Ankle-biter

by Ken_t

Summary

Jungkook is a full time worker at a small restaurant down the street. It's hard work but he does his best. Six loyal customers talk to him sometimes when he closes up the restaurant, and while he appreciates their company he can't help but wonder who they really are behind their vague smiles.

On his day off he hears glass break while he's in the shower. Now what could that be? He learns that charismatic men should never be trusted. Ever.

Notes

Inspired by the age play fics I've read in this fandom. There is just not enough of them so I thought I would write one myself. Strap yourselves in your booster seat! This is gonna be a long ride.
Every day is the same day.

Wake up, eat, work, come home, eat, and sleep. Rinse and repeat.

He works as a dish washer at the restaurant down the street from his shabby apartment. Every night when the owner of the restaurant closes shop, he’s left to clean up the restaurant before heading home. He doesn’t really do anything besides work. If anyone were to ask (which they wouldn’t because no one cares about him) he could easily say that he lives to work. It was a quiet life, one he was hoping to end soon.

He doesn’t have any family, at least none that he knows of. When he was seven years old his grandmother passed away, her old cancer bones stealing away her last breath. She was the light of his life; the only one who he was sure loved him just as much as he loved her. From that day he was whisked away to reside in a ratty orphanage and be forced to watch as the younger and cuter kids were adopted by loving couples. He’s not bitter. No, why would he be?

To admit that he were bitter would be to admit that the world had won. That the cruelty of his life had won against the battle of his will to live. Yet perhaps he could admit to himself that eventually he would succumb to the cruelty, admit he would inevitably allow it to soak into his cold bones. He did miss his grandmother.

The six group of men are at the restaurant again. They’re loud and chipper, and he has grown fond of listening to them banter over their food. He doesn’t know them very well. Matter of fact he doesn’t know them at all. They never told him their names, but they somehow managed to squeeze his name out of him. The pretty one with the broad shoulders was very gentle and good at coaxing information out of him. They always come to the restaurant near closing time and keep him company as he cleans up the restaurant for the night.

The store owner didn’t mind their late and loud presence as the six of them are the shops loyal customers. Their tips are good and his boss is always pleased to look into his wallet after they leave the store.

His back was aching today and his feet were burning in his shoes. A large family had come to the restaurant today and ordered a large amount of food, meaning a lot of dirty dishes for him. He twists his body to the side, sighing as he achingly bends over to wipe down spilled sauce on the ground. He just hopes the kinks in his back will work itself out when he sleeps tonight.

“You feeling all right, Jungkook?” He hears the pretty one ask him.

“Yeah, just a long shift. I’ll be fine.”

“You work too much, you know. I don’t think we’ve ever come here without seeing you here.”

He chuckles under his breath, walking over to the garbage so he can toss out the dirty paper towel. He did work too much, but it was either that or sleeping on a bench. He thought about going back to school so he could get a better job, but he couldn’t think of when he would have the time to juggle both school and work. For now he just didn’t have very many options, and he was usually too tired after his shifts to give the idea more thought anyway. He grabs the trash and ties it closed, spinning the silver restaurant key around his fingers. He walks towards the front of the store and opens the door politely, holding it open.
“I don’t wanna be rude but I gotta close up shop for the night.”

They shuffle around the table and he can hear the chairs squeaking against the tiled floor. The pretty boy smiles at him as they make their way towards the door and he smiles back politely. He closes the door and locks it, then shoving the key into his jean pocket.

“We’ll see you tomorrow?” The one who looks like a cat asks him.

“Actually I’ve got the day off tomorrow. I don’t always work on Saturdays.” He volunteers the information.

“Oh, Monday then?” The pretty boy asks.

He turns his eyes to the alleyway besides the restaurant and eyes the dumpster, shuffling the large garbage bag in his hands. “Yeah, I’ll see you guys then?”

“See you,” they grin at him and he bows kindly to them, turning his body to walk into the dark alley. They walk away from the restaurant, and they watch as the pretty boy collects information through his phone.

“You’ve got his address?” The leader of the group asks.

The pretty man nods with a warm smile. Their plan was finally in action. It took a long time but it was finally happening. They were finally going to take their baby under their wings. He looks back once more at the distant restaurant, watching as the tired boy takes a large drag from his cigarette while leaning his head against the brick wall of the restaurant. They’d have to wean him off the cancer sticks.

“See you tomorrow, baby boy.”

~*~

He wakes up with a yawn, scratching at his eyes. He checks the time on his phone and sees that it’s already almost noon. He hadn’t gone to bed too late last night so his body must had tried to make up for his sleep depravity. He’s not complaining because he feels refreshed.

After stretching his legs he hops out of the bed, making his way to the bathroom so he can take a hot shower. He slides into the shower and turns it on, groaning in bliss as the hot water relaxes his muscles. He lathers up the vanilla body wash over his body, scrubbing off the dirt and grime from his shift last night. He had wanted to shower when he had gotten home, but the urge to pass out in his bed was too good to resist. He can hear something fall over from outside the bathroom and it causes him jump.

Must’ve been the cat.

With a sigh he runs the shampoo through his hair and washes it out. He’s just about to use conditioner when he hears a deep voice murmuring from outside the bathroom. His eyes widen and he puts the conditioner back into its place. He always knew he lived in a shady area but he never thought someone would actually manage to break into his apartment. He holds his breath as he tries to listen out the door.
“Will you be more quiet?!?” He can hear someone hiss and the voice sounds awfully familiar but he can’t place it.

*Shit, shit, shit.*

He can do this.

Grimacing at the price of his water bill he decides to leave the water running in the shower as he quietly steps out of it. If he turns off the shower they’ll think he’s finished and will wait for him outside the door. If he leaves the water running, he could hopefully use the element of surprise against them. Granted he’s got the limbs of sticks and he’s never fought anyone before, but it was worth a try. Besides, what else could he do? He was kind of cornered here.

He looks around his bathroom for something he could use as a weapon. The best thing he can see is the glass vase he uses to hold plastic flowers. If it came down to it he could hit it against the persons head. It sounds like there might be multiple people in his house so it might screw him over, but if he can subdue at least one of them it will increase his chances of getting the hell out of dodge before they can kill him or something.

He plucks the plastic flowers from the vase and leaves them in the sink. He wraps his dominant hand around the vase and exhales as he wraps his shaking fingers around the doorknob. Before opening it he presses his ear against the door to listen for anyone, to maybe gauge how close they are to him.

It’s very quiet now. The intruders must be on their tippy toes to be quiet. The only sound he can hear now is the racing pace of his own heart and he prays to himself that he makes it out of this one. If he dies soon he wants it to from his own hands and on his own terms. Holding his breath he quietly twists the old doorknob and creaks open the door, walking out and quietly closing it behind him to give the idea to the intruders that he’s still showering.

Blinking rapidly he sees that the hallway is completely empty. He can see a portrait of his grandmother on the ground, covered by a small amount of glass from the frame. He can see his cat Nemo curiously swatting at the frame before looking at him with a loud meow. He puts his finger over his mouth and quietly shushes her, taking small steps down the hallway with his bare feet to enter the dining room. Nemo follows him with a purr, loudly meowing to beg him for food. He stops in his spot with dread rising in his stomach. He lifts his foot to gently kick her away from him, trying to encourage her to back to the knocked over frame instead of following him down the hallway.

He walks to the edge of the hallway and peers into the room. He can see the back of a man flipping through a book he owns. The man has his legs crossed as he casually flips through the pages, humming to him. The man looks awfully familiar to him but he can place who it might be.

“He takes long showers.” A man sighs as he enters the dining room from the kitchen and Jungkook’s eyes shoot to look at him.

What the hell? It’s one of the men from the restaurant. Why would they be here? How did they even know where he lives? Most importantly what would they want from him? They should know that he doesn’t have anything they would want.

He can hear his bedroom door open from behind him and the vase slips from his sweaty fingers in surprise. He’s such an idiot; he forgot to check his room!

“Oh hey,” the pretty man says and looks down at Nemo, “You’ve got a cute cat, baby.”
Baby?

Jungkook steps away from him in shock, and he sees another one of the men exit his room and look at the closed bathroom door with confusion. The man walks towards the bathroom and opens the door, stepping to walk over to the small shower and turn it off before walking back to stand behind the pretty man.

“Why’d you leave on the water? It’s not good to waste water, you know.” The pretty man scolds him, walking towards him.

“I-um,” he backs away into the dining room, “How’d you-why are you?”

He painfully backs into a bookshelf, blinking yet unfazed as a thick book falls off and hits him right on the top of his head before landing on the floor with a loud thump. A thin tanned boy whose name is unknown to him stands in the kitchen with two of the other men. “That looks like it hurt, Kookie.”

Jungkook shakes his head with wide eyes, looking around the room to see that all six of the men from the restaurant were here. In his house, he might add. Yes, that was a very important detail. He looks towards his front door near the kitchen and considers making a break for it.

He whimpers and leans his hands against the bookshelf and stills as he sees the pretty man take out a syringe. He sees a strange liquid inside of the syringe, and feels his heart stop as the metal needle glints at him under the light.

The pretty man seems to see his distress and tries to calm him down as he slowly walks towards him, “Now sweetie I know this must be scary for you, but please know that we’re only trying to help you. Will you let us do that, baby?”

Oh god. These freaks are going to kill me.

He whimpers at the pretty man and sneakily wraps his fingers on a book from behind him, chucking it at the pretty man’s face as he darts for the front door. The pretty man falls back and yells in pain, the syringe falling from his fingertips and shattering on the floor. One of the men from the kitchen chases him and grabs him behind, prying his fingers off the doorknob. He can hear Nemo hissing as he tumbles on the floor with the cat looking man, kicking and punching as he tries to fight his way out of the hold.

“Let me go! Let go of me you bitch!” He screams at him.

The other men gather around him to subdue him, and one of the men puts a hand on his mouth to get him to stop screaming. He screams under the hand as the pretty man pulls out a spare syringe from his bag, his kicking futile as the five men hold him down for the needle.

He tries to tell them to stop and to let him go, but it only comes out as muffles. The pretty man has blood on his cheek from the book yet he doesn’t feel bad about it. The pretty man sighs and leans down on his knees towards the distressed boy.

He pushes a bit of the liquid out of the syringe and gives it a tap with his fingernail to get out the bubbles. The man stabs the syringe into his thigh, causing him to scream in pain. Hot tears slide down his cheeks and onto the hand that covers his mouth. He sees the pretty man coo at him, his eyebrows furrowed at his tears.

The hands release from his mouth and body as his muscles relax from the drug. He lays there in shock as the man who looks like a cat wipes his tears away with his thumb, frowning down at him.
“Poor baby.” One of the men says sadly.

“Your daddies are sorry, baby. We don’t want to hurt you like this.” The tanned one says as he rubs his thigh apologetically. He would slap the hand away but he can’t move. He tries to wiggle his toes with all his might but is terrified to see that they won’t even slightly move in response.

“The drug won’t make you sleep so don’t worry about that. It’ll just make sure that you can’t be too fussy, okay baby? Your daddies will take turns carrying you until we get you home.”

He sees Nemo licking his fingers while purring distressfully and he wants to pet her and kiss her, but he can’t do anything with the current state of his body. They follow his eyes and coo at him. He feels a hand run through his hair to comfort him, yet it doesn’t do much.

“We’ll send someone to bring Nemo home with us, so don’t worry.”

I’m worrying.

“A-are you… g-going to k-ill me?” He chokes out, his throat raw from the screaming.

They look at him with horrified eyes and the pretty man shakes his head rapidly.

“Oh no, sweetie! We would never hurt you. Don’t ever think that.”

The pretty man stands up and the others mimic his actions. The pretty man picks him up and puts him on his hip, carrying him over to the couch. He sits down on the old couch and sits the boy onto his lap, wrapping his arms around him. He blinks as the other men all sit down with him.

“Before we leave, it’s only right that we introduce ourselves to you so you have a name to the face.” The pretty man says, bouncing him up and down to help him settle.

He stares down at Nemo who sits by his feet, licking her paw and running it over her ear. Well, it was nice that Nemo could be so calm and collected after he was stabbed in the leg with drugs. It was nice to know that someone was looking out for him. Damn cat.

“I’m Seokjin but everyone just calls me Jin.” The pretty man introduces himself with a smile.

“I’m Yoongi.” The cat man raises his hand from across the couch.

“Namjoon here! You can call me Joonie.” The man grins with him with his dimples. Jungkook would find it cute if it weren’t for the fact he couldn’t feel his legs.

“Taehyung. You can call me Tae or TaeTae if you want.” It was the tanned man who clawed his hand off the doorknob, with a boxy smile so cheerful he instantly felt the urge to knock his teeth out. It’s too bad he can’t feel his arms, though.

“My name is Jimin, cutie.”

Don’t call me cutie.

“I’m Hoseok, but you can call me Hobi. Ah, you’re so cute! I just wanna pinch your cheeks!” The bubbly man jumps and bounces in his seat and Jungkook feels the urge to run away. He weakly looks down at his numb legs. If only. Also how can these people stab him with a needle and then act like it didn’t just happen?

“If you’re not going to kill me,” His mind stirs around at the possibilities, “…what do you want? I d-don’t have any money.”
“Sweetie, we know how hard it’s been for you. We just want to help out.” Hoseok says to him.

“We know how hard you work but it’s not going anywhere, sweetie. Your lifestyle… It’s killing you.” Jimin frowns at him; worry seemingly painting their expressions. It pisses him off.

“The smoking, the drinking, the drugs… That has to stop, baby.” Namjoon says gently.

“Fuck you.” He spits at them.

Jin smacks his thigh warningly and he yelps. “Language. We’re just trying to help you, there’s no need to throw a tantrum.”

“You come into my house, you corner me and shoot me up with,” he tries to wiggle his toes but fails, “whatever the fuck this is, and then you get mad at me for swearing? You people are fucking nuts.”

Jin lands another sharp hand on his thigh and he bites down a groan at the pain, annoyed that he can feel everything yet not move around to protect his limbs.

“Stop swearing. Lashing out is not going to help you in this situation. Keep this up and you’re getting a punishment as soon as we get home.” Jin threatens him.

“We promised each other to be lenient towards you at first, but that doesn’t mean we’ll hesitate to keep you in line, mister.” Namjoon scolds him while pointing a finger at him.

Jungkook looks at them like they’ve lost their minds. He wonders if he’s the only sane person in the room. He rolls his eyes at Namjoon and looks away from them, “My boss is going to notice me not showing up for my shifts, and he’ll notice how you stopped showing up at the same time.”

“Now who said we’d stop showing up at the restaurant, baby? Anyway, this is none of your concern now. The restaurant owner has been handed your very nicely written letter of resignation. This city has a lot of people looking for work so I’m sure he’ll hire someone else in no time.” Taehyung kindly informs him.

“You crazy mother fucker-“ He spits out in appalled rage but is interrupted by Jin’s hand slapping over his mouth to stop him from talking. He groans and tries to move his head as the man scolds him.

“One more time and you’re going over my knee. Right here on this couch. This is your last warning, Jungkook.”

“He means it, Jungkook. When Jin says he’ll do something he’ll do it.” Namjoon warns him.

He stares at the others who look at him disappointedly, and his heart races as he tries to think of what the man means when he says he’ll put him over his knee. He has an idea of what the man means and his face flushes in shame. Sorry, how old is he? He’s sure he’s younger than the man whose lap he’s on but he’s not that young. He’s a grown man for christ’s sake.

“Do you understand?” Jin asks him, keeping his hand on the boy’s mouth until he complies.

Jungkook nods slowly and Jin drops his hand off of his mouth, pleased for now with the boys response.

If there’s one thing that Jin is right about, it’s that he should just do what they say. They say they won’t kill him but he doesn’t know if they’re telling the truth. There are six of them against one of
him, and the drugs in his system means that he’s powerless in this situation.

Jimin walks over to lift him up from Jin’s lap, shuffling the boy to get him firmly placed on hips. He glares up at the man, but remains silent due to worry of Jin’s threat from prior. They walk over to the front door and Yoongi holds the door open for them to pass through.

"Alright sweetie, let's get you home."
Jungkook never learns. Tsk tsk tsk.

Jimin carries him down the stairs, carrying him firmly on his hips as he makes noises in protest. Jimin smacks his bottom as a warning to keep quiet, quickly trying to escort him out of the building before anyone could see them.

Jungkook yelps at the smack, leaning his head away from the short man so he can glare into his eyes and growl.

“Don’t fucking touch me!”

He can see their lips tighten in response and expects to be hit again, but is surprised to only feel Jimin’s hand tighten around him. They exit the building and Jungkook desperately tries to move his limbs to struggle, and although he can move his feet and fingers it’s still not enough.

He sees a large black van parked to the side of the road and begins to whimper when Namjoon unlocks the door with his keys. He shakes his head at them and feels a terrible pit in the bottom of his stomach. Hoseok pulls open the door and a few of them climb into the back of the car. Jin climbs into the window seat, which leaves for only two more people. Him and Jimin.

Shit.

“P-please just me go. I won’t tell anyone about this. Please!” he pleads with a choked sob.

It’s a fruitless effort, however. Jimin shuffles him around until he can maneuver the weak boy into the car. Jin leans over in his seat so he can pull the boy towards him. Jungkook begins to cry as Jin straps him into his seat. Jimin climbs into the seat and closes the door, nodding to Namjoon to drive off.

Namjoon starts the ignition and pulls the van out of the parking spot, turning to drive towards their house.

It’s as this point that Jungkook’s panicking reaches the boiling point. He can’t control the sobs that cause his entire body to shake, and the sound of him loudly sniffing and choking out breaths floods the car.

Jimin puts his hands around him and tries to comfort him, shushing him and rubbing at his slouching shaking back. Jin is rubbing his fingers through his hair and their touches only make him cry more.

“Jungkook, you need to calm down. I need you to breathe, okay?” Jin tries to settle him, but Jungkook let’s out a large huff of irritation.

“P-please...” he cries out but chokes on his tears before he can finish.

“Baby you need to calm down. It’s gonna be okay.” Namjoon says as he glances at him in the
Jungkook tries to move away from their touches but sees that his stupid limbs still won't respond. Out of sheer frustration he begins to thrash his head away from Jin’s fingers massaging his head, hitting his head against the back of his car seat repeatedly. Jimin tries to grab his head to stop his thrashing but yanks his hand away as the boy tries to bite him. His tears have turned into rage, into anger towards the men for betraying him.

“Try it again and I’ll bite your fingers off.” He hisses at the short man.

Jimin gawks at him with an open mouth before turning his eyes to the others who return the same look to him.

A hand tries to touch his head and he brings his head forward to hit his head hard against the hand to hurt the person. It backfires on him though, as the hand is decorated with several metal rings.

“Ow-shit!” he swears loudly, pain running through the back of his head. He rubs his sore head against the car seat.

“That's why you have to stop. You're only hurting yourself, Jungkook.” Taehyung scolds him repetitively.

Jungkook cries as Jin grabs onto his face to make him look at him. For a moment he's terrified at the look of anger and impatience painting the man's face, before returning to his own state of anger.

“How many times do we have to tell you to calm down and stop swearing? Plus you threatened your daddy and hit your head. Do you want a swat? Because you've earned one today.”

Jungkook spits onto Jin’s face, smirking evilly as the man drops his hands from his face with a beautiful chorus of curses. If he's already in trouble he can't resist pushing the man further. He was already screwed anyway.

“Did he just…?” he hears Hoseok say in shock from behind him.

The car goes frighteningly silent as Jin quietly wipes the spit off his cheek and eye with a tissue. As Jin remains quiet Jungkook can feel the tension in the car raise to a level he didn't think was possible. It was then that Jungkook realizes he’s an idiot.

He carefully glances at Jin while biting his lip, looking away immediately after seeing the hard expression on the man's face.

Fuck I'm so dead.

Namjoon pulls up the car to a remote mansion, giving a small wave to the security guard who bows and opens the large metal gates for them to pass through. He swallows as he looks up at the mansion. He would have to admit that the home was beautiful, however It wasn’t his home. He didn't want to imagine what would go on beyond the walls of the mansion but it seems he will find out soon, as Namjoon is already parking the car.

The car opens and they all file out, except for him for obvious reasons. They bicker over who gets to carry him but the privilege is eventually given to Yoongi, who drags the terrified boy out his seat so he can balance him on his hip.

Scared out of his wits about Jin he remains silent and obedient to Yoongi. Yoongi walks behind
them as they enter the house and Jungkook wonders how much they all must lift daily to be able to shuffle around a grown man on their hips.

They gather in the entranceway and all turn to look at Jin, who seems to be swallowing back his emotions before speaking.

“Now Jungkook, you’ve been very bad today. Daddy is very disappointed in your behavior. However, I’m fair. We're going to go over the rules before we do anything else.”

“You’re really not going to let me go, are you?” He replies dejectedly, clenching his jaw and looking away when Jin stares at him without a response.

“Yoongi, can you carry him over to the living room?” Namjoon requests.

Yoongi nods and carries the dejected boy over to the couch. He allows the man to place him on his lap (It's not like he can do anything) as they wait for the others to come and get seated.

The others slowly shuffle in after he had heard them murmuring from the entrance. They were most likely talking about him.

Sigh.

They all take their seats in the living room and turn to face him. He feels uncomfortable at their strong gazes and he feels Yoongi begin to bump him up and down on his leg like he's some kind of toddler or something.

“Kitten, we’re gonna have a big boy talk with you about what's going to happen with you and us.” Hoseok starts off and allows someone else to continue.

“We don't expect you to memorize it all today, so we will give you time to adjust.” Taehyung adds.

“We will put up posters around the house so you can have a guide to follow if you forget anything.” Yoongi says from behind his head.

Jin stays quiet with his arms crossed and it freaks Jungkook out how simultaneously upset yet distraught he looks. He would even dare to say that the man looks like he's on the verge of tears but seems to be holding himself back. How bizarre.

He looks quietly as Namjoon looks at the other ‘daddies’ with an apprehensive exhale. They encourage him to hand motions and smiles. As Namjoon cracks his knuckles and clears his breath to begin, Jungkook finds he's holding his breath and waiting for the worst.

“Allright Jungkook, let's start with names. We told you our names but you won't be using them. You will either refer to us by our nicknames or as daddy-“

He's cut off by Jungkook’s snort but decides to ignore it and continue. This was very important for the little to know.

“You are our little. You will be taken care of us in our house as a family. We will dress you, feed you, and clean you. You are not allowed to anything of these things on your own. We’re here to help you, honey.”

This is just plain ridiculous now.
He stares at them with blinking wide eyes, trying yet failing to absorb all the lunatic bullshit they were pushing into his head. He shakes his head with a puzzled grin on the corner of his lips.

“I'm sorry, but I'm not a vegetable or whatever a little is,” he scoffs, “I don't need help doing any of that shit. The second I feel my legs again I’m getting the fuck out of here-“

“Jungkook-“ Taehyung tries to warn him but he's not finished.

“and I'm taking my fucking cat with me. Oh by the way, fuck you because she has separation anxiety and she's probably freaking out righ- oh shit!”

His passionate rant is cut off by Yoongi grabbing him and pulling him to lean over his knees. The drugs are wearing off so he can squirm as Yoongi holds him down by wrapping an arm around his waist. He yelps and bites his tongue when a hard hand lands down on his ass, the burning sting immediately flooding on his cheek.

He bites down his groans as the man relentlessly lands multiple strikes on his bottom. He bites down on his bottom lip to keep in his noises, and feels his face flushing from the shame of being spanked in front of, what, five other men?

“S-stop!” He manages to hiss out between his teeth.

“I'm not stopping until you apologize.” Yoongi says coldly, his red hand alternating between his cheeks with each strike.

Stubbornly he tries to hold out the swats, biting back his whimpers that are only getting harder and harder to suppress. As the swats seem to never end he weakly lays his head to lay his face face first into the couch.

Soon enough he can't suppress his cries that are muffled by the couch. When he feels the first few hot tears soak into the couch, he can't hold back the outpour of his sobs that comes.

His bottom feels like it's on fire and his face feels hot because everyone is watching this happen to him. His thighs twitch and shake on Yoongi’s lap and although he can hear the man beginning to hiss from the pain in his hand and hesitate with the swats, he's not sure he can take even one more hit.

He lifts his head from the pillow and screams out loudly, “I'm s-sorry, I'm sorry! P-please!”

Yoongi immediately stops hitting him with a sigh, leaning back in his seat to rub the boys sore bottom. Ugly tears are pouring down his puffy eyes, and he can feel both drool and snot from his face from having shoved it on the pillow.

“Can someone get a dry cloth for his face?” Yoongi asks.

Taehyung shoots up from his seat and heads to god-knows-where to get a cloth.

“You did so good, baby. You took it so well.” Namjoon moves over to the crying boy to comfort him.

Jungkook continues to cry in pain and horror as they coo over him and plant him with hugs and
kisses. Jin looks at the boy with a pitiful expression, with words on his mind.

Jungkook glances at Jin and immediately whimpers loudly, “P-please don't hit me anymore…”

“Kookie, there won't be another punishment tonight. I think you had more than enough for today.”

Taehyung returns with a dry cloth and kneels down in front of the boy who is still sprawled out on Yoongi. He carefully cleans up his tears, snot and drool.

He pouts at the boy and kisses him on the nose. “Poor baby.”

Jungkook remains limp on the couch, his breath steadying as he recovers from his punishment. His ass felt terrible. No metaphors or examples he could think up to the cops later. It just feels like utter shite. Someone please save him right now.

Oh god, are they going to do this every time he fights them?

Hoseok scoops him into his arms and holds him carefully so as to not put pressure on his sore bottom. Hoseok looks down a hallway and seems to contemplate something. He turns his eyes towards the others.

“I know we should outline the rules for him but I think maybe we should settle him down first? Maybe let him have a quick nap?”

They all nod in agreement. It seems they weren't expecting to have to punish him so soon and before outlining the rules for him, which is silly because why wouldn't he have given them a hard time? Did they think he would just let them do whatever they want with him? Though to be fair, he never knew them well enough to let them in on the fact he curses like a sailor sometimes.

Hoseok carries him out of the living room and takes him up a flight of white marble stairs. He looks around the room to take in his surroundings, looking at the numerous amount of closed doors and windows covered by curtains.

It was all too much, the place was just too big. He felt the men knew the place like the back of their hand, which could be a problem if he tries to escape. He feels like he can somehow get lost here.

Hoseok stops in front of a closed door and turns the knob, opening it and entering inside. Jungkook doesn't know how to describe his emotions when he sees the room. His mouth hangs open as Hoseok walks forward.
The walls of the room are a light blue. There are dozens of children's toys in one corner of the room, and they include coloring books and mini instruments. In another corner contains a large looking bed. Well, sort of. It kind of looks like… a crib.

Uh oh.

He grimaces in disgust as Hoseok lowers him into the crib, who then reaches over to grab the fluffy blanket next to him on the crib. It's a fleece blue blanket with sheep on it. Oh boy. Hoseok carefully puts it on him and smiles down at him, leaning back to look down at him with a warm expression.

“I know this is really scary for you and your daddies understand. New things are scary. You'll get used to things real soon. I promise.”
Jungkook stares up at him in silence.

“Please be nice to Jin. He's a really nice man who only wants the best for you. We all do. Oh, I'm rambling. I'll let you take your nap now, sweetie. I'll come back for you a little later.”

He watches as Hoseok turns to leave the room, but not before flicking off the light. The room is very dark until Hoseok switches on a yellow moon shaped nightlight which hangs on the wall. The door clicks shut behind him and Jungkook is then left alone with his thoughts.

He looks around the room which is illuminated by the nightlight. He stares at the toy corner before turning his eyes to look at a strange table. The table is tall and wide. It looks like someone could lay on it. It didn't really look like a table as he continued to stare at it. Oh well.

When he turns his head he can feel something strange poke against his cheek. It feels soft yet some of it feels hard. All of it feels artificial, like plastic. He turns to look and is shocked to see a pacifier. On his bed which looks like a crib, near a bunch of toys, all of which after he was spanked by his ‘daddy’ for being a ‘bad boy’.

He closes his eyes and tries to think of what he can do. Anything at all. He needs to get out of here. He just wants to go home. Who's gonna feed Nemo? What's going to happen to his stuff if he doesn't get home and pay rent? What the hell do they have planned for him here? Will his boss rehire him?

Jesus. He could really use a smoke right now.

Chapter End Notes
I'm away from home and I wrote this on my phone in bed because I couldn't resist. My arm aches haha. Goodnight.

If the paragraphs look a bit funky or whatever I'll fix it when I get home. Again I wrote this on my phone lol
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Jungkook's so dramatic.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He's not sure how much time has passed since Hoseok had left him in his crib. Rather than sleeping (because how on earth could he sleep right now?) he stared at the ceiling, focusing all his energy on moving his body. It seems the drugs effect has mostly worn off but he still feels weak.

He looks towards the crib bars and makes a decision. Hoseok could come at any moment so he'd better get a move on. He rolls his body to his side and cringes when the pacifier digs into his arm.

He grabs onto the bars with his hands tightly and pushes himself up, taking a deep breath as he leans forward and drops himself onto the floor with a loud painful thump.

He let's out a cry as he falls straight on his bottom, surely still red from his earlier punishment. Without hesitation he stands on the ground with his wobbly legs. He turns towards the light and slowly walks over to flick it on. He blinks at the blinding light and turns to the closed door.

He slowly twists the doorknob and cracks it open, peaking his head out to see if there was anyone nearby. The hallway is empty and he can hear voices talking down the stairs.

He mentality notes not to go downstairs and with a racing heartbeat he looks at the other doors in the halfway. While opening a random door to peak inside he can suddenly hear the voices get louder.

“I heard noises on the baby monitor. I think he's hurt himself somehow.”

“The drugs we gave him might have worn off already.”

“Shoot, you think he's messing around up there?!”

Shit shit shit.

When he hears footsteps coming up the stairs he panics and enters the room, closing it behind him and locking it shut. He runs a nervous hand through his messy hair as he scans the room anxiously while trying to work out a quick escape plan. He can hear muffled panicked voices from the hall, calling the others about his escape.

He hears rapid footsteps up the stairs and he doesn’t doubt that if he leaves this room they’ll manage to subdue him again. He jumps when the doorknob behind him start to jiggle and someone begins to knock on the door.

“Jungkook? Sweetie are you in there?”

His eyes are blown wide as the doorknob continues to jiggle and there are multiple knocks on the door, asking for access.

“Let us in! We won’t get mad at you, so please let us in before you hurt yourself.” Another voice
muffles from the door.

He looks at the large wooden dresser in the room, sitting conveniently next to the door. Gnawing down on his bottom he walks to the back of the dresser and puts all of his strength into knocking it over. It falls down onto the wooden floor with a loud bang, successfully blocking the door off to buy him some more time.

“Jungkook? What's going in there?!” Hoseok panics from the door.

“Shit, Namjoon get the key already!” He hears Taehyung muffled shout.

There's keys for the doors?

He freaks out and his eyes flash madly around the room as he figures out what to do. He looks at the window absentmindedly before locking his eyes on it. He walks towards the window and looks at the height difference. They're not that high up so he could possibly still make a break for it if he jumps.

He looks around for something to smash the window and decides on a golden metal award left on a shelf. He clenches his teeth as he brings the heavy paperweight back and slams it against the window, the sound of shattering glass echoing through his ears.

He can hear the door being unlocked and flinches when Namjoon opens the door, but the man fails to open it all the way due to it being blocked. His wide eyes make contact with the older man and he freezes in his spot. Namjoon looks down at the dresser from the crack of the door.

Namjoon motions at the others to help him push the door and they all immediately shuffle around to assist him. Jungkook realizes the six of them can open the door if they combine their strength, leaving him not nearly as much time as he thought he'd have.

He looks back at the broken window and tosses the award away, climbing over the broken glass as his adrenaline ignores the cuts they leave behind.

“Oh my god. Jungkook, stop!” He hears Jimin scream.

He squeezes his bare back through the cracks of the window, hissing as the sharp glass drags against his exposed skin. He can hear the dresser move and the men shuffle in hurriedly for him, but they're too late.

He jumps out.

He cries out in pain when he lands, pain erupting all over his bones. They look down at him in horror, shocked into silence as the boy groans on the grass. Yoongi hits them to leave the house and they all turn to run out of the room.

He slowly stands up from the grass, scanning around before he makes a limped run for it. Without thinking clearly he runs for the hedge maze, hoping to maybe confuse them before making his escape as he's not capable of outrunning them at the moment.

He darts head first into the maze and whimpers each time he reaches a dead end. He can hear the men calling for him and as he stands in another dead end he begins to cry to himself in a mixture of both fear and self-pity.

He continues to work his way through the maze and panic more as the voices draw closer to him. He suddenly trips on his own tired feet, falling face first onto the dirt with a sob. He picks himself
up and continues, now only walking as he wraps a dirty hand around his bloody torso. He was a pitiful mess and he was beginning to feel his resolve slip through his dirt stained fingertips.

When he reaches another dead-end he collapses on the dirt and leans his sore back against the bush. He curls his body into himself and wraps his arms around his knees, wailing pitifully in the night.

He was sure this was it for him. They were probably not going to let him out of their sight after this. Then once they got bored of him they were going to kill him. Oh god.

His body shakes and he whines into his dirty hands, refusing to look up when he hears footsteps marching towards him. The person drops down on his knees in front of him and Jungkook can hear the man crying.

He looks inbetween his hands and can see Taehyung out of breath in front of him, tears rolling down his cheeks with a worried expression.

The man wraps his arms around the boy and hugs him tightly, sniffing into his shoulder. Jungkook sits there in shock, too sniffing from his own tears. Taehyung leans back and looks at Jungkook, looking at the dirt marking his cheeks.

“I w-was so worried, K-kookie. I th-thought we lost you.” He cries before hugging him again.

Jungkook jumps when he sees a few more of his ‘daddies’ walk into the deadend, gasping when they see him. Hoseok yells out that they found him and the rest of the men enter the dead end to see him.

He stares at them from Taehyung’s shoulder, hot tears still silently running down his cheeks. When Taehyung’s body begins to shake from his tears, he feels a small ounce guilt and pity worm its way into his heart. Surely it’s because the man is clinically insane and he pities him for it, right? Right.

Jimin walks towards them and gently pulls Taehyung away from him, pulling him to the side so he can try to calm him down. Jimin looks up to Jin who nods and walks towards Jungkook, who tenses a bit but otherwise remains in his position. He squats towards the boy with puffy eyes, scanning the painful cuts that run across his small frame.

“Oh sweetie,” Jin reaches out to rub away the dirt from his cheek.

Jungkook grimaces as the adrenaline wears off and he becomes aware of the state of himself. He feels like he’s been hit by a bus. He stares absentmindedly at nothing until he sees Namjoon digging around in a small bag, pulling out a capped syringe. He loudly exhale and shakes his head, whining loudly.

“Baby please.” Jin begs him.

Namjoon shifts and moves towards them and Jungkook grabs onto Jin to hide from the man. He shakes his head in fear, looking back and forth at Namjoon and Jin with large desperate eyes.

“No, no no! No more needles. P-please, I'll go with you. So please don't.”

Namjoon looks at Jin uncertainly who waves his hand down at him. Namjoon puts the syringe back in his bag, watching as Jin wraps his arms around the shaking boy. Jin pulls him up from the ground and bites his lip as he holds him onto his hip.

“Lets get you cleaned up, okay?”
Jungkook nods and puts his head against the man's chest in quiet defeat, closing his eyes as they walk him back to his prison.

~*~

Jungkook cries when they clean his wounds. He tried to beg his way out of having his wounds treated with alcohol, but they insisted and warned him about the risk of getting infections if they didn't use it.

“There. All better.” Namjoon sang, tossing used cotton buds into the trash bin.

It was just him and Namjoon in the bathroom. The others had decided to give Namjoon full responsibility so they could look after the damage done to the house.

Taehyung and Jin initially wanted to stay with him but it decided by the others that the two should probably get some space to breathe out a little bit after today's stressful events.

Jungkook was sat on the bathroom cabinet, sitting dimly as the man gives his body a double look to ensure he got everything. Namjoon nods to himself in approval, placing a hand on his hip.

“Alright baby, now we just need to give you a bath.”

His head perks up at this. He looks at the man dumbly and watches as he plugs the bath and turns on the hot water. As a final touch Namjoon pours in some bubble soap, just to make it a bit nicer for the boy.

Jungkook can’t help but crave the bath. He’d love nothing more than to hop in with his dirty aching limbs. However his desire to bath is completely dissolved when Namjoon stands there and looks at him somewhat expectantly.

A rosy tint flushes through his cheeks. He squirms uncomfortably in his seat, protectively putting his hands on his sweatpants. Jungkook can see tiredness flash on Namjoon’s face, but the older man quickly replaces it with a kind smile that shows his dimples.

“Come on, kitten. There's nothing to be embarrassed about.”

Jungkook puffs air through his nose. He feels his heart beating in his ears and holds his sweaty fingers tighter on the fabric. Namjoon looks back at the full bath and leans over to turn the water off, turning his body to look back at the shy boy.

“Now, Jungkook. Your other daddies will be so happy if you bathe. Don't you want to get cleaned up before bed tonight?”

Jungkook shakes his head, horrified at the idea of stripping down in front of another grown man. Namjoon sighs and tries something else.

“Do you want your other daddies to help me get you in the bath?”

“No!” Jungkook shakes his head.

He does not want to be naked in front of him much less anyone else. He's just tired now and doesn't want more drama. Namjoon walks over to the boy and carefully pulls him off the counter, standing
him up straight. He puts his hands on his shoulders firmly.

“Then let me.”

Jungkook shivers and closes his eyes, willing himself not to move as Namjoon tugs his sweatpants down. He lifts his legs so the pants can be fully removed and Namjoon tosses aside to be cleaned later. He gasps when his boxers are pulled down, the air sweeping though and giving his exposed skin goosebumps.

Namjoon tosses the boxers aside and Jungkook feels his toes curl from shame. He squints opens his eyes and looks down at Namjoon, whose carefully taking in his muscles and fair skin. Namjoon takes a moment before he looks away and stands up.

“Okay, baby.” Namjoon takes his hand and sets him into the tub, “Let's get you all cleaned up.”

Chapter End Notes

Written on my phone 2.0
Wi-Fi is bad where I'm staying so I mostly write lmao
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Some sexual content in this chap. Read the tags. No more warnings from here on in. :0

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He sits still as Namjoon carefully lathers his black hair with shampoo and leans him back to rinse it out. Namjoon hums a song quietly to himself, grabbing the conditioner from the ledge.

Jungkook watches the man with tired eyes, scolding him for relaxing his tense muscles in the soothing bath. Namjoon runs the conditioner through his locks and smiles down at him.

“You must be so tired, baby. You had a long day today.”

Jungkook looks away to stare at the rubber duck floating in the bath. He grabs the rubber duck and picks it up, squeaking it awkwardly. He drops it back into the bath with a sigh. Namjoon rinses the conditioner out of his hair and sits back to let him relax in the bath for a bit longer.

“After your bath lets wrap up your cuts, okay sweetie?”

Jungkook bites his lip and closes his eyes. He sinks himself lower in the bath and submerges himself, holding his breath and hoping he will never have to resurface. Before he can surface on his own the man pulls him up. He gasps in the air and wipes his wet hair away from his forehead.

“You okay, sweetie?”

Are you serious right now?

The man lets him go and walks over to get a towel. Jungkook stands up from the warm bath, covering his private from view as he timidly steps out of the bath and onto the rug.

He reaches out for the towel Namjoon is holding but the man shakes his head and holds tighter onto the towel. Jungkook groans in irritation as Namjoon begins to dry his arms with the towel.

“Are you serious?” He voices his displeasure.

“Stop fussing.” Namjoon scolds, tugging on the boys arms to tear them away from his body so he can fully dry him off.

Jungkook exhales and smacks his hands away, stepping back from him. Namjoon sighs and presses his fingers against his temples, visibly tired and done for the night.

As if the gods had heard Namjoon’s plea, Jimin walks into the bathroom to check up on them. Jungkook’s eyes widen and he protectively covers his body as much as he can. Jimin scans the boys naked frame before turning his eyes to Namjoon, standing tiredly with the towel.

“You okay, Joonie?”

“Yeah, but can you finish up for me? I think I’m gonna turn in for the night.” Namjoon flashes
Jimin a worn out eye smile.

“Of course.”

Namjoon kisses Jungkook’s scalp who glares in response. He walks over to hand the towel to Jimin, twisting the doorknob and pulling the door open. He turns to Jungkook and smiles at him, “Night, sweetie.”

The door closes and Jungkook is left to have a staring contest with the shorter man in front of him. Jimin looks down at his body, frowning when he sees the blood leaking from his opened cuts.

“We got to be faster, baby. Your cuts are all opened up. That can’t be good.”

Jungkook whimpers when Jimin walks over and drags the towel over his body, kneeling to dry his legs and thighs. Jungkook continues to hold his hands to cover his private area, stubbornly trying to hold onto the smidgens of dignity he has left.

Jimin tries to pull his hands away but the boy whines and flexes his arms to keep them firmly in their position. Jimin sighs and drops the towel, reaching to grab his hands with both arms.

“S-stop it.” Jungkook grits through his teeth.

Jimin smacks his thigh as a warning, making him cry out.

“Baby, let go. Stop throwing a tantrum.”

“I’m not a baby! S-stop-“ he smacks away Jimin’s hands, “calling me that!”

“Yes you are, Jungkook!” Jimin stands behind him and grabs his arms to pin them behind his back and hold him still to calm him down.

Jungkook squirms against the hold and tries to wiggle himself out of it, but the short man has a surprising amount of strength.

Jungkook eventually slumps against the hold, making the assumption that Jimin is going to hold him in that position until he gives in and calms down. Jimin leans over to stare at his exposed body, making a point that there is nothing for him to hide.

“Baby, you have to learn how to behave. You’re not helping yourself by misbehaving.” Jimin lets him go, reaching for the discarded towel to finish drying him off.

He wraps the towel around the boy who is breathing fire at him, giving him a warning look before taking his arm and pulling him out the bathroom.

~*~

He’s dragged into his bedroom, forced once again to stare at the obnoxious toys and crib. Jimin pulls him over to sit on a chair by the corner, pulling away to get a first aid kit kept in the drawer of the strange big table.

Jimin kneels in front of him on the floor, opening the first aid kit and taking out some bandaging. Jungkook doesn’t utter a word while Jimin places a generous amount of bandages over his wounds.
The only thing he really wants right now is to sleep, but he also really wants a cigarette. For the last few hours his fingers and feet have been tingling and he’s sure if this goes on he would willingly smoke the butt of a cigarette if it meant getting his fix. He plays with his fingers anxiously, watching as Jimin puts away the health kit.

Jimin looks at him and frowns, sensing his anxiousness.

“What’s wrong, Kookie?”

Jungkook looks up at him in his towel, fiddling his with fingernails. “I need to smoke. Like right now.”

“Oh.”

Jimin seems puzzled for a moment but doesn’t seem to get angry. Jungkook can practically see a light flash in his eyes before Jimin walks back to the weird table, pulling out a patch from a box. He walks over to him and sticks it onto his arm.

Great. A nicotine patch. Can this get any worse?

“Smoking is bad for your health, baby.”

He’s sure in that fucked up head of his Jimin means the best, but it just comes out as sarcastic and condescending to him. He rolls his eyes, bitterly sticking his tongue in his cheek. Jimin sighs but lets it go, assuming that the boy just needs to rest.

Jimin peers at the table, staring at it with a contemplative look. It freaks Jungkook out.

“What is that table for?”

Jimin bites his lip with uncertainty and Jungkook is already very well aware that he is not going to like the mans answer. But really, how bad can a table really be?

“It’s your changing table, sweetie.” Jimin smiles at him calmly.

“Changing…. table?”

Jimin nods and walks over to the white wardrobe, picking out a two piece matching pajama set. The shorts reach to almost the knees and look like they will fit snugly against his legs. The shirt looks looser and is long sleeved, looking to be long enough to cover his back side.

Jimin lays the outfit on the crib and looks over to Jungkook. He puts a hand on his hip, a firm line forming on his lips.

“Now Kookie, it’s been a long day and I don’t want anymore misbehavior from you. If you do misbehave I will punish you tomorrow. Understood?”

Jungkook wonders what on earth the man could be planning that would cause him to ‘misbehave’. If he were honest, he’s just too worn out to fight anymore. So even if the man has something evil planned up the sleeve, he’s not sure he’ll have the energy to land any punches.

Jimin reaches over and pulls the boy up, pulling his towel off of him and dropping it to the floor. Jungkook blushes at the exposure, grimacing as Jimin pulls him over to the table.

“What are you-” he gasps when Jimin lifts him onto the table.
“Your daddies don’t want you to have any accidents, that’s all. Now lay down on the table, baby.”

“L-lay down?” he squeaks out, eyes wide.

Jimin nods, tapping on his chest to get him to lay down on his back. Jungkook, just so tired, lays down and stares at the man with fear.

“So good, baby.”

Jimin pulls out a diaper from a drawer and Jungkook feels bile in the back of his throat. He shakes his head in complaint when Jimin open the diaper. Jungkook brings his knees up in protest, wrapping his arms around his thighs.

“G-gross.” He whimpers out. He felt awfully degraded.

Jimin clicks his tongue at him, tapping his fingers on his arm as a silent warning.

“It’s not gross, Jungkook. It’s very important.” Jungkook shakes his head, clenching his fingers deeper against his thighs until he feels dents left in his skin.

“Oh, don’t do that Kookie. You’ll hurt yourself.” He strongly pulls away his arms from his thighs.

“I don’t want this.” He spits out, tears of frustration building up in his eyes.

“Jungkook,” Jimin warns, “Do you want to go over my lap tomorrow?”

“No!”

“Then lay down, mister.” Jimin scolds him. Jungkook cries as he moves his arms away and rests them on his side, allowing him to be once again exposed and degraded. He closes his eyes and bites his lips as Jimin quietly rakes his fingers down his chest, his fingers curving against the depth of his ribs. He yelps when the fingers drag against his crotch, the fingers tickling against his dick.

He whimpers out, his knee kicking up. Jimin shushes him and resumes the touches, wrapping his hand around his limp cock. He motions up and down a few times before releasing, leaning down to press a few soft kisses on his thighs.

“You’re doing so good for daddy, baby.” He praises Jungkook, taking the diaper and slipping it on him.

Jungkook sits there in shock, watching silently as Jimin walks to the crib to bring over the pajama’s. He doesn’t fight as the pajamas are pulled onto him and Jimin picks him up and onto his hip. Jimin rubs a few circles on his back before placing him down on the crib, placing quick kisses on the boys nose and shivering lips.

“Good night, baby. I love you so much, and I can’t wait for all the fun we’re going to have together.” Jimin coos and walks towards the light, flicking it off.

He turns on the nightlight and takes one more look at the boy with a warm smile, closing the door with a click. Jungkook hears another click and he figures it must be a key locking him in the room. Smart.

He feels down his diaper and cringes in disgust, awkwardly shuffling to lay on his side to face the
wall. With all the disturbed thoughts running through his mind, he would have thought he wouldn’t sleep, but that’s not the truth.

The truth is that he slept very well, wrapping himself into the warm fleece blanket as he dreamt of a better tomorrow.

~*~

He wakes up to the door creaking open. The light flashes on and he groans, rubbing at his sensitive eyes.

“Sorry baby.” Yoongi apologizes as he walks towards the crib.

Jungkook stretches out on the bed, curling his toes. Yoongi chuckles and tickles his stomach, making him jump in surprise.

“Did you sleep well, baby? You must be hungry.” Yoongi coos.

“Not a baby.” Jungkook murmurs out, sitting up on the bed.

“Our baby boy.” Taehyung says from the doorway, watching Yoongi pull the fussy boy out of the bed and him on his hips.

Jungkook squirms under the hold, achy yet having restored energy to fight against their touches. Yoongi holds onto him tighter and walks him out of the room.

“Relax, Kookie. Can you turn off the nightlight, Tae?”

“On it!” Taehyung responds and flicks off the nightlight before turning off the room light and closing the door.

Taehyung walks behind as Yoongi carries him down the stairs, making silly faces at him. Jungkook stares at him like he’s the biggest idiot on the planet.

When Yoongi places his hands over his bottom to hold him more securely, he reacts by trying to squirm out of his hold. Taehyung watches as Jungkook tries to pull himself out of Yoongi’s arms, whining and making rude remarks under his breath. Yoongi shuffles his arms around so he can land a hard smack on his bottom.

“Stop it.” Yoongi scolds him.

Jungkook growls under his breath but concedes and allows Yoongi to carry him to the kitchen.

When they enter he can see a normal looking kitchen, with the other men sitting around at the table while Jin shuffles around at the oven. They all look up at the three of them happily, cooing at the sleepy Jungkook.

“Aww, his hair is so messy.” Coos Hoseok.

“He looks so grumpy.” Remarks Namjoon sheepishly.

"Aww he’s so cute!” Gushes Jin who walks over to the kitchen to place down a plate of pancakes.
“Alright, so who’s gonna feed Jungkook this morning?” Yoongi asks, raising an eyebrow as Jungkook looks at Jimin with wide eyes before looking away.

Hold up, they’re going to feed him too? They might as well paralyze him at this point. There’d be no difference.

“Did he go in his nappy yet?” Jin casually asks.

Jungkook cheeks flush in embarrassment, making a grossed out face before turning his head away from them.

Yoongi shakes his head, “No, I think he’s holding it in.”

Jin shakes his head at Jungkook, “Baby, you know you can get a nasty infection if you do that.”

Jungkook huffs out of his nose and keeps his head turned away, “I’m not a baby and th-this is gross.”

“Oh sweetie, it’s natural. There’s nothing you can do that would push us away.”

What a shame. He was hoping there would be. He grimaces, his face burning up as he feels them all looking at him. If defying nature means holding in his bladder till it bursts, so be it.

“Once we feed him it’ll be fine.” Namjoon chimes in insightfully.

“So who wants feeding duty? I think Kookie might be a fussy baby about it.”

Jungkook watches them awkwardly as they look at each other, desire in their eyes to be the first to feed him. Taehyung raises his hand, looking at Jungkook excitedly.

“Alright, alright. Go get his bottle, Tae.” Hoseok sighs, wishing he could do it instead.

Wait, wait, wait. Bottle?

He snorts uncomfortably when he sees Taehyung pull a baby bottle out of the cupboard, wiggling in Yoongi’s hold. He watches Taehyung reach for a large container of… something, placing a scoop of its contents into the bottle.

“Fucking no.” Jungkook complains.

Yoongi immediately swats his bottom, causing him to yelp.

Taehyung adds milk to the bottle and shakes it well, placing it inside the microwave to warm it up for the boy. Jungkook fights Yoongi’s hold, successfully wiggling his way out and falling on the tiled floor with a loud slam.

“Kookie.” Jin says astounded.

Jimin stands from his seat and reaches out to the boy, but Jungkook immediately flinches and backs away from him. “N-no, not you!”

They raise their eyebrows and Taehyung moves to scoop him up in his arms, placing him on his firm hip.

“No more of that.”
He whips open the microwave and grabs the bottle, carrying the boy over to the living room. Taehyung sits down on the couch and places the boy on his lap, turning him to lean his back against his chest.

Jungkook blushes and squirms uncomfortably, scrunching his nose as Taehyung tests the temperature on his wrist.

“Perfect.” Taehyung murmurs.

Taehyung moves to stick the teat in his mouth, but he clenches his jaw and keeps his mouth firmly shut. Taehyung pouts, poking a finger at the boys lips.

“Open up, baby.”

Jungkook shakes his head with furrowed brows and tight lips, groaning in the back of his throat. Taehyung sighs.

“Come on, baby. You don’t want to make daddy upset, do you?”

Jungkook rolls his eyes in the back of his head at the nicknames. Taehyung huffs and puts the bottle on the small table next to the armrest.

“Baby, you’ve been nothing but trouble. I know you’ve got goodness in you so I’d like you to try and show it.”

“How many times do I have to say it?! I’m not a baby!”

“Kookie, please just listen to daddy. The bottles going to get cold.”

Jungkook crosses his arms, firmly shutting his mouth again. He couldn’t believe they were going to force feed him that garbage. Are these men genuinely convinced he’s a child? How on earth did they all meet each other and plan this out? He glares at Taehyung who frowns down at him.

“Jungkook, this is your last warning.”

Jungkook tries to sit up but Taehyung pushes him down with his hand. Taehyung takes the bottle and presses the teat against Jungkook’s lips, struggling as it slides around his teeth. Taehyung places the bottle back on the table, grabbing Jungkook with a sigh as he struggles to turn him over.

Shit, not again.

This time is different as Taehyung pulls down his pants and diaper, leaving him exposed to the air. Jungkook fights his grip but can’t stop the swats that land down on ass, knocking the wind out of him. He cries at each smack, the noise embarrassingly echoing throughout the room.

With each smack he loses his resolve and goes limp under Taehyung’s hold, failing to hold back his cries of pain.

“Are you going to be good?” Taehyung asks between each hit.

Jungkook weakly nods.

“Use your words, Kookie. Will you be good?”

“Y-yes.”
“No, I want you to tell me.”

Taehyung lands harder smacks on his ass which causes him to scream out, tugging on his hair with both hands.

“I’ll be good!” He twists and turns in the man’s hold, ugly tears running down his cheeks.

Taehyung stops the hits and rubs the boys bare red bottom, gently shushing him. “You did good, baby. Daddy’s so glad.”

Jungkook cries onto the couch, not noticing how he leans into the man’s comforting rubbing. Taehyung rubs his cheeks, gently spreading them apart with his thumbs. He gasps when the man rubs a thumb against his hole experimentally.

“So good for daddy…” Taehyung murmurs.

Jungkook whimpers against the touches, twisting his body away when he notices something hard pressing against his bare thigh. Had the man gotten turned on by spanking him? Creepy.

Chills run through him as he stares at Taehyung, before leaning over to pull his pants up along with the disturbing diaper. He winces as he sits back on Taehyung’s lap properly, too afraid to fight anymore.

Taehyung coughs uncomfortably at his own tent, leaning the boy to lean against his chest. Jungkook swallows when he can feel the man’s erection press against his back but tries his hardest to ignore it.

Taehyung picks up the baby bottle, pressing it against his lips. Jungkook cringes but allows access, jerking slightly when the warm liquid pours into his mouth when the man squeezes the bottle. He swallows the liquid down, oddly feeling comfort from the sweet warm beverage.

“Good, baby. You're doing so good.”

Jungkook closes his eyes, face turning hot and pink from shame. He doesn't think he'll be able to look anyone in the eye again after this. Taehyung looks down at him warmly, making small noises of encouragement.

He’s starting to feel fuzzy. Real fuzzy. All in his head and on his body. Taehyung feels really comfortable to lean against and the bottle is strangely soothing.

He scrunches his face, fighting against the feeling. He was being forcibly fed by one of the six crazed men who cornered him and kidnapped him. It’s wrong and disgusting, all of it.

Before he knows it the bottle is finished, but he keeps sucking on the teat in deep thought. Taehyung chuckles under his breath, rubbing the boys cheek affectionately.

“You need your binky, eh bunny?”

Binky? Is he talking about the pacifier in his crib? He takes his mouth off the teat, blinking as the baby bottle drops sadly onto the floor.

Taehyung looks down at the floor with a small sigh, moving the boy off his lap and picking up the baby bottle. He picks up and shuffles around the bottle and the boy until he has a firm grasp, carrying him back to the kitchen.
“Alright baby, it's long overdue but it's time to have a big boy talk.”

Jungkook swallows, licking the residue powder off his gums with nervous anticipation.

Chapter End Notes

some perverts, eh?
I call pacifiers binky's just to clarify.
Written on my phone cause I'm still away from home yet have enough time to churn out chapters. _.}
Taehyung carries him to the kitchen and then carries him over to the sink, placing the used baby bottle inside to be washed later.

The other men at the table eating and chitchatting. Jin smiles up at Jungkook, swallowing the last of his food.

“Oh, is baby all full now?” He coos.

Jungkook grunts under his breath, putting his head on Taehyung’s shoulder so he can stare at the wall instead of looking at them.

“Did he give you a hard time, Tae?” Jin asks, standing to put his dirty dishes in the sink.

“A little but it’s all good now, right bunny?” Tae chuckles, playfully rocking the boy.

Jungkook grimaces as he looks back at the way Taehyung had touched him earlier. He wonders if the man still has a problem “downstairs” and that thought makes him squirm uncomfortably in the mans hold, causing said man to hold onto him more securely.

“You know, he really liked the teat. He kept using it even after his breakfast was all gone. It seemed to really soothe him. I think he’s ready for his binky.”

“Aww, is that true Kookie?” Jin gushes at the boy while cleaning up the dishes, “Don’t worry baby, you’ll get your binky.”

Did he ever say he liked the teat or was pleased at the idea of a binky? No. It seems they were putting words in his mouth. Or in this case, pacifiers. He huffs through his nose.

“Taehyung said we’d have a talk. Are you gonna talk or what?” He says impatiently, masquerading his fear.

“That’s Tae or daddy to you, but yes. We should start your big boy talk now.” Namjoon responds, folding his hands on the now cleared off table.

They all watch as Taehyung brings him over to the table, pulling out a chair and inviting him to get off his hip and sit down on it. Jungkook eagerly gets off his hip, bitterly chuckling.

“Oh, so I’m allowed to sit at the big boy table?” He slides onto the chair, hissing at the pain on his sore bottom.

“...Just for our talk.” Taehyung says.

“I was being sarcastic.” He bites back.

Namjoon flashes him a displeased look, making him close his mouth and look down at the table. The kitchen becomes quiet and Jungkook mentally envisions cutting the tension in half like a block of gelatin.

“First of all, Kookie. Your daddies would like to apologize for not having this talk with you sooner.
Things were kind of crazy yesterday and we put this important discussion on the back burner. We're sorry.” Namjoon clarifies.

Jungkook stays silent, biting his lip when he feels their eyes watching him. He glances up and sees Jimin, sharing eye contact with him for a split second before he turns his eyes back down to the table.

“It wasn't fair that you've received punishments without being fully informed of our rules. We're sorry.” Yoongi adds looking apologetic.

“We're going to tell you our terms and conditions, and when we’re finished we’ll allow you to ask us some questions.” Jin says kindly.

Jungkook opens his mouth to speak but is cut off by Namjoon.

“If they are nice questions, baby. Don’t ask something that would upset your daddies.”

Jungkook closes his mouth.

Hoseok stands from the table and leaves the room, shortly returning with a sheet of laminated paper. He can’t read the words but from what he can from the distance, it’s a colorful poster that he’s sure will soon be plastered over the walls of this house to taunt him.

Hoseok smiles and puts the paper down in front of him, silently inviting him to look it over. He goes back to his seat and they all turn their eyes back to the boy as he slowly picks up the sheet with blinking eyes.

**Rules and Guide for Our Little**

_All rules will be enforced by all daddies. Special treatment and secrets with our little are not tolerated._

**Rules**

_Misconduct such as bad language and violence may be swiftly punished by daddies based on context._

_Little will be fed, changed, cleaned and have all other possible needs attended to by daddies. Little will not attend to these needs without at least one daddy present._

_Little must not be left unattended unless in the nursery. If little wishes to go to a room, they must have a daddy present with them. Little must never be left alone without at least one daddy present._

_Punishments for our little include: Spankings, earlier bedtimes, loss of outdoor privileges._

_Rewards for our little include: Sweets, later bedtime, and outside privileges._

Jungkook’s mouth goes dry. He puts down the sheet of paper, staring at it as his mind turns into a pile of static. They look at him expectantly, expecting some sort of reaction from him.

He feels an awful sense of flight in his bones and resists the urge to run away. He tried that once and it didn’t go very well. He’d have to plan it out better. His eyes turn back to the sheet and reads it over again.

Outdoor privileges. If he were to get that, he could get a good mental map of the outside and plan
out a way to escape. He’d have to think it out more carefully, of course, but for now getting outdoor rights should be his main priority. If only that didn’t mean having a teat in his mouth, he thought with a sigh.

“So, any questions?” Namjoon says after a long time of silence.

Jungkook looks at him, eyes going hazy as he thinks of all the things he wants to ask. He filters the questions, picking the ones he wonders about most.

“Why me? I’m just a dishwasher.”

The men look at each other, silently all thinking of responses for the boy. Hoseok opens his mouth and speaks first.

“Honestly? We’re not sure why. We always saw how hard you worked and how tired you always were. You just kinda stuck out, so we did a little digging around and saw your history.”

“Did a little digging..?” He asks, creeped out.

“It’s… something we do, Kookie. Don’t think too much about it.” Hoseok says gently, fiddling around with his wooden ring.

“We all felt really bad for you. Maybe that’s not what you want to hear but it’s the truth, sweetie. You are much too young for that painful life. We couldn’t watch you live like that when we had the means to help you.” Jin says passionately.

This doesn’t answer why they all treat him like a baby, but he’s sure he’ll just get a mentally disturbed answer if he asks, so he doesn’t.

He tries to think of something else he can ask but he’s not sure he won’t just offend them, and quite frankly he’s just tired of pissing them. So tired. So he picks apart his brain for another question.

“Nemo? You said you’d bring her here.”

“Oh, um. You see, sweetie. A few of us are deathly allergic-“ Jin starts.

Jungkook immediately leans over the table, “I don’t care. You said you’d bring her here.”

“I know and daddy is sorry. I just didn’t want to upset you. If it means anything to you, we’ve put her into a loving home.”

Jungkook flares his nose at him, hands curling into fists, “You’re a liar!”

“Jungkook-“

He grabs the sheet of paper in front of him and throws it on the ground, running out of the room.

He can hear Jin calling after him, but ignores him as he runs up the marbled stairs.

He goes into his bedroom, closing the door behind him with a bang. He looks at the nightlight and takes it off the wall, knocking it to the floor with a huff. He goes to sit in the middle of the room, putting his hands in his face.

His cat belonged to his grandmother. Nemo was quite old already, but she was still lively. Nemo was the only thing he had left from his grandmother, besides photos of her from here and there. If Nemo is truly gone, it means his grandmother is truly gone as well.
He sniffs loudly, shoving his face into his knees as he cries and screams out in frustration. He
doesn’t care if they’re listening to him. They act like they’re saving him but they’re only making
things so much worse.

Speaking of the devil, he sees Jin enter the nursery with concern, holding the door open as he
frowns at his crying.

Jungkook grabs a xylophone laying on the floor near him, throwing it at the man who dodges it
with his arms.

“J-just stay away from me!” He yells, breathing heavily through his choked sobs.

Jin looks down at the xylophone, picking it up and placing it back amongst the toys. He slowly
walks up to Jungkook, leaning down in front of him.

“Baby, I’m so sorry. I should have never lied to you.”

Jungkook ignores him, covering his face with his arms as he muffles his tears. Jin reaches out to
him, putting a hand on his shoulder.

Jungkook tries to stop his tears but they keep on going, giving him hiccups.

Jin wraps him into a sudden hug, tightly yet warmly holding the boy in his arms. Jungkook whines
but Jin holds on, shushing him gently.

They remain that way, Jungkook crying into the man’s shoulder. It takes a while but Jungkook
does eventually begin to calm down, weakly laying his head against the man. There’s only so
much energy he can release before he crashes down.

Jin leans over and peppers him with kisses. Jungkook rubs at his wet eyes with his sleeves and
plays with the ends of his shorts. He sits there silently, sniffing occasionally.

Jin stands from the ground, reaching to pick up the boy.

Jungkook just wants to be alone, but he’s learning to just let them manhandle him. Jin places him
on his hip, walking to take him out the room.

Jin stops momentarily when he sees the knocked over nightlight, but continues to leave without
mentioning it.

~*~

Jin carries him into the living room, laying him down on the couch. He takes a blanket folded on
another chair and puts it over the boy, smiling down at him warmly.

“My poor baby. How about I give you a massage later? Would you like that?”

Jungkook doesn’t reply, looking up at him with blinking eyes. Jin laughs and ruffles his hair.

“I’ll use oil and everything. You’ll love it, baby.” He giggles.

Jin reaches for the remote and turns on the tv, changing the channels until he reaches a children’s
station. Jungkook frowns at the man’s choice but doesn’t say anything. Amongst everything else
the men have done, this is pretty vanilla.
Jin sits down next to the boy, pulling him to lay on his stomach and rest his head on his lap. Jungkook watches the children’s show while preoccupied with his thoughts, unthinkingly relaxing as Jin combs his gently fingers through his hair.

As time passes, he realizes that his body feels… strange. He feels lighter and calmer. He can move but he feels like he's floating. Euphoria runs through his veins and his cheeks feel nicely warm. To put it simply, he feels pliable. He thinks about what could cause this and realizes the baby bottle may have been drugged.

“Did Tae… put something in the bottle?”

Jin rubs circles on his back, looking down at him with furrowed brows.

“What do you mean, bunny?”

“I feel f-funny.”

“Oh sweetie,” Jin runs his fingers underneath his shirt and massages him, “I'm sure it's nothing.”

Jungkook nods to himself and closes his eyes, losing himself to the man's touches against his tingling skin. Jin makes a hushed pleased noise, eyes mesmerized as he looks down at the boys peaceful face. It was a pleasant change from the last few days.

“Daddy is going to try something. Just close your eyes and relax, okay baby?”

Jungkook lays there, nodding as he's lost in his own haze. Jin reaches out towards a basket on the coffee table, pulling out a small capped bottle. He puts it to his side for now, placing his hand back on the boy. He slides his hand underneath the blanket that covers the boys frame, slipping his fingers under his shorts and diaper.

Jungkook releases a small whine, but otherwise remains in his spot on the couch.

Jin massages the boys cheek with his hand, cupping it and spreading it. Jungkook moans in the back of his throat, yet is disoriented about what's happening.

Jin presses his fingers against his hole, massaging it gently to turn the boy on. Jungkook squirms under him and quietly moans, thighs slightly spreading in reaction.

“Feels good, baby?”

“Hmm?” Jungkook murmurs with furrowed brows, head dropped against the man's warm lap.

Jin slips his fingers out, pouring out a generous amount of liquid onto his fingers before closing the bottle and slipping his fingers back underneath the blanket.

Jungkook gasps when he feels the cold strange liquid rubbed against his entrance, the coldness being quickly replaced with a warm tingling sensation. He cries out when Jin slowly pushes in a finger, holding it still to let him adjust.

“H-hurts.”

“I know, baby.” Jin breathes out heavily.

Jin begins to move his finger around, rubbing and pressing against his walls. The liquid feels hot and tingly, all the sensations causing him to arch his back. It feels kind of good but mostly strange.
“It’s w-weird.” He whines, squeezing his fingers around Jin’s pants.

Jin slowly adds a second finger, pausing when he feels Jungkook clenching too tightly.

“Relax, baby. It'll feel better if you do.”

Jungkook forces himself to relax, gnawing on his bottom lip and eyes tearing as Jin’s finger reaches the end. He's never been touched this way before. He's never experimented, either. This was a completely new sensation for him.

Jin waits for him to adjust before moving his fingers, scissoring him open and closed.

“O-oh god.” Jungkook cries out, his dick incredibly hard at this point.

“Like that, bunny?” Jin coos before speeding up, jerking his fingers faster and harder inside of him.

“Ah!” Jungkook cries out in the room, head raised as he feels the build-up of his orgasm.

When Jin presses against something inside him, he violently spasms. Jin holds him down and chuckles under his breath.

“Did I find your spot, sweetie?”

“S-spot?” He whispers but Jin doesn't answer, holding the boy down with his muscled arms as he begins to thrust his fingers roughly against his prostate with a toothy grin.

“Oh my god. Stop, stop, stop! I'm gonna –” he squirms and spasms violently, the build-up of his orgasm reaching it's climax. He shouts when he comes, shaking uncontrollably as his load lands on the couch.

Jin rides him through his orgasm, bringing the motion of his fingers to a slow stop until he takes them out completely. Jungkook continues to shake under him, tears running down his cheek as he breathes heavily in recovery.

“Aww baby, was that your first time?”

Jungkook hiccups, nodding slowly. Jin pulls the blanket to look down at the boys bottom, exhaling through his nose when he sees the state he left his boy in.

Jin slides himself off the couch, moving to sit behind Jungkook. Jungkook tiredly turns his head, puzzled at what the man could be trying to do now.

Jin puts his palms on his cheeks, spreading them gently and watching the lube drip down.

“N-no more. I can’t take it.” Jungkook begs.

“One more.” Jin responds before sticking his tongue on the boys entrance, lapping away to make it clean.

“A-ah!”

Jungkook tries to move away but the man wraps his arms around his hips to hold him down, leaving him under his mercy.

He yelps when the man presses his tongue inside, penetrating him with his tongue. He cries out
and puts his hands in his hair, pulling at the locks.

He's still sensitive so he practically screams when the man somehow tongues his spot, guaranteeing a second orgasm if he keeps it up. Jungkook desperately grabs around at the couch, at Jin, at anything as his orgasm builds.

“N-no, no, no, no. Jin, please.” He chants.

Jin happily hums, either unaware or indifferent to his desperation as he continues to press and play with his prostate.

Jungkook is sure the whole house hears him as he screams through his second orgasm, Jin having no mercy as he continues tonguing him through his sensitive orgasm.

He falls limp on the couch, legs and thighs twitching as Jin’s mouth releases from his entrance with a pop. His entrance clenches around at nothing, looking inviting to anyone who sees.

Jin turns the boys head, kissing his lips before pulling up his clothes and resuming his position of sitting next to the boy and laying his head on his lap.

Jungkook lays there as he recovers, looking down at the erection Jin is sporting. Jin notices and looks down at him with a smile that looks more like a pained grimace.

“Daddy is happy when his baby is happy.”

As they lay there, Jungkook isn't sure what he feels. All he knows is that if it weren't for his drugged breakfast, he wouldn't have let that happen.

That counts for something, right?

Chapter End Notes

Writing and editing on a phone is hard but there's no one to blame but myself sigh.

:))
Chapter 6

One by one the men show up to the living room, sitting by and around him.

Jin occasionally shuffles around uncomfortably, failing each time to adjust the discomfort in his pants. Jungkook tries to ignore it, trying his best engage himself with what’s on the TV.

Eventually he gets fed up and sits up from the man. He tilts his body so he’s leaning away from Jin, his nose slightly scrunched. Jin looks slightly embarrassed but remains quiet.

“What’s wrong, baby?” Hoseok coos from beside him on the couch.

Jungkook contemplates whether or not he should expose the man, and also contemplates whether or not he should try to hide the semi-damp cum stain he’s currently sit on.

It’s an uncomfortable situation.

“N-nothing.” He stirs uncomfortably.

Hoseok ruffles his hair, smoothing down the locks and squishing his cheeks. “Come on, baby. You can tell daddy anything.”

“Oh, well…” He hesitates.

“Is it about you and Jin earlier? Don’t be embarrassed, peaches.” Yoongi comforts him from across the room, planted lazily on a sofa chair.

Jungkook shakes his head with wide eyes, his face and ears burning up. Yoongi laughs at him, flashing his gums at the shy boy, “Cute.”

“I d-don’t want to talk about this anymore.” Jungkook mumbles under his breath, cleaning his fingernails nervously.

Jin moves off of the couch, pulling down his shirt to hide his erection. Taehyung notices and laughs at him. Jin blushes before glaring at the man.

“They all look at Jungkook whose looking down at his palm, fiddling with the blanket halfway from falling on the floor. At the moment he felt very dirty and exposed. If they could all just stop looking at him, that would be great.

“Did you leave your daddy with a problem, bunny?” Taehyung teases Jungkook, “Aww, that wasn’t very nice.”

They all look at Jungkook whose looking down at his palm, fiddling with the blanket halfway from falling on the floor. At the moment he felt very dirty and exposed. If they could all just stop looking at him, that would be great.

“Oh, daddies just teasing you.” Hoseok pokes at the boy. He gives a look at Taehyung, who puts his hands up in defense and turns his eyes to Jin.

Taehyung gives Jin a playful look before he stands up, taking the man’s arm and dragging him out of the room.

“Well, I guess that’s that.” Yoongi rolls his eyes.
Yoongi moves to replace Jin’s spot on the couch, making himself comfortable next to the boy. Jungkook looks at him curiously, turning his eyes back to the TV. He feels uneasy around the man, not only because of the spanking he received but also because Yoongi is – in his opinion, the most intimidating ‘daddy’ in the house.

Yoongi looks down at the stiff boy, an amused look worming its way onto his face. Jungkook doesn’t look at him, the unease in his belly telling him to be careful.

Yoongi and Hoseok share a long glance before Hoseok leans over to pull the boy to his side, encouraging him to lean against his large frame.

Jungkook struggles against the hold, trying to remain in his seated position. Hoseok frowns with his hand still rested on the boy’s frame.

“What’s wrong, Kookie?” Yoongi asks, leaning against the sofa while exchanging looks with Hoseok.

Jungkook puffs air through his nose, closing his eyes as his ears burn up. He’s still sitting on his cum stain. It seems stupid after everything that’s happened for him to care about hiding things, but this seems to be reaching a new territory.

“Baby, talk to daddy.” Hoseok gently encourages him.

Jungkook remains quiet, wishing he could plop himself into the middle of a black hole.

“Maybe he needs his binky.” Namjoon chimes from the other sofa chair, legs crossed as he looks at the boy.

Hoseok and Yoongi both nod with a lightbulb going over their heads. Jimin turns to Namjoon, “A binky would definitely help his stress.”

Jimin claps his hands in determination, making the disturbed Jungkook flinch out of his skin. Hoseok giggles at him, effectively pissing him off.

“Then it’s settled. Today we settle baby into his new binky. Everyone up for that?”

They all nod and make small noises of approval. Jimin jumps from his seat, running off to get a binky.

Jungkook glares a hole into the wall, squirming in his seat. After the whole teat thing they seemed pretty insistent and eager about him using a binky.

He was starting to think they got off on seeing him do things like that. Once he uses the binky, will they make him start sucking on their nipples? He shivers. He better not have jinxed it.

“What’s thinking about, cutie?” Hoseok grins, poking at his cheek.

Jungkook looks up at him warily, already knowing the fuss he’s gonna give the man over the binky. Before he can think of something to say in response, Jimin comes skipping back to the room with the binky from his crib. Seeing it churns his stomach.

Jimin plops down on his knees in front of Jungkook, smiling up at him as he holds out the binky.

Jungkook slowly takes the binky, examining the strange thing. He sighs and drops it next to him on the couch.
“This is ridiculous.”

Yoongi picks it up and seems slightly offended, “What do you mean, peaches?”

“I don't want it.” He states matter of fact, confused when they chuckle in response.

“Once you start using it, sweetie, you'll be glued to it.” Namjoon says like it's a fact or something.

“We'll clip it to your shirt so you can always have it on you. Won't that be nice, baby?” Jimin smiles up at him.

Jungkook lets out a small groan in the back of his throat. They were really going to force this on him, weren't they?

Yoongi hovers the binky over his mouth, encouraging him to pop it in. Jungkook pushes the man’s hand away instinctively, locking his mouth shut. Yoongi immediately tries again but Jungkook repeats the prior action, turning his head away from him.

“Jeon Jungkook. Stop fussing.” Yoongi warns him, putting his hand on his jaw to make him face towards him.

Jungkook feels chills run through him. He has no doubt in his mind about being punished if he keeps it up, so he allows Yoongi to push the binky into his mouth.

Yoongi ruffles his hair, smiling at him. “Good baby.”

The other three tilt and lean to look at him, cooing and gawking at him. Jungkook timidly looks around as he holds the blue binky in his mouth, sucking on it unintentionally a few times. Hoseok reaches over to clip the binky to his shirt, completing his look.

“So cute! I'm gonna die.” Gushes Jimin.

Jin and Taehyung return to the living room, looking slightly ruffled up. They both immediately squeal when they see Jungkook, surrounding him and planting kisses all over him. Jungkook squeaks behind the binky, holding it inbetween his teeth.

“He's so cute!” Taehyung cries.

“That's what I said.” Jimin agrees.

Jungkook sighs. He’s kind of feeling like a puppy just taken home, swarmed and fawned over by all those who see him. Morbidly, he can't help but wonder what they’ll do to him once he stops being a novelty.

He begins to shake his legs, trying to relieve the pressure on his bladder as he occupies his mind with other thoughts. After his breakfast he started needing to go, but was able to ignore it.

The humiliation and stubbornness is enough to make him persevere but he knows at this rate it's just an inevitably. At the very least, he’d like to be alone when he pisses himself. He refuses to do that around one of them, much less all of them present in one room.

What he doesn't account for is Namjoon suddenly picking him up and bumping him up and down on his lap after sitting back down on his chair. Oh, and tickling him.

He tries to hold out for awhile but eventually starts to whine as he bites down hard on the binky in his mouth, clenching his hands around Namjoon’s arms in a panic.
“Uh oh, is something wrong?” Namjoon asks after the boy panicked.

Jungkook shakes his head, flushing and sweating. It was too humiliating to tell the truth. If he insinuates somethings wrong, they’ll push it out of him. He’ll just have to endure.

“If you say so, baby.”

Namjoon continues to bump him up and down, unknowingly prolonging his torture. Jungkook breathes heavily as he concentrates on holding his bladder, clenching his thighs uncontrollably. He breathes out when Namjoon stops his movements, checking his phone for any notifications. Unknowingly to him, he sucks on his binky passionately with several eyes watching him with curiosity.

When he loses control of his bladder and leaks out a bit, he jerks and tries to jump off the man’s lap in panic. Namjoon holds him back firmly on his lap, wondering what could have the boy so worked up again.

Jungkook looks at the rest of them looking at him and freezes like a statue as he goes in his diaper, staring at the cum stain on the couch.

Namjoon can instantly feel the warmth and coos. “He just went in his nappy,” he announces to the room, “I guess that was daddies fault.”

Jungkook slides himself down off Namjoon’s lap, sitting on the floor with his warm soiled diaper as his wet binky slaps his neck before falling and resting against his clothed chest.

As the men debate about who’s going to change him, he wonders how his life has gotten so weird.

He sticks the binky back in his mouth, not yet admitting to himself how he likes the sensation of chewing on the rubber.

Yoongi picks him up and before he knows it, he’s being whisked away again.

Chapter End Notes

i’m tired ;(
Chap is kinda short. :p
Yoongi carries him through the house, walking past numerous rooms and hallways. Jungkook watches the paintings and vases pass by with a small sigh.

Hoseok follows behind them for a reason he doesn’t know, the man glancing at him every now and again with a small smile.

His diaper is now cold and it gives him shivers. All he wants to do is rip the thing off and jump into a hot shower and try to convince himself that it didn’t happen. That none of the things here were happening.

Hoseok opens the door to the nursery for them, stepping to the side as Yoongi slips inside. Jungkook squirms in discontent when he sees the changing table. Putting the clean diaper on was wrong enough. Having two men take a dirty one off him? Oh god, please help him.

Hoseok closes the door behind him and watches as Jungkook manages to pull his way out of Yoongi’s hold. Jungkook falls to the ground on his bottom with a groan, backing himself into the corner of the room.

Yoongi puts a hand on hip with a sigh, raising an eyebrow to the boy currently trying to hide himself. Yoongi tries to walk to the boy but Jungkook kicks him away with his foot.

“Stop! J-just stop.” He tries to plead, the cold wetness in his pants forgotten with his distress.

“Jungkook.” Hoseok looks surprised. Where was the cute boy with the binky in his mouth earlier?

“Th-this is wrong…” Jungkook mumbles to himself, looking at Yoongi’s lower frame warily.

“Jungkook, sweetie. You’ll get a rash if you don’t let your daddy help you.” Hoseok says as he edges himself around the crib towards Jungkook.

Jungkook moves away from him, darting from them both and hiding behind the changing table.

“Nobody ever asked me what I want!”

“Baby-“

“No! Stop trying to tell me what’s good for me. Stop trying to say that I like this!”

Yoongi walks over and tries to calm him, but Jungkook scamps to the toy area and throws a random object at him. Yoongi dodges it, eyes blown wide by how the boy is acting.

“Jungkook, you’re throwing a tantrum and-“ Yoongi starts to say.

“I’m an adult. An adult!” He motions towards the room with his hands, “Whatever this is, isn’t me.
“You people are crazy!”

“Jungkook, you’re not being very nice.” Hoseok scolds him, lips tight in a frown.

“Cut it out this instant, Kook. We’re only trying to take care of you, to help you.” Yoongi waves his hands.

Jungkook groans in frustration, putting his hands against the wall as they corner him. “I just want to go home.”

“This is your home, baby.” Hoseok says matter of fact.

“No, this place and you people. I-fuck, I wanna go home.” He begins to cry, curling his fingers and scratching the painted wall behind him. “Please just let me go.”

He thinks of the way Jin had touched him earlier, filling him up with regret and shame. He feels gross, dirty. All of this is so wrong.

Hoseok and Yoongi exchange a long look and silently communicate, peering down at the crying boy. Hoseok sighs with a nod and reaches out for the boy, picking him up into his strong arms.

“Stop! Put me down!” Jungkook immediately protests, kicking and punching the man.

“Baby, I know you’re upset but right now you have to be changed.” Yoongi says, walking over to the changing table and grabbing the needed supplies.

Hoseok tries to lay the boy on the table but struggles, Jungkook eventually slipping through his fingers and falling off the other side of the table. Hoseok runs over to the boy and holds his head up.

“Are you okay?”

“I’d be better if you just stopped.” Jungkook hisses through his teeth.

“Hoseok, please just hold him for me.” Yoongi sighs, tearing open a new package of wipes.

Hoseok holds the boy from behind, wrapping his strong arms securely around the smaller boys arms and torso. Jungkook tries to wiggle out of his hold but fails. What he really wanted to know was how the men were so strong. To be able to subdue him and carry him so easily as though he’s a feather is equally impressive and horrifying.

He whimpers when Yoongi kneels in front of him, reaching his hands out to remove his shorts. He kicks at the man with his legs, screaming when Yoongi tries to grab his ankles.

“Calm down, Jung-“ A foot punches Yoongi’s square in the nose.

Hoseok gasps, letting go of Jungkook when Yoongi’s nose begins to bleed. Jungkook shoots up from the floor, yanking a clean diaper left on the floor by Yoongi before running out the door, slamming it shut behind him.

He leaps into the bathroom, closing it and locking it behind him. He breathes out, closing his eyes and leaning his body against the door. He remembers the used diaper, curling his nose in disgust. He slides off his clothes and throws them to the side.

He reaches for the diaper to remove it before stopping himself. He walks over to the large bathroom mirror and looks at his reflection, staring at his naked frame covered in only a diaper. He
reaches for his shirt and unclips the binky, sticking it in his mouth.

So this is how he looked. This is how the men in this house wanted him to look. He turns to look at his side-profile, cringing at how childish he looks. He tosses the binky in the sink with a clack, ripping the used diaper off himself.

He holds it and thinks. What on earth should he do with this?

He wraps it up the best he can and folds toilet paper around it, carrying it around as he looks for a bin to throw it out in. He finds one underneath the sink, so he tosses it there. He plucks the binky from the sink and too wraps it in toilet paper, tossing it in the bin.

He stands up straight and washes his hands with a generous amount of soap, but still feels filthy after drying his hands.

He looks towards his reflection in the mirror, frowning as he rubs at his messy hair and bitten lips. He looks at the small bruises that wrap around his hips and waist, marks the men must had left from how tightly they carry him when he struggles.

He looks at the shower from the mirrors reflection, turning to face it. He jumps when he hears a knock on the bathroom door but ignores it, jumping into the shower and hiking up the heat.

He grabs the soap and tries to scrub them off. Their words, the bruises, their hugs and kisses. Most of all he cleans off Jin, cleaning himself thoroughly while the regret seeps deep into his pores. He scrubs at his skin until it’s raw and burning. He stands there in the hot water, slowly turning the water hotter and hotter until it burns his skin.

He sits down in the shower when he can hear ruckus behind the door, sure that they're already fawning over him with their false concern. At this point he knows it's an inevitably.

The door cracks open and he sees Hoseok slowly walk in, eyes widening when he sees the red boy. He rushes over and turns off the water, gawking at the boy whose skin is red and raw from head to toe. He curses and goes to get a towel.

He reaches out to get the boy on his feet and out of the steamy room. Jungkook whines and pulls his arm away, stubbornly wrapping his arms around his frame.

“Just leave me alone!” He screams at him at the top of his lungs.

Yoongi dashes into the room, holding a bloodied white rag over his nose. Jungkook whimpers and curls into himself when he can see the rest of the men slowly crowd into the room wondering what's going on.

They watch as Hoseok wrestles the boy out of the shower, wrapping the towel around his shaking frame.

“What's going on?” Jimin asks confused.

Jungkook throws smacks and punches at Hoseok, face red as he cries. “Stop. Touching. Me!”

Jin pushes himself through the door, kneeling down next to the struggling Hoseok. They try to calm him down, but Jungkook refuses to let them near him without attacking them.

Namjoon takes Yoongi to the side with his hand on his shoulder. “What happened?”
“Well we went to change him and he just started flipping out. Kicked me in the nose and ran away. I don't know what happened in here, though.”

“Shit Yoongi,” They both look at Jungkook, “What should we do?”

Yoongi bites his lip in thought, flinching when Jungkook screams an obscenity at Jin. He tosses the rag in the sink, turning to look at Namjoon.

“For now, we should drug him.”

Namjoon tilts his head apprehensively.

“I know, I know. For now we do it and then we talk about whether or not that’s something we should do regularly until he’s settled in.”

“I don’t know, Yoongi-“

“Look at him! Letting him run around so soon was a mistake. We dope him for a few weeks and then we try this again. That’s what I think.”

“We’ll do it today.” He turns to leave the room, “but you’re going to have to sit everyone down about your idea.”

“I will.”

Namjoon nods and runs out the room.

~*~

Jungkook lays in his crib, staring at the dark ceiling. A few hours ago he had been held down and stabbed with a needle. Some of the men had cried during the process, dripping tears onto his face.

He was carried bridal style to his nursery by an apologetic Namjoon, who diapered him and clothed him before laying him down in his crib for an extended nap or time out. The man didn’t specify, rather he just left him there for an emergency meeting with the others.

Reflecting on his actions, he doesn’t entirely regret it. Kicking Yoongi felt kind of good. It could have gone a lot better, though. Especially the part where he was drugged. Yeah, that could have been better.

His stomach grumbles, his body begging for more food. It’s a familiar sensation he’s dealt with for many years of his life, so he’s used to it. Besides, he’s not too sure he wants to eat if it means being bottle fed again. Especially if he can’t feel his limbs. He sighs and clicks his tongue, licking his teeth as he waits to be remembered.

What if they just leave him here? Lock the door and never come back?

Okay, let’s think of something else. He chuckles nervously and feels a sink in his heart. He sniffs and dreads his future and dreads what’s going to happen to him. Is he going to die here?

He starts to cry as he lays flat on his back, not having the ability to move a single muscle much less wipe away his burning tears.
He sobs in the dark room, crying for anyone at all to save him and take him home. Take him home to Nemo in his shitty apartment while working his terrible job. Because even if it’s a bad life, it’s a free one. It’s one he’s in control of.

For a long time he cries, wails, moans and even shouts into the lonely room. He does so until his throat is raw and he runs out of tears.

While he’s hiccupping he hears mumbling and footsteps coming near his door, so he closes his eyes and braces himself for it.

The door cracks open and he hears multiple footsteps enter, leaving the light off. The light from the hallway is on his face, yet he continues to pretend to be asleep.

“Oh, poor baby…” Jimin whispers in the silence.

“I think he cried himself to sleep.” Namjoon murmurs to them.

“He must be starving. It’s time for dinner and we’ve only fed him once this morning.” Jin frowns.

“Hey, it’s been a long day. It’ll be fine.” Jimin encourages him.

“We’ll have to binky train him. He won’t like it, but he’ll adjust.” Yoongi says quietly.

Binky train? What does that even mean?

He stirs in his sleep, pretending that he’s just waking up. He yawns but doesn’t stretch out, for obvious reasons. He squints his eyes at them, looking at them with displeasure.

They look surprised with Taehyung flicking on the light. Namjoon looks at them apprehensively, holding onto a new binky with straps. Wait, straps?

“Now baby, we’re going to give you your binky and feed you. We know you’re struggling to adjust, so your daddies are just trying to help you along the process.” Namjoon says, fiddling with the binky.

Without waiting for Jungkook to respond, Taehyung walks in front of the crib and lifts him out, carrying the boy over to a chair so the little can sit on his lap.

“What are you-"

He stops talking when Namjoon walks over with the binky, shoving it in his mouth. Taehyung holds it in his mouth behind him so he can’t spit it out. As he muffles in protest, Namjoon reaches around and clips the binky together so it can’t come off.

Taehyung drops his hands and exhales. Jungkook tries to push the binky out yet fails and he’s certain he looks just as ridiculous as he feels.

He muffles out a few obscenities behind the binky which causes Taehyung to smack his thigh.

“You must be hungry, baby. Lets all eat something, yeah?” Jin says as he lifts him up into his arms.

They follow him and Jin out of the nursery. Jungkook spends the entire distance trying yet failing to shove the binky out of his mouth. He huffs through his nose and puts his head on Jin’s shoulder, glaring daggers at the men walking behind him.
Jin hands him over to Hoseok who sits down on a chair, hugging the boy on his lap. Jin rumbles through the kitchen as he prepares Jungkook’s bottle, sticking it in the microwave.

Jungkook whines behind the binky, making garbled noises. Hoseok peppers wet kisses on his neck, humming a song under his breath.

“Poor baby. He’s all fussy because his tummy is empty.” Jin coos, pinching Jungkook’s cheek.

“So are we ordering takeout tonight?” Taehyung asks.

“Yes. I’ll get the usual.” Namjoon whips his phone out.

While Namjoon calls for pizza, Jungkook smells his baby bottle from the microwave. He frowns through the binky and wishes he could have pizza instead. Or anything else, really.

The microwave beeps and Jin takes out the bottle. He instructs Hoseok to take Jungkook to the living room and they all shuffle out to follow along to wait for the pizza.

Namjoon hangs up the phone as Hoseok lays Jungkook on the couch, allowing Jin to take over and sit next to the little.

Jimin makes small talk as Taehyung turns on the TV, flipping the channel to watch a romantic comedy. Yoongi makes a snide comment about Taehyung’s choice, causing the two of them to bicker.

Jungkook doesn’t pay attention to any of this, however. He’s watching dreadfully as Jin uses an attachment on the bottle to hook up to his binky. The baby bottle is now attached to his binky, his binky being what he sucks from to drink.

He whines as Jin carefully leans the boy to lie against his chest, holding the bottle slightly upwards. The others watch with interest, causing his ears to burn.

“Mhmpf!” He squeaks when Jin squeezes on the bottle, the fluid pouring into his mouth from the pressure.

“There you go, baby.” Jimin coos from the second sofa.

Jungkook scrunches his eyes shut as he swallows the liquid that slides too easily down his throat. Jin hums under his breath, petting the boys hair with his long fingers.

“He’s so precious. Look at his little face.” Taehyung says with a toothy grin, resting his face in his hands.

Jungkook swallows the warm liquid, sweating with a red face. They were all watching him in this position. He felt vulnerable. Like this was a side of him no one should ever see.

Instead he tries to focus on the drink itself, relaxing himself into it. He exhales around the bottle as the sweet warmness surrounds him. He slowly drinks from it to savour it, exploring the static growing in his head and spreading out to his toes and fingers. Jin looks down at him with a warm smile.

“I think he’ll find his little space this way.” Hoseok says, mesmerized by Jungkook.

Little space? He wonders what those words mean but ignores the thought for now, focusing on the drink that takes his attention away from their peering eyes.
“He will. We just have to be patient.” Jin smiles down at him, brushing his cheek with his finger lovingly.

“And we’ll be right here when he does…” Taehyung whispers.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It’s been several days since they have forced him to wear the binky, injecting him each morning with the strange drugs. He was foolish to lose count of the days but it happened. Maybe it’s been a week, he’s not sure. It feels like a year has passed by now. Each night they remove the binky so he can sleep comfortably and it’s that way that he begs them each morning to have mercy on him. Today is one of those terrible mornings, begging pathetically as they corner him in the nursery with the syringe.

“No, no, no. I’ll be good, I swear. Please don’t!” He whimpers in the corner, protectively covering his body with his arms.

Yoongi and Namjoon take responsibility of the syringe. The other ‘daddies’ cry too much when they do it, so it’s just the two of them. A few days ago he had convinced Hoseok to not do it, causing the man to put away the syringe. It was all going well until Yoongi had insisted he use the drug, intervening and coaxing Hoseok into it.

“Baby, just relax. It’ll be over before you know it and then your daddies will feed you. Won’t that be nice, pumpkin? Breakfast with daddy?” Yoongi tries to coax him, carrying the uncapped syringe in his hand.

Jungkook shakes his head, frozen stiff in the corner as he stares at the menacing needle. Namjoon sighs and reaches out to Jungkook, keen on getting this over with so they can officially start the day. He holds tightly onto Jungkook, dropping them both to the floor as he wraps his arms around the shouting little.

Yoongi gets onto his knees in front of the two of them and doesn’t hesitate to inject him with the syringe, pressing the content into his leg. Jungkook whimpers in pain, immediately feeling the numbing sensation crawl throughout his body until he’s essentially paralyzed. Yoongi caps the used syringe and walks over to the changing table, tossing the syringe into a sharps container. Namjoon rubs the littles temples, frowning down at the boy who is crying slightly.

“I don’t k-know what’s in that stuff but… using it everyday, you’re gonna p-paralyze me!” Jungkook chokes out.

Yoongi walks over with the cleaned binky, fiddling around the straps before sticking the binky in the boys pouting mouth. Jungkook huffs through his nose as Yoongi straps it on securely, frowning down at him. Namjoon shuffles so they can both help Jungkook off the floor, Yoongi picking up the boy and placing him on his hips.

They carry him out of the nursery and down the stairs, quietly carrying him into the living room. Jungkook sees the rest of the men lounging in the living room, absentmindedly watching television and playing with their phones. Sometimes a few of the men left the house for hours, but no one ever told him where and why. He was left in the dark about everything that went on here.

They all look up at their footsteps, smiling at the three men. Yoongi places Jungkook on the sofa next to Taehyung, leaving the living room to prepare his baby bottle. Taehyung makes a small happy noise and tickles Jungkook’s cheek, kissing the top of his head.
“Morning bunny.” Taehyung says quietly, turning his attention back to his phone.

Jungkook huffs in response through his nose, looking at the television and tuning in to the news played. The anchor-man talks about the weather, something that will have no effect on him so long he’s inside this household. He looks over to Hoseok who is currently on the phone, having a deep conversation with someone he must know very well. Hoseok looks very concentrated and stressed, rubbing his temple.

It’s all just so boring. He’s sick of this routine. The longer he sits there unattended, the more aware he becomes of his body and every sensation. His nose is slightly itchy, the sensation tickling his face as it taunts his lack of ability to do anything about it. He whines in the back of his throat and tries to tilt his head into the couch, struggling to rub his face against it so he can itch his nose.

“What on earth are you doing?” Namjoon laughs at the little.

Jungkook whines louder in frustration, hitting his head against the sofa as he tries to mumble out the words. Just itch his nose already, goddamn it.

“Are you hungry, baby? One of your daddies is already getting your bottle, sweetie.” Jin coos at him from the sofa chair.

Jungkook shakes his head, rolling his eyes. He hits his head harder against the couch, tilting his head towards Taehyung next to him who looks down at him with puzzlement.

“I’m… not sure what he’s asking for.” Taehyung says, looking down at the little who’s glaring at him and scrunching his nose.

“Mhmp! Mhm!” Jungkook garbles at his daddy, dropping his head on the man and looking up at him hopelessly.

He makes a pleased noise when Taehyung places his hand on his face bewilderedly, massaging his face. Jungkook moves his head around until Taehyung’s fingernails are on his nose, and he makes small noises as he drags his face back and forth under his nails until he can get a somewhat satisfying scratch on his nose.

“I think we’ve adopted a cat.” Hoseok says with amusement.

“Scratch his nose, Tae! That’s what he wants.” Jimin says from the sofa, as smart and alert as ever.

Jungkook makes a noise of affirmation, head sitting on Taehyung obediently as he waits for Taehyung to help him. Taehyung timidly scratches the boy’s nose with his fingers, successfully satisfying his itch. Jungkook closes his eyes and sighs peacefully, turning his head away from the man’s hand to signify he’s had enough.

“So who wants feeding duty?” Yoongi walks in with the warm baby bottle, standing near Jungkook as he looks at everyone else.

“I want to do it.” Namjoon says, standing up from the sofa.

Yoongi hands the baby bottle to Namjoon, replacing the man’s spot on the sofa as Namjoon walks over to the little. Namjoon sits down on the sofa next to Jungkook, placing the baby bottle on the table next to the sofa as he pulls the little onto him, resting the boy on his back and using him arm to give the little support for his neck.

Jungkook looks up at him with a blush on his cheeks, watching silently as his daddy takes the baby
bottle and tilts his head up. Namjoon hooks the baby bottle onto his binky, resting the boy back down. Taehyung watches them from the side, always so mesmerized when it comes to the little being fed.

Feeding time is the only thing he looked forward to nowadays. Although it’s still embarrassing for him, the warm beverage is incredibly soothing. He hates himself for it but he admits that it relaxes him, gives his head a strange fuzzy sensation. It brings him back to the way his grandmother used to hold him and love him. This whole thing was messed up and strange, but he supposes in his mind that him relating it to the memories of his youth was a strange way for him to cope with what they were doing to him.

Jungkook closes his eyes and sucks onto the bottle, swallowing the warm comforting liquid with ease. He opens his eyes and looks up at Namjoon, stopping his sucking for a moment as he sees the man looking down at him with warm fondness.

“So sweet.” Namjoon smiles down at him, flashing his dimples.

Jungkook blushes and closes his eyes again, concentrating on the beverage instead of the man who was holding onto the bottle. He thinks of his grandmother and her warm house, the way she would hug him and make him those amazing oatmeal raisin cookies.

He curls his fingers and toes comfortably, breathing steadily. His eyes flutter and he looks up at his daddy, eyes hazy as he smiles to himself. Namjoon smiles with a slightly eager tint in his eyes, flashing his eyes to Taehyung who watches silently.

Jungkook finishes the bottle easily, sucking on the binky even after Namjoon had twisted the baby bottle off. He lays there silently as Namjoon slides away from the couch and leaves the room to wash the baby bottle. He stares at the ceiling with hazed eyes, continuing to curl his fingers and toes with comfort.

“Feeling good, bunny?” Taehyung smiles down at him.

Jungkook looks at him curiously, brown eyes glowing up at him. Taehyung takes the boy into his arms, rocking the limp boy back and forth. Taehyung emits a small humming noise down at him, eyes smiling warmly at him. Jungkook stares at the man, examining the moles he never noticed before. The longer he looks, the more he sees just how handsome his daddy really is.

Throughout all the time he’s been here, he’s been so immersed with himself and his desire to escape that he never really looked at his captors closely. He looks at the other men sitting around with the corner of his eyes, staring at them with a flush on his cheeks.

“Kookie’s acting kind of funny today, don’t you guys think?” Jimin chuckles.

Jungkook looks at Jimin as he rests against Taehyung, the man’s fingers running through his messy bed hair. Jimin looks at him curiously, slightly confused as to why the boy is staring at everyone so much. Before he can say another word, Hoseok hangs up his phone with a sigh.

“My dad is going to swing by today. You guys know the drill, right?”

“Shoot…” Taehyung says, pulling his fingers out of Jungkook’s hair.

“Hold on. Namjoon! Are you done yet?” Hoseok calls Namjoon over.

Namjoon steps into the room, feet dragging on the carpet as he scoots himself onto the sofa with Jungkook and Taehyung.
“What’s up?” Namjoon asks.

“My dad is coming over later tonight. You know how he likes to visit and check up on us once in awhile.” Hoseok says with a sigh.

They all look down at the little who looks back at them with interest. If someone is going to be in the mansion, he could have a chance of screaming his way out of this place. He’d just have to play his cards right. He pushes at the binky with his tongue, experimenting and trying to push it to the side of his mouth.

“We’re going to have to hide him, you know. Also don’t forget to lock up the nursery. My dad will lose it if he sees something like that.” Hoseok tells them all firmly.

“One of us should stay with Kookie. Just keep him calm and occupied while your dad visits.” Namjoon says.

“Okay, but which one of us will stay with him?” Taehyung asks, looking down at the frowning boy.

They all stare at each other. Hoseok crosses his arms, waiting for them to decide.

“Well, it can’t be me. I’m the best cook in this house so it’s better for me to stick around and prepare something for your father.” Jin sighs.

“Yeah, you’re staying with me.” Hoseok agrees.

“Let me do it. I haven’t really spent any time with Kookie yet.” Jimin smiles at them.

Jungkook looks at Jimin with frozen eyes, staring at the muscular boy who smiles at him. They nod at Jimin, Hoseok standing to start cleaning up the house for his father’s arrival.


“So we’ll both stay in the nursery? You’re gonna lock us in there?” Jimin inquires.

“Yeah, it’s the only thing I can think of. My dad isn’t one to snoop around. So if a door doesn’t open he’s not going to ask me why.”

Jimin nods and goes to pick up the wary little, holding him securely on his hips. Jimin walks to the nursery with Hoseok, who carries the room key with him. Jungkook sighs as he watches the other daddies begin to clean up the house. If he’s going to be locked up with Jimin in the nursery, he sincerely doubts he’ll be able to cause enough noise disturbance to get Hoseok’s father’s attention. Basically, he was screwed.

He rests his head anxiously on Jimin’s shoulder and hear the man chuckle under his breath. This daddy is short but he’s very muscular. Jin is broader and has more muscles, but he can see that Jimin takes good care of himself. Thinking about stuff like that makes Jungkook miss walking around and working out. He used to work out a bit when he was younger, but once he started working at the restaurant he simply didn’t have the energy or the time for it anymore. He basically just let go of himself.

If they continue to drug him like this, will he lose the muscles in his body? Surely this can’t be good for him long-term. He just hopes that soon they will trust him enough to stop using the needles. Jungkook will never give in to them, but he thinks he may have to put up a façade that he’s obedient just so that he can get more freedom. If he can get more trust and freedom, he can
explore his options for escaping. In his heart he’ll never cave in to them, but he may just have to play by their game.

As Hoseok locks them into the nursery, he bites down his tongue and makes the decision to play their game. Play the game and he may just win. If he doesn’t, he can at least say that he tried.

Jimin puts him down on the ground of the nursery, pulling out a few spare blankets and laying them out onto the ground. He shuffles Jungkook around until he’s laying on his back on the blankets. Jimin grabs a few pillows and places them on the blankets, placing one underneath Jungkook’s head to give him support for his neck. He watches as Jimin thinks of what to do with him, pacing around a little bit before sitting down.

“Mhmpf.” Jungkook mumbles out to him, staring at the contemplative man.

“Daddy would love to take off your binky, but I think that’s not the smartest thing for me to do right now.” Jimin sighs, realizing he would be talking to himself for the next few hours.

Jimin plays around with his phone for a bit before turning it off with a sigh. He places it to the side of the blanket, standing up and walking to the changing table. Jungkook watches him curiously, straining his eyes to follow the man’s movements.

Jimin looks through a box he pulled out of the changing station, going through a series of pill bottles. Jungkook frowns, stitching his eyebrows together as he sees Jimin pull out a strange looking pill. Something told him that being alone with Jimin wasn’t such a good idea.

Jimin nods to himself and looks at Jungkook, biting his lip as he walks back over to the blankets. He sits down and looks down at Jungkook, placing the pill down onto the blanket next to his phone.

“I think that it might get a bit boring in here, baby.” Jimin murmurs under his breath.

“Mhmpf?” Jungkook tries to question him.

“Daddy wants to play with you. I think we can have some fun, okay bunny?” Jimin says, turning his body over to lean towards Jungkook.

Jungkook breath hitches when Jimin pulls down his pants, opening his diaper and removing it. He flips the boy over to his side, grabbing the pill and spreading his cheek. Jungkook squeaks in surprise when Jimin pops the pill inside of him, using his pointer finger to push it in a deep further.

“Don’t worry, sweetie. It’ll melt.”

They wait in silence as Jimin waits for the pill to start affecting him. Jungkook has no idea what could be inside the pill. He doesn’t seem to be a legal pill, that’s for the sure. He starts to squirm uncomfortably as he feels his groin start to heat up. The room starts to get hazy and hot, causing his mind to blur around the edges.

Jimin flips him onto his stomach, moving to strip the boys shirt to leave him completely bare for him. Jimin exhales and moves to remove his own clothing, biting his lip in excitement. Jungkook whines on his stomach, his hardening dick pressing against the floor underneath him.

They continue to wait in silence, Jimin’s breath quickening as the little begins to cry and squirm on the blanket. Thighs shaking and ass clenching, dick leaking with precum. Whatever his daddy had given him was affecting his body. His mind was confused but he knew only one thing, he really needed to touch himself. The only issue is that he can’t move at all, so he’s left to whimper
Jimin spreads the little's cheeks apart, mouth popping open as he stares down at the boys trembling entrance. He rubs a thumb over the boys entrance, making a small noise of pleasure as the boy whimpers and clenches at the touch. Jimin uses one hand to stroke himself, using his own pre-cum as a lubricant for his strokes.

“Daddy wants to touch you so bad, kitten. Wants to make you feel good all over. Would you like that, kitten?”

Jungkook whimpers, feeling the pre-cum leave his dick as he shakes and trembles. Jimin stands and moves away from the boy, walking over to the changing table that seems to contain everything anyone could ever need. He grabs a cock ring and bottle of lube from a box, slipping on the cock ring onto his own cock before kneeling back behind the boy.

“Daddy doesn’t want to come too early.” Jimin chuckles under his breath.

Jimin leans down and spreads his cheeks, licking the boys entrance and spitting onto it. He places his hard dick against the boys entrance, rubbing it back and forth against him with a moan. Jungkook whimpers from behind the binky, leaking all over the blanket as the man pokes and prods at his entrance. The room is just so hot, and his dick hurts so much. He’s not sure what Jimin wants to do to him, but all he knows is that he needs to come. It just hurts so much.

“Gonna fuck you so hard. Wanna see you cry, want you to cry for daddy.” Jimin moans, thrusting his hips as he grinds onto the boys thigh.

Jungkook bites down onto the binky, trying to pacify himself with the rubber as Jimin adds another finger. The fingers fuck into him slowly, brushing against his prostate and filling him up oh so deeply. Jungkook gasps as Jimin fastens his pace, jerking the fingers inside of him. He can hear Jimin breathing heavily behind him, rubbing his hard dick against his thigh.

“Don’t worry, baby. Daddy will help you now.” Jimin moans.
Jimin takes his cock and presses it against the boys entrance. Jungkook shakes his head in protest, cries muffled and subdued by the binky held securely in his mouth. He presses his face into the pillow as he feels Jimin push inside of him, his entrance being stretched open by the man’s thick cock. Jimin moans out loudly in the nursery, cock pulsing as he moves his hands to hold onto the boys hips.

“So good, bunny. You feel so good.” Jimin moans, arching his head back as he closes his eyes.

Jungkook breathes heavily into the pillow, trying to adjust himself to the sensation of being penetrated. Never has he ever done this before. It reminds him of what Jin had done to him, but this is much bigger. The sensation feels bad but kind of good? It feels wrong, but his hard cock begs for more.

He lifts his head from the pillow as Jimin begins to thrust, gasping into the binky as the man grinds into him. He stares at the blue wall with teary eyes, the mans cock inside of him feeling just so good. He’s never felt this good before. It kind of scares him how he craves more, whining and wailing as the man pounds into him from behind.

He whines when Jimin pulls out, flipping him to lay onto his back. Jimin takes a hold of his legs, spreading them apart as he pushes himself back inside of the boy. Jungkook moans out, eyes rolling back into his head.

“Daddy wants to look at you when he fucks you.” Jimin purrs, staring down at the littles face. Tears roll down Jungkook’s cheeks as he stares up at Jimin, stomach doing jumping jacks as Jimin gazes down at his face with pleasure drunk eyes. Jimin thrusts his hips mercilessly, pounding into him as though there will be no tomorrow. Jungkook can feel an orgasm building in him and strains to look down at his own cock, whimpering when he can see how red and hard it is.

“I’m not gonna touch you. You’re gonna come from daddy’s cock, understand?”

He cries when Jimin quickens his pace, angling his dick to hit the littles prostate. Jungkook moans behind the binky, crying at the attack on his spot. It’s the same sensation he felt with Jin, but so much stronger. He shakes his head as he feels himself drawing close, the desperation spreading through his bones as Jimin smirks down at him.

“Mfhp! Mhmpf!” Jungkook chants behind the binky, shaking his head with wide red crying eyes.

Jimin laughs down at him and leans forward, pressing their chests together as he fucks the little to completion. Jungkook can feel his thighs twitching, throat raw from his cries as he orgasms violently. He can feel his load release against Jimin’s sweaty body. He breathes heavily and cries as Jimin continues to fuck him without mercy, keeping the cock ring on tight.

Jungkook scrunches his face with pain, the oversensitivity becoming too much for him. He whimpers at the man, nose sniffing. Jimin coos at him but doesn’t stop, closing his eyes and biting his lips with a moan as he enjoys the boys clenching around his cock.

Jungkook lays hopelessly as Jimin pounds into him, crying at the attacks the thrusts have against his sensitive prostate. He feels numb and it hurts. Is the man ever going to stop?

“You’ll get hard again, bunny.” Jimin looks down at Jungkook’s cock, “That stuff I gave you is strong.”

Jungkook cries from the penetration until Jimin can’t take the cock ring anymore, pulling out of him and ripping it off. Jungkook has become hard again, a painful erection that begs for a sensitive
release. Jimin smirks down at him.

“Oh kitten. How many times do you think daddy can make you come tonight?”

He laughs when Jungkook huffs at him. He angles his cock at the boys entrance, thrusting back into him with one push. Jungkook cries at the suddenness and hates himself for wanting more. Jimin thrusts into him slowly and teasingly.

“Who knows, bunny? You might need to come so much that daddy will get tired and need to get some extra hands.”

Jungkook shakes his head, arching his back into the thrusts desperately. Jimin holds onto his hips, keeping a slow and steady pace as he stretches out his own orgasm. To tease the boy, he fucks him hard for a few seconds before going back to a slow pace, chuckling when the boy cries out in response.

“Oh, bunny. Daddy loves you so much.” Jimin purrs.

Jimin thrusts into him until he approaches his own orgasm, coming with a small cry into the little. Jungkook breathes heavily as the load fills him up, gasping as the man pulls out of him and spreads his cheeks. Jimin watches with heavy breathing as Jungkook pushes the load out of his hole, the white liquid trailing down and staining the sheets underneath them. Jungkook whines underneath his breath, the need to orgasm still muddling with his senses.

Jungkook loses track of time after that. When Jimin came inside of him he thought that it would be over, but Jimin flipped him onto his stomach and gave him more. He gave him more until he was a sobbing mess. Just when he thought the man would have mercy, Jimin got erect again from seeing him crying.

Yes, this daddy is a very sadistic man.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not good at writing smut. It's hard lol ;_; I don't think it was very good? Ah well. I used a computer to write this chapter. I'm still away from home, though. Man it's so much easier to write on a computer. This chapter is longer but it took half the time that it takes on my phone. I'll be home in a few days, so expect more then? lol

Also now that I'm on a computer I can look at my other chapters and see how the layout really looks compared to on my phone. Man, the paragraphs look terrible! Too much spacing in my opinion. I plan on going through and cleaning them up. Eventually. I'm kind of lazy.

Jungkook is sort of entering little space but he's more just unknowingly exploring it for now. He still has some internal conflicts about everything that's happening to him. Understandable for someone who doesn't know about little space, yeah? Jimin's a mean daddy, though.
“Jimin?” Hoseok cracks open the door to the nursery, stepping inside.

He frowns when he sees Jungkook and Jimin on the ground, both bare and breathing heavily. Hoseok gives Jimin a dark look and walks towards them both. He looks down at the discarded bottle of lube and dirtied cock ring.

“What did you do?” Hoseok asks Jimin, unimpressed.

Jin walks into the room with a bottle of water in his hand, gasping when he sees Jimin and Jungkook in their shame. He places the water bottle down on a table and kneels towards Jungkook.

“What did you do to him?” Jin accuses Jimin.

“What, what, what? Nothing that you haven’t done.” Jimin defends himself, sitting up on the blankets and grabbing his discarded boxers.

Jin reaches for a blanket and wraps it around the messy Jungkook, lifting him up into his arms. He glares at Jimin accusingly, “Whatever I did was all for him. I never went this far, Jimin.”

“Sure, Jin.” Jimin snorts under his breath.

Jin rolls his eyes and raises from the ground, shuffling Jungkook in his arms so he can carry him bridal style. Hoseok follows Jin as they turn to leave the room, leaving Jimin behind in his filth. They carry the tired Jungkook to the washroom down the hallway, Jin watching as Hoseoks runs a hot bath for the little. Jin sighs and balances Jungkook on the sink counter, looking at him with a concerned frown.

“Did Jimin hurt you, baby?”

Jungkook breathes through his nose tiredly, looking down at the ground as he avoids the mans worried glance. Jin hugs the boy gently, kissing his temple and sighing. Hoseok shuffles around behind them, dropping soap into the running bath water to create a bubble bath for the little.

Jin leans back and carefully unravels the blanket wrapped around him, gently examining his body all over to see the damage done to him.

“I can’t believe him.” Hoseok clicks his tongue.

Jungkook sniffs, body aching as a remnant of Jimin’s touches. His jaw hurts from the binky strapped to his face. He feels filthy, used, and most of all he just feels so tired. Jin looks at Hoseok sadly, shaking his head.

“Here, let’s put him in the bath.” Hoseok says gently.

Jin exhales and scoops the naked boy into his arms, gracefully carrying him over to the running bath and sitting him inside. Jin leans the boy so his head leans against the ledge of the bath, a towel strategically left there so he can have some support for his neck. Jungkook sighs with comfort behind the binky, the hot water digging into his muscles and giving him relief. He presses
his tongue onto the binky, pushing it around as an attempt to get some relief for his worn jaw.

Jin and Hoseok look knowingly as the binky, exchanging a look before Jin reaches over and unstraps the binky from the littles mouth. Jungkook releases a pleased noise and opens his mouth, stretching his jaw with a few clicks. He breathes in deeply through his mouth, closing his eyes and relaxing into the soapy bath water.

“I’m going to go talk to Namjoon about this.” Hoseok says after a moment of silence, leaving Jin alone to care after the little.

Jin sits on the ledge of the bath in silence, holding onto the binky as he watches the little contemplatively. Jungkook opens his eyes and looks at the man, eyes hazed over with fatigue. Jin lips purse and tears swell into his eyes, wiping at them with a small sigh.

“Jin?” Jungkook whispers.

“I’m sorry, Kookie. None of this is going the way I thought it would.”

Jungkook stares at him, waiting for the man to expand on his thoughts. But Jin never does, reaching for the shampoo so he can clean his hair. They sit in silence as the man cleans his thoroughly, wincing and grimacing when Jin cleans too close to his taboo regions. Jin lifts him out of the bath, drying him up with a towel before wrapping it around him.

He’s carried out of the bathroom and back into the nursery. Jungkook can see that the nursery has been cleaned up a bit, the blankets messily put away and the traces of Jimin gone from view. He’s placed on the carpet by his toys as Jin looks through his wardrobe, picking out a cute pink bunny onesie for him to wear. Jin pauses for a moment as he smiles at the onesie, running his fingertips through the soft fabric.

“Cute, right? Your daddies bought this for you the second we saw it.” He chuckles towards Jungkook.

Jungkook remains quiet and obedient as Jin diapers him and puts the onesie on him. He looks at Jin’s features and admires the man’s beauty, appreciative that the man was taking more care of him than Jimin did. Still he had so many thoughts and so many questions, the lack of a binky in his mouth presenting him with the opportunity to voice them to the man.

“Jin?” Jungkook whispers timidly.

“How long… did you all plan this?”

The towel running through his hair stops for a moment before continuing, Jin quiet as he thinks of a response for the little.

“Oh, bunny. Since the beginning.”

Jungkook thinks this over before opening his mouth again, trying to get as many answers as he possibly can before Jin eventually sticks the binky back on him.

“…Jin?” He breathes out.

Jin puts down the towel and looks down at Jungkook, growing concerned as Jungkook stiffens
underneath him. He waits patiently as Jungkook gathers his courage to speak, biting down on his bottom lip.

“What is it, baby?”

“It… hurts.” Jungkook says under his breath.

“What hurts, baby?”

Jungkook sniffs to himself, gnawing on his lip as he stubbornly tries to hold back his own tears. Jin wraps his arms around the boy, looking down at him attentively.

“Everything.” Jungkook cries, sniffing as Jin hugs him from behind.

“Don’t worry, baby. I’m going to talk to Jimin.”

Jungkook shakes his head, blood poking out from his teeth as he licks at his raw lips. Small tears run down his cheeks. Jin wipes away the boys tears, frowning with unease to the littles distress.

“It’s not that.” Jungkook whimpers.

“Then…” Jin says confused, “What’s hurting you, sweetie?”

“I j-just wanna go home. I don’t want to be here anymore! I don’t want the needles, I don’t want the formula, I don’t want the binky, I want Nemo back and I want my nana!” Jungkook cries, bursting into a choked sob.

Jin holds onto the little, eyes blown wide as he coos down at him. He rocks the boy back and forth in his arms, working the boy through his sobbing. Jin looks around the room as he tries to work out what to do for the boy, how to comfort him and make everything better. His mind draws a blank and he holds onto the boy as he comes to a loss. What could he do to make the little feel better?

He presses comforting kisses on the boys head, shushing him and cooing at him. He pulls the boys head to look at him, chuckling slightly as the boy hiccups through his tears.

“Baby, listen to me. Listen to daddy, okay?” Jin tries to get through to him.

“I w-wanna go home. Please t-take me home.” Jungkook chokes out, sniffing and hiccupping at the man.

“I know, baby. Daddy knows. How about this, sweetie. Are you listening to daddy? I need you to listen to me.”

He gets Jungkook to nod at him, cries dying down slightly as he listens to what the man has to say.

“How about daddy brings Nemo back? Would you like that, sweetie? To see Nemo again?”

It sort of feels like a bribe somehow, but through his tears it sounds like the best thing he’s ever heard. He nods frantically, clutching at Jin’s chest and shoving his face into his shirt. Jin chuckles under his breath, running his fingers through the boys hair.

“I’ll get you Nemo, baby. Daddy promises.”
Very short update today, sorry. I have a lot of plans today and I'm traveling back to my house later tonight. Matter of fact I'm going out in less than 30 minutes. I want to make this chapter longer but I have to collect my laundry and put on some pants! I'm leaving in less than 30 minutes! Ah!

Thanks for all your comments! ^^
I appreciate them so much.
A few days later Jungkook sits on Jin’s lap in the living room, hiding his face in the man’s chest as he holds onto his shirt. The drugs were mostly wearing off but it seems the men weren’t in a rush to inject him, which was different from all the previous days. The other men had all gathered into the living room and were currently talking about Hoseok’s father, who had recently called him again.

“It’ll be fine. I’ll be back in about a week, I think?” Hoseok tells them, spinning a pen between his fingers passively.

“When do you have to leave?” Taehyung asks.

“My old man said tomorrow morning. I’ll catch a flight to Beijing, make an appearance at my father’s meeting, share a few drinks, and then fly back here. Pretty simple.”

“I don’t understand why you have to fly all the way to Beijing just to chat it up with some drunken old dudes.” Taehyung frowns.

“It’s just a formality,” Hoseok sighs when he drops the pen on the floor and leans over to pick it up, “Part of being the only son and heir to the company. If I’m to take over the business someday, I have to make my face a familiar one.”

Jungkook listens to their conversation with curious ears, trying to absorb as much information as he can. From what Hoseok has said, it seems that Hoseok’s father is a businessman who has a high position in an electronics company. Hoseok’s wealth comes from his generous father who provides them with the mansion they are currently in, the other five men seemingly living off the generosity of Hoseok. He’s still not sure what the other five men do for a living, but at least now he knows a little bit as to why the men seem so well off.

The men don’t seem like they have to work, except for Hoseok who occasionally has to show up for business meetings and gatherings for his father. He realizes that they must have a lot of time on their hands. Does that make him their hobby?

Jungkook squirms on Jin’s lap, breathing in the man’s comforting cologne. He’s hoping if he’s quiet and obedient, the men won’t inject him with more paralyzing substances. Maybe if he willingly uses the binky, they won’t strap it on him. He turns his head against Jin’s head and looks at the binky in the man’s hand, gently pulling it out of his hand and taking it into his own.

“Bunny?” Jin looks down at the boy curiously.

Jungkook looks up at the man, slowly popping the binky into his mouth to make a silent point. Jin smiles in surprise at the boy, poking at his cheek eagerly before looking at the other men. He points at Jungkook who blushes slightly, sucking on the binky and hoping his plan will work.

“Look! Kookie is using the binky all on his own.” Jin squeals.

Jungkook closes his eyes with embarrassment when all the men look down at him curiously. He shoves his head against his daddy’s chest, clutching his fingers together shyly. Jin wraps his arms around the boy, making small happy noises.
“Wow, we’ve made progress.” Namjoon purses his lips in amazement.

“Kookie has been such a good boy lately. I’m so proud of him.” Jin smiles at Namjoon.

“I heard you’re going to see Nemo, Kookie. That’s exciting!” Hoseok smiles at the shy little who nods at Hoseok before hiding his face into Jin’s shirt.

Jin chuckles slightly and runs his hand through the little’s hair, smiling down at the relaxed little. The little found he stuck to Jin more and more lately. He usually avoided Yoongi, Namjoon and Jimin if he could help it. Jin was the most gentle out of all of the daddies in the house. They all touched him but Jin was the one who always prioritized how he felt. The other daddies tended to think more of their own feelings and desires, but Jin always tried to make sure he was left cared for and satisfied.

Yoongi was cold and intimidating with the needles each morning, whereas Namjoon was the scariest when he would take him over his knee. Jimin was the meanest in bed, always caring more about his own erection rather than how he felt. The other daddies were good but Jin definitely took the cake. Plus, Jin promised to bring back Nemo. Can he get any better than that?

Jungkook chews on the rubber of the binky, fully adjusted to the sensation of the object in his mouth. Deep down he was still intent on escaping and getting out of the crazy place, but for now he would have to play along with their games. Besides, the binky isn’t really that bad.

“Can someone turn off the light?” Taehyung asks as he turns on the television and turns up the volume.

“Why?” Yoongi laughs but gets up to do it anyway, flicking the light off and flopping back down onto the couch.

“More atmospheric, duh.”

They all watch the TV as Taehyung puts on a sci-fi film, cozying up against each other. Jungkook doesn’t watch the film, keeping his head on Jin’s shoulder as he rests his eyes. Both of his legs are knelt on each side of Jin’s legs, his back slightly arched as he sits on the warm man. The sound of the movie fills the entire room, making Jungkook wince slightly from the overbearing noise. It doesn’t seem to bother anyone else, as no one reaches to turn it down.

He sucks on his binky absentmindedly, not reacting as Jin reaches for a blanket on their side and throws it over the both of them, covering Jungkook up to his neck with the red fleece blanket. Jungkook sighs comfortably, snuggling his head into the man’s shoulder as he rests his eyes. Jin massages his scalp with his fingers, scratching the boys head leisurely as he watches the film. Jungkook eyes shoot open when Jin’s fingers leave his hair and trail downwards, sliding into his pants. He closes his eyes again, biting down onto the binky. Jin works his fingers underneath his clean diaper, immediately rubbing his warm fingers against the boy’s entrance. Jungkook scrunches his eyes, breathing completely muffled by the loud blares of the film. Jin sighs and takes his hand out, leaving the little to arch his back with confusion. He gasps when Jin’s fingers return, slipping under his diaper and pressing against him with a cold wetness. He hovers his bottom up from the man’s lap, arching against him as he yearns for the touches.

He bites down a pleased moan as Jin presses a finger inside of him, exhaling a shaky breath as his daddies long finger reaches the hilt and holds still. Jin waits for him to adjust before sneakily adding a second finger, working its way inside the twitching boy. Jungkook limply lays his head against the man’s shoulder, staring into the dark nothingness as he moans behind the binky.
Jin shakes and jerks his fingers inside of the boy skillfully, his eyes never leaving the television as he works the boy to an orgasm. The red blanket covers them perfectly from their misdeeds, the other men in the movie drawn to the movie and unaware of the situation.

Jungkook feels like crying. The fingers are so deep and so thick, pressing against his walls and curling against his swollen prostate. Jin thrusts them deeply inside of him, angling each thrust to rub against his spot. He can feel an orgasm building up in the pit of his stomach, causing him to squirm and twitch as his muffled whimpers are tuned out by the shooting scene going on in the film behind him.

He can feel Jin’s erection pressing against his thigh as he orgasms, hole clenching against his daddies fingers as he cries out into the darkness in front of him. He can feel his load spray against his diaper sinfully, not the first time he’s done so and surely not the last. He moans as Jin slows his thrusts inside of him, popping out his fingers and rubbing against the little’s used entrance playfully.

They sit there for what feels like a long time as he recovers from his orgasm, the man’s fingers never leaving as they continue to trail teasingly against his entrance. Jungkook has already learned that it can only mean another round, so he patiently waits. He can still feel his daddy’s erection press against his thigh and he’s sure that the man must be in pain because of it. He moves his arm to slide down into the blanket, listening to the sound of Jin gasping against his ear as he pulls his daddy’s cock out and begin to stroke it.

He fists the man’s cock with a firm motion, jerking the man off quietly in the room. The pre-cum from his daddies cock wets his hand, smearing his palm. He utilizes the pre-cum as a lubricant, the small slicking noise from his motions being tuned out by the film. Jungkook flinches slightly when he feels his daddy tightly squeeze his ass, gasping when he feels the man blow his load on his hand.

Jin breathes against his ear for a few moments before letting go of his ass, sliding both of his hands to grip the little’s ass and spread his cheeks apart. Jungkook lets go of the man’s cock, curling his wet hand into a fist with a small whine. His daddy grabs his hand and uncurls his fingers, encouraging the little to spread his load against his entrance. Jungkook does so, whimpering slightly at the feeling of the warm load smearing against his entrance.

Jin moves the little’s hand away, pressing his mouth against the little’s shoulder as he lifts the boy slightly on his body to press his fingers inside of him. Jungkook makes a small confused noise behind the binky but it morphs into a moan as his daddy pulls his fingers at two different sides, stretching the boy’s entrance open. Jungkook’s gasps loudly, his binky dropping onto the wooden floor with a loud clack.

Jin’s fingers leave him with surprise, looking at the boy with confusion as Jungkook stares sadly at the ground. Jungkook leans forward on the couch, attempting to retrieve the dripping wet binky with his arched hand. Jin eyes widen with surprise, pulling up the boy’s clothes quickly and trying to hold onto the boy’s thighs so he can’t fall off the couch.

“Kookie, you’ll fall off!” Jin says with surprised, holding onto the boy who is slipping through his
lube slicked fingers.

All the men jump in their seats when Jungkook falls forward off the couch, hitting the floor with a loud thump. Jin jumps off the couch and runs for the light, flicking it on and looking down at the little. Jungkook sits there dumbly as he picks up the wet binky, popping it back into his mouth.

The other men sit on their knees and angle their heads to look at the boy, staring curiously and confusedly at the appeased little. Jin sighs and flicks the light back off, satiated at least that the boy isn’t hurt. He walks over to the little and takes the binky out of his mouth, clicking his tongue.

“Bunny, the binky is all dirty now. We should always wash it after it drops on the ground, okay sweetie?” Jin tries to pull the boy up from the ground to carry him but is surprised when the boy stands up on his own, nodding at his daddy.

“Okay, daddy!” Jungkook smiles with his eyes.

Jin stares dumbly at the little who smiles back at him. Taehyung moves to pause the movie and stare at Jungkook, all of their expressions akin to seeing a ghost. Jungkook tilts his head curiously at them before leaping back towards the couch, jumping on it and folding his legs together. He picks up a pencil from the table next to the chair and twirls it around his finger, seemingly unaware of what’s going around him.

Jin purses his lips before turning and rushing to clean off the binky in the kitchen sink. Jungkook looks up at his daddies, eyes wide with curiosity and life. He’s confused as to why the men are silent and still staring him. He looks down at the pencil, licking his teeth as he craves his binky. He wants to gnaw on his binky, to gnaw on the rubber. He sticks the side of the pencil into his mouth and bites down on it. He chews on the pencil with several crunches, confused when they all leap from their seats towards him.

“No! Don’t do that, Jungkook!” Taehyung gasps, yanking the chewed pencil out of the boy’s mouth.

Jungkook whines and reaches out towards the pencil, pouting when Taehyung moves it away from his reach.

“Give it back!” Jungkook whines, stomping towards Taehyung.

Taehyung tosses the pencil towards Yoongi, who catches it and quickly snaps the pencil in half. Jungkook gawks at Yoongi and whines, shoving at Taehyung and punching his chest a few times. They all gawk at the boy who continues to throw a temper tantrum towards Taehyung for not giving him the pencil.

“Jungkook.” Yoongi looks at the little with wide eyes.

Jungkook huffs through his nose and turns on his heels, storming uncomfortably to the kitchen. He walks into the kitchen and sees his clean binky sitting on the kitchen counter, walking past Jin who is currently washing his hands. He takes the dry binky and pops it into his mouth, glancing at his daddy for a moment before walking out of the kitchen without a single word.

“Bunny?” He hears Jin say behind him, but he doesn’t bother to respond.

He looks at the marble stairs, leaping up the steps to go to the bathroom. He chews on the abused binky, stepping into the washroom so he can clean himself up. His bottom was all sticky and it felt funny to walk around. Jin was a mean daddy. He hadn’t even bothered to clean him. He huffs through his binky, reaching for a wet wipe underneath the bathroom sink.
He cleans himself carefully, grimacing at the coldness of the wet wipe. He tosses the used wipe into the bin, pulling up his clothes. He pumps a generous amount of soap onto his hands, washing his hands thoroughly. He’s washing his fingernails when he sees his daddies enter the washroom, some frowning down at him and some peering at him with astonishment.

“Jeon Jungkook, what on earth are you doing?” Yoongi asks.

He looks down at his wet hands and turns off the water, confused as he mumbles through the side of his binky.

“What washing?”

Chapter End Notes

The ‘n’ key on my keyboard broke and I have a laptop. As you can imagine, typing is pretty awful. (‘;_;’)
Oh well.

In this chapter, Jungkook is acting a little (winkwink) different.
They stare at Jungkook as he dries his hands and drops the towel onto the ground. Jungkook leans over to pick it up, folding it sloppily before putting it away. Taehyung walks up to Jungkook, putting his hand on the boy’s shoulder. Jungkook tilts his head curiously at Taehyung, looking down at the hand on his shoulder.

“Mhm?” He asks, smiling at Taehyung.

Taehyung takes his hand off the boy, looking at the others with slight confusion.

“Is he in little space?” Whispers Hoseok with wide eyes.

Jungkook huffs and pulls the binky out of his mouth, examining the splits and tears in the abused rubber. He moves to face Jin, pouting at the man as he shows him the binky.

“Broken.” He frowns.

Jin glances at the others before looking into Jungkook’s eyes, smiling tentatively at the boy. Jin looks down at the rubber, closing examining the used rubber. He looks up at the little, poking at his cheek.

“Your binky is all torn up, baby. Daddy will have to get you a new one.”

Jin takes the binky from the little’s palm, curling his fists around the object. Jungkook pouts at Jin, sticking a finger in his mouth as he craves the sensation of the binky in his mouth. Jin moves to throw the binky into the trash, moving to look at Namjoon.

“Can you get him a new binky? There should be one in the nursery.”

Namjoon nods at him, leaving the room quickly. Taehyung wraps an arm around Jungkook, holding the little who looks up at him with dubiety. Jungkook frowns and reaches out to Jin, his hands curling towards the other man. Jin reaches out to the boy and takes him into his arms, holding tightly onto the boy who begins to suck onto his thumb.

“You really love Jin, huh?” Taehyung says bitterly.

Jin glares at Taehyung before pulling the boy out of the washroom. The rest of them follow Jin and Jungkook as they slowly walk downstairs and back to the living room. Jungkook sits down on the couch next to Jin, continuing to suck on his fingers. Namjoon enters the room with a brand new binky, walking in front of the little. Jin gently pulls Jungkook’s fingers out of his mouth who whines at him. Namjoon pops the binky into Jungkook’s mouth, who immediately drops his arms to his side.

“You really love Jin, huh?” Taehyung says bitterly.

Jin glares at Taehyung before pulling the boy out of the washroom. The rest of them follow Jin and Jungkook as they slowly walk downstairs and back to the living room. Jungkook sits down on the couch next to Jin, continuing to suck on his fingers. Namjoon enters the room with a brand new binky, walking in front of the little. Jin gently pulls Jungkook’s fingers out of his mouth who whines at him. Namjoon pops the binky into Jungkook’s mouth, who immediately drops his arms to his side.


Jungkook nods at him, bringing his knees up to his chest as he passively sucks on his brand new binky. He looks around the room, noticing the darkness in some of his daddies’ eyes. He looks at Taehyung who looks upset, arms crossed and shirt ruffled.
“Running off like that, what on earth were you thinking?” Taehyung scolds him.

Jungkook curls up to himself, hiding his head from them. Taehyung huffs at him before looking at the others for moral support, motioning them with his hand to talk to the little. Jin sighs and stands up from the couch, leaving Jungkook to sit alone.

“We’re very disappointed in you, Jungkook.” Namjoon adds.

Jungkook sniffs slightly, reaching up to rub at his eyes. He looks up at them with teary eyes as he takes out his binky to speak, looking at his daddies faces as he does so.

“S-sorry.” He whimpers.

Yoongi rubs at his eye with a sigh, looking at the other men of the house for ideas.

“Normally I would put you over my lap, Jungkook-“ Yoongi starts but Jungkook cuts him off.

“No, no, no!” Jungkook whimpers and shakes his head pleadingly.

“Listen to daddy, Jungkook. We’re going to let you off, but don’t even think about doing that again, you understand?” Yoongi finishes.

Jungkook nods at Yoongi, lips sticking out in a pout.

“Use your words, Kookie.” Jin sighs.

“I uh-understand, d-daddy.” He sniffs.

He sticks the binky back into his mouth and leans over to rest his head on the armrest of the sofa. He sucks on the binky passively, looking up at Jin. Jin sits back down next to the little, pulling at the little to lie down against his chest. Jungkook curls his fingers against the man, rubbing his teary eyes against the soft fabric of his shirt. Jin brushes his fingers through the boy’s hair, brushing away the stray hairs that cover the little’s eyes. Jungkook chews on his binky, watching his other daddies say a few words before sitting back down in their spots and resuming the film.

Jungkook doesn’t watch the film. Instead, he watches all of his daddies in the dark room. The light from the television illuminates their facial features, giving him a perfect view of them. He snuggles deeper against Jin, listening to the sound of the man’s heartbeat. Out of all of the daddies he would think that Taehyung is the most attractive. Yes, definitely. This daddy has a sharp nose and a small face. Matter of fact all of the daddies in this house are young and handsome. He blushes to himself, huffing slightly through his nose as he fidgets to himself.

“Getting sleepy, bunny?” Jin whispers down at him.

Jungkook shakes his head no but Jin doesn’t listen to him, making a move to stand from the couch. He whines as Jin leans over and pulls him off the couch, shuffling him in his arms and placing him securely on his hips.

“Taehyung, do you want to help get bunny ready for bed?”

Taehyung nods and eagerly jumps from his chair, walking with Jin to the nursery. Jungkook looks at Taehyung curiously as he rests his chin on Jin’s shoulder, flushing and looking away when Taehyung gives him a silly grin.

“Aww, you’re so sweet.” Taehyung coos when Jungkook hides his face behind Jin’s broad frame.
Taehyung passes by them to push open the door to the nursery, flicking on the light and walking over to the little’s wardrobe. He opens the wardrobe and looks around as Jin steps in and places the little down onto the soft carpet. Taehyung makes small noises to himself as he looks through the wardrobe, struggling to make a choice.

“Onesie? Maybe too hot. Oh! How about this dress?” Taehyung giggles as he pulls out a white night gown.

“Oh, I forgot we had that!” Jin claps excitedly.

Jungkook frowns behind his binky. A dress? A short one at that, it looks like it’ll only hug his thighs. He shakes his head at the dress, pulling his binky out of his mouth.

“Don’t like it.” He pouts.

“Oh come on, Kookie. You’ll look so cute!” Taehyung holds the dress over his own frame, playing with one of the long sleeves.

“Nope!” He crosses his arms stubbornly.

Jin taps his thigh warningly, pulling the boy off the carpet by his arm. Jungkook huffs and bends over, grabbing his discarded binky from the ground and holding it tightly in his fist.

“Come on, pumpkin. Don’t give your daddies a hard time.” Jin tries to coax him.

“But I don’t want to!” Jungkook whines and stomps his foot.

Jin smacks his bottom harshly, the swiftness surprising Jungkook and causing him to yelp loudly. He rubs at his pained bottom, eyebrows furrowed with frustration. Jin pulls at his pants, pulling them down with ease. Jungkook allows his daddy to strip him, raising his arms so his shirt can be pulled off. Taehyung stands in front of him with the dress, placing it over the little’s head and pulling his arms through the sleeves. Both of his daddies stand back to look at him in the dress, faces glowing as bright smiles grow on their faces. Jungkook pops his binky back into his mouth and fidgets uncomfortably in the dress, struggling to pull down the thin cotton to cover his exposed thighs.

“Shoot, I need to get a camera!” Taehyung giggles and runs out of the room.

Jungkook stares down at the carpet, focusing his eyes on the stray toys on the floor he has yet to play with. He stares down at the coloring book, accompanied by a pack of unused crayons. He walks over to the coloring book and sits down carefully, making sure to not expose himself in the dress.

“You want to color, baby? You know its bedtime, yes?” Jin smiles as he stands and watches the boy fondly.

“J-just a little bit?” Jungkook whines through the side of his binky, flipping through the coloring book to pick a page.

“Okay, but just for a little bit. Only because I think that it’ll make a cute picture!”

Taehyung walks in with the camera, messing around with the buttons before smiling down at the little. He holds the camera to his eye and angles the camera, grinning down at Jungkook. Jungkook takes out a red crayon and begins to color in a flower, chewing on his binky as he attentively avoids coloring outside the lines.
“Perfect, just don’t move!” Taehyung says before the camera flashes.

Taehyung takes a few photos before nodding to signify he’s done, looking down at the camera as he shuffles through the pictures. He walks over to Jin and shows him the photos, both of them cooing and giggling. Jungkook doesn’t pay attention to them as he fishes out a yellow crayon from the box, dropping the box lazily on the ground as he begins to color in the sun. As he wonders what color to draw in the other flower with, he can hear Taehyung put away the camera on a shelf.

“I’ll have to get those developed. Remind daddy tomorrow.” Taehyung chuckles.

Jungkook nods without interest, adding sunglasses to his sun. Jin taps on his shoulder to get his full attention, causing him to whip his head towards the man. Jin smiles at the sight of Jungkook staring up at him with wide marble eyes, binky stuck in his mouth as he holds onto his crayon.

“Come on, sweetie. We have to get up early tomorrow to say goodbye to Hoseok.”

Jungkook complains as Jin takes the crayon out of his hand and pulls him up from the ground. Taehyung leans over to put away the crayons into their box, placing it on top of the open book. Jin puts him down into the crib, taking the boys blanket into his hands and pulling it over the boys frame. Jin then takes his binky out of his mouth, leaving it next to his pillow. Taehyung stands next to Jin, leaning over in the crib and leaving a few kisses of his nose and lips. Jin mimics the others actions, peppering the boy’s face with gentle kisses.

“Goodnight, sweet prince.” Taehyung smiles.

Jungkook blushes and pulls the soft blanket over his mouth. He watches as they turn to leave the room, Taehyung turning on his new nightlight and flicking off the light. The door closes quietly behind them and he listens for the familiar sound of the door being locked, sighing to himself in the darkness.

He turns away from the nightlight and lies on his side, curling his hands to his chest. He closes his eyes and thinks of a happy place, resisting the urge to pop the binky back in his mouth. His mind wanders to the outdoors and he hopes that soon he’ll be allowed to go outside, even if it’s just for a moment. He daydreams of the grass and the sky, yearning to feel the touch of the fresh air on his cheeks. So long as he plays by their game, he could eventually try to escape again. He tries to convince himself that it’s all just an act to appease them and get outdoor privileges, but unconsciously sticks his thumb in his mouth as his thoughts trail off.

His thoughts of his acting trail off to his coloring book. What color should he use to fill in the truck? Maybe he should use blue, or green!

He shakes his head at himself, fighting against the pleasing thoughts. He turns to his other side, glaring down at the coloring book lying on the ground. The nightlight easily allows him see the coloring book, taunting him as he stares down at the colors on the page. He contemplates for a moment before sitting up and crawling out of the crib, awkwardly crawling towards the book. He quietly takes out a blue crayon, grinning mischievously to himself as he begins to color in the truck with a small hum.

Chapter End Notes

I'm off to bed now. ._.
Thanks for reading! ^^
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He wakes up early, early enough that none of the men in the house have come to wake him up. He yawns and stretches out his limbs, blinking as he feels his bare thighs rub against the soft sheets underneath him. He squints his eyes down towards his body, staring down at the small white dress he’s wearing. He scrunches his nose in disgust and sits up in the crib, rubbing away at the crust around his tired eyes.

He looks around the crib before climbing out, careful not to be too loud so the men in the house don’t hear him on the baby monitor he knows is in here somewhere, if he could just find the bloody thing. He’d love nothing more than to toss it through a window. He stands around for a moment before gathering his senses and opening his wardrobe, pulling out a pair of shorts and a shirt. He knows the men will be mad at him for changing later but he just can’t stand wearing the dress anymore.

He pulls the dress off and tosses it onto the ground. He pulls the shorts over his diaper and puts on the long t-shirt, frowning at himself as he looks at his reflection in the wardrobe mirror. He fiddles with his shorts for a moment, poking at the edges of his diapers that show through the thin fabric. How long has he been here? He wonders if anyone is thinking about him, or if he’s been forgotten.

He’s dated a few times before and all of his relationships ended on good terms. Maybe just once, one of those lovers will think of him and try to get in touch with him? It was a long shot and most likely just wishful thinking, but at this point he just can’t see himself escaping all on his own.

He looks back to yesterday with confusion, not sure why he was acting so childish and insistent on drawing. He looks down at the coloring book, sitting down onto the carpet as he stares down at the completed work. He had lost himself to the fuzzy sensation last night. Truth be told he enjoyed yesterday a lot. Whatever he had done distracted himself from the reality of his situation. Maybe it was a form of disassociation? It was like being drunk, knowing what he did the night before but not being sure why. Even now he still has that fuzzy sensation, encouraging him to let go and play around with it.

He huffs through his nose and takes a black crayon, looking down at the completed page. He scribbles the black crayon all over the page, destroying his work from the prior night. He nods in approval at the ruined page and pushes the crayon back into the package. He closes the coloring book and puts it away into a corner, sighing to himself. He looks down at his pack of markers, ever so conveniently lying next to the white dress he discarded. He really shouldn’t do that. It’s a really bad idea and the men of the house will probably beat him up for it. He sits next to the dress and pack of markers with an evil smile growing on his face. Yes, this is definitely a bad idea. It seems like it’ll be a lot of fun though.

He dumps all of the markers onto the carpet, raking his pointer finger across them as he thinks about which one he wants to use. He takes a black marker, blue marker and a purple marker. All of the darkest colors of course. He uncaps all three of them and holds them together with his one hand, leaning over the white dress and scribbling all over it. He drops the markers after a while, unfolding the dress to take a good look at the damage. The dress is definitely ruined that’s for sure.

He looks at the wall and looks down at the uncapped markers. Oh, now that will get him into trouble. He really shouldn’t do that. He imagines the anger of all of the men when they see what
he’s done, grabbing at their own hair and freaking out. He snorts to himself. He’d love to piss them off even if it means him getting into trouble. Their reactions alone would be worth it. He hums a song under his breath as he draws on the wall with the markers, leaving beautiful scribbles and shapes all over the walls. He stands and walks across the room, holding the markers across the wall as he drags long lines over them.

Yep, they’ll definitely have to paint over that.

He drops the markers onto the carpet, standing there as he wonders what other forms of destruction he can do. He pouts when he realizes there’s not much else he can do now except wait for them to hit him. Oh well. He looks down at the coloring book absently before the lights go off in his head. He picks up the coloring book and rips out the pages loudly, tearing those pages into smaller pieces. He sprinkles them across the room, leaving messy paper everywhere.

He breathes heavily with excitement, looking for something else to destroy. He pouts when he realizes there’s not much else he can do now except wait for them to hit him. Oh well. He looks down at the coloring book absentmindedly before the lights go off in his head. He picks up the coloring book and rips out the pages loudly, tearing those pages into smaller pieces. He sprinkles them across the room, leaving messy paper everywhere.

He breathes heavily with excitement, looking for something else to destroy. He walks over to his pillow and rips off the cover, struggling to rip open the pillow itself. It rips open and he gawks as the feathers explode into the room. He giggles as he empties the pillow and tosses the feathers all over the room, a few managing to get stuck in his hair. He breathes out and collapses on the floor, satiated with his destruction as he holds onto the pillow case. There was nothing else to do but wait for his daddies to come in and scream. It’s great.

He pulls his xylophone over to him, banging on it loudly without rhythm so it’ll pick up on the baby monitor. He whistles to himself and continues to be noisy, waiting for the inevitable sound of their footsteps.

He stops hitting the xylophone when he hears the footsteps marching towards his door, catching the sound of their voices behind the locked door. He pushes the xylophone away and looks at the door, face blank as he waits. The door pushes open and he sees all six of them, already dressed and prepared to send Hoseok off to the airport. He licks his lips to hide his grin as he watches their tired eyes pop open with a mix of horror and shock. He continues to sit casually in his spot as they all slowly look around the room, trying to absorb what their eyes were looking at.

“Like it?” He smiles innocently.

“Uh, hmm. Wow.” Hoseok stammers out with wide eyes.


Jungkook smiles before swallowing nervously at the face Yoongi is giving him. He slowly stands, stepping on the ruined dress as he does so. He squeals when Yoongi walks into the room and marches straight towards him, reaching his arm out to grab the boy.

“Don’t kill me, don’t kill me!” He screams and runs away from Yoongi’s touch. Though really, what was he expecting to happen?

Yoongi tackles him to the ground, hoisting the boy from the ground by holding his hands under the boy’s armpits. Jungkook blows air out of his mouth, watching as a few feathers fly around the two of them. He watches as Taehyung walks towards the destroyed dress, picking it up with a disheartened look.

“Your dress... Why would you do that?”

Jungkook stares at Taehyung as he blinks, mind turning blank as he tries to think of a good response. He attempts to shrug under Yoongi’s tight grip, pursing his lips in thought.
“Just felt like it.”

He squeaks when he feels Yoongi land a hard smack on his bottom.

“You just felt like it?” Yoongi says angrily, shaking his head at the actions of the little.

“Okay, okay. We don’t have time for this right now. We have to take Hoseok to the airport.” Jin cuts them off, making a move to step into the room but stopping in his spot when his foot crunches on a piece of paper.

“You know, Jungkook, we were going to take you to the airport with us. But after this? Nope, you’re staying right here.” Yoongi scolds him.

Jungkook whines at them. If he had known they were going to take him out to the airport, he would have been on his best behavior. If he had gone to the airport he could have screamed about a bomb threat until security whisked him away for questioning. Then he could explain the situation and be eventually freed! Shit, he’s such an idiot. He looks down sadly at the mess he created. Suddenly it wasn’t so much fun anymore. He looks up timidly at the men, immediately looking back to the ground when he makes eye contact with them. Hoseok checks the time on his phone and curses under his breath, making a move to step back from the room.

“We’re going to be late if we don’t hurry up. Someone stay here with Jungkook and sort this out. I’ll be waiting in the car.” He turns hurriedly with his backpack slung over his shoulder, the sound of paper crinkling under his feet as he leaves the room.

“Um, okay.” Jimin nods with a hurried expression. He looks around at the mess for a moment before frowning and scrunching his face with displeasure.

“I’m good. Good luck?” Jimin says before darting out of the room to follow after Hoseok.

They gawk at Jimin’s betrayal before Taehyung apologizes and follows after Jimin. Jungkook swallows when he realizes he’s left with Jin, Yoongi and Namjoon. He prays that Jin will stay behind. Even if he’s going to get spanked, at least Jin will be the nicest about it.

“Sorry Joonie, but I’m the only one who really knows my way around the airport. If Hoseok wants to make his flight on time, I’m his best bet.”

“Don’t leave me with them!” Jungkook eyes widen.

Jin looks at Jungkook with surprise and a small confused smile on his lips, “Why not?”

“They’re going to k-kill me.” Jungkook gulps, arms hurting from being held by Yoongi’s death grip.

Jin chuckles slightly at Jungkook and shakes his head at the boy, “They’re not going to kill you, sweetie. Besides, you don’t think you deserve a punishment for this?”

Jungkook mouths shuts closed. He goes limp under Yoongi’s hold, watching with defeat at Jin says his goodbyes and leaves the room with a rush. Jungkook looks down at the mess awkwardly, waiting for the two men to say anything at all and just get this over with. Yoongi lets go of his grasp on him and pushes him towards his other daddy. Namjoon takes the little’s hand into his own and gives Yoongi a questioning look.

“I’ll clean up this mess. You take care of Jungkook, yeah?” Yoongi’s eyes glint.
Namjoon nods and pulls the ghostly boy out of the room without another word. Jungkook swallows as the man pulls him through several hallways, pushing him into a room he’s never been inside of before. Namjoon closes the door behind them, watching quietly as the little looks around the bedroom with curiosity. This must be the man’s bedroom, Jungkook thinks to himself. He gulps with fear as Namjoon begins to take off his belt, shaking his head as the dread flows through him and sits in his belly. They had all spanked him but never once had they used a belt on him, or anything else that wasn’t their bare hand.

“On your knees against the bed.” Namjoon commands him.

Jungkook shakes as he continues to stand there, crossing his arms across his frame protectively. His daddy gives him a displeased look when he doesn’t move towards the bed. Jungkook whimpers and moves out of the way as his daddy raises the belt and points towards the bed.

“Don’t make me say it again, Jungkook.”

“P-please don’t do this.” Jungkook whispers and stands stiffly in place like a stone.

Namjoon gives him a hard stare and drops the belt onto the bed. He puts his hands on Jungkook’s shoulders and pushes him down to the ground, twisting and turning the whimpering boy to face and lean against the edge of the bed. Jungkook cries when he feels the man pull down his shorts and diaper, leaving him exposed.

“How many?” He whimpers.

“When daddy thinks you’ve had enough.”

Jungkook bites his lip as the anticipation tears away at his gut. He watches his daddy grab the belt and closes his eyes with fear, trying yet failing to brace himself for what’s coming. He fails to bite back to the loud startled cry when he feels the first lash on his bottom, the sound of the belt landing against his rear echoing in the room. Before he can gnaw back down on his lip with anticipation, his daddy lands two quick lashes on his bottom. He shivers and cries at the immediate stinging on his bottom, throwing his hand out to rub at the sore skin.

“Move your hand, Kook.”

Jungkook makes a small displeased noise but listens to the man, moving his hand away so the lashes can resume. His cries fill the quiet room, beautifully accompanying the sound of the belt cracking. Each lash is worse than the last one, his bottom certainly looking just as terrible as it feels. Jungkook’s not sure when he started crying, but once it did his tears became a waterfall. Each lash causes him to wail into the air, tightly clenching his fists into the bed sheets in front of him. He presses his face into the soft mattress, his soft pathetic cries being muffled by the fabrics.

He flinches when Namjoon puts a hand on his shoulder. The belt is placed next to his head to signify that the spanking is over. He continues to sob into the bed sheets, nails digging painfully into the fabrics. He hisses in pain as his daddy rubs his hand on his sore bottom, massaging the tender red skin. Jungkook can feel his face burning with mortification over what had just happened. He hates himself for leaning into the warm comforting touches from the man who was hurting him just moments ago. He can feel the man pulls up his shorts and diaper, and whines when he’s pulled to sit up on the bed with him.

“Do you know why I did that?” Namjoon asks him.

Because you’re mean? Jungkook thinks but doesn’t say out loud. He avoids the man’s eyes,
sniffing as he tries to stop his ongoing tears. Namjoon sighs at the little, pulling him to lie against his chest. He looks down at the crying boy and wipes away his tears with his thumb.

“You’re here for a good reason, Kook. Everything here, everything we do, it’s all for you. Your daddies love you so much. It hurts me when you act like that. It makes me feel bad when you hurt yourself and you hurt your other daddies. Do you understand that, pumpkin?”

“I’m s-sorry.” He sniffs.

“Taehyung loves that dress, you know. Did you know he was the first one who wanted to buy it for you?”

“S-sorry.”

Namjoon sighs once more, changing the subject as he shuffles in his seat. “As soon as Taehyung gets back I want you to apologize. I want you to say sorry to everyone, okay?”

Jungkook nods weakly, leaning his head to rest against the man’s chest. Namjoon runs his fingers through his hair, sighing gently as the boy slowly begins to relax against him. Jungkook sticks a finger into his mouth to comfort himself, sucking on his thumb and grimacing slightly when he tastes marker on his tongue. Namjoon opens his mouth at the little, gently taking his thumb out of his mouth.

“Uh oh, did baby forget his binky?”

“Mhm.” Jungkook pouts sadly.

Namjoon slides himself off the bed and picks the boy up delicately, careful not to touch his sore bottom. Jungkook holds tightly onto his daddy, resting his head on the man’s shoulder with flushed cheeks. Namjoon carries him out of the room, leaving the door open behind them as they walk back to the nursery.

“Let’s see how Yoongi is doing, yeah?” Namjoon smiles.

Jungkook makes a noise of confirmation, closing his eyes with comfort as he pops his marker stained thumb back into his mouth.

Chapter End Notes

Jungkook is slipping in and out of little space, if you can see. I’m just clarifying that because I think I may have made it a bit confusing? He’s still currently fighting against his environment and seeking freedom.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.
Namjoon had just fed him breakfast. It was pretty alright as usual. Sometimes he thinks that he’s pretty lucky, in a way. Lucky that out of all of the ways things could have turned out from his kidnapping; he still has all of his limbs, has a bed to sleep on, and he gets regularly fed. Things could be so much worse.

Of course his bottom still hurts, but he can’t say that he didn’t deserve it this time. He was sitting on the couch without much to do, playing with a magnetic sketch pad that Namjoon had given to him to keep him occupied as he helped Yoongi clean up the nursery. Right now he was all alone in the living room so logically he should stop drawing a dog on the sketch pad and try to escape, but he knows better. His daddies are smart and know the house very well. If he manages to get out, he has no doubt they’ll find him and punish him again.

Besides, his other daddies could be home in any minute. What kind of fool would he be if he were to open the front door and bump right into them?

He erases the sketch pad, dragging the magnet back and forth to get rid of his terrible drawing. He sighs and starts to draw a cat instead. His daddies had promised him they would get Nemo after they dropped Hoseok off at the airport. All he had to do now was wait. He was so excited about seeing his kitty again. He just hopes that she’s alright.

He wonders where they had put her if they were able to go back and get her. If Jin meant it when he said that they put her in a home, how were they taking her back? Would the new owners just give her back to them?

He adds whiskers to his drawing and adds a mole by the nose, the same one that Nemo had on her nose. He adds a small collar to her neck, smiling down at the now finished picture of his cat. He looks up when he hears footsteps coming into the living room. He sees both Yoongi and Namjoon walking in, both sweating from cleaning up the nursery.

Yoongi drops down tiredly onto the couch near Jungkook, wiping the sweat off his face with a small rag. Jungkook places the magnetic sketch pad on the coffee table, pulling his legs up to his chest as he feels guilty. He looks up curiously at Namjoon who remains standing and pulls his car keys out of his pocket.

“Daddy is going to go to the store for paint. Yoongi is going to watch after you, okay pumpkin?”

Jungkook nods politely, looking timidly towards Yoongi’s direction. Namjoon smiles down at Jungkook, walking over and planting a smooch on the top of his head. Jungkook turns red at the older man, taking his sketch pad back into his hands to seemingly occupy himself.

“Any requests?”

“Jin needs limes. Don’t know why, but he needs at least 5 of them. Oh and can you get me a case of beer? Thanks.” Yoongi says with a yawn.

“Limes and beer, check and check. What about you, pumpkin? Any cravings?” He smiles at the little.
Jungkook shrugs shyly. Truth be told he didn’t know he was allowed to eat anything that didn’t involve a baby bottle. The two daddies seem to sense this and chuckle slightly at him.

“Don’t think about it too much sweetie. This is daddies treat, okay?” Namjoon comforts him.

“Um,” he thinks to himself a moment, “C-chips?”

“Chips? OK. What kind?”

“Just… regular. Original?” He blushes.

“Limes, beer and chips. Alright, I think I got it. Be good for Yoongi, okay baby? I’ll be back soon.” He smiles and leaves without another word, unlocking the front door and leaving the building.

Jungkook watches as Yoongi puts his sock covered feet on the coffee table, slumping as he flicks on the television and puts on the news. Jungkook looks down at his sketch pad, looking down once last time at his drawing before using the magnet to erase it. He holds the pen as he thinks about what to draw, coming to a blank before looking at his daddy.

His eyes light up as he brings the pen down to the sketch pad, looking up occasionally so he can draw the man sitting in front of him. He starts to hum a song under his breath, bobbing his head as he tries to add details to the man’s hair on his drawing. He smiles when he completes it, holding it up in the air so he can get a better look.

Yoongi looks at him curiously as he does so, head tilting at the little with the sketch pad. He leans over to the little, “What are you doing?”

Jungkook shyly hands him the sketch pad, silently encouraging him to take it and look at it. Yoongi takes it and looks down at it, a shy smile growing on his face when he sees the drawing.

“Is that me?” He grins.

Jungkook nods and hides his face with a pillow. Yoongi chuckles at him and puts the sketch pad onto the coffee table, slowly taking the pillow away from the boy’s face to look at him.

“That looks really good, Kookie. I should give you a real sketch pad and pencils. I bet you could make some really good artwork.”

Jungkook flushes at the compliment, looking down at his sketch pad as he takes in the words to his heart. He looks at Yoongi with bright brown eyes, a shy smile growing on the edge of his lips.

“You mean that?”

“Definitely.” Yoongi smiles before contemplating something, “Hey, Kook?”

“Yes…”?

“If you ever get real bored down here, just come to me. I’ll sneak you in some goodies. I think it’ll be good for you to have some hobbies. Maybe I’ll even sneak in some real food.” Yoongi whispers to him.

Jungkook looks at him with wide eyes, “Really?”

“Yeah! But let’s start with the sketch pad, okay? Just come to me and we’ll use the stuff together.”
Jungkook nods in amazement before whispering back at Yoongi, “Won’t I get in trouble?”

“Just don’t get caught.” Yoongi teases him before continuing, “But no you won’t. It’ll all be on me. Though for now let’s just keep this a secret between us, okay?”

Jungkook nods at him, smiling as he jumps at the man and hugs him. Yoongi laughs and lets the boy hug him, wrapping his arms around him to return it.

“I hope you can keep a secret.” Yoongi whispers to him.

“I promise.”

They both flinch when the door opens, both breathing out when it’s only Namjoon carrying a bag of chips and a case of beer. He walks over and hands the chips to the little who smiles at him. He puts the case of beer on the coffee counter, making the assumption that Yoongi will want drink them right away.

“Didn’t have enough hands to carry the paint.” He sighs before leaving back to the car.

Yoongi winks at Jungkook as he reaches for a beer, using his arm muscle to twist off the cap. Jungkook stares at him with awe, ripping open his bag of chips and shoveling them into his mouth.

“Oh my god. Food.” Jungkook grumbles through his food.

“I guess this is your second breakfast?” Yoongi says as he sips on the cold beer.

Jungkook hums in response, turning his eyes to the television. He mimics his daddy by putting his feet on the coffee table, resting his body against his new savior in this house. Yoongi flips through the channels absentmindedly and chooses a variety show. He turns up the volume a little before placing the remote on his side.

“Are they going to be mad?” Jungkook chews.

“Mad about what?” Namjoon asks as he walks back into the house with two paint cans.

“The chips.”

Namjoon looks at them both from behind, amused by the sight of Yoongi and Jungkook feet both on the coffee table as eat and drink. He places the paint down on the ground next to the door, kicking his shoes off and sitting down next to Jungkook on the couch. He reaches for a cold beer and twists the cap off with his shirt, taking a generous sip.

“If one of your daddies lets you do something, you can never get in trouble for it. OK?” Yoongi tells him with a firm look.

Jungkook recognizes what Yoongi really means and nods with gratitude. Yoongi smirks and looks back at the television, taking another sip of his beer.

“How about beer?” Jungkook pushes.

“Don’t push it.” Namjoon laughs.

“I think Jin would murder us if he saw you drinking beer.” Yoongi mumbles.

Jungkook continues to eat his chips as he looks longingly at the beer. It’d be great to get drunk right now. Matter of fact, it would be great to just get buzzed. Or get high. Anything so he doesn’t
have to be sober in this house. He wouldn’t mind a cigarette either though. He licks the salt off his fingers, still grateful to have something instead of the usual nothing.

“Oh, did you draw that?” Namjoon says.

Jungkook looks at what his daddy is looking at, the drawing on his sketch pad. He blushes and grins slightly. He nods and grins sheepishly when Yoongi boasts and makes a proud pose directed at Namjoon.

“Guess who it is?” Yoongi poses proudly with his empty beer bottle.

“Looks like a homeless man.” Namjoon teases.

“No. That’s not what it is at all.” Yoongi frowns.

They’re interrupted by the door opening loudly. The three of them look towards the door and see the other three men step inside who kick off their shoes and place their keys on hooks. Taehyung walks to the couch and sits on Yoongi’s lap, much to the protest of the older man.

“You’re heavy.” Yoongi groans.

“Oh please, I don’t weigh that much.”

Yoongi grumbles under his breath but doesn’t push the boy away, instead handing the boy his empty beer bottle. Taehyung looks at it for a second before placing it on the coffee table.

“Hand me a beer.” Yoongi asks.

“Hand me a beer please.” Taehyung corrects him, twisting the cap off the beer before handing it awkwardly to the man behind him.

Yoongi grumbles out a ‘thank you’ before chugging on the beer like his life depends on it. Taehyung rolls his eyes before leaning against Yoongi and concentrating what’s on the television. Jin clicks his tongue when he sees them all, placing a hand on his hip.

“Okay, firstly why are you drinking beer around our little? Also why is he eating chips? Did you not give him his formula this morning?” He points fingers at them.

Jungkook eats more of the chips in a rush, worried that Jin will soon take them away from him. Yoongi sighs slightly under his breath, unable to look at Jin due to Taehyung’s big head covering the way.

“He drinks that stuff all the time, Jin. I don’t think it’s bad to treat him once in a while.”

“I don’t understand. He destroys the nursery so you buy him junk food?” Jin looks bewildered.

Jungkook suddenly doesn’t feel hungry anymore so he puts the chips on the coffee table. He begins to lick the residue oil and salt off his fingers, savoring the taste he’s sure he won’t get to experience again for a long time.

“I already punished him, Jin. It’s fine.” Namjoon sighs and hands the bag of chips back to the little insistently.

Jin sighs and rubs his temples, “Fine, whatever. I just don’t like not being told about this kind of stuff.”
“I’ll text you next time. How about that?” Namjoon concedes.

“Okay fine.” Jin begins to walk to the kitchen but stops in his steps, “You didn’t happen to buy any limes, did you?”

Namjoon stares at Jin before smiling apologetically. Jin sighs and turns around to walk back to the front door, grabbing his car keys and giving them a peeved look.

“Don’t get drunk around my baby!” He points at them before opening the door and leaving.

~*~

Yoongi takes him to his studio, ushering him in secretly and locking the door behind them. Jungkook stands there and looks around with awe. He stares at the multiple computer monitors and piano keyboard sitting amongst them. He walks around and looks at the music sheets sprayed around the room, littering the studio.

“You make music?”

“It’s a hobby of mine.” Yoongi nods.

They sit down on a small couch in the corner of the room. He watches as Yoongi pulls out a large sketch pad and a box of drawing tools. Jungkook takes it with gratitude, bowing his head at the man. He opens the box, looking through the multitude of drawing pencils, erasers, blending tools and more.

“Why… are you being so nice to me?”

He flips through to the first page of the sketch pad, running his finger against the smooth white paper. He looks up at Yoongi who shrugs at him, a small blush forming on his cheeks. This man in front of him was acting very different than how he usually did, though to be fair he didn’t really know much about the men.

“I know I get mad easily but… I don’t know, I guess I just felt like you were going to crazy here if you didn’t have something to do.”

Jungkook pulls out a sharpened pencil and begins to do a rough sketch of a cat. He focuses first on the anatomy, drawing a circle with centered lines to work out the proportions of his drawings. Yoongi watches him draw with interest, watching as the boy skillfully draws the rough sketch of the cat.

“Is that Nemo?”

Jungkook nods, a small pout forming on his lips. He uses the eraser to get rid of the lines and circle from the rough sketch.

“Jin said he’d bring her here but she’s still not here.”

Yoongi crosses his legs as he thinks for a moment.

“You’ll get her today for sure, baby. Just have to be patient.”
Jungkook purses his lips and switches his pencil for a darker one, shading in the eyes of his cat. They sit in silence as Jungkook draws away, using his blender tool to blend his pencil strokes and add contour.

“You’re really good. Did you learn?”

Jungkook frowns as he stills for a moment. He continues to draw.

“My girlfriend. She helped teach me how to draw.”

“You have a girlfriend?” Yoongi’s skin turns pale.

“Sorry I meant my ex.” Jungkook shakes his head.

Yoongi goes quiet, the sound of pencil scratching filling the room. Yoongi breathes out as he plays around with his fingers, looking back and forth at the clock on the wall and at Jungkook. Jungkook notices this and looks awkwardly at Yoongi, mouth popping open as he asks him a question.

“You okay?”

“Yeah, yeah.” Yoongi looks nervous.

Jungkook thinks about what to say. He wonders if he can push Yoongi a little, if he can ask him things that the other daddies wouldn’t appreciate. He licks at his lips before testing the limits.

“…Daddy?” He says and tries not to cringe at himself.

“Bunny?” Yoongi smiles.

“Would you ever help me leave?”

“Leave? You mean this house?” The smile falls off Yoongi’s face.

Jungkook nods timidly, halting his drawing as he stares at Yoongi and searches the man’s face for answers and hopefully some empathy. Yoongi bites his bottom lip and looks away from the boy, looking at the clock on the wall before standing.

“I think you’ve been in here too long. Let’s go, okay?”

“But it’s only been,” he squints at the clock, “…twenty minutes.”

“Now Kook.” He says firmly. When he sees Jungkook act dejectedly he bites his lips, “Please?”

Jungkook puts the sketchbook under the couch, back to where Yoongi had originally gotten it. He stands from the couch and waits for Yoongi to unlock the door. He makes a small noise of surprise as Yoongi pushes him out and takes his arm into his own.

As Yoongi walks him through the house, Jungkook can hear Jin calling for him downstairs. He makes a confused face and looks at his daddy for answers, who in return simply shrugs at him. As they walk down the stairs, Jungkook’s mouth drops to the floor when he sees Nemo hiding by a plant near the door.

“Oh shoot. I need to take allergy meds for this.” Yoongi drops his grip from the little and rushes out of the room.

Jungkook slowly walks towards Nemo, reaching his hand out towards the cat as he goes down onto
his knees. “Hey baby.” He coos at the cat, clicking his tongue to get her attention. He giggles happily when she looks at him and recognizes him, meowing loudly as he walks towards him and drops on her back with a purr. He pets her stomach as he smiles up to his ears. He picks her up into his arms, hugging her as he feels hot tears form in his eyes.

“Aww, you two are so cute.” Jimin coos from the couch.

“Let’s just hope that Yoongi doesn’t die from her.” Jin frowns.

Jungkook stands with his cat, moving over to sit down on the couch with her. She goes limp and allows him to handle her, sitting down peacefully on his lap when he sits down. Jimin coos down at the cat and pets her head gently.

“She’s so sweet.” Jimin gushes.

Jungkook smiles when Nemo licks Jimin’s fingers. She’s the sweetest cat he’s ever known. Her being back means that things are kind of okay again. Jin walks up with a small pink collar, snapping it on the peaceful cat. The small bell on the collar rings out gently.

“Alright, Kookie. She’s sleeping in your room. I don’t know how this is going to work with some of your daddies being allergic, but we’ll try to make it work.”

Jungkook nods with a small smile, looking down at his cat peacefully. Jin stands up and ruffles his hair, walking back to the door to pick up a large bag of cat essentials and takes it upstairs. Jimin peppers the cat with kisses and massages, grinning to himself when she begins to purr with mild confusion.

Chapter End Notes

Two chaps in a day? I must’ve lost my marbles. :p
Jungkook brings Nemo to his room carefully. He whisks her up the steps and makes sure to hold her by her feet and arms. Jimin follows behind him, just because he’s not allowed to be on his own. They reach the nursery and Jimin holds open the door for him. They see Jin preparing a scratching post for her. There are a few cat toys spread out on the floor and he can also see a litter box hidden in one of the corners of the room. He waits until Jimin closes the door to put down Nemo down.

Her tail sticks high in the air with a curl at the tip as she explores the new room. Jungkook watches as she sniffs around at her catnip toys and hits them with her paw a few times. He sits down on the ground next to her, smiling as he pets her back. She arches her back and purrs at him, turning around so she can rub her face against his hand.

“She loves you, Kookie.” Jin teases.

Jungkook smiles in response, all of his attention focused on his kitty. Jimin looks around the room, whistling as he looks at the good job Jin has done.

“I like the scratching post you built.” Jimin says towards Jin.

Jin looks at the scratching post and nods to himself with approval. He stands from the floor, back cracking as he pushes on his knees for balance, and puts his hands on his hips. He turns to face Jungkook with a small tired smile. “Baby, I think it’s best if we keep her in here. There’s no telling how bad your daddies’ allergies will get if we let her run around the house, don’t you think?”

“Oh, Kookie doesn’t look away from petting Nemo. Truth be told he was just happy to see her again. The details didn’t really matter to him.

“What about the walls though? How are we going to paint the walls if the cat is in here?” Jimin realizes.

“Okay,” Jungkook curses under his breath and smacks a hand on his forehead, “Shoot.”

Jin looks under his breath and smacks a hand on his forehead, “Shoot.”

Jin looks around the room, all of his attention focused on his kitty. Jimin looks around the room, whistling as he looks at the good job Jin has done.

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As they walk he realizes that he forgot his binky in the nursery. He looks at Jin and Jimin with a small pout, wondering if he should bother them. Jin looks worn out as he’s wrapped around Jimin who helps him walk. It won’t take him very long, he’ll be right back!

He turns quietly on his heels and walks back to the nursery. He opens the door and walks in, leaving the door open behind him. He looks around for his binky and sees it lying on the carpet near his toys. He picks it up and cleans it with his shirt before popping into his mouth. He exhales
with the relief of the rubber in his mouth, sucking on it experimentally before softly gnawing on it with his teeth. He looks down at Nemo who looks towards the door curiously.

“Nemo?” Jungkook mumbles through his binky, watching curiously as his cat gradually steps towards the open door. He walks towards her with his hands out, worrying she’ll try to escape if he doesn’t stop her.

He squeaks with surprise when she jumps away from his hands and dashes out of the room. He chases after her, running down the hallway and eventually down the stairs. He worries that his daddies will see her and get angry at him, so he tries to be as quiet as he possibly can. He can see Jimin and Jin still making their way to the living room, so he rushes to turn into a different hallway Nemo ran down before they can notice him.

He chases after her and fails to realize that he’s never been in this part of the house before. He stumbles into the large room that she runs into and looks around with curiosity. He can see that this room is a laundry room, a big one at that. His binky drops out of his mouth when he sees Nemo jump on the ledge of the open window, licking her paws as she looks at him and dares him to act.

“Nemo, come here.” He whispers towards her dreadfully, reaching his hand out as he clicks his tongue to get her attention. The sound of multiple dryers running tunes his voice out, so he whispers louder.

“Now!” He hisses.

He gasps with she jumps out of the window, watching as she lands on the soft grass with ease and runs away. He paces around the laundry room for a moment before making a decision. He crawls onto the top of the counter in front of the window. He sticks his feet out of the window and jumps out, landing softly onto the grass and looking at the great outdoors now in front of him.

He runs towards his cat who continues to run away from him. She’s running towards a large fence by the garden, a fence that if climbed over could lead to a forest. He catches up to Nemo at the fence and tries to grab her into his arms. He manages to get a hold of her but she squirms out of his hold. He tries to grab onto her tail but she slips through his fingers. He watches frozenly as she squirms her way through a small hole in the fence and leaps into a bush in the dark forest.

He stares at the fence for a moment before looking at the mansion behind him. He swallows and looks up at the fence’s height, looking down at his hands and wondering to himself if he could climb over it. He takes a deep breath and puts his fingers into the chain links, climbing slowly yet painfully as he steadies his feet against the chain links for support.

“Shit, shit, shit, shit.” He chants under his scared breath as he reaches the top of the fence. He stares over the other side of the fence, immediately realizing to himself that he hasn’t thought this next part through very well. He’s sure that his daddies are already wondering where he is and he knows that he left his binky in the laundry room as evidence. The clock was ticking.

He braces himself and drops himself down off the fence, groaning in pain as he lands on his wrist. He ignores the sharp pain in his wrist and runs into the forest. Before he leaves he takes one more scared look at the mansion, terrified as to what will happen once they try to find him.

“Nemo?!” He calls for her yet fails to find her amongst the trees. He looks inside of each bush, each empty bush causing him more and more distress. He calls out for her, starting to cry as his wrist turns numb and he can’t find her anywhere.
He hears a loud meow up ahead of him and runs towards it. He pushes aside a few branches as he looks around, calling her name desperately. She meows once more and he sees her walk out of a bush, staring up at him curiously with wide green eyes. He sighs with relief and sniffs, stepping towards her and kneeling. She walks up to him and meows at him, purring slightly to his touches.

He carefully removes his shirt and wraps her carefully inside of it, making a makeshift way to carry her without her escaping. Essentially, she is wrapped up like a burrito. He smiles down at her cute face looking displeased in the shirt. He carries her as he thinks of what to do. He looks back at the way he came with slight contemplation. If he went back now they would all yell at him and maybe even hit him again. He gnaws on his bottom lip as he steps deeper into the forest, hoping that there will be somewhere for him to go once he reaches the other side.

His bare feet scrape against the sticks and rocks on the ground, guaranteeing a beautiful painting of cuts on his skin. The air of the forest is cold and damp, causing him to shiver and tremble as he wanders deeper into the unknown. The falling sun has painted the forest a soft gold, painting his face with orange and warning him to hasten his wary steps.

He holds the meowing Nemo closer to him, hoping to soon reach the other side of the forest. The deep forest only seems to grow bigger and longer as he steps forward. He’s sure that his daddies are looking for him by now. Will they have seen his binky by the window and made the connection already? Whoever was drying their laundry surely must have seen it at the very least. He quickens his steps as the adrenaline pounds through his chest.

As the sun sets he whimpers from the cold that bites against his skin. He’s shirtless and shoeless, only wearing a flimsy pair of shorts over his diaper. The moon glows down at him and hardly shows him the way. He breathes out with relief as he sees the edge of the forest, pushing aside the branches and stepping aside from the rocks and bushes.

He can see a small farmhouse in the distance. It’s the only building he can see amongst the dry roads and fields. He sighs and looks down at the agitated Nemo, apologizing to her quietly as he tiredly walks towards the farm with the hopes of calling for help.

He walks up to the farmhouse and is happy to know there are lights on from the windows, reassuring him that someone must be home. He holds Nemo against his chest with his painful wrist, crying out from the sharp pricks of pain as he quickly presses the doorbell with his other hand. He moves her over to his other arm with a rush, trying to provide relief to his possibly broken wrist.

He jumps when an old man pulls open the door. The man’s eyes widen as he stares down at him, eyes looking him up and down as he examines the dirt and small cuts on his skin. “Oh my, what has happened to you my child?”

“P-please help me s-sir.” He whimpers with tears in his eyes.

The man nods with shock and steps aside to let the boy walk inside. He closes the door behind the boy and runs a hand through his grey hair, eyes permanently wide with surprise as he tries to figure out what to do. He looks down at the folded shirt, eyes bulging when he sees it moving. “Is that a baby?”

“Oh-oh um,” he shakes his head and shows his cats face to the man, “Just my cat.”

The man releases a small chuckle as he looks down at the cat. He looks around his house for a moment before looking down at the boy. “You look freezing. Why don’t you sit by the fireplace? I’ll get you some proper clothing.”
Jungkook shyly nods and follows the man deeper into the house, timidly sitting down on a pillow in front of the fireplace. The man smiles down at him before looking down at the cat. “You can let her out of the shirt if you want. I don’t mind.”

“T-thank you, sir.” Jungkook looks at him with a polite smile, slowly releasing the grumpy kitty out of the shirt. She rolls out of the shirt and arches her back, stretching out her body and shaking her head. She sits next to him by the warm fireplace and leans her small body against his bare leg. He watches as the man shuffles away from the room, leaving to fetch a pair of clothes.

He reaches his shaking hands out towards the fireplace, waving them over the heat and curling his fingers. He flinches when a sharp pain shoots through his wrist. He angles his wrist to the light and feels his mouth go dry when he sees the purple and blue speckles over the bone of his wrist. He struggles to curl his fingers with that wrist, ultimately giving up. He sticks the thumb from his other finger into his mouth absentmindedly, not thinking much about it as he warms up near the fire.

“Here we are!” The man says as he returns, causing him to jump in his seat. The man places a folded pair of black sweatpants and a grey sweater next to him. He raises an eyebrow when he sees the boy sucking on his thumb, but nonetheless points to a room he can go and change in.

“Thank you, sir.” He says to the old man after awkwardly taking his thumb out of his mouth.

He walks across the wooden floor and reaches the hallway, twisting a doorknob and entering the washroom. He bites his lips when he realizes that his diaper is soiled. He must have been so caught up in his adrenaline that he hadn’t noticed. He slides the soiled diaper off awkwardly and wraps it up with toilet paper.

He stresses about where to place it until he sees a semi-full garbage bin by the toilet. He hides the used diaper in there, pushing it down into the bin and covering it with additional toilet paper to hide it from view. He cleans himself up and slides his shorts back on. He pulls on the sweatpants and the sweater. He saves his t-shirt for Nemo, since he’s not convinced he won’t need to carry her again later. He turns on the sink and lathers his hands with a generous amount of soap, looking up at his reflection in the mirror as he washes them thoroughly. He sighs to himself and uses his wet fingers to wipe off some of the dirt that’s present on his face. *Must be from the fence*, he thinks.

He turns off the sink and dries his hands with a cloth. He unlocks the door and opens it, flicking the light off behind him as he returns to the fireplace. The man sits at the couch near the fireplace while sipping on a cup of tea. He smiles at the boy, motioning for him to sit back down at the fireplace as he puts the cup of tea on his coffee table. Jungkook smiles politely at him as he sits back down, fidgeting nervously as he huddles around the fireplace.

“I almost forgot to give you a pair of socks. Your feet must be chilly.” The man asks loudly as he walks through his house, the sound of doors being opened as he searches around.

“T-that would be nice.” Jungkook mumbles out, not sure if the man can hear him.

The man returns with a new pair of black socks. He brings them over to the boy with a small smile, watching as he takes them and rolls them onto his feet. Jungkook pulls the sweatpants over his socks, sighing with content over being fully dressed.

“Do y-you have a phone I can use?”

The man nods. “Of course. But first would you like to eat something? Or have something to drink? You look famished, my boy.”
“Oh well,” Jungkook stammers with uncertainty, “I’m n-not sure I should.”

The man waves his hand with a small warm chuckle, “Oh nonsense! I will bring you some of my soup. It’s still hot on the stove, just made it myself!” He leaves the room after that, bare feet dragging against the wooden floorboards.

“O-okay then…” he mumbles on his breath, sticking his thumb into his mouth as he stares into the fireplace. He moves away from the pillow on the ground and sits on the leather couch, squirming uncomfortably in his seat. He should really call for someone, maybe even the police. Yes, definitely the police.

He’s about to stand and look for a phone but then the man arrives with the bowl of soup. He watches as the man places it down onto the coffee table for him. The man places a cup of orange juice next to the soup. Jungkook moves to sit closer to the coffee table and bows politely before picking up his spoon and taking a bite. The soup is warm and pleasant, simply but all that he needs right now. He chews on the bits of chicken and potato as the man sits next to him and picks up his cup of tea.

The man sips his tea quietly as he watches the boy eat and drink the juice, smiling at him with deep intrigue. Jungkook swallows the juice and licks his lips, looking down at the ground quietly.

“If you don’t mind me asking… What happened to you, child?” The man puts down his tea.

“It’s a…” Jungkook spoon clicks against the bowl as he puts it down on the table, “…Long story.”

“I see.” The man murmurs under his breath. “Well, you are welcome to stay here for the night if you wish. It’s awfully cold out there.”

Jungkook shakes his head politely, standing as he bows politely. “Th-that’s okay, thank you. Could I please u-use the phone now?”

“Oh child, what has you so shaken? Were you running away from something?” The man asks him kindly and stands up from the couch, picking up his empty cup of tea.

“My daddy…” Jungkook steps away from the man, sticking his finger back into his thumb as he stresses out to himself. The man furrows his eyebrows at the boy, frowning as he looks down at the thumb. The man tilts his head for a moment before leaving to put his cup of tea away in the kitchen.

“Oh dear,” the man mumbles to himself yet Jungkook doesn’t hear him, “I’m not very good with taking care of those with special needs…”

Jungkook looks around the room for a phone, whimpering when his wrist painfully throbs. The man looks at him with surprise, walking up to him. “Are you okay, child?”

Jungkook frowns and timidly shows his wrist to the man who gasps. The man gently takes a hold of his arm and looks at the boy’s wrist under the light, hissing when he sees the extent of the injury. He crosses his arms, troubled as he realizes how long of a night he has ahead of him. “I think you’ve sprained your wrist, child. I am certified in medical care. Would you allow me to bandage it for you?”

He whimpers under his breath as the man pulls him into the kitchen without waiting for his response. The man motions towards the large kitchen counter with his arms and encourages him to sit on top of it. Jungkook struggles to sit up on the counter with one hand, huffing out with frustration. He gasps when the man lifts him up and sits him up on the counter.
He watches as the man looks around his kitchen for medical supplies. The man carries over a first aid kit and pops it open, fishing out compression bandages and a couple of pain killers. He reaches into the fridge and takes out a cold water bottle, twisting it open and handing it to the boy to drink from. Jungkook takes the painkillers and swallows them with the cold water.

“I will compress your sprain with the bandage and then use ice to help with the swelling.” The man says as he concentrates on wrapping the bandage around his wrist. Jungkook whimpers from the pain as he does so but doesn’t fight against him, looking down to watch the process.

The man uses the clips to keep the bandages held together, nodding as he whispers to himself. Jungkook moves his arm around to look at the bandages as the man reaches into the freezer and takes out a package of frozen peas. He hands it to the boy who takes it gladly. “Hold this against your wrist, child.”

“Thanks mister.” Jungkook mumbles, wincing when he presses the ice against his sore wrist. He looks with wide eyes as the man pulls out a lollipop from the cupboard, unwrapping it and handing it over to him. He eagerly takes the lollipop and pops it into his mouth, making a happy noise at the cherry flavor.

The man pulls him off the coffee table and walks him back to the living room. The man stands as he wonders what to do next, watching as the boy plops back down on the couch and presses the frozen bag against his wrist.

“I think you should spend the night, child. We should both get some rest. I’ll awake you first thing in the morning, yes?” The man scratches at his nose and yawns.

“Wh-what about the vegetables?” Jungkook mumbles through the lollipop.

“Oh, those cost me nothing. Don’t worry about it.” He says as he pulls out a blanket for the boy to sleep with. He hands it to him and gives him a spare pillow left aside on a wooden chair. Jungkook lies down and curls up with the ice bag, resting it against his wrist as he sucks on the lollipop.

“I’ll leave the fireplace on. Won’t that be nice, um - what is your name, boy?”

“Kookie.” Jungkook smiles and slurps on the lollipop.

“Oh, alright… Kookie? I’ll see you tomorrow. Rest well.” The man looks kindly at him before watching towards the light and flicking it off, leaving just the fireplace to illuminate the room as he stumbles away to his own room to sleep.

Jungkook finishes his lollipop eventually and leans over to place the stick onto the coffee table, licking the remaining sticky residue from his teeth and gums. He looks at Nemo sleeping in front of the fireplace, licking his lips as he closes his eyes and curls up in front of the toasty fireplace.

He falls asleep peacefully, too deep in his dreams to notice when Nemo jumps onto the couch and sleeps on top of him. Matter of fact, he’s so deep in his sleep he doesn’t hear the doorbell ring in the middle of the night.

The man walks towards the door with dragging feet, scrubbing at the crust at his eyes as he wonders who on earth is here at this time of night. He looks through the peephole and sees a young man fidgeting nervously in front of several other restless looking men. He sighs and opens the door to the crack, looking at the men with dubiety. “Yes?” His voice scratches.

The young man looks at him with a big smile and bow politely at him. “Sorry to bother you, sir. We were just wondering if you’ve seen a young man around here. Dark hair, rabbit teeth, scar on
his cheek, does this ring a bell at all?”

The old man scratches at his head a little before responding, “Does he have special needs?”

The young man looks at the other men behind him before nodding. “Yes, he has special needs.”

The older man nods at their answer, pleased with their response as he opens the front door. He invites the men to step inside, waving his hand at them when they bow in response. “Special boy that one is. I think he mentioned a father once or twice. He has a sprained wrist, he does.” The man informs them, yawning his way through his fatigue.

“A sprained wrist? Oh dear.” The young man frowns with concern. “Is he alright?”

“Oh he’s just fine. I wrapped his wrist up myse-” The man gasps when he feels something sharp prick his neck, falling over to the ground with a thump as he slips into unconsciousness.

“Shit, what now?” Jimin asks under his breath.

“Get him into his bed. Let’s just hope he doesn’t remember anything tomorrow.” Jin says as he carefully caps the used syringe and puts it away into his bag. He watches as Jimin and Taehyung pull onto the old man’s body, both picking him up with teamwork. “What if he does remember?” Taehyung groans from the man’s heavy weight.

“We’ll call Hoseok. We always do. Namjoon, Yoongi, are you ready for this?” Jin says as he flexes his fingers in his leather gloves, then wiping the cold sweat off of his forehead with his sleeve.

“No, I never am. But we’re doing it.” Namjoon sighs. Yoongi sighs with the other man, cracking his fingers and his neck as they brace themselves for the chaos that’s about to occur. Jin nods and bites his lip with dread, plucking a fresh capped needle out of his bag. He hands the capped needle over to Yoongi, frowning at him. “If we need it, use it. I can’t do it.”

Yoongi nods and looks down at the needle. He sighs when Jin begins to walk through the house, unsure that he can use the needle either. He taps a hand on Namjoon’s shoulder and reaches out the needle towards him. Namjoon looks down at the needle from the side of his eyes and takes it from the shorter man without a word.

They walk into the living room and see there’s no one there. Jin curses under his breath as he turns on the light and examines the room closely. Yoongi walks over to the fireplace and picks up a shirt, mouth popping open when he recognizes the pattern. “This is his shirt.” He says and flashes it towards them.

“So where’s our baby?” Jin frowns.

Namjoon looks down at the coffee table and picks up the semi-sticky lollipop. He examines the bite marks on the plastic, reminding him all too well of a certain nibbler he knows. He drops the lollipop stick on the floor and looks at the panic-stricken Jin with a concerned gaze.

“We’ll find him, Jin. Don’t worry.”

Chapter End Notes
Holy moly ravioli
Jungkook jumped from the couch when he heard the man walking towards the door. He knew it was late and he knew that the men were still looking for him. It could be anyone at the door but he couldn’t take any chances. He stands from the couch and picks up Nemo, wrapping her up with a small blanket. He looks around the room as he tries to think. Be fast and be quick.

He looks at the sliding glass screen door behind him. He walks over to it and unlocks it, pulling it open and stepping outside to the night. He closes it behind him and runs to the dry road. He can see cars driving past so he takes the risk of trying to hitchhike. He moves to the edge of the road and sticks out his thumb, desperately hoping for someone to pull over and help him out. As the cars pass him he feels the dread worm its way into his empty belly, taunting him as it tells him the time is running out.

He sees a small red car driving slowly near him and sticks out his thumb towards it forlornly. He steps back with surprise as the car pulls over, beckoning him to climb into the passenger seat. He looks back at the house and sees none of the men looking outside for him, breathing out with a panic as he steps into the car and closes the door.

“Where ya’ heading?” The young woman asks him with a small smile. She frowns when she sees him breathing heavily with wide panicked eyes. “Ca-can you drive me to a police station?” He asks her as he stares at the farmhouse nervously. She nods and pulls away from the side of the road. She does a U-turn to drive past the forest.

Jungkook clutches securely onto Nemo as they drive past the forest. He stares out the window as he tries to calm himself down. Everything has happened so fast. He looks back at the farmhouse and wonders if the old man is okay. He’s not sure if his daddi-if the men of the mansion are dangerous people.

He ogles the mansion as the car drives by it, trying not to be obvious about the stiffening and jerking of his limbs as he looks at it with fear. He looks at the fences that surround the mansion, appearing ever so threatening to him. The driver looks at him worriedly a few times, biting her lip as she tries to think of something to say to break the tension. The radio is on yet low enough to be static. The static of the radio reminds Jungkook of his mind. How the men had caused his mind to feel like it was unstable static.

Whenever he felt the static in his mind and the sensation of pins and needles over his body, he felt the desire to open himself up and expose himself, to allow them to dissect his mind and take care of him. He would feel the desire to regress to the happiest memories of his youth, to when he was happy with his grandma and Nemo. He didn’t know why this was happening to him.

The men were filling his head with strange thoughts and desires, and were messing around with his unstable mind. Behind their smiles and their love they were dangerous. If he doesn’t get away he knows they will eventually win and break him. Worst of all, he is starting to kind of want them to.

He shakes his head at himself, blinking as he looks at the buildings they pass by. He looks down at Nemo and rubs her head, whispering a small apology to her. She must be so stressed out, he thinks to himself. He leans against the room seat and sighs out; wiggling his cold toes in his now dirty socks. He was a mess, a true mess. So long as he doesn’t start sucking his thumb at the police
station he’ll be fine. He closes his eyes and falls asleep to the soft rocking of the car, hugging his cat close to his small frame. He dreams of being a normal kid going to college and stirs in his rest, squirming as he yearns for the normal life. He reaches his arms out to his friends in the dream, smiling and laughing with them as they call out his name with boisterous voices.

He’s ripped away from his dream when the lady taps his shoulder, looking uncomfortable as she shakes him awake. She smiles politely at him and she points towards his window. “Sorry. Um, this is your stop. I hope everything works out for you.”

He blushes and bows politely towards him. He runs a quick hand through his messy hair before smiling at her with his eyes, “Thank you so much.”

She smiles as she watches him shuffle out of the car, “It’s no problem. Good luck!”

He bows once more and closes the passenger door. He watches as she pulls out of her parking spot and leaves the lot, leaving him to stand alone in the night with his cat. He sighs to himself and looks down at Nemo who looks up at him with a ticked off look. “I’ll let you eventually, okay? So stop looking at me like that.” He frowns at her.

He looks at the police station and takes a deep breath. He looks at the front door entrance and walks up to it, pulling open the front door as his heart beats out of his chest. Immediately he sees two police officers sitting at the front desk, looking up at him with puzzled eyes. Their eyes look up and down at his frame, concern painting their expressions as they do so.

He shuffles Nemo in his arms and walks up closer to them, leaning his body against the front desk with a sigh of relief. He looks into their eyes and licks his anxious lips, ignoring the voice that tells him not to tattle and get the men in trouble.

“I’d like to report a crime.”

One of the officers shoots up from his chair, taking out a clipboard and a pen. He scribbles down a few notes onto the form as he examines the physical condition of the boy. “What’s your name?”

“Jeon Jungkook.”

The officer scribbles of the form, “Date of birth?”

Jungkook gives the officer all of the necessary information, shaking in his skin as he goes through with this. The other police officer stares at him from his seat, taking a big sip of his coffee as he watches the drama unfold. The officer looks down at the form and then up at the form.

“Can you tell me the nature of the crime?”

Jungkook stares at the officer for a moment as he hesitates to speak. He closes his eyes and breathes out, “A kidnapping.”

The officer stares at him for a moment before writing it down on his sheet. He looks up at the boy and looks down at the cat, studying them both. “Who was kidnapped?”

He cracks a smile at the wall.

“Me.”

“Are they looking for you right now?” The police officer with the form asks, concentrated on writing down all the information he can. Jungkook nods at them as he rocks his cat back and forth
in the blanket, trying to calm her down as she squirms in the blanket. The officer sitting down places down his cup of coffee, then reaches for his phone so he can make a call to his superior. He reaches for a pen so he can take down instructions.

“Is your arm all right?” The officer asks as he looks down at his makeshift bandages.

“I think it’s a sprain.” Jungkook looks down at his wrist with a frown.

The man writes more on his form before taking a look at his partner who hangs up the phone. The officer stands from his chair, “We’re going to take you to a hospital. Once we’re there we’d like to ask you more questions to file your report.”

Jungkook nods and follows one of the men out of the station. The man unlocks his police car and invites the boy to get inside the passenger seat. Jungkook practically falls into his seat due to the shakes throughout his body. He holds tightly onto the meowing Nemo, cradling her back and forth as he comforts her. The officer starts the vehicle and pulls out the parking lot, making his way to take the young boy to the hospital.

Jungkook listens to the officer’s walkie talkie going off, wondering why the officers keep saying certain numbers and speaking in codes. He never took the time to learn what any of them meant, why should he have? He feels guilt as they drive. The guilt overwhelms him as he sits in the warm leather chair. The men were taking such good care of him and took him out of his bad situation. It was too late to take anything back now, but he’d be damned if he didn’t feel so bad about throwing them under the bus.

Yet the idea of being free excited him. His dream from earlier had inspired him. He just wants to go to school and be normal. He wants to get away from the poverty but he doesn’t want their help, he doesn’t want to be literally coddled. He wants to do this all on his own. Was it really such a bad thing to run away from their help? It wasn’t, right? So why is he feeling so damn guilty?

He tries to remind himself that he was kidnapped and drugged against his will. They have hurt him so many times and have made him cry. They don’t deserve his sympathy or his mercy. He clutches at his chest with grief, thrown into his own mental turmoil as he tries to deal with his conflict of emotions.

“We’re here.” The officer grins, somehow oblivious to the boy’s distress. Jungkook watches as the officer turns off the engine and steps out of the car, slamming his door and walking over to open his door for him. Jungkook steps out of the car and bites his lip at the cold wind that pinches away at his skin. The officer escorts him to the hospital and immediately checks him in at the front desk.

As he was escorted to his own hospital room, a female nurse hooked him up to an IV and ushered him into the clean bed. At first they had tried to take his cat away from him, but after his begging they had allowed him to keep the cat for his emotional stability. The officer now sits in a chair across from him, looking down at his own clipboard as he talks to the boy.

“What is your arm all right?”

Jungkook shakes his head. “I have no idea, maybe a few weeks? Or a month?”

The officer writes down on the page, frowning to himself as he thinks of questions to ask for the report. He looks up at Jungkook with furrowed eyebrows, “Now, could you think of any of their names?”

“Yeah, I can…” He bites his lips as he pets Nemo who sits on the bed with him. “It’s uh-It’s…”
“…Why don’t you write it down? That might be easier for you.” The officer holds out the clipboard and the pen, encouraging him to take it. Jungkook chews on his bottom lip as he writes down all six of their names. He’s not entirely sure he wrote their names correctly, but he tried his best.

The officer looks down at the clipboard and flips the pen around his fingers. He inhales as he studies the form. “So you’re saying these six men held you against for your will for a period of several weeks, possibly a month?” He confirms.

“Y-yes.” Jungkook whispers.

“Is there anything else you would like to report? If you don’t mind me asking, was there anything they did to you while you held under captivity?”

“They um…” He looks back to all of their touches, the sex and the drugs. His mouth goes dry as he tries to speak to the officer, “They drugged me for a while. I don’t know what the drug was but it left me paralyzed most of the time. They h-hit me sometimes when I was bad. Tr-truth be told, I’m still not sure what they wanted with me.”

The officer nods as he scribbles down more notes. His eyes look sympathetic as he looks at the boy, holding the clipboard on his lap as he presses for any more answers. “Thank you, Jungkook. Was there anything else?”

Jungkook contemplates for a moment. One part of him says to tell the officer everything, but another part of him holds back. He doesn’t want to get them into too much trouble. More than he already has. They were only trying to help him, in their own weird way. He shakes his head at the officer, making the personal decision to withhold the details. At the end of the interrogation, he gives the officer the location and details of the mansion he was held inside of for evidence, giving more details about Hoseok and his father.

The officer clicks his pen and stands from the chair, bowing deeply towards the tired boy. “Thank you for your time, Jungkook. We will do our best to protect you and find the men responsible. Our force will keep you updated on this case.”

He watches as the officer makes his way to leave the room and straightens his slouched posture to call out to him. “Wait!”

The officer freezes in his spot with a puzzled look. Jungkook flushes for a moment before looking away, “I don’t feel safe here.”

“We’ll have a police officer stationed outside of your room at all times.”

“While you try to find them…?” Jungkook whispers.

“While we find them.” The officer smiles and bows once more at the boy, turning the light off for him and leaving the room.

Jungkook looks out the window from his bed and listens to the sound of Nemo breathing as she sleeps on him. He gently pushes her to his side as he curls up with the cold thin sheets of the hospital bed. He sniffs as he begins to cry to himself, emotions twisted around with fear and guilt.

“Oh Nemo,” he sobs to her, “I don’t know what I’m doing anymore.”

Chapter End Notes
I've been listening to "NOTHING'S OVER" by Infinite lately...

;)

Sorry this chapter isn't so long. I have a lot going on today. Thank's for all your comments! I'm sorry I don't reply to them all but trust me I read each and every one! Thanks so much for reading. ^^ Also I don't think that's what happens with the cops when you're a victim of a kidnapping but eh I did my best.
Jungkook wakes up with the shakes. His nightmare thrusts him awake and causes him to sit up straight from his bed. He breathes heavily as he clutches onto his chest with sweaty palms. He breathes in and out to collect more air, eyes scrunched tight as he recovers. He squints his eyes to look at the bed and sees Nemo looking up at him with her wide eager eyes. He sighs and pets her head, looking around the now bright room. He rubs at his eyes and yawns.

He still felt tired. He’s not sure of the time but he’s sure that he didn’t get nearly as much sleep as he should have. He looks out at the window from his bed and sees cars and people getting on with their lives. He wonders if the six men are still looking for them, or if they have been halted by the police. He yawns and rests his head back down on the pillow, eyes teary and red from his fatigue. Nemo meows at him and nips at his fingers hungrily.

“Shit, I gotta feed you.” Jungkook sits up from the bed again. He looks down at the IV hooked up to his arm and down to the new wrist splint the doctor had provided him with before he could fall asleep. He slides his bare feet off of the bed, awkwardly standing up while holding on tightly to the IV stand.

He walks over to the door of his room, pulling the stand along with him. He opens the door and looks out. He can see a police officer sitting in a chair against the wall near his door, tiredly reading from a magazine. Jungkook looks around the hallway as he steps out and makes sure to close the door behind him so Nemo won’t get any funny ideas this time. The officer looks up at him and closes his magazine, “Are you alright? You shouldn’t be leaving your room.”

“Oh please,” Jungkook begs him, “She hasn’t eaten for so long. She’s been under so much stress and I can’t bear her going hungry after everything she’s been through. Please do something-”

“I’m sorry, kid, but I can’t risk leaving you unattended. The nurse should be swinging by for your checkup later.”

Jungkook lowers his head and sighs, bowing politely to the man as he turns back to his room. He opens the door and shuffles back into his room dejectedly. He pulls his chair towards the window and sits down, pulling his IV stand to be right next to him. Nemo jumps off the bed and walks up to his feet, meowing up at him as she bumps her head against his legs.
“Sorry Nemo.”

He watches the car pass by the streets. He scratches at his face and thinks about what he should do now. He wonders what has become of his apartment and if it’s safe to enough to go back to. He figures it’s probably not safe anymore and sighs as he thinks about his personal belongings. It would be nice if he could at least collect the photo albums had passed onto him. For now there was just too much risk.

He looks absentmindedly at the cars that park into the hospital parking lot. Amongst the cars he can see a large black car parked in the corner of the lot. He watches as it parks and plays with his cat with his foot, petting his back roughly with his toes. His body freezes when he sees a familiar face step out of the car.

He leans forward in his chair and feels his pulse stop. He can see Taehyung dressed in a suit, adjusting his hair and his tie. The first thing he notices is that Taehyung has dyed his hair to a bright red instead of the typical brown hair color he used to have. Where did he find the time to do that? Another man he doesn’t recognize steps out of the car and talks to Taehyung, both of their hands motioning as they look towards the hospital. Taehyung nods at the man before his takes out his phone, waving at the man to go on without him. Jungkook watches as Taehyung moves to sit in the driver’s seat.

“Oh shit. Fuck, shit!” He sings when he sees the man begin to walk towards the hospital’s entrance. He shoots up from his seat to the surprise of Nemo. He looks around the room with panic before looking down at his IV and ripping it out of his arm, not even noticing the sting in the midst of his alarm. “We gotta go. Shit, we gotta get out of here!”

He dissects his brain apart as he thinks of what to carry Nemo in. He sees his pillow and locks his vision on it, walking towards it and yanking the cover off of the pillow. He makes a move to pick her up and take her but then remembers an important detail – the cop. The officer won’t just let him waltz out of here. He has to cause a scene and now!

He bites his lips as he thinks for a moment. He looks down at his kitty and realizes she might not be able to come with him if he can’t get her in time. He takes a hold of his IV stand and lifts it above his head, closing his eyes and doing a small prayer as he slams it onto the ground with a screeching clack. He fakes a scream and falls to the ground with the stand, pushing out false tears as he whimper and moans.

The officer bursts into the room with a hand on his gun, mouth wide open as he looks down at the boy who chokes on his tears as he cradles himself in a fetus position. The boy screams when the officer tries to get near him, “P-please! It hurts. It hurts so much!” he cries at the officer with a reddening face.

“Shit, okay. I’ll get a nurse!” The officer runs out of the room with his squeaking shoes. Jungkook continues his cries until he assumes the officer is out of range. He shoots up from the ground and pick up Nemo, quickly shoving her into the pillow case and running out of the room. He sprints in the corridor and makes a run for it down the stairs that should lead to another side of the hospital.

As he exits the hospital he continues to run without a skip in his step, running to the only person he knows might be able to help or at the very least – give him a little comfort and distraction. He steps in a puddle as he runs, spraying his body and the distressed Nemo with water.

He sprints pass a sleeping homeless man and pauses. He looks down at the man’s change and steals a couple of dollars before running off again, feeling the guilt swarm him as he aims his steps towards the local subway near the hospital. He breathes out when he reaches the inside of the
subway, paying for a token and stepping inside. He tries to take in as much air as he can as he waits for a train to take him far away from here. He looks nervously at the people waiting for the train near him and holds Nemo closer to him, struggling to hide her face as he holds the pillow case closed yet leaves a small hole for her breathe. He hears the train arrive and closes his eyes with relief as he feels the chill of the air blow against his sweaty frame, pushing away all of the wet hair away from his eyes and forehead.

The train doors open and he steps inside, picking a seat near the door just in case. He sits down and leans his head back, breathing out through his mouth as his heart threatens to beat out of his chest. When the train doors close and the train begins to move, he looks down at his upset kitty. He looks down and smiles at her before laughing to himself, roughly rubbing away his falling tears with his arm. “We did it, Nemo. Fuck, we really did it.”

He leans down and peppers her face with kisses, apologizing to her for all of the stress he has put her through. “I’ll buy you cat wine, I swear. I’m gonna throw you a fuckin’ party after all of this, I promise. Nana would lose her marbles if she knew what I was putting you through right now.” He whispers to her, still laughing to himself like a crazed man as the adrenaline seeps out from his worn bones. He chuckles through his tears when she meows at him.

He ignores the strange looks from the other passengers although he understands why. He’s a sweaty crying man who is laughing while simultaneously talking to his cat. But fuck them. They don’t know, they don’t know about anything. He leans against his chair and watches out the window, eyes going back to the six men.

Is Hoseok’s trip in Beijing still going as normal? Or did he fly back, that is if he heard about the news? Is Taehyung still looking for him? Who was that strange man Taehyung was talking to? What happened after he left the hospital? How did they already find out where he was? Will they find him again or do they already know where he is?

So many questions but so little answers, so many questions but so little energy. He yawns loudly with a crack in his voice, arching his back slightly so he can crack his lower back. He slides down in his seat and spreads out his legs, tips of his toes right in the air as he leans his head against the window of the train. He looks down at the pissed off yet ever so patient Nemo, tired eyes smiling down at her.

“Don’t let me fall asleep…” He whispers to her.

She lets him.

He awakes with a small panic, sitting up in his seat as he looks out the window. He listens carefully to hear the announcement of their stop. The lady announces the next stop and Jungkook slumps into his seat as he exhales. His stop was the next stop. How damn convenient. He waits for the train to fully stop instead of standing near the door prematurely to wait for the train to stop. It wouldn’t be smart to risk losing his balance and dropping the pillow sheet with his kitty inside of it.

The train stops and he steps out of the door, quickly walking up the stairs to reach the escalator. He jumps on and ignores the strange looks he gets from strangers who look at his breathing pillow case. He reaches the exit and quickly goes through the gate before the worker can see his cat. He exits through the slide doors and feels the cold air hitting his face, breathing out with relief. He puts a hand over his eyes to block the sun, looking around at the streets and passing cars as he tries to remember where he needs to go next.

He turns into the street and crosses the road with the crowd of busy people, holding tightly onto his
kitty so he can’t ever lose her. He continues to walk street after looking at a street sign to ensure he’s going the right place and is grateful that the place he’s going is nearby from the station.

He walks past the stores and the homes afterwards, eyes wide and concentrated as he looks for a certain apartment complex. His steps slow as he reaches the familiar apartment and squeaks with joy when a man is exiting the building. He runs up to the door and holds open the door, allowing the man to exit as he squeezes by. The man gives him a funny look before forgetting about him entirely. This just means he won’t have to use the buzzer. Luck was on his side today and yesterday. He worries that his luck will run out soon.

“Maybe you’re my good luck charm?” He says sheepishly to Nemo as he presses the elevator button and enters. He remembers the floor number and presses it, thinking of what to say as they pass each floor. The elevator chimes when it reaches his floor and he steps out timidly, his heart racing as he walks towards the door he used to walk to everyday when he was a bit younger.

He stands in front of the fifth door, reaching his hand up to the wooden door as he takes a deep breath. He gathers up his courage and knocks on the door, praying to himself that she hasn’t moved away. He jumps when the door swings open loudly, a young female looking peeved at being bothered before recognizing him.

“Jungkook?” She whispers after a moment of tense silence.

“It’s a long fucking story…” He breathes.

She looks his body up and down and wonders why he’s barefoot. She looks at the sheet and eyes widen when she sees it breathing. She opens the door wider and steps aside, “Come in.”

~*~

“So where have you been? Why are you barefoot? What’s up with your cat?” She questions as she paces around the house while Jungkook sits down on the couch. Jungkook looks down at his cat eating a can of tuna kindly placed on a small plate for her.

“Jessica you have no idea what I’ve been through.” He shakes his head, putting his hands in his face as his mind swarms with all of the recent memories that pour in. She sits down on the couch next to him and puts a hand on his shoulder before noticing his wrist splint. Jessica looks down at the wrist splint before flinching, hissing as she looks down at his injury.

“Shit, what happened?”

“I fell.” He says simply, “But compared to everything else that’s nothing.”

They both go quiet as she thinks of something to say to him. She sits up in her spot and motions towards her house. “Do you want to stay here? I don’t know if you were planning on leaving but you look like shit, Kook. You should rest here for the night.”

His heart moves strangely at the familiar nickname. He ignores it for now and looks into her eyes, biting his lip as he sees the passion and concern in her dark brown orbs. “I, I don’t want to bother you.”

“Please, Kook. Let me help, okay? You don’t have to tell me but let me help out.”
Jungkook concedes with a nod and slides down into the sofa, burying his head into the soft armrest as he closes his eyes. She smiles at his frame and leans towards him, poking at him with her finger. “Come on silly, not on the sofa. This thing is older than my grandma. The crumbs living in that thing probably are too.”

Jungkook whines tiredly as she tries to pull him off the sofa. She giggles down at him as she pulls on his good arm, “Oh come on. You used to sleep in my bed like every day. You can’t do that again?”

He opens his eyes and sighs at her, a small grin worming its way on his lips. It was amazing how he hasn’t seen her in so long yet she can already brighten him up and make it seem as though he never left. She pulls him up from the couch and pulls him towards her dark bedroom, flicking on the light as she motions a hand out towards her made bed. It looks just the way it used to. To whoever looks her room is messy, but he knows that her chaos has a system. She knows exactly where everything is within her mess and that’s all she cares for.

She pushes him onto the bed and throws the blanket on top of him. He watches as she walks over to her dresser and pulls out a familiar colored pouch. He sits up on the bed with surprise. She tosses the pouch onto the bed with a smile, clicking her tongue at Nemo when the cat sits by the door. She walks over and closes the door so the cat can’t get inside.

“Are you serious?” He stammers with wide eyes as he looks down at the pouch. She giggles at him and uses his slender fingers to pull her long wavy hair to one side, climbing onto the bed and taking the pouch into her hands.

“When’s the last time you smoked? You look fuckin’ wired, Kook. Let’s unwind, OK?” She says as she takes out her grinder and a gram of weed for the both of them.

Jungkook stays quiet as he watches her make the joint. He watches as she smiles at him and licks the paper, her tongue piercing sticking out and shining under the light. He swallows his thick saliva and looks away. He looks around the room and notices the paintings framed against the walls. The one that sticks out is one of a man that sort of looks like him sitting on a bench amongst a meadow. He can’t help but think of Yoongi, remembering how he talked about Jessica to the guy and how Yoongi had an appreciation for art.

“Did you make those?”

“What, the paintings? She asks as she concentrates on twisting the paper on the end of the joint. “Yeah,” Jungkook says as he motions towards the one that looks like him.

“Don’t ask questions you already know the answer to, babe.” She smirks at him.

“Still callin’ me babe?” He raises an eyebrow at her.

“Oh chill out,” She laughs, “I call everyone babe and you know it.”

She was right. Jessica was a fun girl he dated awhile back but broke it off with. She was the kind of girl to disappear and not reappear for weeks, coming back out of the blue with a new tattoo and a passport in her hand. She wasn’t afraid of death and she wasn’t afraid of taking risks. What was most important to him back when they were dating was that she wasn’t someone who could be held down.

He loved her, he really did, but he was just one of the many people who couldn’t keep up with her adventures. Something told him this meeting would be for the last time, so he held onto the
memories she was already creating for him. She wasn’t a bad person and he trusted her to keep a secret, though he did feel on edge about his safety when he let her pull the ropes.

She looks around for a lighter in her pouch, yanking it out and testing it for a few times before lighting the joint. She takes a few hits and looks around for her ashtray. She grabs it and holds it near the joint. “I always smoke on the balcony but I’ll give it a pass this time just for you. I don’t think your legs are gonna work anymore now that you’re lying down.”

Jungkook tries to move his legs but gives up when he feels the strain of his muscles. He smiles stupidly at her, “Yep.”

“Here, take it. Try to slow that mind of yours.” She passes the joint over to him.

He takes it from here and takes a few big hits, holding the smoke in. He blows it out and closes his eyes for a moment, eyes hazing as his body slowly crashes down on him from his lack of energy. He takes a few more hits from the joint before tapping it against the ash tray and handing it back over to her.

The edges of his mind begin to blur as he feels the room move around more. The pain from his body fades away to nothing and he curls up into the warm blankets, a small smile curling onto his lips as he stares at the paintings on the wall.

“You smilin’?” She giggles as she blows out a cloud of smoke.

He nods with a small giggle, his high already affecting his senses and making the simplest things seem ever so interesting. He takes the burning joint from her and takes a few hits, laughing loudly as he blows out the thick smoke. She shakes her head and places her head on the blanket with an amused grin.

“I forgot about the giggles you get!” She bursts out laughing.

She takes the joint and finishes it off, putting it out by pushing it against the ashtray. She places the ashtray on her night table. Jungkook watches as she wiggles awkwardly on the bed as she tries to get off and turn the light. He jumps when she falls off the bed and he bursts out laughing, wiping away his tears as she slowly crawls towards the light and flicks it off.

She opens the door with a pout, “Stop laughing at me!”

She moves to crawl into the bed next to him, pulling the blankets over herself. Jungkook tries to contain his giggles as blows the hair out of her face. “Hey, you should come to my club tomorrow.”

Jungkook stares into the dark as he makes strange expressions to himself, “…You’re still a stripper?”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.” She pouts.

“Well,” He squints at himself and licks his lips, “The pay is good.”

“I’ve got good clients, Kook.” She nods proudly to herself as turns her head to him, “I always told you to come join me. Get out of that shit job of yours and show the world what you got. You’d be really—” she hiccups, “Good!”

“I-” He rubs at his itchy nose, “I already lost my job.”
“Fuck, even better reason for you to come tomorrow. Come on, babe. Give the place a look around, check out the customers a little, and watch me do my thing?” She yawns, “Just think about it, yeah?”

“Don’t you gotta sleep with them after the striptease? I don’t know, Jess.”

“You don’t have to, I just choose to for extra pay. Plenty of the girls don’t do go as far as me. Just come, OK? I’ll buy you a few – no, I’ll buy you a lot of drinks just for coming. Even a joint for the way there, princess.”

He sighs to himself and closes his eyes, mumbling a curse word when she plants messy kisses on his dry lips. “Fine, I’ll go. Just stop kissing me; I’m too high for this.”

“Aww, but you always get so needy after you smoke. When’s the last time you got a happy ending from a stripper?” She rubs at his cheek with thumb, leaning in and pressing a warm kiss on his neck.

“Fine.” He mumbles with a chuckle and it’s all she needs.

She moves her head under the sheets and pulls down her pants. He clenches onto the bedsheets and closes his eyes as goes down on him, bringing him to a euphoric place. As he comes he tries to remember it, to remember her. Because something tells him once he leaves he’s never going to see her again. Because that’s just how she is, someone who doesn’t stay. None of them ever do. But it’s okay, because they don’t love each other anymore. He just loves the way her tongue piercing feels against his skin.

Chapter End Notes

not that jessica

...-

Fun Fact: I have a huge metal IV stand right next to my couch. I don't know what to do with it so I use it to hang my umbrella. If I buy a second umbrella it's going to hang on my IV stand with my other umbrella. Have fun with this useless information you'll never know what to do with.

I'm bi as fuck, yet I was a bit hesitant about fully revealing Jungkook as a bi character who doesn't have string attachments about some of his old relationships. This could give you the idea that he could be open about polygamy. I was hesitant about bringing in a woman (Jessica) into this story with a past-love implication because I know with gay stories/fanfics people tend to repel woman being involved in the story unless they're a relative or an evil lady getting in the way lmao. If it's of any comfort, Jessica will not have a major impact in this story.

She WILL fizzle out in the next few chapters. She's merely a part of his past and she will leave once again, just like she always does. They're over for good. But Jungkook is fond of her touch with no strings attached. He's an open-minded guy with absolutely no little space going on in this chapter. He's big and he's bad today. ...

I didn't want to say that much to "spoil" it but I feel like if I don't people will be turned
off hahaha. Anyway, you'll see me again. I update a lot because I have too much time on my hands.
Jungkook stirs in his rest; eyes shooting wide awake when his face hits a warm back. He squints his eyes at the body and see’s Jessica’s body turned away from him. All of last night comes back to him and he sighs to himself. He sees Nemo sleeping by their feet, curled up into a small ball of fluff.

“Jess? You awake?” His voice cracks.

“Mhm?” She breathes out with a jerk of her body. It was clear to say she was still sleeping, but it’s too late now. She shuffles her body to face him; eyes still closed as she smiles a little. He sits up in the bed and watches as Nemo tired eyes pop open to glare at him for moving. Jessica yawns and stretches her toes from under the bed sheets. He squints his eyes out of the window.

“Do you know the time?” He asks her.

She rolls out of the bed roughly, pushing her arm on the bed as she stands up. “I don’t even know what day it is. I work at night, that’s all that matters to me.”

He puffs hot air out of his mouth and climbs out of the bed, reaching for his pants and slipping them on. She pulls her bed hair to one side of her chest as she strolls out of the bedroom. As they both leave the bedroom, Nemo stretches and follows after them hungrily. Jessica looks down at the cat with a tired grin, “Gotta feed your kitty more, Kook. Also you want coffee? I want coffee.”

“Sure, yeah, yeah.” He says as he rubs his eyes with stress.

“I’ll put a pot on. I have to work when the sun goes down so be prepared, yeah?” She says with a loud yawn, stomping her way to the kitchen. He looks at the clock and groans to himself. They had slept the entire day. In a few hours the sun would set. His sleep schedule is now messed up. She looks at him from the coffee machine with a frown, punching a few buttons before walking up to him and sitting down on the couch near him. She points at the couch with pursed lips. He reluctantly sits down at the couch.

“Okay, so we’ve slept. So now let me know a least a little, yeah? If this is some fucked up shit I got a right to know.” She frowns.

He shuffles awkwardly on the couch and stares down at Nemo who begs for food by his feet. “I just… It’s really a lot of stuff.”

“You don’t gotta tell me the whole book, babe. Just a chapter is good for me.”

He brings his feet up to the couch and crosses them. He picks up his cat and places her on his nap, watching as she sits down and allows him to pet her. He bites down on his lip as he tries to filter out the unnecessary details, “Okay, um…”

She watches him with interest, arms laid on her side as she keeps her mouth closed to hear every word he has to say. He looks at her and looks away, gathering his courage to trust her. “I w-was kidnapped. I just got away. They’re still looking for me…”

“Shit…” She murmurs to herself. She swallows as she looks at him and around the room. “Did you
tell the cops?"

“Yeah, when I got out that’s the first thing I did.” Well not technically the first thing he did, but details schmetails.

She nods to herself and sticks her tongue in her cheek, “Alright, so you’re good then, right?”

“I don’t think I am. Something was… weird about last night.”

“What do you mean?”

He tells her about his arrival at the hospital and why he was there. He gives her all the necessary details that don’t involve the bits he finds too humiliating to tell. She chews on her lips as she connects the pieces, crossing her arms with thought.

“All I’m saying is that I was at the hospital for less than a day, Jess. Only the cops knew I was there. Something’s up for me to have been found so fast. My daddie-“ he coughs, “Those six men, they’re not… regular guys. I don’t think I’m in the clear.”

“I think you should file a report. You know, with the cops. Tell them why you left the hospital.”

“I don’t think I should do that.” He frowns.

“How about an anonymous report? Hell, I’ll do it. I know you don’t trust the cops but it won’t hurt to give them some details about why you just disappeared like that. Why did you do that, by the way?”

“When I saw them coming from the window I just freaked out. I didn’t think a cop with a folded magazine was going to be of much help. My dadd-those men, they’re strong. R-really strong. Plus I already told you. I don’t trust them. I don’t trust anyone. Everything is just so… messed up.” He shakes his head to himself, putting his hands on his face.

She puts a hand on his shoulder with a frown, “Let me help, Kook. I’ll file the report, okay? I know you don’t trust the police but it’s the least you should do. As far as the cops know, you’ve been kidnapped again.”

“H-have you ever met a cop?” He shakes his head with stubborn tears in his eyes, “Back in the orphanage the cops would show up sometimes. You know how the owner handled them? J-just fucking bribed them. These cops are corrupt, Jess. How do I know that’s not happening n-now?”

“Okay, maybe we don’t know but we have to try. Please, let’s just try.” She takes his hand and squeezes it.

He sniffs and nods, watching as she jumps from her seat to get her laptop. She sits back down on the couch and pulls open her laptop, typing in her password as she looks towards the kitchen. “Why don’t you have some coffee? Feed Nemo too?”

He nods and slithers away from the couch, posture slouching as he walks to the kitchen and looks through the cupboard for a can of tuna. He sniffs and rubs away his stupid tears, pulling out a can opener from a drawer. He smiles through his tears when he sees Nemo run into the kitchen when the can opens, staring up at him excitedly as she smells the tuna. He smacks the tuna on a small white plate and puts it down for her, petting her head when she digs in.

He takes two coffee mugs from a shelf and walks over to the coffee machine, making two cups of coffee for the both of them. He slowly walks over to the living room and places them on the coffee
table next to two magazines. She thanks him and takes the cup of coffee, humming an old song to herself as she concentrates on filing the report.

“I gotta buy her real cat food.” Jungkook mumbles to her through his coffee cup.

“I’ll use my stripper change, don’t worry.” Her nails tap on the keys.

He sips his coffee quietly as he listens to the sound of Nemo eating and Jessica typing away at her keyboard. He thinks about where the six men are right now. Are they worried about him or are they angry? Why does he keep almost calling them daddy? Did Jessica notice him do that? He peers at Jessica who is staring down at her laptop with an amusingly concentrated face, eyes squinted and tongue poking out as she clicks on the touchpad.

“Done.” She says simply and closes the tab. She locks the screen and closes the laptop, pushing the laptop to sit on the couch next to her rather than on her lap.

“Thanks.” He smiles to her gratefully. She waves her hand at him to dismiss it as she takes her warm cup of coffee back into her hands. They both sit in comfortable silence as they savor the warm sweet coffee. He looks at her long dark pink fingernails and wonders if they’re real, looking down at his own long dirty fingernails. If he doesn’t get a hold of some nail clippers he’ll probably just bite the bullet and chew them right off.

They both look up at Nemo waltzing into the living room with a full stomach. She jumps onto the couch to sit next to Jessica, licking her paws with content. Jessica runs her long pink nails through Nemo’s fur, cooing down at her as she sings the cat small words of praise and love. He watches them with bittersweet eyes, gnawing on his abused lip as he thinks of something, “Jess…?”

She nods at him with a small smile on her lips.

“…Can you do me a favor?”

“What’s that?” She smiles when Nemo purrs and rubs her face against her hand.

Jungkook looks down at the both of them with a small sad smile and places his empty coffee cup onto the coffee table. He crosses his legs and sticks his thumb in his mouth before cursing and taking it out. He runs a hand through his hair as he fidgets for a moment, “Can you watch Nemo for me? She’s been through so much and I think it’s too much stress for her.”

“Sure.” She smiles at him and scratches Nemo’s neck. The cat meows happily and lifts her head for more scratches.

“I’m not sure how long but… I can’t really watch her right now. It’s not right for me to move her around s-so much.”

“If it comes down to it, Kook,” She looks at him with a serious face, “She’ll live a happy full life with me.”

Jungkook winces from the pain in his wrist as he picks Nemo up and brings her over to his seat on the couch. She purrs and licks at his fingers, nibbling slightly on his nails as she does so. He pets her with his good hand, looking down at her with warm eyes. Jessica watches them both before standing and taking the dirty coffee mugs. “If you ask me, your nana lives on through Nemo. You said something about her jumping through the window? Nemo is special, Kook.”

He watches as Jessica walks over to the kitchen and places the mugs in the sink and starts to wash them. He looks back down at his kitty and kisses the top of her head, “That’s exactly why I want
you to watch over her.”

“I promise!” She sings.

He peppers Nemo with kisses, hugging her as he holds onto the feeling of this moment. Something dark tells him that he won’t be able to return to this, that this will all be for the last time. He chuckles when Nemo sniffs his face before rubbing her face against his arm.

~*~

She hands him a joint as they walk up the club. He awkwardly pushes it into the pocket inside of his jacket. She had given him some clothes left behind by a few clients who swung by her place. He was reluctant to wear them but she convinced him they were washed by her good ol’ laundry machine. She hands him a lighter and he thanks her, taking it and sliding it next to the joint.

She stops by the entrance of the club, turning to him with the click of her heels. She cleans up his hair and grins at him, “Try to have some fun, yeah? Blow off some steam. I’ll spread the word that you’re with me so expect some drinks to fly your way.”

He releases a shaky breath as he scratches the back of his neck, “You sure I should be doing this right now?”

She uses her index finger to clean up his smudged eyeliner she insisted she put on him. She wipes the eyeliner on her black dress and rubs her fingers together. She pulls her hair away from her face and kisses him to comfort him. Jungkook sighs into the kiss and lets her pull him into the club.

“If it gets too much you can head back without me,” She digs for the spare key in her purse and puts it into his hand, “I don’t mind.”

He puts the key into his pants pocket. She drags him to the bar and sits him down in a chair, smiling with familiarity at the bartender. She taps Jungkook’s shoulder just once as she turns to leave, looking at the bartender from the corner of her eyes before she leaves to get ready for the show. “Put the tabs on Ong, yeah?” She points to a man looking at her from another table. She winks at Jungkook before making her way to the older man coyly.

Jungkook looks up at the bartender who dries a wet glass with a cloth. The bartender looks at him expectantly as he waits for the kid to order something. Jungkook bites his lip as he thinks of what to order, shuffling in his seat. “Just fuck me up,” He shrugs at the bartender.

The bartender nods and turns to prepare a drink. He turns his eyes to look at Jessica sitting with the man called Ong, watching as she giggles and plays with her hair while he talks to her. The man rakes his fingers against his exposed thigh, staking his claim to those who watch. He shakes his head with a grimace and looks away. Jessica always tried to get him into this business but he didn’t think he could ever do it. It was not cut out for him. The pay just wasn’t worth the grubby hands on him.

Truth be told he has no desire to watch her perform on stage or watch any of the other workers do so. He’s been here once before and just like last time, he’s only here to be polite and get wasted.

The bartender puts the mysterious drink in front of him with a small bow. Jungkook thanks him as he stares at the large drink. The glass is huge and full of ice cubes. There’s a small straw for him to drink from, which he takes and uses to stir the drink around. He takes a sip from the glass and
looks up at the bartender with surprise.

“Scorpion bowl.” The bartender shrugs as he turns to take orders from other customers, “Have fun.”

He sits there and pounds the drink down, watching with distaste as Jessica leaves the bar with the Ong guy. She winks at him once more as she pulls Ong away by his arm, her high heels clicking against the smooth tiles. He smiles at her with a smile he’s sure looks more like a grimace than anything. He huddles himself over his drink and sips away at it. He’s a lightweight so he’s sure this drink will knock him out. He might still order a shot or two anyway, though. Ong is paying.

The bartender returns to prepare another drink for a customer, looking with raised eyebrows as Jungkook chugs the drink recklessly. He looks at the bartender through the straw and pops it away from his mouth. “Do you know Jessica well?”

The bartender nods as he muddles some mint in a glass. Jungkook curls his lips and drinks more of the cold drink, scrunching his nose at the strength of it. He holds onto the glass with his good hand, watching as the bartender makes what he thinks to be a mojito.

“She’s the best girl here. Boss loves her.” The bartender mumbles to himself.

“Best girl? This is the biggest club in the city. You think so?” He drinks with hazing eyes, pleased to feel the alcohol causing the edges of his mind to blur.

“Oh, she’s good. Jung loves her. Shame the old man is ill.” The bartender finishes the drink and walks away to hand it to the waiting customer, bowing politely to the girl who giggles and takes it from him. The bartender walks over to the sink to wash his hands. Jungkook sucks from the straw as he watches, the room starting to spin as he thinks over the bartenders words.

“Y-you think the old man is gonna die?” he slurps to him.

“Nah,” The bartender chuckles under his breath as he cleans up his counter. He leans over to Jungkook to whisper to him, “You’re tight with Jess, right?”

He nods with confusion, fingers stilling from stirring the ice cubes in his empty glass. The bartender blinks as he looks around the bar for a moment, raising his hand to cover his lips so they can’t be read by any prying eyes.

“Rumor has it the old man is gonna let his son run the business. Already teaching him the ropes and everything. People here are nervous about their jobs, including me, “ he leans away from the drunken Jungkook, “cause we heard the kid ain’t that swell with handling business and tying loose ends. I hope you got tight lips, kid.”

“W-what’s this gotta to do with me?” Jungkook slurs.

“Maybe tell Jess to watch her back and get her GED or something? She won’t take it from the bartender.” The bartender shrugs.

“Fuck,” he looks around with wet hazy eyes, “OK. Hey, can I get a double shot of vodka?”

The bartender whistles yet complies, grabbing a large shot glass and a lime. He makes the shot for the kid, humming to himself and handing it over to him. Jungkook takes the shot and clears his throat, coughing slightly as he scrunches his face. He grabs the lime wedge and sucks on it to try to chase the shot.
“Trying to forget tonight?” The bartender smiles without judgment.

“You could say that,” he says as the thought of the six men runs through his head. He pushes the thought aside as he looks around the bar, turning his head to follow the sounds of the whistles. He can see Jessica on stage with a risky outfit, the music loud and roaring as she performs for the audience and her clients.

He looks back towards the bartender with a lack of interest, taking the lime and picking away at it with his teeth. Jungkook wonders why the bartender is talking to him rather than the other way around. Isn’t it usually the drunken customer who chats it up to the bored bartender? He closes his eyes as the room spins, the sound of the bass from the music filling his ears.

“That kid is young enough to call me hyung but here I am, waiting for him to be my boss. That Hoseok kid looks your age if I’m honest.” The bartender sighs to himself.

Jungkook drunkenly drops the used lime into his shot glass and pushes it towards the bartender. “What did you say?” He leans forward in his seat and puts his hands on the table.

“What?” The bartender says confused as he tilts the lime wedge into the trash so he can clean the glass. Jungkook shakes his head messily and hiccups as he looks at the bartender, “The n-name… What was that name?”

“…Hoseok?”

“Y-yeah, who is he?” Jungkook hiccups.

“Uh, Jung Hoseok. Son of the club owner. His daddy is the boss of everyone here, probably the boss of Seoul to be honest. You feeling okay, kid?” He watches the boy curl into himself.

Jungkook sits up straight as he looks around the bar nervously. It all made sense to him. Hoseok had went on and about his father stepping over and giving him the title. Jung, was that the last name of Hoseok? Shit, he’s in Hoseok’s club right now. His father’s club, the very man who paid for the mansion he was kept inside of.

“The tab is on Ong, right?” He stammers as he nearly falls off his chair.

“Yeah,” The bartender makes a face at the boy who struggles to stand up straight with balance, “Go home, kid. Your body’s done for the night.”

Jungkook stumbles out of the club, pushing past people and spilling a few of their drinks in the process. He shoves his way through to the exit door, the sound of the music leaving behind him. The bouncer gives him a judging look as he loses his balance on the concrete and falls. He slowly stands up from the ground, wincing as he pushes himself up from the dirty ground. He ignores the chuckles from the people waiting in line to get inside the club, people who weren’t as lucky as him to be friends with the staff.

He ignores their laughter and pats away the dirt from his clothes. He makes his way to her apartment as he grabs the joint and lighter from his pocket. He lights it up and takes a few strong hits, not caring as the smoke fades into the night air of the dark street he walks down.

The alcohol mixes with the weed to effectively fuck him up, the only thing he really needs right now. Well, he could go for a cigarette too. Jess probably has a pack or two lying around somewhere and he knows she won’t mind him taking a stick or two. He taps on the joint with his finger as he stumbles to the apartment, shoving his fingers into his pocket as he looks for the key she gave him.
He pulls it out and unlocks the door, walking right past the camera. He stops at the camera and takes a big hit of the joint, giggling as he blows the smoke towards it. Oh, here come the giggles. He giggles his way towards the elevator, almost falling inside of it and punching the number to his floor.

He tries to hold off on finishing the joint until he enters the apartment, since he won’t have a way to put it out. He wiggles the key into the lock and pushes open the door, walking in and closing the door behind him. He tosses the key on the floor as he walks towards the sink. He inhales the last of the joint and puts it out in the sink, wetting it well with water before tossing it into the garbage bin.

He stumbles around the living room as he looks for a pack of cigarettes. He makes a small noise of victory as he sees a half-empty pack, taking out two cigarettes for himself and making his way to the bedroom. He pushes open the door to the bedroom and flicks on the light, falling onto the bed with a giggle and sloppily crawling up towards the headboard.

He leans on his side to reach for the ashtray with his good hand, pulling it over to place it onto his lap. He hits his head against the wooden headboard as he pulls out the lighter, eyes hazy and semi-closed as he flicks the lighter and pops the cigarette into his mouth. He lights the cigarette and inhales it, closing his eyes as he tosses the closed lighter onto the bed.

In this moment he felt complete, he felt perfect. Yes, he felt so happy. Just… so happy.

He inhales the cigarette, holding the weightless stick with his sprained wrist. He uses his good hand to reach his hands down his pants, eyes rolling in the back of his head as he wraps his hands experimentally around his own cock. He strokes himself as he takes hits from the lit cigarette, ignoring the sound of Nemo meowing in the living room.

He holds the cigarette against his fingertips as he strokes himself to completion, mouth agape and eyes closed as he feels the euphoria burrow into the pit of his stomach. He moans to himself as the sound of his precum slicks loudly into the quiet house, the old bed creaking as he touches himself.

He opens his eyes and puts the cigarettes out in the ashtray, leaning back against the headboard as he continues to touch himself. He bites his lip as he feels the orgasm building, head falling to the side of the bed as he loses his balance to sit upright. He whimpers into the room as he comes into his hand, his body jerking as he releases his load.

He breathes as he recovers from his orgasm, moving to lie down on his back on the bed as he groans out through his mouth from the lingering sensations of his orgasm. He holds his hand upright on the bed, his palm facing the ceiling as he wiggles his fingers. His load was all over his hand, leaving his fingers warm and sticky.

His hazy eyes struggle to open when he hears Nemo hissing from the living room. He lacks the strength to move when he hears the threatening sound of creaking footsteps on the wooden floorboards leading up to his room. Through his hazed eyes he can see a tall figure looking down at him and the ashtray, mouth open at him.

“Jungkook?” A deep voice says with surprise.

He sees Jimin step inside of the room carefully, looking at the ashtray with disgust on his face. Jungkook chest moves up and down as he breathes heavily, curling his fingers to hide the sinful liquid on them. He stares as Jimin takes the ashtray away with his gloved fingers, looking down at the boy with concern and relief.

“How?” Jungkook voice cracks as he whispers, eyes fluttering open and shut as the alcohol drags
him to a forced sleep.

“...IP address from the police report, but I wasn't expecting... you.” Jimin whispers as he takes the boy into his arms, frowning as he smells all of the substances staining the boy’s skin. He carries him carefully through the room and passes by Nemo with a passive look, ushering the wasted boy out of the apartment. “Oh Kookie, what on earth happened to you?” He says with anxiety as he rushes to take the boy and get him the help he needs.

Jungkook clutches onto the shirt on Jimin's back, eyes closed as he slumps in the man's ever so familiar strong hold.

Chapter End Notes

goddamn it jessica
There’s a car. It’s moving. He’s inside of it. His pained eyes squint open. His vision is blurred as he looks around the dark interior of the car. He tries to move but his body hurts so much. It was no surprise to him with all of the toxic shit he put inside of his body just earlier. He looks around and sees Jimin sitting quietly across from him, staring out the window with a hard look as the unknown driver quietly takes them to their destination.

He groans quietly as he tries to move his head, the instant sharp pain stabbing into his brain and screaming at him to keep still and let his body work to recover from the destruction he caused to himself. Jimin head turns at the sound of his groan and he looks down with a blank stare to the boy who lies tiredly on the leather seat next to him. Jimin looks away from him and whips his phone out of his pocket, ignoring the confused boy as he taps away at the screen with concentration.

Jungkook feels the urge to vomit as the car rocks back and forth on a rough road. He groans and weakly punches the passenger seat in front of him, pathetically trying to get the driver to be gentler on the road for the mercy of his stomach. Jimin looks down at him and bites his lip for a moment before reaching down and pulling a small bottle of medicine out of his bag.

Jungkook watches as the man struggles to pour the dark liquid into the upside down cap. He leans over to Jungkook and puts a rough hand under his head to tilt it upwards. Jimin doesn’t say anything, just placing the cap against his lips and expecting him to drink the liquid. Jungkook, scared and tired, parts his lips and allows the man to pour the liquid into his mouth and down his throat.

Jimin quietly twists the empty cap back onto the medicine bottle and tosses it back into his bag, moving to cross his legs and look back down at his phone. Jungkook struggles to keep his eyes open as he looks at Jimin, the fog of his mind still messing with his senses. His body is telling him to just sleep the pain off, but it’s not the smart thing to do. He holds a breath as he looks at Jimin, the man still wearing the threatening black leather gloves. Where were they driving? He whimpers to himself as he thinks over the scenario. It reminds of him of an action movie or maybe a thriller movie.

“Are you… g-going to kill me?” He choke’s out whisper to Jimin.

Jimin pauses the tapping on his phone, thinking for a moment before a weird snort leaves his nose. He goes back to tapping on his phone, leaving Jungkook to slowly fall back to his pained slumber. He doesn’t wake when the car stops, the driver nodding to the serious Jimin before stepping out of the vehicle and opening the car door for him. Jimin steps out of the vehicle, hair blowing in the wind as he squints his eyes towards the plane in front of them.

Jimin pulls the boy out of the car, ignoring the boy’s small pained whimpers as he holds him securely over his shoulders. The driver bows to Jimin before stepping back into the vehicle, making a turn and leaving the two of them alone. Jimin walks slowly to the private jet, climbing up the steps to enter the door to the white plane.

The men in the plane heads snap towards the two of them as they enter the plane. Jimin struggles to put the boy into a chair, the boys head rolling to his side as he struggles to break free from his mind blurring fatigue.
“Oh god, what’s that smell?” Taehyung says with a scrunched nose.

“Weed, alcohol, and smoking when I found him.” Jimin shakes his head disappointedly.

Jin pushes the wet hair out of Jungkook’s face, feeling the boy’s forehead with concern. “He’s sick.” he frowns. Jimin shakes his head at Jin and sits down at the chairs, “He’s just hungover.”

“Did you give him something?” Namjoon asks as he stands from his seat, “I’ll get him a wet rag for his forehead.”

Jin tsks at Jungkook and leans back into his own seat. He sighs and looks out of the window of the jet that has yet to fly. “It’s like looking away from a kid in the kitchen for just a moment and looking back to see their hand in the cookie jar.”

“…and he asks why he needs us.” Yoongi sighs.

Namjoon comes back with a wet rag, kneeling over to the mumbling Jungkook and tilting his seat back so the rag won’t slide right off. He presses the cool wet rag against his forehead, looking at the boys furrowed brows with concern. Jungkook’s opens his eyes and looks at the man with hazed eyes, blinking slowly as he tries to look around the strange room.

“Wha-?” Jungkook croaks out as he tries to sit up. Namjoon shushes him a few times and pushes his hand against him to keep him sitting. Jungkook whimpers as puts his sweating hand on the man’s, confused as he tries to focus his vision. “Just try to sleep, Kook.” Namjoon frowns at him.

“Jess?” He mumbles at the familiar nickname.

Jungkook flinches when the plane begins to take off. He pushes against Namjoon’s hand to sit up, the wet rag falling off his forehead and landing down on his lap. He takes in all of the men sitting amongst him, blinking his eyes hard. He clenches tightly onto the armrests of his seat, his fingernails digging into the leather material.

He looks towards the window away from them and shoves Namjoon away from him, running towards the window and look out to the ground they are getting further and further away from. “Shit!” He says to himself and chokes when he notices the wing of the plane.

“Language.” Yoongi warns him.

Jungkook feels the color drain from his skin as he leans against the window, sudden nausea waving over him. He breaks out into a cold sweat and looks at the second door of the plane, assuming it to be the washroom as he runs towards it and pulls open the door. He leaves the door open behind as he practically falls down towards the toilet, upheaving into the bowl and spitting.

He hears the other men scramble towards him, a hand rubbing his back as he dry heaves into the bowl. He can feel the hot tears pool into his eyes and feels them roll down his cheeks as he clears his throat, the bitter stomach acid lingering on his tongue. He raises his hand to flush the toilet and reaches behind to yank the hand away from his back. He swallows bitterly as he stands with a wobble, leaning against the sink with a shake of his breath.

Jungkook leans over the sink counter and breathes to himself. Jungkook blinks away the hot tears and pushes them out of the way with a rough shove, walking away back to the window. Jin stomps from behind and wraps his arms around the boy, pulling him back towards them. Jungkook groans as his head throbs and claws at Jin’s hands. “Let me go you piece of shit.” Jungkook hisses, stomping on Jin’s foot with his shoe.
Jin yells and lets go of the boy, throwing his arm out to lean against one of the seats as he puts a hand over his pained foot. Jungkook squeaks with surprise when Hoseok shoves him painfully against the wall of the plane and puts both his strong hands on his face, leaning in with an angered look. “Stop.” Hoseok scolds him with his words laced with poison, “You’ve caused enough trouble as it is.”

Jungkook stares at Hoseok with trembling eyes, a sharp breath leaving his lips as Hoseok drags him by the arm to the chairs. Hoseok pushes him onto a seat and points a finger at him with narrowed eyes, “Sit there. I don’t want any more trouble from you. Understand?”

Jungkook can’t close his mouth but nods slowly. Hoseok huffs out and sits back down in his seat, adjusting his suit as he takes his glass of whiskey back into his hand and takes a drink from it. Jungkook sits in his seat like a statue as he watches the other men slowly shuffle back into their own seats, some giving both Hoseok and him a few glances.

“My father’s fucking pissed,” Hoseok announces as he squeezes his fingers around the drink, “Getting rid of the mansion just to punish me.”


Hoseok rubs a hand on his face, eyebrows knitted together as he puts the whiskey back down in the cup holder. He looks at the frightened Jungkook and leans forward in his seat towards the boy, shaking his head with frustration. “Running off like that and getting wasted? Doing drugs? What were you thinking? Do you have any idea how scared we were?!”

Jungkook swallows dryly, looking just once at the man’s eyes before looking away with fear. He looks out at the window and sees the clouds, panicking at the sight and finally turning away to look down at his hands. “I,” he stammers nervously, “I’m s-sorry.”

“No privileges. You hear me? You’re getting nothing until you learn.” Hoseok takes the whiskey back into his hand and swishes it around before taking a rough sip. He puts the glass down with a deep sigh, leaning against the chair and putting both of his arms out on the armrest as he tries to calm himself down.

Jungkook lets out a shaky breath as he looks out the window, holding onto the chair as he gathers the courage to ask the question that is bothering him.

“W-where are we going?”

Hoseok keeps his tight eyes and lips closed; seemingly trying to meditate himself so he doesn’t grab the boy and spank him raw. The other men look at each other for a moment, silently communicating to each other as to whether or not they should let the boy be in the know of the situation. “P-please?” Jungkook whimpers.

“…An island.” Taehyung cracks when he hears the boy whimper. The men all look at Taehyung with clenched jaws. Taehyung looks at them defensively, “What’s he gonna do? Swim away?!”

Jungkook leans back in his seat nervously. He avoids looking at any of them, closing as his eyes as he tries to think. If the flight isn’t long it should be obvious that they’re flying to Jeju Island, but Taehyung is right. Unless he can spread the word about where he is, he’s stranded. A sharp pain goes through his head, a throb of his skull to remind him of his punishment for drinking so much. His breath hitches and he tries to rest on his side on the seat, stomach turning light and queasy.

Yoongi twists the cap off a water bottle and moves over to Jungkook. He sits on his knees as he
pulls the boy’s face towards him so the boy can drink the water. Jungkook pushes his hand away miserably, some of the water spilling and splashing onto the floor and Yoongi. Yoongi huffs and pushes through the boy’s stubbornness, reaching the bottle towards his lip.

“I can do it myself.” Jungkook says angrily and tries to take the bottle. Yoongi pulls his arm away but Jungkook persists, squeezing his hand around the bottle. The water spills over himself and the ground, Yoongi finally taking it away from the boy. “Stop it.” Jin scolds him.

“That’s it.” Hoseok says as he stands from his seat and reaches for his belt, much to Jungkook’s horror. Jungkook leaps from his seat and moves away from all of them, staring with wide eyes as Hoseok pulls off his belt and folds it in half. The other men mouths gape at Hoseok.

“He’s still sick, Hoseok!” Namjoon protests.

Jungkook breath hitches as Hoseok stomps towards him with a reached out hand. Jungkook twists his body away from Hoseok’s hand, moving around the private plane to get away from the man. “He’s not sick he’s hungover, something bad he did to himself.”

Jin sighs and puts a hand on his face as the two men play a game of cat and mouse. Jungkook yells for Hoseok to stay away from him as he tries to hide himself in the washroom. Hoseok pulls the boy out of the washroom and lands a harsh smack on his rear, pulling him over to floor of the jet.

Hoseok tightens his grip on his belt.

The small jet was filled with the sound of the leather belt smacking against his clothed bottom. Jungkook jerks at the sudden smack, his entire bottom stinging from the pain. His head throbs horribly as he tries to move around, so he weakly places his head against the floor of the jet.

Jungkook is convinced his bottom has been lit on fire with the second harsh strike. He cries miserably as he arches his back to escape, Hoseok’s strong hard hand pushing him back down. His mouth hangs open with silent screams as Hoseok lands consistent roaring strikes on his bottom. He chokes out a sob when the man doesn’t stop, clenching his fists tightly as he looks up towards the other men. None of them watch as Hoseok delivers the punishment, remaining quiet and as though they don’t hear it.

“Stop! S-stop!” He chants over and over with sobs as his bottom is attacked with the harsh belt. Hoseok holds onto him tighter, fingernails digging through his clothes and leaving dents into his skin – marks that will surely leave bruises later.

He lifts his head and looks at the men through his teary blurred vision, desperately searching their eyes for any sign of mercy and grief. His stomach coils bitterly when he only sees the coldness, a strange unfamiliar monotone to their eyes as they stare down at their phones and ignore the scene. They have never treated him this way. They were always so nice and supportive, always invested with him emotionally. This coldness, this indifference – he couldn’t bear to see it from them. He needed them to be there for him for this, he needed them. He drops his head to the floor with abandonment, openly wailing as the strikes from the leather belt continued to rain down on him.

When Hoseok breathes and hits him harder, he screams out and kicks his leg. He shakes his head and closes his eyes with a shake, opening them to look at his daddies. He looks up at them with red puffy eyes.
“Appa! Appa!” He sobs from the back of his throat, reaching out towards their chairs with his shaking hands.

The strikes on his bottom abruptly end and Jungkook can hear the sound of the belt dropping to the floor. The men look down at him with surprise, all of them holding their lit phones frozenly. Tears well up in Jin’s eyes and he puts his phone down, moving to the floor and scooping the crying boy into his arms.

“Oh baby.” He exclaims and begins rocking the boy back and forth.

Jungkook cries into Jin’s chest, body shaking as he struggles to breath. Hoseok sits there with surprise as he watches the boy cry in Jin’s arms. Jin shushes the boy as he pet’s his hair. Jungkook clutches onto the man’s shirt as he throws his head back to speak.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I shh-shouldn’t ha-have done it.” Jungkook chokes out through his tears.

Jin presses the boys head against his chest, shushing him gently as he rocks the boy back and forth in his arms. “It’s okay, baby. It’s all over now.”

Jungkook shakes his head as the drool drips in strings from his chin. Jin brushes the messy hair out of the boy’s hair, rubbing his back as the boy rubs at his own face with his sleeve. Jin presses a hand against his forehead and tests the boy’s temperature, concern on his face as he looks at the other men.

“He’s burning up,” he says to them and then clicks his tongue at Hoseok. Jin pulls the boy to sit onto one of the seats, holding him on his lap as Yoongi shuffles his hand around in his bag to get a bottle of liquid medicine. Yoongi pours the liquid medicine into the cap and gives it to Jungkook to drink, who drinks it past his post-sob hiccups.

Jungkook holds tightly onto Jin, breathing heavily through his mouth as he can’t breathe through his wet nose. Taehyung comes over with the neglected wet rag and cleans away the drool and snot from the boy’s face, causing Jungkook to scrunch his eyes shut and let out a displeased noise.

Hoseok puts his belt back on quietly, sitting back on his seat and watching the boy as he takes the glass of whiskey back into his hand. He breathes before chugging the rest of the whiskey in one go, placing it down and sucking in some air. Hoseok wonders what to do before standing and retrieving a new bottle of water. He twists off the cap and leans down towards the boy, pressing the bottle against his wet lips.

Jungkook flinches when he sees Hoseok, holding tightly onto Jin for security as he complies with the scary man in front of him and drinks from the bottle. Hoseok tilts the bottle as Jungkook sucks on the bottle. Jungkook turns his head away from the bottle with a small exhale and rubs at his mouth with his dirty sleeve. Hoseok sighs to himself before standing and tossing the empty bottle into the trash, pouring himself more whiskey while he’s at it.

Jungkook closes his eyes and whines at the burning sensation on his bottom, aggravated by sitting down on it so soon after his punishment. Jin puts his hand under the boys shirt and rubs circles in his back comfortably, “We’ll be there real soon, baby. When we get to our new home daddy will make you feel all better, I promise.”

Jungkook nods and curls up against the man, sticking his thumb in his mouth as he tries to comfort himself. It wasn’t a binky, but it’ll have to do for now.
Cause I'm burnin' up, burnin' up
For you baby~♪

♫
Chapter 19

He was carried on the hip down a rocky pathway. He looked up curiously at the large house that was seated just by the edge of the water. The large white house is surrounded by iron pointed fence, the gate guarded by a security guard sitting tiredly in a booth. His eyes take in the beautiful house as the men walk towards it, Hoseok flashing his ID to the security guard who bows and pushes a button to open the fence for them.

As they walk towards the house, Jungkook looks at the side of the house, which has a large pool connected to it giving the swimmers a nice view of the waters ahead. Jungkook wonders why you would just not just jump into the water instead. How silly.

Hoseok takes out a silver key and unlocks the front door of the house, pushing it open and shoving the key back into his suit. Jungkook nibbles on his thumbnail as Jin shuffles him on his hip to hold him more securely. He looks around at the large windows that cover the beautiful home. In the day there is no need for lights as the windows provide more than enough light for the house, from what he can see.

The men slip off their shoes and he watches as they all simultaneously take off their suit jackets and throw them over his shoulders. Jin walks him over to the marble steps in front of the entranceway and sits him down onto the steps. Jungkook makes a face at the immediate sting that soars through his bottom against the cold marble steps and pushes on his hands to push off of the steps to relieve the pressure. Jin pushes him back down with a small tsk before moving to take off his own shoes.

Jin places his shoes neatly with the other shoes near the door. They all look at Jungkook sucking on his finger with a small huff. Jin smiles as Yoongi leans over to scoop up the boy and pepper him with kisses. “I’m so happy to have you back.” Jin coos as he watches Yoongi and the little.

“Let’s get you your binky, yeah?” Jimin smiles down at the little and ruffles his hair.

With nothing else to do, they all follow as Yoongi carries Jungkook up the stairs. Jungkook looks around the house curiously from Yoongi’s shoulder, watching as the front door and marble steps get further and further away. He takes his thumb out of his mouth with a frustrated huff and presses his chin against Yoongi’s shoulder as his eyes flutter around the men.

“Poor baby, he isn’t settled at all.” Jin frowns as he watches the huffy Jungkook. Jimin pokes at Jungkook’s cheek playfully as they continue to walk, grinning at the pouty boy. Jimin looks at Jin with a reassuring smile, “He’ll be fine, Jinnie.”

Taehyung walks in front of them to open the door for Yoongi. Jungkook watches their faces with puzzlement as they make small happy noises when they see the room. Yoongi walks over and places him down on a soft rug on the ground. His breath hitches as he looks around the room. There is a large balcony with slide doors in this nursery, the light from the sun pouring in wonderfully. Out the glass doors he can see the view of the water for miles.

The walls of the room are painted a simple light blue, with the room adorned with similar furniture and staples from his prior room. His eyes turn to his new wooden crib and he sees the pink polka dot fleece blanket folded nicely over the mattress, inviting him to come over and touch the soft
“Wow, they really did a good job with the place.” Namjoon says as his fingers run through the soft curtain tied by the balcony doors. Jungkook’s eyes follow his daddy’s fingers. He notices there’s a keypad by the doorknobs of the balcony doors, meaning the doors must be locked with a passcode.

“It’s impressive considering how little time we gave them, that’s for sure.” Hoseok nods.

He ignores the men as they talk to each other about the house, his vision instead fixated on the crib mobile that rests above his crib. His eyes sparkle as he stares at the pretty hot air balloons and clouds hanging from the crib mobile. He feels the urge to reach his hands out to the clouds and clutch them, just to see how they feel against the skin of his fingers.

The men don’t notice as he crawls away from the rug and makes his way to the crib, the walls of the crib conveniently pulled down for him to make his way onto the bed. He pulls himself over the crib and firstly runs his fingers over the soft fleece blanket. He looks down at the cute white polka dots on the blanket and takes the blanket into his arms. He rubs the soft fabric across his face before wrapping the blanket around his cold frame.

He sits on his knees and hovers in the air as he tries to reach his right hand towards the crib mobile, his vision locked on the seemingly hand-made hot air balloons and soft white clouds. He wraps his hand successfully around one of the clouds and pulls down on it curiously. He jumps back when the crib mobile begins to spin around, the sound of a music box playing filling the room.

His daddies pause in their conversation and look at the crib mobile with puzzlement before seeing Jungkook sitting on the crib, eyes wide like a deer as he holds the blanket tightly around himself. Yoongi snorts loudly before turning to find something in the room.

“Man, I wish I had my camera for this.” Taehyung pouts as the others coo at the adorable Jungkook.

“Aww, you like your new crib, baby?” Jin coos at Jungkook who simply blinks at him. Jungkook turns his eyes to look up at the moving crib mobile, mesmerized as he watches it spin around soothingly. He flinches when a hand goes near him, moving his head back without thinking. He blinks when Yoongi sticks a green binky into his mouth, smiling down at him and smoothing down the boys ruffled hair.

“Much better.” Yoongi eye smiles at him.

“Alright,” Hoseok says and reaches out towards Jungkook to take him into his arms. Jungkook breath hitches as Hoseok picks him up, sucking on his binky as Hoseok looks down at him with a somewhat guilty smile, “Let’s get you in a warm bath.”

Jungkook shakes his head at Hoseok and arches his body away from the man. Hoseok frowns as Jungkook tries to squirm out of his hold but seems to understand why the little doesn’t want to be near him at the moment.

“Pumpkin, don’t you want to have a bath with Hobi?” Namjoon makes a face as he watches Jungkook squirm. Jungkook shakes his head again and huffs his breath, blowing his binky out of his mouth and onto the floor.

Hoseok sighs as he watches Taehyung pick up the binky, cleaning it with his shirt before sticking it back into the fussy boy’s mouth. Taehyung pinches at Jungkook’s cheek as he tries to coax the boy, “Come on, Kookie. I’m sure it’ll be real nice.”
Jungkook makes a displeased noise and reaches his arms out towards Taehyung, making small noises towards Taehyung to encourage him to take him out of Hoseok’s arms and carry him instead. Hoseok frowns at the boy’s desperateness to get away from him and pulls him away from Taehyung’s uncertain hands that reach out towards them.

Taehyung gives Hoseok a shrug, then giving an apologetic smile to the whining Jungkook who’s currently giving him puppy eyes. Hoseok ignores him and looks down at Jungkook, bumping him up and down on his hip to soothe him.

“Come on, bunny. Daddy doesn’t bite.” He persists.

Jungkook takes the binky out of his mouth to speak timidly up at Hoseok. His eyes shift towards Taehyung before he speaks to Hoseok, “Can Tae… come too?”

Hoseok purses his lips as he looks at Taehyung. Taehyung stands there awkwardly with an eye smile, arms to his side as he waits for Hoseok to say something – anything. Hoseok puts a strained smile on his lips and looks down at the anticipating Jungkook. Jungkook lets out a deep elated sigh when Hoseok nods to the little.

“Then let’s go.” Hoseok says as turns to leave the room, but not before giving a pressed look to the other men in the room.

Taehyung leaps down the new hallway ahead of them as they walk to the bathroom. Jungkook sucks on his binky stressfully as Hoseok strolls him through the house, the man’s feet quietly clacking across the marble floor. Jungkook has his head turned unpleasantly to look forward towards the direction Hoseok is walking, his wide brown eyes watching Taehyung curiously as the man skips into the bathroom and heads straight for the tub to turn the water on.

The tub is… different. Different from all of the tubs he’s ever seen. It’s wide, steep and made out of wood. It kind of looks like it’s from Japan. It looks like it could fit all of them combined. A light goes off in his mind and an instant flush goes over his cheek. He bites down on the binky as he looks up at Hoseok, his daddy’s eye fixated on watching Taehyung prepare the bath.

When Namjoon said bath with Hobi, did he mean a bath with Hobi? He looks over at Taehyung with a blush, realizing that because of his silly tongue he would be bathing with Taehyung too. He flinches when Hoseok gently moves him off of his hip and places him down to stand on his legs. Jungkook chews on his binky as Hoseok takes off his shirt, closing his eyes as the heat from his skin overwhelms him.

Taehyung copies Hoseok’s actions, singing a song loudly as the sound of the running water fills the room. Jungkook opens his left eye to peek at Hoseok, closing it shut immediately with a shudder when he sees the man increasingly more naked. Hoseok looks at him with a raised eyebrow and a small chuckle, discarding his boxers to the side with a toss of his wrist.

“We gotta scrub you clean first before going in the bath, baby,” Taehyung coos towards Jungkook as he walks over in his birthday suit, “You’re all… dirty.”

Taehyung tugs at his clothes, smiling when the boy raises his arms with scrunched eyes. Jungkook’s bottom still hurt so he wasn’t going to risk getting another punishment, even if he was embarrassed. He squeaks when Hoseok pulls down his pants, leaving his bare frame exposed to their view. Taehyung frowns when he sees the purple bruises on the front of his thighs but makes no comment, making the assumption for now that it has a connection to the boy’s adventure when he was on his own.
Taehyung trails his eyes up the boy’s frame, eyes locking onto the bruises and marks he sees on the boy’s chest and collarbones. He trails his fingers over the marks, much to the displeased noise that leaves the boys throat. Hoseok moves to look at what has caught Taehyung’s interest, freezing when he too sees the marks on the boy’s skin. Hoseok reaches a hand to touch the largest bruise, his fingers flinching back at the contact as though he’s been burned.

“Kookie, did someone hurt you?” Taehyung hesitates.

Jungkook shakes his head with confusion and tries to look down at what they’re staring at. He rakes a finger over his own bruises, his long nails gently scraping over the raw skin. He tries to think of what could have caused the bruises and thinks back on Jessica. The girl tended to get very nippy in bed, bruises her way of leaving her mark on you to remember for days later. His eyes glaze over when he thinks of Jessica and Nemo, and he wonders if they are okay and if she is thinking of him.

“Let’s just get him cleaned up for now.” Hoseok ends the conversation, pulling the now gloomy Jungkook towards a wooden seat. Jungkook winces and scrunches his eyes when he’s sat down of the stool, his bottom burning in protest due to his recent spanking. Hoseok gets a detached shower head and turns it on, testing the water on his hand until its warm enough to be suitable for Jungkook.

Jungkook chews quietly on his binky as Hoseok wets him with the water and wets a bar of soap. Hoseok turns off the shower head and lathers the boy with the wet bar of soap, scrubbing the sinful lifestyle off the boys youthful skin. Taehyung reaches for the detachable showerhead and turns it on, his hand reaching towards Jungkook’s messy hair, “Daddies going to wash your hair. Tilt your head back?” He smiles kindly at him.

Jungkook tilts his head back and closes his eyes, feeling like a doll as Taehyung washes his hair with the shampoo and Hoseok thoroughly cleans his body with the soap. After Taehyung finishes washing the shampoo out of his hair, he hands the showerhead to Hoseok so the man can wash the soap off the boy’s skin.

His daddies nod with approval to each other when they finish. Jungkook holds onto his binky as Taehyung pulls him up and towards the hot bath. “Daddy needs to wash up, too. Can you sit in the bath and wait for your daddies?”

Jungkook stares at him blankly before stepping to the bath, the water splashing around his feet as he walks towards the end of the bath and sits in a corner. Taehyung smiles at the boy before turning to wash up, happy that the boy is obeying even if the boy seems to be down.

Jungkook sits in the corner of the steamy water, breathing through his nose as he relaxes his muscles in the hot water. He closes his eyes and tilts his head back to rest against the wooden ledge of the bath, listening to the sound of his daddies washing themselves from across the room. He sways his feet in the water, the water splashing in the tub as he curls his toes out comfortably.

“Somebody is happy.” Hoseok chuckles to Taehyung as he peaks his eyes at the boy. Jungkook feels his cheeks heat up when both of them look at him with happy grins, their teeth flashing at him. He sinks lower to the bath and pulls the binky out of his mouth. He dramatically holds his breath with a gasp in front of them before sinking into the water. He holds his breath for as long as he can and shoots up when he can feel someone enter the water.

He wipes the water away from his face and blinks away his blurry vision as both of his daddies step into the water, the water splashing around as they both sit down against the wooden ledge beside him. He sticks the wet binky back into his mouth as he remains stiff in the bath, arms to his
side as Hoseok and Taehyung sigh with bliss.

“Now is this so bad, bunny?” Taehyung teases as he places a dry kiss against his wet cheek. Taehyung places soft kisses on his neck as Jungkook flinches. Taehyung pauses when he moves to kiss the boys ear, noticing an oddly placed bruise behind the boy’s ear. He uses his thumb to push the boy’s ear forward so he can see it more clearly. “Baby, how on earth did you get this bruise?” He asks with a mixture of both concern and puzzlement.

“What bruise?” Jungkook says innocently after he pulls his binky out. He places the binky on the water and let’s go, watching casually as it sinks to the bottom and rests next to his knee. Taehyung uses his pinky finger to gently press against the bruise, “Right there. How’d you manage that?”

Jungkook shrugs and picks his binky back up. He wasn’t a snitch. Snitches get stitches; didn’t anyone ever tell that to his daddies?

Taehyung lets out a sigh from the depths of his chest and leans back against the wooden ledge, seemingly giving up on the subject. For now. Taehyung moves his head to rest back against the ledge, watching as Jungkook make small action noises and play with his green binky. Hoseok watches Jungkook and laughs when Jungkook dramatically dips the binky into the water.

“That’s not a toy, Jungkookie.” Hoseok says amusedly with a shake of his head.

Jungkook stops with pouty lips, plunging the wet warm binky back into his mouth. If he was going to have a judging audience, he didn’t feel like playing around anymore. Hoseok takes the binky out of his mouth, causing the boy to gasp at the sudden loss, but is silenced by Hoseok’s warm lips on his.

Hoseok breaks away from the kiss and sticks the binky back into the boy’s mouth, but it drops into the water, simply because Jungkook’s mouth is sticking open with surprise. Taehyung lifts his head as he starts laughing, banging his head on the wood when he tilts his head back.

The water splashes as Taehyung wraps his arms around the boy, peppering him with kisses and giggling to himself. “You’re. So. Damn. Cute.” Taehyung says between each kiss on the boy’s cheeks, nose and lips.

Jungkook looks down blankly at the arms around his body and leans his head against the man’s chest. As Taehyung speaks his head filters it out, and he reaches his fingers out with a strain of his muscles to reach for his binky lying neglected in the water.

He picks it up and sticks it into his mouth, eyes blank as Taehyung coos over him.

Chapter End Notes

Shorter chapter today. Sorry! -. Thanks so much for all the comments and the kudos! I really appreciate it. ^^
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“There was a crooked man, and he walked a crooked mile.

He found a crooked sixpence upon a crooked stile.

He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,

And they all lived together in a little crooked house.”

A gentle smile rains down at Jungkook as the boy leans against Namjoon’s chest and drinks from his bottle. They were sitting down on the leather couch in the living room, the balcony open with the sound of the wind blowing through the trees. “That’s a nice little rhyme I read in a book once. I thought you might like it.” Namjoon murmurs to him.

Jungkook thinks to himself as he sips on the warm sweet beverage, the liquid lovingly running through his throat and giving him euphoric tingles all over. Namjoon is softly squeezing the bottle with his main hand, giving him only the work of swallowing the liquid that floods in from the small rubber tip and drops onto his tongue.

“Some people say that the nursery talks about being different, that no matter whom you are or where you are, there will be always be a place for you in this world.”

Jungkook stares into the man’s warm eyes, his eyes radiating down at him with deep meaning. He blinks heavily against the bottle in his mouth and raises his hand to rest against his daddy’s chest and play with the soft cotton fabric. A small smile shines on the man’s face and he leans over to press a soft kiss on the boy’s head, careful not to move his hand from the bottle he’s holding.

“It makes me think of us… and you. You’re not judged here, Kookie, none of us are. You’re always safe here.” Namjoon whispers.

Jungkook closes his eyes and loses himself to all of the sensations – the sensation of the warm liquid and the soft touches from the man’s fingers scratching his scalp.

“Your hair smells like coconut.” Namjoon chuckles under his breath. Jungkook hums from behind the bottle with agreement, the only way he can communicate at the moment. Namjoon runs his fingers through the boy’s soft black locks and takes the hair between his fingers, rubbing the smooth locks through his fingers. “Maybe we should colour your hair, just like your daddies did recently.”

Jungkook looks at up his daddy’s hair, looking at the freshly bleached locks he has. Namjoon used to always have traditional black hair, but now the man has moved on to a light purple pastel color. When he thinks about it, all of his daddies have changed their hair colors to something else. Was it because they were currently laying low on the island? But why would Namjoon want to change his hair color?

“Maybe a dark purple? Or a dark blue?” Namjoon says excitedly as he twirls the boy’s locks between his fingers. He looks down at the boy who stares at him with a vexatious look. He lets go of the boys hair with a snort and nods down to the boy as though he understands what the boy was saying to him, “Okay, okay. We’ll have a family meeting later.”
“What’s this about a family meeting?” Jimin says as he waltz over to the couch with Yoongi. Yoongi plops down on the couch with Jimin and rips open a loud bag of chips, turning on the television with the remote and mindlessly scrolling through the channels.

“Just talking about colouring Kookie’s hair.”

“Ooh, I like the sound of that.” Jimin grins excitedly and leans forward in his seat. Jungkook looks at Jimin’s hair, the man now sporting bright red locks along with Taehyung. His eyes gravitate to Yoongi whose mouth is smacking from eating the chips, his eyes fixated on the man’s mint hair color. Yoongi looked a lot more feminine with the mint hair color in contrast to his prior raven black hair, but the man was still intimidating and sharp like a feline. “What color were you thinking?” Yoongi says after swallowing a handful of chips.

“Mhm, maybe a dark purple or blue?”

Jungkook finishes his bottle as the three men talk about his hair. He pops his mouth off of the bottle and purses his lips as he waits for Namjoon to finish speaking. He pulls his sleeves over his hands to create paws, yawning loudly as the bottle makes him want to take a long cat nap. Cats, cats, cats. Why does the topic of cats keep coming back? He misses Nemo so much.

“All done, baby?” Namjoon asks the little. Jungkook nods with a disheartened look, whining from the loss of Namjoon’s warm body when the man slides him off his lap so he can stand. “Daddy’s gotta clean up your bottle, pumpkin.” He says before leaving him behind for the kitchen.

Jimin moves over to pick up Jungkook and bring him over to the other couch him and Yoongi are sitting at. Jungkook presses a few fingers on his stomach uncomfortably as Jimin sits him down, the bottle causing him to feel a bit bloated and much too full. Beyond the delightful vanilla flavoring, he wonders what the bottle really contains.

Jimin lays Jungkook’s head to rest on his lap. Yoongi moves the chips to the side so the boy can place his bare legs onto his lap. Jungkook holds onto his stomach and moves his foot with a whine when Yoongi playfully tickles his toes. Jimin looks down at the boy’s face on his lap, “Feeling okay?”

Jungkook shakes his head with a huff and turns his body to lay in a fetal position, his back facing the back of the couch. Jimin frowns at Yoongi and they both look at the boy with worry. Jimin runs his fingers through the boy’s hair and pushes aside the boy’s long fringe, his palm resting against the boy’s warm forehead. “What’s wrong, baby?”

“Stomach… hurts…” Jungkook mumbles out as he rubs his fingers on his stomach with a small grimace. Jimin coos with sympathy and moves the boy to lie on his back and lay his head back onto his lap. “Let me rub your stomach, it might help with the pain.”

A faint blush sweeps across Jungkook’s cheeks as Jimin softly tugs his shirt upwards, displaying his thin stomach towards the three of them. Yoongi takes the bag of chips on the couch and stands from the couch to put them away, momentarily leaving the two of them alone in the living room. Jungkook closes his eyes as he feels Jimin’s firm fingers slowly massage circles against his abdomen, helping to relieve the cramps he’s currently feeling. “How weird for your bottle to give you cramps. I’ll have to talk to Namjoon.” Jimin reassures the boy.

“I wanna eat real food.” Jungkook frowns as he thinks back on the chips Yoongi was munching on. The fingers on his abdomen pause for a moment before continuing and he closes his eyes again.

“That’s not my call, kitten.” Jimin says quietly to the boy, an apologetic look towards the boy who
eyes aren’t open to see.

Jungkook opens his eyes again and looks at his daddies face, noticing how the long red strands of hair fall over the man’s face and threaten to poke him in his open eyes. He licks at his top lip as he thinks to himself a question he’s not sure will be worth asking. “I m-miss my cat.” He says quietly and looks away from Jimin’s face.

“Oh,” Jimin thinks for a second, “…Nemo?”

Jungkook frowns with a nod. He gently takes the man’s hand and pulls it away from his abdomen to stop the massage – pulling his shirt back down to cover himself, and turning to his face to face towards the back of the couch. Jimin chews on his bottom lip while his mind swarms with what to say and what to do, the boy visibly upset.

Of course it was Jimin who had found the boy at the house, and it was Jimin who walked past Nemo twice without an intention of taking her along. It was his fault the cat wasn’t here, but really, how do you get both a cat and a boy into a car and then onto a plane?

“Maybe Nemo is out of the question right now, but-“ Jimin continues past Jungkook’s irritated puff, “maybe, maybe we can get you a new friend?”

Jungkook stays quiet on the couch, slowly raising his thumb to stick it into his mouth. His rubs forehead against the cold leather, eyebrows knitted together due to the frustrating fact that they just don’t understand why Nemo isn’t just something that can be replaced or forgotten. Jimin rubs a hand over his tired face, a small sigh coming loose from his lips. He scratches at the back of the boy’s head with his pointer finger apologetically, “We’re due for a family meeting... Daddy will work something out, okay munchkin?”

Jungkook nods slightly, not bothering to speak with the thumb stuck in his mouth. Where had Namjoon put his binky? He sighs to himself. What a silly man.

~*~

They were all seated in the kitchen. Jungkook was surprised at the fact that he got to sit at one of the chairs with them, but the binky comfortably slipped in his mouth was a gentle reminder that he was definitely not in any way the same level as them. He leans forwards in the big chair, resting his head onto his crossed arms that lay flat on the large wooden table.

When Taehyung makes his way to the table and sits down in the last free chair, Jungkook assumes that the so called “meeting” has begun. He’s not sure why he’s invited, because all he wants to do is scribble with the new sketchpad Yoongi had sneaked into his nursery earlier in the day. Yoongi had even gifted him a few colored ink pens, a cool improvement from the crayons Jin would always coo and rave about when he saw him using them. You can’t add details with a blunt crayon, silly Jin.

“So what’s up?” Taehyung says dryly.

Clearly not everyone is in the know about the nature of this discussion, including Jungkook. Maybe he should draw a rabbit? Oh, or a dragon. Ooh, a dragon with a rabbit? No, now that’s just going too far. Decisions, so many decisions.
“This is overdue,” Namjoon says seriously, “But it’s good to finally sit down and have this talk.”

The fog in Jungkook’s chaotic mind clears, his head snapping up from the table to look at the men. He swallows his thick saliva and wonders worriedly if he’s in trouble. Is this about him running away and snitching? He knows he said snitches get stitches but he doesn’t want to end up a snitch with a stitch. He looks down at his healing wrist. Wasn’t his sprain enough punishment?

“Let’s get my dad out of the way.” Hoseok says calmly. The men nod at the table as they listen to what Hoseok has to say. Hoseok takes out his phone and scrolls through it with his thumb, face concentrated as he goes over the fresh information. Jungkook rests his head back on the table tensely and ravishes the rubber on his binky with his teeth.

“Okay so,” Hoseok says stressfully, “He insists on stopping by.”

“…Here?” Jin says after a moment of silence.

“They’re working on burying the case but my dad is still not happy with me. He insists on stopping by and, um-“ he swallows, “Seeing Jungkook.”

The table goes eerily silent; the sound of creaking chairs and Jungkook’s gnawing filling the large room. Jungkook lifts his head from the table and pops the binky out of his mouth, rubbing it dry on his shirt before dropping it onto the table. “Can I go now?” Jungkook says impatiently as he begins to lean back and forth in his chair with loud creaks.

“Sit Jungkook.” Namjoon points a finger at him, causing the boy to pout and stop moving the chair.

“I don’t know why my dad wants to meet him, I really can’t read him, but it can’t be that bad. We’ll just have to be ready for it.”

“And when is this happening?” Jin frowns.

Hoseok thinks to himself and frowns, taking his phone back into his hand and unlocking it. He scrolls through the phone before nodding to himself and placing the device back down, “About a week from now.”

Jin nods slowly and uncomfortably, “Okay, uh – mhm, I guess… we can prepare for that…”

“Should we keep him in little space?” Taehyung wonders aloud. They all look at each other and look down at the boy who is currently playing with his green binky, making small noises to himself. Hoseok tilts his head with a small sharp breath, “I don’t know guys.”

“His dad is rough, Tae. We should probably get Kookie into big space by then.” Yoongi shakes his head.

Big space, little space, space… What if he draws a spaceship? That would be cool. He could add little stars and planets and everything. Ooh, maybe he could use glitter too? He picks up the green binky and rubs the dry rubber across his cheek before pushing it into his mouth. He huffs and rests his head on the table, gently hitting his chin on the wooden table as he waits for them to let him leave.

“Patient, Jungkook.” Jimin lectures him.

“A crayon holding Kookie might be better than a swearing Jungkook, just saying.” Taehyung shrugs at them. Hoseok shakes his head at Taehyung and crosses his arms firmly, “Big space. I’m
“Is that your final answer?” Jimin taunts Hoseok.

“Who wants to be a millionaire?” Taehyung sings.

“Shush.” Hoseok rolls his eyes at them and points a pen towards Yoongi when he snorts at him. Hoseok puts the pen back down onto the table next to a notepad with several mysterious numbers and text that Jungkook can’t decipher. “Next topic. Uh - whatever that is. I don’t remember what else we’re here for to be honest.” Hoseok frowns.

“Oh, me!” Jimin cuts off Taehyung from speaking. Taehyung makes a peeved face, slumping back in his seat and allowing Jimin to continue on with the meeting. “This won’t take long.” Jimin says to the annoyed Taehyung.

“Jungkook had a nasty stomach cramp earlier today, right after he was fed from his bottle. I’m not pointing any fingers or making any accusations, but I’m thinking that maybe the whole bottle thing might be hurting him long-term.”

Everyone except Jungkook and Jimin coo towards the little, faces struck with pity and sympathy. Jungkook resists the urge to roll his eyes and leave to his room. This is boring, really boring.

“Aww, poor baby.” Jin says.

“What are you suggesting, Jimin?” Hoseok says with intrigue.

“I’m thinking,” Jimin clears his throat, “That we reduce the bottle feeding? I think we should be supplementing him with real food. I know we give him multi-vitamins but I think he needs vitamins from the real stuff, at least once in a while.”

Hold up, they give him multivitamins? When, where, how? Sneaky men. Very sneaky. He watches as the other men nod and go quiet with contemplation.

“We’ll ease him off it, but I insist on using the bottle at least once a day. It’s not about the bottle, it’s about the experience, you know?” Jin pouts, “Truth be told I don’t want to lessen the bottle usage at all, but I also want to do what’s best for our baby.”

“Of course,” Yoongi nods, “But I agree with Jimin. Jungkook is young and healthy, I’m not sure we want to mess around with his body by putting him on a strict liquid diet.”

Jungkook’s eyes dance back and forth towards the men. Could it be? Real food? Gone will be the days where he dreams of chips and sneaked in goodies? His mouth drools at the idea of eating chicken, ramen, chips, curry, cereal, and ooh he could go on and on.

“Alright, so we’ll get him back on solids.” Namjoon agrees.

“So that’s out of the way. What’s next?” Hoseok looks around the room with inviting eyes. Jimin motions a hand towards Taehyung, who eagerly leans forward in his seat to speak what’s on his mind.


“Um, as you guys know Hobi and I had a bath with Jungkook recently.” Taehyung starts off quietly as he focuses his eyes on messing with a hangnail on his thumb. The men nod silently and wait for him to continue on. Taehyung gives a shy look towards Hoseok who encourages him with
a comforting smile. “Well… we found some… interesting marks on Jungkook’s body.”

“How do you mean?” Jin says with a raised eyebrow.

Jungkook frowns from behind his binky. Is this about the whole Jessica thing again? He’s not a snitch. He’s not going to tell on her and get her in trouble. They’re not getting a peep out of him. He makes the mental decision to be stubborn on this one. It was bad enough that Jessica has to watch his kitty. He’s not going to get his daddies mad at her too!

“He’s got bruises, guys. Really weird bruises and he didn’t want to tell us what happened when we asked him.” Taehyung says worriedly.

They look at the Jungkook who has his arms tightly crossed with a firm expression. Jin would laugh at how cute the boy looks if it weren’t for the fact that he was genuinely concerned about what Taehyung was telling them. “Baby, do you want to show us the marks your daddy is talking about?”

“Nhm-nhm.” Jungkook shakes his head at Jin, his long black locks moving around wildly and landing over his eyes. He huffs out of his nose with irritation and sweeps the long locks out of his face, somehow managing to scrape his eyebrow with his long fingernail. He’s going to bite his nails down. Once his daddies stop bothering him.

“He’s really stubborn on this one, guys.” Taehyung warns them.

“Okay, we’ll just take your word on the marks for now.” Jin says to Taehyung and sighs towards the agitated Jungkook. Namjoon reaches over from the table and pulls the binky out of Jungkook’s mouth. Jungkook flinches at the action and instinctively whines and tries to take it back. Namjoon wipes the binky dry against his pants and holds the binky underneath the table.

“Jungkookie, daddy just wants you to use your words.” Namjoon smiles weakly at the pouty Jungkook.

“I don’t wanna say anything!” Jungkook groans and leans his upper body over the table, frustratingly laying his arms stretched out on the wooden surface.

“What’s wrong, bunny? Why don’t you want us to know?” Taehyung says.

“Because,” Jungkook huffs impatiently, “You’ll get all mad and I don’t want to get her in trouble.”

“Her?” Hoseok says.

“Oops.” Jungkook slaps a hand over his own mouth. He slumps back in her seat and glares at them, “Stop.”

“Jungkookie, can you at least tell us what happened?” Jin coaxes him.

“No. I don’t wanna. Stop asking me!” Jungkook groans. Right now he could be doing so many other better things. Like drawing or playing with the guitar in the nursery, or – well, anything else to be honest.

Jimin motions a hand to the other men who open their mouths to say something. He winks at the men who look at him with confusion. He opens his mouth to speak slowly, “You know, guys, Jungkookie and I were talking and he’s really missing having a critter walking around.”

“Oh really?” Yoongi says as they play along with Jimin.
His eyes look up from the floor to glow up towards Jimin. His eyes shift towards all of them as the hope bubbles in his chest. Jimin looks at the eager Jungkook and gives him a small wink as he continues. “Maybe Jungkook would like a new friend here? What do you guys think?”

“Ooh, wouldn’t that be nice?” Hoseok smiles at Jungkook.

“That sounds great!” Taehyung chimes in.

“What kind of pet should we get?” Jin wonders aloud, flashing a badly hidden mischievous smile towards Jimin and Namjoon.

They all turn their eyes to look at the little, whose hands are clenched around the edge of the wooden table with excitement and anticipation. Jungkook gasps open his mouth to speak but immediately after closes his mouth, looking up at the ceiling as he tries to think over the most important decision of his life.

“I think, Jungkookie, that you should get to pick one after you help out your daddies.” Jimin interrupts the boy’s train of thought.

Jungkook eyes snap away from the ceiling and towards his daddies. He looks at them with a small pout and unclenches his hand from the table. “What do you want me to do?” He mumbles before sticking his thumb into his mouth, secretly holding back the urge to run over and steal the binky from Namjoon.

“Well, sweetie,” Jin eyes widen at him hopefully, “Just tell your daddies how you got the bruises. Then we’ll let you get any pet you want. Isn’t that exciting?”

Jungkook gawks at Jin for a moment before slumping into his seat. He wishes he had his sketchbook so he could make a list of the animals he wants. It’s just too hard to choose. He takes his thumb out of his mouth to speak, “Any?”

“Any.” Hoseok nods.

They watch the Jungkook think the agreement over at the edge of their seats, their toes curling as they make silent prayers and feel the anticipation swimming in their chests. Jungkook bites at his thumbnail before smiling to himself. “A girl…” Jungkook giggles.

Okay, a girl…” Jin nods but this is already known knowledge to them.

He thinks back at Jessica and the night in her room but it all feels so fuzzy. He frowns and scratches his nose. It comes back to him, then. She was on top of him, bouncing; bouncing up and down. Ooh, a bouncy castle. Can they get him a bouncy castle? No, concentrate! She was kissing, sucking, biting, pinching, and oh it hurt – it hurt so much, but it was delicious pain. It hurt in the best way, the way that could only be possible if it was with someone like her.

“We were playing,” Jungkook hums as he plays with the fabric of his shirt, “She was bouncing on me and she wanted to nibble.”

“Sa-sorry?” Taehyung squeaks with wide eyes.

Jungkook tries to explore his little mind, the memories hazy. He sees the dark room; his eyes were hazed and tired as she thrusted herself on him. She was moaning loudly as the wet slapping noise filled the room, his breath heavy and mind blurry as the weed had its effect on him.

“I want you to remember,” She said as she marked him painfully all over, “I want to fuck you so
hard, I want to fucking destroy you. Destroy me too, baby. F-fuck!”

Jungkook feels a tap on his arm which rips him out of his thoughts. He scratches his hair and sees no reason to not just come out with what he had just remembered. “Wanted me to remember, wanted to… to fucking destroy me.” He quotes her words with a happy naïve smile.

“Jeon Jungkook!” Jin gasps at him.

“Those… Those are hickies?” Yoongi says with a furrowed brow, anger slowly making its way through his veins.

“Can I go now?” Jungkook sighs.

“Uh-uhm – I… I guess you can. A deal is a deal.” Hoseok chokes out.

Jungkook dashes out of his seat like lightning and yanks his binky out of Namjoon’s hand. He giggles to himself as he runs up the stairs for his nursery. Finally, that conversation was so boring. He can hear one of his daddies yelling at him from downstairs to not run and to wait for one of his daddies to follow him, but he doesn’t care. It’s drawing time.

He pulls open the door to his nursery and leaps inside, practically throwing himself onto the large rug. He reaches for his sketchbook and reaches for a black crayon. He flips open the sketchbook and sticks his binky into his mouth, singing a small song to himself as he scribbles on the pages. Should he get a gecko? Or a rabbit? Maybe a dog!

Ooh, so many choices.

Chapter End Notes

How To Bribe your Little 101
Poor Kookie is so deep in little space he might drown. Anyone got a life jacket hanging around?
“Jungkook,” Hoseok says from the door, “You know you’re not supposed to just run off like that.”

Jungkook chews on his binky and doesn’t look up at his daddy, too busy in filling in the pile of flame he draws with an orange crayon. Hoseok sits down the rug next to the little along with Taehyung. They both look down at the boy’s sketchpad, pursing their lips as they see the huge dragon draw with an array of colors.

“Do you have anything to say to us?” Taehyung asks the boy.

Jungkook pauses his coloring for a moment, holding the crayon as his eyes shift to glance up at them before returning to the page. “Nope.” He mumbles through his binky. Hoseok puts a hand on the boys shoulder and squeezes gently, encouraging the boy to stop and pay attention to them. Jungkook glances at the hand on his shoulder and puts down the crayon, putting his hands on his crossed legs as he looks up at them with blinking eyes.

“Swearing? Running in the house away from your daddies? Grabbing your binky out of Joonie’s hand like that? Bunny, you know that’s not how we do things in this household.” Hoseok gently scolds him.

Jungkook stares at Hoseok as his eyes begin to tremble. He looks away from their firm gazes and towards the ground, raking his fingers along the soft furry rug before squeezing the fabric between his fingers. He frowns to himself and scratches his eye. “I’m saw-sorry.” He says through the binky, guilt sprinkled across his features.

“We’re not mad at you, Jungkook, but you know that we don’t condone that kind of behavior from you.” Taehyung frowns.

Jungkook pulls the binky out of his mouth and puts it onto the carpet. He didn’t want to suck on his binky when they were scolding him. He’s not sure why, but all he knows is that it makes him feel bad, it makes him feel ashamed. Taehyung reaches his hand out to the boy, causing Jungkook to instinctively flinch. Jungkook holds onto his shoulder with his opposite arm and breathes when he looks up at them with shaking eyes. His mind seems to clear, his vision becoming more focused as he jumps into the ice cold water of reality.

“We’re not here to punish you, Jungkook. We just want to make sure you remember the rules, okay?” Taehyung says softly and rests his arm on the boy’s shoulder.

Jungkook lets out a sigh of relief and picks his binky back up, sticking it back in his mouth as he relaxes his body. He puts his crayons away, deciding that he didn’t feel like colouring anymore and that his drawing has enough detail. They look down at the drawing and Taehyung smiles softly at him, pointing a finger towards the art.

“Is that a dragon?”

Jungkook nods. He pulls out the binky to mumble out some words to them as he scratches at the drawing, “…My pet.”

“Your pet?” Hoseok chuckles softly.
“…You said any pet I want. So I want that.” Jungkook says firmly and sticks the binky back in his mouth.

Taehyung and Hoseok exchange a flustered look before laughing softly at the cute boy. Hoseok ruffles the boy’s clean hair, an amused chuckle on his face as he parts his lips to speak to the boy, “A dragon? I’m not sure we can find a dragon on an Island.”

“We can ask the fishermen if they’ve seen any dragons around.” Taehyung says with a small giggle.

Jungkook stares down at his artwork with a forlorn expression. He flips over the page to start with a new slate. He runs his finger over the crayons, eyes glazed as he wonders to himself. There’s a slight curl on his lips as he smiles to himself, the taste of bitter fruit on the tip of his bitten down tongue.

“So that’s a no, then?” Jungkook says through pursed lips.

“Sorry baby.” They shake their heads.

He pulls out a black crayon to outline the shape of a rabbit. He starts with the body and adds paws, adding little nails to stick out of the paws. He draws floppy ears on the rabbit and a little triangle for the nose. They watch him quietly as he finishes the outline for the small rabbit. He takes a deep breath and tosses the crayon to the side, grabbing his binky into his hand and standing up from the rug away from them.

“I guess you can’t do everything like you think you can.” He says with feigned disappointment. Of course he knew they couldn’t get him a dragon, he wasn’t a fool. He just wanted to push their buttons.

“Jungkook.” Taehyung says sharply at the boy’s harshness.

He stands by the door and waits for them to join him before he leaves without them. They both pull themselves off of the rug and walk towards him, tapping him to leave the nursery. Jungkook yelps when he feels a hand swat his bottom.

“Be nicer, kid.” Hoseok sighs.

“What? I was just telling the truth.” He remarks.

“Oh really?” Hoseok challenges the boy.

Taehyung gives a look to Hoseok, shaking his head as they step down the marble steps of the house. Jungkook stops his movements at the edge of the marble stairs, staring at the locked front door as he puffs air through his nose. He crosses his arms and stares at the door. He looks down at the binky with shame, wondering why he was so attached to the disgusting thing. He holds it tightly into his hand, eyebrows furrowing when he looks back at his weird childish actions.

“You - you people don’t know anything. You don’t know what’s best for me; you don’t know what’s morally right. You can’t do everything, even if you try to make me feel like you’re s-some – like you’re invincible, I know that it’s not true. I know that you’re just messing around with my head!”

“I don’t understand. Where is this coming from?” Taehyung looks taken aback.

“I don’t know why I use this thing so much,” He says as he frowns down at the binky clenched in
his fist, “…or why I have these moments where I’m like a child, but I know who I am and I know what you are, and what you are isn’t good. It’ll never be good.”

“I’m sorry that dragons don’t exist sweetie but this is a very dramatic reaction-“ Taehyung says before being cut off.

“Okay, I’m thinking that he’s back in big space right now.” Hoseok says towards the anxious Taehyung.

“But he wasn’t little for that long.” Taehyung whines to Hoseok, “I was so happy.”

“He’s still new to everything, Taehyung. He needs more time before he’s in little space for longer.”

Jungkook snaps his fingers at them with a narrowed look, “Hi, see I’m right here. You guys talk about me like I’m deaf, like I can’t hear you, but I’m right here!”

They stare at him dumbly, mouths open as they try to think of something to say to the pissed off boy. Hoseok whips out his phone and sends out a quick text. Jungkook looks down at the phone in the man’s hand and rolls his eyes, “What now? Are you going to force me to be a baby again?”

The others slowly shuffle to where they are, frowning with their lit phones in their hand. Jungkook snorts at Hoseok and shakes his head with amazement. “You’re the man of the house but you can’t handle a big Jungkook? Seriously?”

“What’s going on?” Yoongi asks as they look at the scene.

“Kookie’s a big boy.” Taehyung licks his upper lip.

“God, can’t you treat me like an adult at least once? You don’t even look that much older than me!” He huffs and puffs.

They all stare at each other for a moment. Not too long ago they had a cute and fluffy Jungkook on their hands and it was great. How had the boy been so deep in his little space just to abruptly snap out of it and lash out at them? This is definitely a concern. Maybe it would be best to hear him out and try to figure out the source of his turmoil.

“What’s wrong, ba-Jungkook,” Namjoon corrects himself as he tries to entertain the boy and treat him like an adult.

“I don’t think I’ve even scratched the surface.” Jungkook exasperates.

“We’ve talked about this, Jungkook. We’re just trying to help you-“ Jin’s cut off.

“No, no. You can try to tell me that but I know the truth! You people have some sick fantasy and you’re taking it out on me.” He pulls at his hair.

“That’s uncalled for.” Yoongi crosses his arms defensively.

“And it’s not true. Jungkook, we knew what you were going through. We didn’t have our family close to us either. When we saw you at the restaurant, we saw your pain. We felt that pain, because some of us have already lived through that pain. I lived through that pain. I couldn’t save myself but I knew that I could save someone else. Do you know what I’m trying to say?” Jin says emotionally, clutching onto his own shirt as he sniffs at the silent boy.

“I don’t.” Jungkook says quietly.
“We couldn’t let you destroy yourself, Jungkook. We saw you and we knew that you were the one that we could save, the person we could help take away their pain from.” Taehyung says.

“Our fathers were never there for us, Jungkook. They never loved us properly or took care of us. We want to be different. We want to prove to ourselves that we are different from them.” Namjoon says firmly.

“…but why treat me like a child? Why not just an adult? Why couldn’t you just be more… normal?” Jungkook bites his lip, mind split into two as he tries to burn all of words into his memory and hold onto it.

“We saw the papers, pumpk-Jungkook,” Namjoon steps slowly towards the boy who stiffens up in response, “We know you never got to experience being a son. You were perfect for us.”

Jungkook breath hitches when Namjoon takes his hand into his and intertwines their fingers, the man’s fingers much warmer than his own fingers which feel like ice. He pulls at the hand uncomfortably. His eyes tear up as he stares at them for a moment, eyes shifting to look into their eyes and search for the honesty – for the truth. He swallows and snaps his eyes away from them, dropping his eyes to look below at the white floor.

“I don’t need to be saved.”

He feels Namjoon’s squeeze his hand, a wounded reaction to the honest words. Jungkook has no idea if they’re going to tie the binky back around his head after this – simply because they were so unpredictable, so it didn’t seem to be a loss to him to say what he really felt.

Taehyung shakes his head with a small maimed smile, “Oh Jungkook, can’t you see? You were always there waiting for someone like us and we were always there waiting for someone like you.”

Jungkook opens his mouth immediately to make a remark but he finds his mouth run dry, his brain shrugging at him as it throws in the towel and clocks out for its shift. He looks down at Namjoon’s thumb which is currently rubbing circles on the top of his hand. He bites his hand and slowly pulls his hand away from the man’s grasp.

He swallows as he battles with his inner conflict. A small voice tells him to just himself go and to just make this easier for both him and the rest of them by giving in to their wants, but a louder angrier voice tells him to snap out of it and get away from them pronto.

He looks down at his closed fist and raises it upwards. He opens his hand and looks down at the dry green binky, the rubber torn with holes from his teeth. Does he really want to go back to his life? What’s out there for him? Working some shit job as he smokes up and drinks himself to death? Yeah, he could always just go back to Jessica but he doesn’t love her, not anymore – she’s fun but she’s dangerous. She’d be the death of him, he knows it. Could he really sustain himself without their help? They give him a free roof under his head, they give him food, and really they’re essentially glorified sugar daddies.

Daddies…

Could he make this better by pretending that they’re his sugar daddies? He had a sugar daddy once to pay some medical bills, but the dude was a dick and he didn’t see the need to keep the old guy around once he didn’t have the hospital bills to worry about anymore. Hospital… Is his nana watching him? Would she be disgusted by him? Could he ever be normal if he did leave this place?

He feels a headache coming on from all of the thoughts in his head. He drops the binky to the floor
and bumps past Hoseok on the stairs to leave to the washroom. He needs to take a shower or in this case – a bath, something so he can think to himself. This was all too much for him.

“Jungkook? Where are you going?” Jin calls after him.

“Please, I just need some time to think.” He says without looking back.

He’s surprised when the footsteps behind him stop and he’s actually given the space to be ‘big’ and figure out what the fuck he’s going to do. Yet he knows that it’ll take much more than a hot bath to clear his mind and understand what he really wants.

Chapter End Notes

Ooh, the seesaw of Jungkook's conflicted mind. Sorry for the shorter chapter. I've had a long day. ^^;
Chapter Notes

//whistles

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jungkook laid in the bath, the water steaming up and fogging the mirror as he kept his mind occupied with his thoughts. When he had stumbled in the washroom he had considered whether or not to take a hot shower or a bath. Normally he would take a hot shower when he was stressed out or angry, but as he stood in the cold bathroom, his eyes had locked on the tempting empty bath. Floating in the bath was a yellow rubber duck. He brought his toes up every now and again to push away the rubber duck, watching as it floated around the bath. He didn’t put the rubber duck in the bath on purpose – no, matter of fact it had fallen in when he had reached over for a bar of soap. He huffs through his nose and reaches over to pick up the rubber duck, staring down at its stupid mouth before squeezing it in his fist.

The rubber duck squeaks loudly and he’s not sure what he expected. He eases his hold on the duck and lowers himself deeper into the hot water, covered in water up to his collarbones. His eyes stare off into nothing as he thinks to himself. It had surprised him that the men in the house allowed him to be on his own, even allowing him to take his own bath. Hadn’t the rules specifically stated that he wasn’t allowed to do both of those things? Why had all of them simultaneously given him permission? How could they go from being so strict about the rules to brushing them aside entirely?

He gnaws gently on the rubber duck, the sound of the duck squeaking under his teeth in protest to being torn apart. He freezes and crosses his eyes as he looks down. Why on earth is he sucking and biting on this duck? The rubber duck drops into the hot water with a big splash, sadly bobbing up and down.

Jungkook clenches his jaw as he takes handfuls of water and splashes it over his face, rubbing the skin of his face harshly with his fingertips. He had to get away from this whole binky thing. Is it because he smokes? Or used to, before the strange men forced him to quit with the nicotine patches. He sighs and submerges his entire body underneath the water.

It’s not that he likes the binky. No, it’s just that his body misses the feeling of having something in his mouth that isn’t food; his body misses the feeling of a cigarette between his teeth. Yes, that’s it. He could never be into something like a binky…

Right?

He gasps when he rises from the hot water, his ears popping loudly as the water splashes around chaotically from his movement. Sitting here and moping won’t get him anywhere, and he can’t avoid them forever. He looks down at his fingers, the tips all wrinkled up like a pack of raisins. Gross.

He stands up from the water, the bath splashing as he reaches over and drains the tub. He steps out and stands on the rug, body dripping with water as he reaches for his towel. He dries himself off
haphazardly before wrapping the small towel around his hips. He exhales loudly as he opens the door of the bathroom, stepping out into the somewhat cold empty hallway.

He makes his way throughout the house, walking to his… nursery, to get some clothes on. Sometimes it was still hard to believe that room was all for him. Sometimes he half expects to see a baby hidden in the nursery, small breaths coming from the infant as it sleeps on the crib. Yet it’s always empty, the air silent and cold as it waits for him to fill it up with his presence, and he’d be lying if he was saying he wasn’t both relieved and disappointed. He was the baby, at least to the others. It feels unreal most of the time.

He sees the door to his nursery already opened and steps inside. He’s surprised to see Hoseok sitting at the rocking chair in the corner, eyes focused on a book he’s reading as the chair rocks back and forth with a small creak. Hoseok looks up at the boy and gives him a small smile. Jungkook holds his towel securely when he sees Hoseok’s eyes curiously scan his bare body, the water from the boy’s wet hair rolling down over his chest and torso with small droplets. Jungkook wonders if Hoseok is here to get him ready, to diaper him. That was how it was always done. Once they were done bathing him they would whisk him away to the nursery to get him all dressed him. He’s both surprised and somewhat confused when Hoseok eyes go back down to his book, the creak of the rocking chair beginning again.

Jungkook stands there for a moment, as though he’s anticipating an action or a word, but there’s only silence. He tilts his head at Hoseok for a second before he steps over to his wardrobe. He pulls it open with his free hand, the other hand holding onto his towel securely as he looks through his options. His fingers graze through the hanged clothes, yawning internally at his options.

His fingers pause when he sees a white dress, a simple night gown with long sleeves and strings. It’s simple but it’s pretty, and it reminds him of the other dress Taehyung had wanted him to wear. He blushes when he remembers wearing the nightgown and how he had destroyed it on purpose. He shakes his head at himself and moves on.

His fingers touch something very soft, similar to his blanket. Must be fleece, he thinks. He chokes on his spit when he sees the fleece dress hanging in his closet, currently pulled against his fingers for a better view. It had a hood and two big pockets, both pockets adorned with cute white pompons attached to strings – presumably to tighten the pockets if desired, but he's not sure. All over the pink fleece dress are small white polka dots, with a sleeping white bunny on the front, the word LOVE written in red across the bunny.

He hears Hoseok breath out a chuckle and his head turns to look at the man. His fingers falter from the dress when he notices Hoseok, too, looking at the dress. Hoseok shakes his head and flashes an amused grin at the boy.

“Jin and Taehyung.” Hoseok says simply.

Of course it was.

“The white gown too, you know.” Hoseok smile falters slightly but remains as he looks at the boy and then looks towards the wardrobe, “I think Taehyung really would love to see you wear something like that. He thinks it would suit you really well. Those two always spend a lot of time thinking about those kinds of things.”

Jungkook feels his cheeks heat up and he looks away from Hoseok. He moves on to look at his other clothes, most of these clothes new from what he had back at their other house. It seems like the adventure never ends as he sees a strange set of silk pajamas. He gawks at the silk material, the
He pulls it out of the closet it look at it closer, swallowing as his eyes trail down at it. The silk top has short sleeve and buttons, but what gets his attention most is the sharp V-line cut in the middle, surely to reveal his skin to those who look.

He moves his eyes to look at the silk shorts. Both the top and the bottom are sprinkled with flowers and birds. He can see that there would be no point in wearing underwear as these shorts are practically the same length as his typical pair of boxers, mostly certainly guaranteeing a wedgie each time he merely took a step. He has a wedgie just thinking about wearing them. He can see that there are two more sets of the same silk pajamas in the closet, altogether giving him three color options – pink, blue, or white.

He bites his bottom lip as he looks at Hoseok for some answers. Hoseok eyes seem to be a bit more focused and hazed than before, causing Jungkook to squirm slightly in his spot and gnaw on his bottom lip.

“That one was unanimous.”

“Eh-everyone?” Jungkook blinks.

He can feel the fire flare through his skin when Hoseok coyly nods. Hoseok watches with enjoyment as the flustered boy stuffs the silk pajama set back into the wardrobe, not even bothering to hang it back properly. They didn’t think Jungkook would willingly want to wear the silk pajamas just yet, but he hopes he’ll eventually come around to it.

Jungkook pulls out an innocent grey t-shirt along with a simple pair of dark blue shorts. He pulls open a few dressers and frowns when he sees that there is no underwear for him to wear. He stands there awkwardly in his towel, wondering if he’ll just have to go without underwear, which will feel freeing but not necessarily something he’s comfortable doing right now. But there’s none here and even though he’s sure the rest of the men in this house are wearing underwear, he’d never for a second entertain the idea of asking them for a pair.

He sighs and puts the clothes on the dresser in front of him, moving his fingers to grip the towel around his hips. He glances to look at Hoseok, looking away when he sees Hoseok watching him. His mouth opens and closes a few times as he tries to say something, face red from embarrassment.

“Are you going to watch me change?” He stutters.

“I’ve seen your body already, Jungkook. There’s nothing for you to be embarrassed about.” Hoseok says calmly, his expression just as calm and composed as his voice.

“Y-yeah, but…”

“Don’t be silly, Jungkook. It was enough that we let you bathe on your own without supervision. It’s normal for me to want to watch over you.”

Jungkook nods. It was stupid and silly, not him wanting to do things on his own, but for them to still insist on watching over him. His eyes look at Hoseok, scanning the man’s face. Hoseok looks like he’s uninterested at the sight of him, but Jungkook can’t help but wonder if that’s just Hoseok acting to convince him that it’s okay for him strip down.

He looks away from Hoseok and scrunches his eyes shut as he listens to the sound of his beating heartbeat, his face burning as he drops the towel to the ground. Goose bumps rise over his arms as he stands there, his thighs trembling at the cold air that sweeps over his small figure. He feels his skin prickling, a sigh that he’s being watched, but it’s not necessary – he knows he’s being watched.
His eyes peep open to look at Hoseok, breath growing deeper as he watches Hoseok’s stony eyes look at his figure, his eyes following Hoseok’s eyes which trail down his entire frame. Hoseok’s eyes locks on the bruises that kiss his thighs and trail around his crotch. Jungkook subconsciously puts a hand to shield his privates from the man, shame and humiliation growing the longer he stands there under the man’s stern gaze.

Of course he could just grab the clothes and change, there’s no reason for him to subject himself to this – but there is something different about Hoseok, different in the way the man looks at him. It makes him feel as though he should stand straight and obedient, to not move a muscle in front of the man whose eyes seem to dissect him and stick each part of him under a microscope.

“Hoseok…” He whispers quietly, shivering slightly from the cold in the room.

He’s flinches out of fear when Hoseok stands up, the man’s book dropping the floor. He watches as Hoseok bites his lip and stares at the boy, something conflicting in his eyes. Jungkook can’t read the man; he can’t read the way the man seems to have an inner war with himself. There’s a finalization from Hoseok as he exhales deeply and looks into Jungkook’s eyes, their shared eye contact causing Jungkook to hold his anxious breath.

“Get dressed, Jungkook.”

Jungkook watches as Hoseok picks up his book from the floor and leaves the room. He stands there naked, shaking as he stares at the open doorway. He turns back to the dresser and grabs his clothes, pulling them over himself as he tries to decipher what he had just seen.

~*~

After pacing around for a short period of time (Read: long period of time), he gathered his nerves to depart from his room and make his way to the living room. His bare feet were cold against the marble steps of the stairs, but he tried to ignore it. Why was the house so bloody cold? Maybe he should have worn something warmer. If he wore the fleece dress, it’d be like wearing a blanket! He wouldn’t have to deal with his cold.

He shakes his head at himself. How could he even think about wearing that girly dress? It looks like it should belong to a child. Oh, wait. That’s why they bought it. He rubs at his eye with his hand; sighing to himself he enters the living room.

He’s surprised to see the rest of them already sitting around in the living room. If he were to guess, they were waiting for him. All of them are currently trying to act like they’re genuinely distracted by something and not waiting for him, most of them scrolling through their phones and some reading from their books, but Jungkook can see bad acting from a mile away.

Ignoring them with another sigh, he walks towards the kitchen for something to drink. He walks up to the fridge and pulls it open, crouching over as he looks at the selection. He takes out a carton of banana milk and stabs the foil lid with the small straw. If they were going to let him walk around and do whatever, you’re damn right he’s going to take advantage of that and steal some banana milk for himself. He grabs a cheesestring as well.

Just because he can.

As he closes the fridge he notices the pack of beer at the back of the fridge. Ooh, sweet, sweet
temptation. He sips on the milk and walks back to the living room, his cold feet loudly slapping against the tiles.

They all look up at him as he sits down on the couch, the boy’s face clearly annoyed with them. Taehyung makes a cringed face at Jin, who frowns at him before looking back at the boy. Jin eyes look at the banana milk and the cheesestring in his hand, holding back the urge to click his tongue. They hadn’t given Jungkook permission to have snacks, which he would have said no to anyway, since he’ll be making dinner soon.

Jungkook stares at Jin as he sucks on the straw, the noise of his slurping filling the room as his amused face implores Jin to do something about it. Jin clenches his jaw but gives in, his shoulders slumping as he looks away from the boy.

“It’s cold.” Jungkook says after he takes the straw away from his lips. They remain quiet and it freaks him out. Alright, what the fuck is going on? He wonders how far he can push things, so he tosses the empty carton onto the floor in front of him.

Six pair of eyes whip to stare at the disposed carton. Jungkook feels their eyes move to stare at him and he’s sure that in any other situation he would already be getting a scolding for his bad behavior. He shrugs nonchalantly at them, “Oops. Slipped from my fingers.”

Jimin uses his arm to stop Jin from getting up from the couch. Jungkook flinches at this, but remains seated as he stares at the agitated Jin who stares right back at him. Jin flares his nose but seems to compose himself as he relaxes back in his seat.

“Jungkook, adults put their trash in the garbage bin.” Jimin says.

“I’ll do it later.” Jungkook sighs as he peels open his cheesestring.

Jimin frowns but slumps back in his seat. The room is awfully silent as Jungkook eats the cheesestring, hardly enjoying the snack as he feels holes burned into his scalp from their eyes. Yep, he’s definitely not enjoying it. When he finishes with the cheese, he flicks the wrapper to the floor to join with the milk carton. He slumps on the couch lazily and yawns.

“Jeon Jungkook,” Yoongi says angrily, “Being big doesn’t mean you can do whatever you want.”

“Being an adult means doing whatever you want, even if it’s detrimental.” Jungkook remarks as he sits up.


“I’m not your guest. If you don’t like it, then let me out.” Jungkook spits out. His fists are clenched together as he speaks, his body at the edge of his seat with a hunched back.

“Jeon Jungkook,” Hoseok says without a hint of hesitance, “Pick it up or I’ll make you. Don’t think you can act like a brat and get away with it.”

“Fine!” Jungkook huffs and stands up.

He collects the trash from the ground and walks to the kitchen. He leans over to the trash and dumps the carton and wrapper. His footsteps are heavy as he trails back to the living room. He looks at them with a frown and sits down back at the couch, crossing him arms together. “Stop staring at me and waiting for me to go back to acting… Small.”
They all look away from him. Namjoon scratches at the back of his head as he shoots an apologetic smile towards the boy. Jungkook looks away from the man’s smile and brings his knees up to his chest, the coldness of the room causing him to shake slightly. He rubs at his wet nose, sniffing slightly.

“I still don’t understand this whole little thing,” Jungkook frowns as he stares at his toes, “…but I’m not sure I really want to know.”

“If you don’t mind me asking, Kookie…” Taehyung says slowly, “How do you feel when you’re in that frame of mind? Like when you were coloring in your room? How did that make you feel?”

The first thought that pops into his head is that it felt good. It felt liberating, it was fun, and he had nothing to worry about. All around goodness and happy static.

He bites his lip.

“I don’t know.” He mumbles, “It was okay, I guess. I didn’t hate it.”

His adult side is repelling his own words. How could you like that, you freak? How could you enjoy something like that? Acting like a child? But his heart told him that it was just so damn liberating to finally be cared for, to be able to let himself go without the stress of his bills or his job or anything of the sort. But can he keep lying to himself when it’s becoming clear to him that he’s starting to secretly enjoy this? His head hurts.

“So be big, Jungkook. Be big today. But when you feel that fuzz, that static. Don’t be afraid of it.” Taehyung smiles at him.

Jungkook raises his head to look at them, his eyes spinning until it locks onto Taehyung’s inviting smile that beckons him to let go. He clutches onto the fabric of his shirt as his head struggles with his inner conflict. He shakes his head and watches the smile slowly drop from Taehyung’s lips and morph into a rejected frown.

“But if I do, how can I trust you?”

“We’ve hurt you. We’re sorry. We’ve made mistakes when it came to properly taking care of you. We were wrong to hurt you like that, Jungkook.” Namjoon says on the behalf of all six of them.

“Can something only be a slipup if you did it on purpose?” Jungkook says as he gives Jimin a look. The words confuse the others, but the look Jimin has tells him that Jimin knows exactly what he’s talking about.

“…I’m sorry.” Jimin says as he drops his head regretfully.

Jungkook blinks at Jimin’s apology. He feels a hand on his shoulder and he flinches slightly, his head turning to look at Yoongi who sits next to him. Yoongi gives him a small apologetic look as he squeezes the boy’s shoulder. Jungkook turns to look back at the floor.

“We haven’t been nice to big Jungkook, you’re right.” Yoongi frowns, “We’ve been too eager for little Jungkook so we shunned the big one. Nonetheless it was wrong.”

Jungkook doesn’t understand the way he said those words, but he can still decipher out the meaning within them.

“There will still be rules, of course, but I do think that it’s time we stopped punishing you for not being in little space.” Hoseok says.
The rest of the men nod along to Hoseok’s words, therefore having another unanimous agreement about the boy. Jin stands from his seat and exhales, “Well then. Now that that is out of the way, I’ll go start dinner.”

Jungkook keeps to himself as Jin leaves the room. He hugs his knees tighter to his chest as he thinks over their words. Okay, so he can be big now. Which means, well, what does that mean? Big Jungkook and little Jungkook? Progress has been made but at the same time he’s still confused. But through his confusion, he’s not sure he wants to pry behind the whole ‘big’ and ‘little’ thing.

They may be young and they may look normal, attractive even, but the fact is that they all have some serious daddy issues, and trying to learn more about their side of things for more answers might just freak him out more. It’s just not worth it right now. His fragile head couldn’t handle it right now. His head hurts so much, the painful throbbing in the top of his head telling him to stop thinking so much about everything.

So he sits there, hugging himself as the coldness of the house digs into his bones. He could swear that the house was always just warm enough. He’d be not too cold and not too hot, just warm enough to be comfortable. He wipes at his wet nose once more, sniffing a few times to stop his nose which threatens to drip.

“You feeling okay?” Yoongi asks him worriedly.

Jungkook fingers dig into his knees as he makes himself look as small as possible. Yoongi frowns and looks at the others. “You’re shaking, Kook.” Yoongi frowns as he looks at the boys trembling legs.

Jungkook holds his legs together tighter, squeezing them to stop them from moving. He shakes his head at Yoongi and ignores the multitude of eyes that watch his iced figure. “It’s just cold.” Jungkook brushes him off.

“I’m… okay, though?” Yoongi mumbles. He looks at the others, silently asking if they feel cold too. The others shake their heads at Yoongi.

“I’m fine too.” Jimin says quietly.

“The heat is on, Jungkook.” Namjoon frowns.

“Oh.” Jungkook mutters. He looks down at the goosebumps on his arms and rubs his palms against them, hoping for the friction to help heat him up a bit. Yoongi stands and moves to the kitchen with a look of determination.

“I think you’re getting sick, bud.” Hoseok says.

_But I don’t get sick_, he thinks to himself. The only time he gets sick is when he drinks too much, which – like most people, causes him to not be able to stay away from the toilet bowl. He looks up when he sees Jin coming back with Yoongi.

Jin kneels in front of him and pulls the boys out and away from his chest, pulling them to rest his heels on the ground. He flinches when Jin pops a thermometer into his mouth, crossing his eyes as he looks down at the thing. Jin waits quietly and takes the thermometer out of his mouth when it emits a few small beeps.

Jin looks down at it with furrowed brows. He turns off the thermometer with a nod, “Yep, you definitely got a fever.”
“Oh, Kookie.” Taehyung pouts.

“I have to flip the chicken. Can you guys get him into his bed and look after him?” Jin says as he waves at the others.

“I’m fine-“ Jungkook whines.

“Jungkook, I can’t have you walking around like that. I’ll bring you dinner in bed, how about that? Do you have an appetite?” Jin says with his hands on his hips.

“I... I guess.” Jungkook massages his temples to ease his headache.

“Good.” Jin smiles and resists the urge to kiss the boy’s pouty lips. He gives a look to the others before making his way back to the kitchen.

Taehyung helps Jungkook up from the couch, the boy whining at the sharp throbs that ring throughout his head. Taehyung puts the boy’s arm over his shoulder and helps take the boy up the stairs. Behind them, Jimin tells Taehyung that he’ll get some water and medicine for Jungkook.

Jungkook is led into his nursery, his eyes locked on the bed in the corner of the room. He climbs into the bed, sighing as his head hits the pillow. He feels Taehyung pull the fleece blanket over him and move back to look at him.

“I’ll get a wet rag for your forehead.” Taehyung says quietly before he departs, making sure to flick off the light as he does.

He turns to his side for now, finding the position more comfortable. He’s never been able to sleep on his back. His eyes open when he sees Yoongi walk in with a bottle of water and a handful of pills. He sits up slowly, having already learned to just take what they give to him.

Yoongi passes him the water bottle and watches as he twists it open and takes a few sips from it. Jungkook takes the pills from Yoongi’s reached out hands, popping the pills in his mouth and grimacing while he swallows them. They were big pills to swallow.

Yoongi takes the water bottle from him and places it to the ground. The walls of the crib were already pulled down so Jungkook could easily reach over to the ground to get his water, matter of fact he could leave the crib with ease if he wanted to.

Taehyung walks back in with the cold rag. He folds it in half and places it on top of the boy’s forehead, smiling down at the boy. Yoongi and Taehyung both exchange a look before they tell him to get some sleep.

“Do you want the night light on?” Taehyung asks even if he’s not sure that he should, but it just seems wrong not to.

“No thanks.” Jungkook says after thinking it through.

Taehyung flashes him a small smile before the door clicks closed. Jungkook closes his eyes when he hears the sound of the door being locked. He’s not too surprised, because in their eyes he can’t be fully trusted – they must have a safety precaution.

There will still be rules. There will still be rules. There will still be rules.

He runs that sentence in his head over and over, the words that Hoseok had said earlier. He shivers under the fleece blanket and curls his fingers into the fabric. He groans out from the pain in his
head, the throbs starting to feel akin to a jackhammer going off on his head.

There will still be rules, but at least now he can be big.

Whatever that means.

He falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes


Pink Fleece Dress: https://www.dhresource.com/albu_286871065_00-1.0x0/hottest-adorable-ladies-coral-fleece-night.jpg

Silk pajama sets: https://hips.hearstapps.com/hmg-prod.s3.amazonaws.com/images/womens-pajamas-1522421877.gif?crop=1.00xw:1.00xh;0,0&frame=1&resize=768:*

What Jungkook chose to wear because he's no fun and doesn't utilize the perfection that is his body: https://cdn.shopify.com/s/files/1/1303/7071/products/Summer-100-Cotton-Pyjamas-Women-and-Men-Pajama-Sets-Casual-Sleepwear-Short-Sleeve-Pajamas-for-male_810afd67-7c54-4548-9cc1-9df972ef501a_large.jpg?v=1516043113
“Jungkook? Are you awake?”

Jungkook eye’s pop open. He looks at the bright light coming in from the opened door, a large shadow figure looming over the door. Jin flicks on the light much to his dismay, a groan instantly leaving his lips. Jin walks in with a dish of food and places it on the table.

Jin takes a chair and pulls it over to the front of the crib. Jin walks back to the table and picks back up the plate into his hands, a small smile growing on his lips as he sits into the chair in front of them. Jungkook stares at him for a moment, his eyes still adjusting to the light and from being woken up so abruptly.

“I said I’d bring you dinner, didn’t I?” Jin grins.

Jungkook slowly sits up in the crib, groaning at the pain that flares over his head. He sniffs a few times and rubs at his nose with his bare arm – gross, but it works. Jungkook looks down at the food and his mouth waters. It looks to be a chicken curry, accompanied with a heaping pile of jasmine rice. Compared to the generic formula he’s usually chugging, this looks like the best thing he’s ever eaten and he hasn't even tasted it yet.

He stiffens up as Jin plants the food tray over his thighs, giving him the promised breakfast in bed experience. He glances at Jin a few times before he slowly picks up the spoon, bowing his head slightly to thank the man for the food.

“I’m just happy you have an appetite. I was worried you wouldn’t feel good enough to eat.”

“I’d have to be dead to not eat this.” Jungkook mumbles as he sticks the curry into his mouth. Salty, savory, slightly sweet, is there tomatoes in this? Oh, this is exactly what he needed. In the back of his mind he worries that the food may be laced with something, to make him paralyzed again or super horny. But he’s hungry so he can’t help it.

He devours the food, coughing slightly when he swallows a chunk of chicken he didn’t chew well enough. Jin pats his back with a small chuckle, his eyes in the shape of moons as he looks at him fondly. “Slow down.” Jin tells him through the back pats.

Jungkook stirs the rice with the curry, eating the food as though he’s been a starved man. He sort of has been, hasn’t he? Liquid diets can do that to a person. He puts down the plate when he’s done with the food, only stray grains of rice and curry sauce left to remain. Jin ruffles the boy’s hair as he takes the tray from him.

“You need anything, Jungkook? Maybe more medicine or maybe you want to come downstairs?”

“No, I-I’m okay for now.” Jungkook mumbles to Jin as he slowly slides down into the crib to lie down again.

Jin smiles and flicks the light back off for the boy, then leaving the room with a click. Jungkook always listens for the sound of the door being locked, just to see if they always remember to lock it. He pulls him over to the edge of the bed to take his bottle of water. He takes a few sips before putting it down, frowning as he licks the residue food off his teeth. It’d be nice if he could brush
his teeth but it feels like it’s too late now.

He shuffles to lay on his side, his body curled up and facing the wall. He pulls the fleece blanket over his frame, all the way up to his chin, and then curls his hands next to his face. He sniffs a few times, his mouth popping open as he can’t properly breathe out of his nose. He always took his eased breathing for granted until he got sick and lost it.

His eyes flutter open and shut, his full stomach wearing him down and lulling him to a gentle sleep. He can already feel the drool threatening to spill out of his mouth and onto his pillow due to keeping his mouth open, but it’s too hard to breathe out of his nose, so he’ll just have to deal with being a dribbler.

He wipes his mouth dry.

~*~

He dreams of food.

~*~

Jungkook body rolls around as he wakes up from his dream. He opens his eyes and sees his mouth attached to the corner of his pillow, which is drenched from him sucking on it and trying to eat it. He pops his mouth off it with disgust, realizing why that salty food in his dream had seemed so real.

He’s feeling much better today, albeit his nose is still a bit clogged. Maybe it had just been a fluke? Or he had another terrible migraine? He did get those sometimes and when he did, they would put him out of commission. Perhaps the sniffy nose was just bad sinuses or something. How weird, though.

He puts his legs over the edge of the bed. He picks up the water bottle on the ground and drinks the last of it, his throat still dry and begging for more when he takes the last drop. He frowns and crunches the plastic bottle. He stares at the closed door and wonders if he’s still locked in. Probably.

He eyes the contents on the wooden table across the room. He stands from the crib and stumbles over to the table, picking up the full water bottle that sits there. He twists it open and takes a few big chugs, then wondering to himself when it had been left for him. He eyes the small note and small device next to it, eyebrows furrowing slightly.

All of this wasn’t here last night, he thinks to himself. Yep, he definitely must have been knocked out cold last night for him to not have noticed them come into his room and leave this for him. He places the water bottle down on the table and picks up the small note.

Hey bunny. If you need anything or wake up before we do, just use the walkie talkie to let us know! XOXO
He puts the note back down and eyes the small black walkie talkie. He sighs at the stupidity of this situation but concedes to it, taking it into his hand and flipping it around as he analyzes it. He curiously presses the big button on the top and flinches when he hears a static noise erupt from the device. He opens his mouth to speak but realizes he didn’t actually prepare what he wanted to say.

“Um… Hello?”

There’s a long silence as he waits for a response. He holds the walkie talkie with a frown. He flinches again when he hears the static from the device again. He can hear a crackling in the static as someone on the other line tiredly yawns.

“Jungkook?” A voice that sounds like Yoongi says, “What’s up?”

“Uh… Can you let me out of my room?” He says quietly.

“Oh, uh-yeah, sure. Just give me a minute.”

The walkie talkie goes quiet after that and he puts it back down on the table. He takes the water bottle back into his hand and drinks from it as he waits, polishing off the bottle. He hears the sound of a key turning in the door and looks towards it. Yoongi pulls open the door; his hair is all ruffled and quite frankly looks like a disaster – with his clothes just as terribly ruffled as his hair. It seems Jungkook truly was the first one to be awake.

Yoongi doesn’t seem to care at the way Jungkook stares at his post-sleep state. His lips are pursed as he holds the door open and waits for the boy to step out. Jungkook slowly walks out of the room and flicks off the light.

“Am I the first one up?”

“Everyone else is up, I think. I was the only one sleeping with the walkie talkie.”

Jungkook nods but can’t help but frown to himself. The others always woke him up when they woke up, always. They usually get up earlier than him and come for him. This is the first time they hadn’t come to wake him up. He looks up from the ground when Yoongi taps his chest.

“I’m gonna go the bathroom. Eat something, yeah?” Yoongi says before leaving him.

Jungkook skips down the steps, sniffing once or twice as he makes his way to the kitchen. He can already hear Hoseok’s loud laughter and the clicking of utensils against plates. Were they eating without him? That’s weird, they always insisted on feeding him after waking him up in the morning.

He enters the kitchen and sees the other five eating at the table. They’re all eating different things, so they all must have prepared the food for themselves. Strange, Jin always made breakfast for everyone. He stands there awkwardly, wondering what he should do and if he should sit down at the table.

Jin notices him standing by the wall and smiles at him, “Morning, Jungkook.”

“…Morning.” He scratches his head.

“How are you feeling?” Hoseok asks him through his mouthful of eggs.

“Better. I guess it was just a fluke?”
“There’s medicine in the cabinet if you want to take something.” Jin smiles at him.

Jungkook stares at him. Did Jin just tell him to take the medicine by himself? Most of the time they insisted on giving him his medicine, even if he wanted to do it himself. He shakes his head to himself and walks over to the cabinet, pulling it open with a small sigh. He looks over the multitude of vitamins, prescriptions and medicine bottles. He sees a liquid medicine sitting amongst the pill bottles and pulls it out. He didn’t feel like swallowing any big pills right now.

He takes the cap off the medicine and pours the dark liquid up to the measured line of the cap. He takes a small deep breath as he shoots the medicine, making a grossed out face and clearing his throat loudly. He shivers from the taste and closes the bottle, placing it back into the cabinet.

He looks over at the others eating at the table, immersed in their own conversations. Jin seems to notice him feeling out of place and motions at him to go to the fridge, “If you’re hungry, you can make cereal, oatmeal, or some eggs. We have bagels too.”

Jungkook nods with confusion, his eyebrows knitted together. Jin smiles at him with a small hum before returning to his bowl of yogurt. Okay, this is very weird. They never let him cook on his own. Jin said that he could even make eggs if he wished which requires a stove. This is very weird.

He drags his feet to the fridge and pulls it open. Right away he pulls out a banana milk and stabs the straw inside, taking big sips as he tries to wash away the icky taste of the medicine. He sighs from the cold sweet drink, his eyes moving around as he looks at his food options.

He doesn’t feel up to eating eggs right now. Oatmeal requires boiling water, which he’s too lazy for. He sighs and stares at the top of the fridge. There are several boxes of cereal. Boring ones, he might add. Most of them are what old people eat, without sugar and tasteless. His eyes light up when he sees the stray box of Lucky Charms amongst them and immediately goes on his tippy toes to reach for it. He pulls it off the fridge and sees that it’s unopened. How lucky.

He places it onto the counter and looks for a bowl. He pours out a generous amount of cereal into his bowl but isn’t satisfied with the amount of marshmallows he has in his helping. He pulls the bag of cereal out of the box and opens the plastic wider, sticking his hand in the bag to steal more marshmallows.

He collects at least a handful of marshmallows and tosses them into his bowl with satisfaction. He looks around to see if anyone noticed, but no one is looking at him. He pushes the cereal bag back into the box and places it back onto the top of the fridge.

After pouring in a generous amount of milk, he leans against the kitchen counter and wonders if he’s allowed to sit at the kitchen table with him. His eyes look up when he sees a much more awake Yoongi walk into the kitchen. Yoongi looks at Jungkook with a puzzled chuckle, “You going to eat standing up?”

Jungkook shakes his head and quickly walks over to the table. He puts his bowl on the table and pulls out his chair, looking up at the other men timidly as he scoots himself up closer to the table with his chair. He picks up his spoon and pokes at his cereal, stirring it and submerging the dry bits so he can let his cereal get soggier.

“Lucky charms, eh? I forgot we had those.” Namjoon says as he sips on his coffee.

Jungkook frowns and eats a spoonful of the sugary cereal. He blushes when they snort at him, amused that the boys choice. He puts his spoon in the bowl with a click, frowning as he tries to defend himself. “Whole wheat fiber cereal? No thanks.”
“It’s a good source of fiber, Kookie.” Hoseok defends his bowl of fiber cereal.

“…Probably tastes like cardboard.” Jungkook says as he shovels another spoonful of cereal into his mouth.

“Healthy Cardboard!” Taehyung defends Hoseok.

“He may as well be eating a bowl of Werthers Originals covered in milk.” Jin sighs as he watches Jungkook chew, “Don’t think I didn’t see you steal extra marshmallows too, Jeon Jungkook.”

Jungkook eyes shoot up to look at Jin. He could have sworn he was in the clear on that one. Jin must be watching him like a hawk all the time, even if the man tries to act like he’s not concerned. He shrugs at Jin nonchalantly before looking down at the bowl, a frown on his lips as he sees that he finished his cereal without noticing. He brings the bowl to his mouth and tilts it, drinking the milk left behind. He can hear Jin sigh when the milk spills on both sides of his mouth and drizzles down his chin and onto his clothes.

“So messy.” Jin sighs to himself.

Jungkook pulls the bowl away from his lips and exhales loudly, bringing his arm to wipe the milk off his mouth and chin. He sits there and wonders what he should do now. Will they let him roam free or does he still have to bring one of them along with him wherever he goes? It’s difficult not knowing which rules are heavily enforced right now.

“Don’t forget to wash your dishes when you’re done, Kook.” Jimin says as he finishes washing his mug.

Jungkook gawks at Jimin. Hold on, he has to do his own dishes now too? He never does his own dishes. When he was done eating or drinking from his bottle they would always whisk away the dirty dishes, never allowing him to worry about the mess he left behind. This is starting to suck. He’s glad they’re letting him be big but that doesn’t mean he wants to be responsible. It was a pretty good deal to not have to cook or do dishes.

Having them cook for him and clean up after him was nice. It was nice to just be free and let them worry about the rest, to be coddled by them. He feels the familiar tingle in his head, the desire to be little. He breathes and shakes his head lightly as he tries to concentrate. The others eye him curiously.

“You okay there?” Taehyung frowns with concern.

“M’fine.” He mumbles and stands up from the table.

He takes his bowl and puts it in the sink, washing it quickly and roughly before placing it onto the drying rack. He does the same for the spoon and walks towards the entranceway of the kitchen. He pauses and looks behind at them, fingers curling as he wonders if he’s allowed to leave without them.

He frowns when he sees them busying themselves with cleaning up the kitchen, leaving him to stand there dumbfounded. He opens his mouth to speak but decides against it last minute. He leaves the kitchen and walks towards the living room, sitting down in the middle of the sofa and picking up the remote.

He turns on the channel and shuffles through the channels, none of them catching his eye. He sighs and decides to press two random numbers to pick a channel without fuss. He presses 24 on the remote and waits for the channel to change, blushing when he sees the nudity scene on the screen.
He quickly changes the channel to 25, sighing when he sees a much more innocent show meant for children.

He smiles fondly when he realizes the show is Pingu, Pingu the penguin. An older Claymation show he used to watch when he was younger. His grandma had sometimes put this show on for him as she prepared dinner, leaving him to watch Pingu and play with his toys.

Jin and Jimin shuffle into the room with their phones in their hands, smiling when they see the television. They sit down next to Jungkook, who is currently staring at the show with his mouth wide open. Jungkook leans back against the couch when he sees Jimin next to him, grimacing slightly. Jin notices this and frowns, his eyes looking towards Jimin who looks uncomfortable with the negative attention from the boy.

“…You can change the channel… If you want to.” Jungkook mumbles as he hands the remote to Jin.

Jin takes the remote and smiles kindly towards the pouty Jungkook, “I don’t mind this show. It’s cute.”

“It’s for babies.” Jungkook sighs and slides off the couch. He crawls towards the coffee table and picks up the solved Rubik’s cube. As he mixes up the colors, he wonders who in this house can solve a Rubik’s cube. He sighs to himself and focuses on trying to solve the cube, hoping it’ll help distract him.

“Adults can like these shows too, you know.” Jimin tries to encourage him.

Jungkook sighs dramatically and rests his elbows on the coffee table. He tries to solve the Rubik’s cube, but truth be told he has no idea how to. He may as well just peel off the stickers and cheat his way into solving it.

“Jungkook, is something upsetting you?” Jin says.

Jungkook huffs and puts the cube down. His eyes look up at the television and he watches as Pingu tries to bake with a chef hat on. He’s not at all focused on the show, but rather on the tension behind him. His back stiffens when he feels a hand press against his spine. He whines and arches his body away from the touch.

Jimin pulls his hand back like he’s been burned, face taken aback when Jungkook tries to avoid him and his touches. He puts his arms to his side and looks at Jin, the other man’s eyebrows firmly knitted together.

“Are you upset with Jimin?” Jin says.

Jungkook huffs.

“I said I was sorry, Jungkook.” Jimin frowns. He raises his hands defensively when Jungkook shoots him an unimpressed look.

“It’s not that simple-“

“Jungkook, I don’t think you’re being fair.” Jin shakes his head.

Jungkook closes his mouth and stares at Jin. What, he’s not being fair? Is this for real right now? He crosses his arms and huffs loudly, resisting the urge to roll his eyes so hard they fall out. Jin slides down off the couch to sit on the floor in front of Jungkook.
“We’ve all been bad and made mistakes. Jimin is no exception, he’s just as guilty as the rest of us, but that doesn’t mean you should single him out.”

He sighs and closes his eyes, pressing his fingers against his closed eye as he tries to collect himself. His brain was going crazy with the static, with the urge to be little – he wasn’t sure he could fight with them and concentrate at being big at the same time. He couldn’t multitask.

“You hurt me. You really hurt me.” Jungkook sniffs when he thinks back on the way Jimin had treated him that night.

Jimin gets off the couch and moves to hug the boy, who flinches from his touch. Jimin hugs him to his chest and holds a hand in his hair. Jimin sways the boy back and forth in the hug as he apologizes over and over again into his ear. Jungkook cries quietly as he does so, his mind completely conflicted over how he should feel and whether or not he should let it go for now.

“I’m sorry, baby. Daddy was selfish and mean. He shouldn’t have done that to you.” Jimin whispers to him, sniffling back his own messy tears.

Jungkook feels the urge to press against his temples. He feels his heart rate quicken, getting more lively and excited as Jimin holds onto him. A small sense of dread and uncertainty rolls over him so he pulls his head back to look at both Jimin and Jin. He shakes his head and bites his lip.

“What’s wrong, sweetie?”

He looks at the television, Mister Rodgers on the screen as the show introduces itself. He sighs at the sight and looks back at them with teary eyes, “I-If you k-keep it up, I… I’ll become little.”

Jimin and Jin both coo at him, causing him to flush. Jin leans over and steals Jungkook away from Jimin, pulling the boy by his waist to sit onto his lap. He smiles down at the boy and wipes away the stray tears that linger on his cheeks.

“Remember what Taehyung said, bunny?”

Jungkook shakes his head slightly, lips pouty as he can’t remember.

“When you feel that fuzz, that urge, don’t be scared of it. We’ll be right here, okay?” Jin smiles down at him.

Jungkook freezes under his hold and Jin begins to worry that he’s upset the boy again. He gasps when he feels Jungkook press his face against his front of his chest, the boy’s hands coming up to curl his fists into the front of his shirt. Jin runs his fingers through the boy’s hair and looks up at Jimin, whose eyes are wide.

“Kookie?” Jin whispers.

Jungkook moves his head back and wraps his arms around Jin’s big frame. He huffs a small sigh as he rests against the man. Jin is enjoying the moment but he knows that he has to ask the question bugging him. He pulls Jungkook to sit up and face him eye-to-eye. Jungkook whines in the back of his throat, confused as to why Jin is pulling him away from him when he’s so warm.

“Jungkook, how big are you?”

Jungkook scrunches his face with confusion. He looks down at his fingers and says a few numbers out loud before he gives up, dropping his head on Jin’s shoulder. Jin smiles but knows he still has to figure out if Jungkook is in his subspace. “Kookie, answer me please.”
“I don’t wanna.” Jungkook whines.

This is a good sign but it doesn’t help him fully. He glances at Jimin before looking back down at the boy who is currently snuggling against him. “Jungkook, do you want your binky?” He risks asking.

Jungkook seems quiet for a moment before he shyly nods. Jin gives Jimin a look, motioning him to go get one for the boy. Jimin shoots up from the floor and runs to get a clean binky. At the mention of his binky, Jungkook sticks his thumb into his mouth and sucks on it passively. Jin coos and plants a few kisses on the boy’s head.

“You weren’t a big boy for very long.” Jin chuckles to himself.

The other four men walk together into the living room, chatting and laughing to each other. They pause when they see Jin holding Jungkook securely on his lap, the boy sucking on his thumb as he watches Mister Rogers feed his fish.

“Is he little…?” Taehyung says what everyone is thinking.

Jungkook shyly hides his face into Jin’s shirt, not liking all of the attention on him and all of this talk about him being big or little. The other men take their seats on the couches, watching as Jin brushes the boy’s hair with his long fingers.

Jimin comes back down with a clean blue pacifier. He kneels down in front of Jungkook and gently pulls the boy’s thumb out of his mouth. Jungkook opens his mouth to complain but is interrupted by the binky that is pushed into his mouth. He crosses his eyes to look down at it, sighing out with relief as he starts to suck on it. Jimin smiles and ruffles his hair, “Better.”

Jungkook moves from Jin’s lap so he can lay his body on the couch, his legs resting on Jin’s lap as he rests on his side. He brings his hands up to his face and curls his fingers comfortably, soothed entirely by the rubber between his teeth.

Everything feels just right.

Chapter End Notes

My internet is being a bitch.
I’m tethering off my phone to upload this with my computer haha.
It’s been at least a day since he’s become little. Little... That’s what his daddies always called it, right? The sun trying to poke through his curtains tells him that it’s morning, although he’s not sure what time it is. It’d be nice if they gave him a watch or put clocks on the walls. It was nice to know how long he would have to wait until dinner would be ready.

Taehyung had come in a few minutes ago, a smile on his lips as he turned on the light and ushered him out of bed. He had clung to his soft blanket, not wanting to leave the warmth that was his precious crib. Taehyung was currently peppering him with kisses and tickling him, causing him to scream and giggle uncontrollably.

“I’m up, I’m up, I’m up!” He chanted as he tried to take in deep breaths.

Taehyung halts his tickles and pulls back, a toothy grin on his lips as he continued to plant sweet kisses on his cheeks. Jungkook yawned away from the kisses, stretching his arms after he sits up in his crib. He wipes the crust away from his tired eyes and pouts at Taehyung. Taehyung frowns when Jungkook lays back down and throws the blanket back over himself, gripping the blankets tightly so he can hide from the man.

“Kookie, it’s up time.” Taehyung pokes at the boy through the blanket, a small amused chuckle leaving his lips when Jungkook whines underneath the fleece. An evil smirk grows on Taehyung as he holds his arched fingers out towards the boy. “You better get up and run, Kookie. Or the tickle monster is going to get ya’.”

Jungkook peaks his head out from the blanket, eyes wide at Taehyung, “Tickle monster?”

Taehyung nods at the boy, smiling when Jungkook slowly sits up in the bed with wide eyes and pouty lips. Taehyung curls his fingers a few times at the boy, “I’m going to count to five. You better be downstairs by the time I’m done counting, or the tickle monster is going to get ya’!”

Jungkook watches blankly as Taehyung licks his lips mischievously.

“One.”

Jungkook throws the blanket off his body and puts his feet over the crib.

“Two.”

He stands from the crib and walks towards the open door.

“Five!”

Jungkook screams when Taehyung jumps towards him. He screams excitedly as Taehyung chases him through the house, chasing him down the marble stairs with his hands reaching out towards him evilly. Jungkook is sure the whole house can hear him screaming, so hopefully his daddies can save him from the tickle monster!

“You cheated!” Jungkook screams as he runs past the living room and heads for the kitchen, where all the noise is. He darts past Yoongi and brushes his body loudly against the wooden table as he
hides from Taehyung. Taehyung catches up to him in the kitchen, curling his fingers teasingly at the boy.

“What are you two doing?” Jin raises an eyebrow.

“…I’m not awake enough for this.” Yoongi mumbles as he takes a sip of his just made cup of coffee and steadily carries the cup to the kitchen table.

“He’s trying to kill me!” Jungkook screeches as he points a finger at Taehyung. The five men raise eyebrows when Taehyung pretends to go after him but remains in his spot, causing the boy to squal and hide himself behind Namjoon’s chair. Jin clicks his tongue and points an annoyed finger at Taehyung, “Come on, we don’t try to kill each other before breakfast.”

“Okay, okay. I give up.” Taehyung arms fall to his side, but a mischievous glint remains in his eyes.

Jungkook slowly stands up from behind the chair, mouth open wide as he scans Taehyung. His fingers are clenched onto the wooden chair, much to the distaste of Namjoon who just wants to have his morning coffee. Jin nods pleasingly at Taehyung, “You better. Jungkook, I’m going to make your bottle right after I finished making Jimin’s-“

Jungkook screeches when Taehyung raises his hands out to him with a boxy grin, darting towards the boy who ducks to the ground and crawls his way past the wooden chairs. The table loudly clacks when Jungkook hits his head on the bottle of the table, all the cups and plates jumping slightly. Taehyung drops his arms, accepting that the boy has made his escape from the tickle monster – for now.

“Jeon Jungkook, get out from there!” Jin puts his hands on his hips.

Jungkook ignores Jin and wraps his body around a pair of unidentified legs. The legs jerk in response before a sigh comes from above the table. Jungkook grips the legs securely as he places his head against the man’s (whoever that man is) knees.

“Jungkook.” He hears the owner of the legs say. Oh, it’s Hobi.

He lets go of the legs uncomfortably, cringing as he crawls out from the table away from Hoseok. He pushes on his knees as he stands up from the table, brushing the dust off his clothes. Jin huffs at him and gives the boy a look. Taehyung makes a loud complaint when Jin flicks him on the nose.

“Ow-the fuck?”

Jin flicks him again.

“Don’t swear around my baby.”

Taehyung rolls his eyes but puts his hands out to his defense, waving them downwards towards Jin to signify that he’s going to stop doing anything else that would upset him. Jin points a finger towards an empty chair, silently commanding Taehyung to sit down on it. Taehyung pouts and slumps his way over to the chair, pulling it out and resting his elbows.

Jungkook sticks his thumb in his mouth when Jin turns to look at him and redirect his displeasure towards him. Jin points towards the wooden chair that is – purposely, not the empty chair next to Taehyung. “Sit and wait for me to make your bottle, OK?”
Jungkook nods and drags his bare feet over to the chair, squirming his way onto the seat and leaning forward to the side of his face on the table. He experiments with sticking his other fingers in his mouth, chewing on the tips of his fingers and rubbing the digits against the sides of his cheek. His eyes stare at nothing as he does so - his vision blurry and unfocused as he thinks about not a thing, wonders about zero, only feeling the sensations of his fingers pressing against his inflamed gums.

There’s.

Just.

Nothing.

Zip, nada, diddly-squat.

He doesn’t notice he’s completely zoned out until an object is waved in front of his hazed eyes. He stops moving his fingers and focuses his vision, then seeing the clean binky that is being offered to him. He raises his head and gladly takes it from Taehyung, whose small frown melts into a small smile. He rests his head back onto the table, his head left to the side so he can suck on the binky without obstruction. His arms dangle off the table, dangling straight down towards the ground along with his shoulders, only his head rested on the table. He listens to the sound of the microwave, Jin humming, and the sound of sipping from mugs.

He feels a hand begin to run through his soft hair, the nails scraping gently across his scalp. He doesn’t look towards the hand, doesn’t question it – rather, he leans into it and sighs. He sucks on his binky, gnawing and chewing on the rubber.

“Jungkook? Sweetie?”

Looking up he can see Jin holding a freshly prepared bottle. Jin looks a bit concerned but masquerades it with a kind warm smile, holding out his hand to pull the boy up from the chair. Jungkook decides first to look at the hand that was running through his fingers, not moving from his seat as he does so.

Yoongi, next to him, drinks from his coffee as he looks down at his long nails. Jungkook smiles behind the binky before thinking to himself that his daddy really ought to trim his nails, or at least chew them down like he does to himself. His daddies should help him brush his teeth more and clip his nails. He frowns as he licks once more at his inflamed gums. His fingers catch on fabrics, due to the sharp ridges from his own teeth chewing them down. It’d be nice if his daddies could file them smooth for him, so he wouldn’t scratch himself or get his fingers caught on his clothes.

He’s interrupted by his own thoughts when he feels Jin tugging slightly on his shirt. Jin frowns at him from where he stands, his eyes laced with unsettledness. He blinks at his daddy, his eyes fluttering as he glances at his other daddies who stare at him with a similar expression as Jin.

“Mhm?” He mumbles through the binky, confused by the looks he’s receiving.

“Something on your mind, sweetie?” Jin asks as he pulls the boy up from his chair.

Jungkook looks down to the floor as he shakes his head. Jin sighs and places the warm bottle on the kitchen table. He puts his hands on the boy’s shoulder, squeezing them gently yet firmly. Jungkook looks into Jin’s eyes, puzzled when Jin runs his thumb over the scar on his cheek.

“Come on, sweetie. You can tell your daddy anything.”
Jungkook thinks for a moment before he shakes his head again, most insistently this time. What he thought didn’t matter. He didn’t want to bother them. He just wanted to have breakfast and forget about it. He shouldn’t bother his daddies anymore, it wasn’t good behavior to make them upset or worried.

He’s done enough.

“Alright then.” Jin squeezes his shoulders once more before pulling away, picking up the baby bottle and waving it other to the other men in the room. “Who wants bottle duty?”

His daddies look at each other, their heads turning and their lips pursed as they all seemingly resist the urge to raise their hands and selfishly shout ‘Me, me, me!’

As the murmuring and indecisiveness carries on, Jin sighs and cuts off their decision making. He walks over to Jimin and places the baby bottle on the table in front of him. Jimin stares at the bottle before giving a questionable look to Jin. Jin leans over to Jimin’s ear and quietly whispers to him, making sure that no one can hear him as he does so.

“You need to get on his good side again.” Jin whispers.

Jimin nods and stands from his chair, the chair loudly creaking, much to Jungkook’s irritation. Jungkook shakes his head as Jimin picks up the baby bottle. He stomps his foot on the floor a few times as he groans, the only thing he can think of to voice his frustration and discontent without pulling out his binky to speak. Jimin looks painfully at Jin who puts a hand on his shoulder before shooting Jungkook a displeased look, “Now Jungkook, don’t give one of your daddies a hard time.”

Jungkook rips the binky out of his mouth, shaking his head at Jin. “I want TaeTae,” Jungkook grumbles. Taehyung blushes in his seat, biting his cheeks to resist his urge to grin. It felt good to be the chosen one.

Jimin awkwardly holds the bottle, looking back and forth at Jin and Taehyung as he questions whether or not he should give bottle feeding over to Taehyung. Jin puts his hand on Jimin’s arm, holding him steady as he shakes his head at Jungkook with stubborn tight lips.

“Stop throwing a tantrum. You’re hurting Jimin’s feelings.”

Jungkook groans and stomps his feet again. He arches his head backwards to show off his stretched neck, sighing dramatically to the ceiling as he fights against Jin’s growing impatience. Namjoon stands from his seat quietly and places his dirty mug in the sink, then turning his body to rest his back against the kitchen counter to watch the scene in front of him.

Jungkook said that he didn’t want to bother them anymore, that he didn’t want to upset them or make them worried, but that prior thought was tossed out the window when his daddies started trying to make him do something he didn’t want to do! They were being mean, so mean.

“Are you going to behave now?” Namjoon says after Jungkook had gone silent.

Jungkook glares up at Namjoon, gripping his binky tightly in his hand. He redirects his glare to Jimin, who immediately shifts in his wooden position due to feeling a tad bit threatened by the generally non-threatening little boy. Jin snaps a finger at Jungkook as he fumes, “Hey! Stop looking at them like that! You’re hurting their feelings, you’re hurting my feelings.”

Just so mean. His daddies never ask him how he feels, what he wants, it always comes down to what they want and what they feel! They’re so mean, so mean to him. He hates them. He hates all
of them. He hates Jin! He hates Jin, hates him, hates him!

They all collectively flinch when Jungkook begins to shake, a loud sob erupting from his very core. Jungkook sniffs and chucks the binky at both Jimin and Jin. “I hate you!” He screams at them before turning on his heels and darting out of the room. He can hear the sighs from behind him but he doesn’t care.

He runs up the steps and runs past his nursery, runs past multiple doors before he ends up at the door at the end of the hallway. Through his blurry vision he bursts through the door and slams it shut behind him, stomping over to the bed that belongs to an unknown person. He falls to his knees in front of the bed, clutching the bed sheets between his fingers, his ragged fingernails scraping loudly across the fabric as he drops his head and sobs into the sheets.

Perhaps if he were big this would be something silly to him. Perhaps if he were big he would have realized he was still dealing with the aftermath of what Jimin had done to him. Instead, in this moment, he was too little. He was in a dark subspace where he could not properly communicate and recover from what had happened to him, so he lashed out – he cried and sobbed, screaming and stomping as he failed to understand why he was feeling just so bad, why the only people he could rely on and turn to in his life would want to hurt him so much.

And as the unsettledness grew deeper inside of his lungs, causing him to cough and sob deeper, he felt himself slipping deeper. He slipped deeper into the static until the words could no longer form. He couldn’t face what he was going through, he couldn’t confront it or work through it in his state, so he ran away from it entirely. His mind ran away from the fear, from the hurt, from the confrontation. He sank deeper into his subspace, to be younger and freer so even the big bad thoughts could no longer reach him.

The door to the room creaked open by a hesitating figure. The figure’s feet skid across the wooden tiles before it kneels down to the floor next to Jungkook, at a small loss as the boy continues to cry without noticing him.

“Jungkook…?” Taehyung whispers.

Jungkook doesn’t answer him, his own mind covered in a foggy maze. The tears were endless and he was hiccupping, a mixture of snot, drool and tears covering his face as he continued on without any sign of stopping. Taehyung pulls the boy away from the blankets, wrapping his arms around the boy’s waist and pulling him to lean against his small frame.

Taehyung rocks the boy back and forth in his arms as he starts to sing a small song to calm him down. His smooth, deep voice slowly pushes through the boy’s sobs and sooths him. Jungkook clutches his fingers into the front of Taehyung’s shirt, pressing his face against the man’s chest as he slowly calms down. There are no thoughts, no internal monologue. Only touches and only sounds he’ll reach for and respond to.

Taehyung sniffs, his own tears rolling down his cheeks and dropping onto the boy’s scalp. Jungkook flinches at the sensation of tears dripping on his scalp, but doesn’t complain. Taehyung wipes at his own tears before pulling his sleeve down and patting away the moisture of the boy’s face. Taehyung kisses the boy’s cheek, frowning through his own tears.

“Poor baby, my poor baby.” Taehyung whispers and wipes more of his own tears away.

Jungkook rubs his face against Taehyung’s chest. He was still hiccupping by his tears were mostly gone, the comfort of Taehyung’s singing voice getting through to him. He clutches the man’s shirt tighter between his fingers, his fingers curling as he breathes though his mouth – his nose was
much too stuffy to breathe out of.

“I won’t let Jin punish you for that. He was being a meanie.” Taehyung reassures the little.

“Baba…” Jungkook mumbles under his mouth, fingers still curling his daddies’ shirt. Taehyung blinks a few times and sniffs loudly.

“What was that?”

“Baba, baba…” Jungkook mumbles over and over again. In his head he sees his baby bottle, his mouth craving the liquid so he can be all nice and full. His belly is growling and begging to be fed. He reaches his out to Taehyung, pressing his fingers softly against the man’s face with wide curious eyes.

“Kookie, what are you trying to say?”

“Baba, baba, baba…” Jungkook repeats and then sticks his thumb into his mouth. He sucks loudly on his thumb, eyes fluttering at the man as he still pictures his baby bottle. Hungry, hungry, hungry.

Taehyung eyes blow out of their sockets when he realizes what’s happening. He coos loudly at the boy below him, rocking him back and forth as he looks at the creaked door with the urge to yell for help. He takes both of Jungkook’s hands and peppers them with kisses, causing the boy to giggle.

“Oh baby, you’re even littler now, aren’t you?” Taehyung murmurs. He doesn’t know what he was expecting, a response from Jungkook, maybe a nod or a hum of agreement? Instead he gets Jungkook staring up at him, eyes much more innocent looking and curious than they have ever been before. It excites him, scares him, and strangely causes him to feel guilt. Oh, Taehyung had an array of feelings at the moment.

He rises from the ground and picks up the babbling Jungkook, placing the boy securely on his hips before taking him out of Yoongi’s bedroom. Hopefully Yoongi wouldn’t mind that there was now an assortment of bodily fluid on his bed sheets.

“I’ll get you your baba, baby. Daddy will get your baba.” Taehyung says as he rushes down the marble steps.

He carries Jungkook over to the kitchen, where the other men are still talking and arguing with each other. They go quiet when they see Taehyung walk in with Jungkook, the boy for some reason being carried instead of walking on his own. Jin opens his mouth to say something but Taehyung quickly beats him to it.

“Jin, don’t. He’s littler.”

“Huh?” Hoseok says from his seat.

“He’s like a baby right now. He’s so deep he can’t even talk.”

The anger from Jin slowly slides off his face, dissolving away as he walks up towards Jungkook – the boy who is currently occupying himself by sucking on the end of Taehyung’s sweater. Jin stares at the little, blinking as he stares at the boy who doesn’t seem to react negatively at all to being in his presence so soon after his tantrum.

Taehyung’s sweater pops out of the boy’s mouth when he spots his pacifier sitting all alone on the table. He reaches his arm out towards it, whining under his breath as he mumbles words that most
certainly do not exist – at least to their knowledge.

Taehyung walks past Jin and goes towards the table, picking up the binky after shuffling the boy around on his hips. He sticks the binky in the boy’s mouth, the boy sighing peacefully and resting his head against Taehyung’s shoulder.

“He’s hungry.” Taehyung says as he takes the baby bottle into his hand, struggling to hold both the boy and bottle in his arms. Jimin makes a move to help but Taehyung gives him a look. Jungkook reaches out towards the bottle, his binky falling out of his mouth as he whines.

“Baba, baba, baba.” Jungkook babbles.

Taehyung pulls the bottle away from him, “Wait, baby. Daddy has to sit down first.”

Drool dribbles down from Jungkook’s chin as Taehyung turns and carries the boy out of the room, their destination being the living room. Taehyung would feed him instead of anyone else; simply because he knows the bigger Jungkook wouldn’t want to be with Jimin right now. He will try to respect that.

He sits on the couch and rests Jungkook’s back against his chest, leaning the boy forward as he sticks the bottle into his mouth. The bottle wasn’t as warm as it should be, but it was warm enough for the hungry boy. Jungkook gladly sticks his mouth on the bottle, eyes fluttering open and shut as he drinks willingly from the bottle. Taehyung sings quietly as the boy drinks, thinking that Jungkook will be further soothed and comforted by the song.

He smiles as Jungkook stops drinking to exhale, hiccupping from drinking too fast. He chuckles and pokes at the boys’ cheek with his free hand, “Slow down, baby. Daddies got you.”

Jungkook drinks and embraces the warmth, the touches, the singing. There’s no anger here, no resentment - only Taehyung and his sweetness. Maybe if he were bigger Jungkook would ridicule himself for being this way, for falling for the sweetness. His heart beats as Taehyung runs a hand through his hair, the sound of his daddies soothing voice reaching through him and intertwining with his soul.

What’s that strange sensation in his chest? The weird queasiness that flips around in his belly and sings sweet nothings to his heart? That’s what a bigger yet still little Jungkook would wonder – yet not be able to figure out.

Adult Jungkook would be horrified and shaking in his boots. Perhaps he would even rip himself away and try to run away once more, not only from them but from his own feelings. Because the littlest Jungkook is unaware that the strange feeling in his heart is something very rare, something he’s only felt a few times before it faded away to his old dead memories.

The memories he only lingered over as he pounded a few drinks at the bar or smoked a few cigarettes before his late night sleep. The yearning of his grandmother who held him tight, the lust and fire of Jessica who drove him mad, his parents whom he couldn't remember but held deeply onto anyway – the tear soaked photographs. The one of the few emotions left behind in the graveyard of his loved ones.

Love.

It was love.

Chapter End Notes
How to Break Someone 101

If you couldn't tell I was emo as fuck when I wrote this one. Jeff Buckley can do that to you.

Thanks for all your comments on the last chapter. I'm amazed that people are so deeply into this story and it's stemming a lot of back and forth conversation haha. I hope I can reach expectations with each chapter. I write as I go, so truth be told I too don't know how this story will end. I have multiple IDEAS over how I will end it, but the way each chapter is written is by the way I feel at the moment, henceforth as I go by each chapter I will eventually decide how I want to story to end based on the way it flows to me. The end game is not thoroughly thought out for me, it's currently just smidgens of ideas and stray thoughts. We'll see, eh?

I know there are writers out there who pre-write the entire story and have a schedule for updating each week, but I'm not like that. Hah. Anyway I'll shush up now. Till next time? Which will be soon, knowing me.

When I was a baby I called my baby bottle a 'baba' and so did my mom, so that's just a clarification for you as to why he would call a baby bottle 'baba'. So whenever Jungkook is chanting 'baba' like he's trying to summon a sheep or something, just know that he wants his baby bottle.
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

//sucks in air through teeth

See the end of the chapter for more notes

While Taehyung occupied himself with cleaning his bottle in the kitchen, Jungkook was sitting on the couch. Well, really, he was lying on the people who were sitting on the couch. His head and shoulders were on Hoseok’s lap, his torso on Yoongi’s lap, and finally his legs on top of Namjoon. Hoseok was running his fingers through Jungkook’s hair as the boy sucked on his pacifier, his eyes hazed from being full after his bottle feeding.

Hoseok was brushing his hair back with his fingers, leaving Jungkook’s forehead to be exposed. Namjoon was rubbing his bare feet and pressing his thumbs into the middle of his foot, rubbing away the tension from his pressure points. All in all, Jungkook was in a very good place to be. His stomach was threatening to cramp from how full the ‘formula’ had made him, but surely it will dissipate the longer he lies down.

When Taehyung had first made a move to leave the room, Jungkook held onto him with the tips of his fingers. Taehyung had giggled and blushed, but ultimately left him behind with his three other daddies. Jungkook had begun sniveling when Hoseok had come to him at the couch, but was subdued by the binky that Yoongi immediately popped into his mouth. If Jungkook were a big boy he likely would have been peeved by Yoongi’s technique of shushing him up, but for little Jungkook – it worked.

“My father will be here in two days. You guys went over what I told you, right?” Hoseok says as he watches the television with tired red puffy eyes.

“Yup.” Yoongi mumbles coldly.

“Namjoon? You tend to forget about this kind of stuff.”

“Don’t worry, Hobi.” Namjoon flashes a troubled grin at Hoseok, “I don’t forget when it’s your dad. Your pop scares the shit out of me.”

“If Jin heard you swear-“ Yoongi smiles uncomfortably.

“Oh please.” Hoseok cuts him off, “The kid is so deep in subspace he can’t count to one, much less five.”

Yoongi and Namjoon share an awkward look before flashing Hoseok small smiles. Hoseok looks down at Jungkook who is currently watching the television, the sound of him sucking the binky loudly filling the room. Hoseok leans down with his hand on the boy’s forehead, pressing warm kisses on his cheeks. Jungkook breathes out slightly before looking at him, his tired eyes taking in the man in front of him. Hoseok coos and plants a few more kisses on the boy’s face, then booping his nose as finality.

“Isn’t it bad to have him in subspace if your dad is coming?” Yoongi says as he watches Jungkook
play with Hoseok’s fingers.

Hoseok holds onto Jungkook’s finger to trap it, laughing when Jungkook tries to pull his finger away with a small whine. Hoseok shakes his head at Yoongi, a small frown replacing his chuckles. “We can’t put him in little space and then rip him out. It’s not nice.”

They give him a dumb look that begs for the truth.

“. . .Plus this is the first time he’s become so little. Isn’t that Jin wanted? To have a baby? I want it to last for as long as possible. My point still stands; we should let him come out of it naturally. If we force him out he might have a subdrop.”

“Ah, so there’s the truth.” Namjoon taunts.

“Shut up.”

“But what about your dad? If he sees how Jungkook is and how we treat him, he’s going to flip out and you know that’s the truth.” Yoongi argues.

“What did we do at the farmhouse?” Hoseok says calmly.

“Eh?”

“The farmhouse, Yoongi. What did we tell the old dude at the farmhouse?”

“The fuck would I remember?” Yoongi glares.

“When we found Jungkook, what did we tell the old dude?”

“. . .We said Kook had special needs.” Namjoon speaks for Yoongi.

Jungkook whines at the intensifying sound of their bickering. Hoseok looks down at the boy and shushes him a few times, taking his hand and kissing it a few times. Jungkook seems to be satiated by that, giggling a little before looking back at the television to watch yet not understand the news. Hoseok holds onto Jungkook’s hand as he nods at Namjoon, ignoring the eye rolls from Yoongi as he does so.

“Exactly! See, Namjoon remembers.”

“So what are you saying, Hoseok? Pretending that he’s some kind of vegetable that you felt pity for?”

Hoseok shrugs his shoulders and looks more defensive than he deserves to be. Yoongi holds back the urge to growl at Hoseok, also resisting the urge to throw a punch or too. It wouldn’t be the first time he tossed out a fist or two at Hoseok, but he knew better than to do that shit front of their little. That was just obvious to him.

“I’m just saying that maybe my dad will think less of it. He’s going to be pissed no matter what, but it won’t be as bad compared to having an adult Jungkook running around and throwing plates at him.”

“We hid him last time . . .” Yoongi mumbles without thinking.

“My dad knows about him now, dumbass.”

Yoongi growls at Hoseok which causes Jungkook to flinch. Yoongi squeezes his hands into fists,
holding back the urge to knock out some of Hoseok’s pretty white teeth. He looks down at Jungkook, whose large eyes look both confused and seemingly unaware. He inhales deeply and slouches into his seat, pinching his nose as he tries to calm himself and stop fighting in front of their little.

“I remember that charity for that children’s hospital, Hoseok. Your dad was there. You didn’t give two shits about the special kids there. Your dad saw that. He’s not going to buy the idea of you taking in some retarded kid just because you felt bad. If I can see that, he will. Your dad will see right through you.”

“I did care, actually,” Hoseok defends himself and clenches his jaw when Yoongi snorts, “and just so you know, my dad is well aware of me being a fag. He loves to call me a fairy when he’s pissed off. He’ll see Jungkook and realize why I took him in. He won’t like it but he’ll figure it out.”

“…You want him to think you only care about the pretty ones? That’s your plan?” Namjoon frowns.

“That won’t hurt your pride, to have your dad thinking you only took a boy with special needs into your care because you wanted to fuck him?” Yoongi clicks his tongue.

“Okay, that’s enough.” Jin says as he leans away from the wall behind them. They snap their heads to look at him. Jin clicks his tongue and walks towards them at the couch, bending over to the couch to pick Jungkook into his arms. Jungkook lets out a whine from the back of his throat, not wanting to be removed from the warmth of the three men he was lying on top of. Jin places Jungkook onto his hips, his vision locked onto the three men with his tight lips.

“Talking in front of Jungkook like that? What is wrong with you?! You think that just because he’s in baby space he won’t hear you and remember this later? Stop it!”

The three of them squirm uncomfortably in their seats, avoiding the angry eyes of Jin by staring at their laps. Yoongi can still feel the warmth of Jungkook’s body on his lap and he already misses it, but he’s not one to be desperate and reach back out for it. Jin clicks his tongue once more before carrying Jungkook out of the room, the boy sucking on his binky as he wraps his arms around his daddies neck.

“Daddy is going to give you a bath, okay baby? I’d feel dirty if my daddies talked like that.” Jin shakes his head to himself.

Jungkook gently gnaws on his binky, his tongue swirling around on the tip of the rubber. He rubs the side of his face on Jin’s soft shoulder, the man’s skin revealed by the black wife beater he’s wearing. Jungkook pulls the binky out of his mouth, holding it between his fingers. He stares at Jin’s smooth shoulder before pressing his semi-wet lips against it. He feels Jin stiffen a bit as he walks through the house.

“Bunny?”

Jungkook licks at his shoulder and sucks on it, opening his mouth wider and gently gnawing and biting at the skin. Yes, this was better than a binky. Jin bites back a shudder as he takes Jungkook into the bathroom, flicking on the light and closing the door behind the both of them. Jin stands in the cold bathroom and looks at Jungkook, watching with a flush as the boy sucks and nibbles on his shoulder.

“I’m not a binky, baby.” Jin chuckles lightly before biting back a small moan. He pulls Jungkook away from his shoulder and places him onto the ledge of the bathtub. He looks at his bare
shoulder, eyes admiring the hickey that now lies on his skin. He strips Jungkook clothes off easily before running hot water for the boy to enjoy.

“Let’s get you all cleaned up, okay?”

Though Jin is aware Jungkook is too out of it to respond to him. Jin strips down himself, then grabbing their dirty clothes to place it in a designated corner. Jin looks towards the door when he hears the doorknob twisting, the door creaking as Jimin sticks his head inside. Jin raises an eyebrow as Jimin steps inside of the bathroom, closing the door and locking it behind him. “Mind if I join? I was going to take a shower, but you beat me to it.”

Jin shrugs and pulls Jungkook over to the shower. It was important for them all to get cleaned before stepping into the bath. The bath was more for relaxation than for cleaning, especially if the three of them were going to be in the bath together. Jimin coos at Jungkook who stares at him with wide curious eyes, sucking on his green binky as Jin runs warm water from the detachable shower head over his chest.

Jimin strips off his clothing and waits for Jin to finish bathing both himself and Jungkook. When they finish, Jin hands the detachable shower head to Jimin and takes Jungkook’s hand, pulling the boy towards the now full and steamy bath. Jungkook struggles to walk, clearly so deep in his subspace that he expects to be carried everywhere. Jin balances the body against his body as he carefully lifts him by his shoulders and drops him into the bath.

“There you go.” Jin smiles when Jungkook is sat into the bath, looking up at his daddy. Jin can only see the innocence and purity in Jungkook’s, a childlike curiosity from the boy that he has never seen to such an extent before. It fills up his heart with fondness and softness.

Jin sinks himself in the hot steam and sighs, all of the tension flowing out towards his fingertips and toes before fizzling out. Jimin joins them shortly after, him too sighing and feeling his muscles relax. Jin moves over to the back of the bath and pulls Jungkook along with him, leaning against the wall as he pushes Jungkook to sit in front of him between his legs. Jungkook doesn’t seem to have a negative reaction, or any reaction at all to this – simply chewing on his binky as he curls his toes in the warm water and leans his back against his daddy’s chest.

“Ooh, this is exactly what I needed.” Jimin sighs contently.

Jin hums in response, his eyes closed as he listens to the sound of Jungkook gently swishing his hands underneath the water playfully. Jimin watches Jungkook reach out for the rubber duck on the ledge of the bath, right next to Jin’s head. Jin’s eyes pop open when he feels a hand next to his head, his eyes closing with a smile as he watches Jungkook squeeze the rubber duck.

They both make a small ‘oh’ noise when Jungkook’s green binky falls out of his mouth, sinking to the bottom of the shallow bath. Jungkook adjusts his position against Jin to get more comfortable, his head bumping back against the man’s chest a few times. Jungkook makes a small noise as he wraps his mouth around the rubber duck and chews on it, the duck squeaking in response to its abuse. Jin snorts and ruffles the boy’s wet hair, creating a mess of it as he fondly watches the boy drool and nibble with the duck.

Jimin’s attention is not on Jungkook, however. His eyes are instead fixated on the fresh bruise on Jin’s shoulder, the glaring remnants of bite marks left for him to see. Jimin leans over to Jin’s shoulder, the other man unaware and unsuspecting, too pre-occupied with watching his baby – so Jimin bites down at the hickey, copying Jungkook’s prior actions as he licks and nibbles at the surface of the broken skin.
Jin gasps and flinches away from Jimin, causing the rubber duck to drop out of Jungkook’s mouth. Jin slaps Jimin’s chest with a pout mixed with a glare on his face, “Hey!”

Jimin smirks and brings his finger to drag his nail softly yet suggestively against the bruise. Jin looks down and watches Jimin’s finger, his eyes trailing along and his breaths ever so slightly shuddering as they leave from his parted pink lips.

“Who did that…?” Jimin looks up at him with narrowed eyes and a small yet suggestive smirk.

A tint of pink goes over Jin’s cheeks before he turns his eyes to look down at Jungkook, who is currently entirely occupied with fishing for his binky which currently is out of his arms reach. Jimin follows Jin’s eyes and looks at Jungkook, his mouth popping open with realization. A small chuckle leaves from his mouth as he watches Jungkook stick the wet binky into his mouth. He shakes his head and looks at Jin, “The bunny?”

“Thought my shoulder was a binky or something.” Jin mumbles.

Jimin stands from the bath, the water splashing loudly as he walks out of the bath. He reaches for a towel and begins to dry himself; his teasing eyes watching Jin pull himself out of the water and take Jungkook up along with him. Jimin stands and watches as Jin runs the towel over Jungkook’s wet body, the boy whining from having to leave the hot bath even though they hadn’t been in it for that long.

“Maybe he didn’t want his binky…” Jimin says after thinking to himself, shuffling as he feels heat spread throughout his body – arousal. Jin secures the towel around the boy and reaches for a towel for himself, drying his arms as he gives Jimin a look that encourages him to continue. “Maybe he wanted something else, like your teat.”

Jin’s face goes red.

Jimin smiles down at Jungkook and pulls the boy up by his shoulders, awkwardly shuffling the boy onto his hips in a way that doesn’t completely drag their towels off their waists. His own towel loosens but remains on, but he doesn’t really care – it’s not like he minds anyone here seeing him naked.

Jin follows Jimin out of the washroom, but not before remembering to drain the bathtub of the hot water. What a waste of water. Jin fans his hot face as they walk through the hallway, making their way to Jungkook’s nursery. Jimin nudges open the half-closed door with his foot, stepping into the dark room with the boy in his arms. Jin flashes on the light and closes the door behind him. Jimin places Jungkook onto his crib and lays him down on his back. Jungkook sucks on his binky feverishly as Jimin takes the towel off him, leaving the boy to be exposed to the slightly cool air. Jungkook whimpers from the lack of heat throughout his body, raising his hand towards Jimin to get the towel back.

Jimin coos and tosses the damp towel into the nearby laundry bin. Jin opens Jungkook’s wardrobe and looks through the clothes, cycling through them as he tries to decide what he wants his baby to wear. Jimin keeps Jungkook occupied, trailing fingers on his stomach and smiling when the boy giggles from the tickling sensation.

Jin’s sees the pink fleece dress amongst the other clothes, his fingers immediately pausing. He runs his fingertips over the soft fabric, a rosy smile painting his lips when he remembers how Taehyung giggled and jumped up and down when they bought it. He was sure that Taehyung would want to see the boy putting on the dress right now, but surely Taehyung could wait to see the boy in the morning.
“Aren’t you going to diaper him, babe?” Jin asks Jimin as he pulls the dress out of the wardrobe.

“We’ll do it after.” Jimin says as he plants a few kisses on Jungkook’s giggling face.

Jin frowns as he brings the dress over to the crib. He pulls Jungkook up and positions his legs into the dress before starting to pull the dress up. “After what?”

“After he breast feeds.”

“You mean bottle fed? We already fed him—oh.” Jin blushes.

Jin looks at Jungkook after he finishes putting the fleece dress on the boy. As a final touch he pulls the boys hoodie on, the cute bunny ears suiting the boy perfectly. Jin sighs happily and presses his face into the mattress of the crib as he bites down his urge to giggle and smother the boy with kisses and cuddles. He’s almost entirely forgotten Jimin’s comment, all of his attention given to the little boy in front of him. But then he remembers what Jimin had said and Jin raises his face from the mattress, a small tinge of excitement and arousal spreading through his lower body.

“And how are you going to pull that off?” Jin says quietly. Jungkook was addicted to his binky so Jin doubted that Jimin would be able to get Jungkook to put it down without causing the boy to whine or even cry with a tantrum. Jimin smirks at Jin and leans over to whisper into his ear, “Take the binky away but keep his face against your chest. If you gotta, redirect his mouth. He’ll want something on his mouth, babe.”

Jin reaches his hand down to palm his growing erection. Jimin smirks and envelops Jin into a kiss, licking at the man’s lips and teasingly palming the older man’s bottom. Jin huffs into the kiss and grabs Jimin’s ass, pinching it. Jimin yelps and breaks the kiss.

“You think you’re the top, sweetie? You’ve been hanging around Taehyung too much.” Jin says as he nibbles at the boy’s ear.

“Said the switch.” Jimin fought back but kissed Jin again, reassuring the man of his playfulness. Jin hums in the kiss, fondling Jimin’s erection through his towel. They break the kiss when they hear a small whine, a string of spit between their mouths as they do so. Jungkook is holding onto his binky as he shuffles on his back, the front of his hoodie nearly covering his eyes.

“Bunny needs you, baby.” Jimin smiles and kisses Jin once more.

Jin moves his way onto the crib, resting on his knees and elbows as he hovers over the boy’s frame. Jungkook stares up at him with tired yet interested eyes. It doesn’t seem that Jungkook is fully aware of the situation or understands it. All he knows is that he’s cold and he wants to be warmed up. Jin hugs the boy and snuggles his face against the soft fleece of the boy’s dress.

Jin brings his head to kiss Jungkook’s jaw, working his way to kiss the boys neck. Jungkook whines slightly but still is eager for the soft warm touches from his daddy above him. Jimin reaches over and pulls the towel off of Jin, tossing to the floor before removing his own. Jin presses his hot erection against Jungkook’s bare thigh.

Jimin crawls onto the large crib and arches his body to sit behind Jungkook. The boy audibly protests when his binky is pulled out of his mouth, his hand reaching out immediately towards Jimin’s hand. Jimin places the binky under Jungkook’s pillow and shushes the boy quietly. Jimin pulls his fingers out and sticks two of them into Jungkook’s mouth, causing the boy to stare up at him with wide brown eyes. The immediate urge for his binky overwhelms Jungkook, so he starts to suck on Jimin’s fingers to appease his urge.
Jimin sighs with pleasure as Jungkook sucks on his digits, his pointer finger and middle finger separated by the boy’s tongue. Jungkook swirls his tongue around the digits before he sucks on it again, then nibbling gently on them as he always does with his binky.

Jungkook moans slightly curiously when Jin begins to grind his erection against Jungkook’s crotch, brushing their cocks together. Jin groans at the sensation of the warm fleece pressing and rubbing against his hard member. Jin pulls up Jungkook’s dress so the boy can be exposed for him. Jungkook whines as Jin runs his fingers over his body, the man’s nails dragging over his ribs and hard nipples. Jin leans over and licks at the boy’s right nipple, smiling when the boy gasps from the fingers in his mouth.

Jin swirls the point of his tongue against the nipple, pressing his tongue against it before sucking it. Jungkook arches slightly when Jin pulls his mouth away with a pop, his daddy moving his head to attack his other nipple. He cries when Jin sucks on his left nipple, nibbling on the sensitive bud and flicking his other nipple with his long fingers.

Spit hangs from Jin’s mouth when he pulls away and he looks up at Jimin with hazed dark eyes, smiling when Jimin smirks at him. Jimin pulls Jin into a heated kiss, breaking it to look down at the boy who’s struggling with the sudden lack of attention and touches.

“You think they’ll be mad?” Jin says with heavy breathing.

“Who cares?”

“Taehyung might get mad, or Yoongi…” Jin says with furrowing brows. Jimin presses his thumb against the man’s furrowed brow, distracting the man with a kiss. He shakes his head at Jin and peppers a few kisses on the edge of his jaw, “If you’re worried about it we just won’t tell them. They overreact.”

Jin nods to himself a few times before he excitedly kisses Jimin a few times. “Okay, okay…” He puts his hands on the sides of Jimin’s face as he puts his forehead on his forehead, “I trust you.”

Jin smiles as they break away, both of their attention going back to the boy who is on the verge of crying underneath them. Jin coos and goes back to his prior position, laying himself on top of the boy as he wraps his arms around the boy’s chest.

Jungkook immediately warms up to the return of Jin and his touches, wrapping his arms around Jin as he whimpers under his breath. Jin kisses the boy on the lips, running his tongue over the boy’s lips and pushing his tongue inside. Jin is somewhat surprised that Jungkook let his tongue slip in so easily, but he assumes that it must be because of his baby space which is making him so damn pliable and obedient.

Jin presses his erection back against Jungkook’s semi-hard erection, rutting against excitedly when he hears the boy’s growing whimpers and cries. He breaks from the kiss and moves backwards on the crib, taking Jungkook’s hips and turning him around on his stomach.

Jungkook whimpers when Jin spreads his cheek, squeaking like a squeaky toy when Jin dives in and laps at his unused entrance. He squirms and shivers as Jin laps up strips, poking and probing the boy’s tight entrance with the tip of his tongue.

“Shit, Jin.” Jimin purrs as he jerks himself off to the sight.

Jin seems get off on Jimin’s small praise, holding Jungkook’s shaking thighs down as he presses his tongue inside the boy and fucks him. His dick twitches at the sound of Jungkook gasping, the
side of his head laying on Jimin’s thigh as Jimin pets his hair with his free hand – you know, the hand that isn’t stroking himself raw.

Jin decides he can’t wait anymore so he pulls back and motions at Jimin. Jimin seems to get the sign and moves away from the crib, walking over to the changing table and reaching for a box. Jimin shuffles through the box until he finds what they’re looking for – a heated bottle of cherry lube. He walks back over to the crib and climbs onto the crib, handing over the bottle to Jin who smiles as his thanks.

Jin pops open the bottle, biting his lip as he looks down at the boy’s pink ring that is now lovingly covered with saliva – the sight making him want to forget the prep and take the boy, but he knows better than that. He was already being too impulsive. Jimin spreads Jungkook’s shivering cheeks, his thumb pressing into the boy’s skin as Jin pours the lube over his entrance.

Jimin breathes out loudly when he sees Jungkook clench and whimper at the sensation. Jin closes the bottle of the lube and puts it to the side for now. Jimin keeps Jungkook spread open for Jin, watching with hazy eyes as Jin rubs the lube against the boy’s entrance.

Jin feels his dick twitching when Jungkook begins to squirm, surely over the fact that the coldness of the lube has been replaced with the hotness of the heated lube. Jin was sure that it tasted delicious, but he didn’t lean down to see for sure – which was regrettable.

Jungkook’s mouth drops open with silent cry when Jin presses a finger inside of him – or two, Jin was too horny to tell the difference. The fingers slide with ease inside of Jungkook, who clutches his fingers into the fabrics of the sheets underneath the three of them. Jin’s two fingers reach the hilt inside of him, causing Jungkook to whine loudly.

“Doing so good for your daddies, baby.” Jimin coos as he leans over and kisses the side of Jungkook’s sweating face. Jimin holds onto the side of Jungkook’s face as Jin finger fucks him, his fingers thrusting in and out of the boy with a rigid force. Drool trails down Jungkook’s lips as Jin scissors open, the man making sure that the boy is stretched enough to take his own cock.

“I need to be inside him.” Jin groans.

“You still wanna breastfeed?” Jimin chuckles.

“I don’t care about that now. I just need him.” Jin shakes his head, pulling his fingers out of the trembling boy. Jimin lets go of Jungkook’s head as Jin flips the boy back over on his back. Jin pulls the dress back over the boy and reaches over to pull the hoodie back over his head, pulling at the bunny ears to get them to stand straighter up.

Jin grabs for the lube and flicks it open with his thumbnail, squeezing a generous amount over his cock. He tosses the bottle to the side as he jerks the lube all over his member, then leaning his body towards Jungkook’s entrance. Jungkook mewls as Jin pushes himself into him, the bizarre sensation of being full overwhelming him. There is a tinge of pain that erupts from the penetration, causing him to sniff slightly.

“It’ll get better baby, I promise.” Jin comforts him as he leans forward and wraps his arms around the boy’s chest, his hands touching from underneath the boy’s back. Jin presses his face into the side of the boy’s neck, breathing in the sweet vanilla scent from the boy’s bodywash as he starts to thrust inside of him.

Jungkook wraps his arms and legs around Jin’s strong frame, pulling as Jin thrusts slowly yet deeply inside of him. Jimin is stroking his member from behind them, leaning his back against the
wall as his blurry eyes take in the erotic scene.

Jungkook breathes out through his mouth loudly as Jin starts to slam into him, pounding him with more passion and vigor. His rigid nails scratch at Jin’s back desperately when Jin thrusts against an engrossed spot inside of him, the sharp powerful sensation causing his stomach to coil. He sniffs and moans loudly, helpless to the man above him.

“You’re so beautiful. You’re mine. Daddy loves you so much. So much. I’m never letting you go.” Jin murmurs against Jungkook’s ear, but the boy isn’t listening. He’s too deep in his subspace. Jin pulls his arms away and leans back, moving his hands to grip the boy’s smooth milky thighs. He spreads the boy’s legs open further for deeper access, looking down at the boy to watch his every reaction to the love they’re making.

He jerks his hips into the boy, sweat dripping from the sides of the temples as he angles his thrust – he’s going to make the boy come untouched. Jungkook whimpers and wails on his back, his arms shooting all over the crib as he reaches for something to grab and dig his fingers into. Jungkook’s orgasm rises in his belly, threatening to bring him to his climax if Jin continues his perfect rhythm.

“Come for me, baby. Come for me.” Jin struggles to say as he focuses on his thrusts.

Jungkook arches his back with a loud cry as he comes, his load landing on his belly. His vision is blurry as he stares up at the ceiling, thighs and entrance twitching and clutching uncontrollably as he goes through his orgasm. Jin works him through it, his thrusts slow as he watches the boy with fascination.

Jimin moves over to have his head over Jungkook’s stomach, his tongue sticking out and lapping up the boy’s load. When he gets it into his mouth he sits up straight to kiss Jin, passing the boy’s load back and forth in their mouths with their tongues. Jin pulls away with a gasp, both of them swallowing the salty yet somewhat sweet semen.

“So good.” Jimin smirks.

Jin presses one more kiss on his lips before he starts his thrusting again. Jungkook puts his hand on Jimin’s thigh, mouth trembling as Jin fucks him to his own climax. Jin buckles into Jungkook with a loud groan, falling over slightly as his dick twitches his load into the boy. Jin pulls out of the boy and sighs out, putting his hands on his upper thighs as he recovers from his post-orgasm.

“Move over, babe. My turn.” Jimin says.

They’re interrupted a little later by the door opening, a concerned looking Taehyung entering the room. Taehyung had heard Jungkook’s crying on the baby monitor so he’d thought he would come to check up on him. What he wasn’t expecting was to see Jimin thrusting himself into a sniffing Jungkook, who is covered in sweat and drool. He knows what Jimin had done to Jungkook the last time Hoseok’s father had visited. Jimin had acted all apologetic and earnestly sorry for what he had done, but here he was – going back on his apology and forcing himself on Jungkook who was currently in the subspace of a baby.

It pisses him off.

So he intervenes.

Chapter End Notes
I took four shots of McGuinness blue curacao and it was disgusting. Also I'm still entirely sober.

me no recommend.
Taehyung rips Jimin away from Jungkook, the boy whimpering from the suddenly empty sensation. Jimin falls to the ground, the large rug smoothing out the roughness from his fall. Taehyung slaps Jimin across the face, ignoring Jin yelling at him as he lands punches and slaps towards the naked confused man. He can feel the tears sliding down his cheeks as he throws his weakening punches onto Jimin’s chest.

“Taehyung, stop!” Jin yells desperately.

“He’s a baby. *A baby!* He can’t even talk and you, y-you did this to him?!” Taehyung shoves Jimin’s chest back down when the man tries to get up. When Jin tries to grab him to stop him, he slaps him away from him, pushing him too flat to the ground. The sound of Jungkook’s crying fills the room but it is merely a background noise to Taehyung’s anger and adrenaline – the somber soundtrack of Jimin and Jin’s betrayal.

“S-stop acting so mighty! You’re acting like you haven’t done anything either!” Jimin tries to defend himself.

“When he’s little he can still *talk*, you bitch. If he’s a baby how can he tell you how it feels? How can he tell you anything? You could kill him and he wouldn’t be able to say anything about it! What is wrong with you?!” Taehyung yells as he hovers over Jimin’s frame, shaking the man’s bare shoulders and slamming them against the floor. Jimin bites his bottom lip harshly, fists clenched as Taehyung spits more nasty words at him.

Taehyung gasps when Jin takes a fist of his hair and yanks him away from Jimin. Jin pushes on Taehyung’s chest and pushes him down to the floor, struggling yet succeeding to pin the angered man down on the wooden floor. Taehyung tries to dig his fingernails into Jin’s skin, but Jimin reacts quickly and takes Taehyung’s arms, pulling them up and securing his wrists so he can’t move them.

“Let. Me. Go.” Taehyung threatens with narrowed eyes. There are hot tears pooled in his eyes, the internal struggle of being so angry and betrayed by the two men he has come to love so deeply over the years.

Jin shakes his head at Taehyung, tears too in his eyes as his knuckles go white – struggling both physically and mentally with pinning his lover to the floor. Taehyung rolls his eyes and tries to shoot up from the floor, falling back limply when Jin tightens his hold on him. He sighs as he stares up at Jin, “What’s your plan here, Jinnie? You can’t hold me here forever.”

“Watch me.”

Taehyung chuckles slightly.

“What are you gonna do, Hyung, *spank me*?”

“I might.”

Taehyung huffs and a small bitter laugh leaves his lips, he blinks a few times, his pooled tears finally spilling out and sliding down the sides of his face and burying themselves in his dry hair, “I
could have expected this from Jimin… but from you, Hyung?"

“Shut up, Taehyung.” Jimin grimaces.

“…How you could do that to Jungkook when he’s in baby space? When he’s just a baby? Your baby?” Taehyung shakes his head tiredly.

“You’re wrong, Taehyung. I never hurt him. I never would.” Jin denies with tears, shaking his head passionately as though it will have an effect.

“But you never asked him about it, did you?”

Jimin puts one of his hands over Taehyung’s mouth, pressing it roughly against the man’s lip as Taehyung groans and looks at him with wide eyes of both enrage and confusion. Jin sighs and gives Jimin a look, “What are you doing?”

“My mom always said if you have nothing nice to say, don’t say it.” Jimin glares down at Taehyung.

Taehyung returns the glare, limp under Jin’s hold as he shoots daggers at Jimin and envisions what it would feel like to have Jimin’s jaw against his bare knuckles. Taehyung hears the sound of Jungkook moving around on the crib and his eyes shoot to look at the boy, his heart hurting when he sees the boy laying on his side facing towards them and sniffing – the boy’s eyes fluttering open and shut as he resists sleep without first receiving comfort.

“You were never keen about taking in Jungkook. You went along with it eventually, but you never really wanted it – did you?” Jimin accuses him.

Taehyung tries to respond but it comes off as a garbled chain of mumbles with his mouth covered by Jimin’s stubby sweaty hand. Jin looks taken aback by Jimin’s words but doesn’t fight against them, staring at Taehyung as he waits to see how this plays out. Jimin slowly takes his hand off of Taehyung’s mouth, too curious as to what the man could say for himself.

“I-I can’t lie anymore… I just wanted to make you happy, but you went too far this time.” Taehyung’s lips tremble.

Jin stares at Taehyung with a frown, his face concentrated as he thinks over Taehyung’s words. Jin looks back at Jungkook, the boy currently dozing off to dreamland. They had to get Jungkook cleaned up; they couldn’t just let the boy sleep in their filth. He looks over the bed, the crib so large that it looks like it could fit another person. “Taehyung…” Jin starts to say slowly as he realizes something to himself, “Have you been feeling neglected?”

“Wha-what?”

“You were the one who introduced us to little space, remember that? A long time ago?”

“I don’t remember that.” Taehyung denies but deep down he remembers.

“Taehyung, you never wanted to be the daddy, did you? You wanted… You wanted to be little—” Jin’s cut off.

Taehyung eyes widen and he shoots away from the floor, having already noticed how Jin’s grasp had weakened more and more the longer they spoke. They watch as Taehyung collects their clothes skittered across the floor and the crib. He tosses it at them and protectively stands in front of where Jungkook is dozed off, holding his twitching shaking fingers as he looks down at them warningly.
“Go now.” He loosely threatens them.

“Babe-“ Jimin gawks.

“I swear to fuck if you don’t go right now I’ll wake up this whole house.”

They both open their mouths but they clamp their mouths shut immediately after, both giving up as they silently slide their clothes back on. Jin bites his bottom lip as they slowly walk towards the door, his head turning to look just once more at Jungkook and Taehyung. How could he leave Taehyung so uncared for? It all made sense now.

He’s snapped out of his thoughts when Taehyung purposely clears his throat, his head tilting up as he shoots Jin a warning look. Jin sighs and turns back towards the door, exiting with Jimin and closing the door behind them with a click. Taehyung lets his shoulder’s drop when the door closes, now only him and Jungkook in the nursery.

He looks down at the sleeping Jungkook and already feels guilty for having to wake the boy up, but it’s better to get it over with. He leans over and gently shakes the boy, grimacing when the boy whines under his breath. He reaches his arms under the boy’s armpits and pulls him up from the crib, frowning with guilt as the boy makes distressed noises to being awoken. “I’m sorry, baby.” Taehyung whispers as he carries the boy over to the changing table.

He places the whining boy on top of the changing table, chanting whispered apologies as he pulls the bunny dress off the boy. He swallows painfully when he remembers how badly he wanted to buy the dress for Jungkook; how he had resisted the urge to suggest he try it on himself before they bought it, just to see if it would ‘fit’ Jungkook.

At least it was being worn by someone.

He tosses the dress into the laundry bin. He would have to remember to wash it up so he could see it properly on the boy. It’s a very cute dress; it would be a shame for the boy to not wear it more often. Please stop thinking about the dress. He moves over to the changing table and pulls out a pack of wet wipes.

Taking the package into his hands, he tears off the top and pulls two out. He places the package to the side along with the second wipe. He unravels the wipe and takes a hold of Jungkook’s leg to spread him apart. He makes a small repentant noise when he hears Jungkook make a whimpered noise that sounds similar to a kicked puppy. He continues onwards, wiping away the semen from his stomach, thighs, and bottom. When he gets it all off, he tosses the dirtied wipe to the side and takes the other clean one. It’s just to completely wipe him down and ensure he’s cleaned up, rather than smearing around the dirt with the first wipe.

“I’m sorry. You’re just so little right now I don’t think you would clean yourself. I just can’t have you laying dirty all night, bunny.” Taehyung frowns as he takes the dirtied wipes and tosses them into the garbage. He moves over to the changing table and pulls out a pack of wet wipes.

Taking the package into his hands, he tears off the top and pulls two out. He places the package to the side along with the second wipe. He unravels the wipe and takes a hold of Jungkook’s leg to spread him apart. He makes a small repentant noise when he hears Jungkook make a whimpered noise that sounds similar to a kicked puppy. He continues onwards, wiping away the semen from Jungkook’s stomach, thighs, and bottom. When he gets it all off, he tosses the dirtied wipe to the side and takes the other clean one. It’s just to completely wipe him down and ensure he’s cleaned up, rather than smearing around the dirt with the first wipe.

He sighs when he finishes. All he has to do now is get the boy changed and slip him right back to bed. Jungkook sighs under his breath as Taehyung picks him back up, the man carrying him over to his crib and laying him down. Taehyung turns his back on Jungkook as he walks over to the boy’s wardrobe, opening it and pulling out something simple for the boy to wear.

He decides on a simple white night gown for the boy, walking over with it in his arms. Jungkook
doesn’t protest as he slides the gown onto him. Taehyung presses a soft kiss to the boy’s forehead before turning towards the light, flicking it off. He’s never slept in the same room as Jungkook before, but he doesn’t feel like going to his room and possibly dealing with more of Jin and Jimin.

As he walks back over to the crib he’s surprised as Jungkook moves over to give him space. He lies down next to Jungkook on the crib and pulls the fleece blanket over the both of them. He turns over to face Jungkook, curling himself into a fetus position. Jungkook smiles at him, then sticking a finger in his thumb. Jungkook shuffles around with his hand under the pillow, making Taehyung feel a bit confused.

“Bunny?” Taehyung whispers in the dark.

He’s surprised when Jungkook sticks the binky in his mouth. Clarification, the binky is in Taehyung’s mouth. Taehyung freezes and tries to look down at the binky, which of course does not work because they’re both lying down in the dark. He pulls the binky out of his mouth and forces out a small laugh to Jungkook. He looks for Jungkook’s hand under the blanket and puts the binky into the boy’s hand, using his own hand to close Jungkook’s fist around the binky.

“No baby. That doesn’t belong to me.”

“TaeTae little too?” Jungkook whispers with a strained throat. Taehyung shakes his head and kisses the boy’s head a few times. He leans back and rests his head on the mattress.

“Is Jungkookie feeling a little bigger?” Taehyung asks quietly. He can’t figure out when Jungkook had become bigger. Did that happen just now?

“Mhmm!” Jungkook nods happily. He puts a hand on Taehyung’s face and squeezes his cheek gently. Taehyung blinks a few times, staring at the outline of Jungkook’s face in the dark with adjusting eyes. “TaeTae little too?” He persists curiously.

Taehyung thought that Jin was just accusing him of being a little so the man could deflect from acknowledging his actions towards Jungkook, his way of changing the topic and getting back control. Whether or not Jin was right about him wanting to be little, well, he couldn’t think about that right now. It felt like something taboo, a dirty little secret that he held onto. The fact is that Jin never wanted him - He only wanted Jungkook. That was just his life and he rolled along with it, along with everything else.

“TaeTae?” Jungkook pulls him out of his thoughts.

“Yes bunny?”

“Where did Jinnie go?” Jungkook frowns.

Taehyung opens his mouth to speak but his mouth feels dry. He closes his eyes when Jungkook moves forward and wraps his arms around Taehyung’s waist, Jungkook huffing slightly and cozying up to his friend. Taehyung slowly wraps his arms around the boy too, pressing his face against the boy’s chest as he speaks. “Jin-hyung was being mean, remember?”

“But… Jinnie made Kookie feel good.”

Taehyung inhales and shakes his head, hugging the boy tighter to him as he sniffs slightly. Jungkook makes a small confused noise, pressing his face into his friend’s shirt as he listens to the sound of wet sniffing. “Y-you shouldn’t…” Taehyung sighs, “It wasn’t okay, bunny.”

“Kookie was bad?”
“No, no, no. You did nothing wrong.”

Jungkook pouts and lifts his head from Taehyung’s shirt, “Kookie don’t get it.”

“Let’s just try to sleep for now. Okay? I have to have a talk with your daddies tomorrow.” Taehyung mumbles tiredly but sympathetically. Jungkook stays quiet and listens to the sound of Taehyung breathing. His friend definitely seemed to be very upset. Whenever Jungkook is upset he likes to use his binky to soothe himself. Why won’t Taehyung use the binky too? It’s the only way he thinks it would help soothe Taehyung.

He presses the binky over Taehyung’s lips. Taehyung sighs and gently puts his hand on top of the boy’s hand to still him. Jungkook frowns but persists, sticking it fully into Taehyung’s mouth. Taehyung pulls the binky out of his mouth with a small whine, “Jungkook.”

“Please TaeTae? Binky help me so binky help you!”

“If I use this will you go to sleep?” Taehyung bargains.

Jungkook excitedly hums. Taehyung watches fondly as Jungkook lies down and goes still. Taehyung slowly sticks the binky into his mouth, awkwardly sucking on it a few times as he tries to adjust to the foreign object in his mouth. Soon he finds himself slowly falling asleep, holding onto Jungkook as he feels pleasant tingling sensations wave through his mind.

Jungkook smiles when he hears Taehyung begin to gently snore. It was very lonely to have six daddies. Without his kitty who else would play with him? Who would colour with him with his crayons and enjoy Paw Patrol with him? He steals the binky away from Taehyung’s snoring mouth and pops it back into his own mouth, not caring for the cooties it gives him. He has now declared Taehyung as his bestest best friend. Tomorrow will be mission ‘Get TaeTae to play with him!’

He giggles excitedly to himself.

Tomorrow will be a big day.

Chapter End Notes

waht a twist
Ya’ll be thinking: "Hey, the tags didn't say that!"
but I be nervously thinking: the plot thickens
Something else that thickens: Curry if you slowly stir in a mixture of cornstarch and water.

imsorrybutjungkookislonelyheneedsfriendsok

Sorry the chapter is shorter today. Today has been a bit... rough, to say the least. ^^;
Jungkook stares at Taehyung. He doesn’t know how long he’s been awake, but surely it must be a long time now. Oh, if only he had a clock or a watch to tell. He’s holding his body weight on his elbow, body leaned over as he watches his best friends snoring face. The curtain isn’t closed all the way, so the early sun peaks through the window to say hello to them, inviting Jungkook to get up and start his day. He would love nothing more than to get up and go to the bathroom, but Taehyung is sleeping on the outer part of the crib, completely blocking him from leaving without waking him up.

He winces as he holds onto his full bladder.

It just can’t be helped.

He puts his hands on Taehyung’s shoulders, leaning over the man’s frame as he gently shakes him. Taehyung doesn’t immediately budge, but his gentle steady snores turn chaotic and uneven – the man’s eyes popping open with confusion and fatigue. Jungkook smiles down at his best friend, leaning down to give him a wakeup hug. A small smile curls up on Taehyung’s lips as he wraps his arms around the boy to return the hug.

“Morning, TaeTae,” Jungkook mumbles with his face pressed against his neck.

“Morning, Kookie,” Taehyung says as he nuzzles the boy’s cheek with his nose. Jungkook hums happily before pulling himself away from the man, his urgency having returned and reminding him why he was hovering above him in the first place. Taehyung rubs at the crust at his eyes; a sigh breaking away from his lips as he slowly sits up on the bed.

“I gotta go, TaeTae!” Jungkook says as he jumps off the crib, doing a small dance as he edges towards the door of the nursery – his eyes never leaving Taehyung as he waits for his friend to join him. Taehyung chuckles slightly, chuckling harder when Jungkook emits a dramatic whine. Taehyung climbs off the crib and drags his feet towards the door, passing the desperate groaning Jungkook and turning the doorknob. Taehyung sighs with relief as the door opens, happy that they weren’t both locked in without a key.

Jungkook doesn’t say another word or wait for Taehyung as he sprints out the door, his feet loudly stomping against the wooden tiles as he darts like the Flash to make it to the bathroom before his bladder holds up a white flag and bursts on him. He shoves the bathroom door open with his palm, the door slamming against the wall in the room with a loud and obnoxious bang that is sure to wake up all of the other inhabitants whom were still sleeping.

“Jungkook, not so loud!” Taehyung yells after him, ironically being loud himself.

Jungkook does his business and washes his hands, carelessly washing his hands with a pump of lavender soap before drying them off with a towel. He opens the door and sees a tired Taehyung looking at him with a jaded look. Jungkook pouts and skips over to Taehyung, wrapping his arm around his friends arm and pulling them back towards their nursery.

Taehyung doesn’t complain as Jungkook pulls him back to the nursery. Jungkook had left his binky behind in the room. He could never start his day without his binky, never! They both walk over to
their nursery and Jungkook lets go of his grasp on the man’s arm, bending over to grab his binky which was lying unused next to his pillow. Hygiene is damned – he sticks it right into his mouth, sucking joyfully before walking right back up to Taehyung and linking their arms again.

“That’s dirty…” Taehyung says quietly after seeing Jungkook stick the binky in his mouth.

“Kookie wanted binky.” Jungkook garbles past the binky.

Taehyung, too tired to argue – allows Jungkook to suck on the dirtied abused binky. Jungkook pulls Taehyung down the stairs, pulling his friend to the living room instead of the kitchen. Taehyung mumbles a protest but allows Jungkook to do it, eerily quiet as Jungkook pushes him to sit onto the middle of the couch.

Jungkook takes the remote and clicks on the channel, smiling behind the binky when he sees Elmo on the screen – how perfect. He plops the remote onto the couch and scampers around for the fleece blanket folded onto the rocking chair in the corner. Taehyung watches as Jungkook unfolds the blanket and drags it over to the couch.

Jungkook plops down on the couch and struggles to pull the blanket over the both of them, but eventually succeeds. Taehyung ruffles Jungkook’s hair as the boy leans his body against his shoulder. The sound of Elmo and the binky he’s sucking on fills the otherwise quiet house and Jungkook has to wonder if any of his daddies have woken up yet.

“…I’m wondering why we didn’t stay in bed.”

Jungkook looks up at Taehyung with a pout, pointing at the television with a look and an obvious finger. Taehyung smiles and puts his hand up in defense, “My bad, I forgot Elmo is a healthy breakfast.”

Jungkook pulls the binky out of his mouth and wipes it on his shirt. He looks up at Taehyung who is casually watching the show, smiling to himself when he sees the glint of excitement and interest in his friend’s eyes. Jungkook looks at Taehyung’s parted lips, his own hand slowly rising as he curiously presses the binky against them to see if he’ll take the bite.

Taehyung head whips to look down at Jungkook, who stares at him with glowing eyes and a frozen hand. Taehyung sighs and gently takes the binky out of his hand – causing Jungkook to think that maybe, just maybe, his friend is going to use the binky and embrace being little – Oof, Taehyung just put the binky into his mouth.

Jungkook pouts and chews on the rubber.

“I’ve got to be a big boy today, Jungkook. I can’t be little today or tomorrow. OK?” Taehyung says carefully.

Jungkook whines and pulls the binky out of his mouth, shaking his head with his bottom lip sticking out, “TaeTae be little with Kookie!”

Taehyung puts both his hands on the side of Jungkook’s face, causing Jungkook to freeze and stop his mouth from saying anything else. Taehyung presses a kiss on his nose before looking around to see if the living room is still empty. He looks into the boy’s eyes as he whispers to him, “Jungkook, listen to me. Stick with me today, OK? Stay with me until I talk to Yoongi. Don’t leave TaeTae.”

“Don’t leave TaeTae?” Jungkook asks with wide eyes.
“Don’t leave TaeTae.” Taehyung confirms, “Don’t tell your daddies I said that, OK? Can you keep a secret?”

Jungkook nods his head feverishly, his eyebrows furrowed as he crosses his heart, “Swear on my life! I ke-Keep secrets!”

Taehyung sighs with relief as he drops his hands from Jungkook’s face, dropping his arms to his side. Jungkook pops his binky back into his mouth as he thinks over Taehyung’s words, his mind a little too jumbled and stuffy to process it all at once – one thought at a time, he thinks.

Jungkook blows his binky out with sudden worry and puts his hands on Taehyung’s thighs. Taehyung jumps and looks at Jungkook, puzzled eyes turning into worry when he sees the fearful look on the boy’s face.

“Daddies no like secret. Kookie get in trouble!” Jungkook whispers under his breath.

Taehyung stretches a painful smile on his lips to reassure Jungkook, putting his hands on the boy’s hands and squeezing them. Jungkook relaxes a little; his ears open to what Taehyung has to say to him. Jungkook remembers the rules and he remembers very well that his daddies hate secrets!

“You won’t get in trouble, Kookie. I said you could do it – your daddy, so you’re fully off the hook from them.”

“You’re not my daddy, silly.” Jungkook grins but can still feel the nervousness running through him.

Taehyung goes stiff and stares at him with blown eyes, his nose twitching uncomfortably. Jungkook giggles and bumps his head against Taehyung, who simply looks down at him speechlessly. He smiles as he leans his body against Taehyung, yawning to himself and arching his back to crack parts of his back. He sighs to himself and brings his pointer finger up to poke at the line between Taehyung’s furrowed brows, smoothing it out before the man can give himself premature wrinkles.

“You don’t want me to be your daddy?” Taehyung says quietly.

“TaeTae little like Kookie! TaeTae don’t wanna be little with Kookie?” Jungkook sticks out his bottom lip.

Jungkook watches as Taehyung’s mouth pops open, ready to remark but seeming to realize he has nothing in his mind to remark with. Taehyung’s mouth closes and he slumps against the couch. Jungkook pokes at his friends lip, a sad frown on his lips – did TaeTae not want to be his friend?

They’re interrupted by the entrance of Yoongi - the man currently dragging himself towards the kitchen as he raises an eyebrow at them and waves at Jungkook. Taehyung turns his head to look at the source of the footsteps, immediately waking up when he sees the owner of the lethargic bare feet.

“Yoongi, get over here!” Taehyung hisses as he tries not to shout.

Yoongi freezes in his steps, his leg comically hanging in the air, cut off before he could take his next step. He turns and makes his way over to the living room, his face scrunched from still being half-asleep. He stands at the back of the couch, looking at them with puffy eyes as he mumbles, “What?”

“Sit down.” Taehyung pats the couch urgently.
Yoongi makes a weird face as he drags himself over to the couch, dropping himself down on the cushion as he stares at them for an explanation. Jungkook takes his binky away from the cushion Yoongi is sitting on and sticks it into his mouth, sighing comfortably to himself before sliding off the couch to sit down on the carpeted flooring.

Jungkook distracts himself with the coloring book he had left on the coffee table, his crayons still messily left out for him to resume his coloring of the mushrooms. As he scribbles one of the mushroom heads with red, he can hear Taehyung sighing and shifting around on the couch behind him.

“Where’s Namjoon?” Taehyung asks hurriedly.

“…He’s out on a run.” Yoongi frowns, interest and worry piqued at the distress and urgency that paints Taehyung’s exhausted face. Yoongi reaches out and takes Taehyung’s hand into his own, squeezing it reassuringly as he leans forward towards him. “What’s wrong, Tae?”

Taehyung twists his head to look behind them and around the room, startling Yoongi who grips the man’s hand tighter – growing more and more concerned over just how strange Taehyung is acting. Yoongi pulls his head towards him, encouraging him to look at him and explain just what is going on. Taehyung exhales and nods to himself, seeming to work up his own courage.

“Tae, you’re kinda freaking me out.”

Jungkook worries but tries to focus on his drawing.

“Jin and Jimin,” Taehyung murmurs as he shakes his head.

“What about them?”

“Jungkook was in baby space last night. I heard him crying on the monitor, making weird noises. I-I-” Taehyung chokes a little but continues onwards, “I went to check… S-shit, Jin and Jimin. They were having sex with him, Yoon. They were being really rough with him.”

Yoongi looks at Taehyung with wide eyes, his vision shifting to look at Jungkook who is preoccupied with his coloring. Yoongi eyes narrow as he looks away and lets go of Taehyung’s hands. Yoongi shakes his head to himself, feeling the anger fester up inside of him.

“I can’t believe this – shit, what happened after that?”

“I-uh-I pulled Jimin away from him. I might have hit Jimin a little – or, uh, a lot. I kicked them both out. I cleaned Jungkook up and we both slept in the crib. I haven’t seen them since last night.” Taehyung curls up into himself as he speaks.

Yoongi runs a hand through his hair, his eyes fluttering around as he tries to think of something to say and something to do. His mind draws a blank, the realization then going through him that they’ve never had to deal with anything like this before – the six of them never having such a conflict with one another.

“Okay, um – we’ll talk to Namjoon. I’ll text him to come home.” Yoongi says in a skittish rush as he whips out his phone.

They all sit up straight when he hears a multitude of quiet footsteps approaching from behind them. The movement of the red crayon between Jungkook’s fingers pauses, dropping it lightly to the page of his book as he turns his head to look towards whoever is coming to join them.
An angered Hoseok is walking in front of a quiet Jin and Jimin, both the men looking awfully strained and puffy eyed. Jungkook feels himself holding his breath without realizing it – unease and anxiety pulsing through him, simply because having an angry daddy never turned out well.

Taehyung huffs at Jin and Jimin before sliding off the couch and moving to sit next to Jungkook, wrapping a protective arm around his chest and pulling the boy towards his own frame as he shoots daggers at them. Jimin scrunches his nose defensively at the action whereas Jin looks away, his eyes looking more wet than they should be.

“My dad is coming tomorrow. If you all could cut the drama for just one day, that’d be great!” Hoseok foams at the mouth.

Jungkook flinches at his shouting, cowering submissively as he hides his face into Taehyung’s shirt. Taehyung glares at Hoseok for making Jungkook feel bad, pressing his hand against the boy’s hair. Yoongi stands up from the couch, his eyes locking on the bruises that paint Jimin’s face and jawline. Yoongi whistles, “Can’t say you didn’t deserve that.”

“Quiet.” Jimin spits.

“Quit it.” Hoseok jabs Jimin with his finger, “You did deserve it.”

Jimin growls slightly but drops it for now, not risking pushing Hoseok’s buttons and risking more of his wrath. Hoseok sighs and puts a hand on his face, rubbing away at his cheeks and eyes in hopes of too rubbing away his stress.

Jungkook lifts his head from Taehyung’s chest, tears in his eyes as he looks towards his daddies. He clutches onto the fabric of Taehyung’s shirt as he sniffs, “Kookie in trouble?”

They all stare at him.

Jungkook whimpers.

“Kookie bad?” Jungkook cries.

“Oh no baby, you did nothing wrong!” Jin says with a broken heart, walking towards him with open arms.

“Fuck off, Jin.” Taehyung glares as he pulls Jungkook towards him. Jungkook looks at Taehyung with wide eyes, surprised that his best friend would risk swearing in front of Jinnie. Taehyung could get a spanking! Jungkook whines at the thought of TaeTae being punished.

Jin looks at Taehyung with wide eyes, scoffing as he puts his arms down to his side. “Excuse me?”

Hoseok sighs once more and roughly scratches through his hair with his fingers. Jimin looks back and forth at them, restless and irritated on his feet. Taehyung slowly pulls himself away from Jungkook and stands up from the floor, his lips a firm tight line as he crosses his arms. Yoongi leans down towards Jungkook and pulls him by his armpits, pulling the boy away from Taehyung and Jin so he can’t get caught between them.

“You heard me.” Taehyung bites.

“You were just jealous!” Jimin accuses him as he approaches.

Taehyung rolls his eyes, putting up a front that doesn’t reveal how insecure he feels about Jimin’s harsh words. Yoongi and Hoseok furrow their eyebrows at Jimin’s comment. Hoseok looks at
Taehyung questionably, “Jealous?”

Jin swallows and gives Taehyung an apologetic gaze, reaching out his hand to touch him – to put his hand on his shoulder. Taehyung backs away from his touch, his eyes flicking towards Hoseok to implore him to act. “Don’t you care? What’s wrong with you?”

“I never said I didn’t care, Taehyung.”

Jungkook tries to hold back his sniffles. TaeTae was having such a hard time; their daddies were being so mean! He wipes at his eyes and reaches out towards Taehyung. “TaeTae!” He cries as Yoongi picks him up and places him on his hip.

Jin tries to move towards Jungkook to soothe him but Taehyung shoves him back – Jin loses his balance and trips backwards, barely managing to keep on his feet. “Brat!” Jin says with surprised anger before trying to go towards Jungkook again. Taehyung shoves him back harder, causing Jin to fall backwards on his ass.

“Hey!” Jimin says with wide eyes.

Jungkook squirms out of Yoongi’s hold until he drops down. He launches himself towards Taehyung and wraps his arms around his back, burying his sniffing face in his friend’s shoulder. Jungkook cries into Taehyung’s shoulder, squeezing his hands tightly around his friend. “TaeTae stop! Daddy muh-mad at you! Kookie-“ he chokes, “Kookie don’t want TaeTae in trouble.”

“You can’t keep him away from me, Taehyung. What’s gotten into you?” Jin stands up.

“I’m telling you, he’s jealous. Take him over the knee and I bet he’ll fall right into little space.” Jimin sings and gives Taehyung a taunting look.

“Screw off.” Taehyung hisses at Jimin but can’t hide the heat spreading throughout his face.

“I’m confused.” Hoseok sighs for the umpteenth time.

“Enough, yeah? You’ve done enough. Stop it.” Jin gives Taehyung a no-nonsense look and reaches to rip Jungkook away from him. Jungkook squeaks and holds tighter onto Taehyung, desperate to hold onto his friend and keep the secret that he swore to keep. He swore on his life!

Jin pulls Jungkook’s arms off of Taehyung and drags the boy away from him, then wrapping his arms around the boy protectively. Taehyung is about to fight over it, but then the sound of door opening clicks through the silent tension. Namjoon walks in with a sweaty smile on his face, completely unaware to the havoc he’s just stumbled into.

“Oh?” Namjoon ogles the scene.

Taehyung sneakily pulls out his phone and dials a number, turning his head as he waits. Yoongi walks over to Namjoon to explain the situation, but they’re cut off by Taehyung.

“911? Hi, yes. My boyfriend is a rapist.”

Silence.

Then, chaos.

“What the fuck-“

“Oh my god-“
“What, what, what, what?” Namjoon twists his body back and forth with desperation for answers.

Hoseok storms towards Taehyung and rips the phone out of his hand, ignoring the pained cry of Taehyung when he bends his fingers a little too far. Hoseok hangs up the phone with a shaking hand and turns the phone off, then shoving it into his pant pocket.

Jungkook squirms in Jin’s hold, trying yet failing to squeeze his way past Jin and shoot towards Taehyung and hold onto him. His daddies were acting really weird and it was making him really upset. Oh, TaeTae looks so upset – but not as upset as Hobi.

“Shit, okay, okay-“ Hoseok prances back and forth as he tries to think, “I have to call my dad. Right now.”

“Jungkook, you’re coming with daddy. OK?” Yoongi says in a rush as he scoops Jungkook into his arms and places him on his hip.

Taehyung watches with pale skin as Yoongi evacuates their little away from the scene, meaning that whatever is going to happen in the living room is not something that a little should have to see – but their child is a child that has already seen so much, so what could Yoongi really be shielding his eyes from?

“I’ll go talk to Yoongi.” Namjoon unknowingly says and runs after Yoongi, effectively ditching Taehyung to be on his own before he can protest.

Taehyung swallows nervously, all of his conviction and courage sliding out of his body like a pile of pathetic goo. He’s left standing there and avoiding the faces of Jimin and Jin, who – for obvious reasons – don’t look very pleased with him at the moment.

“A rapist? A rapist?” Jin tugs at his own hair.

Taehyung huffs and turns to leave. Jin reaches forward and grabs his arm, yanking him back towards him. He groans and twists his body, pushing at Jin irritably. Jin clicks his tongue, “Brat. Such a brat.”

“Are you done?” Taehyung says with burning eyes. It’d be best to leave before he starts crying.

“No, I’m not done.” Jin scoffs.

“Why didn’t you just say you wanted to be little? Why do you have to lash out now after all of this time?” Jimin says.

Taehyung swallows and blinks away the hotness in his eyes. He will not cry, he will not cry. Perhaps if he chants those words they’ll become true. He was too scared to bring it up, way back before Jungkook came into the picture they all referred to Taehyung as a possible daddy. They never conceived the idea of him being anything else, but he didn’t want to embarrass himself, possibly be rejected, or push for anything. He came close to speaking up, but that was shortly before they had met Jungkook – right before Jin had met Jungkook, whom he had chosen. Taehyung wasn’t chosen.

So the words never came.

And now here they were.

“If you wanted to be little, Taehyung, you should have told me.” Jin says gently as he risks placing his hands on the boy’s face, pulling the boy’s face to look up at him. Taehyung bites his lips and
sniffs, holding back his stubborn tears that edge closer and closer to the edge – threatening to fall over.

“You didn’t want me.” Taehyung choked.

“Oh, baby. There’s always been room for you. I just didn’t realize it when I should have.”

“No, no, no. You can’t. Stop.” Taehyung shakes his head, the tears spilling over and trailing down his red flushed cheeks.

Jin drops his hands and takes him into a strong hug, closing his eyes and placing a firm hand on the back of the boy’s head and holding him there. Taehyung jerks a little and sniffs, slim body shaking as he tries to break free from the secure hug. “Jin, stop. Please,” he whimpers.

“We’ll get you there, Tae.” Jimin says quietly as he watches them.

Taehyung looks at Jimin with wide teary eyes. He whines from the back of his throat as he forces and pushes his way out of the hug, ignoring the pained look on Jin’s face as he rubs at his arms. A shaky exhale leaves Taehyung’s lips, blinking away his blurry vision and looking towards the hallway to leave.

“No. Jungkook needs me big.” He denies it passionately.

“Jungkook is okay. Why wouldn’t he be? He’s got other caretakers. Plenty of other hands,” Jin frowns.

Taehyung shakes his head and tries to leave once more; sighing and dropping him head to the floor when Jin pulls onto his arm again. He tries to tug his arm away, growing frustrated when Jin’s secure strong grip doesn’t budge. “You don’t know what’s going to happen when he’s big.” Taehyung shakes his head, “You just don’t.”

“So all this time you were just playing house with Jungkook, huh?” Jimin changes the subject.

“I’m not talking to you.” Taehyung grumbles.

“Okay, enough. Taehyung? You’re not leaving yet.” Jin says, surprising Taehyung with how serious his expression suddenly is. Taehyung tries to pull his arm once more, deflating as he stops trying to wiggle his way out of his hold. Jin was always bigger and stronger than him; no matter how much he worked out. “You’re being punished,” Jin says calmly.

Taehyung’s eyes widen as he stares at the ground. He pulls at his arm a few more times – instinctively – before a small snort of absurdity leaves his lips. He shakes his head and wipes away his stray tears, looking up at them to make a nasty remark or dare Jin to try. His mouth closes when he sees Jin’s dark narrow eyes, the eyes he only gives to Jungkook when the kid was very bad.

Shit.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter dips into the POV of Taehyung. I can reassure you that this is only because of the revelation of Taehyung having the potential of being a little. Once that is settled and done with, the full POV will be given back to Jungkook - unless
Jungkook is in baby space, of course, cause' you'd only hear his babbles and mumbles about his binky or something.
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Taehyung stands stiffly in the living room, his arms tightly wrapped around himself. It seems this silent moment amongst the three of them is the moment of peace before everything turns chaotic. He courageously raises his eyes up from the grey rug on the floor to look at the other two – they look at him with stern eyes – he looks back down at the rug and stares at the details of the fabric. “I don’t deserve this.” Taehyung mumbles with a mixture of both grumpiness and anxiety.

“…Hitting Jimin, swearing, phoning the police?” Jin shakes his head with disappointment. “You’re really in for it. You don’t think you’ve earned this?”

“I-shit, Jin-“ Taehyung swallows. “I really don’t think I have.” He rubs at his sore eyes.

Jin shakes his head once more. He shoots a look of displeasure at him, his eyes turning to the side to purse his lips at Jimin. Jimin looks at Jin before looking back at Taehyung, his body posture flexed and angry. Taehyung swallows once more and wraps his arms even tighter around his torso – his fingernails digging deeply into the sides of his waist, the pain of his nails surely to leave a sprinkle of dents and bruises later. “Say sorry now, Tae. It’ll be so much easier for all of us.” Jimin sighs with a tinge of sympathy and pity.

“I don’t say sorry for things I’m not sorry for.” Taehyung glares. With two against one, Taehyung knew he was really in for it – but that doesn’t mean he doesn’t hold up to his prior conviction and actions. Jin and Jimin simultaneously exhale, their chests pushing out as their lips tighten. Jin looks towards the sofa and makes a small motion towards it with his right hand – suggesting Taehyung to go there. “Go on your knees and lean forward.”

“No.”

“Taehyung.” Jin exasperates.

“I’m not Jungkook. I’m not little. I’m not any of those things, I never have been – and I never will be.”

“But you want to,” Jimin says confidently. “You want to be all those things. Even Jungkook can see that, Tae. You can’t hide it anymore and you can’t lie about it, whether you lie about it to us or yourself.”

“Jimin, stop talking as though you know everything. I’m fucking sick of it.”

“Excuse me-“

“Kim Taehyung. What’s gotten into you?! Since yesterday you’ve been a nasty little brat.” Jin explodes at him, his eyes blown wide with both outrage and wonder. Taehyung eyebrows furrow at his words, the words hitting him straight in the chest and filling him up with a burst of betrayal and heartache. To be treated as the perpetrator – to be treated like the attacker, it was all so painful. “I never did anything.” Taehyung says quietly, his eyes beginning to burn as he clenches his jaw.

“Take the punishment, Taehyung.” Jin turns gentle as he slowly moves towards him with a reached out hand. “Take it and we can move forward. No more apologies and pain, we’ll just go on. Don’t you want that? Peace?” He takes Taehyung’s hand and intertwines it with his own.
“I can’t.” Taehyung sniffs. He uses his free hand to wipe away at the tears in his eyes. To be crying, to be treated like a child – all he wanted was to be held and comforted, but here – in this situation, he just felt demeaned and belittled. Most of all he was in fear of being exposed by them, of them punishing him and unraveling his layers and exposing the core of who he truly is. Will they ever be the same if they walk down this path?

“You can, baby. You can and you will.” Jin coaxes him with a soft tone.

“It’ll hurt…”

“It will, but then once it’s over it’s done with. Then we can move on.” Jin smiles at him warmly, his eyes turning into pleasant crescents towards him. Taehyung releases a shaky breath and slowly pulls his arms away from his waist, dropping them to his side as he glances at Jimin. He takes a sharp breath and looks at Jin, the man looking at him with curious eyes. A glint of understanding appears in Jin’s eyes before it disappears. “Jimin, go upstairs.” Jin instructs.

“But-“

“Jimin, go.”

Jimin’s shoulders drop and he sighs, pursing his lip with disappointment but conceding to Jin’s command. He takes one last glance at the both of them before he turns and exits the living room, the sound of his footsteps filling the room before tapering off into a quiet afterthought. Silence replaces Jimin’s presence and creates an overall unease in Taehyung – his heart rate building up as the threat of pain and humiliation creeps up behind him and teases him with its inevitability. What if the others see him being punished? What if Jungkook sees him?

Taehyung feels himself stop breathing as Jin moves back and sits on the couch. Jin closes his legs and sits up straight, then looking up at him. Taehyung feels himself fidget in his stance, his body unwilling to move at all – much less towards Jin. Jin seems to sense his fear and embarrassment. “If we take too long the others might finish upstairs and walk in on us.” Jin says thoughtfully. “It’d be better to do this fast, right?”

“Jin…” Taehyung shakes dreadfully.

“It’d be terrible for me have to chase you down in front of everyone. We don’t want them to see you being spanked, or at least know that you’ve been spanked – but right now, right here, it’s just our little secret. Right?”

“Jin…” Taehyung shakes dreadfully.

“It’d be terrible for me have to chase you down in front of everyone. We don’t want them to see you being spanked, or at least know that you’ve been spanked – but right now, right here, it’s just our little secret. Right?”

Jin smiles and relaxes his shoulders, softening his stiff posture so he looks less threatening and big. Taehyung slowly steps forward towards the couch, biting his bottom lip as he looks anywhere but Jin to see if they are truly on their own without anyone else ready to walk in on them. He flinches when Jin takes a hold of his arm, pulling him over his lap. He shudders when Jin’s pulls and moves him around on his lap to get them both into a more comfortable and secure position.

Perhaps if he accepts this punishment he can have forgiveness. He hates being perceived as bad, being judged or being disliked – all Taehyung wants is to be loved, to be accepted and to please those around him. He doesn’t think he’s wrong, he doesn’t think he’s a bad person – but Jin is upset with him and so is Jimin and Hoseok. He can’t deal with their scorn.

He just has to be accepted by them, he just has to try to please them; even if it’s detrimental to himself. He’s always been this way; his desire to be accepted is stronger than his conviction to do what he perceives as right. He will not forgive and he will not forget but he will accept the punishment if it means the reward of love.
Just get it over with.

He scrunches his eyes shut when Jin pulls his shorts down along with his boxers. He makes a noise of protest for he hadn’t thought of being stripped down for his punishment. Jin shushes him gently and tugs his clothes down to his lower thighs. Taehyung struggles to swallow his thick saliva and tries to mentally prepare himself for this – even physically prepare himself by tensing every muscle in his body. He clenches his hands in fists and stares down the armrest of the sofa, trying to control his accelerating breathing as a hot red sprinkles across his cheeks.

Jin sighs before rubbing his right palm against Taehyung’s cheeks, heating up the skin with the friction before raising his hand and landing down his heavy palm with a sharp smack. Taehyung flinches and closes his eyes, biting his bottom lip to prevent himself from releasing even one sound. Jin lands each smack at a consistent rate, the heavy palm leaving his skin red and burning. Taehyung arches his back with a suppressed whine, tears dropping down his face as his brain twists and turns with the distress and insecurity of Jin hating him.

When an exceptionally hard smack lands down and echoes in the otherwise quiet room, Taehyung feels himself reel and sob harshly. Jin does not speak or make any noise the entire duration of his punishment, seemingly too concentrated on delivering each smack.

Taehyung feels miserable, he acknowledges that this is cruel but he feels so bad; as though he deserves this. Why does he feel this way? He knows better, he knows he did no wrong – but why does he feel as though he has to redeem himself?

Jin hates me. They all hate me so much. I’m such a terrible person. I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry-

Jin is upset and he is paying for the consequences of it. A wet sob leaves his mouth when Jin speeds up his smacks; however he remains pliant and remains in position – his fingers digging into the leather couch as a pitiful attempt at control and endurance.

Is this how Jungkook feels?

His bottom feels like it’s on fire. He’s sure that it looks like nothing, he may even consider himself weak and pathetic for crying so much, but it feels like everything – it feels like the skin on his bottom is going to burn away or perhaps even melt. He begins to mumble and shudder out words of apologies, not necessarily because he’s apologetic but more so because this hurts and he’s not sure he can take anymore.

Jin slows down on his smacks, stopping and rubbing the raw skin softly with the palm of his right hand. Taehyung uses the sleeve of his shirt to rub away his tears and overall wetness from his face, then dropping his face back onto the couch and turning his head to the side to breathe in and out from his mouth. “You did so well, Tae. I’m so proud of you.” Jin says quietly as he rubs away at the tender red skin.

Taehyung doesn’t say a word. He focuses his mind and soul on his breathing, his breath slowly returning to a more regular pace as he does so. Jin pulls his boxers and shorts back up, causing Taehyung to hiss as the fabric rubs against his red bottom that is currently begging him to leave it exposed to the air and wait for it to stop burning so damn much.

“It’s not that bad.” Jin chuckles slightly.

Jin pulls Taehyung up to sit on his lap, pressing the back of his hand against the back of the boy’s head and kissing his nose. Taehyung sniffs and takes the risk of looking into Jin’s eyes, his
eyebrows rising with surprise when he sees the forgiveness and clarity painted across the man’s features. Jin plants a few more kisses on the boy’s face, the final kiss being a swift one to his lips. Taehyung closes his eyes and lets out a shuddering breath, still swarmed with the anxiety. “Hey, look at me.” Jin takes Taehyung’s face into his hands and pulls his face up towards him.

Taehyung keeps his eyes scrunched shut. Jin peppers kisses over the boy’s face before dropping his hands from his face and wrapping his arms around the boy and pulling him tighter to him. “It’s over now, baby. I love you, okay? I know what’s going on in that little head of yours and you should stop – you should relax. I love you so much. Don’t ever think I could hate you.”

It wasn’t a secret that he struggled with anxiety. He had social anxiety, which caused him to doubt himself and fret over whether or not he’s been accepted or rejected. Jin must have realized this – when? Taehyung isn’t sure. Maybe he’s more obvious than he would like to be.

“We all love you, especially Jungkook. Did you see how attached that boy is to you? He didn’t want to you leave at all. Some people really want his attachment, but Jungkook gave it to you – that love. You’re a loveable person, okay?” Jin rants as he squeezes him in a hug. “When you’re upset, you’re not just hurting yourself – you’re hurting me too.”

Taehyung swallows and pulls away from the hug. His eyes scan all over Jin’s face, trying to read the man’s expression and most importantly – what his eyes are trying to convey. He searches for the honesty and dares to search for trust, and as he looks away he accepts what he has seen - even if there is a tinge of doubt and hesitation still lingering behind in his heart.

“Okay,” He nods his head to Jin, looking around the empty living room. “OK.”

Jin smiles.

Chapter End Notes

Hey! I didn't die or anything. This story will be continued.
Sorry this chapter is shorter today. I thought I'd make a very long chapter to make up for my lack of updates but today didn't work out that way. I'll try to be updating more regularly again, however - so don't think you'll have to wait another few weeks for another chapter. I'll be more regular.

This chapter is entirely in Taehyung's POV. I apologize if this is a turn-off for anyone reading the story. I thought of updating the tags but I consider it to be a spoiler and don't like spoiling things. The next chapter will ease back to Jungkook. Don't worry. Jungkook will always be the main character of this story.

Anyway, until next time. :}
Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Jungkook sits on a bed, but it’s important to note that it’s not his bed – it’s not even a crib, which is truly lame. It’s the second bed in this room, meaning whoever sleeps here has a roommate. This house is much smaller than the mansion they used to live in, but it surprises him that it’d be small enough for the need of sharing bedrooms. He thought his daddies would be keener on having private rooms. Maybe he misread them.

He’s never been in this room before. He hasn’t really ventured around the pretty house yet, mostly keeping to the kitchen, the living room, and his nursery. He’s going this guess that this is Yoongi’s room, simply because it’s the room that Yoongi took the both of them to. The real question is who Yoongi is sharing his room with – but really, why does he care?

Speaking of Yoongi, his daddy is currently having a heated conversation with Namjoon. Namjoon looks all funny, his eyes wide and bulging out of his head as he stares at Yoongi who is currently running out of air from speaking so many words in such a little amount of time.

_Breathe, daddy. Breathe!_

At least they don’t look angry with him. Whenever there is this much tension, it ends up with him being punished for being the source of the distress. He was good this time, he swears it. He knows that running away was very, very bad, but he already said sorry and took his punishment. Surely they can’t still be mad at him, right?

Jungkook gnaws on his fingernails, an old nervous habit of his. He never bites off the length of his nails but he still gnaws on the white tips, his teeth scraping against his thumbnail to leave a pretty little dent. He internally cringes when his tongue scrapes against the rough edge of his index finger. He had to remember to ask for a pair of clippers, maybe even a nail file. _Would they let me do that?_

“I know, Namjoon. I know – but you’re not listening to me!” Yoongi huffs with frustration.

“I _am_ listening. Are you sure that’s what you heard? Are you sure that Taehyung saw things right last night?” Namjoon says with a strange mixture of both whispering and hissing. Yoongi shoots Namjoon a pissed-off look, one that has Jungkook cowering within himself. Namjoon crosses his arms defensively before he speaks again. “I’m just saying, Yoongi – how do you know it was that cut and dry? We haven’t listened to Jin and Jimin’s side of the story yet. You’re so ready to throw punches without taking a moment to stop and listen.”

Yoongi opens his mouth to speak but is cut off by the sound of Jungkook making a distressed noise. They both turn to look at them, their rough stiff postures immediately relaxing into sympathetic stances when they see the boy looking up at them from the bed – his eyes wet and body curled, his knees up to his chest. “Please stop fighting. No more fighting.” Jungkook says under his breath.

Yoongi gives one last cold look to Namjoon before moving over to the bed and sitting on the edge, turning his body to the boy. “Sorry, Kookie. We didn’t mean to upset you.” He says and places a hand of the boy’s raised left knee.
Jungkook slowly unravels himself, bringing his knees down and feet to the ground. He wipes at his stupid tears with his shirt and nods slowly; a small pout on his lips as he thinks over today’s upsetting events. Yoongi rubs his leg to comfort him, which helps settle him but makes Jungkook wonder negative thoughts to himself.

Will they ever be able to find peace here? Will he ever be able to find peace here? So much fighting, so much tension – so many differences. He’s just so tired of it.

“Yoon?” Jungkook whimpers quietly as he breaks away from his childish inclinations. Big Jungkook is here to play, ready to speak and think. For a moment the memories and realizations flood his thoughts, the prior pain, pleasure and sinning an overwhelming flood of emotion. For a moment he’s not sure he can handle it - but he swallows it down. He swallows down the past like a dry pill, composing himself as he feels it metaphorically stuck in his throat as he tries to speak to the two men in the room. “What’s happening?”

“The two of us were just talking, Kook.” Namjoon speaks up, visibly confused by Jungkook’s sudden anxious behavior.

Jungkook swallows and straightens out his posture, his back straight as he looks around the unfamiliar room. Of course he can remember everything that has happened, he is just processing it differently – seeing it all from a different perspective and awareness he lacked previously. Being here – this aware, it was kind of like hangover from being in that weird child mental space.

“Jungkook?” Yoongi cuts off his thoughts.

Jungkook drags his heavy eyes to look at Yoongi, a weird sensation in his chest when he sees the genuine worry painted across the man’s face. Jungkook wonders then if he should let them know he’s no longer a child. He’s not a good actor so he may as well come out with it. “I’m not… a kid anymore.” He confesses.

There is silence as the two of the men absorb that information. They both nod to themselves with acceptance. “You’re no longer in subspace?” Namjoon asks to confirm. Jungkook nods his head towards him, exhaling out.

“Subspace…” Jungkook says to himself, trying to remember the word so he can use it in the future. “Yeah, I’m not in subspace.” The word sounds weird to him.

“Jungkook, we have to ask you something. It’s very important that you be truthful, okay?” Yoongi says then, his eyes focused on him. Jungkook feels uncomfortable but remains firmly seated on the bed. He already has an idea of what he’s going to be asked and probed about, but he figures that he can’t escape from it. He feels a twist in his gut when he thinks over the memories of last night.

“Last night. Do you remember last night?” Yoongi says slowly and carefully.

Oh, of course he remembers. The sex which brought pain, and pleasure – so much pleasure. He too remembers the fighting and remembers the fear that came with it. He remembers the tears and most importantly he remembers Taehyung. Taehyung who watched over him, cleaned him, and slept with him – loved him. His heart bubbles with warmth and tingles.

“Yeah,” Jungkook nods after tearing himself away from his thoughts. “Yeah.” He says again, just in case they didn’t hear him.

Yoongi exhales stressfully, his eyes flashing towards Namjoon before looking back at Jungkook.
Jungkook watches as Yoongi intertwines his fingers together and places them on his knee. Jungkook can feel the tension in the air, convinced he could taste it if he dared to stick out his tongue – but he already knows tension has a bitter salty taste. Lately Jungkook only has room for a sweet-tooth.

“Did you like it?” Yoongi says but seems to immediately regret his loose words, “I-I mean, what happened between the three of you last night. How… how do you feel about that?”

_How do I feel?_

His first thought was that it felt good. Jin was warm and big, Jimin was smaller yet quicker. At some point he became oversensitive and it hurt, and it hurt to not be able to call it quits when he became much too sensitive. He’s not sure he can say he consented since he was wordless in his subspace, but sex doesn’t feel bad if prepped right. It did feel a bit humiliating, and he did feel a bit demeaned and flopped around like a doll.

Overall, it was a mixed bag of emotions. He felt a mixture of highs and lows about it, a strange feeling of both liking something and disliking it. As the silence in the room becomes overly awkward and still, Jungkook feels the urge to hurry up and make a decision on how he feels about last night.

But that’s the problem.

He can’t make one.

So with the feeling of being rushed, he goes with an answer he views as a safety net. An answer he views as a bandage that will – at least for now, cover up the underlying tension and issues with the dynamic of this household. He just wants peace; he’s just so tired of the fighting that seems to constantly go back and forth. If he’s going to be forced to live with these men, he may as well try to do so with some concord.

For now, at least for a little while, he just wants unity, even if it’s secretly an unresolved form of ‘reconciliation.’ It feels like a betrayal to Taehyung but so be it. He’ll just have to make it up to the guy later. He gathers his breath and releases it smoothly.

“It was okay, Hyung.” Oh, why does he feel bad already? “I just tend to cry a lot.”

Out of all the answers they were probably expecting that was surely not the one on the top of their list. Both of their eyebrows rise before they furrow, both of the men looking at each with deep calculation. Jungkook suspects Yoongi may be suspicious of him, but he doesn’t have to guess any longer as Yoongi opens his mouth to speak. “Are you sure? Taehyung seemed really upset.” Yoongi says with disbelief and puzzlement.

Jungkook nods and ignores the tinges and sparks of badness inside him. “I just couldn’t say anything. You know, being tha-that way and all that…”

“You mean baby space?” Namjoon clarifies.

Jungkook scratches the back of his neck. “If that’s what you guys call it.”

Yoongi puts his hands on his face and sighs. Jungkook watches Yoongi make small groans in the back of his throat. Namjoon continues to stand in front of them awkwardly, unsure as to whether or not he should keep a distance or come over and comfort the both of them – mostly Yoongi. Yoongi rubs his eyes, sighing once more as he drops his arms to his side and makes a move to stand up and leave the room.
“…Where are you going?” Jungkook says as he gets hit with a sudden overwhelming nervousness. He stands up from the bed and follows Yoongi who leaves the room. “We have to tell them, Kook. Taehyung needs to know.”

Jungkook doesn’t know how to respond, so he follows Yoongi with heavy slow footsteps. It was one thing to hide the truth from Yoongi and Namjoon, but now he had to do the same with everyone else.

He doesn’t want Taehyung to feel bad or regretful about his actions, or maybe even be punished for it. In his eyes, Taehyung was just looking out for him. Yeah, it was kind of extreme but it felt so good to be protected by someone after so long of being here all on his own.

With those thoughts he begins to feel worse.

“Do I have to?” Jungkook says with dread.

Yoongi doesn’t respond for a moment. They make their way down the steps, Namjoon quietly trailing behind their footsteps. “Taehyung won’t believe anyone but you.” Yoongi sighs.

Jungkook takes a deep breath and tries to rehearse what he’s going to say. He has no idea how this is going to go down, but he feels that Taehyung might not be entirely convinced by what he has to say. When they make their way to living room, Jungkook is surprised to see a teary-eyed Taehyung sitting on the couch along with a dry-eyed Jin who holds him in his arms.

“Jungkook?” Taehyung says with surprise and pulls himself away from Jin’s arms. Jin turns his head to look behind at them with surprise. Taehyung shoots up from the couch and walks towards Jungkook, stopping in front of the boy with a small sigh of relief. “Are you okay?” Taehyung asks worriedly.

*I should ask you that.*

He doesn’t.

“I’m fine.” Jungkook says with a small guilty smile, squeezing Taehyung’s shoulder to comfort the guy. Taehyung looks skeptic but accepts it for now; more curious as to why they’ve come back down and look relatively calm considering the circumstances. Yoongi eyes Taehyung with worry, wondering why the boy looks like he’s been crying since they’ve left.

“We need to talk.” Yoongi says, deciding for now to leave Taehyung be. He’ll ask later.

Taehyung nods quietly and goes to sit back down on the couch, biting back a small hiss as he does so. Jungkook eyebrows furrow at that but he too ignores it for now, more anxious and focused on what he’s about to say. When Yoongi taps his arm to get him to move, Jungkook makes his way to front of the couch in front of Jin and Taehyung.

Jin smiles at him warmly but doesn’t make a move to get off the couch. Yoongi and Namjoon shuffle over to the second sofa, both sitting down and leaving Jungkook to be the center of attention. Jungkook looks around the room awkwardly, his eyes trailing over Taehyung’s frame before he looks away with strange guilt. He glances at Yoongi with a silent plea for help. Yoongi understands without speaking and stands back up from the couch.

Jungkook breathes out a breath he didn’t realize he was holding when Yoongi stands next to him supportively. Jin looks around the room with tight-knit eyebrows. “Hoseok?” Jin says.

“On the phone, remember?” Namjoon reminds him.
Taehyung shifts uncomfortably.

“We’ll tell him after.” Yoongi says.

“Jimin?” Jin says.

“After.” Yoongi huffs.

Jin seems to let it go, so they begin. Yoongi turns his head and Jungkook looks at his face, swallowing nervously as Yoongi shoots him a small smile of encouragement. “Alright, we’re going to talk about last night.”

Taehyung curls up on the couch and brings his knees up to his chest. Jungkook is surprised by how much more subdued and quiet Taehyung is compared to earlier. What happened when he was away upstairs? He’s sort of too scared to find out. Maybe it’s easier if he doesn’t find out.

“Let me get this straight,” Jin looks at Jungkook. “Is he in subspace right now?”

Jungkook shakes his head at Jin, a small heat on his face as he recalls last night. “No, I-I’m not.”

Taehyung stares at Jungkook and squints at him, sighing and looking away. Jungkook looks at Yoongi for more help, who nods at him and continues onwards. “Jungkook wants to clarify what happened. I brought him here because I figured you might want to hear it from his mouth.” Yoongi directs towards Taehyung.

Taehyung nods meekly and looks up at Jungkook. Jungkook shares eye-contact with Taehyung’s wide inviting eyes. He licks his lips nervously before looking away, deciding that if he’s going to do this he can’t do it while looking at him. He stares at the floor, his eyes burning into the rug. Yes, this is much better.

“…La-last night,” Jungkook feels his dry tongue getting stuck to the roof of his mouth. Couldn’t he just write this down on a piece of paper? Maybe he could pretend to be a kid to get out of this. Yoongi bites his bottom lip and decides to take over. “Jungkook, how about I ask you the same question again? Is that easier for you?” Yoongi says quietly to him.

Jungkook nods.

Jin and Taehyung both watch him intently. Jungkook takes the chance of looking into their eyes and he immediately regrets it. He looks back to the floor, the ever so safe floor that bears no ill against him staring at it. “What happened between the three of you last night - between you, Jimin, and Jin? How do you feel about that? Did they hurt you?”

“I...” He tries to speak. Yoongi appears patient and Jungkook breathes out when Yoongi squeezes his shoulder to encourage him further.

“I remember last night. I couldn’t – I couldn’t talk or anything, bu-but I,” he swallows and looks at Taehyung who watches him with an open mouth. He closes his eyes and looks away, continuing. “It was fine. It started hurting after – after I came,” he flushes red, “I’ll admit that...But the rest was fine, it was OK. I’m sorry, Taehyung. I should have said something, but I was... so deep in my mind and I couldn’t break out of it. I just couldn’t reach you.”

Taehyung breaks his eye-contact towards Jungkook. The air is quiet as Taehyung looks at the armrest of the couch, eyes slightly twitching as he thinks to himself. Taehyung scratches the back of his neck before he looks back at Jungkook. Jungkook bites his lip and struggles with the guilt that pours over his soul like a bucket of molten lava.
“Really?” Taehyung says quietly.

Jungkook frowns. “I’m sorry.”

Taehyung sniffs and stands from the couch. “Jimin,” Taehyung says with tearful realization. Jungkook then remembers the beating Taehyung had given to Jimin the night before, and his guilt reaches the peak when he realizes Taehyung will have to wrestle with the regret of having ‘misjudged’ the situation and physically attacked someone. Jungkook was placing such a large burden on someone who just wanted to help him – all because he wanted a false state of peace and tranquility.

*I’m a bad person.*

“You’re a good person,” Jungkook breathes out. Taehyung stops himself from leaving, staring at Jungkook with wide teary eyes. “Please don’t think otherwise.” Jungkook says heavily.

Taehyung eyes shift and look around as he tries to get a grip of his words. A small bittersweet smile curls on Taehyung’s lips and Jungkook watches breathlessly when Taehyung wipes away at his falling tear. “Thank you.” Taehyung says before he turns on his heel and leaves to go upstairs, presumably to talk to Jimin.

Jungkook watches as Jin stands from the couch and quickly smiles at Jungkook before rushing after Taehyung. He watches them walk away, their backs leaving the room. When he blinks, he’s surprised by the tears that fall down his hot cheeks. Yoongi uses his thumb to wipe away Jungkook’s tears, too surprised by the sudden tears of the *big* Jungkook.

It all begins to become too much.

He sniffs to himself and releases a shaky breath. Namjoon stands from the couch with alarm when Jungkook begins to sob to himself. “Jungkook?” Yoongi says worriedly and uses his long sleeve to wipe away at the flood of the boy’s tears.

Jungkook drops to his knees and shuffles over to rest his upper body on the cushion of the couch, trying yet failing to contain his tears in front of the other two men. Jungkook can’t remember the last time he cried in front of other people. It was always on his own, when no one was listening or looking.

Yoongi wraps his arms around his waist and pulls him up from the floor, pulling him over to sit on the couch and lean against his chest. Namjoon sits next to them and rubs a hesitant palm against the curve of his body – perhaps because he feels it’s not his place, whether for his own personal reason or because of his earlier conflict with Yoongi.

Nonetheless, Jungkook isn’t thinking too much of it at the moment. As he cries into Yoongi’s chest, his tears soaking into the soft cotton – He wonders why *now* of all times he has to be so emotional, why he’s feeling so overwhelmed and taken over. He’s sure that this is strange, maybe even suspicious behavior for Yoongi, but Jungkook just can’t stop himself.

Jungkook is grateful the two men are being quiet, allowing him to cry it out. It was different from Jin who usually hounded him and tried to comfort him out of his tears, rather than just letting him cry it out until he ran out of tears to shed. As he slowly calms down and tries to block out all the intrusive thoughts, Jungkook can hear the voice of Namjoon calming him down. “It’s okay, Kook. Everything will be fine.” Namjoon whispers.

Jungkook isn’t convinced, but through his tears he decides that he would like to try to make his
new life more stable – Or at least learn how to pretend he’s okay.

For stability and peace.

Chapter End Notes

I think some readers may be conflicted over Taehyung and Jungkook's decision to lay low, especially Jungkook's. I personally think it's realistic for someone to have their minds swayed and convictions squashed. People can be conflicted, indecisive, selfish, etc. As cool as it would be for Jungkook or Taehyung to have gone Hulk on them - I just don't think it's in their characters.

\(o_o)/

Till next time.
Before Jungkook could blink, tomorrow had come. Today was the day Hoseok’s father would arrive and most likely scorn them all. Jungkook had never met Hoseok’s father but he could only imagine the worst, could only imagine the stereotype of a mob boss, and from what he’s heard from the other six men – he’s not too far off. The sun had not yet risen when he was woken up by an antsy Hoseok, who quickly plucked him out of bed and ushered him into a shower so he could be presentable.

Because he was a big boy (Jin’s exact words), he had to be prepped over what to say and how to react. Jungkook – not feeling like being chopped up into tiny little pieces by a mob boss, made sure to take mental notes with each instruction Hoseok thoroughly gave him. He knows, however, that he is a wimp. A big fat wimp that is most likely going to fuck up and get killed, or end up crying – maybe a mixture of both.

At least Hoseok was trying.

Glancing at the clock on the living room wall, Jungkook knows now that the time is roughly 6:13am. Just a year ago this would be an ungodly time to be awake, but here he was – it all still felt unreal to him. He breaks his eyes away from Hoseok’s face and looks down at his outfit. Jin had dressed him in a suit; the only thing he was missing was a jacket. According to Hoseok, a suit jacket would be ‘trying too hard’ so none of them would be adorning them. As though waking up at five in the morning and preparing mental flashcards wasn’t ‘trying too hard.’

“Don’t talk to him unless he talks to you.” Hoseok once again drills into him. At first Jungkook had been offended, but Hoseok had made sure to tell him that it wasn’t personal, mob bosses just tended to have no-nonsense attitudes. Still, it feels a bit personal.

Jungkook nods when Hoseok goes silent and stares at him. Again. He’s been nodding a lot this morning. Hoseok seems satisfied and pats Jungkook on the shoulder, almost ruffling the boy’s hair before stopping himself and murmuring something about ‘not ruining the image’.

“That’s fun.” Namjoon teases Jungkook after Hoseok departs from the living room. Jungkook scrunches his nose before sitting himself down on the couch, not paying any mind when Namjoon sits next to him. Jungkook sighs and rubs at his tired eyes, wishing he could at least get some caffeine inside of him before having to do this. Man, when’s the last time he had caffeine?

He sees that Namjoon looks nervous as well. It comforts him that he’s not the only one anxious about this visit. What scares Jungkook the most is that he has no idea what Hoseok’s father is like, what a mob boss is like. Were the others afraid too? Were they casually nervous like someone meeting their father in-law, or were they afraid?

He’s terrified.

Jungkook looks towards him with the hope of comfort, but he’s surprised once more to see the man looking nervous and out of it. Looking at the man only makes him feel worse, so he stops looking. Instead he stares down at his black leather shoes, the shoes Hoseok had given him – because Hoseok’s father will have nothing to do with shoeless slobs.
Jungkook would laugh.

Right now he’s not sure what laughter is anymore.

“Both of you should breathe.” Jimin says as he walks into the room with Taehyung. Taehyung looks awfully pale and it makes Jungkook think that maybe he’s not the only one who is afraid, not nervous. Taehyung sits on the opposite couch with the stiffness of a plank of wood. Jungkook feels uncomfortable as he watches Jimin sit next to Taehyung, looking at the two of them with a small frown. “It’ll be fine. We’ve done this before.” Jimin shrugs.

Taehyung puts his hands on his face and tunes himself out of the conversation – perhaps also tuning away from this reality. Jungkook takes pity on him, but his attention is taken away by the entrance of the other three. Jin and Yoongi walk behind an edged Hoseok, Jungkook watching at the three of them take their seats in the living room and wait.

“Come on, you know this is different.” Namjoon says sharply.

“…Different. Very different.” Taehyung whimpers behind his hands. Jungkook leans back on the couch and bites his bottom lip – Jin makes a small noise in reaction to Taehyung, standing from his seat and moving over to sit next to Taehyung. They all watch as Jin takes Taehyung’s hands away from his face to comfort the boy, wrapping him up in a hug.

“Shh,” Jin gently shushes the distressed Taehyung. “It’s going to be okay. We’ll get through it. We always do.”

Jin hugs him until Taehyung nods, then breaking the hug and kissing his lips. Jungkook looks away and stares at the clock. 6:35am. He wonders if this would be easier if he were in subspace, but he knows that he can’t force himself into it – if he could, he’s not aware of it, and trying wouldn’t be the best idea right now. He’s not convinced Hoseok’s dad would like to be called daddy. Jungkook shudders at the mental picture.

“Just twenty-five more minutes,” Hoseok breathes out after following Jungkook’s eyes towards the clock.

As they sit in contemplative silence, Jungkook continues to stare at the clock as his mind goes elsewhere. He anxiously goes over everything Hoseok had crammed into his head, hoping to himself that he pull today off without disaster.

When the time reaches 7am, Hoseok instructs them all to wait by the front door for his father’s arrival. Jungkook stands behind the six of them, concealed up to the moment Hoseok’s father wishes to see him. Hoseok stands in front of the six of them, standing straight and still.

Jungkook flinches when there’s a patterned knock on the door. Hoseok lets out one deep exhale and gives the six of them one last glance before he steps forward and reaches out to open the door. Jungkook keeps his mouth shut and tries to control his breathing, trying to remind himself how normal people breathe and how he can stop breathing like he just ran a marathon. A few strong looking men first enter the household, making way into the entrance of the house. Hoseok politely nods to the men who don’t nod back at him.

When Hoseok’s father arrives, he doesn’t have to wonder if he’s the one they were waiting for. He just knows.

Hoseok bows and they all follow along, Jungkook biting his bottom lip when he hears his own back crack. If anyone cared, no one says anything. He listens to the sound of one pair of footsteps
enter the house. Hoseok rises from his bow and Jungkook follows his lead, standing back up straight from his bow but ensuring to keep his eyes glued to the floor.

“Hoseok.” His father says with indifference.

“Father,” Hoseok politely acknowledges him.

As Hoseok’s father steps further inside and looks around the house, Jungkook wonders how a man could give birth to a son yet exhibit such coldness. Perhaps that’s why Hoseok is the way he is today. He never got the love he needed from his father figure.

*Does Hoseok have a mother? Did she love him the way a mother should?*

“Where’s the boy?”

They look at each other, except for Jungkook – his frozen eyes are still stuck to the floor. “Uh,” Hoseok breath hitches, “the boy?”

“Are you hiding him?” More coldness.

“He’s here, father.” Hoseok bows politely.

“Show him to me.”

They slowly step away from Jungkook, presenting him to the man with hesitation in their steps. Taehyung and Jin hesitate the most, their bodies being the last to step away from him. Jungkook achingly clenches his jaw shut, his eyes trembling and legs ready to give out on him. He can feel the eyes on him; he doesn’t need to look up to know that he’s been scanned from head to toe.

“All this,” Hoseok’s father simply says after a moment of chilled silence, “…over him? A tot?”

They remain silent. Hoseok opens his mouth to protest.

“Enough,” his father cuts him off before he can speak, “I don’t want to hear it. Leave us.”

Jungkook licks his lips nervously. Raising his eyes slightly, he can see Hoseok curling his fingers and pressing them against his upper thighs. The other five look at Hoseok with confused faces, unsure what his father means. His father sighs impatiently and flicks the air towards them a few times. “Leave the boy with me. I want to speak with him.”

“Father,” Hoseok looks around nervously, “I don’t think-“

His father steps forward and pokes harshly at Jungkook’s chest. Jungkook steps backwards with a small gasp, struggling not to trip over himself – his legs feeling like they’re composed of gelatin. Without more room for protest, Jungkook is dragged by the elbow upstairs by one of the guards, trailing behind Hoseok’s father and leaving the other six behind downstairs.

As they walk through the hallway, there are no thoughts that circulate through his mind. He looks at every window and door as an opportunity, an idea of escape – his body pumping him with adrenaline, he resists the urge to run for his life. If he lives through today, tomorrow will be the most grateful day of his life. “Raise your eyes from the floor, boy.” Hoseok’s father says as though he can read him.

Jungkook looks up and sees him for the first time. It’s almost comical to him that the man is the very stereotype that plagued his mind from earlier. It occurs to him that his life is like some kind of
dark cheesy novel, except he’s not sure if his story is in the middle of the book or nearing the last few pages.

“Which one is your room?” The man says as he stills in the quiet white hallway.


“Well?” The man says with a small impatient sigh, “I don’t really believe that my son would make you share a room, considering the circumstances of your stay here.”

“I-uh, um-“ Jungkook feels his teeth shiver. He goes silent when the man begins to walk around and curiously twist open the doorknob of the first door in the hallway, watching as the man pushes the door open and peeks inside. The man doesn’t look convinced and continues onwards, opening each door and continuing onwards each time when he isn’t satisfied with what he sees.

The man reaches the second last door – his room, the nursery. The man jiggles the doorknob; eyebrows’ stitching together when he sees it locked. The man glances at Jungkook before moving onto the last door. Jungkook lets out a small breath of air, naively thinking that the man had moved on. The last door is pushed open and the man stares at Yoongi’s bed, peering and ogling around with disappointment.

The man closes the door and tilts a head at the frightened Jungkook. “Tell me,” the man smiles but it doesn’t reach his eyes, “Why that door would be locked?”

“…I,” He stutters, “I couldn’t suh-say, Sir.”

“I know what kind of man my son is. I know he would not be one to hide secrets from boys he holds…” The man scowls, “…fondness for.”

“He’s nuh-not fond of me, sir!”

The man ignores him and looks at the guard next to him, flicking his fingers at him. The guard knowingly bows and departs from the hallway, making his way down the stairs and leaving the two of them alone. Jungkook dares to glance at the guard who leaves, watching until the man is gone and he’s left alone with Hoseok’s father.

They stand in silence until the same guard returns, holding a small key in his hands. Jungkook feels his chest tighten, the sight of the golden key causing him to nearly have a heart-attack. How on earth had the guard gotten a hold of the key? How did he get it without setting off the other six men? His ears are attentive and he knows he can’t hear the sound of disturbance downstairs, which he is sure would be happening if they were aware of Hoseok’s father desire to unlock the door to the fucking nursery.

Hoseok’s father takes the key from the guard, shooting a small pleased smile before reaching over to unlock the door. Jungkook almost jumps out towards the man to stop him, but stops himself instead. He steps back until his back hits the wall, watching with horror as the door unlocks with a click.

The man twists the doorknob and pushes the door open with his palm, staring into the room as the door opens and hits the wall inside with a small bang. The silence unnerves Jungkook and he tries to convince himself that this isn’t a big deal, just because it’s a nursery doesn’t mean that it’s his nursery – maybe he can pretend Hoseok is hiding a baby or something.
Oh god someone please help me.

“What on earth?” The man says with a disturbed grimace.

He watches as the man slowly steps inside of the nursery, the man eyeing the incriminating evidence – the overly large crib, the overly large changing table, the rather big animal onesies and pajamas littered all over the floor. With how big everything in the room is, he’s not so sure he can convince anyone the room is dedicated purely to Hoseok’s secret love child.

The man reaches over and picks up the large pajama onesie, calculating to himself as he eyes the cotton fabric. Jungkook is pushed into the room by the guard, who professionally seems unfazed by what’s happening in front of him. The guard closes the door behind them and Jungkook’s gets overwhelmed by the sudden claustrophobia.

Hoseok’s father walks over to Jungkook with the ever so incriminating bunny dress from yesterday. Jungkook has no words when the man holds the dress over his frame, the dress quite clearly being just right for his frame. The man looks at his face with sudden indifference. “Don’t lie to me. This is yours, correct?”

Oh how Jungkook would answer. Maybe if his mind weren’t static he would say something smart, maybe even think of a good reason or lie – but life decided that now would be a good time for him to have dry mouth.

The man drops the dress to the floor, the guard kicking it away casually with his foot. Hoseok’s father strolls over to the rocking chair and pulls it over to the middle of the room, sitting down on it and keeping his feet firmly to the ground. “Your name is… Jungkook. Yes?”

He nods.

“See, Jungkook, if you’re a smart man, you’ll want to tell me everything about this little room of yours. You’ll want to answer every question I have, like a wise man, and when I’m done, you won’t want to say a single word to anyone else about this little conversation of ours.”

“I…” Jungkook blinks nervously, “I… I don’t understand.”

“There’s nothing to not understand,” The man smiles and gives a look to the guard. Jungkook flinches when the man pulls out a small silver knife. The guard stares Jungkook down, body language cold and fearless. Jungkook has no doubt his blood will stain this room if he doesn’t comply. Jungkook feels warmth and looks down to see his pants suddenly wet, the carpet being dampened with the sound of him pissing himself.

“Aww,” The man chuckles slightly to himself. “Yes, that does tend to happen occasionally to the men I discuss matters with.”

“Please! I never did anything wrong, I’m just a dishwasher.” He sobs.

“Oh, I know,” The man sighs barely. “I don’t care about that – or you. I just seek to find why my heir insists on troubling me with an orphaned dishwasher.”

Jungkook ignores the pain in his chest. It’s not the first time harsh words have been tossed his way, but with the threat of the knife – well, words seem to cut just as deep as the silver blade. The man crosses his legs and huffs a few times, checking the time on his watch. “I’m a busy man, Jungkook. Perhaps we should give the blade a test run to speed things along-“

“No, no, no, please! I’ll tell you anything!” Jungkook falls to knees with paralyzed fear, ugly
childish tears rolling down his cheeks as his knees soak up the cold wet carpet. He covers his own mouth to cover his terrified noises when the guard bends over and playfully scratches his neck with the edge of the blade, the sharpened object leaving a small graze without much pressure applied.

“Then do tell me, Jungkook. My guard over here can be a bit blood thirsty, you should avoid testing his patience,” The man grins at the guard. “No offense, Hans.”

So Jungkook tells him. With the blade pressed against his throat, Jungkook tells the two men everything they want to know and more – this fact he’s reassured of when the blade presses harder against his throat when he goes on a small tangent about his lost cat.

The man seems satisfied with Jungkook’s confession and waves the guard to put away the blade. Jungkook exhales deeply, hand moving to clutch his chest as he struggles to breathe through the racing of his heart. Jungkook can smell the urine in the room, the strong sharp smell flooding his cold wet nose.

The man stands up from the chair and crouches towards Jungkook with a smug look. “Listen here, kid.” The man taps Jungkook’s temple with his calloused index finger. “Listen well.”

Jungkook sniffs and nods.

“Middle of the night, tonight – I’m not telling you when, but you’re leaving this place.” The man says to him quietly. Jungkook furrows his eyebrows and wipes at his eyes. “If my son can’t get his grabby little hands on you, maybe I can go five fuckin’ seconds without having to deal with the shit he keeps throwin’ my way.” He scowls.

Hoseok’s father stands up and rolls his shoulders, cracking his neck and knuckles. Jungkook remains on his knees, bowing his head both out of fear and compliance. The man nose turns up at him and he looks towards the door to the nursery, his own way of signifying to the guard that he’s soon ready to depart from the house. “Let’s keep this to ourselves, no? Try to let my son and his -friends, rest throughout the night without disturbance.”

Jungkook nods feverishly.

“A bird told me you’re an excellent singer, Jungkook – Even sang on the streets for cash.” The man checks his watch. Jungkook stares at him with wide eyes.

*How could he know that?*

“Would be a shame for your next song to be left unsung.”

With that threat, the man leaves the room alongside his guard. Jungkook stares at him while he leaves, taken aback and tossed into a deep pit of despair. Jungkook falls forward and drops onto his stomach, head turning to the side as he stares at the wall with shock. His body is cold and wet, his head is pounding from stress and he feels like he can hardly breathe. Peace and tranquility had been his goal but now he thinks that it may just be an unrealistic dream for him.

Perhaps there’ll only be enough rest in his grave.

Chapter End Notes

* eek.
My writing is very spur of the moment. Sometimes I update every few days, once a day, or multiple times a day. Today is one of the multiple days. I don't plan on updating multiple times, but sometimes when I post a chapter I'll get inspired to write again a few hours later - but I don't think it's cool to update the chapter if people have already read/commented on them. Ah well.

In other news I have written out a plot summary. I can now say I know how this story will end. We have yet to reach the climax, guys.

Good night.
When Jungkook came to his senses, he realized he had a problem. What felt like only a few minutes had passed and he was still lying on the cold, wet carpet. Before the other six would come upstairs to check on him, he had to hide the evidence.

With a shake, he stands up from the carpet and walks over to his wardrobe. Rushfully, he pulls out a fresh pair of black sweatpants. He strips out of his pants and pats his legs down with the dry parts of his soiled pants. He leans his arm against the wardrobe as he slips them on, tightening the strings. He also puts on a fresh white cotton t-shirt, just to throw off any suspicion as to why he would only change his pants.

What next, oh, the carpet!

He drags a towel over the carpet and tries to dry it the best he can. Still, he’ll need to cover up the spot. He drops the soiled pants to the floor so he can drag his foam play mat over the spot, nodding to himself and placing a few plastic toys just to ease suspicion. He should really be more thorough but he has no more time.

Now I just have to worry about the pants.

He grabs the pants and leaves his nursery, turning the light off behind him and closing the door. He makes a beeline towards the bathroom and locks the door behind him, grabbing the ivory bar of soap from the sink and turning on the water. He quickly scrubs the pants clean, sweating with anxiety and pressure as he tries to do it as efficiently and speedily as he can.

It’s when he’s squeezing the excess water off the pants that someone knocks on the door. He jumps and turns the water off, but not before rubbing some of the water on his face and fringes. Without time to waste, he steals a towel from the small shelf and tries his best to dry off the pants. “Jungkook?” A deep voice murmurs from behind the door.

“Coming!”

His mind going blank, he juggles the semi-dry pants in his hands and folds them neatly. With the feeling that he’s forgetting something important, he breathes out and unlocks the door, planting a falsely curious look on his face. He sees both Namjoon and Hoseok at the door – which takes off guard. He brushes past them with the pants, hoping to toss them in a random laundry basket.

“You changed?” Hoseok eyes him with surprised.

“I wasn’t comfy.” Jungkook fakes a pout and tosses the pants in the laundry bin in Yoongi’s room. He follows them as they walk downstairs – although Jungkook would like nothing more than to bury himself in his blanket and both cry and vomit.

Hoseok guides him over to the kitchen, presumably so they can go over what happened earlier and have breakfast. Jungkook doesn’t want to entertain the idea of food right now. They’re greeted by the other four who are preparing breakfast – well, Jin who is preparing breakfast while the other three laminate over the earlier visit at the table. Jungkook makes the assumption he’s allowed to sit at the table in the big boy chair (Jin’s words), so he does just that. With all the options of who to sit next to, he chooses to sit between Taehyung and Yoongi. The two of them break from their
conversation and nod at him, and Jungkook has to admit that Taehyung is looking a lot better now that the visit is over – his face a lot less pale and grey.

“Hey,” Taehyung smiles at him.

“Hi.” He murmurs.

He doesn’t join in when the other six resume a conversation about today’s events. The smell of cinnamon is in the air – a delightful smell for those who like to eat. Jin’s a good cook but Jungkook is convinced that food will only taste like cardboard right now. A few moments pass and he has to wonder why Hoseok hasn’t bombarded him with questions and dissected him apart. With that thought comes consequence, as Hoseok turns to look at him. “So, what did my father say to you?” He stares.

Oh, so that’s what he forgot. A lie.

“Um, well…” He stiffens.

Jungkook has long realized that Hoseok is more powerless than he seems. The other six men have always been stronger than him, always holding their influence and number against him – but after meeting Hoseok’s father, Jungkook realizes that there are even stronger people he should be more afraid of. Maybe he could tell the six of them the truth, but really, what could they do for him?

Even Hoseok, the heir to his father’s empire, has his tail between his legs when around his father. If Hoseok can barely speak to his father, Jungkook genuinely doubts he can prevent tonight from happening. With that ending thought, Jungkook takes the time to acknowledge the part of him which wants to see what would happen if he left.

Maybe it’s (definitely) suicidal behavior, but maybe – just maybe, Hoseok’s father won’t kill him and will instead send him off to be in seclusion from the other six men. Hoseok’s father – the villain, may just end up being his hero. That or he could end up in the bottom of Han River. It was the possibilities that intrigued him.

“Jungkook?” Jin frowns.

“Oh yeah, uh–” He used to hear that a good lie was based on a half-truth, “He just tried to figure out why I would be here. I just – uh, told him that I really didn’t know… Just that I was uh, a dishwasher and stuff.”

“…Is that it?” Hoseok furrows his eyebrows.

A good lie is based on a half-truth.

“…He was kinda mean…” Jungkook frowns as he goes over the man’s words, “Said he did-didn’t understand wuh-why his heir would want to bother with someone like me. Suh-said he was troubled by you. I guess he thought he could find out more by talking to me, but I don’t think I heh-helped him much…”

Hoseok looks away with a small nod, his lips pressed together tightly as he absorbs the information and thinks to himself. Hoseok eyes shift rapidly and he lifts his head with worry, “Did he see the nursery?”

Jungkook looks at the other men, his eyes briefly watching Jin who was currently flipping the last piece of French toast. “N-no. He didn’t.” He shakes his head.
Hoseok sighs with relief and slumps in his chair. Jungkook swallows and watches him. He looks to his right and sees Taehyung watching him, a small pout on his lips. It was cute, but discerning – so he looks away with a small sweat to his brow. As Jin brings over the big plate of layered French toast, Jungkook feels a wave of nausea pass through him.

He feels supported when Taehyung makes a small noise of protest. Taehyung slumps back in his chair with a grimaced face. “…I don’t think I can eat this.” Taehyung mumbles.

Jin sighs and stubbornly places a piece of toast on both of their plates. Jungkook shares a face with Taehyung, aware they’re both being rude, but really, how could he even think of food right now? “Just try to eat what you can.” Jin purses his lips and moves on to give everyone their serving.

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He politely swallowed one bite.

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When breakfast ended and dinner too passed (he barely touched the plate of cubed potatoes and steak), Jungkook made a lie about wanting to work on some sketches and excused himself from the kitchen.

Passing through the bathroom he stole the wet bar of soap and drenched a hand-towel with warm water, he made his way to his room with a plan. When he arrived to his nursery, he pulled out his sketchpad and pulled out his pencil case – laying out a few sharpened pencils, an eraser, and his sharpener, next to the opened sketchpad.

Leaving them on the floor he quietly stayed kneeling on the carpet, closing his eyes and counted to five exact minutes before he deemed no one would be coming up to check on him. Really, with his future looming over his head – he really shouldn’t care so much about the piss stain. It just feels like it’d be a nice thing to do, to clean up a little before he left.

So he scrubs.

Rubbing the bar of soap against the wet towel, he rubs and scrubs the wet spot on the carpet. His hand is red and he’s sweating, but he gives it his best. When there’s not enough soap, he takes to rubbing the soap directly onto the wet carpet. Someone else would probably think that’s gross but Jungkook knows soap is self-cleaning.

Okay, maybe it’s a little gross.

When he finds the cleaning sufficient, he wonders what he can use to dry up the spot. He grabs a random shirt he was wearing a few days ago, his paw-patrol shirt. He uses it to rub the carpet dry, or at least leave it less drenched and more dampened. Sighing out, he pulls the foam mat back over the spot to hide it from unsuspecting view and gathers the dirty laundry in his hands, tossing it into his laundry bin and dropping back to the carpet with a huff.
He takes the pencil and sketches a rough cat, just so if someone walks in he can pretend he really did intend to draw. After he deems the sketch to be detailed enough, he drops the pencil to the carpet and crawls over to his crib. He pulls himself over the bed and wraps himself up in his soft blankets.

In possibly a few hours he’s going to be taken away. He may be murdered. He’s seen gory websites in his youth, most images and videos on the sites originating from gangs and cartels. He shivers and covers his mouth so he can breathe through his nose, curling himself into a fetal position. Is he going to end up on one of those websites?

Shaking his head to himself, he pulls the warm fleece blanket up to his lips and curls his fists into the fabric. He should really get up and bathe, maybe brush his teeth – but he can’t find the will to do so. He might be dead soon, anyway.

It surprises him that none of the others have come to check up on him. He wonders if it’s because he’s a big boy right now and not in what they call ‘subspace’.

If they knew what was going to happen - what would they do? Would they protect him? Would any of them die for him? Or would they let him go and let him die if it came down to it? He wonders how far their ‘love’ for him extends and if he’s disposable. For all he knows they’ll just find another boy to replace him.

His swarming thoughts lull him to a dreamless sleep.

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When a nightmare pulls him awake, he first notices the lack of light in his room. He briefly wonders the time but remembers with dread that it doesn’t really matter. It’s most likely night now, which means any moment he could be taken –

Wait.

There’s someone sleeping next to him.

He holds his breath and tries to look down at the face, the semi-opened curtain by the window casting a small amount of light into the room. He leans over with squinted eyes, trying to make out the details of the face. He jerks with surprise when the man’s eyes pop open and peer at him. Jungkook clutches at his chest and whines. “Shh,” Taehyung shushes him quietly. “It’s just me.”

He can’t be here right now. He can’t be here. I need to get him out of here.

Taehyung sits up on the bed with a yawn. He ruffles his hair, unfazed as Jungkook stares him. Taehyung sighs and leans his back against the bedframe. “I know Hoseok’s dad can be really scary… You looked really freaked out and I felt really bad, because he makes me feel that way too, so I wanted to make sure you were okay-“ Taehyung takes in some air, “because I get how that feels. I’m ranting now but, damn – I just thought you wouldn’t want to sleep alone tonight after… today.”

Jungkook doesn’t blink.

Taehyung falters. “But I mean, if you don’t want me here – I get it, trust me, I really do. I’ll leave,
but just know that I only wanted to make you feel better, and gosh is it just me or is it getting kinda hot in here-“


Taehyung goes quiet, bringing his knees up to his chest. Jungkook feels strangely guilty. Taehyung was one of his assailants, so why did Taehyung look so soft and small in front of him? Why did he want to protect him and keep him away from this? Wouldn’t anyone else think one of his assailants would deserve what’s about to happen?

_Dear heart, why like you this?_

“I… I guess there’s another reason why I’m here.” Taehyung says quietly.

Jungkook bites his bottom lip until he can taste the metal. He can feel himself on edge, on the edge of a cliff and ready to fall. He should kick Taehyung out, but how can he do that without raising suspicion or waking up the whole house?

Taehyung straightens out his legs and sighs to himself. He looks at Jungkook through the night, staring at his scrunchy face with hesitance. Taehyung slowly puts his hand on Jungkook’s hand, flinching when Jungkook flinches from the touch. “S-sorry.”

Jungkook shakes his head and pulls Taehyung’s hand back over his own. Taehyung smiles but it looks like a grimace. This is stupid, Jungkook thinks. This isn’t just stupid, this is psychotic. He’s about to be brutally murdered by a mob boss and he’s playing hanky-panky with his assailant.

“I’ve been thinking so much about it and… shit, I have to know.” Taehyung sniffs. “Was that night with Jin and Jimin really okay with you? I… I can’t stop thinking about it. Was it wrong of me, Kookie?”

Jungkook goes still. Was Taehyung really that bothered about it? It surprised him that he would still care, that anyone would care. He sticks his thumbnail into his mouth and grinds his teeth against it, rubbing his tooth over the dent on the middle of his nail. “Will you tell anyone?”

Jungkook wonders aloud.

Taehyung shakes his head. “I won’t, promise.”

Jungkook tears up. “…I didn’t like it. Ji-Jimin… says he’s sorry, but he keeps making me feel bad anyway.” He feels Taehyung squeeze his hand immediately. Taehyung lips part and Jungkook watches him breathe in deeply, reminding Jungkook that he should really get him away from this room. “Taehyung, you really should go-“

“I just want to say sorry.”

“Wha-?”

“I always used to think that Jin was a really great guy. Buh-but the way he’s treating you-” Taehyung wipes his wet eyes, “The way you’re being treated here. Fuck, I’m so sorry. I’m sorry we did this to you. I’m sorry I helped them and-and I-I’m sorry I forced you to do stuff and hit you.”

“T-uh,” Jungkook looks around with a confused swollen heart, “Wuh-why are you telling me this?”

_Why now? After all this time?_
“It just… It’ll always be bad – what we did, what I did, cause I’m a bad fucking person-“ Taehyung sobs weakly, “but it wasn’t supposed to be this way. They weren’t supposed to… do that. I don’t know, it’s probably too late for this and you probably don’t give a shit, but I just had to say something.” He rants.

“It’s fine, really.” Jungkook tries to persuade him but he knows it’s not really true.

“It’s not, though,” Taehyung wipes his stuffed nose with his sleeve. “I guess when Jin treated me like that; I really realized just how shitty it’s been for you. Plus it’s not just Jin who does that to you, it’s everyone. You know, Jin would be super mad if he heard me talking like this right now, and that’s the problem-”

Jungkook puts a hand on Taehyung’s shoulder. He tries to smile reassuringly towards Taehyung but a genuine smile proves to be harder than he thought, fortunately he has the dark on his side to masquerade his poor attempt.

“…It’s fine. I mean it! It’s okay! You should just go back to your room, get some sleep, and maybe try to forget about me for a little bit?” He tries to sound encouraging, but when Taehyung furrows his brows at him, Jungkook realizes his words came out more of a rambling slur of raw panic than anything else.

Trying not to freak out or perhaps pass out, he pushes at Taehyung’s chest to encourage him to move away from the bed. Taehyung doesn’t budge from the bed, becoming much more alert and attentive to Jungkook’s strange actions. “Are you okay?” Taehyung frowns.

“I, it’s…” Jungkook thinks back at the silver knife pressed against his neck and closes his mouth. “Hey,” Taehyung whispers worriedly and crosses his legs. “You can tell me anything, you know.”

Can I, though?


“It’s Hoseok’s dad, right?” Taehyung correctly guesses. Jungkook looks away. “He said something to you, threw you off and everything, yeah? Don't feel bad about it. He scares me too,” Taehyung moves the fringes away from Jungkook’s eyes. “I know you don’t trust me, but I swear I can keep a secret if you choose to tell it.”

It would be nice to get it all off his chest but he’s not sure Taehyung won’t immediately freak out and scream for help. He would do that too if he were him and had the option of not being involved.

Jungkook stands from the crib, Taehyung’s hand trailing off and away from his leg. He walks over to the window and pulls open the curtain, the light from the moon pouring in and giving a nice glow to the room. Taehyung watches him from the bed, uncrossing his legs and moving to kneel on his knees with intrigue.

“If you ever left this place, left everyone else… where would you go first?” Jungkook whispers. He watches the waves of the water out the clear glass balcony door, wishing he could freely jump into it and let his fear wash away with the sand. Taehyung’s eyebrows stitch together with confusion but with the silence that comes, Jungkook can only assume that Taehyung is thinking about his answer.

“That’s a hard question,” Taehyung shrugs. “Maybe I’d go to the old church by the mansion. I-I’m not religious, but I think a confessional… might make me feel a bit better. It feels safe there, you know? Quiet too.”
Jungkook nods, staring out at the night sky.

“Jungkook,” Taehyung says quietly. “Are you leaving again?”

Jungkook smiles sadly and shakes his head. “I was just wondering,” he tries to seem indifferent but he knows he sounds too frightened. “I guess if you were you wouldn’t ask me where to go.” Taehyung says to himself, “but still, you want to – right?”

“I don’t know anymore.” He admits. This house has him worn down. Just thinking of playing cat and mouse again with Jin made him want to go back to sleep. Taehyung kicks his legs off the bed and stands up, joining him by the balcony door. Taehyung looks down at the keypad on the balcony door, a smile growing on his lips. Taehyung presses a few numbers on the keypad, a soft jingle ringing from each number as he unlocks the door. “What are you doing?” Jungkook frowns.

“Oh come on,” Taehyung rolls his eyes playfully and pulls the balcony door open. “I bet you haven’t been out here yet.”

“We really shouldn’t.“

Taehyung pushes him through the balcony door, Jungkook stiffening and gasping as the wind blows through his hair. Immediately he can smell the salty water, the wind refreshingly blowing through their clothes. The view is beautiful, the private balcony giving the perfect view – possibly the last perfect view of his life. His left eye twitches and he tries to stop thinking of his impending doom. He looks up at the stars, the sound of the waves filing his ears.

“You’re acting weird,” Taehyung says after a moment of awed silence. He turns to look at him, “Something’s wrong.”

Jungkook bites back a sigh. “You swear you won’t tell anyone?” He hopes. Taehyung nods at him passionately, a tight and stubborn pout on his lips. “First, I have to know… Are you scared of dying?”

“What?” Taehyung seems surprised.

“Hoseok’s father… He said he’s taking me away. Tonight. Threatened to kill me if I told Hoseok.” Jungkook bites his lip anxiously.

Taehyung’s eyes widen and he reaches out towards the balcony wall, leaning his back against it. Jungkook moves to lean against the wall with him, watching with silence as Taehyung stares at nothing. “Shit,” Taehyung curses after a few minutes.

Jungkook would laugh. He doesn’t. “I know.”

“That’s why you want me to leave,” Taehyung says with realization. “You don’t want me in the cross-fire?”

“I guess not.” He shrugs awfully too casually.

“You think he’s going to kill you?” Taehyung carelessly wonders aloud. Jungkook stares at him for a moment before turning around and looking back at the waves, “I don’t know. Isn’t that just what they do?”

“Whu-what, mob bosses?”

“Y-yeah.”
“I… I don’t know. I really don’t-shit, Kookie. This is really bad!” Taehyung breathe heavily and tugs on Jungkook’s shirt to get his full attention, “You should’ve said something earlier.”

Jungkook remains silent. He already knows why he didn’t say anything earlier. He was powerless in this situation, all of them were. He knew it and if Taehyung took a moment to sit back and breathe, he’d known it too.

Taehyung turns Jungkook to face him and Jungkook has to wonder why he never noticed how small Taehyung looks, how fresh and youthful he looks – much too young for this lifestyle, much too young to be here like him with sins on his plate. Life is strange.

“Don’t… Don’t go without me.” Taehyung keeps his fingers clutched on the front of his shirt, pinching the cotton fabric.

“What? Are you crazy?”

Taehyung doesn’t even know him that well. Plus he’s not sure he even trusts Taehyung to want him to come with him. Why should he? Taehyung helped kidnapped him, was part of the reason why he was even in this position to begin with – being possibly (likely) murdered and all that jazz. He can feel himself getting angry.

“After everything, I feel like it’s the only thing I can do for you. You really think I can just let you go like that and be fine with it?” Taehyung lets go of his shirt and shuffles apologetically, “Also… I don’t really want to be left alone with Jin. I… He’s trying to push me to be like you.”

Jungkook absorbs the fact that Taehyung wants to help him or at least be there for him. A part of him is doubtful and distrustful, but another lonely part of him rejoices from this and latches onto it. “You mean little?” Jungkook mumbles.

“Yeah, but… Let’s not talk about that right now.” Taehyung shakes his head apologetically.

He’s right. It’s just not their priority right now. His priority was to be quiet and hopefully make it out of this alive, whether Taehyung came with him or not – that didn’t make a difference to him. He’s not sure he can accept Taehyung still, and he’s half-way convinced Taehyung is only willing to sacrifice his life for him as a form of self-redemption.

Who really knows?

Jungkook isn’t sure he knows anything.

He’s just a dishwasher.

When the wind gets too cold, Taehyung pulls him back inside by the hand. He gives the waves one last look as Taehyung locks the door with the keypad. It’s then that everything becomes sudden and overwhelming. He starts to cry when Taehyung pulls him to sit down, putting a warm sweater on him and a thick pair of socks. If you’re leaving, Taehyung had said to him, you better leave warm.

Before Taehyung lets him stand from the carpet, his tears are wiped away and his feet are pushed into a comfortable pair of new sneakers – previously buried in the back of the wardrobe and taken
out by Taehyung, an old purchase from Yoongi that never got used. *I think he’s forgotten he bought you these,* Taehyung said with a small sad chuckle.

It’s then that he’s pulled from the floor, all ready to go as though he’s a kid getting ready for his first day of school. They both look around the nursery once last time – mixed emotions, before they leave and go down the stairs.

In the entrance, Taehyung puts on a sweater he left hanging on a knob by the door and zips it up. He wiggles his eyebrows at Jungkook playfully, trying to ease the mood. It doesn’t work, but Jungkook appreciates the effort. He watches wordlessly as Taehyung slips on his shoes, tying them neatly before standing and moving away from the door. “Why are you doing this? Why are you coming?” Jungkook then whispers tearfully. He doesn’t move away from the door, doesn’t want to. “You love them, don’t you?”

Taehyung doesn’t know what to say. He looks at the floor and rolls his shoulders, jaw clenching a few times as he holds back his own tears. “I do, you know…* Love* them. Jin and Jimin have been so stupid lately, so *cruel* – but I love them. Don’t know why. It sucks. I… I don’t know. I just feel like I have to go with you, or at least try if they don’t let me. It just… feels fair to you.”

Jungkook rubs at his puffy eyes. “That’s stupid.” He grumbles.

“I’m-“ Taehyung is about to try and lighten the mood again but is interrupted by a small sound coming from the door. They both back away from the door, Taehyung’s hand whipping out to press back against Jungkook’s chest.

Jungkook fights the urge to drop to the ground and beg for his life when he sees several masked men push open the door and see them. Three guns are pointed at both their faces, and Jungkook swears he can see a red dot in the middle of Taehyung’s forehead.

Still, they remain quiet. Jungkook isn’t stupid and he knows Taehyung isn’t either. If they move or speak, they die. Simple. They’re not worth the effort. That’s what he assumes, anyway. Doing what they want guarantees his chance of survival, even if it seems small.

He blinks with surprise when a bright red dot moves across his left eye, the sniper surely moving to aim for his forehead as well. One of the masked men makes a finger motion for the two of them to come with them. He doesn’t fight it, he can’t fight it – so together they walk forward, his eyes staring at the pistols remaining pointed at the both of them.

A car is in the distance, a small black car that is sure to take them away. Where? He doesn’t know. Maybe he shouldn’t let himself think about for now. He can feel Taehyung intertwining their fingers, and for once Jungkook finds he really doesn’t mind the comforting touch. A gun presses against his back, poking at him to tell him to get into the car. A masked man pulls open the passenger door, holding it open and waiting for them. Jungkook swallows and looks at Taehyung nervously before stepping into the car, sliding over the black leather seats to make room for him.

Taehyung slides in, his skin as white as a sheet of paper as he gets seated in the middle – the masked man with the gun sliding in next to him, keeping his gun pointed at them and waving at the driver to move when the door is shut. For the first time since the beginning, Jungkook wished he had a diaper. He holds Taehyung’s hand tighter, his chest tightening as he watches the house get further and further away. For the first time since the beginning, Jungkook wished he had stayed.
With some feedback, I acknowledge I have been dragging out this story and I appreciate the feedback/criticism. I don't write too often so I'm still new to this. I apologize for the turnoff and I will try to speed things up a bit! I'm a sensitive person (lord knows) but I appreciate knowing what I'm doing wrong so my future stories can be done better. I see this story as a learning experience, a way for me to learn how to take my daydreams and put them onto paper.

With my quest to speed up the story, please let me know if it starts seeming to rush too much. Again, I'm awfully sensitive - so while I appreciate the feedback, be delicate? lmao.

>o<

Till next time!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!