had already told him many times that he doesn’t know what he would do without Yoongi now. The hybrid helped him a lot, but only when it came to work, he kept Taehyung’s meals in check and made him take short breaks throughout the day and never accepted ‘No.’ as an answer.

“You’re so loveable that it’s really easy to fall for you, Hyung and Tanie really is nice, so I can guarantee you that you’ll befriend him right away.”
The hybrid tried not to get too happy over the compliment, but his smile grew nevertheless.

“If you say so… ah, you should rub yourself onto Jungkook for a while later, his scent will be able to cover up the scents of the intruders who got a way too close to you.”

“Later? How about now?” Jungkook’s deep, morning voice sounded behind the hybrid and Yoongi almost jumped up.

“What the hell?! You’re awake, brat?!” Yoongi asked, as he turned around in Jungkook’s hold just to see that the human was looking at him.

“Yeah, I’ve been awake for about an hour.”

“An hour? Then why the heck haven’t you let go of me yet??” Yoongi asked in disbelief, he thought the younger hadn’t budged at all, because he was still asleep.

“Don’t wanna.”

Jungkook replied in a childish manner and buried his face in the crook of Yoongi’s neck. The hybrid told himself not to fall of this, to kick the human and get up, but the second the boy’s hot breath landed on his skin, he forgot about everything else.

“I’m going to make breakfast, you two must be hungry.” Jimin commented, as he ruffled Jungkook’s hair and got up from the bed.

“Jimin-hyung.”

“Yeah?” Jimin stopped at the door, upon the call of his name and wished he could take out his phone and snap another picture, because his two boyfriends looked just perfect snuggling like that on the bed, but he feared that the hybrid might confiscate his phone, so better be safe than sorry.

“Just don’t forget to rub yourself on me later on.”

Yoongi cursed, because of Jungkook’s sentence and Jimin hummed, as he left the room smiling.

“Just don’t you dare to rub yourself on me, brat.” Yoongi warned and the human lifted up his head.

“Why? I think you’re going to love it. Just like last night when you-”

“Woow, woow. Shut up!” Yoongi placed one of his hands over the human’s mouth to prevent him
from speaking, but the shitty brat opened his mouth, snuck out his tongue and actually dared to playfully lick the hybrid’s palm.

“Yah! What do you think you’re doing?? Don’t just start licking me out of nowhere!” Yoongi shrieked and removed his hand from the human’s mouth.

“Hehe.”

“Don’t ‘hehe’ me, you brat! Let’s get up and help Jimin in the kitchen!”

“No. He left, because he knows.”

“He knows what? That you get damn bratty in the morning??”

“Hmm, that too.” Jungkook let his hands travel up and down the older’s back and the look in Yoongi’s eyes softened. “But that’s not what I meant. He left us alone, because he knows we’re in our honeymoon phase.”

Yoongi choked on his spit, what the fuck did that brat just say!?

“Honey- the hell?? Are you sleep-talking?? Stop grinning!”

Yoongi really wanted to get mad, but that big smile and sparkling eyes, which the younger was giving him, were making it pretty much impossible.

“The first time I slept with Jimin-hyung, I… got really attached, so I stuck to him all the time, for over a week. I just couldn’t imagine leaving him alone and I get the feeling that it’s going to last even longer with you.”

Yoongi’s tail was not swishing in happiness, definitely not, it was irritation, all because of this damn brat.

“So what now?? I’m going to live under surveillance 24/7??”

“25/8.”

Jungkook corrected and maybe Yoongi felt like crying in happiness- uh, no, despair, yes, that’s what he meant.
Yoongi happily skipped towards the table, because he saw that a glass of milk, tuna sandwiches and fruits were waiting for him. He took a sip of his milk the moment his bum met the chair and he grabbed a sandwich right after.

Jungkook waltzed into the kitchen after him and he sat down next to Jimin. The two humans talked for a bit and Yoongi pretended that he didn’t hear what Jungkook whispered in the blonde’s ear.

‘Yoongi-hyung purred all night. I wanted to just squish him in my arms.’

Keep eating, don’t pay attention. Yoongi mentally told himself, but something made an impression. What does he mean by he ‘wanted to’?? He didn’t let go of me the entire night, I could barely breath. Stupid brat… suffocating me with his love like that…

The hybrid placed his sandwich back on his plate when the two humans started kissing, right in front of him, shameless little brats, couldn’t they let him eat in peace??

Yoongi’s heard a lot, he has also imagined a lot, but seeing his two humans like this always made his heart flutter, always made him stare and forget about everything else.

“Hey.”

“Yes, Hyung?” Jimin tilted his head in question, after he broke the kiss with Jungkook.

“The next time you two fuck… can I join?”

Jimin almost fell off his chair, strangely that happened to him quite often, gravity just loved him. Jungkook tried to remain with a stoic face, but his eyes were practically screaming ‘Fucking finally!’.

“You want to- with us, Hyung… oh, okay. I- yes, I don’t mind, ah… yeah…”

Jimin stuttered with a blushing face and for a second the hybrid wondered why the human was acting like this, but then he replayed his own words in his head - shit.

“Fuck, I didn’t- I meant that I just wanted to watch.”

“Just watch? Why?”
Jungkook questioned with a pout and his big, starry eyes made butterflies spread through Yoongi’s tummy. Jungkook truly was kinda adorable when he whined.

“I just… I’ve heard you two have sex many times already and you two don’t really much to the imagination, but still… seeing it with my own eyes would be something else. So…”

“Tch.”

Jungkook clicked his tongue and Jimin noted how disappointed the lawyer looked, so he patted the younger’s knee under the table and the boy looked at him.

‘Small steps lead to big results.’

Jimin mouthed to the younger and Jungkook smiled.

Jeon Jungkook be damned.

Park Jimin be damned.

Honeymoon phase be damned.

It was more like ‘Torture Min Yoongi phase: extreme level.’

Just like Yoongi had been expecting, Taehyung laughed at his misery all day, he limped just a bit, but even with all the teasing, at least the designer was thoughtful enough to get Yoongi a soft, fluffy cushion on which the hybrid could sit, so he was thankful for that.

His two humans though… Yoongi was close to committing a murder every single day.

Jungkook really wasn’t joking and he was glued to the hybrid all the time. He picked him up from work every day and did not leave his side even for a second when they were in the apartment. Yoongi wasn’t even allowed to shower alone. The first time the lawyer decided to casually join he said ‘What? I thought we were going to shower together.,’ the hybrid’s heart really threatened to give out on that day.
But ever since then, Jungkook kept on barging in the shower and the weirdest part was that… Yoongi was not longer surprised or made a fuss. He just… accepted his fate.

The worst thing was that somewhere along the way, Jimin decided to play with Yoongi’s heart too, so he kept following the hybrid around the apartment as well, he even insisted on feeding the older and Yoongi really wanted to shove the spoon down Jimin’s throat at such moments, but after the vet kissed him, the hybrid always gave in.

Min Yoongi was a weak man. Uh, a weak cat… just weak when it came to his humans. Yeah, that sounded much better.

But even Yoongi had his limits.

Both Jimin and Jungkook knew that the hybrid now had a favorite show on TV - a cooking show, which he watched, so he could improve his skills in the kitchen.

So during those 90 minutes when the black-haired male was watching - he was off limits. And yet, Jungkook decided to sit next to him on the couch, right when his top show started airing. Fine, Yoongi could handle that, but five minutes later, the lawyer placed his hand on the older’s thigh and started sliding it upwards.

Yoongi just lost his shit.

“What the fuck?! Don’t touch me, Jungkook!”

That’s what the hybrid said and he thought that the human would apologize, but instead Jungkook knocked their foreheads together and said:

‘Do you know that I actually like it when you try to act all mad? Oh and it really turns me on when you curse.’

Yoongi kept his mouth shut for almost 20 minutes, but when Jungkook grabbed his hand and started toying with his fingers, the hybrid cursed again and the human just laughed.

Seriously, those two humans were trying to finish off Yoongi, with no mercy.

Just two days ago, Yoongi had a Park Jimin crisis.

The hybrid was just chilling in his bed, finally some time to himself, Taehyung had let him go home earlier that day, because they were making a great progress with the preparation for the show. Jungkook was very busy, because of his new case, so the black-haired male knew that he
had a few hours to be alone, but just then Jimin came home, saying that when Taehyung told him they were done with work for the day, the vet decided to finish earlier too, so he could spent more time with the hybrid.

So yeah, Yoongi was happy when Jimin came home early, when he changed his clothes in a hurry and rushed to the hybrid’s room. And when he lay next to the older, he wasn’t even doing much, he just hugged the black-haired male and placed his chin on the hybrid’s chest. But being in the same bed with Jimin, was doing things to Yoongi, so decided that he should kick out the younger of the room, with a grandiose and rather… dumb plan.

“Jimin… if I suck you off, are you going to leave me alone?”

Drastic times called for drastic measures, that’s why Yoongi asked that, but once again, nothing in his life went as planned.

‘Oh… you can- I mean, yes, Hyung. But… after that, I definitely won’t leave you alone.’

Because of the reply, Yoongi decided that… Park Jimin did not deserve a blowjob.

And here they were now - in the kitchen, about to have breakfast, but Yoongi doubted that would be possible, judging from the air in the room. But it was a given… after what happened last night.

“Hyung-”

“Don’t say anything.” Yoongi interrupted Jimin right away and the boy pressed his lips together. “We are waiting for Jungkook, when he comes here you can-”

Just as if on cue, the lawyer walked in the kitchen and Yoongi’s breath got stuck in his throat. Jungkook had a trail today and of course, he was all dressed up. The hybrid licked his lips, as he eyed the lawyer from head to toe, because damn, he looked fine, but no, Yoongi was not supposed to be distracted by such minor things like Jeon Jungkook with styled hair and a suit, which was hugging his body in all the right places.

The hybrid tried to regain his focus and he just watched with narrowed eyes, as Jungkook leaned in and captured Jimin’s lips for a short kiss, then he took an apple from the bowl in the middle of the table and it looked like he was ready to leave, so Yoongi slammed his hands on the table.
“Wait a damn minute! Where do you think you’re going?! Where the hecking hell is my kiss?!”

Damn it, that’s not what the hybrid wanted to ask, they had other things to discuss, but the older had to know the reason.

“A kiss? You don’t deserve one, because you are a liar.”

The look in the boy’s eyes gave Yoongi chills, what nonsense was that brat spitting?

“What do you mean? When have I lied??”

“You said that the next time Jimin-hyung and I have sex, you want to join. So… why didn’t you come to our bedroom last night?”

Jungkook even looked offended and then Yoongi remembered what he was so moody about in the first place.

“Oooh, yeah! Last night! Let’s talk about last night!” Yoongi waved his hands around, he hoped he looked threatening, but Jungkook just raised an eyebrow, so the hybrid slumped back in his chair. “Look, brat… when I heard that you and Jimin were starting to do stuff, I actually got up with the might to go to your bedroom, but then, then you-“ The black-haired waved a finger in accusation at the lawyer, but the human stayed unfazed. “Then you started doing some weird shit to Jimin! I’ve never heard him scream that much! So I decided I didn’t want to witness something traumatizing, horrifying- no, that’s not a word, I mean horrifying! So I stayed in my room!”

Jimin sank in his chair, this was all his fault, he really couldn’t keep quiet anymore. The vet found it endearing whenever his boyfriends barked at each other, but this time things could get out of hand.

“I’m sorry, Hyung!” Jimin said all of a sudden and the hybrid faced him. “It’s my fault, Hyung. I… I did something I shouldn’t have, so… Jungkookie just punished me.”

Yoongi squinted his eyes at Jimin and then he moved his gaze towards Jungkook, seeking some sort of an explanation.

“In this household, doing something bad is not tolerated, so yeah, I punished Jimin-hyung. But he had no objections, right?”

Jungkook’s question was directed to the vet and Jimin confirmed the youngest’s statement with a quiet ‘Yes.’ Now that Yoongi thought about it… amidst all the sounds, which the blonde was making, he never heard him say ‘No.’ or ‘Stop.’
“Oh, so when someone does something bad, they get a punishment??” The hybrid wondered out loud, but there was something mocking in his tone. “The only person who does bad, bad things here is you, Jungkook.” *Bad for my heart, bad, bad.* “So the next time I pinch you or scratch you or pull your ears or kick your leg under the table or accidently bite you, don’t you dare to give me the ‘child abuse’ bullshit, I’ve let that slide way too many fucking times already.”

Considering the situation, Jimin knew that he shouldn’t laugh, but he couldn’t help it, Jungkook and Yoongi were a way too entertaining.

The hybrid moved back a little in his chair when the lawyer suddenly closed the distance between them and lowered himself, so they could be face to face.

“What did I tell you? Hearing you curse and seeing you all mad and pouty, affects me a lot. I have to go to work, Hyung. You can’t be doing this right now.”

“Sorry, Kook.”

Yoongi blurted out, because the last thing he wanted was to get in the way of Jungkook’s work, Jimin laughed again, because the lawyer’s stunned expression really was priceless.

“Aah, seriously!”

Jungkook groaned, because he really was about to leave without kissing the hybrid, that was his punishment for getting Jungkook’s hopes high just to crush them by not coming to his and Jimin’s bedroom, but he couldn’t leave just like that now, so he cupped the hybrid’s face and gave him a peck. And then… a few more, just in case.

“Okay, I really should get going now. I can’t let Jaerim-hyung wait for me, he’s going to be very nervous before the trail.”

“Jaerim… that’s your client, right?” Yoongi asked, as he fixed the younger’s tie and the boy straightened up. “The one who is suing his girlfriend?”

“Yeah. I’m proud of his decision to sue her, she caused him a way too much harm.”

“It’s my first time hearing of such case… she used to beat him, right? For years… why didn’t he report her sooner?” Yoongi had seen and heard a lot in his life, but something like that… never.

“It’s mostly the man who is the offender when it comes to abuse and sexual assaults, but of course, the other way around exists too. People are either afraid or too embarrassed to say what had happened to them and in Jaerim-hyung’s case… he loved his girlfriend a lot, so he forgave her over and over again with the hope that she would change, but that didn’t happen. The physical pain will
go away, but the emotional one will stay with him for a long time. I’m just glad he got the courage to stand up for himself and that he chose me to represent him. I’m going to make sure that girl doesn’t get away with just a fine. She might say she hasn’t done much, but who knows… things could’ve escalated one day, she could’ve hurt Jaerim-hyung badly. Anyone can be a victim, anyone can be a criminal, things like gender, race, religion, age, they don’t matter. I don’t want anyone to be discriminated or framed, simply because of standards. I want everyone to be equal, at least… I’m doing everything in my power to make that happen.”

Yoongi was left speechless. Jungkook was a brat, he really was, but he was also very mature and he had dealt with a lot in his life so far. People had tried to break him for sure, but he was still so positive… he still gave his best, the hybrid was glad to have such human in his life.

“Well then, go show them how it’s done.”

The oldest in the room said, as he smiled and Jungkook saluted before he left the kitchen. Yoongi looked at Jimin, he was still staring at the place where the lawyer had been until seconds ago, the vet seemed proud of the younger boy, honestly… Yoongi could relate.

“So…” Yoongi cleared his throat and he gained Jimin’s attention. “What did you do to deserve Jungkook’s punishment. He did not state the reason.”

“Y-yeah, he didn’t… because it’s something you and I should talk about.”

The hybrid furrowed his brows in confusion, how was he related to this?

“Seriously, Jimin… what did you do? Besides keeping the whole apartment complex awake until the middle of the night that is.” The hybrid tried to joke, he was saying the truth though, but Jimin gave him a look, which perplexed Yoongi.

“I… I did something illegal, Hyung.”

Yoongi wanted to laugh in Jimin’s face, because there was no way Jimin, angelic and kind Jimin could ever do something illegal…

Right?

Right?

The silence and the vet’s guilt-filled eyes were just too much to bare.
“Park Jimin, what in the world did you do?”

Hoseok burst into the building and headed towards the front desk. The girl there was about to politely greet him, but he didn’t give her the chance to do so.

“Kim Namjoon! Where is his office?!”

“S-sir, do you have an appointment with Mr. Kim?”

“I don’t need an appointment! I know that he’s in the building and he’s not answering his phone! Just tell me where his office is!”

“Sir, I’m afraid that if you don’t have an app-”

“Tell me! I’m not leaving without speaking to him!”

“5th floor, t-the office, which is across of the elevator.”

Hoseok knew what manners were, so he did say a ‘Thank you.’ before he rushed towards the elevator. It was a huge building and the elevator was currently on the 21st floor, there was no way Hoseok could wait for it, so he ran up the stairs and when he reached the right floor, he dashed towards the said office.

This can’t be it, it must be a lie, a stupid rumor.

Hoseok told himself, as he dragged his feet towards his goal, he was out of breath, but he didn’t even knock on the door and just opened it with a loud bang.

There’s no way Namjoon did that.

There’s no way.

Namjoon was standing by the window, he looked so calm, too calm and that wasn’t a good sign.
Hoseok stopped right in front of his friend, he came all the way here after he heard the news, news which were totally and absolutely not true.

“So you’ve heard, huh? News surely travel fast.”

Hoseok felt as if someone had just poured a bucket of ice-cold water on him, there’s no way, no way.

“Tell me it’s not true! Tell me, Namjoon!”

Hoseok yelled, as he grabbed his friend’s collar. Namjoon had told him, he had told him that whatever he was doing, he was not going to regret it, but this… this is not what Hoseok expected and Namjoon’s schooled expression and empty eyes told him that he indeed… had no regrets.

“It’s true, Hoseok. What people are saying, it’s true.”

Hoseok’s hands started shaking, he’s never hit anyone in his life before, he knew violence was not the answer, but at this very moment, he wanted to punch Namjoon in the face, hard.

“You’re mad at me.” Namjoon stated the obvious in a monotone voice and his friend frantically nodded his head.

“You have no idea. I’m so, so pissed off, Namjoon!”

“If you’re so angry… then why are you crying, Hoseok-ah?”

Hoseok was so lost in his anger, in the rage, which was filing up his chest, that he didn’t notice at all, but now that Namjoon had mentioned it… Hoseok could feel how hot tears were streaming down his face.

“How could you, Namjoon?? How could you do something like that?!”
With this chapter, the story officially reached 200,000 words! It’s insane… omg, what have I done xDD

But I hope that the long wait for the Yoonkook smut was worth it? It took us only 200k words to get here haha

There’s not much until the end, but I like keeping you on the edge, what do you think Namjoon and Jimin did? :D

Since there are just a few chapters until this story ends, I decided to start another one!

A Yoonkook story with deaf assistant professor Yoongi and whipped university student Jungkook.

It’s called Soundless Symphony and it’s a bottom Yoongi & top Jungkook story. Here is a moodboard I made for the story. I have lots of plans for that piece, so check it out ^-^
“Park Jimin, what in the world did you do?”
“I… took some pictures.”

Jimin admitted and Yoongi gave him a dumbfounded look, because seriously… what the hell?

“Pictures…” The hybrid repeated and then rubbed his temples. “I’m getting a headache from this. For a second, I really thought that you had done something illegal, but what? Be thankful that there’s a table between us, I would’ve already smacked you otherwise.”

“Hyung, you don’t get it. It’s true that all I did was to take a few pictures, but… what’s in the photos… it’s classified and it’s illegal, I-”

“If this is not about an alien invasion or another World War, I’m not really interested.”

Yoongi interrupted the younger and shook his head in disbelief, he should just eat his breakfast. If Jimin and Jungkook wanted to fuck like some wild animals, they should’ve come up with a better excuse than this.

“Hyung, it’s about you.”

Jimin said and Yoongi grabbed a sandwich from the plate in the middle of the table, yep, he had totally lost interest and had no intention to listen to some lame lies.

“The information I took photos of… it’s about male hybrids with heats.”

The black-haired male had just widely opened his mouth with the might to shove some much needed food in his mouth, but his hand froze midway and he just stared at the vet with parted lips.

“Wha… what… what?”

This was not funny anymore, the hybrid was definitely going to choke if he dared to take even a single bite from the sandwich, so he placed it back where he took it from and he noticed that his hand was trembling. He hid it under the table and covered it with his other hand, hoping that the shaking would stop.

Yoongi grew up, while thinking that he was a freak, that he was abnormal, that there was something wrong with him. He wished he could be like the others, he wished to be normal, he had no idea why he was born like this…

And apart from all the questions he had about why exactly he had heats, there was something else, which was also troubling - when there were sometimes break between his heats. Something like this was happening now as well. His last heat was at the end of March, when Jungkook helped him
while Jimin was away, but now… it was already May, it’s been more than a month and nothing. As always, the hybrid was grateful for not having to deal with something as painful and maddening as a heat, but those unexpected breaks lead to new questions.

“I was out with a friend yesterday. We used to study together actually. He’s a vet as well, but after graduating, he decided to take a special course and afterwards he began working with hybrids. I had almost forgotten about it, but in the middle of our talk, he started talking about his job and he currently had a task, which was to deal with some documents and he… mentioned that it was about male hybrids who have heats and when he went to the restroom… I just couldn’t resist - the files were right there, on the table, in front of me, all I had to do was reach out, but of course, I couldn’t take anything, so I took a few quick shots. Some might even be blurry, because I was in a hurry…”

Jimin didn’t know how the older would react, he thought that Yoongi might get angry or sad, he even expected an outburst or the black-haired male’s runaway, but the hybrid just kept quiet, there was no reaction at all.

“Hyung?” Jimin called out, because he was really starting to get worried.

“I don’t know how to feel…” Yoongi mumbled and Jimin’s heart skipped a beat in anxiety. “I’m torn between wanting to kiss you senseless and smacking you for real.”

The older smiled slightly and the human calmed down a little.

“So… I guess you really did deserve that spanking last night.” The hybrid threw in and Jimin’s eyes widened.

“I- I didn’t get spanked!”

“Yeeeah, riiiight and I’m just a hybrid who just happens to have a super fine hearing and honestly, I really do think that the whole building heard you two last night.”

“Hyyyung, stop it.” Jimin whined, as he tried to hide his face behind his hands, he could feel that his cheeks had heated up. Fine, maybe he and Jungkook were a bit too loud last night and they probably went overboard, just a tiny bit.

“Stop acting cute, I can’t handle it.” Yoongi still couldn’t cope with the many different sides of his humans, he had several minor and major heart attacks every single day.

“And you’re just sitting there, Hyung, but you’re absolutely adorable without doing a thing.”

Now it was the hybrid’s turn to blush, because of the younger’s comment and for a few minutes they just stared at each other, both were embarrassed, but they didn’t want to look away.
“So, ughm…” Yoongi cleared his throat after a while, wanting to continue the conversation. “Jungkook actually got mad at you last night?”

“Yeah, you know how he is when it comes to principles. He told me it’s something I shouldn’t have done and I already knew that, but then he hugged and told me that I had done a good job.”

Jimin shrugged his shoulders, trying to sound nonchalant and the hybrid clicked his tongue in annoyance, because really… the two humans just needed an excuse to go super hard the previous night, seems like Jungkook wasn’t that angry after all, maybe he was just caught off guard by the vet’s actions.

“Do you want to see the photos, Hyung? I haven’t looked at them, I wanted you to be the first one to see them.”

Yoongi clenched his fists due to the question. Did he want to see the photos? Of course he did. Who knows what had Jimin managed to capture, maybe there was nothing of importance, but maybe… maybe the black-haired male was finally going to get the answers to the questions, which have been tormenting him his whole life.

“I want to… I really want to know why I’m like this, Jiminie, but… I- I don’t think I’m ready, it’s scary, knowing the truth, the real reasons.”

The younger got up from his chair and walked over to the hybrid’s side. Jimin grabbed the older’s hands and smiled at him.

“It’s okay, Hyung. Take your time, you can look at the photos when you’re ready. Just know what no matter what - Jungkookie and I love you. You know that, right?”

“I know.”

The hybrid smiled when a soft kiss was pressed onto his forehead. Yoongi felt loved, a lot and that’s what mattered to him the most.

His two humans and their immense love.
“What made you fall in love with Namjoon?”

Hoseok had always wanted to ask, he just never found the right moment, but now, as he was looking at his friend - struggling with the chain of his bike, breaking something for the nth time and the loving look, which Yerin was giving her boyfriend while she was looking at him, were Hoseok’s final push.

“Why do you ask?” Yerin gave the other a weird look, because the question came out of nowhere.

“Just curious.”

Hoseok replied and he hoped that Namjoon would be done soon. The three of them went out on a walk along Han river and Namjoon brought his bike as well, because he wanted to ride for a while. So Hoseok and Yerin sat on the grass to rest, but a few minutes later Namjoon almost fell down when his chain came off and he’s been trying to fix it for over ten minutes now.

“Just look at him.” Yerin giggled when a child, which was passing by, literally laughed in Namjoon’s face.

“Yeah, I’m looking at him. He’s a mess.” The statement earned Hoseok an icy glare.

“You’re a mess, Jung Hoseok!”

“I think you’re being a bit biased? Objectively speaking, even when it comes to handsomeness, I’m more-” Hoseok’s sentence got cut off in the middle, because Yerin grabbed his ears and started pulling them. “Y-yah, stop that! Does Namjoon know that he has such a violent girlfriend??”

“You’re the one who started it! How dare you talk like that about the love of my life??”

“Okay, sorry, sorry.”

Hoseok was afraid that Yerin would start pulling his hair as well, so he apologized and that eased down the girl, but she was still holding his ears.

“Oppa…”

Hoseok thought that the girl would still nag at him or something, but instead she beamed at him.
“I don’t think Namjoon-oppa would ever find a better friend than you, so please… stay by his side, support him, be his friend, don’t ever leave him, always believe in him and please, protect him when you have to. Can you do that?”

Hoseok could only nod dumbly, of course he was going to be Namjoon’s friend, forever and ever.

“Promise?”

“Yeah, I promise.”

Hoseok reassured and the girl let go of him, both of them were left smiling.

“Guuuyyss!! I fixed it!!!!”

Namjoon yelled and Yerin and Hoseok looked at him. The boy started walking towards them, but then all of a sudden, his front tire deflated, because of a piece of glass, which Namjoon had totally missed.

“Oh my god, I can’t- he just!!”

Hoseok burst into laughter and Namjoon sheepishly smiled, while he awkwardly rubbed his nape.

“To answer your question-” Yerin began, as she stood up and Hoseok looked at her. “I fell in love with him, because he’s Kim Namjoon.”

Love was hard to describe, falling in love was something, which often couldn’t be put into words, but seeing how Namjoon and Yerin were now smiling brightly, side by side, as if nothing and no one else existed…

Hoseok believed that’s love in its purest form and he hoped that Namjoon and Yerin would always be this happy, because they deserved it.

Present Day ~

“How could you, Namjoon?? How could you do something like that?!”

“I thought you would be happy.” Namjoon stated calmly and that just agitated Hoseok more.
“Happy?? Happy?! Are you fucking kidding me?! I wanted you to stop working for those people! I wanted you to leave this shithole and find a better place to work at! Somewhere when you can put your talent into use! That’s what I wanted, Namjoon! Not to hear from random people that you had decided to quit being a lawyer!”

“I was going to tell you in person, I didn’t want you to hear it from someone else, but rumors really do spread fast.”

“You may have resigned yesterday or today, I don’t care, but you can’t look me in the eye and tell me that you made that decision a few hours prior resigning. You made your mind weeks ago and you didn’t tell me! I made a promise! I-” Hoseok stopped himself in time, he didn’t want to bring up Yerin’s name, not now, not in a situation like this.

“It’s true… I didn’t make the decision recently. But I already told you, I’m not doing something I would regret later on.”

Hoseok’s mind travelled back to that day when he saw Namjoon talking to judge Lim at the court, the day, which he had confronted him, because he was certain that his friend was up to something.

“You should’ve told me, I could’ve helped you! I could’ve told my boss! He would’ve taken you in!”

“I don’t intend to work as a lawyer, Hoseok. I quit and that’s it, I lost my right to be a lawyer a long time ago and you know that.”

Hoseok couldn’t say back anything to that, because no matter how much he wanted to deny it, deep down he knew that’s true, after everything Namjoon had done in the last few years, all the criminals, which he had helped. Hoseok knew that Namjoon wasn’t doing it for money, he never cared about such things, Namjoon was hurting himself on purpose and Hoseok was aware of that and he wanted to help him, he really did, but he didn’t know how.

“I have to empty out the office by the end of the week.” Namjoon commented, as he traced his fingers over his desk. “And then I’m going to lay low for a while, study a bit more… judge Lim said he would take me under his wing, he’s a good person, someone whom I really respect.”

Hoseok felt like the dumbest person in the world, because he really couldn’t get what his friend was talking about. Study? Judge Lim? What?

“It seems like you can’t connect the dots, so let me be more specific.” Namjoon continued when he noted the other’s confusion. “I took up law, because I wanted to help people. But I can’t do that as a lawyer now, so I found another way… I want to become a prosecutor, Hoseok-ah.”
It’s been so damn long since Namjoon called him like that, in such a friendly manner, with warmth in his eyes, after all these years, it seemed like his friend finally found something to keep him going.

“Really? Really?? Oh, Namjoon!!!” Hoseok started jumping around happily and when he almost threw himself over his friend, Namjoon grabbed his shoulders.

“Okay, you’re happy now. I get it. No need for… hugs.”

Hoseok gave his taller friend the most pitiful eyes he could muster, he even jutted out his lower lip and if he had to, he could put his acting skills into use and tear up.

“Fine, just one hu-”

Namjoon couldn’t even finish his sentence, because Hoseok enveloped him in a bone-crushing hug.

“If you need any help, just ask me! I’ll do my best to help you! I’m so proud of you, Joonie! You’re going to do great! No - amazing!”

“Thanks. Now, let go of me.”

Hoseok really didn’t want to go, because he feared that Namjoon opened up momentary and he didn’t want to risk losing that, but a certain name made him let go.

“I met your friend once, that kid - Jungkook.”

“Jungkook? Where? Why? You didn’t say anything bad, right??”

“Relax, I didn’t. I thought he was just going to pass by me, but he stopped and told me ‘I don’t like you, at all. I don’t think you’re a good person, but Hoseok-sunbae does. He values you a lot and I honestly don’t understand why, but if you are someone whom Sunbae treasures, I can’t just not say this. I don’t know what happened to you and why you turned out like this, but whatever caused your actions, you have no excuse to be acting like this. I don’t know why you decided to become a lawyer, but let me tell you why I did: I didn’t do it, because I want to fight against prejudice, criminals, people who disobey the law and hurt others. No, that’s not the reason. I did it, because I want to fight for the people who have done nothing wrong, the innocent ones who got robbed of all happiness in their lives, the people who lost their lives or the will to live, because of a tragedy, which happened to them. That’s why I’m doing all of this. And you? Why are you doing these things? Ask yourself and find the answers.’”

“Jungkook told you that?” Hoseok questioned and his friend nodded his head. “No, I mean - he
told you *exactly* all those words and you remembered everything?"

“I’m smart.”

Namjoon responded without giving it a second thought and Hoseok couldn’t agree more.

“You’re right. You’re the smartest person I’ve ever met.”

“Do you want to… I don’t know… Grab something to eat or drink? Together… if you want to…” Namjoon suggested and Hoseok’s eyes started shining.

“Actually, I have a better idea! I think it’s about time you met my boyfriend!”

“Hey, rise from the dead.”

Yoongi said, as he poked Taehyung in the head. The human was currently resting, while practically facepalming in the desk. The designer was very, very tired these days, because his collection was finally going to be presented next weekend and he couldn’t sleep, he was damn nervous and the work seemed to be never ending.

“Just five more minutes, boss.” Taehyung begged and Yoongi sighed in defeat.

“Well, at least you know who’s in charge around here. If you ask me, you should just go home for today, but I know you won’t do that. At least try to look presentable, fix your hair, it looks like a bird’s nest. Hoseok is coming here.”

“No, noo! It’s okay, if he’s Hoho’s friend, I don’t mind.”
Yoongi was seriously so fucking tired of all those bizarre pet names, they were getting worse by each passing day.

The designer fixed his silky shirt a little and tried to keep his hair in place, but as the black-haired male had already said - it really did look like a bird’s nest.

“How do I look?” Taehyung asked, when a knock on the door was heard.

“Terrible.” Yoongi concluded after giving the human a once-over and Taehyung’s face dropped. “But Hoseok’s too damn in love with you to notice, so what do you care?”

“You’re right, Hyung!”

Taehyung cheered, as he happily skipped towards the door, he looked rather alive all of a sudden - Jung Hoseok’s effect.

The designer opened the door and the hybrid made a face when his boss threw himself in his boyfriend’s arms.

“Hey, sweety.”

Hoseok greeted, as he let one of his hands run up and down Taehyung’s spine - the younger practically turned into a soft marshmallow.

Yoongi briefly glanced at the other newcomer whom he had never seen before - the man was rather tall and he was carrying two plastic bags in one hand, definitely filled with lots of yummy food. The black-haired male’s tummy got happy at the thought of savoring food, but when he heard the sounds of lips smacking against lips, he whipped his head in the couple’s direction.

Hoseok and Taehyung were a way too open when it came to showering each other with love and affection even when there were other people around and they were currently sucking off each other’s faces.

“Will you cut it out already??” Yoongi scoffed when the two humans ignored him and even started feeling up each other. “I want to have lunch, you nasty humans. If you’re gonna fuck, do it somewhere else!”

Taehyung let go of Hoseok and gave the oldest in the room, something akin to an apologetic look and Yoongi narrowed his eyes at him, fully knowing what the look in the human’s eyes meant.

“If you did anything near my desk, I’m going to skin you alive, both of you.”
The hybrid threatened and the two humans shared a look and then they started laughing. Oh, they were so dead.

“Don’t worry, Hyung. We did it on my desk.”

Taehyung’s statement made Yoongi look at the human’s desk, fuck, he picked up and left tons of documents and designs there all the time, sometimes he even spent more time near Taehyung’s desk than his own.

“I’m going to let this slide only this once, because you’ve been very stressed lately.” Yoongi used his most stern voice, he felt like he was scolding a child, because Taehyung was giving him some sad puppy look. “Just this once.” The hybrid repeated firmly, just to make his point and then he returned his attention to the stranger. “Anyway, who the fuck are you?”

Namjoon had kept quiet until now, because Hoseok seemed to be rather preoccupied, sucking the life out of… his boyfriend? And then there was this pretty, tiny, cat-hybrid, who was now glaring at him, for such a small thing, the hybrid surely had a potty mouth.

“Oh, yes, yes! Sorry! Tae, this is my friend - Namjoon! Joonie - this is Taehyung - my boyfriend.”

“Oh! So you are Namjoon! I’ve heard so much about you! It’s very nice to finally meet you!”

Taehyung extended his hand and he shook hands with Namjoon who also said he was glad to finally meet Hoseok’s boyfriend.

Yoongi furrowed his brows. Namjoon? Why did that name sound so familiar? Hoseok’s friend… oh, oh.

“And this is Yoon-”

Hoseok was about to introduce the black-haired male to Namjoon, but the hybrid had other plans.

“Kim Namjoon! You’re that bastard who made Jungkook cry!”

Namjoon raised an eyebrow, because of the accusation. Jungkook? When did he make him cry?

“W-well, technically, he cried for other reasons, but you’re also to blame! You damn- mfph.”

Hoseok clamped the hybrid’s mouth and just smiled at Namjoon who seemed to be a bit perplexed.
“This is Yoongi-hyung, he’s Jungkook’s boyfriend.” Hoseok explained, while the hybrid trashed in his arms, he had a thing or two to say to that stupid, tall human.

“Really? He’s dating a hybrid? That’s cute.”

Namjoon’s comment made Hoseok chuckle. His friend looked kinda tough on the outside, but he was actually quite the softie and he loved everything connected to nature and animals. Hoseok still didn’t know why Namjoon liked crabs so much though, especially the small ones. They went on a trip during their second year at university and Namjoon disappeared for hours, when he returned he told everyone that he had just went to look for crabs by the shore, as if that was the most normal thing to do. Well, it was definitely charming in Hoseok’s opinion and besides, his friend always let the crabs go after observing them for a while, so Namjoon was doing nothing wrong.

Yoongi successfully managed to wriggle out of Hoseok’s hold and stepped closer to Namjoon, sadly he didn’t look very intimidating.

“I don’t like you, human. I don’t like you at all.” The black-haired male spat at the tallest, but the bastard dared to laugh in his face.

Namjoon didn’t mean to be rude, he simply laughed, because Jungkook had evidently showed his dislike towards him and now his boyfriend was saying the same things.

“Short people always seem to be having a problem with me.”

Yoongi’s mouth hung open, Jungkook shared that he had almost hit that dude and now the hybrid wanted to do the same.

“What the fuck did you just say?! Are you picking a fight with me?! I can kick your ass!!”

The black-haired male started swinging his arms around, he was going to punch that fucker, just watch.

“Okay, Hyung. Let’s have lunch, it’s going to calm you down.” Taehyung offered, as he grabbed one of the older’s hands and started dragging him towards the couch.

“Yes, Yoongs! Joonie and I got tons of good food, there’s meat and rice and side dishes and especially for you - Maeuntang!”

The hybrid was about to protest and say he was not done with that rude human, but his mouth watered at the mention of food and he obediently sat down. The others followed suit and they
started unpacking the food.

“So, he can be tamed with food?” Namjoon asked, as he pretty much whispered in Hoseok’s ear, but the hybrid once again glared at him.

“I fucking heard that, you shitty-”

Taehyung shoved a handful of kimchi rice in the hybrid’s mouth and… Yoongi shut up.

Yoongi felt really warm and happy at the moment, he truly was the happiest when he was with Jimin and Jungkook and sleeping between his two humans in their bedroom was one of his most favourite things in the world.

Today was the fateful day, on which Yoongi was supposed to meet that… devilish thing - Yeon… something. He was so not looking forward to it and Taehyung and Hoseok coming over… that already sounded like a disaster.

So he demanded an afternoon nap, of course with his two humans who couldn’t say no.

The hybrid slowly opened his eyes and got startled when he saw that Jimin was staring at him.

“Hey, Hyung. Did you sleep well?” Jimin asked while smiling and he stroked the older’s cheek.

“Y-yeah. How long has it been though? Did you sleep at all??”

Yoongi leaned into Jimin’s touch as much as he could, he couldn’t move much, because as always - Jeon strong brat Jungkook was hugging him too tightly.

“A bit over an hour, we still have some time. I wasn’t tired, so I just watched you and Jungkookie sleep. Both of you look tired.”

“A bit, I guess… yeah.”

The hybrid couldn’t look away from the younger, he looked so, so beautiful, so Yoongi leaned a bit
more and he pressed his lips against Jimin’s, the human happily welcomed his kiss and tried to pull him closer.

“Hyung…” Jimin began, as he broke the kiss after a few seconds and the older hummed in response. “How about we just buy a bigger bed, so you can sleep here with us all the time?”

Yoongi tried to remove one of Jungkook’s arms from his body and surprisingly, he managed to lift it up with Jimin’s help and he used the chance to crawl over the vet.

“Hmm… I like this bed though and I like my room, so maybe we can keep things like this for now.”

The hybrid responded and kissed the human once again. Yoongi softly nipped at Jimin’s plump, bottom lip and the younger let out a whine. Jimin circled his hands around the black-haired male’s waist and the hybrid ran his tongue over the boy’s lower lip.

Yoongi had planned an afternoon nap, nothing more than that, but how was he supposed to resist when Jimin was right there in front of him? Some kisses were going to cause no harm, probably.

Jimin separated his lips and the hybrid sneaked his tongue inside the boy’s hot cavern. Perhaps, deepening the kiss, while they were in this position was not the best thing to do, but Yoongi got swept by the overwhelming emotions.

“Hyung, did you know…”

Jimin started speaking, when the hybrid started trailing kisses down his neck, the vet believed that the man on top of him was still half-asleep, because Yoongi’s kisses were rather sloppy, but sweet and addicting as ever.

“Jungkookie really likes watching us make out.” The vet continued and the hybrid snorted in reply.

“What a brat. But at least… he’s got a good taste. ” Maybe the hybrid really was still in a rather hazy state, because he ended up spilling some information. “Well, I do like watching you and Jungkook too… when you do stuff, it’s-”

“A huge turn on.” Jimin finished off and flashed a bright smile. “It’s the same for me too, Hyung. When you and Jungkook are all over each other, it’s just wow.”

Yoongi buried his face in the crook of Jimin’s neck and the vet patted his hair, not missing how the tips of the hybrid’s human ears were now red.
“What is it, Hyung? Did you get embarrassed?”

“Fuck no. I just realized I’m living in a household filled with perverts.”

Jimin laughed, but both he and Yoongi got surprised when they heard Jungkook’s voice.

“Okay, great. Now that we’ve established those very important facts, can you two let go of each other? We have a dinner to prepare and I’m afraid that doesn’t include kitchen sex.”

Jimin and Yoongi looked at Jungkook and maybe his messy hair and sleepy-looking eyes were a bit too lovely and the lawyer’s two boyfriends thought that kitchen sex did not sound bad at all.

“You little brat, were you even asleep at some point??” The hybrid asked with a very meek tone, because Jimin was still petting him and Yoongi was melting under the tender touches.

“Yeah, I was. But I woke up around the same time as you. I did let you go and you two had enough fun, let’s get up now.”

“Ooooh, so you decided to let me go??”

“Do you think you would be straddling Jimin-hyung otherwise? When I refuse to let go, you just can’t shake me off no matter what.”

The hybrid realized that’s true, he had tried to escape from Jungkook’s iron grip before and it was mission impossible, so he should’ve figured out that the brat released him willingly.

“As you can see Jungkook - Jimin and I are busy. So you can get up and start with the stupid dinner preparations or… you can stay here.”

Jimin couldn’t clearly see the older’s face at the moment, because the hybrid was looking at Jungkook, but he was sure that there was determination and challenge in his eyes, Yoongi was trying to provoke Jungkook and in any other situation the vet would’ve loved to see where this would go, but they really needed to get up now.

“Hyung, maybe we can continue after din-”

Jimin bit down his bottom lip when Yoongi rolled his hips and pressed their crotches together.

“We’re busy.”
The hybrid’s words echoed in the bedroom and nobody moved or spoke for what felt like an eternity.

Jimin was on the verge of just cancelling the dinner, but Taehyung had been looking forward to it so much and it’s been a while since Hoseok visited them, so that option was out of question, but a few more minutes with Yoongi on top of him and Jimin could really forget everything about his best friend and his sunshine boyfriend.

The black-haired male was intrigued, he was curious, filled with excitement, he really wanted to know what would happen if he poked the bear and he could feel and see that Jungkook’s composure was crumbling, Min Yoongi had won the game.

The hybrid yelped when the lawyer suddenly grabbed his arm and yanked him off of Jimin. Yoongi ended up in his previous position, trapped between his two humans and for a fraction of a second he thought that the testing of Jungkook’s limits had come to an end and that the three of them would really get ready for the dinner, but the look in the youngest’s eyes told him otherwise, those eyes filled with strong desire made a shiver run down Yoongi’s spine.

“The kitten misbehaved and I think… it deserves a punishment.”

In the hybrid’s opinion, he hadn’t misbehaved at all… okay, maybe just a bit, but he decided to keep quiet for now, because he was anticipating Jungkook’s punishment.

The youngest carefully rolled Yoongi around and now the hybrid was facing Jimin, while Jungkook was closely pressed to his backside.

“Why did you suddenly become so quiet, Yoongi-ah?”

Oh, that brat, he had once again decided to drop the honorifics, well… it was surely arousing, Yoongi wasn’t going to lie. He was stubborn though, so continued giving the lawyer a silent treatment, but the will to do so almost disappeared when Jungkook started pulling down his pants.

It was warm in the room, that’s why they didn’t cover themselves with a blanket, but now the hybrid’s skin prickled, he shivered even though he was starting to feel warmer and warmer.

“I wonder… just how long you can keep quiet.”

There was challenge in Jungkook’s tone and fine, the game was on, Yoongi was not going to utter a single sound.

The hybrid looked at Jimin and saw that the blonde was harshly biting his lips, he was just watching and that excited Yoongi even more. The hybrid almost lost his composure when
Jungkook started trailing his fingers up and down his thighs until his hand reached the oldest’s ass and Jungkook just let his palm rest over the perky bum.

This definitely was a punishment, what the heck was with that slow torture?? The hybrid was honestly expecting more than that and he was on the verge of whining when he could no longer feel Jungkook’s hand on his ass.

The lawyer extended his arm and pressed his fingers against Jimin’s plush lips.

“You should do a good job, Jimin-ah. We don’t our kitten to get hurt, right?”

Yoongi couldn’t fully understand what Jungkook meant by that, but Jimin seemed to know and he separated his lips, so he could welcome the lawyer’s fingers in his mouth.

Now… Yoongi had already seen and personally felt what Jimin could do with his mouth, but the hybrid still gaped, as he watched how the vet deliberately sucked Jungkook’s fingers.

Yoongi just gulped down over and over again, because seriously… everything Park Jimin did in the bedroom just sounded and looked utterly sinful.

The hybrid can’t even tell when he got hard, but he was and he was pretty much hypnotized by the way Jimin so earnestly took Jungkook’s fingers in his mouth. That’s why he didn’t realize that the lawyer had already gotten rid of his underwear.

“As you can see… Jimin-hyung is really good at using his mouth.” Jungkook whispered in the hybrid’s ear and Yoongi pressed his lips together to prevent himself from letting out a meowl. “But I’m just as good… with my fingers.”

At the thought of being fingered by Jungkook, the black-haired male’s heart started pounding loudly in his chest and when the lawyer pulled out his fingers from the blonde’s mouth - gosh, they were coated with Jimin’s saliva, so so much.

Yoongi just knew, he fucking knew there’s no way to win against that brat and when he felt Jungkook’s sleeked up fingers against his entrance, he knew he had lost the battle.

The lawyer teased the hybrid for a few seconds, but he also couldn’t wait any longer, so he probed the oldest’s entrance with one of his fingers and finally pushed it inside.

“A-ah, mmhp.”

It was just one damn finger and Jungkook hadn’t even moved it yet, but Yoongi felt like he could
come just from that.

_F-fuck, this brat is too much for my heart._

“Aw, you lost already? What a pity.”

Jungkook coed at the hybrid, whose cheeks and neck were now painted in red. The human leaned in and left a few kisses along Yoongi’s neck, as he slowly pushed his finger inside and out.

Jimin couldn’t just watch anymore, he wanted to touch as well, he wanted to feel Yoongi squirm under his touch, he wanted to make the hybrid feel good as well and that’s what he intended to do.

“Park Jimin, don’t you think you deserve a punishment as well? No touching.”

Jungkook’s words were just absurd, how was Jimin supposed to hold back and not touch and kiss and hold and-

“Jungkookie.”

Jimin knew how weak Jungkook was when it came to his whining and begging, especially in the bedroom, but the lawyer threw him a stern look, he seemed rather determined.

“No.”

Jungkook repeated, as he continued shifting the digit inside of the hybrid. He pushed it in even deeper, but just barely brushed against Yoongi’s sweet spot and the black-haired male started cursing again.

“F-fuck, Jungkook! You can’t just- just- _please._”

The lawyer decided to add a second finger and the hybrid sighed in content. It was always so satisfying to see and to hear Yoongi like this, it was pleasure like no other both for Jimin and for Jungkook.

“Look at you, Hyung… I have barely touched you and you’re already dripping.”

Now was not the time, the brat should’ve just said his name, because being called _‘Hyung’_ with such a warm and sweet tone, it was seriously making the hybrid’s heart beat like crazy. Yoongi refused to look at himself though, everything was already embarrassing as it is, and he didn’t have to look to know that pre-come was leaking from his cock.
“W-what do you mean- barely, ah, you’re killing me, Jungkook.”

Jimin glanced at the hybrid’s cock and saw that Jungkook was right, so he wanted to reach out and touch Yoongi, he wanted to touch and kiss Jungkook as well and not being able to do so was pure torment.

The black-haired male mostly avoided looking at Jimin, because he didn’t know what he himself would do if their eyes met, but he took notice of the vet’s bulge and he could definitely feel that Jungkook was hard as a rock.

The hybrid wanted to do something for his humans as well, but he couldn’t even breathe properly, let alone move or do something else.

Jungkook curled up his two fingers, but he once again did not touch the hybrid’s prostate, this was so damn maddening. Yoongi could do nothing beside moan on repeat, like a broken record, which played the same song numerous times, his voice was shaky, but he still chanted Jimin and Jungkook’s names.

Without a warning, the lawyer slipped in a third finger and started thrusting his fingers at a rapid pace.

Jimin was heavily panting, but he could no longer stand-by and watch, so he finally moved closer and wrapped his fingers around the hybrid’s shaft. The blonde started pumping Yoongi’s cock, his hand moved with ease, because of the pre-come, which was already oozing from the oldest’s cock.

Jungkook decided to let this slide, because honestly… he didn’t think Jimin would last that long, if it were him, he would’ve caved in a way earlier.

The two humans moved in synch - Jimin quickly slid up and down his hand and Jungkook twisted his fingers around, making the hybrid moan harder and harder.

“You two… just.”

Yoongi’s mind was going blank by this point, it was too much, he’s never been touched by the two humans at the same time in such an intimate and intense way. Jungkook left a few marks on the hybrid’s neck and Jimin slipped his other hand under the black-haired male’s baggy t-shirt.

“F-feels good, really, really good.”

The hybrid easily became undone under the touches of his two humans and he really couldn’t hold it in anymore. Not when Jungkook kept on abusing that spot, which made him see stars, honestly… why was that brat so damn good at everything he did? Yoongi never thought that someone’s
fingers could make him feel so much ecstasy.

Jimin captured the hybrid’s lips in a messy kiss and the tingling sensation in the pit of Yoongi’s stomach became unbearable. He came all over the blonde’s hand and the sheets and his body quaked and shook, because the two humans kept kissing him and touching him even after his flaming orgasm had hit him.

“Stupid brats…”

Yoongi mumbled under his breath and when Jungkook’s fingers were no longer inside of him, he cursed mentally, because fuck, that had felt heavenly good. The vet had also had go of him, so he could wipe his hand and even though they were still so close, in a way Yoongi missed the warmness of his two humans, they had given him a taste of something which left him craving for more. It took the hybrid a few minutes to calm down from his high and to normalize his breathing, but when he did, his eyes landed on Jimin’s crotch.

“Jimin… don’t tell me that you…”

The black-haired male didn’t know how exactly to phrase his words, but Jungkook’s interest was sparked and he raised his body a little, so he could look at Jimin as well.

“Wow.”

That’s all Jungkook said before he slumped back on the bed, it was not his first time seeing that, but for Yoongi it was something quite new.

“Yes, Hyung… I came… untouched, just like that. It’s embarrassing, so please stop staring.”

Jimin’s whole face flushed and Yoongi kissed the blonde’s cheek, the action made the human smile and just then, the hybrid got reminded of Jungkook’s rather big problem. He turned around and saw that the boy was still hard, his pants were literally going to burst.

“You two, go clean up and start with the dinner preparations. We had too much fun and we’re really running out of time.”

Jungkook’s request puzzled Yoongi, how could he and Jimin leave the lawyer in that state?

“Are you sure, Jungkookie?”

Jimin asked from the other side and Yoongi wanted to say ‘No, he’s not sure at all! We’re not leaving!’ and he would’ve said so, but he saw the clock on the nightstand - it was already past 5
pm. Taehyung and Hoseok were supposed to arrive at 7 pm, so they had less than two hours to take shower, get dressed, make dinner and… get rid of the evidence of their afternoon activities.

“It’s okay, I can take care of it. I’ll change the sheets when I’m done and I’ll take a quick shower, then I’ll join you in the kitchen.”

*H-he’s going to take care of it??*

Yoongi’s world suddenly started spinning. Now he wanted to stay and watch even more, but Jimin started pulling him out of the bed. The hybrid gathered his now dirty clothes and gave a very quick peck to the biggest brat in the world, Jimin chuckled and he kissed Jungkook as well. After that he grabbed Yoongi’s hand and led him towards the door, but both of them stopped in their tracks when Jungkook groaned.

The hybrid told himself that he shouldn’t look, but… he just couldn’t help it, so he craned his neck just a bit, but that was enough, because he caught a glimpse of Jungkook, whose hand had now disappeared in his pants. They locked eyes and the brattiest brat had the audacity to smirk at Yoongi.

The hybrid almost ran back towards the bed, but Jimin started pulling him again and the older just let himself be dragged away, because the dinner plans were really going to get ruined otherwise.

“Hyung.”

“Yes, Jiminnie?”

“I think Jungkookie teases us a way too much. We should get back at him one day.”

“Oh, yeah. We should definitely give him a taste of his own medicine soon.”

The sound of the doorbell was heard and Jimin excitedly skipped towards the front door, a very worried Yoongi trailing behind him.

Because *damn*, he can smell that four-legged devil, the thing is right outside.
“Jiminie…”

The hybrid trailed off and the younger made a pause, he turned around and took in the older’s frantic look.

“Hyung, I told you… Tanie is a sweetheart, you’re going to love him.”

The black-haired male still looked far from convinced, but instead of comforting him, Jimin grabbed the older’s hand and started dragging him towards the door.

“Jim- wait!”

Yoongi could swear that he just heard something bark outside and then some laughter followed.

“Open the door, Hyung.” Jimin said and the older male shook his head. “Do you trust me, Hyung?” Jimin’s question earned him an immediate nod and he smiled. “Then open the door.”

The hybrid took in a deep breath, he was actually not scared of the mop thing, he was afraid that he might dislike it too much and who knows… accidently kill it by stepping on it or something like that. What would happen then? All the humans around him would freak out, but maybe… maybe that angry-looking thing only looked angry? Oh, well…

Yoongi hesitantly opened the door and the first thing he saw were Taehyung and Hoseok’s radiant smiles. Of course, they were not empty-handed - they were carrying bottles of alcohol and some sweet stuff and wait- wait a damn minute, where was that damn dog?!

“Tanie, stop! It tickles!”

The hybrid quickly spun around and he saw that Jimin had knelt down and something was licking his face.

The black-haired male clenched his fists in anger, that thing not only looked evil, it actually was and it moved so frickin fast, how dare that dog lick Jimin’s face?? Jimin was Yoongi’s human!

God, I fucking hate that dog. I’m going to murder it.

Just then, Jungkook who had been in the kitchen so far, appeared and the dog made its way towards the lawyer.
Yoongi angrily marched in Jungkook’s direction, but before he could reach his side, Yeontan was already in the younger’s arms.

“Is Yoongs sick? Why is his face so red?” Hoseok asked after he took off his shoes and coat.

“I think we should put our plan into action.” Jimin commented, noting how the hybrid was silently fuming, while he was glaring at Jungkook and Yeontan.

“Plan? What plan?” Hoseok questioned and the two same-aged friends gave him a look. “The plan… oooh, yeeees! The plan!!”

“Jungkook-ah!” Hoseok yelled in enthusiasm, he robotically waved his hand and his boyfriend and his best friend could only sigh. “Let Jiminnie and Taetae finish up in the kitchen. I need to talk to you about one case.”

“A case? With me?” Jungkook asked perplexed, as he let Yeontan down.

“Yep, yep! Come with me!”

Hoseok sneaked his arm around Jungkook’s shoulders and the two disappeared off to somewhere. Taehyung was left carrying all the things he and his boyfriend had brought, so he gave half of them to Jimin and they headed towards the kitchen.

Yoongi was so lost in his anger that it took him a while to realize what was happening, but all of a sudden, the humans were nowhere to be seen and the hybrid was left all alone with the devil himself. At least the dog was not looking in his direction, so-

“Fuck.”

Yoongi silently cursed when the dog turned around and faced him. The black-haired male was about to walk past it and completely ignore it, but suddenly, Yeontan took a few steps towards him and the hybrid backed away.

“What the hell?! Are you going to attack me now?? Just stay there! Sit down and don’t move!”

Yoongi was ready to start screaming if the thing came closer to him, but surprisingly, the dog sat down and just stared at him. Yeontan’s tongue poked out and the hybrid made a face.

“What now? You’re going to start leaving your drool around the place?? This is not your house!
Go drool in Taehyung’s apartment, not here!”

At the mention of Taehyung’s name, Yeontan’s eyes started shining and his tail started swishing left and right.

“Hm… so you can actually understand me, huh?”

The hybrid wondered out loud and without realizing it, he closed the distance between him and the puppy and crouched down.

“Okay… you’re not that scary…” Not that I was ever scared, ughm. “But you smell weird… like a dog and you look weird as well. Why the heck do you have so much fur? And what’s with your eyebrows??”

Yeontan tilted his head to the side and for a fraction of a second, Yoongi thought that the pup kind of resembled Taehyung, but he quickly brushed off the thought.

“Has Taehyung trained your properly? You look like the rebellious type…” The hybrid thought that he was going crazy, because he could swear the dog nodded its small head. “Okay, uh… hand? No, I mean… paw.”

The black-haired male extended his hand towards the puppy and his eyes enlarged when Yeontan placed his paw on top of his hand.

“Holy shit. You’re not as dumb as I thought.”

Yeontan barked in joy and the hybrid immediately let go of the paw. He got up and started walking towards the living room. He had helped Jungkook quite a lot in the kitchen prior the guests’ visit and he was sure the two platonic soulmates could handle things from now on, the two lawyers were discussing something and Yoongi decided that it won’t hurt to take a short break.

He headed towards his beloved couch, but he just couldn’t ignore the sounds of soft steps behind his back, so he turned around.

“Stop following me! Don’t think we’re friends just because we shook paws- hands, damn it!”

Yoongi started walking again, but the puppy kept on walking behind him. The hybrid paid it no head, obviously the thing wasn’t that smart and wasn’t that well-trained.

The black-haired male sat on the couch and second later, Yeontan plopped down next to him, right next to him.
“You’re close. Move.”

Yeontan stayed unmoving, so Yoongi decided to move the dog by force, but the second he touched the puppy’s body, his hand literally disappeared into the fur.

“Fuck, why is this thing so… soft and fluffy?”

The hybrid moved his hand, petting Yeontan was not his intention, it just happened and now the pup was wagging its tail in happiness.

The puppy’s tongue was out again and Yoongi feared that some drool could land on him or worse - on the couch, so he was about to make the dog go away, but just then Yeontan climbed in his lap and made himself comfortable.

The hybrid froze… he really didn’t know what to do with that… cute ball of fluffiness.

“Dinner’s ready!”

Jimin yelled from the kitchen and the two lawyers emerged from the bedroom where they had been talking up until now.

“Honestly, Sunbae… I don’t know why you needed my advice on that, you could’ve just-”

“You’re not part of the master plan??” Hoseok interrupted surprised and the younger boy looked at him strangely. “Oh, wow… seems like you really don’t know. Jimin said that Yoongs doesn’t really want to meet Tanie, so we came up with the plan to set them up… you know, to be alone for a while, for some bonding, get it?”

Jungkook dumbly nodded his head, why did the other three think such plan could work out? Yoongi and Yeontan have been together for like what? Ten minutes? There’s no way something happened in the meantime and-

Jungkook’s train of thoughts came to a sudden halt when he and Hoseok entered the living room and he spotted Yoongi, on the couch, with Yeontan on his lap, the hybrid was petting the puppy and he was animatedly talking to him.
“That’s it, fluffball… you get it. You’re surely having a hard time, because of your humans as well.” Yoongi spoke quietly, while he ran his fingers through Yeontan’s fur.

“-ng. -hyung. Yoongi-hyung!”

The hybrid’s head snapped up upon the call of his name. Jungkook was standing in front of him and he reached out. The younger patted the hybrid’s head and then moved his hand towards the hybrid’s cat ears.

“Can’t you smell the food? Or you’d rather stay here and play with your new friend?”

Yoongi simply stared at Jungkook for a while, the boy was so close that the hybrid could only focus on the lily scent and he ignored everything else, including the yummy smelling food.

“The fluffball can come as well, right?”

Yoongi asked with pleading eyes, because he didn’t want to part with the puppy and Jungkook almost melted at the scene.

“Of course, Hyung. There’s food for Tanie as well. Come on.”

The black-haired man stood up and walked with the two lawyers, while he was still holding the puppy in his arms. When they entered the kitchen, Jimin and Taehyung saw that their plan had worked out just fine and smiled in triumph.

Yoongi let go of the pup and it started walking around the table, happy to be surrounded by so many humans, whom he liked.

The hybrid washed his hands and sat at his usual place. They had prepared too much food and everything smelled heavenly, Yoongi didn’t know where to start from. However, there was something, which he wasn’t very fond of. There was a bottle of red wine on the table, as well as a few cans of beer and four-five bottles of soju.

If the humans drank all of that, no… even half of that, things were not going to end well.

Yoongi’s suspicion turned into reality, because his boss already looked quite tipsy and they’ve been at the table for approximately 30 minutes.
“Hey, hey. Do you want to hear a juicy story??”

Taehyung hiccupped and his boyfriend patted his back, while Jimin and Jungkook just continued eating, the hybrid was too distracted, because he was playing with Yeontan under the table and he once again gave him some meat.

“Heeeeey, don’t ignore meeee! The story is about Yoongi-hyung!”

Jimin and Jungkook looked at Taehyung, suddenly interested and the designer wiggled his eyebrows.

“Guess what? A model flirted with Yoongi-hyung a few days ago!”

The hybrid choked even though he was not eating anything and he glared at his boss.

“Yah! Will you knock it off?? Stop saying weird shit! He wasn’t flirting with me! We were just talking!”

Yoongi remembered the meeting with the model with good feelings, but when they got back to the studio, Taehyung started spitting nonsense, so of course he was going to mention this over dinner.

Kim Taehyung and his big mouth.

“Aigo, Hyung. You’re sooo innocent. I know what I saw.”

“And what exactly did you see?”

Jungkook asked after he placed his chopsticks on the table and Taehyung’s drama queen mode was switched on.

“Oh, well… Hyung was out to grab lunch, but it was taking him too long to get back, so I decided to look for him, because I got worried. But I found him having a lovely chat in the hallway with one of the models who flew all the way from Japan for my show.”

So far, Jimin didn’t hear anything unusual. So Yoongi was talking with a model? Good for him, he was making new friends, acquaintances in the field where he was working.

“It was quite funny actually.” Taehyung continued after taking a sip from his wine. “Because of the huge height difference. Funny and cute. I was going to let them talk some more, but then I noticed
how the model was looking at our dear, unsuspecting Hyung.”

“Okay, that’s enough. Stop writing fiction with that small brain of yours. Your new collection ate up all of your creativity, so stop saying ridiculous things.”

Taehyung chuckled, because of the hybrid’s words. He knew that the older was trying to say mean things just to shut him up, but he was going to spill everything.

“I said it back then and I will say it now again, Hyung. That guy was totally eye-fucking you against the wall.”

Hoseok whistled and Yoongi’s face got red, Jimin’s eyes widened and Jungkook just wanted to break something… or more accurately someone’s neck.

“He was not, okay?? Shut up now.” The hybrid hid his face behind his hands, he couldn’t dare to look in the eyes of his humans.

“Hyung, you were just too lost in staring at him with stars in your eyes to notice anything else. I’m telling you, if I hadn’t called you and saved you back then, who knows what might’ve happened!”

Yoongi lowered his hands just so he could give a pointy look to his boss.

“Who says I needed saving?? We were just talking! I found him admirable and I just couldn’t help staring at him! I’ve never seen someone like him!”

“Hyyyyuuungg! What are you talking about???” This definitely did not sound harmless anymore, so Jimin just had to raise his voice.

“You wouldn’t be able to look away either, Jiminie. He was just so-”

The hybrid’s speech was cut in the middle when Jungkook slammed his hands on the table.

“Yoongi-hyung, should I remind you what happened this afternoon and why?”

The younger lawyer drummed his fingers on the table and Yoongi gulped down, those damn fingers.

“W-what? I just stared at him, because I had never seen a fox hybrid before!”

Jungkook halted his ministrations, Jimin looked quite surprised as well.
“A fox hybrid?”

The two humans said in union and Taehyung clasped his hands together.

“Yes, yes. He’s gorgeous! No offence, my precious sunshine.” Taehyung said, as he glanced at Hoseok and his boyfriend beamed at him. “He’s quite famous, because there are barely any hybrid models and if you ask me… he’s definitely the best out of them all. He’s really tall and has a handsome face, he’s quite charismatic as well. He comes to Korea quite often, so he even learnt the language.”

“And this owner is his manager! Can you believe that???”

Yoongi was almost jumping up and down in his seat and Jimin and Jungkook could finally understand why the older was so excited. That model was breaking stereotypes, who would’ve thought that a hybrid could become famous and have his own owner work for him? That was truly remarkable.

“His owner is quite a nice guy, a man in his 40s. He was an only child and he was very lonely, so his parents bought him a hybrid. I think he’s pretty content with being entitled as a manager and a friend rather than an owner though. The two of them grew up together as brothers.”

“Waah, so there are others like Hyunwoo and Myungsoo!”

Hoseok joined in after listening to Taehyung, but the others at the table gave him confused looks.

“Who the heck are Hyunwoo and Myungsoo??” Yoongi had never heard those names before, but Hoseok spoke as if they were supposed to know who those people are.

“Oh, I’ve kind of talked about them with Jungkook. Do you remember one of our conversations from about two months ago, Jungkook-ah?”

The younger was about to say that they’ve had lots of conversations and that his Sunbae should be more specific, but then Hoseok opened his mouth and it was like… Pandora’s box was opened.

“You know, those things I told you about hybrids and why people buy them. I’ve heard that from many people, but Hyunwoo and Myungsoo were not like that. Hyunwoo is a older friend from Gwangju. He was also an only child, but he wasn’t lonely. His parents were the ones who wanted to have a second child, but things just didn’t work out, so they bought Myungsoo, after asking Hyunwoo first of course.”
Jungkook’s mind slowly drifted back to that day in the cafeteria when he told his Sunbae about Yoongi and how Hoseok had said that people mainly bought hybrids for sex and how males were much more… responsive and stuff, but Jungkook doubted that’s true. Well, it was true for Yoongi, but he was special, so why did Hoseok say something like that?

“Ooh, so Yoongi-hyung is not the first hybrid you’ve interacted with??”

Jimin asked and Hoseok confirmed by nodding his head.

“Yeah, I’ve met Myungsoo a few times while I was still a student. He was… a bit too pretty for a boy honestly, delicate and not very talkative and he always got super aware of his surroundings and the people around him right before his heats. He even scratched me badly once when he fell down and I tried to help him. Later, Hyunwoo told me that it’s better not to touch him during such moments. Poor Myungsoo always seemed to be in so much pain before—“

“Don’t say it… don’t say it… don’t…”

Yoongi chanted under his breath, as he desperately tried to hold his chopsticks, but his hands started trembling too much and they slipped through his fingers.

*Hoseok has met another male hybrid with heats… like me… he… does he know what I turn into? Does he-?*

*I ended up with a slut like you. You spread your legs for me and you beg me to fuck you, you’re pathetic.*

The hybrid tightly shut his eyes, as he tried to erase those toxic words from his head, that poisonous memory. But Jungmin’s hateful remark rang in his head over and over again, even after all these years… it still hurt.

“Oh, sorry, Yoongs! Is the topic too uncomfortable for you? I… don’t know much about hybrid heats honestly, just what I’ve heard from Myungsoo. He always dealt with them on his own, so I guess it was pretty difficult for him. It’s saddening that all hybrids go through something like this. I’ll stop talking about it now. Okay, Yoongs? Yoongs?”

The hybrid couldn’t hear anything now, he was glad that Hoseok didn’t know the full truth, he was glad that the lawyer wasn’t aware of the fact that only female hybrids were supposed to have heats. He even thought about denying it, he wanted to say that he had never went through that, but what was the point? A heat could suddenly hit him while he was at work, with Taehyung and what was he supposed to say then?

He just didn’t want to disappoint Hoseok and Taehyung, he didn’t want to look different and abnormal in their eyes just because he wasn’t like the rest of the hybrids.
After all… Hoseok and Taehyung were his only human friends and they also meant a lot to Jungkook and Jimin.

The hybrid let fear take over him, he had told himself that he would no longer torture himself with such thoughts, because he knew that it wasn’t his fault, he never asked for that, but old habits died hard.

“Excuse me.”

That’s all Yoongi managed to say before he ran away from the kitchen. He found shelter in his room, he locked the door and climbed in his bed. He covered himself with two blankets, but he kept shivering, he wasn’t cold, he was just frightened, he really was.

He could hear voices, but he couldn’t decipher what the humans were saying, he didn’t want to focus anyway, he just wanted to stay alone, to drown in his misery just like he had done many times before.

But he should’ve known better… because that was years ago, but now… now Yoongi was no longer alone.

There was no point in locking the door, because his humans had a spare key, but even when he heard the unlocking of the door, the black-haired male didn’t raise his head.

Yoongi just couldn’t look up, but he felt tons better two warm bodies pressed against him and when gentle and caring hands sneaked around him.

“Hyung, please… look at us.”

It was Jimin… forever smiling, angelic Jimin who now sounded worried out of his mind.

Yoongi didn’t want his humans to see him like this. He was happy, he was truly happy with them, so why was he like this again? Why was it so hard to forget the pain and to move on?

“Stop blaming yourself, Hyung. You never did anything wrong. You went through a lot, but that only made you stronger and if at times you get reminded of the difficult times, don’t think that makes you weak. You don’t have to forget, what happened to you up until shaped you up as a person, it’s a part of you. But you have us now, so please… share your pain with us. Don’t try to deal with everything on your own.”

Yoongi didn’t intend to cry, not at all, but he couldn’t hold it in, not after Jungkook had said those
things, so he let it all out, he clung onto the two humans, the most important people in his life and he cried his heart out.

The hybrid was scared, he was scared of finding out the truth, he was scared of looking at those photos, which Jimin had taken, he wasn’t ready, but he wanted to know, he wanted to know why he was born this way.

He wanted to find peace with himself and he was willing to face the truth, no matter how harsh it was.

Because he wasn’t alone, he could deal with this, he could cope with everything, because he had Jungkook and Jimin by his side.

Chapter End Notes

I hope the Yoonminkook smut was a nice surprise and that it didn't suck xD

I'm sorry that it took me over a month to update! ;w; I was just enjoying the rest of the summer ~

The new school year at the English academy where I work, started last week and I also got accepted in the Masters course, which I wanted (thankfully, it's only a year :D) and I'll get a bit busier from now on, but I'll try not to take so much time with the next update ^^

I keep forgetting to mention this, but 5 months ago I completed a Taekook story with actor Taehyung & director Jungkook.

It's called 'The Truth Untold' and you can read it by clicking > here <
This is the fox-hybrid model, which Yoongi and Taehyung were talking about in the previous chapter.
He will make an appearance in this chapter.
Real life facts about him: Name - Ueda Daisuke, Japanese Model, 5 years older than Yoongi, Height: 186 cm

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
“Hyung, you’re hugging me too tightly, I can’t breathe.”

Jungkook was sitting on the bed, back leaning against a pillow and there was a rather upset and quite warm hybrid in his arms.

Yoongi looked up and propped his chin on the younger’s chest, he stuck out his tongue and
continued squeezing the younger’s body.

“Serves you right, brat.”

The hybrid smiled and once again snuggled close to Jungkook who just patted his back. Yoongi could easily fall asleep like this, the lawyer’s scent calmed him down a lot, but they were waiting for Jimin, the vet was currently sending off their guests.

“You know, Hyung… if you don’t stop purring, I don’t know what I might do.”

Usually, that remark would’ve made Yoongi flustered and he would’ve lashed out at the younger, but he felt too warm and happy to care about anything else.

“I know that you can’t really keep it in your pants, but I also know what you’re trying to do now.”

“Really? And what am I trying to do?” Jungkook stopped moving his hand when it almost reached the hybrid’s tail, he just let his hand rest on the older’s waist.

“You’re trying to distract me, because you don’t want to see me sad or crying. I’ve got you figured out already, brat.” Yoongi mumbled and rubbed his face on Jungkook’s chest, the hybrid was starting to get a bit too attached to the younger’s lily scent.

“Good job, detective Min. But actually… you’re cute when you cry and you let out adorable whimpers, so that-”

Jungkook’s speech was interrupted by a pair of pink lips, which pressed against his own. Yoongi really didn’t know how else to stop the brat from uttering nonsense.

Jungkook swiped his tongue over Yoongi’s bottom lip with the might to deepen the kiss, but the hybrid pulled back and untangled himself from the younger.

“B-brat, don’t play with my heart like that!”

The black-haired male crawled further away from the human and the lawyer dared to pout. Yoongi wasn’t good at dealing with that side of Jungkook either. The brat surely knew how to use his entire being against the hybrid.

“What have I done anyway? I was really just distracting you. And I guess I did a good job, since you didn’t even notice that Jimin-hyung has been standing by the door for over a minute.”

Yoongi swiftly turned around upon hearing that and saw that Jimin was indeed standing a few
meters away from the bed. The hybrid was literally drowning in Jungkook’s scent and his mind and hearing and all senses in general didn’t register anything else in the meantime.

“I didn’t know you’re such a scaredy-cat, Hyung. Jungkookie just wanted a kiss.”

The hybrid groaned, there was no point in saying anything when the two humans teamed up against him.

Jimin walked towards the bed, he set some velvet box on the nightstand and then took out his phone. The vet kissed Yoongi when he settled in the bed and the black-haired male positioned himself in between the two humans, he pulled up his legs and hugged them.

“Tanie was looking for you, Hyung.”

Jimin commented and the hybrid’s cat ears perked up in interest at the mention of his new friend’s name.

“I wanted to spend some more time with him too… I totally ruined the dinner.”

Yoongi knew how much all of his precious humans were looking forward to tonight and he felt bad, because the dinner ended a way too quickly thanks to him.

“It’s not your fault, don’t worry about it.” Jungkook said, as he wrapped one of his arms around the hybrid’s shoulders. “We can always meet up another time.”

“Yeah, Jungkookie is right, Hyung. Tae and Hoseok-hyung said that everything’s okay. I’m sure that if you ask Tae, he can bring Tanie to work, so you’ll definitely get to see him again soon.”

“But if the fluffball comes to the studio, I won’t be able to focus on the work…”

Yoongi muttered under his breath, he really was torn, because he wanted to play with Yeontan, but his workplace was a workplace, not a playground, then again… if Taehyung didn’t mind, it was okay.

The hybrid was having a real battle with himself, going over the pros and cons of having Yeontan over at the studio and Jungkook looked over to Jimin, the lawyer motioned towards Yoongi with his head and mouthed ‘He’s so cute.’, Jimin started giggling and that snatched the oldest’s attention.

Yoongi glanced at Jimin and saw the phone, which he was holding. The hybrid grabbed the vet’s free hand and leaned back.
“You can… look at the pictures now, Jimin-ah.”

The hybrid was finally calm and maybe postponing this was for the best, but Yoongi looked determined and ready to know the truth.

Jimin unlocked his phone and he started scanning the photos, which he had taken. He just swiped from picture to picture and the hybrid began losing hope. Maybe there was nothing of importance on those photos after all? Maybe he was never going to find out why he was born like this…

“Oh.”

The vet finally stopped switching the photos and began reading carefully. He started frowning and Yoongi gulped nervously. He didn’t dare to ask anything and just waited until Jimin finished reading.

The vet swiped to the next picture and continued reading, he was really focused, so that meant there was actually something on the pictures, but his expression just got worse and worse, it changed from sad to disappointed, from angry to almost disgusted and the wait was really starting to kill Yoongi, so he couldn’t keep his mouth shut any longer.

“What is it? What’s written on the documents, which you took pictures of?? There’s… information about why I’m like this, right?”

Jimin sighed, but nodded his head. He looked at the hybrid and really, Yoongi had never seen such an apologetic look on the blonde’s face.

“I’m sorry, Hyung. I’m so sorry.”

The statement left both Jungkook and Yoongi confused, why was Jimin suddenly apologizing, what for?

“As a human… I am terribly sorry for what our kind has done to yours.”

The hybrid squeezed Jimin’s hand, hearing the boy apologize on behalf of the terrible people who worked at the centers, was the last thing Yoongi wanted.

“Jimin-ah, don’t compare yourself to those humans. They- they know that they are doing horrific things, but they don’t care, they successfully cover up their doings without even blinking an eye and just because you are a human as well, that doesn’t make you the same as them.”
Jungkook tightened his hold around the hybrid, because he felt like Yoongi could start shaking again. The youngest looked over at Jimin and smiled at him, because he shared the same opinion as the black-haired male.

There were humans and humans, they were hybrids and hybrids. Just because someone belonged to a certain class or something that identified them as this or that, that didn’t mean they shared the same qualities and were all good or bad people, there were always exceptions.

“Hyung, I know that you somehow feel responsible, because you work with animals, but you are saving lives. You are not playing with those lives, you care about your patients, you don’t use them and you always make sure that they will be fine.”

Jungkook piped in, because he could see that Jimin was feeling uncomfortable and the blonde finally smiled a little.

“I know… I just- I can’t believe that there are people who would so easily toy with someone else’s life, change it completely, even maybe ruin it and all of that… for money.”

Money… of course, the power, which moved the world, Yoongi was actually not even surprised.

“These documents state that originally there were no male hybrids with heats, they didn’t exist. However… some rather rich people expressed interest and claimed that it would be f-fun-” Jimin’s voice cracked, it really was hard to speak about the things he had read, especially in front of Yoongi, someone who had eventually turned into a victim, because some people decided to play Gods. “There are not many details regarding that in the documents, but since people of importance fancied the idea of male hybrids with heats, lots of money were poured into that project or in other words - experiment. The center randomly selected newly-formed, healthy hybrid couples and when the female hybrid got pregnant and they made sure that the baby would be a boy, they injected the mother with the serum, which they had been working on. The first few tries were not successful, but in the end they managed to make things work and-”

“And hybrids like me started getting born.”

Yoongi finished off and silence fell upon them. The hybrid had always felt like a freak, he thought he was the only odd one in the bunch, but now that he knew that there really were others like him, he didn’t know how to feel. Somehow, it didn’t make him feel better, it was quite the contrary - he felt bad for all the hybrids who had grown up with the same pain as him, believing that they were not like the rest of their kind.

Jimin went back to reading, trying to find more answers to the oldest’s questions, while Yoongi just stared into the nothingness, as Jungkook kept quiet by his side.

Even though things had changed over the years, Yoongi felt like hybrids were still like lifeless pawns under the command of humans. They did have their rights, if they got abused, they could
seek help and after that - what? They were never going to be free, they were just going to be moved to another prison - a center. Something drastically had to change, but the centers were the core of everything.

Yoongi doubted that there were many like him, lucky hybrids who had really found a home, love and supportive humans. The hybrid really pitied his kind, they were born with a tough destiny. Perhaps, years from now, things could change, maybe hybrids could finally get the freedom they were looking for, but for now… the fortunate ones like Yoongi, were going to be a rather low number compared to all the hybrids who suffered, both because of their owners and because of the centers.

Jimin harshly tossed his phone on the bed, if it had landed on the floor, it would’ve been damaged badly.

“Fucking bastards.”

The vet cursed angrily and Yoongi was taken aback, because he had never heard nor seen the blonde like this, he looked like he was ready to rip someone’s head off.

“What is it? What did you read?” Jungkook couldn’t help asking, because seeing Jimin like this was a first for him too.

“That serum… it wasn’t harmless. The recipient always had a hard time, especially during and after giving birth.”

Jimin made a pause, he really didn’t want to utter the next words, because he didn’t know how the hybrid would accept the news, but Yoongi tugged his hand and stared at him, he wanted to hear everything, no matter how painful it was going to be.

“So… in most of the cases… the mother didn’t survive.”

Yoongi had been through a lot in his life, he had to overcome a lot of things, but he felt like his heart literally broke in half when he heard that. He had never met his mother, he knew it was something, which he shouldn’t even be dreaming about, meeting her or his father was impossible, but to know that she probably died after giving birth to him, the thought itself was dreadful.

The hybrid really tried to suppress his tears, but he couldn’t. It was quite strange to cry for someone whom he had never even met, someone whose name he had recently learnt, but that woman was still his mother.

At the center, they would’ve probably told Yoongi that he was from the lucky ones, the chosen ones who were different from the rest, unique and highly desired and some hybrids had most-likely bought those lies. Yoongi never asked for this, he never asked to be special, he just wanted to lead
a normal life, but sadly those grand decisions about who he’s supposed to be, were made even prior his birth.

It sucked, but what was done was done, it was all in the past. Now, Yoongi accepted himself as he was, but it felt horrific to know that his mother, who also was not given a choice, probably lost her life, just like that...

Jimin wiped the hybrid’s tears and Jungkook patted the oldest’s back in comfort. The two humans wanted to say that Yoongi was strong, so his mother was definitely the same, they wanted to tell the hybrid that his mother had survived and the black-haired male was probably going to believe their obvious white lie, but enough was enough. Life was no fairytale, it was filled with hardships and it was better to face the truth and deal with it instead of deluding yourself and living in a made-up world.

“The only good thing, which I read is that… that experiment was dropped.” Jimin said after a while and that eased down the hybrid a bit.

“Why though?” Jungkook wondered outloud, because he was well-aware of what people addicted to money were capable of. “I doubt it’s because they suddenly realized that they were doing something terribly wrong and wanted to stop. Was it because they wanted to cover everything up before the news spread everywhere? I’ve never known much about hybrids, but I don’t recall hearing about male hybrids with heats prior meeting Yoongi-hyung. That means they managed to keep their doings as a secret from the world and only selected ones with tons of money knew about it.”

“Maybe that’s one of the reasons too… but in those documents, it says that the experiment was a failure and the funds were shut down almost 30 years ago. So that means you’re one of the very last few male hybrids who has heats, Hyung.”

Jimin further explained and now it made sense why Yoongi was labeled as ‘extremely rare’, but the center definitely knew that lots of questions would follow if the world found about what they had done to unborn hybrids and their mothers, so they tried to get rid of the ‘last batches’ by selling them without explaining to their owners that they were actually buying a male hybrid with heats. The family of the hybrid, which Hoseok had spoken about, surely didn’t know what type of hybrid they were buying either.

“A failure? After doing this for God knows how many years… after sacrificing who knows how many lives… a failure?”

Those were the first words, which the hybrid uttered after a long time, he had heats, that damn experiment had obviously worked, so why did they think it was a failure??

“Hyung… it’s been over a month since your heat, right?” Jimin asked even though he already knew the answer, but Yoongi confirmed nevertheless. “In the documents it’s written that they kept the first few, um… subjects of the experiment at one of the centers, so they could study them. Their
heats started off normally, but as the hybrids got older, their conditions got more severe and they reacted even more when someone was close to them.

That did ring a bell for Yoongi. Although he still considered his first heat as the worst, simply because he had no clue what was happening to him or why and it hurt a lot, the pain couldn’t be compared to the later years or when he was in heat and Jungmin was in the room, but did nothing. It was beyond torturous. So maybe that’s why the pills, which Jungmin bought for him didn’t work out? Yoongi needed stronger ones, but he wasn’t aware of that, so he thought there was only one solution to the problem…

“The male hybrids with heats had their prime time, but as they entered their 20s, their heats turned into irregular ones, skipping a month or two, then more, until… they disappeared completely.”

Yoongi’s eyes widened when he heard that, he really thought that he would have to live with that burden for the rest of his life and at the very best, he would be able to get a rest from it when his heat decided to give him a break.

“D-do you think it’s possible? Do you think I might stop having heats??”

The hybrid directed his question at Jimin and his eyes were filled with hope. Just because Yoongi had accepted his fate, that didn’t mean that he enjoyed going through the nightmare also known as a heat.

“I’m not sure, Hyung… but you were not supposed to have heats to begin with, so maybe as time passes, they will naturally disappear or at least won’t be as frequent. I guess time will show.”

“You’re right, I can wait. If there’s a chance that they might disappear, that’s all which matters to me.”

“How do you feel now that you know the truth?” Jungkook asked, as he placed his chin on the hybrid’s shoulder. “Are you angry? Disappointed?”

“I honestly don’t know… it’s a lot to take in, the emotions are mixing up a lot, but most of all… I just feel sad.”

Sad… Yoongi had all the rights to be sad, but seeing the hybrid in that state, pained his two humans, so they decided to lighten up the atmosphere.

“You shouldn’t cry often though, Hyung. After all, Jungkookie is the crybaby in the household.”

Jimin’s remark made Yoongi purse his lips in thought.
“Really? I thought you’re the crybaby in the household.”

“No, no. It’s totally me.” Jungkook joined in, it was a close battle between him and Jimin, but Jungkook was too competitive, so he beat Jimin in that area. “I have a reputation to maintain, so you shouldn’t cry, okay?”

“How come you have so many titles, huuh??” The hybrid asked in irritation and shifted a little, but he was locked in Jungkook’s iron grip, so he couldn’t really move much. “You’re the crybaby of the household, you’re brat of the household, you’re the Mr. know-it-all of the household, you’re the best cook in the household, aah seriously! How can you be so many things at once??”

“Because I’m Jeon Jungkook.”

The lawyer replied right away and Jimin giggled when he saw the hybrid’s dumbfounded expression.

“Fair point.” Yoongi almost whispered and his eyes fell on the nightstand and the box, which Jimin had left there when he returned to the bedroom. “Jimin-ah, what’s that?”

The vet turned around and a gasp left his lips. “Oh, I almost forgot about this! It’s a present from Tae. It’s for you, Hyung.”

Jimin said, as he grabbed the box and handed it over to Jungkook.

“Wait, if it’s for me, why are you giving it to Jungkook?” The hybrid questioned puzzled, as Jungkook lifted his head from his shoulder and accepted the box.

“I don’t know. Tae said I should give it to Jungkookie.”

“Why? Because he was afraid I might throw whatever is inside out of the window when I open the box?” The hybrid tried to joke, but then his face fell when he recalled a conversation with his boss. “Shit, don’t open that damn-”

Yoongi’s warning came too late, because Jungkook opened the box and inside it, there was a fancy-looking, black, leather choker with a black cat charm on it and a tiny bell attached to it.

“Holy fuck, it’s a damn collar.” Yoongi almost fainted when he saw the contents of the box. “I am going to murder that human! Give me that, Jeon Jungkook! I might as well use it to strangle Taehyung!”

Yoongi tried to reach out and take the box with the devilish item, but Jimin held him back and
Jungkook lifted the box as high as he could.

“Hyung, I think it would look really good on you.” Jimin commented, as he hugged the hybrid from behind and the black-haired male’s cheeks tinted in pink.

“Yeah, it’s a killer. I’m going to save it for a special occasion.” Jungkook said, as he closed the box and placed it on his nightstand. He was going to have to hide it somewhere though.

“What? Fuck no! There’s no way I’m going to wear that thing! Like ever, ever! Yah, are you listening to me?? Don’t latch yourself onto me as well, you brat! Let me breath! Both of you, let go! Aaaah!!”

The hybrid continued protesting and whining loudly, while Jimin and Jungkook clung onto him, but he was actually truly grateful, because his two humans had made the sad and disturbing thoughts leave his mind for a while.

Thinking about his origins and how unfair the world usually was to his kind, was something which Yoongi couldn’t avoid, but he knew that he would always have his two humans who would try their best to make him feel better and forget about his worries.

“Kim Taehyung… when all of this is over, I’m going to dig your grave and I’m going to bury you in it.”

It wasn’t an empty threat, this time Yoongi actually meant it. It was the big day of the fashion show where Taehyung was going to reveal his collection and the hybrid was nice enough to wait until the show was over.

“Aw, Hyung, you’re even going to dig me a grave?? You’re so kind!”

Taehyung chirped, as he fixed Yoongi’s shirt and the hybrid wanted to slam his head against a wall. What was he expecting? This was Kim Taehyung, his weirdness was just out of this world.

“You look lovely, Hyung! Jimin and Jungkook are definitely going to love how you look.”

This damn outfit was bothering Yoongi a lot. Taehyung made clothes for him, especially for him and the hybrid didn’t have the heart not to wear them on the important day, but his outfit was too
embarrassing.

His dark-brown loafers were comfortable and so were his white pants, but since they were white, his black tail stood out a way too much and everybody backstage kept glancing at it. Yoongi’s biggest problem was that stupid, black shirt, he didn’t even know if he could call it a shirt, he practically felt naked, because it was a see-through apart from the black, embroidered flowers on it. The shirt didn’t leave much to the imagination and Taehyung seemed a way to proud of that.

The designer had also insisted that Yoongi should put on some make-up for the night and the make-up artists who were working on the models were more than happy to provide some assistance. It really wasn’t much - his lips were pinker, his cheeks were in a nice rosy shade, his eyes were outlined and his hair was slightly styled, Yoongi didn’t let the stylists do much with it, because they kept touching his cat ears and that got on his nerves, so he managed to get away.

Taehyung was strikingly beautiful as always and he was wearing a silky, flowery suit with a white shirt, he was wearing lots of jewelry as always - big rings and earrings with shiny diamonds, Yoongi didn’t even want to know how much those cost.

“Jimin and Jungkook will… like this?” Yoongi asked unsure, as he gestured to his clothes and Taehyung beamed at him.

“Of course, Hyung! You’re just too pretty! If you ever get tired of those two, just let me know! Hobear and I like you a lot, so we would love to take you in! We’ll take reeeeeally good care of you!”

The hybrid almost choked on his spit and made the mental note to dig Hoseok’s grave as well.

“For fuck’s sake! Keep me out of your dirty fantasies!”

Taehyung just wriggled his eyebrows and winked at Yoongi. The black-haired male kicked his boss in the leg and walked away.

Yoongi was nervous when he walked up on the stage before the show. Taehyung was about to give a speech and he of course, dragged the hybrid with him.

The black-haired male didn’t say anything, he just bowed his head when the designer introduced him as his assistant and a close friend.

Lights were shining in his eyes, both from projectors and from cameras and Yoongi was starting to
get a bit dizzy, but when he scanned the audience, he spotted a very fascinated Jimin and Jungkook who were staring at him.

The hybrid’s face got red, because of the attention and he looked away.

“Waa… Taehyung looks stunning. I’ve got to take pictures.”

Hoseok proclaimed and took out his phone. Jungkook looked at his friend and made a face.

“What do you need pictures for? He’s your boyfriend.”

“Yeah, sure. Why don’t you tell that to Jimin?”

Upon Hoseok’s words, Jungkook turned to his left where the blonde was standing, but he was nowhere to be seen. He looked around and saw that Jimin had walked up closer to the stage and was taking pictures of Yoongi, from pretty much every possible angle.

Jungkook shook his head in disbelief, this was absolutely unnecessary. But as Jimin kept taking pictures of the hybrid, at a certain point, Yoongi looked right at Jimin and shyly smiled at the camera. The vet started recording videos after that and Jungkook clicked his tongue.

Maybe he should’ve brought his professional camera with him.

After the opening speech, it was time for the fashion show itself. A lot of famous and important people from the industry were present, everybody was curious and wanted to see Kim Taehyung’s new work.

Taehyung’s avant-garde idea received a lot of support, but also a lot of negativism, because he was going against the norms in the industry. Taehyung wanted to show that anyone could be a model, despite their height, that’s why a huge number of the models and the clothes, which he had created, were not for exceptionally tall people.

It was a task to even find such models, but Taehyung and Yoongi managed to contact and recruit people whose names had never even been heard in the fashion industry, simply because… they were mostly from 160 cm to 175 cm at most.

The criteria for being a model was way beyond that and that’s why there were many skeptical eyes at the fashion show, but Taehyung’s marvelous designs and confident and smiling models were a winning combination, so at the end of the show, only loud applauds could be heard.
Yoongi was happy for his human friend, he had worked very hard and he deserved all the praises in
the world.

But when the show was over, it was time for the after party and there was food everywhere - God
bless.

Jimin was currently animatedly talking to Taehyung and a few other people, it’s not like Yoongi
didn’t want to interact with people, but there was food, he wasn’t even hungry, but there was food.

The hybrid ate a few cherry tomatoes and then grabbed a plate, he started munching on a very tasty
looking lamb skewer and held the plate under the skewer, in case some sauce fell from it.

Of course, there was never peace in Min Yoongi’s life, so Jeon Jungkook appeared out of nowhere,
wrapped his arm around his waist and kissed his cheek, the hybrid dropped his delicious skewer on
the plate and almost spit the meat out.

“Whut tu fuu-” Yoongi chewed the remains of the lamb meat in his mouth and squirmed in
Jungkook’s hold. “What the fuck?? What are you doing?? We’re in public!”

“I don’t care. I totally love your outfit, but people are staring at you too much.”

“So what if they are? That’s what eyes are for.”

“Yeah, but they are staring too much. Then again… I can’t really blame them. I doubt they’ve ever
seen such a gorgeous, little thing like you. But they should know that you’re taken and mind their
own business.”

“Little?? Excuse you, Mr. Muscle Pup. Not everyone can be like you.” The hybrid elbowed the
younger and Jungkook laughed.

“It was a compliment, Hyung.”

“So was mine.”

Yoongi retorted, but he glanced at the plate he was holding and offered some of his lamb skewer to
the younger. Jungkook thanked him, but declined the offer since he wasn’t hungry.

“Jeon Jungkook! Is that you??”
Both Jungkook and Yoongi turned around and saw a middle-aged man with some grey hair here and there.

“Judge Jang! What are you doing here?? I never thought I would see at a place like this!”

Jungkook let go of Yoongi and shook the judge’s hand, as he bowed deeply.

“Well, my wife dragged me here. But it’s such a nice surprise to stumble upon you here! Would you like to have a chat with me? Of course, if it’s okay.”

The man looked at Yoongi and smiled, the hybrid realized that the judge was asking him for permission to take Jungkook away.

“A-ah, yes. I don’t mind. Feel free to have a talk.” Yoongi bowed to the older man and the judge smiled again.

“Are you sure, Hyung? Do you want to come with us?”

“No, noo. I’m good! I’d rather stay near the food!”

Jungkook smiled and leaned in, he pecked the hybrid’s lips and then walked away with the judge.

Yoongi needed a few minutes to gather himself and after that, he placed more food on his plate. He glanced over at Jimin, the blonde was laughing at something Hoseok had just said and the hybrid smiled at the sight.

The black-haired male continued eating in peace for a while and when his tummy was full and could no longer accept food, he decided to call it a night, but not before grabbing some dessert too, which came in the form of grapes.

“Good evening, Yoongi.”

Yoongi’s mouth was stuffed with grapes, so when the tall man suddenly greeted him, the hybrid almost choked for the nth time that night when he tried to greet back the man.

“Oh, please finish eating up. I must say that you really look cute with full cheeks though.”

The man gave him a dazzling smile and Yoongi did choke this time, seriously, there was a world conspiracy against him!
“Are you okay?? Do you need some water??”

Yoongi shook his head at the offer and just finished eating his grapes, not too quickly, but not slowly either.

“G-good evening, Ueda-san.” Yoongi finally managed to greet the fox hybrid. “Did you enjoy the show?”

“Yes, it was wonderful! But please, don’t be so formal with me. You can just call me Daisuke.”

“That would be too disrespectful. You’re older than me and you’re a guest. Plus… we don’t know each other very well.”

“Would you like to get to know me better then? How about we get a drink together?”

Yoongi wondered why the taller man wanted to have a drink with him out of all people. Ueda had managed to create quite an uproar even though he was only a guest, he was still very popular, because he was a hybrid model and Yoongi was certain that were tons of people who wanted to speak with the model. Not like he didn’t want to, he was in fact also quite intrigued by the fox hybrid, but he just thought that the taller male’s interest towards him was a bit strange.

“Ah, sorry. I’m not really good at drinking, so I would have to refuse, but thank you for asking.”

Yoongi tried his best not to be rude, he didn’t want to offend the other hybrid. But he was already quite sleepy after eating so much and a drink was definitely going to knock him out.

All Yoongi currently wanted was to go home, cuddle with his humans and sleep.

When was this after-party ending anyway?

“I see. That’s a pity, maybe another time.”

The black-haired male smiled politely at the taller, he doubted that there would be another time, the model was probably going to fly back to Japan soon and who knows if they were ever going to meet again, which was actually a pity, because Yoongi really admired the fox-hybrid.

Yoongi thought that this would be the end of the conversation, but surprisingly, Ueda spoke again.

“A while ago, I saw that one man was bothering you, but you didn’t exactly push him away. Do you happen to know him?”
Yoongi just stared at the other for over a minute, he tried to re-call if someone had bothered him, but he couldn't think of anyone, the only person whom he had talked with around the table was Jungkook. Oh, shit - Jungkook.

“Ooh, I think you got it wrong! He wasn’t bothering me! He’s my boyfriend!”

That word still felt foreign, but Yoongi was quick to defend Jungkook when he caught on. However, his response made the fox-hybrid raise an eyebrow in question.

“Your… boyfriend? A human? Really?”

“Y-yes, I was just surprised by his actions, because there were a lot of people around and I’m not used to displays of affection in public.”

The fox hybrid didn’t really seem convinced, but Yoongi didn’t know what else to say, he actually wasn’t even sure why he had to explain himself to the other hybrid.

The scent of cherry blossoms invaded Yoongi’s nostrils and he smiled widely when Jimin grabbed his hand and intertwined their fingers together.

“I’m sorry for leaving you alone for so long, Hyung. Did you miss me??”

Yoongi smiled when Jimin started swaying their connected hands, but the black-haired male cleared his throat and put on a serious face.

“Miss you? Not at all. You were like five feet away from me and I could see that you were watching me all the time. You were actually rather annoying… even from afar.”

Yoongi’s lips threatened to curl up in a wicked smile, but he quickly regained his composure only for it to crumble seconds later when Jimin pouted.

“Hyyung, don’t be such a meanie! You should-”

Jimin’s sentence got cut off when Yoongi grabbed his shirt, pulled him closer and smacked their lips together. It was a brief kiss, but the hybrid was the one who initiated it, in a place filled with people and that was more than enough to leave Jimin in a dreamy and blissful state.

“Happy? Then shut up now.”

“Happy, happy! I’m very happy, Hyung!”
Jimin responded cheerfully and Yoongi grinned, he had almost forgotten where he was though, so when he averted his eyes away from the blonde, he saw that the other hybrid was looking at them with an unreadable expression.

“Oh, this is Park Jimin. M-my boyfriend.”

Yoongi introduced the vet and Jimin was on the verge of jumping up and down in happiness, but the fox hybrid now looked rather perplexed. Were his eyes deceiving him or was this human different from the previous one, which Yoongi had also labeled as his boyfriend?

“I don’t unders-”

“Oh, I’m Jimin. I’m really not an asshole and it’s our first meeting, but it’s hard to ignore your behavior, so… can you please stop hitting on my boyfriend?”

Ueda was dumbstruck, partly because of what Jimin had just said and partly, because the boy had just spoken in Japanese.

“You know Japanese?”

“I know enough.” Jimin replied curtly, while sternly looking at the much taller man. “You didn’t deny that you’re trying to make a move on Yoongi.”

Yoongi was lost, he couldn’t understand what the two were saying, but he could feel the tension in the air and Jimin had just said his name, were they talking about him?

“I’ll see you around, Yoongi.”

Once again, Yoongi highly doubted they would even have another talk, but anyway. The black-haired male noted that Jimin was now staring at the fox hybrid’s retreating back. Ueda’s tail was impressive, it was much shorter than Yoongi’s and it was in light brown colour, like his hair and fox ears, but it looked very fluffy and Park Jimin adored squishy and fluffy animals.

“See? I told you that it’s hard to look away from him. He’s got some aura around him… he surely made the right choice with his profession.”

Jimin couldn’t disagree with that, there was definitely something mesmerizing about the fox hybrid, so he blurted out a stupid question.

“Hyung, is someone like him your type?”
Yoongi gave a ‘Are you fucking serious??’ look to the blonde and ended up sighing, because Jimin was actually waiting to hear an answer.

“Of course, I have a type, but that hybrid is far, far from it. I have super high standards, you know?”

“Really, Hyung?? What’s your type like then??” They had never addressed that topic before, so Jimin so genuinely curious.

“My type is Jeon Jungkook and Park Jimin. Those two brats have set the bar too high.”

Jimin squealed and enveloped the black-haired male in a bone-crushing hug.

I really want to go home… maybe I should just ask Jimin and Jungkook if we can leave?

Yoongi yawned and dragged his legs back to the big hall where the after party was held.

The hybrid went to use the restroom and he almost fell asleep, while he was washing his hands. Parties were damn exhausting, why did humans enjoy them so much??

The black-haired male kept looking at the floor and he ended up bumping into someone, he should’ve seen that coming.

“I’m sor- oh, hello again, Ueda-san. I didn’t expect to… literally bump into you in the hallway.”

“It’s okay, don’t worry about it. I… actually followed you here.”

Yoongi sleepily blinked at the taller male, he followed him here? What? Yoongi must’ve heard that wrong. He was bewildered and couldn’t say anything.

“I apologize for doing that, but I wanted to speak with you, in private.”

Private he says? Yoongi looked around and noticed that there was indeed not a single soul around.

The black-haired male wanted to speak up, but the fox hybrid stepped closer to him and that made Yoongi take a few steps back until his back hit the wall.
Yoongi wanted the taller to say what he had to say, so he could return back to his humans, but instead, the fox hybrid just raked his eyes over Yoongi’s frame and Taehyung’s words from a few days ago echoed in the black-haired male’s head.

‘That guy was totally eye-fucking you against the wall.’

So maybe Taehyung wasn’t writing fiction with that birdy brain of his?

Yoongi quickly brushed off the absurd thought and finally found his voice.

“U-uh… Ueda-san, what did you want to talk about? And… you’re a bit too close.”

The fox hybrid got startled by Yoongi’s voice, it was like he was in a trance, which was finally broken.

“Oh, forgive me. I don’t know what got over me. It’s just—” Ueda didn’t finish his sentence and took a few steps back, Yoongi’s stiffened composure relaxed a little.

“I just wanted to speak with you away from those two humans… your boyfriends. Are they perhaps your owners?”

“Yes, they are. Why are you asking that?”

“I knew it.” The fox hybrid muttered and then gave the shorter a serious look. “Yoongi-shi, do you need any help? Please, answer truthfully. This is the reason why I wanted to speak to you alone, I didn’t want your answer to be influenced by your owners.”

Yoongi couldn’t really follow where this conversation was going, Ueda’s question made no sense to him and why would it matter if Jungkook and Jimin were around?

“Ueda-san, I don’t understand what you’re referring to. Help? I don’t need any help, why are you even asking me that?”

“Yoongi, are your owners abusing you?”

The cat hybrid’s mouth hung open for a good minute, because that was the most absurd question he had ever heard in his life. Abuse him? Who?? Jimin and Jungkook???

“What? No, of course not!” Yoongi said after keeping silent for a while, the question really struck him.
“So they’re not making you sleep with them?”

Yoongi had no idea where all those questions and accusations towards his humans were coming from, honestly, he was starting to get really offended and he decided to just leave.

“They are not forcing me to do anything, I mean it and I think it’s rude to be asking me such personal questions, we barely know each other. Now, excuse me. I would like to get back to-”

Yoongi was even going to bow his head in respect before he left, but the taller hybrid suddenly grasped his wrist, seems like the conversation wasn’t over yet.

“Please don’t lie to me. Tell me the truth and I will help you. Humans are good at deceiving. Maybe they are using you?”

Okay, was this hybrid trying to piss off Yoongi on purpose or what?

“Look, those two… they might be my owners and yes, they are humans, I’ve met some pretty terrible ones in my life, but Jimin and Jungkook are not like that. They are good people and their feelings are sincere, everything they do for me comes from the bottom of their hearts. I’m not even sure why I should be explaining myself to you, so let go of me now.”

Yoongi didn’t know what else to say, he had nothing to add anyway, he feared that if opened his mouth again, he would start cursing at the taller hybrid, he was barely holding back, but he really didn’t want to leave a bad impression, after all… Ueda was a guest, an significant one.

“I’m sorry, Yoongi. I just wanted to make sure that you’re okay.”

Ueda said, as he released the smaller hybrid’s hand from his hold, but he didn’t move, Yoongi was 100% done with the conversation, so he had no intention to stay any longer, but the fox hybrid’s next words made him freeze.

“It’s very weird though… I noticed it during our first meeting as well, but you smell very sweet. Layers of cherry blossoms and lily fragrances are covering up your scent, but it’s still rather strong, a mix of caramel and honey and I can swear that you smell sweeter than last time. It’s almost…”

It’s almost what, what??

“Yoongi, you pretty much smell like a female hybrid who is close to a heat.”

Cold beads of sweat covered Yoongi’s forehead instantly, he almost panicked, because hearing something like that was the least he expected. He knew that female hybrid’s scents got even more
prominent when they were close to a heat, perhaps to lure the males, but even though Yoongi was a male too, he just like the females, had heats, so while he was at the center no scents sparked his interest and he always used pills, so nobody told him a thing.

Jimin and Jungkook were humans, so their senses were not heightened, they probably couldn’t feel the change in Yoongi’s scent, but Ueda… he was a hybrid as well, so he could definitely smell the difference.

If Yoongi felt uncomfortable, now the feeling was ten times worse and when the taller hybrid once again stepped closer to him, Yoongi moved back, but when he looked at Ueda, he noticed a peculiar glint in his eyes, as if he was possessed by something, Yoongi felt like he was looking at a wild animal.

Ueda took a whiff of Yoongi’s scent and the cat hybrid hoped the other wouldn’t move any closer.

Fuck, I wanna kick him in the nuts and probably smack him across the face as well. B-but, what if that puts Taehyung in a bad position? What would people say when they hear that his assistant attacked one of the guests?? A hybrid at that… like people haven’t put enough labels on us already. Okay, deep breaths. I can endure this, he’s just sniffing me.

Yoongi didn’t even like the other hybrid’s scent, so the closeness was almost making him feel sick, but he doubted that the other would move even if he was asked.

Yoongi tensed up when the fox hybrid inched even closer, so the black-haired male placed one of his hands on Ueda’s chest, to stop him from moving, he was seriously done playing nice.

One more step and that fox was going to kiss the wall.

“Yoongi-hyung.”

Yoongi turned to his left and saw Hoseok, the human angrily marched in his direction and Yoongi breathed out in relief.

“Who are you and what do you think you’re doing??”

Hoseok asked in the most serious tone Yoongi had ever heard from him and when he reached the two hybrids’ side, he grabbed Yoongi’s arm and pulled him next to him.

Hoseok quickly examined the other, unknown male and the fox ears made him recall a conversation from the dinner from a few days ago, so that was the hybrid whom Taehyung had mentioned.
Ueda spoke up, but Hoseok lifted his hand to shut him up.

“Actually, I don’t care who you are. What I care about however is what you were doing, which was sexual harassment.”

“W-what? No, I-”

“Don’t interrupt me, please. When a lawyer speaks, you keep your mouth shut.” Hoseok cut in once again and he noticed how the taller male’s jaw tightened at the mention of the word ‘lawyer’. “You were invading another person’s personal space, when he was obviously feeling uncomfortable. I can sue you for that and trust me, I will win the case. I won’t let your celebrity status get in the way, that will actually be in my favor. See that over there?”

Hoseok asked as he pointed behind his back and both hybrids looked at the camera, which was in the corner. Ueda visibly paled.

“A victim’s testimony, a witness who was passing by and CCTV footage, I think that will be more than enough. I can make sure that your foxy ass won’t be able to step in the country again, in fact I can even ruin your entire career, so if you don’t won’t any of that to happen, I suggest you to apologize properly and piss off.”

Yoongi was so used to the forever-smiling and goofing around Hoseok, that at times he even forgot that the human was a lawyer. Well, he knew for sure now - don’t mess with lawyer Jung Hoseok, because he’s rather scary.

It looked like Ueda had something to say, but he just clenched his fists, did a 90 degrees bow to Yoongi in apology and then walked away.

When the fox hybrid was out of sight, Hoseok returned back to his cheerful persona and he smiled at Yoongi.

“Phuuh, I’m glad that worked out. I’m usually not very good at improvising and bluffing.”

“What?” The black-haired male asked in confusion and started walking alongside the human, they were headed to where the others were.

“The camera, it wasn’t working, the light wasn’t on, I lied.” Hoseok explained and he noted that question marks were swimming in the hybrid’s eyes. “I just saw that that person wasn’t going to back off easily, so I needed to threaten him with evidence. There’s this saying ‘Eyes to see, hands to touch.’, it means that people don’t easily believe in something they see, so they need to touch it
with their own hands to make sure it’s real. It’s the same when it comes to rumors or testimonies. Having a witness say what he had seen is one thing, but back it up with visual materials, not only words, but something that can prove those words and consider the case done. It’s even worse for famous people, they always have something to lose.”

To say that Yoongi was impressed would be an understatement, Hoseok’s brain worked damn quickly when it came to work related stuff. The lawyer was probably just passing by, which was something that Yoongi was immensely grateful for and he took care of the situation in the span of two minutes. But as the hybrid replayed the events in his head, he stopped in his tracks.

“What is it, Yoongs?” Hoseok asked when the hybrid stopped walking.

“You- you called me Yoongi-hyung!!” Yoongi shouted in realization and Hoseok started walking again.

“Hmm, did I? I can’t really remember.”

“Yah, don’t play pretend! I definitely heard it!”

Hoseok just shrugged his shoulders, as they stepped in the big hall and Yoongi decided to drop the topic when he set his eyes on Jungkook who was next to the bar, drinking something.

The black-haired male practically ran towards his human and he hugged him tightly when closed the distance between them.

My human, my human, I feel much better now.

The black-haired male chanted in his head, as he took deep breaths and inhaled Jungkook’s scent. The boy petted his head and Yoongi pulled back, because he didn’t want to start purring in public.

“What is it? Is something wrong?”

Jungkook questioned, but the hybrid shook his head and kissed the human. He tasted something strange on the younger’s lips and he made a face.

“What the hell are you drinking?”

“Whiskey. But you and Jimin-hyung are wine addicts, so I doubt you would appreciate this taste.”

“Red wine is the best shit.” Not like Yoongi had tried that many types of alcohol, but wine definitely topped his list. “Speaking of Jimin…”
The hybrid trailed off, as he looked around, there were still many people, despite the late hour. Thankfully, Yoongi didn’t see Ueda anywhere, maybe he had decided to leave the after-party. Yoongi continued scanning the place with his eyes and Taehyung’s flashy accessories grabbed his attention. Hoseok was standing next to his boyfriend and Jimin was there too, but there was also someone else… someone who was touching Jimin’s ass.

Yoongi’s blood started boiling at the sight, how dare that man touch something so sacred???

The hybrid’s anger increased when he saw that Jungkook was also looking at Jimin and the man and he was just standing calmly, as he took a sip of his stupid drink.

“Brat! Are you blind or something?? Can’t you see that some random dude is groping Jimin’s ass??” Yoongi fumed in anger, he didn’t know who to kill first - that bold stranger or the brat?

“Relax, that’s Seokjin-hyung.” Jungkook casually replied, but Yoongi still looked ready to snap someone’s neck.

“Who the heck is Seokjin-hyung?? Wait, I don’t give a single fuck. I’m going to save Jimin! You stay here and… choke on your shitty drink!”

Yoongi turned around, ready to dash and rescue Jimin, but Jungkook hooked his fingers around the hybrid’s belt, making him stay in place.

“If you go there, you’re the one who’s going to be in need of saving. Just stay with me.” The younger said and smiled, but the hybrid trashed in his hold, he was intent on going to Jimin. “We’ve mentioned Seokjin-hyung before. You just haven’t met him yet, because he was in Japan and he’s going back soon. He returned for Taehyung-hyung’s show. Seokjin-hyung has a soft spot for small and cute things, like you and Jimin. And he loves animals with all his might, he has tons of pets, so if you go there, you’re going to regret it.”

Yoongi wasn’t pleased with the explanation, he couldn’t bear to see how another man was touching Jimin. He had already made an exception for Taehyung, nobody else was allowed to lay a finger on Jimin, only Yoongi and Jungkook.

“Jeon Jungkook! Let go of me! Last warning or I’m going to break your arm!”

The hybrid raised his voice and a few people turned around to look at them, the mention of Jungkook’s name however, managed to snatch the attention of Jimin and the other three humans.

Seokjin or whatever the hell his name was, let go of Jimin and clasped his hands together, as if he had won the jackpot.
“Well, I tried to save you, Hyung. Now you’ve got to deal with the consequences.”

Yoongi couldn’t bite back a comment, because suddenly a body slammed into his. Arms wrapped around him and he got lifted up.

“Oh my gooooddd!!!! I can’t believe I’m finally seeing you in flesh!!! I’ve heard so much about you, Yoongi!!! Wah, waah!!”

There was some more loud squealing and Seokjin swayed around, Yoongi still in his arms, the hybrid couldn’t even see anything besides the other’s chest. At least Seokjin’s scent wasn’t unpleasant, he smelled like apples and cinnamon, it reminded Yoongi of Christmas.

Seokjin let go of the hybrid and Yoongi thanked the Heavens, but right after that, the taller male grinned at him and kissed his left cheek, then his right one. After that he touched the hybrid’s cat ears, Yoongi just stood stupefied, but when Seokjin decided to move to his backside and more accurately towards Yoongi’s ass and tail, the black-haired male slapped the other’s hand away.

“Fuck off, human! Where do you think you’re touching?!”

Seokjin’s lips parted in shock, he wasn’t expecting to hear such words from those pink, pretty lips and Jungkook laughed.

“Seokjin-hyung! I told you that Yoongi-hyung isn’t used to those type of greetings!” Jimin exclaimed and just now the hybrid took notice of the other three humans.

“But you’ve got to understand, Jimin-ah. I also freaked out the first time when I saw Yoongi-hyung!” Taehyung piped in and Hoseok nodded his head in agreement.

“Ah, yes… I still remember our first meeting so vividly. Yoongs cursed at me, he was so cute!!”

Hoseok winked at Yoongi and the hybrid scrunched up his nose, at least he was certain that Hoseok wouldn’t blabber about what had happened in the hallway, Yoongi didn’t want to worry his humans.

The hybrid glanced at the new addition to the group, bits of information started coming back to him, he had indeed heard about the other before. Seokjin looked like someone who was carved out of a magazine, no wonder he was a model.

“Why are all of your friends so weird?? And why do they all have skinship mania as well?? Seriously, where do you find them??” Yoongi looked back and forth between Jimin and Jungkook
and all humans laughed, including Seokjin.

“Seokjin-hyung is not weird. Think of him as an antique.”

Jungkook said and all heads turned towards him, that was a promising start.

“Seokjin-hyung is one of a kind, unique and… quite old.”

The youngest in the group finished off and Taehyung burst into laughter, Seokjin’s face got red, he started waving his hands around and began yelling. Great, another loud one added to the bunch.

“Jeon Jungkook!! Is that something you say to a Hyung?? Yes, I’m turning 30 in a few months! So what?? Huuuh?? Is that punishable by law?? I bet I look 10 years younger! And you- you! You’re turning 25 in like 3 months! Ha! 25! That’s halfway to 50, you oldie!!!”

Wow, what a childish response. Yoongi thought to himself, while Seokjin just panted after saying that in the speed of light.

“25 is still far less than 30. Should I guess what your Halloween costume is going to be this year? A mummy perhaps?”

Yoongi shouldn’t have laughed at that, because he was sure that once his next birthday started approaching, Jungkook was going to make the same jokes directed at him, but he couldn’t hold it in, so he giggled softly.

As a result, hands grabbed his face, Seokjin was now squishing his cheeks, while he was making some bizarre noises.

“Awh, awh, this cutie pie is just too much! No offence, Jimin-ah, but I think I have a new favourite!” Seokjin was a way too whipped already, even though he had met Yoongi a few minutes ago.

“I thought I was your favourite.” Jungkook thought out loud, as he finished off his drink and placed the now empty glass on the counter behind him.

“Let’s say that I liked you when you were a polite, respectful child. Now you’re a cocky brat, definitely not my favourite.” Seokjin retorted, but his voice was far from stern.

“A cocky brat.” Yoongi repeated and Seokjin flashed him a smile.

“Kim Seokjin. But you can call me Jin.”
Seokjin introduced himself after he stopped playing with the hybrid’s cheeks. Yoongi hesitantly shook his hand and also introduced himself.

“Yoongi-ah, are you free tomorrow?”

Yoongi thought over Seokjin’s question, then he glanced at Taehyung who hummed in response, the hybrid deserved a day off after all that hard work.

“Yeah, I am.”

“Great! Let’s go on a date!”

Yoongi’s eyes widened upon the request, this one was not only loud, but crazy as well. But why were Jungkook and Jimin so unfazed? Did they not hear that their friend just invited Yoongi on a date??

“I’m taken.” The hybrid answer through gritted teeth and Seokjin started laughing.

“Ooh, I don’t mean a date-date. I just want to hang out with you. How about we go fishing? Have you ever done that, Yoongi, hm?”

_Fishing? Fish… like… going for fish? Fish??_

Seokjin studied the hybrid’s expression - his eyes were sparkling and his fluffy ears were twitching in excitement, so he did like fish.

“I can see that you like the idea. So we should go! Jungkook can come too!”

“I have work.” Jungkook curtly replied, but Seokjin just smirked.

“You’ve promised to come with me like a thousand times already and you always ditch me in the last moment! But guess what? I asked Hoseokie and he told me that you have to be at the court in the late afternoon tomorrow, so we have plenty of time to catch lots of fish!”

Jungkook was about to come up with some lie, because fishing sounded really boring to him, but then he looked at Yoongi. The hybrid seemed very thrilled to go and catch some fish, it was going to be his first time, so maybe coming along to see the black-haired male’s reactions was going to be worth it.
“Fine, I’ll come. But I’m probably just going to sit, while you and Yoongi-hyung catch fish.”

Seokjin smiled in triumph, he didn’t want to corner Jungkook like that, but the younger always used some tricks to get away and Seokjin had had enough.

“So, Seokjin-hyung… when are you going to share the big news?” Jungkook wasn’t going to bring this up, but Seokjin was the one who started with the bratty behavior, so Jungkook just wanted to return the favor.

“When exactly are you planning to tell us that you have a girlfriend?”

Jungkook dropped the bomb in the most casual way possible, but Jimin, Taehyung and Hoseok were shook by the revelation.

“Seokjin-hyung, you have a girlfriend????” Taehyung shrieked and grabbed the older man’s shoulders.

“I- uh- I, um…” Seokjin was at a loss of words, for someone who seemed to talk non-stop, it appeared that the statement had baffled him quite a lot.

“Let’s see… I think you started going out last summer?” Jungkook started off and Seokjin remained completely still, like a child who was being scolded. “You’ve always travelled to Japan a lot, a few times a year. But you spent there a month last year, the whole July. You also developed quite the big interest in Japanese around this time last year. Last December, you disappeared for a week after your birthday and when you came back, you were wearing a necklace, the same on which is one your neck right now.” At the mention of the jewelry, Seokjin’s hand involuntary moved on its own and he traced the said item with his fingers. “And now you’ve practically moved to Tokyo. You spent over two months there and you’re going back in four days. Work is a nice excuse, but it no longer sounds plausible. The person you’re dating is most-likely in the same field, that’s how you two met. So I would say… maybe she’s a fellow model? A stylist? A photographer? Designer? Which one is it?”

Seokjin sighed in defeat and Yoongi just knew that Jungkook had hit bull’s eye. That damn brat and his skills.

“She’s a photographer.”

Seokjin admitted and now Jungkook was the one with a triumphant expression. The other three humans conveyed their congratulations right away.

“Hyung! How could you keep it as a secret from us for so long???” Jimin whined, as he hugged Seokjin from the side.
“Yes! That’s not fair, Hyung! You should’ve let us know! I’m really happy for you, but I feel like a fool for not noticing it sooner!” Taehyung joined in and wrapped his arms around Seokjin’s other side.

“I must say that I am indeed surprised, but congrats, Hyung.” Hoseok smiled and patted the older on the shoulder with some difficulty, because Jimin and Taehyung were currently like monkeys on a tree.

“Gosh, I was going to tell you, guys. We’re just being careful, because Hana is still new in the field and I don’t want people to say bad things about her. Nobody knows about our relationship yet, but I was really going to tell you, very soon! I was even planning a trip with her to Seoul this summer!”

“Hana, huh? That’s a lovely name. Congratulations, Seokjin-hyung. I want to be seated on the first row at the wedding, since I’m the one who figured this whole thing out.”

Taehyung was about to laugh at that, because Jungkook was moving a way too fast, Seokjin had probably never even thought that far and-

The oldest smiled bashfully and his face colored in pink, wow, so he had thought about marrying that girl, things were serious.

“Congrats and all that.” Yoongi said all of a sudden, making the others turn to him. “Love is important, yes. Bla, bla. But let’s talk about something serious.”

Yoongi hungrily licked his lips, even though his tummy was quite full at the moment.

“When exactly are we going fishing?”

Yoongi loved the weekends, he truly did. It was currently the last weekend of May and the weather was perfect. But the hybrid was at home with his two humans and that’s exactly why he loved weekends - because he could spend the whole day with Jimin and Jungkook.

They had lunch about an hour ago and now they were in the living room. Jungkook was typing something on his laptop, while Jimin and Yoongi were sitting at his sides.

A movie was playing on the tv and Jimin looked quite invested in it, but the hybrid was a bit bored,
he wanted to play with his humans.

“Jungkook. It’s the weekend, can’t you finish that thing some other time?”

The boy just shook his head in response and continued doing his job, the non-verbal reply irritated Yoongi.

“I know that it must be important, but you’re working too much. Can you at least take a short break? Maybe even have a nap or something? Hey, stop ignoring me! Answer to your Hyung!”

Upon the demanding tone, Jungkook looked up from his laptop and uttered something quite unexpected.

“I’m not the one with a Hyung kink in this household.”

Jimin almost jumped at the remark and the hybrid quirked an eyebrow.

“Really now? And who’s the one with that kink if I may ask?”

The lawyer once again lifted his eyes from the laptop and locked eyes with Jimin. The vet squirmed in his seat and pretty much melted into a puddle when he felt Jungkook’s lips over his ear.

“Jimin-hyung… I love you.”

Jungkook dragged out the ‘hyung’ part on purpose and Jimin’s face flushed immediately.

“Jimin-ah, I had some faith in you.” Yoongi cackled from the lawyer’s left side, but then the brat looked at him. “W-what?”

“Like you’re any better.”

Jungkook mumbled, as he leaned in and softly pressed his lips against Yoongi’s.

“I love you, Yoongi-hyung.”

Now, Yoongi was a blushing mess as well. Jeon Jungkook didn’t like to play nice and slow, he simply went for a kill, right from the start.
Yoongi looked at Jimin from behind Jungkook’s shoulder and the two of them silently communicated with their eyes. It was great when you could understand another person with one look only.

Both of them were at their limit and they were tired of putting up with that brat’s antics.

It was time to make Jeon Jungkook learn his lesson.

“Jungkook, did you save your file?” Yoongi asked, as he eyed the document on the screen.

“I save my progress every five minutes.”

“Save it, right now.”

Something told Jungkook that he should do as told, so he pressed *ctrl+s* and right after that, the laptop was slammed shut.

“Yoongi!” Jungkook called out when the hybrid grabbed the laptop and tossed it aside next to him.

“Oh, so I’m just Yoongi now? What happened to the Hyung part??”

Jungkook observed the black-haired male’s expression for a while and then he turned towards Jimin. Something was up, those two were definitely up to something, Jungkook just couldn’t get what exactly, so he decided to be direct.

“Alright, what’s wrong with you two?”

The youngest asked, as he leaned back on the couch and threw looks at his two boyfriends. Jimin started toying with his fingers, so he was undoubtedly not the mastermind behind this.

“Jimin and I just want to have some fun with you.” Yoongi began and Jungkook fully looked at him. “But you obviously think that stupid laptop is more interesting than us. Or maybe… you’re just scared.”

Jungkook tilted his head to the side, quite irked by those last words. Him, scared? Oh, please.

“What exactly am I scared of?”

“It’s evident what Jimin and I want, but you can’t handle the two of us at the same time. You’re afraid of even trying, so instead you pretended that you’re busy with something else.”
Yoongi definitely didn’t miss how Jungkook’s expression changed. The boy poked the inside of his cheek with his tongue, he was successfully provoked.

Reverse psychology, it was as simple as that.

Yoongi had read an article about it a few days ago. To encourage certain behavior, you just have to advocate its opposite. By telling Jungkook that he didn’t have the balls, the hybrid wanted to make the lawyer do exactly the opposite. Getting on his nerves was also a nice bonus, but the brat was too competitive, he was definitely going to prove the black-haired male wrong.

It was a perfect plan, Yoongi was certain. Now the brat just had to apologize and try to do something, but here came the second part of the plan - Yoongi just wanted to provoke him and not let him get his hands on neither him nor Jimin.

They were just going to give him a taste of his own medicine - tease him, probably make him beg a bit and then they were going to leave him hanging.

However, things didn’t exactly go according to the hybrid’s plan, because instead of uttering apologies, Jungkook started snickering.

“Wow, that was a funny joke. I have no such fear. I can handle the two of you at the same time, just fine. I’ve already proved what I can do with my hands and if I have to, I can even resort to using my mouth as well, though I’m not very confident in that.”

Yoongi just gaped like a fish out of water, he was too taken aback to say anything. Fuck, that brat was prepared for every possible scenario, he always had a speech ready.

“Jungkook-ah.”

The said boy and the hybrid faced Jimin, who shifted from his spot and climbed in the lawyer’s lap.

“You might not be confident in using your mouth, but I am.”

Jimin leaned in and brushed his lips against Jungkook’s, ever so faintly, he didn’t even let the younger kiss him.

“And you have all the right to be.” The lawyer voiced out, as he traced Jimin’s plush lips with his fingers. “Nobody can beat you in that area. Though, our kitty is catching up quickly.”
The compliment made Yoongi jolt, he knew that his skills were not much, but his humans seemed to think otherwise.

“I-I’m not as good as Jimin.” The hybrid said and almost yelped when Jungkook wrapped his right arm around his waist and pulled him closer.

“You might not be as good as Jimin-hyung, but it feels just as good.”

The hybrid couldn’t even fully process the words, because Jungkook smashed their lips together. The younger dived in for a deep kiss right off the bat, the hybrid simply opened his mouth and welcomed Jungkook’s tongue inside.

Jimin couldn’t help biting down on his bottom lip upon seeing the sight before him. Jungkook and Yoongi’s kiss was a heated one, tongues were battling for dominance, lips were parting and closing, the sounds the two were making were more than pleasant to hear and the vet didn’t stay unaffected.

Jimin pressed down his body and rubbed himself against Jungkook’s crotch. That made the youngest groan and the vet smiled before started leaving open-mouthed kisses along Jungkook’s neck.

The younger let out a sigh and Yoongi used to chance to break the kiss. He slipped his hands under Jungkook’s t-shirt and slid his fingers along his firm abdomen.

“So you two… decided to team up against me, h-huh?”

It was nice, so damn nice to hear the damn brat pant. They had barely done anything, but Jungkook was left catching his breath, as Jimin moved his lips further down. The vet grazed the flesh around Jungkook’s collarbones and sucked on it for a while.

It was funny how easy it was to get Jungkook all worked up. Jimin could already feel the younger’s erection. So much was happening at once - hands, lips, warm bodies pressed against each other.

The blonde left a mark on the youngest’s body and then he got up from his lap.

Yoongi wondered if now was the appropriate time to leave, he believed that the longer they stayed, the harder it would be to ditch the brat later on.

But it was too early, Jungkook was supposed to feel some of their pain and both Jimin and Yoongi knew that.
So the vet knelt down between Jungkook’s legs and caught the zip of the younger boy’s jeans. Jimin pulled down the zip and when the lawyer’s underwear showed, his excitement became even more visible and prominent.

Jimin tugged down Jungkook’s jeans even more and grabbed the boy’s underwear as well. Jungkook’s cock sprang free and Jimin licked his lips. Then he looked up and the two men on the couch stopped breathing.

Jimin’s expression was as angelic as ever, but the look in his eyes was so sultry and sensual that it could definitely turn every saint into a sinner.

Yoongi licked his own lips and his cock twitched in his pants, because getting a blowjob from the vet was one of the most pleasurable things in the world, but watching… that was an experience of its own.

It was not the time to pop a boner, the hybrid knew that, but his body reacted on its own. He decided to move back a little, because he didn’t want Jungkook to become aware of his condition, but the lawyer tightened his hold around waist and the black-haired male was left glued to the youngest.

Jungkook didn’t know where to look and what to focus on first - Yoongi was currently gently trailing his fingers over his ribs and was in the middle of leaving a hickey below his ear, Jimin was pumping his cock, while shamelessly staring at him, wetting his lips now and then, without moving forward.

“Jungkook…” Yoongi left a few more kisses around the younger’s ear and then looked down. “If you don’t tell Jiminie what you want, he won’t know to do. He can’t read minds, right?”

It was a battle of will - Jimin couldn’t read minds, but it was more than obvious what the younger wanted and yet he had to say it himself, to admit defeat. Jungkook was very vulnerable at the moment, his cock was already leaking with pre-cum, after all, Jimin hadn’t stopped moving his hands ever since he wrapped his fingers around the base of the lawyer’s cock, Yoongi was touching every patch of skin he could reach and he tried to leave as many marks as possible with his mouth.

Jungkook couldn’t win, not this time, it was truly game over.

“Hyung… just…”

It was rather quiet in the room, that’s why their raged breathing and thumping hearts could be heard clearly. Jimin and Yoongi did not halt their movements even for a second, they wanted to push Jungkook over the edge and they managed to do it.
“Please, Hyung… j-just do something.”

Jungkook didn’t specify, which Hyung he was talking about, perhaps he meant both, it didn’t really matter, Jimin and Yoongi’s goal was achieved, they were in control, Jeon Jungkook was left at their mercy.

“O-oh, fuck-”

Jungkook took a sharp intake of breath, as Jimin finally granted his wish. The vet took the younger’s cock in his mouth, slowly, gradually and Jungkook buried his left hand in Jimin’s hair, while he squeezed the hybrid’s ass with the other.

Yoongi let out a whimper and his head fell on Jungkook’s chest. He couldn’t really keep going with his ministrations, so he just let his hands rest on the lawyer’s heated skin and stared at the vet.

Jimin’s eyelids fluttered shut, as he decided to pay full attention to the throbbing cock in his mouth. He worked his tongue along the hard shaft and Jungkook moaned. The vet continued steadily pumping up and down the youngest’s length and he pushed his face further down. He took in as much of Jungkook’s cock as he could and the lawyer bucked up his hips.

“Hey… Jungkook, don’t do that. You’re going to make Jimin choke.”

Yoongi scolded in a hazy state, he was proud of himself for staying still when he actually wanted to rub himself against Jungkook, the friction was going to make him come, without a doubt.

“It- aah, it wouldn’t be the first time.”

Jungkook barely managed to utter and his hold around Jimin’s hair became firmer, as the blonde fastened the pace with his hands and hollowed his cheeks.

Jimin’s lips were perfectly stretched out around Jungkook’s shaft and when the vet swirled his tongue over the head of the younger’s cock, he wasn’t surprised at all when Jungkook spilled his load in his mouth.

“Mgh, hyung, hyung, hyung.”

Jungkook’s hips jerked up and he threw his head back. That had felt damn good. He was now breathing heavily and he just knew that Jimin had swallowed everything.

Suddenly, the warmth around his body and cock disappeared and that made Jungkook look at his boyfriends.
Jimin swiped his tongue over his lips and gathered the remains of Jungkook’s cum. However he missed a few drops, which were at the corner of his mouth and the lawyer was about to wipe them off, but Yoongi was already on his knees, right next to the vet. The hybrid licked every last bit of the cum and then locked lips with Jimin.

For the black-haired male, the specific taste in Jimin’s mouth was still foreign and far from pleasant, but he didn’t hate it and he was surely getting used to it.

Jungkook just wanted to grab and hold onto something. The hybrid was no longer beside him and he couldn’t get a hold of the vet’s locks either, so he just gripped the couch until his knuckles turned white. Seeing Jimin and Yoongi kiss right after the vet had given him a blowjob, was just too arousing for him.

Jungkook was so turned on that he got hard again in the matter of seconds.

Yoongi separated his lips from Jimin’s with a rather loud pop and then he grabbed the vet’s hand. He pulled the blonde up along with him and cleared his throat.

“Jimin and I are going to my room. You’re not invited.”

The hybrid avoided looking at Jungkook, he didn’t have the guts to do so and he just dragged Jimin away from the couch. The blonde wordlessly followed him and they walked hastily.

Leaving the living room was probably the most difficult thing, which Yoongi had done in his life, but he was determined. They had done a great job. They absolutely left Jungkook craving for more, but the brat wasn’t getting more than that, just no.

All of a sudden, the hybrid stopped walking and his eyes started wavering. They were right outside his room, so, so close to the victory and yet-!

“What’s wrong, Hyung?” Jimin asked with a raspy voice and the older let go of his hand, just to cover his cat ears.

“Fuck, that shitty brat. He knows I can hear everything! He’s doing this on purpose!”

“What is Jungkookie doing, Hyung?”

Jimin could see that the hybrid was having a hard time, literally. The vet himself was rather conflicted and if Yoongi hadn’t led him out of the room, he wouldn’t have been able to budge from his spot.
“He’s… he’s touching himself and he’s calling our names, he sounds desperate.”

The vet lowered the hybrid’s hands and sent him a knowing look.

“You want to go back, right? So do I. The best was yet to come. Do you think we made him learn his lesson?”

“No, I… he- fucking hell.”

Yoongi hugged the vet and Jimin stroked his back, the hybrid’s body was shaking and the blonde wondered what had caused that.

“What is Jungkook doing now, Hyung?” Jimin questioned, while the hybrid sighed in despair.

“Jungkook just said ‘If you two were here, you would know just how well I can use my hips and fingers at the same time.’”

“O-okay. Just this one time. Let’s go back.”

Jimin said and Yoongi couldn’t agree more, the choice was crystal clear. So the two of them rushed back to the living room and stumbled upon a gasping Jungkook who was working his hand up and down his cock.

This time the vet decided to sit on the couch, while Yoongi knelt down between Jungkook’s widely spread legs and glared at the lawyer who looked all too composed considering the situation they were in.

“Listen, brat. Just because I kinda want to suck you off, don’t think you’ve won.”

“Of course. Just because you kinda want to suck me off, that doesn’t mean anything.”

Jimin chuckled, while Yoongi quietly cursed under his breath.

On that day, Jimin and Yoongi learnt a valuable lesson…

It’s impossible to win against Jeon Jungkook, don’t even try.
This is crazy. This is totally insane. Holy fucking shit.

Those were the sentences, which were currently swimming in Yoongi’s head, because he couldn’t really explain the situation with other words.

 Seriously… how did he end up with a cock in his mouth and a tongue in his ass?

Oh, right.

Because his heat decided to be a real bitch.

But thankfully, Jungkook and Jimin were more than willing to help him.

Chapter End Notes

Say hello to the heat season :D
I hope that Jin's appearance in this chapter was a nice surprise! ^^

This is the outfit, which Yoongi wore in this chapter. It's not exactly how I imagine it, because I'm sure designer Tae can do a better job than this, but... just as some sort of reference xD

I’m sorry for not updating for two months. I don’t really have an excuse for that, I just didn’t feel like writing.

Stay tuned for the final of the story, which is… next time, because the 36th chapter will be an Epilogue.
redamancy

Chapter Notes

The cover for this chapter is a moodboard, which I made a while after I started the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Yoongi’s day started in a completely ordinary way: Jimin woke him up (a bit too early for his liking), Jungkook made breakfast, the three of them ate together and then the youngest had to leave, because he had a trial to attend today.

The vet lingered for a bit longer, because his first appointment for the day was at 10 am., but eventually he also left the apartment.

The hybrid was already dressed and ready to depart for work as well, but then… it happened.

To say that the black-haired male was surprised would be an understatement. Yoongi was really taken aback, not because of the fact that he was currently in heat, but by the fact that his usual symptoms were not present.

Usually, it started with his mood. He got all cranky and snappy, then came the pain in his body, he started finding food repulsing and he just wanted to lie down.

He always had some time to prepare, but now it was different. The hybrid just felt supper dizzy all of a sudden and he began feeling really hot, he felt like his blood was boiling up.

It was a terrible, terrible feeling.

That’s why his legs gave in and he’s pretty sure that he even blacked out for a few seconds, but eventually he found the strength to get up and went to his room, as he supported himself on the walls, because even walking was a struggle.

He took off his clothes in a hurry and lay in bed completely naked, but he still felt hot. He couldn’t even breathe properly and he barely managed to send Jimin a text, which simply stated:

‘Come back home.’

It was a call for help and the hybrid was certain that the human would get the message, he couldn’t
risk texting Jungkook, because what if the brat ditched his client and ran back to the apartment?

The boy was a professional and he valued the people whom he represented at the court, but if he knew that Yoongi was in pain, he was definitely going to rush back home.

The minutes felt like hours and the aching in the hybrid’s body worsened by each passing second.

Thankfully, Jimin did not have any surgeries planned for the day, just check-ups, so when he received the text from Yoongi, he knew exactly what he had to do. He told Mrs. Yang to cancel all of his appointments, he was personally going to apologize to everyone in person, once the appointments were re-scheduled, but right now his main and only priority was the hybrid and he couldn’t think about anything else.

Amidst everything, Jimin called Taehyung to inform him that Yoongi wasn’t feeling well and that he would have to skip work today.

When the vet got home, he instantly made his way towards the hybrid’s room and when he walked in, he panicked and literally froze at the door frame.

Yoongi was curled up in a ball and he looked so tiny on the bed, he was whining in pain and Jimin’s heart broke in half. Why did the older have to go through something like that?

The vet’s initial plan was to give Yoongi a pill, even a few if there was a need, but to his surprise, the hybrid refused to take the medicine.

Yoongi had his reasons for that. He truly despised his heats, all the pain and the constant need to be filled up, touched, but above that, he hated how his heat made him feel even more.

Whenever, he slept with Jungmin during his heats, it was the necessary evil, which eventually helped him, but it still made him feel dirty, filthy and as his previous owner had said he was like a whore, which begged to be f*cked.

So he always felt utterly guilty and he wanted to replace that feeling with something else. Sex with Jimin and Jungkook felt incredibly good, but the hybrid knew for sure that it would feel even better when all of his senses were heightened, when every feeling amplified, when every touch brought him pleasure.

Yoongi wanted to find out whether his assumption was right or wrong. Whether it would feel as good as he imagined. Whether his mind would be preoccupied only with his two humans.

And he was right, so damn right.
Jimin was extremely careful and gentle, he softly touched the hybrid’s body, he pressed open-mouthed kisses on every patch of Yoongi’s skin, he sensually moved his hips and drove the hybrid to the brink of both ecstasy and madness.

Yoongi’s chest was now filled with warmness, but not in a bad way, he liked it, a lot. But after the second round, he started craving for more, demand after demand slipped from his lips.

He wasn’t ashamed to utter words like deeper, harder, more, please and whatever he asked for, Jimin gave it to him.

At a certain point, Jungkook returned home as well. It was in the early afternoon and he made a fuss, because Jimin had contacted him only at lunch time. The vet and the hybrid, both tired from their endless making out and sex sessions, just told him that they didn’t want to worry him and that they knew it would be impossible for him to leave the court earlier.

Jungkook wanted to protest, to be the brat that he was, but he was well-aware of the fact that his arguments wouldn’t be valid, so he sighed in defeat and just went to the kitchen to prepare some food, while Jimin and Yoongi were resting.

The two hadn’t eaten anything, but as they were waiting for Jungkook to return, they moved to the bedroom, because the bed was bigger there and once the lawyer was ready with the late lunch, Jimin and Yoongi were already at it again.

The hybrid’s room was a total mess, even as a human, Jungkook could tell that their whole apartment reeked of sex and probably all of their neighbors were aware of what was going on, because Yoongi and Jimin weren’t exactly quiet.

At least, now they could use their stash of condoms from Taehyung, otherwise, it was going to take them ages to clean up.

When the hybrid came for the nth time that day, he declined to eat and latched himself onto Jungkook. The lawyer was already quite hard, because of all of the things he had witnessed and heard, so when Yoongi kissed him hungrily and told him ‘Jungkook-ah, I want you.’, the boy couldn’t care less about anything else.

It was very weird though. Usually, after five or six rounds at most, Yoongi felt satisfied, indecent and improper, but still satisfied and yet, the more he received from Jimin and Jungkook - the more he wanted.

Perhaps, his body had finally found its match in the form of the two humans, it no longer felt wrong to want to be touched and claimed because it was done by people whom Yoongi loved deeply.
To the hybrid’s biggest dismay, after his second round with Jungkook, he was forced to eat. The threat was as quoted:

‘No food, no sex.’

So Yoongi had no choice, but to ultimately agree.

Jimin had disappeared for a quick shower, but he came back just in time for the meal.

After that, they had a few short breaks for snacks and fruits and sweets and mostly water, because Yoongi was sweating a lot and he could end up being dehydrated.

The hybrid became even more sensitive as time passed and as a result, it didn’t take long for him to come. After all, just the strong and prominent mixture of lilies and cherry blossoms in the air, could make him drip.

To fuck all day… the hybrid thought that was just an expression and that nobody could actually pull that off, but Jimin and Jungkook surely had no problem and kept up with Yoongi’s non-stop cravings, just fine. Ah, being young was without a doubt - great.

The two humans took turns and they never left the room for too long. Jimin and Jungkook worked like a team, they balanced things just right. If one of them was going too fast or was being too rough (mainly, because Yoongi had asked), the other told him to calm down and slow things a bit. Whether the hybrid couldn’t support himself properly, because of the lack of strength in his limbs, one of the humans always helped. Whenever one of them lost track of time, the other made sure to keep things in check. Just like at the moment.

The sun had set about an two hours ago and that’s exactly when Yoongi last drank some water, so now Jungkook wanted to make the hybrid take in the very much needed liquid and he was standing in front of the oldest, but giving him water was quite the task, it was almost impossible.

Just because Yoongi was currently on all fours. He was using his arms to prop himself, but he was literally drowning in the sheets, because he couldn’t keep his head up and only moans and some curses left his mouth, as Jimin kept pounding him from behind.

“Jimin. Stop it.” Jungkook firmly said, as the vet continued rocking his hips.

“I can’t. Hyung doesn’t like it when we stop in the middle.” Jimin stated and as if to prove his point, the hybrid pushed up his ass against him.

“Stop.”
Jungkook repeated more firmly this time and Jimin sighed. The creaking of the bed came to a halt and the vet stopped moving, but not before he fully buried himself in Yoongi.

“Mghm, n-no. Don’t… don’t stop.”

The hybrid started whining right away and Jimin ran his hands along the older’s spine. Yoongi’s whole back was covered in marks, well - his whole body to be precise. The hues varied from freshly made pinkish marks to ones, which had been made hours ago and were quite darker.

It was a gorgeous sight to witness, especially when the hybrid’s tail was added to the picture.

“Sssht, it’s alright, Hyung. I’m still inside of you, okay? Just raise your head a bit and drink some water, then we’re going to continue.”

More grunts and whines followed and the hybrid moved back, to encourage Jimin to begin moving again, but the blonde just littered kisses around the older’s neck and shoulders and remained still.

Yoongi lifted his head up and saw Jungkook, who was sitting in front of him, on the edge of the bed.

The lawyer opened the bottle of water, which he was holding and lifted it towards the black-haired male’s mouth. Yoongi drank the contents in the matter of seconds, maybe, he even needed a second bottle, but right now, he needed something else even more urgently.

Jungkook touched the hybrid’s face and he frowned. He thought that the older’s face was so red, because of their activities, but Yoongi was actually very warm to the touch, as if he had a fever and it’s been like that for hours.

“Hyung, are you okay?” Jungkook asked worried and the hybrid nuzzled against his hand. “We’re trying our best, but maybe… it’s not working?”

“It is… it is working. Just keep trying for bit longer, hm?”

Yoongi turned his head to the right and kissed Jungkook’s palm, the human kissed his forehead in return and got up from the bed.

Jimin pulled out of the hybrid, before he pushed in again, slowly, then he set a steady rhythm, but genuinely speaking, he was starting to get tired, but he wanted to pleasure Yoongi as much as possible, so he grabbed the older’s hips and he aimed his thrusts better, Jimin put more force into his moves and Yoongi’s moans became louder. Making the hybrid feel good, was everything the vet wanted.
The hybrid’s mewls were like honey to the ears and Jimin was focused on them, on the feeling of being inside of Yoongi, on his own fast-beating heart and how close he himself was to the edge, that he didn’t notice what Jungkook was doing.

Which was basically nothing since he was just standing close to the bed and he was just… watching.

“W-what?” Jimin asked once he became aware of Jungkook’s current interest, why was he staring so… intensely?

“Nothing. I’ve just never seen your face when you fuck me from behind, so I’m using the chance to stare.”

Jimin’s face lit up and he almost came, the hybrid also seemed to be enjoying what he was hearing and he started rubbing himself against the sheets, he had no faint in his hands, he could barely support his own body.

“J-Jungkook-”

Jimin’s sentence got off by Jungkook’s lips on his. It reminded the vet of one of their first kisses, sloppy and with no intention to be taken further, but filled with so much love and care.

“I know that we both prefer it when I’m in charge, but I’ve told you many times - whenever you’re up for a change in positions, I don’t mind.”

Jimin preferred bottoming, he really did. Having sex with Yoongi was great, he enjoyed it the way it was and he knew it was the same for the hybrid. But with Jungkook… to have him underneath you, gasping for air, face flushed, mouth opened, his body trembling with every touch, whimpering adorably and being in no control, it was an experience, a precious one, it was something very dear to the blonde, that’s why he relished every second of it and loved it even more, because it didn’t happen often, it was more exciting that way, at least for him.

“It’s fortunate that we have lots of these, huh?” Jungkook pretty much talked to himself, as he grabbed the bottle of lube, which was on the bed, they had emptied out many today.

“Jungkook, what are you doing?” Jimin felt like he was asking the obvious, because the lawyer poured a good amount of lube on his hand.

“I think that our kitten desperately wants to come, so I’m just… going to lend a hand.”

Quite the literal expression it was, because Jungkook spread the hybrid’s ass cheeks with one of his hands, while he guided the other, lubed one, towards Yoongi’s entrance and without saying
anything else, he pushed one of his fingers inside.

“O-h my god, *fuck*, Jungkook-”

Yoongi’s mouth fell open and he was pretty damn sure that he was even drooling, but he couldn’t care less. He shut his eyes and just gripped the sheets with whatever strength he had left.

It was a new sensation and it felt fucking amazing.

“We’ve been doing this all day, but you’re still so tight, Yoongi-ah… I can barely fit my finger inside.”

*Maybe because there’s a frickin dick up my ass, you little shit!*

That’s what the hybrid wanted to say, to add a few curses in between and probably smack Jungkook, but he could do none of those things.

Jungkook wriggled the digit and the hybrid tried his best to bite back a moan, but it was not possible. It was so hot and tight inside of Yoongi and the lawyer wanted to add another finger, because he expected the older to be stretched out enough by now, but he changed his mind now and just pushed in his finger deeper and deeper. He tried to rhyme his movements with Jimin’s already quite erratic ones and it didn’t take long before the black-haired male came.

Yoongi’s whole body spasmed, his thighs were now quaking and he could barely breathe. The brats had once again outdone themselves.

After a few more thrusts, Jimin climaxed as well and he almost fell over the hybrid, but Jungkook caught him in time. The vet cautiously pulled out of the hybrid, at the same time as the youngest pulled out his finger and then Jimin rolled off the condom from his cock and tossed it in the trash bin.

The blonde collapsed on the bed, thankfully Jungkook helped him and the vet kissed the hybrid’s cheek.

There was such a blissful look on Yoongi’s face, it made Jimin smile.

The black-haired male stayed unmoving for a few minutes and then he pressed the softest possible kiss on Jimin’s plump lips.

“You did well, Jiminie. Thank you. Hyung’s feeling really good right now.”
Jimin’s smile widened and then Jungkook ruffled his hair, but it turned out that they weren’t done for the day.

The hybrid rose slightly and crept over to the other side of the bed where Jungkook was sitting, he pushed the human down and started pulling down his sweats.

“Eh… Hyung, again? Right away? Are you sure you’re going to be okay?” Jimin questioned, as he sat up and chuckled, as the hybrid struggled with Jungkook’s underwear and cursed under his breath.

“Stop worrying so much. I’m okay, more than okay. I’m fucking okay, for fuck’s sake.”

Jimin laughed this time and helped the hybrid to get rid of Jungkook’s clothes, thankfully, the boy hadn’t put on a shirt, Yoongi was going to get super mad if he had to take that off as well.

“So, what do you say brat? One last round?”

There was challenge in Yoongi’s eyes and he knew that the youngest wouldn’t back down, even though his lust filled-eyes were also laced with worry.

The scorching fire, which was surging through the hybrid’s body was on the verge of being put out. He just needed a bit more, just one last time and then…. then he was going to sleep for two goddamn days.

“You know there’s no way I would refuse an offer like that.” Jungkook said, as he lay down, he settled his head on a pillow and gave an expectant look at the hybrid.

“It wasn’t an offer. I wasn’t going to give you a choice. But after this, you two aren’t getting anywhere near my ass for the rest of the month!”

Jimin started laughing harder and the hybrid gave him a pointed look. Sadly, Yoongi’s heat made him rather impatient, irritable and bitchy, well… more than usual.

“Why the hell are you laughing?? I’m damn serious!”

“Hyung… it’s 31st May and it’s past 10 pm. There’s not really much time left until the end of the month.”

Well, fuck. I didn't think this through.
The hybrid had a mini-battle with himself, trying to come up with something, quickly, because there were other things, which demanded more attention at the moment and when he came up with something, damn clever if you may ask him, he smirked.

“I did not specify, which month I was talking about.”

Jimin’s eyes widened and he fell back onto the back, he started rolling around (bad choice, really… since the bed was far from decent) and then he jutted out his bottom lip and made the most pitiful expression in the world.

“Hyung!!”

Yoongi rolled his eyes, what was the big drama for anyways? All three of them knew perfectly well, that even though the hybrid was probably not going to be in the mood and in the condition for any sexual activities in the next few days, that didn’t mean they weren’t going to be all over each other like always.

“I’ll let you cuddle me tonight, happy?”

Jimin’s face lightened up at the suggestion and he frantically nodded his head.

“What about me?” Jungkook buried his hand in the hybrid’s black locks and brushed his fingers against the hybrid’s cat ears, the action made Yoongi keen.

“Y-you… get a blowjob and depending on how much you annoy me for the rest of the night, you might get a chance to join in the cuddling.”

Who was Yoongi kidding? He was totally sure that he was going to sleep sandwiched between the two humans all night.

“Ah, lucky me.”

Jungkook chuckled while the hybrid simply huffed in annoyance, not exactly a good start, but anyway. Yoongi still pecked the human’s lips though and then made his way downwards. The lawyer was already hard, he had probably been in this condition ever since he returned with the water supplies and there was definitely no need for Yoongi to put his mouth into use, but fuck, he wanted to.

Being the one on the receiving end was amazing, but sometimes bringing pleasure to someone else… it felt even better.
The hybrid really didn’t want to waste any time, so he wrapped his fingers around Jungkook’s cock and gave it a few experimental, languid pumps.

The brat groaned, serves him right, but Yoongi was in a hurry, he did want to play around and drive the lawyer crazy, to make him beg, the hybrid found that thrilling, but maybe another time, not now when his insides were still burning up.

The black-haired male licked his lips and then separated them, he took Jungkook’s cock in his mouth without much trouble, he was getting used to this. Yoongi bobbed his head up and down and he enjoyed the sounds, which the younger made.

Jungkook always told his boyfriends to never keep their voices down, but here he was - trying not to make too much noise, fucking brat, the hybrid couldn’t allow this.

The feeling of the human’s throbbing cock in his mouth and the fact that he was so hard and almost leaking, it boosted Yoongi’s ego, it gave him confidence to try more and new things. So he dipped his tongue in the slit of Jungkook’s cock and speedily stroked whatever he couldn’t fit into his mouth and the lawyer’s hips jerked up in response.

“Y-Yoongi-ah, you- you, aah.”

*That’s right brat, lose the ability to speak for once!*

Yoongi got happy and proud too early, because when he felt that Jimin gripped his ass, his breath hitched and all of a sudden, the hybrid felt how a hot and wet muscle made its way inside of him.

*W-what the fuck?? Holy shit! W-what is he doing?? T-that’s not a finger! Fuck, fuck, fuck!*

Yoongi’s stomach started fluttering and his whole body tensed up, he never ever thought that he would get to feel Jimin’s tongue in that way.

Some of the hybrid’s saliva rolled down Jungkook’s cock and he tried to get his mouth back on the younger, but he couldn’t, because his mind was filled with the obscene sounds, which Jimin was making, while he was sucking and slurping and pushing that sinful tongue of his, deeper and deeper.

“Mh, ah… sorry, Kook- I can’t- can’t-”

The hybrid couldn’t finish his sentence, he wasn’t even in his right mind anymore, he was drowning in pleasure. Yoongi just arched his back and let Jimin do his magic, while Jungkook just patted his head. The lawyer was okay with this, he understood that the oldest couldn’t continue with what he was doing.
“You don’t even need any prep now, Yoongi-ah, but Jimin is being kind enough to do that.”

Kind?? Kind?? He’s the Devil, I swear!

The hybrid’s head was spinning and he could only gasp loudly with every movement of Jimin’s tongue.

Yoongi could come like this, he really could, but his whole body screamed at him and told him that it needed something bigger, so he tugged at Jungkook’s arm and the boy got the hint.

“Jimin-ah, I think that’s enough.”

Wrong choice of words, it was definitely not enough, Yoongi could never get enough of that, but before he knew it, Jimin’s warmth was gone and Jungkook was pulling him up.

“Alright, kitten. Come here.”

The human looked just as eager as Yoongi, if not more, it was adorable, honestly, if Jungkook could just be… less of a brat, the hybrid’s life was going to be much easier.

The lawyer reached out towards the night stand, but Yoongi grabbed his arm.

“No condom this time, please. I want to feel you, Jungkook.”

The lawyer’s heart skipped a few beats, Yoongi was often not very direct when it came to his desires, but right now, he was quite straightforward and wasn’t embarrassed to say what he wanted, it made sparks run through Jungkook’s body.

Yoongi climbed into the youngest’s lap and aligned Jungkook’s cock at his entrance. The hybrid flinched at the intrusion, but still lowered himself completely and sighed in contentment when he was finally connected to the lawyer.

The hybrid wrapped his arms around the lawyer’s neck and rolled his hips a few times, was that stupid brat not going to move at all??

Jimin rubbed Yoongi’s lower back to comfort him in some way, because the hybrid seemed pretty exhausted and he probably felt rather sore.

“Jimin-ah, do you want me to finger you?” Jungkook asked, as he placed his hands on the hybrid’s
waist, making the oldest shudder at the touch and because of question.

“Um… ah… right now? When you and Hyung….?” Jimin trailed off, as he blushed and the lawyer hummed in reply. “Y-yes, I want, but…” The vet threw a glance at the discarded bottle of lube on the bed, it was empty. “I’ll just go to Hyung’s room to fetch more lube.”

Jimin got up and headed out in a hurry, the hybrid glared at Jungkook.

“You crazy brats, you’re hiding lube in my room?? Why- ah.”

Yoongi moaned when Jungkook licked one of his nipples and swirled his index finger over the other. Then he had the audacity to bite the hybrid’s perky nub and sensually thrust up, making the black-haired male bounce.

“We didn’t exactly hide the lube, we put it there just in case.” Jungkook replied and tenderly sucked a mark onto the hybrid’s sensitive neck.

“F-fuck, you da-damn perverts.”

The lawyer let out a short laugh and Yoongi lost his shit, because the brat was so damn good at toying with him.

“Jeon Jungkook, stop teasing me and fuck me properly!”

The hybrid fisted the human’s hair in anger and pulled it, Jungkook really had to stop kidding around or Yoongi was going to snap his neck.

“Awh, Hyung… you’re such a demanding kitty.”

Jungkook cooed and bit the inside of his cheek, because the hybrid’s human ears were red, just like his face, but he looked so serious and determined to get what he wanted, it was cute.

“S-shut up, brat! Just- agh, aah.”

Yoongi made a strangled noise when the human abruptly picked up his pace and the hybrid went limp against him. The black-haired male let his head rest against Jungkook’s shoulder and he breathed heavily. His skin was on fire, but for completely different reasons now, his humans really knew how to take care of him.
The hybrid concluded that maybe… being in a heat wasn’t that bad.

After a much needed shower, something even better followed.

Since Yoongi’s body was aching all over, what better way to make his muscles relax than a long bath? Or in Yoongi’s case - sharing the not so big space in the bathtub with his two humans.

It still made him relax though. Jimin put in a bathbomb, which was a mixture of flowers, so the place smelt heavenly good, almost intoxicating.

Jungkook, being the brat that he was, decided that they should turn off the lights and light up a few - well, a lot of candles.

Yoongi was opposed to the idea at first, because he wanted to be able to properly see his humans, not to squint his eyes and try to make out their silhouettes in the darkness, but with the close proximity between them, the hybrid could just feel rather than see.

Yoongi’s back was pressed against Jimin’s chest and after some time, he decided to lean his head back and rest it on one of Jimin’s shoulders. The vet giggled from time to time, as he played with the black-haired male’s hair and the action seriously lulled Yoongi to sleep.

He couldn’t even think about falling asleep though, because the brat was on the other side of the bathtub and he was massaging Yoongi’s legs. Sometimes Jungkook’s hands travelled upwards and any remains of slumber were shaken off.

“Are you feeling better, Hyung?” Jimin asked and he kissed the hybrid’s nape.

“Yeah, I think I’ve never felt so calm and um… satisfied after a heat.” The hybrid was thankful for the low lighting in the bathroom at the moment or he wouldn’t have uttered those words.

“Well, you better be satisfied. You literally drained us out, you know?” Jungkook said and successfully grabbed the older’s left leg when he tried to kick him.

“Shut up, brat! Don’t act like you didn’t enjoy it!” Yoongi’s face was definitely red, both out of embarrassment and anger.

“I didn’t say that. In fact… I could keep going all night long.”

Like Jungkook’s statement wasn’t enough to make shivers run down the hybrid’s spine, the feeling
intensified when Jungkook bit down on the flesh around the hybrid’s left ankle.

Yoongi would’ve seriously jumped up if not for Jimin’s arm, which was now circled around his waist.

Seriously… there was no peaceful moment with those two! They were ready to attack at any place, at any time!

“O-okay! Enough soaking in the water! Let’s go to bed!”

Yoongi was so damn done with his humans, he wanted to go to bed and sleep like a rock for at least 24 hours. It was Friday tomorrow, but Jimin was thoughtful enough to contact his best friend again and tell him that the hybrid wouldn’t be able to go to work tomorrow as well, so the black-haired male could rest all day long.

“Ah…” Jungkook suddenly said, as he gently let go of Yoongi’s leg. “I just realized that we haven’t been on a date, the three of us.”

The hybrid started blinking rapidly in the darkness, he tried to recall all the times, which he had been out with the two humans. They’ve gone shopping together, many times, thankfully the people at the local market no longer stared at them and even greeted Yoongi when they saw him. They’ve been to the nearby park and out on late-evening walks, because the May weather was perfect for that.

But a date… now that he thought about it, they really haven’t been on one. Wait? What did humans do on dates anyway? Yoongi had never been on a date in his life, so maybe all those times that they went out and aimlessly walked around, could be counted as a date?

“Oh my gosh! You’re right, Jungkook-ah!! Hyung, let’s go on a date next week, hm, hm, hmmmm???”

Yoongi knew that if he turned around, Jimin would be giving him those adorable, stray, puppy eyes look of his, but the hybrid was ready to give in without a fight this time. A date with his humans? He was actually excited for that.

“F-fine… if you two insist. We can go on a date.”
“Hyung, wake up.”

Hoseok stirred a bit in his sleep when Taehyung nudged him in the ribs, but other than that - there were no indications that the older was going to wake up.

“Hyung, seriously.”

The lawyer moved his limbs a little and responded this time.

“Just a little longer, sweety.”

Taehyung smiled and pressed a few kisses on Hoseok’s shoulder. It’s not like he wanted to let go of the older so early in the morning, but he couldn’t let the lawyer oversleep.

“Rise and shine, sunshine.”

Taehyung called out softly and he saw how the end of Hoseok’s lips curled up and he smiled.

Now Taehyung wanted to keep the older in bed with him, roll around in the sheets for hours, then have breakfast and head out together. It was going to be the perfect way to start the day, after the wonderful way they had ended the night, but if they did that, Hoseok was going to be late for work and Taehyung really couldn’t allow that.

“Hyung, it’s almost 9 am. You said you have a trail at 10 am today.”

“Yeah, I do.” A sudden realization hit Hoseok and his eyes snapped open. “Waaait, WHAT?”

Hoseok looked at the clock on the nightstand - **8:44 am**.

“Oh, shit.”

Hoseok cursed, as he got up and started looking for his clothes, which were… in various places. His shirt was under the bed, how did it even get there?

Taehyung simply stared at the older, as Hoseok speedily put on his clothes. The designer pulled up the blanket to cover his bare skin as he lifted his body from the mattress and started laughing.

“What is it?”
Hoseok asked, as he buttoned up his shirt, he wasn’t even looking at what he was doing, so he hoped he was doing this right and he hadn’t missed a button.

“H-Hyung-” Taehyung barely managed to speak between his laughs. “You didn’t put on any underwear.”

The words made Hoseok halt his actions, he completely froze for a few seconds and then he started feeling up his own ass - yes, no underwear indeed.

“Kim Taehyung! You should have said that earlier!!”

The designer burst into laughter when Hoseok frantically started looking for his underwear.

“I can just lend you a pair, Hyung. But… I want something in return. Come here.”

Taehyung beckoned the older to get closer to the bed and Hoseok complied. He thought the younger would ask for a kiss or something like that, but Taehyung suddenly started undoing Hoseok’s belt.

“U-uh, Tae… what are you doing?”

“Well, you can’t put on your underwear over your pants, right? You have to take them off first, I’ll help you.”

Hoseok was damn sure that Taehyung’s help was going to cause only problems and that he was soon going to need more… help.

“Y-you said you want s-something in return.” Hoseok stuttered lamely, as his pants fell down to his knees.

“Mhm… I just want to make you feel good, Hyung. Seeing your face when you come… it’s going to keep me in high spirits all day long.”

Hoseok gulped down when Taehyung licked his lips, there was really no time for this, but if Taehyung wanted to suck him off as a ‘Good morning’, Jung Hoseok was not going to let the chance slip.

“O-okay, babe. But we’ve got to be quick.”
“Don’t worry. I’m sure you’re going to be rather quick.”

Taehyung let out a tiny laugh, which made Hoseok’s legs go weak, but just as the boy reached out towards him, Hoseok’s eyes widened and he looked towards the corner of the room where Yeontan’s bed was.

The puppy wasn’t there.

“Tanie woke up, because of the noise you made while putting on your clothes. He’s probably in the kitchen, waiting for his breakfast.”

“O-oh, then… we can’t keep him waiting.”

“Yeah, that’s true. But, let me have my breakfast first.”

Aah… Kim Taehyung was truly one of kind. But Hoseok loved him even more, because of that.

It was the D-Day and Yoongi was a ball of nerves. His legs kept bouncing all day and he was distracted, he couldn’t think about anything else.

He didn’t want to let his boss know what was going to be happening tonight, because Taehyung was probably going to make him wear some bizarre clothes again and put make-up on his face and he was probably going to give him some terrible tips on how to handle Jimin and Jungkook.

Sadly, in the afternoon, the designer cornered him in the studio and demanded answers, he wanted to know why the hybrid was such a disaster today: in the morning he put salt instead of sugar in Taehyung’s coffee, then he went out to give some files to another designer, only to come back minutes later with the files still in his hands, at lunch (this is where Taehyung actually noticed that something was wrong), Yoongi barely touched his food and he usually gobbled it down in the matter of minutes.

Upon hearing that Yoongi was going on a date with Jimin and Jungkook tonight, Taehyung put away what he was working on and began running around the studio in excitement.
To the hybrid’s surprise, the designer didn’t do anything regarding his attire, because Yoongi was wearing black from head to toe, even his socks and shoes were in black, but each piece of cloth fitted him very well and Taehyung was pleased with the older’s look, even the thin turtleneck, which came up just until the middle of the hybrid’s neck was a nice touch.

But still, the designer claimed that he won’t let the older leave the studio until he did what he deemed right with Yoongi’s hair and face, so the black-haired male just accepted his faith and let his boss do what he wanted.

As a result, the hybrid’s hair was now slightly curly, he had a bit of eye shadow and pinker lips due to the lipbalm, which Taehyung applied on him.

Yoongi looked at himself in one of the mirrors in the studio and he was glad that Taehyung hadn’t overdone things. The hybrid’s earrings dangled, as he turned his head left and right and he also fixed the bracelet on his wrist. He looked good, he wasn’t going to lie.

Jungkook arrived right on time to pick up the hybrid from the studio. Jimin was the one who finished work the latest today, so they were going to get him from the clinic.

Right when the hybrid got into the car, Jungkook pressed a kiss on his lips and Yoongi just stared at the younger after that, completely forgetting to put on his belt.

The lawyer was wearing black pants and a white t-shirt, which was tucked into them, he also had put on a belt and his waist was so damn outlined, how come he had such a tiny waist?

The hybrid could’ve probably just stared for who knows how long, but Jungkook leaned forward again and put on Yoongi’s seatbelt for him.

“What are you thinking about, cutie?”

Jungkook asked, as he kissed the hybrid’s cheek and started the car.

Yoongi tried to formulate an answer, but he couldn’t say anything, his cheeks just heated up and he rolled down the window.

He prayed that he would survive this night.
When they reached their destination and got out of the car, Yoongi couldn’t tear his eyes away from the building in front of him.

‘Cheonguk Animal Clinic’

It was right at this place that he met Jimin, so the hybrid thought fondly of it. Maybe he should even look around and find that store from which he was trying to steal, perhaps he should thank the owner for catching him in the act and chasing him, otherwise, Yoongi wouldn’t have started running, he wouldn’t have fallen down and he wouldn’t have met Jimin.

Bad things lead to good things, everything happens for a reason and eventually, everything which happens in your life will make sense.

Yoongi didn’t use to believe in that, he used to be more… pessimistic, but his outlook of the world drastically changed in the past three months.

“What is it, Hyung? Do you want to wait inside the car?”

Jungkook asked, as he grabbed the older’s hand, but the hybrid shook his head and the two of them walked inside.

Mrs. Yang was at the reception desk like always and she smiled upon seeing them. Unlike last time, now Yoongi didn’t let go of the human’s hand and confidently held it in front of the woman whose smile just became bigger.

“Aaah, hello you two! Are you here to pick up my angel??”

“Yes, Mrs. Yang. Can you call Jimin-hyung?”

“Of course, dear.”

Jungkook barely suppressed his laugh, because now the hybrid was frowning and it was only because the woman had referred to Jimin as ‘my angel’.

“He said he’s done with his last check-up for the day and he’ll be out in a minute.”

The woman conveyed after the call and Jungkook bowed his head in gratitude. The hybrid used the time to look around, something which he hadn’t done during his two, previous visits.

The clinic was actually rather big and it didn’t smell bad like a hospital, it smelt like flowers, but maybe that was just Jimin’s scent, the hybrid wasn’t entirely sure, he just knew that the place
smelt good and it definitely eased down his nerves a bit. It probably helped all the animals too.

There were lots of framed photos on the walls with different vets who were brightly smiling, some of them were alone, some with animals, some with other people, but Yoongi’s eyes got stuck onto a picture of Jimin.

The vet was sitting down with a huge grin on his face and there were two golden retrievers next to him, the hybrid almost missed the tiny pups which were also captured. So... it was a picture of the two parents with their new-borns and Jimin who had helped during the birth? Hm, cute, cute.

“What did I say, girls?”

Yoongi turned his head towards the source of the voice, because it was Jimin’s.

“That mom should text you when we get home. We got it, Dr. Park!”

A small human cheerfully said, as she hugged Jimin and then grabbed the hand of another human girl who was slightly taller and was holding a leash in her other hand. The hybrid’s eyes travelled further down and he saw a dog. It was a dog, right? It was fucking tiny, but it was on a leash and it barked when it saw Yoongi. It was a demon, so... definitely a dog.

The only pup, which the hybrid approved of, was Kim Yeontan. He totally wasn’t biased.

Fine, maybe just a bit. But we all have our favorites, right?

The two girls passed by Yoongi and Jungkook and giggled when they saw the hybrid’s tail, they waved at the vet and left the clinic.

“Wow, you two look gorgeous.” Jimin pointed out when he reached his boyfriends’ side and kissed both Jungkook and Yoongi.

The hybrid’s eyes enlarged, because of the kiss and he looked behind the vet’s shoulder, to see the woman’s reaction, but she was still beaming at them.

“You look stunning, Park Jimin-shi.” Jungkook complimented and the blonde playfully punched his shoulder.

“I just need to leave my coat back in the office and grab my stuff. I’ll be right back.”

The hybrid dumbly nodded in understanding, because he was unable to say anything. Jimin looked damn fine. Yoongi had rarely seen him with pushed back hair and that white coat... it was going to
be the death of him.

Perhaps the hybrid should have an appointment with Dr. Park one of these days?

The vet took off his coat, as he headed towards his office and Jungkook and Yoongi unceremoniously stared at Jimin’s ass, which was nicely outlined by his black slacks. Also, the sway of his hips was illegal, it made the hybrid’s mouth water.

“Jungkook… have you and Jimin ever had sex in his office?”

Yoongi asked bluntly and just hoped that the woman at the reception didn’t hear him.

Jungkook didn’t verbalize an answer, but his wicked and devilish smirk spoke louder than any words.

_Those fucking brats._

They had a reservation at a restaurant, but they had more than two hours until then, so Jimin suggested going for a walk. Honestly, that wasn’t an activity which Yoongi enjoyed much… anything that involved movement actually. Though eating was in another category and… maybe cuddling and okay, maybe sex too. Was Min Yoongi biased? - Not at all.

To the hybrid’s horror, there was something like a fair in the park where they went and Jimin started jumping around excitedly, he wanted to get on different rides, but the hybrid said that he was okay with sitting on a bench and observing.

Jungkook agreed to accompany the vet on a ferris wheel, but before that he got a snack for Yoongi, he didn’t want the oldest to get bored while waiting for them.

And thus, the hybrid ended up with a pink, fluffy cotton candy in his hands with the statement: ‘_It won’t taste as good as Jimin-hyung, but I’m sure you’re going to like the taste._’

Jeon Jungkook… Yoongi was going to strangle him in his sleep sooner or later.

The hybrid couldn’t even answer Jimin’s harmless question: ‘_Hyung, why is your face so red? Are you feeling unwell?_’
How was Yoongi supposed to say: ‘Oh, everything’s fine. You just taste like cotton candy and I’m eating one in public and I’m kinda having dirty thoughts. Yeah, no biggie. Everything’s cool!’

The humans were gone for less than ten minutes, but they never took their eyes off the hybrid, even when they were on the wheel, Jimin kept waving at Yoongi and Jungkook just kept grinning.

The lawyer definitely found the perfect way to keep the hybrid entertained and give him a cardiac arrest.

When Jimin and Jungkook were back on the ground, Yoongi had to (unfortunately) say goodbye to his dear bench and walk around the park, which was decorated with tons of lights. There were different types of games, so sadly there were lots of humans as well, so the place was crowded.

It was the first week of June and Yoongi had to cast away the long coats over a month ago, so now his tail was rather visible and it attracted lots of looks, especially when he was walking side by side with two humans, while holding their hands.

Neither Jimin nor Jungkook cared about that, so the hybrid ignored the stares and the whispers. He could still hear everything though and he was surprised that people mainly said nice things, he could swear someone even called them ‘cute’.

Since Yoongi wasn’t that much of a fan of walking, eventually they decided to take a break at a coffee shop near Han river.

It was already dark outside and it was a wonderful sight - the many street and building lights reflected in the river, the stars in the night sky were shining brightly, there was a warm breeze, but the nights were still a bit cold, so the hybrid wasn’t feeling hot.

It was a wonderful night, but what Yoongi liked the most about the scenery and the atmosphere was his two humans who were sitting on the other side of the table.

Jimin and Jungkook wanted to sit next to Yoongi, but he ushered them to the other side. He just wanted to look at them. He wondered what kind of expression he was making while staring at them. Was it a dreamy one? Was it one filled with stars, which shone brighter than those on the sky?

The hybrid just knew that he felt very happy. Was it okay to feel that happy? So loved and treasured?

The Yoongi from months ago would’ve said that he wasn’t worthy of being treated so precious, but the Yoongi of today… believed that after going through so much in his life, he deserved it, he had the fucking right to be happy, to smile and laugh and not to think about the past, because the past was already gone, he couldn’t change anything about it.
His present? Yoongi adored it, every last bit of it, even the teasing, the bickering, the silly talks, the remarks and touches, which made his blood pressure get as high as the sky. He loved everything he had. He loved everything when it came to his two humans.

The future? He was damn looking forward to it. If it meant that he could spend the rest of his life with Jungkook and Jimin, then Yoongi was down for it, so so much.

The hybrid was delighted by the fact that their table at the restaurant was rather secluded, he didn’t mind the stares that much anymore, but he wanted to eat in peace.

The dinner was pretty much like those they had at home, but the fact that it was a date and not just a random dinner made Yoongi’s heart thump in joy.

They talked about their day as always. It was a tradition, which Jimin started. Before, the black-haired male didn’t have much to say since he mainly stayed at home, but ever since he started working for Taehyung, he always had something to share.

He complained that the photocopier on their floor wasn’t working today and Taehyung wanted a few copies of the new designs he was working on, so the hybrid had to the second floor and he didn’t really know the people there, so he got startled when a few people started up a conversation with him. Thankfully, Yoongi’s boss came and rescued him after a few minutes.

Jimin said that he lead a surgery in the morning, but everything went well and Jungkook had managed to win yet another case, that wasn’t surprising at all. Seriously, the brat was too good… at everything.

However, as much as Yoongi was currently trying to savor every single piece of his salmon and veggies, there was one problem, which was soon going to get out of hand.

Jimin was only on his second glass of wine, but he was full of smiles, bubbly laughier and sweet giggles. The hybrid was damn weak when it came to those, but… but… the vet was also being very touchy, more than usual and his hand was on Yoongi’s thigh at the moment, the blonde just kept moving it up and down and the black-haired male shivered every time when Jimin’s fingers started trailing patterns along his legs.

“Jungkook… do… something.”

The hybrid mumbled quietly, but he was certain that the lawyer was already aware of what was
happening under the table since he was sitting across of Jimin and Yoongi and he had a rather good view at his two boyfriends.

“Do something? Can you be more specific? What exactly do you want me to do?”

Jungkook was so composed that it was driving the hybrid insane. Jimin chuckled and Yoongi spoke through gritted teeth.

“Seriously? Do you two-” Yoongi looked around and lowered his voice. “Do you two want me to pop a damn boner in a restaurant???”

Jimin was now laughing and he let his head fall on the hybrid’s shoulder.

“Hyung… don’t you find it arousing? Doing things with the fear that you might get caught? It’s definitely a turn on.”

The hybrid’s heart began racing and his palms got sweaty, fuck, Park Jimin was willing to risk it all tonight.

The vet was like a siren, which knew how to temp, to seduce, to enchant, Jimin was very, very dangerous.

“Damn it, Jungkook. Ask for the goddamn bill or we’re going to make it to the news, as the trio who fucked on a restaurant table!”

It was obvious that it was very hard for the hybrid to keep a stoic face and not react to Jimin’s ministrations, so Jungkook looked at their plates, they were pretty much done with the food, there was barely anything left.

“Okay, but what about dessert?”

Jungkook’s question made Jimin straighten his back and grin like the cheshire cat.

“Oh, don’t worry, Jungkookie. Hyung’s going to get the dessert of his life, at home.”

They didn’t even make it to the apartment. Apparently, the brats had condoms and lube even in the car. Yoongi was never going to look at the back seat with the same eyes.
Of course, having some fun in the car was just an appetizer and they continued at home. The hybrid wondered for long he would be able to keep up with his two humans. Were they too young or was he too old? Or maybe both? Perhaps, Yoongi needed to work on his stamina.

Going to the gym sounded like the joke of the year to him, but maybe, trying it out wasn’t going to cause harm?

The black-haired male was currently pressed between Jimin and Jungkook and the two boys were soundly sleeping.

It was the middle of the night, but the hybrid felt thirsty all of a sudden, so he shifted around a bit and tried to get up.

The whole process took him a few minutes actually, because Jimin’s face was buried in the hybrid’s chest and he was tightly hugging the older, while Jungkook had literally locked the oldest in place by wrapping his arms around him from behind.

Summer was approaching and sleeping while sticking to each other didn’t sound all that pleasant to the hybrid and he often slept over at his humans’ bedroom, so maybe getting a bigger bed was a good idea? But then again… the space wasn’t the problem, Jimin and Jungkook just loved hugging Yoongi in their sleep, so spending money on a new bed was pointless.

After his battle with the limbs of the two humans, Yoongi finally managed to get up and walk out of the room. He went to the kitchen and poured himself a glass of water. What if it was already about 6 am? Should he just stay up and prepare breakfast for his humans?

The black-haired male looked out of the window and he spotted a few stars. Yoongi got reminded of how radiant and marvelous Jimin and Jungkook had looked at the café and the hybrid’s chest once again warmed up, because of all the emotions, which hit him once again.

But just then, he realized something super important, his lips parted in shock and he almost dropped the glass with water.

“Shit, shit, shiit!!! I’m such an idiot!!”

Yoongi left the glass near the sink and ran back to the bedroom, yes - ran.

He jumped onto the bed between the two, sleeping boys and practically yelled.

“Jimin, Jungkook, wake up!!”
The two humans shot up right away. Jimin sleepily rubbed his eyes and Jungkook inspected the hybrid with his eyes.

“W-what is it, Hyung?”

Jungkook’s speech was laced with sleep and his hair was disheveled, but he looked and sounded alarmed nevertheless.

Yoongi smiled and he crawled closer to the humans, he grabbed one of Jungkook’s hands and did the same with Jimin, the hybrid laced their fingers together and continued smiling.

Three months ago, Yoongi had nothing, he was a homeless hybrid and happiness, love, dedication, affection, those things were very foreign to him, he didn’t even know what it meant to be in love, he wondered what that felt like and if he would ever experience it.

But now he had all the answers, thanks to the people next to him, humans who told him just how much they loved him, every single day and the black-haired male… he had actually never uttered those three sacred words. He felt it, but the humans never pressured him to voice his feelings out.

But at last, Yoongi was ready for that very significant step.

“I know that I probably should’ve said this a long time ago, but…”

Yoongi paused and took in a deep breath. His humans were making funny faces, they were confused, but still let the oldest talk, it was endearing.

“I just realized that I’ve never said it and I tend to say what’s on my mind, so even though this is fucking embarrassing and I feel like my heart is about to explode, I just have to say it. Um… I, I just want to thank you for everything, ah, I’ve said that, that’s not what I- damn it.”

The hybrid breathed in and out again and squeezed the humans’ hands, while the boys just kept staring at him.

“Park Jimin… Jeon Jungkook… I love you. I love you two so damn much that it’s probably bad for my health, it’s definitely bad for my heart, but I don’t give a fuck. So yeah, I love you, like… a lot, lot, so deal with it.”

Jimin and Jungkook just blinked for about a minute, then they looked at each other, then they faced the hybrid again and just gaped at him.

“You know, Hyung…” Jimin started off, as he grabbed his phone from the nightstand. “I think I
didn’t hear you well. Can you please repeat?” The vet pleaded, as he swiftly unlocked his phone, clicked on the camera icon and pressed ‘record’.

“Mmm…. I think I also have a problem with my hearing, so yes, repeat what you just said, Yoongi-ah.” Jungkook joined in, as he also snatched his phone from the nightstand.

The hybrid just lay down with a smug smile and pulled down the two boys as well.

“Come on, brats. Let’s go back to sleep.”

Jimin and Jungkook continued urging the older to repeat his confession until the hybrid kissed them goodnight and told them to shut the fuck up or he was going to kick them out of the bedroom.

The two humans sulked for a few minutes, but after that they snuggled closer to the oldest and Yoongi fell asleep with the biggest smile ever.

It felt immensely good to be surrounded by so much love.

**Redamancy - a love returned in full; an act of loving the one who loves you.**

Chapter End Notes

I began the story with this quote and I ended it by using it.

The idea for Redamancy was born on 24th December 2017 and I started writing the story in January 2018. It took me two years to complete it, but I don’t regret a single second, which I spent on this story, so I hope it’s the same for you.

I know that there are many silent readers and I am perfectly fine with that, I’m happy that so many people enjoyed this work, but since it’s the end of the story, I would appreciate it a lot if you share what you think about the story in general. If you read up until here, that means Redamancy grabbed you with something , so… yeah, let me know. ^_^
Once again, thank you for all the comments, the kudos and for reading. Thank you for loving my Yoonminkook babies, I truly hope that you managed to learn or discover new things though this story and that you will always remember it. 😊 hehe

Stay tuned for the Epilogue, which will be posted soon! :)


♫ I fell in love in Spring…

It’s still spring, whenever I look at you. ♫

Jimmy Brown - 2 Things

[ 6 months later ]

“Taehyung, let go of my hand.” Yoongi snarled at the taller human, but his boss completely ignored him and continued pulling him through the crowd. “Yah, I know you fucking heard me!”

“I just don’t want to lose you, Hyung. There are so many people.”
The hybrid sighed and rolled his eyes. There were indeed tons of people around, this was an airport after all, but he wasn’t five, even if he and Taehyung did get separated, Yoongi had his phone, so he could make a call, he could handle a situation like that perfectly on his own.

But no… ever since he and Taehyung set foot in Seoul, the designer tangled their fingers together and refused to let go.

The past week was both quite blissful and a torture.

It was great, because Yoongi got to visit another country and take pictures and look around and basically… do nothing besides sleep and eat, true paradise indeed.

However, Yoongi had never been on a plane before and honestly… he was scared as heck. Taehyung kept giving him snacks to ease down his nerves and after half a glass of red wine, Yoongi fell asleep.

The other problem was Taehyung himself, because he was rather energetic, too much for the hybrid’s liking, so the black-haired male got dragged around a lot. He still got to see many great things, so he guessed it was okay.

It was supposed to be a strictly business trip to Paris, but Yoongi felt like they did no work at all. They just attended two fashion shows and Kim Taehyung with his damn good looks, attracted too much attention, so the hybrid had to stay up until very late on those two nights, because a lot of people wanted to speak to the designer.

And of course, Yoongi’s biggest issue was that Jimin and Jungkook were not with him. They hadn’t been apart ever since they met, well, except for the time when Jimin was in Jeju, so it was very difficult for the hybrid to wake up in an unfamiliar place and to not have his humans next to him.

It sucked a lot, but thankfully the week passed fast and in mere minutes, Yoongi was going to see Jimin and Jungkook again. Phone and video calls didn’t help much, the hybrid wanted to see the two humans for real, in flesh, not just on the screen.

The airport was too crowded, so Yoongi couldn’t clearly distinguish the thousands of scents, which mingled in the air, but the second the hybrid spotted his two humans, he started walking faster and eventually Taehyung let go of the older’s hand, since he saw his two friends as well.

Jimin was beaming and he was waving his hands like a child, while Jungkook was smiling and he was holding Yeontan.

Yoongi leapt towards the two boys and hugged them in an instant. Yeontan barked in happiness and wagged his tail and Taehyung joined the hug as well.
The hybrid felt like he could finally breathe again. Nothing felt better than being home and for Yoongi, home was Jimin and Jungkook.

The youngest handed over the pup to its owner and Yeontan started licking Taehyung’s face.

“Awwh, awwh, Tanie, my precious, little baby! I missed you soooo much!!!”

At this very moment, the hybrid wondered how Yeontan and Taehyung could look so alike, it some sort of sorcery, for sure.

“Missed ya, Hyung.” Jimin murmured in the hybrid’s ear and Yoongi smiled.

“I missed you too, Jiminie.”

Before the hybrid could say that the same to the lawyer, Jungkook’s strong arms wrapped around him and Yoongi could swear that the damn brat even lifted him up before bringing him closer.

“W-words, Jungkook. Use words! Y-you’re suffocating me!”

Jimin giggled and patted the hybrid’s head, as he also squeezed Yoongi’s body with all his might.

“I’m never letting you go somewhere, ever again. A week without you was just too much.”

Jungkook declared and Yoongi’s heart skipped a few beats, the brat was quite the softie and always said things, which flustered the hybrid.

“I’m not going anywhere any time soon, relax. Especially with Taehyung.”

Jungkook loosened his hold around the hybrid and glanced over at Taehyung who looked guilty all of a sudden.

“Taaaee, what did you do to Hyung??” Jimin questioned, as he waved an accusing finger at his best friend’s face.

“Well… you know that… I have to hug something to sleep or… someone.” Taehyung averted his eyes and stared into the nothingness.

“You scared the shit out of me when you crawled into my bed on the second night!” Yoongi huffed
and shook his head in disbelief at the designer. “And you even groped me in your sleep!”

Taehyung’s eyes widened, because suddenly Jungkook glared at him and the designer hid behind his best friend.

“Hyyung!! Don’t say things like that! Jungkook might actually kill me and cover up everything since he’s such a good lawyer! And besides, I didn’t grope you! I just caressed your tummy and you purred in your sleep, so I petted your head a bit too…”

“Shit! I did not purr! You imagined that!” The hybrid grumbled in anger and Jungkook pulled him closer to him by the arm.

“I’m so telling Hoseok-hyung about this.” Jungkook said and Taehyung started pouting.

“Hobear is sunshine. He won’t get mad!” The designer proudly said, but Jungkook just smirked at him.

“We’ll see about that.”

Now Taehyung looked nervous, he better call Hoseok and explain himself beforehand.

“Speaking of Hoseok, he’s still with that human, right?” Yoongi asked and Jungkook nodded his head. “Kim Namjoon… he better not fuck this up.”

Hoseok really wanted to go to the airport, so he could pick up Taehyung and see Yoongi as well, but he was at the court right now, because today was an important day, a historical day!

A day, which was about to bring lots of changes… in many lives.

And it all depended on Namjoon.

Namjoon was almost immediately appointed as an assistant-prosecutor, but he mostly dealt with the paper work and helped with the collecting of the evidence.

However, he was at last in charge of a case, but it was no ordinary one.

It was assigned to him as a joke, because people believed Namjoon wouldn’t do a decent job, that
he wouldn’t try doing his job properly and that he would let things flop, that he wouldn’t care at all, but they were wrong.

Namjoon promised himself that he would no longer do things, which he would regret later, things which wouldn’t let him sleep at night or make him feel ashamed.

The case was a peculiar one, because the defendant was a human and the plaintiff was a hybrid.

The case caused a huge controversy and most believed that they wouldn’t even be a trial, but more and more organizations were starting to step up in defense of the hybrids.

The girl, which had gathered the courage to seek help and press charges against her owner was only nineteen and she had been abused by her owner ever since he bought her over five years ago.

Nowadays, most humans treated hybrids with respect, but there were always some black sheep in the herd, but what caused the uproar, were not the details of the abuse or the evidence, which completely secured the girl’s statements. Now, it was actually the thing that she wanted.

She had only one demand: freedom.

She wanted to no longer be someone’s property, she wanted to be free, but of course her owner had paid for her and since she had no money, even if she was taken away from her abuser, she was about to be placed in a hybrid center again, where she was going to be proclaimed for sale again.

It was unheard of, a free hybrid, besides the runaways, all hybrids either belonged to a center or had owners.

Some hybrids were perfectly fine with their life, because they were treated well, but there were others who were not as lucky as Yoongi.

“Kim Namjoon-shi, do you have any closing remarks before I make my final decision?” The judge asked and the prosecutor rose from his spot.

Namjoon looked at the hybrid girl. She was definitely frightened and she had all the reasons to be. There was nothing scarier than the unknown, the uncertainty, the constant fear that you might be robbed of your future. Namjoon could feel that the judge was currently conflicted, he still hadn’t made his final choice, but there was still hope.

“As I already mentioned, in this case, the physical and mental abuse are supported with evidence. But despite everything, which Choi Hyejin-shi has been put through, she wants nothing from her owner. She is just fighting for her freedom and she has every right to.”
There were whispers and ill remarks in the room now, not many people agreed, but that didn’t discourage Namjoon from continuing.

“Hybrids hold the characteristics of both humans and animals, but it is scientifically proven that they are at least 55% human, so it isn’t right to treat them as less. It’s true that animals have rights too, but other authorities deal with that and they are doing a good job in making sure that all animals are well-fed and aren’t mistreated by their owners. I am here to defend human rights and this girl is without a doubt a human who can clearly voice out her desires and is capable of dealing with life on her own. Sure, she will definitely have a rocky start, but it is not impossible. Imagine how you would feel in her place - if you always had to belong to someone, if you couldn’t say what’s on your mind, if you stayed locked up at home and were not allowed to see the world. There is something very wrong in our system and it has to change, I believe that Choi Hyejin-shi’s case can be the start and it can make us re-think our values. As humans, we are born free, so we definitely incapable of understanding what it means to have no freedom. Sadly, we humans think of a lot of things as a given and we do not cherish them enough.”

It was a sophisticated and tangled case, in which many sides were involved, because if Hyejin was proclaimed as a free hybrid, then what was going to follow? More and more requests from hybrids were going to pile up, what were the centers supposed to do then? If hybrids were free, then that meant nobody would have to right to buy them. The whole system was going to crumble and everybody knew it, that’s why there was a lot of pressure on the judge, who had the final word.

You can’t make everybody happy, that’s the truth.

Namjoon faced the judge and said his last sentence, which caused a discussion among everybody in the room.

“We are all equal, but some are more equal than others… don’t you think so?”

Namjoon wasn’t talking only about the hybrids and the ones present were aware of that. There was something messed up in all systems and with the whole hierarchy, that’s why some people always got away, Namjoon knew that all too well.

As the prosecutor sat down and the judge kept shouting ‘Order!! Order!!’, Hoseok stared at his friend with admiration in his eyes. He knew it, he just knew that Namjoon was still a good person, he gave his all for this case.

Namjoon fucking nailed it.
Namjoon stopped walking and turned around. To his surprise, he saw that the dog hybrid was trying to catch up to him.

She was now free. Perhaps, she couldn’t even realize what that meant yet and how big it was, but when the news were announced, she cried a lot. She cried, but she was also smiling and Namjoon left the room with a light heart.

“I, um- I… hello.” The girl said when she reached Namjoon’s side and he hummed in response. “I wanted to thank you. I really am beyond grateful. Thank you, thank you.”

The girl deeply bowed her head, as she kept chanting her thanks and Namjoon was at a loss of words.

So that’s how it felt, huh? To help someone, to pretty much be the light in someone’s world, which was only made up of darkness.

“I- I didn’t do anything.” Namjoon struggled to say after a whole minute and the hybrid girl looked up. “You should be thanking your lawyer, he-”

“That’s not true! He was just a court appointed attorney, he didn’t even ask me how I was or what I wanted to do if I ever gained my freedom. But you did… you really cared and you wanted to help me. So, thank you.”

The girl bowed again and Namjoon followed the movement of her dog ears with his eyes. Hyejin was blonde and so was the fur on her tail and dog ears. She was beautiful and she looked like a nice and kind person. How could someone even think of treating her harshly?

The girl was a bit tiny though and Namjoon was reminded of Yoongi, who cursed every time they met, which to the black-haired’s dismay happened often, because Hoseok always brought his friend with him whenever he visited Taehyung’s studio for lunch. But they always bought delicious food, so Yoongi didn’t complain… much.

The image of Yoongi, stuffing his mouth with food, while glaring at him and cussing right in his face, made Namjoon laugh and the girl once again looked at him, this time with wide eyes and parted lips.

“W-what is it?” Namjoon asked when he noticed the girl’s expression, which was full of wonder.

“I’ve just never seen you smile. You should do it more often, Namjoon-shi! A good person like you has to smile all the time!”
Was he really… a good person? After everything, which he had done, could Namjoon call himself a good person?

He wasn’t sure, because what he did in the past few years was terrible, but he really wanted to put all of that behind, he couldn’t change anything, which had already happeneded, but from now on… he was going to try to do only good deeds.

“Do you have anywhere to go?” Namjoon asked and the question made the girl’s eyes go bigger.

“I… no… actually, oh my god, what am I going to do??”

Hyejin solely focused on thinking about earning her freedom and of course, she had some plans for the future, but right now… she didn’t even have a place where to sleep. Her past owner was probably going to throw away all of her belongings and besides… she didn’t want to see him anymore, but still… life was quite an odd thing.

Hyejin currently had everything and nothing at the same time.

Her freedom was everything she had been dreaming about, but apart from that… she really had nothing.

“Do you want to come with me?”

Namjoon’s sudden offer made the girl take a few steps back.

Oh, no, no, wrong choice of words!

Namjoon mentally scolded himself, because now Hyejin looked scared. And how not to? Even if she was thankful to Namjoon, he was a human and he was a man, just like her ex-owner who did nothing, but abuse her in various ways during the past five years.

“I- I didn’t- I mean- I live in a four-storey building and there’s a café, which is connected to the first floor. The owner is a woman in her late 50s and she lives alone. Maybe you can start working at the café and she can let you live at her place. For a start, you won’t be able to make much money and most of it will go for rent and expenses and-”

Namjoon could probably go on and on, but the girl interrupted him.

“But… will she even give me a job? I… can’t read nor write. Humans probably think I’m pretty useless…”
Right, of course… that was a bit of an issue. Okay, a big issue.

“You are not useless, don’t say that. And when it comes to the reading and writing, I can teach you?” Namjoon sounded very unsure when he said that, so it sounded more like a question, but the girl’s face lit up.

“Really?? Really??”

“Well, yeah… I-” Namjoon scratched the back of his head, he didn’t even know why he was so keen on on helping the girl, but she had to start from rock bottom and it was going to be very hard, but things could at least become a bit easier for her if someone helped her. “I mostly stay at home during the weekends, so I can come to the café and teach you, if you want and you don’t have to worry about Mrs. Song, she’s a nice woman, so she will definitely hire you and let you stay with her.”

Hyejin’s eyes filled with tears out of happiness for the second time that day.

“I- I don’t know what to say. How can I ever repay you?”

The girl was now sobbing, because the emotions just hit her like a wave and Namjoon’s next words made her weep even harder.

“Live your life to the fullest. That’s how you can repay me.”

“It’s a pity that you missed Seokjin-hyung’s birthday party, Hyung. Who knows when his next visit in Seoul is going to be.” Jimin mentioned, as he locked the door.

“He sent me so many videos and pictures that I felt like I was at the party.” Yoongi said, as he looked at Jungkook who decided to leave the hybrid’s luggage in his room. “Still nothing?” The black-haired male questioned and Jimin shook his head.

“I talked to him many times, Hyung. But he won’t listen. It’s been three months. How long is he going to keep up the tough act?”

Both Jimin and Yoongi were worried. Even though Jungkook pretended that everything was fine, all three of them knew that wasn’t the case and the hybrid felt responsible. He had to take care of this.
“I’ll go talk to him.”

Yoongi kissed Jimin and the vet smiled into the kiss. Then the hybrid made his way towards his room.

Jungkook was in the middle of opening the oldest’s suitcase when suddenly the door got slammed.

“Jeon Jungkook.” The hybrid marched towards the younger and pushed him onto the bed. “Why won’t you listen to your Hyungs?” Yoongi cupped the lawyer’s face and literally begged him. “Please, Jungkook… call her.”

Jungkook sighed and he placed his hands on top of Yoongi’s. He saw this coming, he knew the hybrid would bring this up the moment he was back.

“I don’t want to. I don’t want to call her, Hyung. I don’t want to.” Jungkook repeated a few more times, as if to convince himself, he definitely needed that.

It all happened in the beginning of September, a week after Jungkook’s birthday.

The two humans and the hybrid took off some time from work and they went to Busan. They spent a few days with Jimin’s family and Yoongi was once again showered with tons of love from the Parks. But they also decided to visit Jungkook’s family.

The Jeons were informed that Jimin and Jungkook had bought a hybrid, that he was a cat one and that he was even older than them, but the fact that the three of them were dating… you don’t break such news over the phone.

They decided to do it in person and the hybrid had an inkling that things won’t go as well as with the Parks, but he didn’t know it would be that bad.

When they saw Yoongi, Jungkook’s parents gave him curious looks, but when the lawyer grabbed one of the hybrid’s hands and Jimin did the same - hell broke loose.

Mrs. Jeon was beyond bewildered, she thought it was some sick joke and she blurted out something, which lead to the current situation.

‘Jungkook… you can’t be serious… how can you… how can you say you are in love with this thing?’

Back then, Yoongi felt a pang in his heart when Jungkook’s mother referred to him as a thing and he didn’t hear much from the conversation, which followed, but there was yelling, a lot of yelling
and Jungkook was pissed off, Jimin was trying to calm him down, Mr. Jeon who was also quite taken aback tried to ease down his wife, but both Jungkook and his mother just continued screaming at each other and the next thing the hybrid remembers is how the lawyer dragged him out of the house.

The offend was directed towards Yoongi, but Jungkook took it to heart and he was really saddened by his mother’s hurtful words and just like years ago, the boy cut off contact with her.

It was the same turmoil all over again and now the hybrid understood why even though years ago, Jimin was the one who got offended and got slapped by Jungkook’s mother, he was the one who contacted her, because now Yoongi wanted to the same.

He couldn’t stand the sadness in Jungkook’s eyes or the forced smiles or the ‘nothing’s wrong act’, it was painful to see the youngest like this, but Jungkook forbid both Jimin and Yoongi to contact his mother, he made them promise, so they did.

And ever since that day, the vet and the hybrid were hoping that Mrs. Jeon would give in first, that she would call or text or send a pigeon, who knows, anything was going to be okay. But the woman was damn stubborn and so was Jungkook, he had definitely inherited that from her.

“Jungkook, I’m fine. It doesn’t matter. Your mother was surprised. That’s why she said what she said. Anyone in her situation would’ve reacted the same way.”

“Not everyone. She was rude. She hurt you with her words. She doesn’t even know you, how could she say something like that to you?”

In such situations Yoongi felt the need to envelope Jungkook in a tight hug and protect him from the world. The lawyer could really be like a child sometimes, so pure and hopeful.

“Once she gets to know me, she might like me or she might not, I don’t know. But please, don’t be like this, Kook-ah. She’s your mother and without a doubt, she adores you. I want to be on good terms with her. Even if it’s difficult, I am willing to give it a shot. I’ll try, for you. So, please - contact her.”

Jungkook remained silent, so Yoongi sat down in the younger’s lap and kissed him. Sensually, sweetly, but when he achieved his goal, he pulled back.

“You really didn’t notice, huh?”

The question perplexed Jungkook, but then he saw that now the hybrid was holding his phone, when did he manage to take it out of his pocket?

“Don’t forget that I lived on the streets, brat. I have my ways.” Yoongi provided the explanation,
even though the lawyer hadn’t asked anything.

“What do you need it for? And besides, it has a password.”

“I’m sure it will be damn easy to crack it.” Yoongi touched the screen a few times and he unlocked the phone right away. ‘0913’, seriously Jungkook? You’re such a lovestruck brat.”

“I’m not-!”

Before the lawyer could finish his sentence, the hybrid turned the phone and showed it to the boy. Jungkook’s wallpaper was a photo of Jimin and Yoongi, hugging and laughing on the couch.

“Damn it…”

Jungkook grumbled under his breath and the hybrid smiled in victory. Yoongi pecked the boy’s right cheek and then got up.

“Now, talk to her.”

Yoongi said, as he handed over the phone to Jungkook, who couldn’t even question the older’s words, because when he looked at the screen, he saw the hybrid had already dialed ‘Mother’.

Should Jungkook hang up? Maybe it was too late? His mother was definitely going to be notified that he had called her. Was she even going to pick up though?

“Hello, Jungkook??”

Jungkook got startled when he heard his mother’s voice. She had accepted the call and the boy hesitantly pressed the phone to his ear.

“H-hi, mom, I- wait, wait, why are you crying? Calm down. Yes, yes, I’ll listen, just don’t cry…”

Yoongi left the room with a smile on his face.

Jungkook took his time with the call and he came to the kitchen just in time for the dinner, which Yoongi and Jimin had been preparing and they could instantly saw the change. Jungkook’s shoulders were not longer tensed up, he looked somehow relaxed and the corners of his mouth
were curled up slightly.

“Wow, so much food.” Jungkook commented and the other two joined him at the table.

“Well, you and Yoongi-hyung eat a lot, so the food’s never enough.” Jimin laughed when the hybrid threatened to throw his chopsticks at him.

“We eat, so we can live, Jimin-ah. What’s the harm?” Yoongi remarked, as he took a big piece of meat from the plate in the middle and placed it on the rice in his bowl.

“Or maybe we live, so we can eat.” Jungkook threw in and the hybrid narrowed his eyes at him.

“Shut up, brat. Eat your food before I snatch it.”

The lawyer tried to hide his smile, as he started eating, but he could feel the two pairs of eyes on him, so after gulping down his first bite for the night, he spoke up.

“Mom said she wants us to visit around Christmas, if we have time… the three of us.”

Jungkook and his mother spoke for over an hour, so the hybrid hoped they managed to clear up everything. They probably both uttered apology after apology and promised to keep their temper in check. Cutting off all contact for three months was a very radical and drastic decision, one that brought many regrets, simply because of the lost time, which could’ve been spent together, so Jungkook and his mother definitely had a lot to talk about.

“We’ll find time, definitely.” The hybrid firmly stated and the lawyer grinned.

“Aaah, Hyung! This is going to be our first Christmas together!! There are just two weeks left! Are you exiiiiiteeed?!?!?”

How come Park Jimin still forgot at times that Yoongi was gifted with an incredible hearing? It was such a mystery.

“Yes, yes. I’m excited. Humans claim that it’s the best day in the year, so I have high expectations, but I must say… 1st September was just wow.”

Yoongi had a fucking amazing 1st September. It was such a superb day that the hybrid even wondered: was it Jungkook’s birthday or his?

As if on clock, Yoongi’s heat hit him on 31st August, exactly three months after his last heat in
May and the two humans once again took care of him in best way possible and in the morning Jungkook and Yoongi were awoken from their slumber, because of Jimin’s singing of ‘Happy Birthday’ and he had also prepared a cake with candles, just like on the hybrid’s birthday.

They mostly stayed in bed and only went to the kitchen a few times to grab something to eat. The hybrid was once again blessed with tons of love and affection, but Yoongi believed that the birthday boy deserved more attention on his special day and the vet thought so too.

And thus, Jungkook received quite a lot from both Jimin and Yoongi, but the highlight of the day for the hybrid was when the brat brazenly suggested bottoming, because it was his day and he could afford to be the baby in the household… not like he generally wasn’t.

So, Yoongi had the show of his life, because seeing Jimin have his way with Jungkook, was honestly the hottest thing he had ever witnessed.

Luckily, it’s been over three months since his last heat, so Yoongi was starting to believe that with time, they might truly disappear and the black-haired male would be lying if he said that he wasn’t looking forward to that. Even though Yoongi did enjoy his last two heats, the pain was still unbearable at times, so he was absolutely going to be better off without that torturous thing known as a heat.

“Oh, yeah… 1st September was just wow.” Jungkook added after a while and the oldest was brought back from his trance and reminiscing of that glorious day. “I knew that black choker would be a perfect match. It looked so damn good on you, Hyung.”

Yoongi dropped his chopsticks. Shit. He forgot about that.

Somewhere in between everything that happened, Jungkook convinced the hybrid to wear that devilish item, which Taehyung had bought for him.

Yoongi desperately needed to get rid of that thing, only if he knew where the shitty brat hid it…

“I think that every day is a wonderful one! Every day is a gift!”

Jimin smiled widely and the hybrid fanned his face, as he hummed in response. That damn choker was going to haunt him in his sleep.

“That’s true. Every day is precious.” Jungkook said, as he looked back and forth between the two older men and he realized something. “Now that I think about it… we don’t have an anniversary date, the three of us.”

The lawyer’s words made both Jimin and Yoongi look at him and deeply think about it.
“Hmm… you’re right. It’s hard to pinpoint an exact date, because confessing to one another and getting together happened over time, not on one particular day… Do we even have to choose a date?” Yoongi wondered, but Jimin thought that it was super important.

“Of course we need a date, Hyung! So we can celebrate it! But which date should we choose… maybe somewhere around the time I found you? Or maybe your birthday? Or maybe when I first kissed you? Mmm, or maybe when Jungkookie helped you with your heat? Or maybe when I got back from Jeju and we decided that we are together-together. How about all those dates? Yeah, we can celebrate each of those things! But… having a specific anniversary date would be good… perhaps it could be—”

“Whenever the cherry blossoms bloom.”

Jungkook interrupted blonde’s rambling and Jimin and Yoongi stared at him with question marks in their eyes, so the lawyer elaborated.

“It’s just… it all happened in Spring, we just let our feelings be and they naturally bloomed. I don’t think we need a specific date. Whenever I look at the two of you, it feels like Spring, it feels as if I fall in love over and over again and the feeling gets stronger every time. I just think it suits us, to have such an extraordinary and flexible anniversary date.”

“Aah, Jungkookie, that sounds perfect! I love it!” Jimin rejoiced, as he hugged the youngest.

“Well, fuck, brat, that was hella cheesy. You’re so damn smitten and in love.” Yoongi tried not to show how happy he was feeling, but his cheeks were rosy and his mouth honestly hurt from smiling too widely.

“I guess that’s what I am then. I just love my two Hyungs a waaaay too much.”

Jimin peppered the youngest’s face with kisses and Yoongi was a happy blushing mess, but he still held Jungkook’s hand and the boy radiated happiness.

_Whenever the cherry blossoms bloom… our love story will begin again and again and again._

_I honestly can’t wait._
Chapter End Notes

One of Namjoon's lines from this chapter is a quote from a book, but the characters there are animals, so I slightly changed it.

"All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others." - George Orwell (Animal Farm)

With the Epilogue... the story really feels complete and I can now let go of it with no regrets.
Once again, thank you for reading and supporting the story. (4000 kudos, oh my god)
I hope that whenever the cherry blossoms bloom... you will get reminded of Redamancy. 😊

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