New (Newer) Rules

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Summary

Step #1: Don't get involved with the guy your girlfriend cheats with.

Failed step 1.

Notes

Takes a break from my long wip's to say uhhhhhhhh

Based on the post that I can't find: "fucked the guy my girlfriend cheated on me with. you heard me right."

Taehyung calls Jeongguk some nasty shit like slut, bitch, etc so if you're not cool with that you might want to skip!

See the end of the work for more [notes](http://archiveofourown.org/users/jvante/works/14306070/notes).
Involvement

Chapter Summary

Rule 1: Don’t get involved

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Well.”

This is not how Taehyung envisioned spending his afternoon.

He’d had everything planned to the last detail. Making dinner reservations for seven. Skipping his night class to actually make said dinner reservations. Picking up the biggest bouquet of flowers his minimum wage job can buy. Convincing Yoongi to stay over with Namjoon so the apartment would be empty.

When his afternoon class had been cancelled, he’d seen it as the perfect excuse to start their date night early.

It had all shaped up to be a perfect anniversary.

Except.

“Babe?” Jiae startles in bed, pushing the boy hovering over her away. She sits up, clutching the sheets to her chest, and stares at Taehyung with wide eyes. “You. You’re supposed to be in class.”

“It was cancelled.”

Taehyung unfortunately catches sight of the dude’s dick as he scrambles to cover his body with the same blanket Taehyung had been sleeping under just a few hours ago. He looks almost frantic, eyes wide with terror like he thinks Taehyung is going to snap. Taehyung grimaces. His damn balls had been where this boy is now. The plastic wrapping of the flowers crinkles between Taehyung’s fingers.

The boy keeps his head ducked, looking to Jiae. “You said you were single.”

“Well.” Jiae says, lying back in bed. “I am now, if you want to stay.”

Taehyung tips his head. “She’s your problem now, man.”

He pulls out his lighter on his way out of the apartment, setting a few petals on fire and dropping the bouquet in the sink before stalking out.

“Fuck her, man. Seriously! She was nothing but trouble, and she hated your ties. Who the fuck hates ties? They look great with a suit and while choking you out during sex.”

Jimin is drunk but somehow not as drunk as Taehyung. He’d responded to Taehyung’s SOS needa be drunk now text with vigor, beating Taehyung to the bar and lining up five shots before Taehyung
even stepped in the building.

“Yeah, well.” Taehyung tips back the last of his rum and coke, sliding the empty glass over to Seokjin and wordlessly asking for another.

“I bet she was shit in bed,” Jimin continues around his own drink. “Bet that boy was even worse. Probably cried when she pegged him.”

Taehyung accepts the shots Seokjin sets down in front of them and ignores the look he levels at the two of them. It’s far too early and they’re way too drunk for a Thursday night but Taehyung doesn’t even give a damn. He just had to give Namjoon and Yoongi his dinner reservations. The dinner reservations that he booked three months in advance. Taehyung takes both shots.

“He looked like a twink.” Taehyung agrees, grimacing at the burn of tequila, barely sated by the lime. “Not as tiny as you. Probably called his mom the first time he got sucked off.”

“It’s a fucking downgrade, is what it is, man.” Jimin’s hand misses the counter when he slams it down, slapping Taehyung’s knee instead. “You’re going, you’re going to be the next Van Gogh and she’s going to marry a beaver.”

Taehyung would laugh if it didn’t feel like someone was stabbing him in the chest. How Jimin maintains so much energy whenever they’re this drunk will always be beyond Taehyung. “Why the fuck is she going to marry a beaver?”

“That American TV show!” Jimin insists, slurring his words. “Leave it to Beaver.”

“That’s the family’s last name, dumbass.”

“Well the reboot will star Son Jiae as a beaver’s wife.”

“You’re fucking- ridiculous. Hyung, another round of shots.”

Seokjin looks spectacularly unimpressed as he pours Patron into a couple of shot glasses. Taehyung leans over the bar to poke his nose. “I’m cutting you off after this.”

Taehyung licks salt off Jimin’s fist and knocks back the shot. “Do that and I’ll walk to your place to drink your most expensive wine.”

Seokjin sighs. “Fuck you, Taehyung.”

Jimin misses his straw three times. “We should. We should egg her house.”

“She lives in the dorms.”

“We’ll egg her dorm.”

“Jimin-”

“Or we’ll set fire to her bed.”

“Jimin.”

“Put Jell-O in her shampoo-”

Taehyung slams his drink down with a little more force than necessary, the ice clinking obnoxiously. “Jimin, stop.”
Jimin appraises him quietly, eyes showing a little more sobriety than he has for the last few hours. “Okay. Sorry, man.”

“Don’t apologize. I just want to forget about her.”

“Good idea.”

“Which is why you’re going to be the one to get my stuff from her room.”

“The things I do for you,” Jimin sighs, finishing off his drink. Seokjin doesn’t turn around when they order another round so Jimin grabs a wine bottle from behind the counter. “When?”

“As soon as possible. I left Tata on her bed.” Taehyung scowls into his drink. Cheating Twink had shared a bed with Tata and that fact only makes him angrier.

“You are way too old to be naming your stuffed animals.”

“You can’t be mean to me, I got cheated on.” Taehyung mutters, snatching the wine from Jimin’s fingers. Seokjin has noticed they stole a bottle, passing two wine glasses over with a sigh. They don’t use them. “Oh, God, I’m going to be so sick in class tomorrow.”

“Drink more,” Jimin says, snatching two Jameson shots that Seokjin was in the middle of pouring for someone else. “Drink until you can’t think anymore.”

The bar fills up and then clears out slowly, Jimin and Taehyung still in their same chairs the entire time. Seokjin tries four times to cut them off, but falls through with every pout Taehyung levels at him. The watery eyes and quivering lip that Taehyung produces don’t hurt, either.

“Last call,” Seokjin says, even though Taehyung and Jimin are the last people here. “And before you ask, no I will not serve you anything else.”

Someone walks over to stand between two chairs on the adjacent side of the bar. “Hey, hyung. Did I leave my stats book here last weekend?”

“Yep. I’ve got it behind the counter.”

“Thanks.” The boy looks up, locks eyes with Taehyung, and freezes.

“Fuck,” Taehyung hisses. He’s out of wine and there’s nowhere to hide, but after a split second Taehyung realizes he’s not the one in the wrong here. He doesn’t need to hide from this guy, so he raises the empty bottle and announces, “If it isn’t Cheating Twink.”

The guy furrows his brow, glaring. “Hey man, I didn’t know-”

“Wait,” Jimin says. “This is the guy? Come here, I’m going to kick your ass-”

Seokjin grabs the back of Jimin’s shirt, making him sit still. “Please don’t stand up. I don’t need you collapsing on the floor again. Guk, grab your book and go.”

Seokjin lets them doze in a booth while he finishes closing up the bar before piling them into his car. Taehyung’s reached the stage in his drunk meter where all he wants is to sleep, while Jimin is listing off all of the nearby clubs that don’t have cutoffs at one am.

Taehyung is asleep before they even reach the apartment.
Taehyung is nursing his third cup of coffee before ten am on his fourth day of being drunk when the universe plays another practical joke on him. He’s sitting in the back of the lecture hall, hood over his head and a pounding headache hammering at his temples while waiting for his lecturer to show up. Maybe he should have listened to Yoongi and quit drinking after the second night.

But Taehyung isn’t very good at following advice that he doesn’t like. And while he’d been drunk and lying on a few pieces of pizza, Yoongi’s advice that he can’t drink his sorrows away had been the worst he’d received all week.

“Excuse me,” someone says, trying to get to the last open seat to Taehyung’s left. The soft words make Taehyung’s headache worsen, especially when the guy knocks into Taehyung’s legs and drops into his chair with a loud sigh. “Rough night?”

“Rough week.” Taehyung mutters, hoping this guy will leave him to die in peace.

No such luck. “I feel you on that, man. My roommate dared me to go shot for shot with him last night. Luckily, he’s a lightweight, but still. You know?” Taehyung grunts, eyes falling shut. From the shuffling around the classroom, he surmises that their lecturer has finally arrived. “Hey, dude. Do you have your notes from last week? I was out.”

“Jesus, man. Can’t you be quiet while I die-?”

Looking over, Taehyung tries to level this guy with a harsh glare but the action makes his head spin. Staring back at him is none other than-

“Cheating Twink?”

The guy looks absolutely terrified as he stands up, holding his books to his chest, but there’s no where else to sit and the class grades attendance. He sits back down and mutters, “Why do you keep calling me that?”

Taehyung shrugs, resolutely staring at the front of the classroom. “Don’t know your name.”

“It’s Jeo-”

“That was not an invitation to tell me your name.”

“What the fuck is your problem?” Cheating Twink hisses, keeping his voice down low as their professor greets everyone and introduces that day’s topic. “I haven’t done anything to you.”

“You were balls deep in my girlfriend, genius.”

The guy stammers out a few syllables. Taehyung chances a look over and hates that the first thing he notices is how soft the guy’s hair looks, how his eyes are wide and full of expression. His cheeks flare red under the tiniest bit of scrutiny and Taehyung suddenly wants to know if he and Jimin had been correct a few days ago when they mocked this dude as a crier during sex. He probably looked so gorgeous getting wrecked, choking on cock until tears spilled-

“As far as I knew, she was single.” The guy finally manages. “Don’t be such a prick.”

“Don’t be such a prick, he says,” Taehyung mocks, taking a long drink of his coffee. He contemplates pouring it on this guy’s lap, but there’s no space to make a clean exit. “Like he didn’t end a three year relationship.”

“Wait- three years? Holy shit, we’d been fucking for two months.”
“Wonderful.” Taehyung snarls. “Congratulations. Hope every minute of it was worth ruining me.”

Taehyung shoots to his feet, interrupting whatever PowerPoint slide the class was on. He’ll just suck the professor off for notes later, or something.

“Wait-” The guy grabs Taehyung’s sleeve but lets go at the fiery glare Taehyung shoots him. “I didn’t mean-”

But Taehyung ignores him; forcing his way out of the lecture hall and stalking in the direction of town, phone in hand as he texts Jimin to meet him at the bar.

“Do we have a paper in psych due?”

“Uh.” Taehyung looks up from his sandwich. It’s not particularly appetizing, but with his monster hangover absolutely nothing looks appetizing. In his defense, it’s only been five days since everything went to shit. So on the grand scheme of things, Taehyung’s doing great. “Shit. Are we in psych this semester?”

Hoseok steals one of his chips. “It’s the class the cheating twink sat next to you in.”

Taehyung scowls. “Fuck him.”

“You do that. Do we have a paper?”

“How would I know?”

The courtyard is packed with students making the most of one of the first warm days of the year. Hoseok had to scare a few freshmen away from their usual table before they could sit, but whereas Hoseok was eating his food like a starved man, Taehyung was picking at his more than eating any of it. He blames it on the hangover.

“Plans for the weekend,” Hoseok says around a mouthful of chips. “Go.”

“Getting blackout wasted and never waking up.”

Hoseok nods, pretending to write that down. “Cool, cool. So, essentially, what you’ve been doing for the last five days.”

“Don’t be mean to me.”

“Sorry. Jimin said he and the others should be here soon.”

“Cool, I need some cuddles.”

Jimin makes his presence known by chucking something right at Taehyung’s head. Snapping his head up, Taehyung finds Tata- his stuffed heart thing he’d won in a festival game years ago- in his lap.

“Oh my God, you got him back!”

“It wasn’t easy,” Jimin says, sitting on the bench opposite Taehyung and raising a brow at the way Taehyung hugs Tata fiercely. Namjoon and a sluggish Yoongi take the bench to Taehyung’s left. They must have been up late with music again. “She tried to insist on keeping him, can you believe that?”
“What the fuck?”

“Yeah,” Jimin snorts, polishing off the last of Taehyung’s chips. “Told me some bullshit story about how you gave it to her for her birthday. If I didn’t know you so well, Tae, I might’ve believed her. She’s very good at lying.”

Taehyung rolls his eyes, shoving his un-eaten sandwich in Jimin’s direction before he can even ask for it. He wonders if he can get away with grabbing the water bottle of rum he’d left in his car without scrutiny from his friends. “Tell me about it. You know she was fucking that dude for two months?”

“Seriously?” Yoongi scoffs, head resting on Namjoon’s shoulder. “Who the fuck would cheat on you? And for two months! I’ve never seen you put as much effort into something as you did with that relationship.”

“Yeah. Well. Nothing gold can stay.”

Namjoon cups his hand on the back of Taehyung’s neck. “How are you?”

“I’m not drunk and I really want to call Jiae,” Taehyung says, eyes fluttering as Namjoon strokes nimble fingers through his hair. “So, I’m great.”

“Where’s Seokjin?” Hoseok asks. “He said he was going to bring you some hangover soup.”

“I’m here!” Seokjin’s voice comes from behind them. Taehyung whines a little when Namjoon’s attention shifts and he’s no longer playing so well with Taehyung’s hair. Seokjin places a Tupperware of something disgusting looking in front of Taehyung. “Sorry. Class ran late and I bumped into a friend. He’s actually going to eat with us, if that’s cool.”

“Sure,” Namjoon answers for the group, dropping his hand from Taehyung’s hair to hold it out to the new person.

The new guy takes Namjoon’s hand. “I’m Jeongguk-”

“No.” Jimin spits, gaze hardening. Amid their friends chastising his behavior, he taps Taehyung’s hand. “Look up.”

Taehyung does, and immediately he curses. “What the fuck. Fuck you- why are you everywhere?”

Seokjin looks between the two of them, confused. “You two know each other?”

“This is the guy Jiae cheated with.” Taehyung laughs bitterly, turning away from Jeongguk’s fallen expression. He looks younger like this, with embarrassment softening his features. Taehyung clutches Tata to his chest defensively; wonders if Jeongguk recognizes it. “I’m not fucking dealing with this shit. I’m going home to get very drunk and pass out in Jimin’s bed.”

“You have class,” Namjoon reminds him quietly.

“Jimin will take notes for me and I won’t even have to blow him for them.”

“You got that right. Kick his ass, Tae, I’ll hold Tata.”

“Nah.” Taehyung stands up slowly, sizing Jeongguk up as he goes. Jeongguk might have an inch or two on Taehyung, might rival the width of his shoulders, but he shrinks back as Taehyung rises to his full height, unable to meet his gaze. Interesting. “He’s not worth it.”
“Can you stop being such a dick?” Jeongguk snaps, looking at Taehyung only to avert his gaze a second later.

Taehyung raises a brow, feels his lips quirk at Jeongguk’s display of aggression. “Can you give me a reason to?”

When he turns away, Jeongguk’s finally finds it in himself to speak, shouting after him, “I didn’t know!”

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“How many handles do we have left?”

Taehyung bounces a tennis ball at the opposite wall of where he’s sitting on the kitchen floor. When it comes back, he tosses it again. Jimin moves around him, heating up some leftover takeout for their healthy dinner of champions. “None. You cleared them out and I haven’t had any time to hit the liquor store.”

Fuck. “Not even that shit Yoongi hyung gave us as a gag gift?”

“You drank that.”

“Absinthe?”

“I won’t let you drink that.”

Taehyung thunks his head against the cabinet. “I hate being sober.”

Jimin snorts. “Join the club, my dude.”

“I feel restless. Like I need to punch someone in the face.” Tossing the ball to himself really isn’t doing anything to quell the unease currently eating away at his stomach. “Do you have any weed?”

“No.” Jimin grabs their plates and a couple pairs of chopsticks before joining Taehyung on the floor. “I told you I’ve been trying to quit that habit.”

“Ugh. Who’s a reliable drug dealer that takes payments in the form of blowjobs?”

“I’m gonna go out on a limb here and say no one.”

Taehyung shovels three mouthfuls of noodles into his mouth at once. “Do you think Jiae misses me?”

“Eat your food, Taehyung.”

“I’m serious,” Taehyung says, as they’re working through their meals. “It’s been what, eight days? I wasn’t even the one to collect my shit. Maybe she broke it off with the twink and has been thinking about me-”

Jimin pokes his thigh with a chopstick. “Do you think Jiae was thinking of you when she was beneath that guy? Do you think she gave a damn if you missed her while getting railed by who knows how many people? Do you think she even bothered with the bed half of the time?”

Taehyung jerks back as if stung. “You don’t have to be so cruel about it, Chim.”

“I’m sorry, Tae,” Jimin says through a sigh. “I just don’t want you running back to someone who hurt you. Even if you did love her-”
“Woah, woah. Who the fuck said anything about love?”

Blinking slowly, Jimin stares at Taehyung for a long minute. “You were with her for three years, man. I just kinda assumed love had developed.”

“Love had most certainly not developed.” Taehyung’s chopsticks scrape the bottom of his bowl as he finishes. “I’d kinda been wanting to end things for a while, if I’m being honest.”

“Then… then why are you so pissed at Jeongguk?”


Silence falls between them, neither eating at their food anymore. Taehyung wonders if he can convince one of their hyungs to bring them a few handles, maybe a large bottle of Jameson, under the guise of a movie night. It is a Friday, after all. People who aren’t mourning a relationship or thinking about unfairly cute guys who don’t realize they’re with a liar are out having fun.

With a sigh, Taehyung puts his bowl on the ground next to him and goes back to tossing the ball across the room. He hates himself for it, but he hasn’t been able to stop thinking about Jeongguk over the last few days. Not that there was anything particularly special about him, but Taehyung couldn’t stop thinking about his pretty pink lips and big eyes.

“Okay! That’s enough of that.” Jimin announces, standing up. He grabs Taehyung’s wrist and hauls Taehyung to his feet. “No more wallowing and no more pity parties. You need to get laid to get your mind off Jiae.”

Taehyung scowls. “I don’t think there are any parties tonight.”

“I’m not talking about some stupid college party. We’re going to an actual club and you’re going to fuck someone in the bathroom like a dumbass. In the morning, we’ll watch cartoons if you can’t walk.”

“You have too much hope,” Taehyung mutters, accepting his fate of being dragged to his room. “Can’t I just eat my weight in ice cream?”

“Well do that after competition season is over. Now sit pretty on the bed and let me pick your outfit.”

This is how Taehyung finds himself an hour later standing at the bar of the club Jimin had brought him to, dressed in his tightest jeans and a translucent silk shirt. The ‘actual club’ was the bar Seokjin worked at, because according to Jimin, on the weekends it might as well be a club. Taehyung had to admit that it was almost unrecognizable, tables shoved out of the way to make room for a makeshift dance floor by the DJ, cramped in the corner. The lights were switched colorful strobe, flashing in time with the music.

Jimin had brought along Hoseok, the two of them flirting up a storm a few chairs away from where Taehyung stood. Seokjin was too preoccupied with customers to pay proper attention to Taehyung, so one of the other bartenders had made his drink and it was weak.

“Dance with someone!” Jimin yells, as he passes by Taehyung. He’s already a little drunk, flushed high in his cheeks as he stumbles off somewhere.

Taehyung’s been trying, honestly. He’s been scanning the crowd since they first arrived, but he’s found that it’s a lot that he doesn’t want. It’s either businessmen old enough to be his dad sitting and complaining at the bar, or overeager college students grinding on the dance floor. The bar is not big
enough for how many people are packed in, people knocking into each other just to move around. He’s about to leave, to call it a night and curl up in his bed with Tata instead of dealing with any of this when Seokjin taps him on the shoulder and passes him a shot.

“I didn’t order this,” Taehyung says, eyeing the tequila with trepidation.

“Someone else bought it for you. Don’t worry, I know the guy.”

He hasn’t been drinking tonight, making the decision to be Hoseok and Jimin’s designated driver once he saw how hard Jimin hit the vodka when they arrived, (and when he’d taken one sip of his watered down garbage cocktail.) Still, maybe he needs something to take the edge off, so Taehyung knocks back the shot with a grimace.

Seokjin ruffles his hair. “Try to have fun tonight, okay? You deserve a break.”

Taehyung nods, even though he really has no intention of following through. If the service weren’t so bad at the bar, he’d be playing some game on his phone while Jimin and Hoseok played the game of whether or not one of their dicks would end up in the other’s mouth.

He’s scanning the crowd for the fourth time that night when Taehyung spots Jeongguk on the dance floor, sandwiched between two guys smaller than him. The visual would almost be funny if not for Jeongguk’s lethal moves, the sinful way he’s rolling his hips to the beat of the music. From his spot at the bar, Taehyung can see the sheen of sweat on Jeongguk’s neck when he throws his head back onto one of the guy’s shoulders. He grins and Taehyung curses. *God*, the things he could do to Jeongguk.

He’s not going to act on it. He’s not going to pay any mind to the heat currently working its way up his body. Honestly he’s not. Except Taehyung’s growing more and more restless at his spot by the bar, dodging drunk girls and ignore the advances of older men and women alike. No, he’s not looking for a sugar daddy but he sure as hell will be written into a rich dude’s will. Taehyung wasn’t going to act on it, but then Jeongguk skims the front of his body with his hand as he moves his hips slowly, and Taehyung’s done for.

Taehyung crosses the floor before he really knows he’s moved in the first place. The guy behind Jeongguk scrams as Taehyung approaches, pretty damn clear in his intent.

“Leave.” Taehyung tells the other guy, once he’s close enough.

Drunk and swaying, the guy laughs. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing-?”

“I won’t ask again.”

Jeongguk watches the exchange with wide eyes, gasping when Taehyung grips his hips and pulls their bodies flush. He stands still, throat bobbing as he swallows nervously. “Uh.”

“What happened, huh?” Taehyung whispers, voice husky and quiet. He knows Jeongguk will have to strain to hear him. “You were dancing so well before. Or is that over, now?”

“Uh.”

“Can you say anything else?”

Jeongguk’s expression of mild terror drops into a scowl. “Yes.”

“Ah, the baby can speak. Dance with me.”
Jeongguk can say no. Jeongguk can tell Taehyung to fuck off and Taehyung will go, no questions asked. But Jeongguk doesn’t. Instead, he curls his fingers into Taehyung’s waistband, until there’s no space left between them, and whispers, “Be careful what you wish for.”

He’s devastatingly good with his hips, Taehyung learns. Jeongguk whirs around on his heel, hooks an arm around Taehyung’s neck and grinds to the sultry beat of the song. Taehyung’s doesn’t recognize the melody, but he does recognize a good club song when he hears one, so he folds his hands on Jeongguk’s hips and matches his movements. They don’t touch more than their hands on the other’s body; that tantalizing slip of distance between them feels vast as the song speeds up and Jeongguk follows.

The dance floor is crowded, bodies pressed too close to one another, but Taehyung doesn’t notice at all. He’s completely captivated by sweaty brown hair and swaying hips. From this close, Taehyung can see the droplets of sweat that skim down Jeongguk’s neck, the way his black t-shirt clings from perspiration. But perhaps most notably, Taehyung can see the way Jeongguk bites his lip, focusing hard on his movements, like he’s trying to impress Taehyung, like he’s trying to be good. Taehyung had said to dance, after all, and Jeongguk was showing him that he knew how to move. Taehyung’s hands tighten on Jeongguk’s hips before he yanks him closer, so he’s grinding lightly on Taehyung’s crotch instead of to the air.

Jeongguk gasps, head falling onto Taehyung’s shoulder. His eyes are wide and clear, hands gripping the back of Taehyung’s hair. “I-I thought you hated me.”

Snorting, Taehyung dips his fingers below Jeongguk’s shirt. “What makes you think I’ve changed my mind?”

“Never mind,” Jeongguk mutters, gaze hardening.

It’s adorable, Taehyung thinks, how Jeongguk tries so hard to maintain this aura of authority. It’s written in the way he carries himself, the way he dances, the way he’d tried to stand up to Taehyung in the past. But there are cracks, obvious fissures that Taehyung can see with ease. That Taehyung wants to shatter completely.

Taehyung slips his hand into Jeongguk’s back pocket and squeezes his ass, watching the way his eyes flutter shut. “You like that, Jeongguk?”

“F-fuck off.”

“Did you let Jiae play with your ass?”

Jeongguk’s pace falters, slightly. Unnoticeable to someone watching from outside their little bubble. “You don’t want to talk about her.”

“Perceptive,” Taehyung says. He moves his other hand to Jeongguk’s hair, jerking his head to the side to nose along his slick neck. “Tell me then, Guk-ah. What do I want to talk about?”

Swallowing, Jeongguk shivers beneath Taehyung’s ministrations. He’s not dancing anymore- neither of them have been for the last few minutes- but Taehyung uses the hold on his ass to urge him to continue moving his hips, dragging his ass against Taehyung’s crotch. The song changes again. Jeongguk’s hold on Taehyung’s neck weakens.

“Me.” Jeongguk says, when Taehyung growls in warning. “You want to talk about me.”

“Wrong.” Taehyung bites at a spot on Jeongguk’s neck, hard enough to elicit a whimper. “I don’t want to talk.”
Jeongguk rips his head away from Taehyung’s hold, glaring at Taehyung for a long minute before he turns around in Taehyung’s arms. “Then why are you here?”

“You know exactly why I’m here,” Taehyung murmurs, gripping Jeongguk’s jaw between his fingers. Jeongguk glances to the side and then to the floor, shoulders tensing with a shuddering breath. “Just say the word, Jeongguk.”

A long, long moment passes before Jeongguk gives in. “Please.”

Taehyung clicks his tongue. “You’ll have to do better than that.”

“Please,” Jeongguk’s voice breaks and shit, Taehyung could get drunk on the sight of Jeongguk’s big, wide eyes alone. “Please touch me.”

Taehyung can recognize a kiss from a mile away, and as he drops his hand to the hardness tenting the front of Jeongguk’s jeans, Jeongguk leans forward to connect their lips. Instead of letting it happen, Taehyung dodges the kiss to trail his teeth along Jeongguk’s neck, reveling in the shudder that wracks through Jeongguk’s body when he does.

Pressing his palm hard against Jeongguk’s cock, Taehyung grins at the little sounds he lets out. His hands tighten in Taehyung’s shirt.

“You sound pretty,” Taehyung says against his neck. He quickly yanks down the zipper of Jeongguk’s pants to get a better hold on his cock, jerking his wrist slightly.

“Mnh- hng, I-” Jeongguk gasps as Taehyung squeezes his cock, his head dropping onto Taehyung’s shoulder. “I don’t- shit- hn, I don’t even know your name.”

“Taehyung,” he says, whispers into Jeongguk’s ear before nipping the lobe. “My name is Taehyung.”

He curls his wrist meanly and Jeongguk shudders, hips simultaneously trying to move away from the pressure and chase it. “Oh, God. Not- not here. Taehyung, not here.”

“No?” Taehyung teases, licking a wet stripe along Jeongguk’s ear. He tries to ignore how much he likes the sound of his name on Jeongguk’s tongue. “Don’t want me to fuck you here? Lay you out on the floor and wreck you where everyone can see?” Jeongguk whines, panting hotly against Taehyung’s neck. “Your body tells me otherwise.”

“Shut- hng- shut up.”

“That’s no way to speak to the guy holding your dick.”

“Fuck off.”

Taehyung stops moving his hand, pinching Jeongguk’s waist in warning when he tries to grind against his palm. “I’ll stop. I’ll stop right now and leave you to deal with this shit here, in front of everyone.”

“No,” Jeongguk gasps, circling his fingers around Taehyung’s wrist to try to get him to move again. “No, please, I- I’ll be good, Tae.”

“Will you?” Jeongguk nods, a little desperately, against Taehyung’s neck. “I’ll hold you to that. Come on.”
Jeongguk stumbles as Taehyung pulls away entirely, no longer supporting most of his weight, as he
grabs Jeongguk’s hand to lead him to the bathrooms. Jeongguk does a poor job of concealing his
hardness, his pants still unzipped and his shirt too short to cover anything. He doesn’t seem to mind
much, or maybe that’s just because Taehyung isn’t giving him a chance to care, hurrying through the
crowd of people without glancing back.

The bathroom is empty when Taehyung pushes the door open, and he’s fine with going at it right
against the sink, but Jeongguk seems to have his reservations. He hesitantly tugs Taehyung to one of
the stalls, locking the door behind them and squirming a little when he faces Taehyung again.

“Well?” Taehyung prods, leaning against the wall.

“Well, what?”

“Gotta get me hard if anything’s going to happen.”

Jeongguk blanches, cheeks coloring. “None of that got you hard?”

“Not hard enough to fuck you ‘till your crying.” Taehyung shrugs, arms crossed against his chest.

“Now be a good boy and get on your knees.”

Taehyung takes note of the way Jeongguk shivers at that, dropping to his knees before Taehyung
can blink. His fingers shake against Taehyung’s zipper, fumbling with the button before he finally
gets them open and tugs Taehyung’s half-hard cock out of his pants. With slow, practiced
movements, Jeongguk hesitantly strokes his cock, almost reverent in the way he stares.

Scoffing, Taehyung nudges his knee against Jeongguk’s shoulder. “I don’t have all night,
Jeongguk.”

“Sorry,” Jeongguk breathes, dipping his thumb into the slit of Taehyung’s cock and making
Taehyung suck his lips together to keep back a moan. “Sorry, shit, I’ll—”

Without another word, Jeongguk swallows down all of Taehyung’s cock. The sudden wet, tight heat
of his mouth makes Taehyung gasp, his back arching off the wall. He wasn’t expecting this. He
wasn’t expecting Jeongguk, who looked like a terrified, tiny animal most of the time, to be capable of
sucking cock so well. Jeongguk bobs his head, keeps one hand on Taehyung’s thigh and the other at
the base of his cock, stroking what he can’t quite fit in his mouth.

He’s messy about it, too, drool and spit gathering at the corners of his mouth as he hollows his
cheeks, brow furrowed in concentration as he tries to take Taehyung deeper. Taehyung pushes his
fingers into Jeongguk’s hair, pulling harshly. Jeongguk moans around the cock shoved deep in his
mouth, eyes closing where they’d previously been staring up at Taehyung.

“Jeongguk.” He makes a noise of question. “No hands, baby.” Another shiver, another wrecked
moan, Taehyung notices as Jeongguk brings his hands behind his back. “Ah, you really like that?
Like being my baby boy?”

Jeongguk pulls off his cock, catching his breath. For a moment, he seems to be thinking something
over, glaring up at Taehyung with wide, wet eyes before he just. Stops. Hangs his head with a nod.
Mouths over Taehyung’s cock as if to distract him. “I- I really like it, Tae-”

“Better get back to it, then, baby. Gotta earn hyung’s cock.”

The honorific slips out; Taehyung hadn’t meant to give Jeongguk permission to refer to him as
something so… cordial. Friendly. He blames it on the intoxicating sight of Jeongguk giving in to
him, his entire body relaxing with submission as he hurriedly takes Taehyung’s cock back between his lips, as if he’s afraid that Taehyung will take it away if he waits too long.

Jeongguk gags on his cock and Taehyung curses, and curses again at the tears that collect in the corner of Jeongguk’s eyes. Before giving himself a chance to think about it, Taehyung curls his hand in the hair at the back of Jeongguk’s neck and brings his other hand up to pinch Jeongguk’s nose.

His reaction is instantaneous, a loud, wrecked, moan spilling from his lips as his throat spasms around Taehyung’s cock. Taehyung eases up on his nose. “I’m going to fuck your mouth,” Taehyung says, to which Jeongguk eagerly nods. “Tap my thigh if you need an out.”

But Jeongguk’s eyes are hard with the challenge, not quite surrendering himself to Taehyung entirely. Taehyung will be sure to change that by the end of this.

Squeezing Jeongguk’s nose again, restricting his breathing to his mouth, Taehyung is not gentle about the way he fucks into Jeongguk’s wet, waiting mouth. Spit slicks his entire cock, messy as fuck as Taehyung fucks deeper into Jeongguk’s throat. Jeongguk keeps his hands behind his back, relying on Taehyung to hold him steady because Taehyung hadn’t said he could use them. Tears spill over Jeongguk’s cheeks, shining in the shitty lighting of the bathroom as Taehyung uses him, takes what he wants with every brutal thrust and doesn’t give Jeongguk a chance to catch up.

“Look at you,” Taehyung hisses, snapping his hips forward with more force. Jeongguk does his best not to look away. “Dirty baby. Fuckin’ made for taking cock, weren’t you? Made to be used.” Jeongguk’s eyes fall shut, and Taehyung grips his hair harder in warning. “Look at me, baby. Didn’t you say you’d be good for me?”

It’s almost too much, Jeongguk’s warm brown eyes shining with tears as he chokes on Taehyung’s cock. God, Taehyung would bet his entire scholarship that Jeongguk looked absolutely stunning sobbing into a pillow, overwrought with pleasure until he couldn’t speak anymore-

Jeongguk sobs when Taehyung pulls his cock from between his lips, chasing his cock to try and get his mouth on him again. Taehyung quiets his subsequent babbling with a thumb between his lips.

“I can’t fuck you if I come, Jeongguk.”

“Do- do I get your cock now?” Jeongguk asks, voice absolutely ruined, cracking on several words. He nuzzles his face against Taehyung’s cock, lip quivering when he pulls back to look up at Taehyung. “Was I- was I good? I was good, hyung, please. Can I have your cock?”

Fuck, Taehyung hadn’t even needed to ask him to beg. Jeongguk was filthy. “You do,” Taehyung says. Jeongguk’s grin is blinding. “On your feet, baby. Hands on the wall.” Jeongguk scrambles to comply, sighing happily as Taehyung grips his hips and forces him into a better position. “I don’t have any lube-”

“I do,” Jeongguk interrupts. “In my pocket.”

Taehyung fishes out a condom and a couple packets of lube from Jeongguk’s front pocket, chuckling against his ear. “Oh, Jeongguk. You came here expecting to get fucked, didn’t you? Thought you’d find a pretty boy to kiss, to make you cry in a dirty bathroom? Nasty boy. Did it work?”

Jeongguk squirms as Taehyung maps out a path along his clothed ass. “Can- don’t call me that. Please.”

“Hm? Call you what? Jeongguk?”
“Yeah,” he breathes.

Taehyung grins against his neck, using his palm to push Jeongguk’s body flat against the door, crowding in close until his cock was pressed against Jeongguk’s lower back. He follows so easily.

“What should I call you instead?”

“You know.”

“Do I?” With painstakingly slow movements, Taehyung pushes down Jeongguk’s jeans and boxers, hard cock bouncing against his stomach, flushed red and leaking. “You’ll have to refresh my memory.”

Jeongguk whimpers. “Baby.”

“What? Speak up, Jeongguk.”

“Baby!” He snaps, the fight immediately draining from his limbs as Taehyung takes his cock in hand. Jeongguk is going to be the death of him, and the only thing Taehyung wants playing on his tombstone is the memory of Jeongguk giving in so beautifully. “Hng- I’m- I’ll… fuck.”

“Want to be my baby?” Taehyung mocks, breathing hot in Jeongguk’s ear. “My dirty baby, let me fuck you here? Fuck the same guy I found in my bed. Scandalous, baby.”

“P-please.”

“What do you want, baby boy?”

Jeongguk is panting, his entire body relaxing in Taehyung’s hold. He rests his cheek on his folded arms, glancing back at Taehyung. “Y-your cock. Your fingers. Anything. I’ll take anything.”

Taehyung snickers, pulling back slightly to tug Jeongguk’s jeans and boxers down his ass. Jeongguk pushes into the touch. “Good answer.”

He rips open the lube and coats his fingers, not waiting for them to warm up before he’s prodding Jeongguk’s hole with one finger. Jeongguk throws his head back, moaning loud and long as Taehyung presses in to the knuckle.

Taehyung doesn’t take his time fingering Jeongguk, pulling out his one finger only to immediately shove two into his hole. Jeongguk quivers, feet slipping when he tries to push his legs further apart, but with his pants still so high on his thighs he doesn’t make much more space.

“Please,” Jeongguk gasps, panting into Taehyung’s neck. “Please, I need more-”

“You’ll take what I give you,” Taehyung snarls, scissoring his fingers.

He purposefully ignores Jeongguk’s prostate, spreading three and then four fingers wide and stretching Jeongguk more. Jeongguk makes the loveliest noise- a broken little whine- when Taehyung squeezes the fourth finger in, fucking down onto Taehyung’s hand and babbling, begging for more, begging for Taehyung’s cock, words spilling almost as fast as his tears had earlier.

“I’m ready, I’m ready- please- want your cock, hyung, please.” He makes a strangled noise when Taehyung removes his fingers, hole clenching pathetically against nothing. Jeongguk swallows, leveling Taehyung with what he assumes is his deadliest pout. “Please, I’m- Gukie’s ready, please-”

“Shut up,” Taehyung mutters. “You’re so annoying.”
Jeongguk pouts harder. “I just- I want-”

“I know what you want, baby.” Taehyung rolls the condom over his length, hissing at his own touch as he slicks himself up with the last of the lube. “Keep your hands on the door.”

Jeongguk moans loudly as Taehyung pushes in, hands on Jeongguk’s ass to keep him spread as he thrusts in with purpose, barely giving Jeongguk any time to adjust to his cock before he’s pulling out and slamming back in. Jeongguk’s fingers scramble against the wall as he tries to match Taehyung’s brutal, fast pace.

“Mnh-ah,” Jeongguk gasps, face pressed against the door where Taehyung crowds his body in place. “Good, hyung- hm- so good.”

“Yeah?” Taehyung chuckles, leaning close to bite harshly at Jeongguk’s neck. He changes the angle of his hips, nudging Jeongguk’s prostate with every thrust and Jeongguk sobs, clenching around Taehyung’s cock. “You like it, baby? Like how well hyung fucks you? Such a dirty baby, I bet this isn’t enough for you, I bet you could take more.”

Jeongguk whimpers, thrashing when Taehyung shoves his hands beneath his t-shirt and drags his nails down his chest. Taehyung tweaks a nipple and Jeongguk keens, hair matted to his forehead.

“Am I right, hm? You’re such a slut, baby. This is nothing for you.”

“I-I.” Jeongguk lets out a sob when Taehyung pinches his nipples, legs nearly giving out beneath him. Taehyung pulls him back against the wall and fucks into him harder, his pants rubbing against the soft flesh of Jeongguk’s ass. “Mn- Tae-”

“Keep your voice down, unless you want the whole bar to know how good you’re getting fucked.”

“I can’t,” Jeongguk cries out, head thrashing. “I can’t- you- I need- kiss me. Something. I can’t- mhn- can’t- kiss me, hyung. Please, please-”

“No,” Taehyung mutters, hips snapping painfully against Jeongguk’s. He slips two fingers into Jeongguk’s open mouth, pressing down on his tongue. Jeongguk immediately sucks them deeper, eyes closing as he loses himself in the sensations. “Look at you, my little bitch, taking everything hyung gives him.”

Jeongguk’s hips stutter, his cock kicking against his chest as Taehyung pushes his fingers in more, presses on the back of his tongue. “I’m close,” he garbles around Taehyung’s fingers, pulling back to lick at the pads of his fingers and to say, “I’m so close, hyung, please, please touch my cock.”

“Can you come untouched?”

Jeongguk falters. “I don’t- I don’t know.”

“You don’t know?” Taehyung taunts. “Or you just can’t?”

“I- shit- I don’t-”

“Don’t play dumb with me, baby.”

“I can’t! I can’t, please touch Gukie’s cock, please-!”

The door slams open, startling both of them. Taehyung, without thinking, moves his hand from Jeongguk’s mouth to the base of his throat, and Jeongguk’s body shivers with anticipation as the guy
stumbles around the bathroom. He must be talking on his phone, traces of a boring conversation reaching their ears.

Taehyung bites the shell of Jeongguk’s ear, squeezing lightly at his neck. “Keep quiet.”

With that, Taehyung resumes the punishing rhythm of his hips, Jeongguk biting at his fist to try and keep his noises at bay. Taehyung is close, his pace becoming erratic as he chases his high. Jeongguk paws at the hand on his neck, but when Taehyung goes to remove it, he shakes his head and moves it higher and tries to close Taehyung’s fingers around his neck on his own.

“Nasty slut,” Taehyung whispers into his ear. Jeongguk’s hips kick. “You want him to hear, don’t you? Want everyone to see how good you look getting fucked, hm?”

As soon as the door closes again, Jeongguk cries out desperately. “Please! Let me come, Tae, please.”

“You don’t come until I tell you to.”

Taehyung grabs the base of his cock with his other hand, tightening the hand around Jeongguk’s neck. He rocks his hips back onto Taehyung, clenching his walls, as Taehyung uses him, pounding harshly into him until he’s coming with a strangled groan, biting Jeongguk’s neck to try and muffle the noise.

Jeongguk’s voice, when Taehyung’s hips slow down substantially, is thick with unshed tears. “Gukie now? Can- can I come?”

Taehyung pushes through the uncomfortable overstimulation to keep fucking into Jeongguk, finally closing his hand around Jeongguk’s throat like he’s been urging. Jeongguk’s gasp is silent, mouth falling open as Taehyung strokes his cock at the same fast pace he moves his hips.

“Come for me, baby.”

“D-da- Tae-hng- oh-”

Jeongguk comes hard, his entire body tensing as he spills over Taehyung’s palm and onto the door of the stall. He moans Taehyung’s name loudly as Taehyung relaxes the hold on his neck, letting Jeongguk shiver through his orgasm, his walls constricting painfully around Taehyung’s cock. He keeps stroking Jeongguk off until the tears fall and he flinches away from the touch, all but collapsing against the door.

“Open up, baby boy,” Taehyung murmurs, bringing his come soaked hand to Jeongguk’s mouth. He licks the come from Taehyung’s fingers and palms contently, eyes closing with a sigh as both of them catch their breath. “Filthy. Absolutely filthy.”

“Says the guy who just fucked me in a bar bathroom.”

“Watch your mouth.”

Taehyung pulls out slowly, tying off the condom and dropping it behind the toilet. He shoots a quick prayer to anything that Seokjin won’t be the one cleaning these bathrooms tonight. Quickly re-doing his pants, Taehyung tries to fix his hair into something presentable before turning to Jeongguk, who’d only turned around to lean against the door.

“Pull your pants up.”
“I can’t,” Jeongguk whines. “I think you broke me.”

Taehyung snorts. “Good.” Still, he’s not as much an asshole as he’d like to be, so he pulls up Jeongguk’s boxers and jeans and wipes the come from the corner of Jeongguk’s mouth with his thumb, feeds it to him.

“Please move.”

“Wait-” Jeongguk grasps his wrist, chewing on his lip uncertainly. “Can- can we do this again?”

Taehyung nearly blurts yes, eagerly wants to put his theories to the test when it comes to Jeongguk. Wants to play a bit more with what he’d learned tonight. So he says, “Ask me when I’m no longer pissed at you.”

Jeongguk pouts, eyes wide. “How will I know when you’re not mad?”

“You’ll have to ask me.”

“But, how will I-?”

“You’re a smart boy, aren’t you, baby?” Taehyung curls his hands into Jeongguk’s collar, dragging him close. Jeongguk swallows at the proximity. Taehyung draws Jeongguk’s bottom lip between his teeth, brief with the pressure. “Figure it out.”

“Can I at least get your number?” Jeongguk calls after him, once Taehyung’s washed his hands and reached the door.

“Nope!”

Taehyung is grinning as he approaches Jimin and Hoseok, both a little too drunk, at the bar and tries to corral them out so they can go the fuck home. Taehyung wants a shower. Jimin narrows his eyes. “Who?”

“You’ll never believe me.”

“Bet.”

“Well,” Taehyung grins, unlocking the car. “It all started eight terrible days ago.”

Chapter End Notes

+twitter
Recurrence

Chapter Summary

Rule 2: Don’t get involved a second time

Chapter Notes

I listened to nothing but evanescence when writing this

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Well?”

“Well, what?”

“Well.” Jimin rolls his eyes, catching the basketball as Taehyung’s shot misses. “It’s been two months since the shit with Jiae. I’m just checking up on you.”

“Aw, how gay.”

“I’ll shove this ball up your ass.”

Taehyung catches the basketball with a little grunt. “And I’ll thank you.”

He lines up another shot and misses again, ignoring the little snicker from Jimin. Jimin lands an easy layup before tossing the ball back to Taehyung.

“For real, my dude. How are you doing?”

Taehyung shrugs, turning the ball around several times in his hands. “I fucked her roommate and her sister. Kinda hard to be hung up on her when her sister’s a gymnast.”

“Oh my God.”

“Yeah.”

“And Jeongguk,” Jimin says, catching another of Taehyung’s poor shots.

“Who?”

“Cheating Twink.”

“Oh, yeah. Fucked him, too.”

Taehyung makes his next shot, high-fiving himself when Jimin refuses to do so. So what if they’ve been out here almost an hour and Taehyung’s only made four shots in total? Jimin is his best friend, he’s contractually obligated to support him throughout all of his bad decisions— even those that involve basketball on the other side of campus as their apartment at two in the morning.
Jimin takes his time, dribbling without passing the ball back. “Also told me he’s the best you’ve had since starting to date Jiae.”

“I was drunk.”

“You were not.”

“Don’t expose me like this.”

“You expose yourself.”

The breeze picks up, ruffling Taehyung’s bangs beneath his beanie. Although the days were getting warmer, the nights were still cold enough to warrant sneaking into Jimin’s bed for cuddles, even if Hoseok complained the entire morning that Taehyung didn’t fit whenever the older stayed over. Taehyung’s solution was for Hoseok to sleep on the couch. Jimin didn’t like that solution very much.

Jimin dribbles circles around Taehyung before sinking what Taehyung thinks would be a 3-pointer over his head. He chases down the ball before Taehyung can even think to do so, not that he’s really been trying this evening.

“Dude.”

“Yes, my love?”

Jimin scowls, shoving past Taehyung to shoot another layup. “You gonna hook up with Jeongguk again?”

Taehyung groans, waiting for Jimin to pass the ball back again before answering. “No. He was good, sure, but I feel he’d kinda be a constant reminder of Jiae and I don’t need that shit.”

“Understandable. What are you going to do about him?”

“What do you mean?”

“You share a class with him.”

Taehyung rolls his eyes. “A class that I spend nearly the whole time sleeping on Hoseok hyung. It’s not like he’s reached out to me, we’re not going to see each other again.”

“I see.” Jimin curses when Taehyung misses another easy shot. It’s late and Jimin thinks Jimin’s been up for an entire week studying for an exam, and for a second Taehyung feels guilty about dragging his best friend out here for shitty basketball and the high probability of catching a cold. But then Jimin speaks again, and suddenly Taehyung has no regrets. “Dude, that’s horse. You literally just lost. And you’ve only been playing against yourself.”

“Don’t be mean to me.” Taehyung busts out his best pout and Jimin sighs. “Not all of us grew up being the best at sports.”

“Fine, I’m sorry. Want me to come over there and show you how to do it? Put my arms around you and teach you how to properly handle some balls?”

“I know how to handle balls.”

“You can always improve.”

“Only if you don’t tell Hoseok hyung.” Taehyung makes two shots in a row and demands a kiss for
celebration, but all he gets is Jimin trying to shove his fingers up Taehyung’s nose when Taehyung tries to claim said kiss. His beanie gets knocked off in the scuffle and Jimin has to chase down the basketball. The courts are empty, illuminated only by the light of the moon. Taehyung shoves his beanie in the pocket of his jacket. “Speaking of, how are you and Hoseok-ah?”

“Ugh.” Jimin bounces the ball off Taehyung’s kneecap, nearly making him lose his balance. “Don’t even remind me. I don’t know what else I could do to hint at him to ask me out, for fuck’s sake.”

“You could confess.”

“And miss out on these primo k-drama moments? No, thank you.”

“Dumbass.”

“You’re one to talk.”

Taehyung scowls, stealing the ball where Jimin’s dribbling around him again and missing another easy shot. “What is that supposed to mean?”

Jimin sighs, suddenly a little more serious than Taehyung has seen in a while. “All I’m saying, dude, is I think you might’ve found something good in Jeongguk-”

“Something good.”

“Yes.”

“In the guy who fucked my girlfriend.”

“How long are you going to hold that over his head?” Jimin asks, exasperated.

“What the fuck?” Taehyung holds the ball to his chest. “There’s not exactly a guidebook titled What To Do When You Fuck Someone You’ve Shared A Vagina With. Not exactly a calendar for when you’re allowed to forgive a cheater.”

“You didn’t love Jiae.”

“That doesn’t change what they did.”

“Fine, Jesus, whatever,” Jimin concedes, snatching the ball back. “Why the fuck are we out here, anyway? You suck at basketball, it’s cold, and all I’ve eaten for two days is week old takeout.”

Taehyung squirms a little under the intensity of Jimin’s gaze. “I can’t sleep lately.”

Jimin’s expression immediately softens as he puts the ball down on top of his backpack. He takes Taehyung’s hands in his own, playing lightly with Taehyung’s fingers. “Anything I can help with?”

“I think I’m just stressed about exams,” Taehyung says. “It’s also weird adjusting to being single again.”

“Oh.” Jimin’s hands are cold from how long they’ve been out here, but they feel nice holding both of Taehyung’s. “Yeah. Let’s just get married. I’m tired of flaky relationships, anyway.”

“I don’t think Hobi would like that very much.”

“Might finally give him motivation to date me.”
Taehyung laughs, the knot in his chest dissipating slightly. “We’ll keep that idea for later.”

“Maybe you just need to get laid again.”

“Or I need to adopt a dog.”

“Idiot.” Jimin hooks his backpack over his shoulders and hands the ball back to Taehyung, linking their arms together as they leave the court. “Tell me about cheating twink again.”

With a sigh, Taehyung pulls Jimin even closer and whines, “I already told you about him.”

“Yes, but I was drunk off my ass.”

“Well…” There is one thing that Taehyung had kept to himself, knowing that even if Jimin was super drunk when Taehyung shared; it would be impossible for Jimin to forget it. Still, Taehyung has to tell someone, or he might explode. “He did try to call me daddy.”

Jimin stops dead in his tracks, staring at Taehyung with wide eyes. “He did not.”

“He did. Came before he could get it out, though.”

“That’s fucking hot, man.”

“I know, right?” Taehyung shakes his head, hurriedly trying to dispel the memories of fucking Jeongguk in a dirty bathroom like they hadn’t been plaguing him for weeks. “Didn’t even know I was into that shit.”

“Gay.”

“That’s rich coming from the guy who wore a skirt to impress his not-boyfriend.”

“You asshole, I sent you those Snapchats in confidence.”

“And that, dear Jimothy, was your first mistake.”

Jimin tries to pull his arm away without any true intent. “You can’t sleep in my bed tonight.”

“Jimin, no.”

Taehyung’s whining breaks Jimin’s weak defenses, just like always. “Fine, but you can’t be the big spoon.”

“That’s even worse!”

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Turns out, Taehyung’s plans to never even think about the cheating twink again are far easier said than done. Seokjin’s “old friend” turned out to be his cousin, who’d just transferred to the same University as the rest of them at the beginning of the semester. And, as it turns out, Seokjin is cunningly genius when it comes to integrating Jeongguk into their group of friends.

Seokjin waits until Taehyung doesn’t have an escape, trapped in the seat against the wall before revealing that Jeongguk is joining the group for lunch. Or inviting Taehyung over for dinner only for Jeongguk to be there, too, squished between two of Taehyung’s hyungs like he’d been there the entire time. Taehyung especially hates it when he’s a few drinks in at their local bar before Seokjin says Jeongguk’s finished up an assignment and is heading over, and then refuses to call Taehyung an Uber when he tries to run away.
More often than not, it’s Jimin’s pointed glares that have Taehyung sitting back down with an exaggerated groan.

The worst, Taehyung thinks, is when he’s walking across campus between classes. Between his photography class and his mandatory calculus class, Seokjin would always walk with him. Now he brings along cheating twink, and links an arm over both Taehyung and Jeongguk’s shoulders so neither of them can run.

And it’s not that Taehyung hates Jeongguk. He just doesn’t like looking at Jeongguk and seeing their bathroom tryst. Doesn’t like looking at Jeongguk and hearing what he sounds like when he comes. So, really, Taehyung is avoiding him for his own health.

Yoongi- the traitor- accepts Jeongguk first, falling for Jeongguk’s love for music and budding interest in production. From there, Namjoon and Hoseok follow suit, offering help with Jeongguk’s production projects and bringing him along to the small studio space they rent out a few nights a month. Jimin runs into Jeongguk at the campus gym enough times to break and ask for a spot at one of the machines, the role of which Jeongguk was too eager to fill, Jimin explained when Taehyung was throwing pillows at him from across the apartment for betraying him.

Taehyung, perhaps naively, thought he could count on Jimin to irrationally dislike Jeongguk forever with him. A few days in the gym together proved him wrong.

He tries to make sure he’s not mean to Jeongguk, (just one glance from Jeongguk’s big, sparkly eyes was more than enough to have guilt stir uncomfortably in Taehyung’s gut) but that usually turns into flat out ignoring Jeongguk. It’s fine, though. Taehyung didn’t want to be friends with the guy who ended his relationship. Truly, he doesn’t want anything from Jeongguk.

All he wants is to pass his psychology class- the one class he’s genuinely worried about.

“Maybe if you stopped sleeping through the entire lecture you wouldn’t be failing,” Hoseok says, as they’re walking to the building one afternoon. He’s busy texting someone, not paying attention to Taehyung’s inquiries as to whether he can get a good grade by hooking up with his professor and relying on Taehyung’s hold on his elbow to avoid walking into people and lamp posts.

“I’m not failing.”

“You submitted your last test with one giant smiley face.”

“And filled in enough scantron bubbles to pass!”

“Whatever. Save me a seat inside, there’s something I have to do first.”

“What the fuck? What do you have to do?”

Hoseok waves his phone before Taehyung’s eyes. “Jimin got out of his lab early which means I have a dick to suck.”

“Use protection.”

“Shut the fuck up, Taehyung.”

Hoseok aims a light punch at Taehyung’s shoulder before he turns down a different hallway, likely to his favorite supply closet to hook up in. Taehyung grimaces, putting in his headphones as he walks up the stairs. He really hates that he knows Hoseok’s go-to hook up spots. Maybe he can use that to his advantage someday.
Waiting outside the lecture hall, Taehyung feels a tug on his sleeve. He ignores it at first, bobbing his head to the music until the tugging gets more insistent. Taehyung yanks a headphone out, turning to glare at the offending person.

“Hyung-”

“What-?”

Jeongguk startles, dropping his hand from Taehyung’s sleeve. It’s the first time they’ve stood face to face without someone else since that night at the bar, and Jeongguk looks a little terrified. Taehyung can’t blame him. He’s not exactly the kindest looking person during this class— it’s early and the room is stuffy and now Hoseok has left him alone. He doesn’t look approachable.

“Hyung-”

“Taehyung-ssi.”

“…Taehyung-ssi.”

“Can I help you?”


“I don’t drink coffee.”

Frowning, Jeongguk looks like he wants to drop his arm where he’s holding out the drink. “But, you were drinking coffee that day, when, uh-”

“Let me rephrase that,” Taehyung says, eyes on his phone as he skips through to find a Red Velvet song. He puts the headphone back in. “I only drink coffee when I’ve been drunk for an entire week.”

Biting at his lip, Jeongguk says, “A whole week?”

Taehyung sighs, finally finding the bop of the past summer. He doesn’t bother taking out a headphone again, just speaks over the music. “It’s kinda hard to stay sober when all you see is your unfaithful girlfriend every time you close your eyes.”

The professor arrives, unlocking the door and allowing the students to stream into the lecture hall. Jeongguk stays close behind Taehyung, still holding the cup of coffee even as Taehyung searches for his and Hoseok’s usual seats, moving his head to the sound of Yeri’s voice. Honestly, the only girl he’d ever truly love.

When Taehyung sits, Jeongguk is still standing at his side. “Jesus. What now?”

“Are you still mad?”

“What?”

“Are you-? Hyung-”

“What?”

Jeongguk huffs, pulling out one of Taehyung’s headphones. He leaves the coffee on the small table attached to the chair. Taehyung snatches the headphone back. “Are you still mad?”
“Does it look like I’m being forgiving?”

Jeongguk’s expression darkens for a moment before he sags, shoulders caving slightly as he avoids Taehyung’s eyes. “Are you ever going to let it go?”

“I’m getting over a fucking breakup, Jeongguk.” Taehyung mutters, pulling up a game to play while students are filing into empty seats. “Not everything is about you or how you ruined my long-term relationship.”

“I said I was sorry-”

“No, you didn’t.” Taehyung hisses, slapping his phone on his thigh. He hears Hoseok’s laugh from the door. “You said, and I quote: ‘as far as I knew, man, she was single.’”

“Tae-”

“Take your seats everyone, we have a guest lecturer today.” The professor says, drawing out the attendance sheets.

Jeongguk points to the empty seat next to Taehyung. “Can I sit here?”

“No.”

Hoseok comes up to Taehyung’s side. “Hey, Jeongguk-ah. Keeping my seat warm?”

“Yeah,” Jeongguk says, frowning. He doesn’t look away from Taehyung. “I’ll see you around?”

“Definitely,” Hoseok says. “Movie night at Seokjin hyung’s this weekend.”

Jeongguk turns and Taehyung notices that the only seat left available is directly in front of the lecturer. Hoseok ruffles his hair as he sits, taking the headphone that Taehyung offers so they can share the music while the lecturer is speaking. Taehyung gets comfy, already feeling ready for a nap.

Hoseok grabs the coffee cup, sniffing at it. “You drunk again?”

“Nah, grabbed that for you.” Taehyung says, “One of us needs to stay awake for this shit. It’ll be on the exam.”

“I’m not sucking your dick in thanks.”

“Thank God for that. I don’t know where your mouth has been.”

“We’ve shared an ass, Taehyung.”

Taehyung scowls. Stupid Jimin and his big mouth. “Don’t remind me about that. Can we go drinking tonight?”

Hoseok eyes him with worry. After nearly two weeks of drinking away memories of Jiae, Taehyung had sworn while vomiting up everything he’d kept down for a week that he would never drink again. It had been a lie, but his friends had promised to keep him at a survivable level of being drunk.

“You sure?”

Taehyung glares at the back of Jeongguk’s head, and then goes back to Candy Crush. “Yes.”

“Fine. I’ll text Seokjin hyung to save us a seat at the bar.”
“Want me to suck your dick in thanks?”

Hoseok smacks the back of his head.

Taehyung is wrapped comfortably in a thick blanket burrito when Jimin comes storming into his room, muttering something under his breath that Taehyung can’t decipher. Taehyung’s re-watching *Goblin*, tissues at the ready if he’s going to cry again.

Jimin heads straight to Taehyung’s closet, digging through the shirts. “You owe me a candy bar for any shirt you take.”

Jimin ignores him. “Where are your hoe clothes?”

“Excuse you, I am not a hoe.”

“I’ve dressed you like one,” Jimin says, holding up a shirt before tossing it onto the bed. Taehyung makes an indignant noise. He just cleaned yesterday after almost three months. “Why the fuck are you still in bed?”

“I’ve become one with my blankets.”

“Get up, we’re late.”

Taehyung frowns, finally pausing the drama. “Late for what?”

“Party at Hoseok’s frat.”

With a groan, Taehyung pulls the blankets over his head. “You know I hate frat parties.”

“I know, babe, but this is prime time to make another move. I can give Hoseok more hints, you can get laid or drunk enough to adopt a puppy.” The mattress sinks with Jimin’s added weight as he sits and pulls the blanket back enough to reveal Taehyung’s face. He pets nimble fingers through Taehyung’s bangs “You’re stressed and can’t sleep. We don’t have many options in university. Come with me or I’m taking you to the campus nurse.”

“Fine,” Taehyung sighs, whining at the loss of Jimin’s touch. “But you’re buying me dinner.”

“Deal. Now get dressed.”

Jimin picks a see-through white tank top and a soft jacket for Taehyung, paired with a pair of tight jeans before he gives up on fitting into Taehyung’s clothes and retreats to his own closet. He returns dressed like absolute sin, denim jacket held together by one button. If he didn’t already know he wasn’t into Jimin romantically, Taehyung would be on his knees in a heartbeat.

“Damn, Chim.”

“I know,” Jimin grins. Taehyung follows him into the bathroom, sitting on the edge of the tub as Jimin works at his eyes with subtle pink hues and eyeliner. “If Hobi doesn’t put a ring on it I’ll jump into the pool.”

“Makeup and all?”

“You know it.”

They make a stop at the mini fridge in the corner of the dorm, where Jimin hides their tequila and
rum in an empty box of cereal. Together, they toast three shots, knocking back the Patron with grimaces.

The house Hoseok pledged almost three years ago is already loud when Taehyung and Jimin show up, the music audible from almost two blocks away. It’s packed with people, and a freshman tries to turn them away at the front door until Hoseok walks up behind him and tugs Jimin into the house with a hand around his wrist. Without a word, Hoseok leads them through the mess of people mingling at the front of the house, dancing in the living room, streaking through the hallways, and shouting in the backyard and to the kitchen, where the music is slightly muted. Taehyung can already feel a headache coming.

“Jesus,” Hoseok says, pouring out three shots of Jameson. “Didn’t think you guys were coming.”

Jimin clinks their glasses together and they knock back the shots. “Biggest party of the year, hyung. We wouldn’t miss it.”

Hoseok winks. “Biggest party of the year so far.”

“Hyung.” A scrawny boy comes wandering into the kitchen. “There’s someone at the door. Claims they know you.”

“Probably don’t,” Hoseok says, rolling his eyes. He grabs a beer from the cooler on the floor, twisting off the cap. “Namjoon and Yoongi hyung should be here somewhere, get Yoongi trashed. I have a bet to whether he’ll fuck Namjoon in a frat house.”

Jimin eyes the spread of liquor on the counter, empty bottles overturned and marble sticky. He turns to Taehyung. “What are you in the mood for, babe? I’m buying.”

“You’re annoying,” Taehyung says with a fond smile. “Surprise me.”

The drink Jimin whips up is fruity and goes down easily, something that Taehyung always appreciates in a drink. They stay in the kitchen for a while, watching freshmen try to go shot for shot with upperclassmen, watching a few exasperated girls tug their sobbing friend to the backyard. At one point, Jimin links his fingers with Taehyung’s and leads him to the living room, where people dance to music that’s so loud that Taehyung can barely understand it.

“Quit being a wet blanket,” Jimin complains, kicking lightly at Taehyung’s knee.

Taehyung sinks further into the soft couch. “You’re one to talk. What happened to getting Hobi to fall in love with you?”

Jimin scowls. “I don’t know where he went.”

“Sucks. I’m sleepy.”

“Fall asleep and I’ll leave you here.”

Taehyung spots Namjoon and Yoongi across the room, and they make their way over to join him on the couch. A few beers and hard ciders are passed around. In the corner, someone tries to drag Jimin and Yoongi into a game of beer pong. Jimin accepts, if only because he needs a few more drinks before he hunts down Hoseok and drags him to a bed for the night.

Snuggling up against Yoongi’s side, Taehyung nurses the same cup that Jimin had poured him when they first arrived. He’s not in the mood for this, for dancing and partying. He was perfectly content rotting his brain with unrealistic dramas. If he can’t do that, Yoongi stroking his hair is a close
second.

At one point, Hoseok makes his way back into the room, carrying two beers. He looks at their pile on the couch and to the beer pong table, the competition heating up into something so annoyingly loud that Taehyung can’t doze comfortably, and ambles over to throw an arm over Jimin’s shoulder. He watches as they clink beers and then Hoseok is dipping his hand beneath Jimin’s denim jacket, palm wide against the bare skin and Taehyung has to look away as Jimin bites back his smirk.

“Hyung, you’re putting Taehyung to sleep.”

Yoongi laughs quietly, scratching lightly behind Taehyung’s ear. “He’s had a long week.”

“I think he’s the only university student who doesn’t want to get smashed at the end of a week.” Namjoon says. He’s slurring a little, probably drunker than Yoongi is at this point.

“Let’s find someone to dance with him.”

Taehyung whines a little. “No.”

A giggle echoes through the room, the sound of which has Taehyung sitting bolt upright. He knows that sound. He’d listened to that sound for more than three years, huddled together on the backseat of a bus and watching old Vines. He knows it from late, lazy mornings waking up together and laughing, rolling in the sheets. Taehyung knows it.

Yoongi tugs on his ear. “Taehyung. What’s wrong?”

“Oh, God.”

Namjoon nearly punches Yoongi in the face when he leans over to grip Taehyung’s shoulder. “What?”

Taehyung knew that Jiae liked parties. It was how they met originally, both a little drunk and individually dared to jump into the pool in their underwear. Taehyung, always the social butterfly, had struck up a conversation with her when he’d seen how uncomfortable she’d looked. He fucked her later than night and three weeks later asked her on a proper date. Taehyung knew that Jiae especially liked the parties at this particular frat house. He should have remembered. He shouldn’t have let Jimin convince him to come.

Taehyung shrinks into the couch, feels that same urge to be drunk that he thought he’d kicked a few weeks ago. “She’s here,” Taehyung whispers, Yoongi drawing him into his arms again. “I think Jiae is here.”

“Hoseok!”

Yoongi shouts over Taehyung’s head and Hoseok startles, looking up from where he’s kissing lightly at Jimin’s neck. When he spots them huddled together on the couch, he meanders through the dancing bodies to reach them.

“What’s up?” Hoseok asks, running a hand through his hair.

“There’s someone you need to kick out,” Yoongi says seriously.

“No,” Taehyung says hurriedly. “No, please. Don’t cause a scene.”

Frowning, Hoseok puts his beer bottle on the coffee table. “What’s going on? Who’s here?”
“Jiae,” Yoongi mutters.

“Alright, come here.” Hoseok takes Taehyung’s hand, helping him onto his feet. “We’re taking your mind off this shit.”

Taehyung hides his face in Hoseok’s neck as he’s led to the kitchen. “I really don’t feel like blacking out tonight, hyung.”

“Relax, Tae. I got you. We’ll take a shot and dance a little, and then we’ll go watch movies in my room. You won’t catch a glimpse of She Who Will Not Be Named.”

So they knock back another shot, Taehyung’s head a little fuzzy. He’s not so far gone that he can’t walk on his own or his words are tumbling over themselves, but he’s buzzed enough that Jiae is the last thing on his mind as Hoseok drags him to the makeshift dance floor in the living room. It’s too cold to party outside without the aid of a fire pit, so anyone who wants to dance is squished together. He doesn’t see her, and for that he’s glad. Taehyung hasn’t seen her since she was fucking Jeongguk.

“Taehyung?”

He startles at the female voice, interrupting the way Hoseok was trying to dip him. Someone hugs him tightly, and he finally gets a look at the girl when she pulls back, grinning widely.

“Oh my God, Mina!” Taehyung pulls her into another hug, her head tucked beneath his chin. “Holy shit, how have you been?”

“Good, good. We heard you’re on the market again.”

Taehyung smiles, ignores the way his stomach twists at the reminder. With his arm over Mina’s shoulders, he gestures between her and Hoseok. “Hobi hyung, this is Mina. We…”

“We used to hook up until someone tied you down,” Mina says with a laugh. He can’t remember the last time he saw Mina, let alone at a party. Although that could have been due to Jiae telling him not to go to any. “Tae oppa, come here. Sooyoung’s missed you.”

He’s led to the couch, Mina sitting with her knees tucked at his side and Sooyoung- who Taehyung only has vague memories of- on his other side. He’s lost sight of Hoseok and Jimin, but Yoongi and Namjoon are swaying on the dance floor, not bothering to match the hype of the music or the other dancers. There’s someone trying way too hard behind Yoongi and Namjoon, dancing chest to chest with some guy. When he turns around, Taehyung sees that it’s Jeongguk.

Jeongguk’s eyes are shut, head thrown back against the guy’s shoulder as he swings his hips. Taehyung really isn’t paying attention to the story that Mina is telling, distracted by the gentle arch of Jeongguk’s back, the slight part of his lips.

The music shifts to something slower, a little more sensual, and Jeongguk’s eyes catch Taehyung’s when he blinks them open. Jeongguk startles a little, eyes going wide when he catches Taehyung staring. Without missing a beat, Jeongguk squares his shoulders and grabs the guy’s hand, dipping his fingers beneath the waistband of Jeongguk’s pants.

Taehyung knows what he’s doing. It’s obvious, immediate, and a little pathetic, Taehyung thinks, watching as Jeongguk grinds back against the guy. He drags his palm down his chest without breaking eye contact, Taehyung following the movement. He knows what Jeongguk’s doing, and knows exactly why. He’s trying to bait Taehyung, to get him to cross the room, to speak more than four words to Jeongguk and to touch him better than the other guy.
Jeongguk bares his neck-

"Hey." Mina curls a finger beneath Taehyung’s chin, turning his face toward her. “Want to get out of here?”

Taehyung doesn’t give himself a second to think it over. “Let’s go.”

Mina links their fingers together, Sooyoung taking Taehyung’s other arm to drape it over her shoulders as they weave through the room, gathering coats and shoes and Mina’s lost bra. He doesn’t turn around, and misses the way Jeongguk stops dancing to watch Taehyung leave with a frown.

“You’re driving away business.”

Jeongguk looks up from the Haikyuu!! episode he’s watching on his phone and glances between Seokjin, standing in front of him on the other side of the bar, and the rest of the room. “Hyung. It’s empty.”

“Because of you,” Seokjin says, wiping down the same glass he’s been cleaning for the better part of an hour. “You look so depressed, no one wants to come drink next to a depressed man-baby.”

Scowling, Jeongguk tries to tune Seokjin out and go back to his anime, but he can’t focus properly, sighing through the overdramatic matches and passionate speeches about volleyball. The bar has been mostly empty all afternoon, attributed to the fact that it’s a goddam Monday and Seokjin knew they had movie plans but still chose to work for no money anyway. A few stragglers had wandered in for drinks after work, but for the most part the afternoon has passed with Jeongguk ignoring his papers and Seokjin washing glasses.

“I can still hear you sighing,” Seokjin says from across the bar, where he’s rearranging bottles of whiskey after another bartender fucked up their placement. “Either tell me what’s wrong or go away.”

Jeongguk pouts, pausing the show. “You’re mean.”

“I literally fed you this entire week.”

“Mean, hyung.”

Seokjin whips him lightly with a dishrag. “What’s wrong? You’ve been distant for more than a week.”

“It’s just.” Jeongguk squirms a little in his seat. He doesn’t know how to discuss what he’s been feeling lately, least of all with the object of his frustration’s best friend. How is he supposed to tell his cousin that he can’t stop thinking of how Taehyung fucked him in a dirty, grimy bathroom stall? So he settles for an issue that Seokjin knows about, and that is, “Do you think Taehyung hyung is ever going to accept me?”

Seokjin’s expression softens, and Jeongguk immediately sits up straighter, not liking the way Seokjin is looking at him like a wounded child. “Listen, Jeongguk-ah. I’m sure he’s going to come around eventually, but I wouldn’t push it.”

“What do you mean?”

“He- okay, he’s still mad that you slept with Jiae. Even if he won’t say it, it’s still bothering him.”
“But Jimin hyung said-”

“Regardless of whatever he said, Jimin’s not the one experiencing Taehyung’s feelings.” Seokjing says gently. He wipes at a sticky spot on the counter, worn and discolored from years of use.

“But-”

Seokjin raises an eyebrow. “But?”

Jeongguk splays his upper body across the countertop, resting his head on his bicep and he whines, “But he fucked me so good, hyung.”

“Disgusting. Absolutely disgusting. How dare you bring this into my good, Christian household.”

“When I was thirteen you barged into my room and said, ‘Jeongguk, you can be straight, you can be a weab, but you’ll never be gayer than I am.’”

“I don’t recall.”

“You literally want to be sandwiched between Yoongi and Namjoon hyung.”

Seokjin’s eyes open comically wide, and he smacks Jeongguk’s arm with the dishtowel again. Jeongguk laughs, sitting up to combat Seokjin’s attack. “How the fuck did you-?”

“It’s obvious,” Jeongguk says through a laugh. “You’re too touchy with Namjoon hyung. It’s like you gave up on the concept of subtlety.”

“Shut up, I hate you so much.”

“You do not,” Jeongguk says, reaching behind the bar for a lemon wedge to pick at. “Now tell me how to get Taehyung to fuck me again.”

Seokjin makes a face. “I really don’t want to think about your sex life, Jeongguk.”

“Well, too bad! This is what you signed up for when you agreed to be my roommate-”

“You were too broke to pay rent on your own-”

“When you agreed-”

“I don’t know if Taehyung’s a good match for you,” Seokjin says, his tone suddenly much more serious than before. “It might not be a good idea for you to go back to him.”

Jeongguk frowns, brows furrowing. “Is he… is he, like, a bad guy?”

“No, no, not at all,” Seokjin says hurriedly. “He’s one of the nicest guys you’ll ever meet, the kind of guy you bring home for Christmas because you know your mom will approve. He organized the Pet A Puppy event during finals last semester. He’s so pure.”

“Then what’s the problem in sleeping with him again?”

“He’s not a fan of relationships,” Seokjin explains. “Jiae was a kind of exception because they had slept together enough times that Taehyung felt obligated to ask her to dinner. He was too nice to say no when she asked to be exclusive, but he’s pretty bad with feelings. Combine that with being cheated on for so long and I don’t know if he’s going to want to try again. Least of all with you.” He pauses, picking up the little pieces of lemon that Jeongguk had ripped onto the counter. “No offense,
“None taken. I think.” Jeongguk doesn’t say anything for a moment, watching as Seokjin cleans and then greets a customer as he walks in and settles on the adjacent side of the bar. The guy orders an Old Fashioned—pretentious fuck—and Seokjin mixes the drink before returning to Jeongguk. “Hyung, you know I don’t. You know I don’t want a relationship.”

“I know. But I also know that you get attached easily.”

Jeongguk feels his cheeks burn. “Shut up.”

“It’s not a bad thing.”

“Yes, it is,” Jeongguk mutters, dropping his chin onto the bar.

Heaving a heavy sigh, Seokjin folds his arms on the countertop to meet Jeongguk’s eyes. “Hey. It’s not a bad thing, and there’s nothing wrong with being into Taehyung. I’m just telling you to be careful.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“Taehyung likes red,” Seokjin says quietly, straightening up as a wave of college students come meandering into the bar. “Do with that what you will.”

Red. Jeongguk can do red.

Taehyung gets roped into a movie night when he’s got about four booty texts rotting on his phone and a paper due in two days. This is better, Taehyung thinks, sitting comfortably squished between Jimin and Seokjin while Jimin plays lightly with his hair. He could fall asleep like this, except Jeongguk keeps looking at him from where he sits on an armchair.

“Who the fuck chose this movie?” Jimin complains, leaning his head against Taehyung’s.

“It’s in black and white,” Hoseok says, munching on popcorn. According to Jimin, he and Hoseok were in a fight and that’s why he wasn’t cuddling up to the older. When Taehyung had asked for more context, Jimin had downed the last of their Jameson bottle. “So my guess is Namjoon.”

“Hey.” Namjoon throws a pillow across the room. “Seokjin hyung suggested it.”

“Not surprising,” Jeongguk says, grinning widely.

Seokjin glares at him. “I will kill you.”

“Do it. You won’t.”

“Hyung, how much whiskey do you have?” Jimin asks suddenly, letting Taehyung fall sideways onto the couch when he stands up. He steps over Namjoon, Yoongi, and Hoseok sprawled out on the floor to get to the kitchen.

“Don’t clean me out,” Seokjin complains. “Please. I’m still recovering from Taehyung’s binge.”

An uncomfortable silence falls over the room, everyone glancing between Jeongguk and Taehyung, who stares resolutely at the movie. Despite Jeongguk’s acceptance into their group of friends, none of them have really… discussed what happened in the past. Taehyung doesn’t care. He’s got nothing to say to Jeongguk.
“Jimin, don’t drink too much.” Hoseok says, glancing over his shoulder at where Jimin is rifling through Seokjin’s liquor cabinet. “You were so sick the other day.”

“Hey, Hobi hyung?” Jimin says sweetly, peering over the lip of a bottle of Grey Goose.

“Yes?”

“Mind your own damn business.”

Taehyung snorts, sitting up and snuggling against Seokjin now. “Movie night is so fun, hyung.”

“Shut it, Taehyung.”

Jeongguk stands up, and without a word he sits in Jimin’s abandoned seat, ignoring the way that Taehyung glares at him from the corner of his eye. Jimin knocks back a few shots and opens a couple of beers. Knowing him, he’s not coming back for the rest of the movie.

Taehyung feels something on his thigh, and he ignores it at first, thinking the touch will go away. But then Jeongguk squeezes, his hand too far up Taehyung’s thigh to be innocent.

Taehyung pinches Jeongguk’s wrist, moves his hand away with a grimace. “What do you think you’re doing?”

Tilting his head, Jeongguk asks, “What do you mean, hyung?”

“Taehyung-ssi.”

At that, Jeongguk pouts and turns away to focus again on the movie. Thinking that’s the end of it, Taehyung tunes back into the movie, snuggling aggressively against Seokjin’s side. He thinks of moving, maybe to the now empty armchair or to the kitchen to drink with Jimin, or even to just fucking leave if Jeongguk’s going to sit so close to him, but he knows that Seokjin will be disappointed. And if Jimin doesn’t black out tonight, he’ll remember Taehyung dipping out early and treating Jeongguk poorly for no reason.

Jeongguk is all but drowning in his big red hoodie, the hood pulled over his head. His eyes are barely visible, wide as he watches the movie, but Taehyung isn’t looking. He’s not looking as Jeongguk leans his head on Taehyung’s shoulder, only to pout harder when Taehyung pushes him away.

Behind them, Jimin is cracking open another beer. Jeongguk puts his hand back on Taehyung’s thigh.

“Jeongguk.” Taehyung hisses. This time, when he tries to move Jeongguk’s hand, he doesn’t concede. “Stop.”

“What am I doing?” Jeongguk doesn’t look at him, but he does squeeze Taehyung’s thigh again, stroking his thumb lightly.

Taehyung tries to shake him off again, but Jeongguk only slides his hand further up Taehyung’s thigh, his fingers brushing dangerously close to Taehyung’s crotch. He sits tensed against Seokjin’s side, wanting nothing more than to shove Jeongguk off the damn couch if he’s going to keep this up, tracing his fingers over Taehyung’s inner thigh.

Jimin knocks something over in the kitchen and Hoseok sighs, glancing up at Taehyung. “You want to take him home or should I?”
“Go ahead.”

“I can’t stand this movie,” Namjoon says with a groan, rolling his head against Yoongi’s shoulder. “Let’s go get ice cream.”

“I’m down,” Yoongi agrees.

Seokjin sits up hurriedly, abandoning Taehyung to fall again against the couch. “Me, too. Jeongguk? Tae?”

Jeongguk shakes his head, dipping his hand beneath the hem of Taehyung’s shirt. “I have a paper to finish.”

Despite how quickly he got sloshed, Jimin is resolute in not letting go of the two bottles of beer he’s holding even as Hoseok tries to take them. He gives up after Jimin calls him “a pansy ass bitch” and a “scaredy cat,” slinging Jimin’s arm over his shoulder and leading him from the apartment without another word.

“I should make sure Jimin doesn’t die,” Taehyung says with a sigh.

Someone pauses the movie as everyone files out of the apartment, hoods up and masks covering the majority of their faces as they prepare to brave the outside world after spending most of the weekend holed up watching Netflix and avoiding academic responsibilities. Jeongguk follows behind, asking Yoongi to bring him something back.

Instead of walking out, Taehyung slams the door behind Seokjin and immediately turns around, Jeongguk nearly walking right into him.

“Hyung?” Jeongguk shrinks back, faltering.

Taehyung shoves at Jeongguk’s shoulder, forcing him to take a few steps back. “What the fuck was that?” He demands, pushing again. Jeongguk nearly trips on a pair of discarded shoes, but manages to retain his balance, walking backwards and deeper into the apartment. “Hm? What the fuck, Jeongguk?”

“I- I don’t-“

“Don’t play dumb with me,” Taehyung sneers, pushing Jeongguk’s chest a little too hard.

Jeongguk stumbles through what Taehyung assumes to be the doorway to his bedroom. “Hyung- I don’t-“

“What did I just say, Jeongguk?” Taehyung curls his fingers into the collar of Jeongguk’s shirt, bringing their bodies flush together. Jeongguk’s chest heaves with heavy breaths, eyes darting rapidly across Taehyung’s face. For a split second, Taehyung worries he crossed a line, but then Jeongguk’s shoulders sag, and he whimpers lightly, almost inaudibly. “I know what you’re doing. Dancing with that guy, touching hyung without permission. You’re so easy.”

Jeongguk’s eyes flicker to Taehyung’s lips. “Tae-“

“If you’re going to act like a bitch,” Taehyung mutters, shoving hard to send Jeongguk sprawling onto his bed. He looks a little disoriented when he props himself on his elbows, cheeks burning as he stares at Taehyung. “You’re going to get fucked like a bitch. Take your clothes off.”

Jeongguk yanks off his hoodie and t-shirt in one fluid motion, sitting up to wrestle with the button on
his jeans. When he realizes Taehyung hasn’t moved, standing at the foot of the bed with his arms crossed, he freezes and hesitantly looks up through his too-long bangs.

“You… you too, hyung?”

“Don’t worry about me,” Taehyung snickers. “Just do what I say, yeah?”

“I- okay.”

He struggles a little to get his pants off, pausing to kick off the shoes he’d forgotten about and squirms when he’s done, cock already hardening in his bright red boxers. Taehyung rolls his eyes.

“Can’t you sit still? I haven’t even touched you and you’re already annoying me.”

“Sorry.” Jeongguk ducks his head. “Just… I just-”

“Just what, Jeongguk?”

Jeongguk doesn’t look up, picking at a thread on his duvet. “Can you… hyung- please- call me… can you call me.” His voice gets progressively quieter, until Taehyung almost can’t hear the whispered, “Baby?”

“I don’t think you deserve it,” Taehyung says, watching as Jeongguk flinches as if stung. He continues, cutting Jeongguk off before he can speak to ask again. “But, maybe if you’re a good boy, you can earn it.”

“I can,” Jeongguk says hurriedly, nodding his head. “I can, hyung, I can. I’ll do- please- I’ll-”

“Shut up.” Taehyung pops the button of his jeans. “There are better things your mouth can be doing.”

“Yes.”

Easily taking the cue, Jeongguk crawls quickly to the edge of the bed to kneel in front of Taehyung and reach for the zipper. Taehyung slaps his hands away, gripping Jeongguk’s chin to make Jeongguk look at him. “No hands. Dirty sluts like you don’t get that.”

Jeongguk’s cheeks burn as he lowers himself onto his stomach, struggling to grasp the zipper between his teeth and yank it down far enough for access to Taehyung’s cock. He slips up once, gripping Taehyung’s thigh for balance, but Taehyung quickly gathers both of Jeongguk’s hands into one of his own, holding them tightly behind Jeongguk’s back. Jeongguk mouths hotly at Taehyung’s cock through his boxers, trying to move the fabric to get Taehyung’s cock out, but he’s clearly struggling, his shoulders tense and his breath coming out in frustrated little huffs.

Taehyung sighs loudly, threading the fingers of his free hand through Jeongguk’s hair and tugging, forcing his head up. “Useless. Can’t even use your mouth properly.

“No! No- I can, hyung, please- please, let me-”

“I don’t have all day.” Taehyung drops Jeongguk’s hair and he face plants back onto the bed. Taehyung takes his cock, barely half-hard, out of his pants, and as Jeongguk raises his head on his own, he slaps the tip against Jeongguk’s cheek. “Open up.”

With a needy moan, Jeongguk immediately opens wide and his eyes flutter shut, tongue sticking out as he waits for Taehyung to move closer, his movements restricted by the hold Taehyung still has on
his wrists. But Taehyung doesn’t move, watching the confusion furrow between Jeongguk’s brows, the way he squirms and tries to chase Taehyung’s cock on his own.

“Hey.” Taehyung says quietly. He gently taps his fingers on the underside of Jeongguk’s jaw and he opens his eyes, staring up at Taehyung. “You want this?”

Jeongguk nods, swallowing hard. “Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, I- I want your big cock,” Jeongguk whines. His fingers flex, lips trying to touch the head of Taehyung’s cock. “Please- want, want it in my mouth, want… want it all.”

Taehyung snickers, tracing the tip against Jeongguk’s fat bottom lip, smearing precum until Jeongguk’s mouth glistened. “How bad?”

“So bad!” Jeongguk begs, legs kicking out. “Please, please- hyung!”

“Take it, then.”

Without another word, Taehyung shoves his cock between Jeongguk’s lips, interrupting his babbling to thrust weakly into the wet, warm heat. Jeongguk gags slightly, closing his eyes to collect himself as he struggles to take all of Taehyung’s cock. He pulls back, hollowing his cheeks as he takes Taehyung deeper, pushing himself until his nose was buried in the fine hair at Taehyung’s navel.

Jeongguk sucks dick like it’s the last thing he’ll ever do, and- truthfully- Taehyung’s missed this. Missed the sight of Jeongguk so desperate to have his lips wrapped around Taehyung’s length, sucking and swallowing like he’s trying to be good for Taehyung. Taehyung hadn’t appreciated this enough at the bar, focused more on getting hard enough to get inside of Jeongguk, but now- now he watches the muscles in Jeongguk’s back flex, watches his fists clench and relax as he works to take Taehyung deeper into his mouth. And he’s so messy about it, slurping around Taehyung’s length, drooling when he pulls back to suckle at the tip.

With a whine, Jeongguk pulls back just enough that Taehyung’s cock brushes his lips when he speaks. “H-hyung?”

“What?” Taehyung asks, a little annoyed that he’d lost the visual of Jeongguk’s mouth working his dick.

“Can- can you fuck my face?” Jeongguk asks very quietly, lips slick with spit and hair unruly. His shoulders strain with the effort to keep himself upright. “Please?”

“No. Don’t be fucking greedy.”

“But, hyung.”

“No.” Taehyung guides his cock back to Jeongguk, who eagerly chases the heavy weight on his tongue. “You’re not being a very good boy, Jeongguk-ah.”

Jeongguk straight up whines around Taehyung’s length, and Taehyung knows, knows, that he could unravel Jeongguk that much faster, wreck him that much more, if he just caved and started calling Jeongguk what he wanted- but where was the fun in that? This- Jeongguk steeling himself to suck Taehyung’s cock like a champ to earn the reward of being called baby- was so much better.

Just as Jeongguk dips his tongue wickedly into the tip of Taehyung’s cock, his hips make tiny circles
against the mattress. Not enough stimulation to be effective, but enough for Taehyung to notice.

“Ah, ah.” Taehyung leans over Jeongguk’s back, slapping his ass with a loud smack. “Did I say you could move?”

A wretched moan crosses his lips and Jeongguk shakes his head, apologies already tumbling and he gets louder as Taehyung moves out of reach.

“Hyung!”

“Relax,” Taehyung snickers, kneeling before Jeongguk, who’s barely managing to keep his head from the mattress. “I won’t punish you. Get on your back, Jeongguk-ah.”

“Ugh.”

Jeongguk mutters, clearly unhappy with Taehyung withholding the name. His complaints die when Taehyung raises an eyebrow, as if daring him to push his luck. Taehyung might not be punishing him in this moment, but he’d seen the way Jeongguk arched into the spank, the way tears had begun collecting at the corner of his eyes, and he’s not afraid to take advantage of that given the opportunity. Instead, Jeongguk all but flops onto his back and scoots further up the bed.

“Look at you,” Taehyung whispers, as Jeongguk wriggles beneath his gaze. He slides his palms up Jeongguk’s thighs, reveling in the whimper that Jeongguk lets out as Taehyung grips his dick through his boxers. “So hard, Jeonggukie. Is that all it takes? Get so hard from sucking hyung off? From getting slapped?”

“Hyung,” Jeongguk whines, tensing as Taehyung squeezes.

“Look so pretty in red, baby.”

“Oh.” Jeongguk’s entire body relaxes with a breathless sigh as he tries to buck into Taehyung’s grip. He murmurs, “Wore it for you, Tae.”

Taehyung slips his fingers below Jeongguk’s waistband, stroking his fingers over the hot length. “Cute. I like it, but I’d like them better on the floor.”

Jeongguk chokes out a laugh. “That’s not even a good line.”

Cracking a smile, Taehyung says, “Shut up. Where’s your lube?”

“Uh.” Jeongguk blushes, hissing as Taehyung squeezes his dick again. “Pillow! Fuck- under my, ah, pillow.”

Sure enough, Taehyung finds the lube beneath his pillow and his condoms- predictably- in the drawer next to his bed. “Almost empty, hm?” Before Jeongguk can say anything, Taehyung nudges his side. “C’mon, on your knees. Why aren’t you naked yet?”

Clearly flustered, Jeongguk struggles to chuck off his boxers before he rolls over onto his stomach, propping his weight onto his hands and knees. The position accentuates the curve of his waist, smaller than Taehyung had anticipated, and he feels almost lighthearted knowing he could likely almost wrap his hands entirely around Jeongguk’s body. Taehyung pours a generous amount of lube on his fingers, warming it slowly as Jeongguk shifts in anticipation. His back arches as Taehyung kneels behind him, petting his dry hand over the swell of his ass.

“Last time you did this?” Taehyung asks, smearing lube at Jeongguk’s crack.
“Y-yesterday.”

“Oh?” Taehyung’s grin is wicked, but he keeps his tone light. “Then you can take two, right?”

“Wait- wha- fuck!” Jeongguk yelps as Taehyung pushes two fingers into his hole, meeting little resistance as Jeongguk flinches away from the sensation. “Fuck you, hyung!”

“Want me to take them out?” Taehyung asks, ducking his head to catch a glimpse of Jeongguk’s face, his cheeks flushed and hair hanging, wet with sweat. Jeongguk mumbles something, dropping his head to rest on his folded arms. Taehyung shoves his fingers against Jeongguk’s prostate, earning a satisfying moan. “Speak up, baby.”

“D-don’t take them out,” Jeongguk whispers, spreading his legs slightly. “I can take it. G-Gukie likes it.”

“Pain slut,” Taehyung mocks, nearly pulling his fingers out before thrusting them in again, ignoring Jeongguk’s prostate to focus instead on stretching his rim.

He’d forgotten just how vocal Jeongguk was, how responsive he is while Taehyung scissors his fingers, pulling back only to pour more lube directly against Jeongguk’s hole. Jeongguk moans into his arms, whines Taehyung’s name, arches his back to try and get Taehyung deeper, to get him to touch his prostate. Taehyung squeezes his balls at the same time he pushes a third finger into Jeongguk’s ass and Jeongguk cries out beautifully, shoulders tensing before he relaxes into it.

“Hyung,” Jeongguk says, voice thick with the haze of pleasure. Taehyung looks away from his ass to see Jeongguk struggling to maintain eye contact. “Hyung- please-”

Taehyung hums. “You look so pretty like this, baby, ass just swallowing my fingers. Bet you could take my whole fist, hm? Greedy little slut like you, a few fingers just isn’t enough, is it?”

“Mn, hah,” Jeongguk pants, drooling lightly against his duvet. Taehyung brushes lightly over his prostate just to be mean, and Jeongguk chokes on a whine. “I want- I-shit-I want-”

“Use your words.” Taehyung twists his fingers, shoving a fourth in, and the accompanying stretch renders Jeongguk speechless for a moment, letting out a loud cry. “What does baby want?”

“Y-you,” Jeongguk gasps, sweaty hair flopping into his eyes. “You- Tae, please- I’ve- Gukie’s been a good boy, please.”

Taehyung’s never even had to ask Jeongguk to beg, but the pleas fall easily from his lips, his pout deadly as he works his hips back against Taehyung’s hand, desperate for something bigger, something more. It’s addictive, the way Jeongguk falls apart so smoothly, becoming so pliant for Taehyung.

He pretends to think about it for a few minutes longer, hand stationary, just to hear Jeongguk grow more distressed. “I suppose I’m feeling generous. Put your hands on the headboard.” Jeongguk does, head hanging between his shoulders and cock hanging, heavy and leaking, between his legs. “Don’t move them.”

Jeongguk’s hole clenches around nothing as Taehyung pulls his fingers out and rolls on a condom, slicking himself up. He spreads more lube on Jeongguk’s hole, Jeongguk’s gasp as he pushes in nearly drowning out the obscene squelching sound.

“Hng.” Jeongguk pants, body taut as Taehyung bottoms out.
Taehyung laughs quietly, running his hands over the smooth skin of Jeongguk’s back. “What is it, baby?”

“So- so wet, hyungie.”

Without warning, Taehyung grips Jeongguk’s hips and pulls back, only to thrust in harshly, setting a brutal pace that has Jeongguk gasping loudly against his sheets. He adjusts himself as best he can behind Jeongguk while still fully clothed, his jeans rubbing against Jeongguk’s ass in a way that can’t quite be comfortable, but Taehyung has more than an inkling of a feeling that he likes it. Jeongguk bites his arm and Taehyung tsks, curling over Jeongguk’s body to urge his mouth away from his bicep.

Nipping at his ear, Taehyung trails his lips down Jeongguk’s sharp jaw, sucking a mark onto the side of his neck. “Don’t hide your noises, baby. Let hyung hear how good you feel.”

“So good,” Jeongguk whines, fingers curling and uncurling against the headboard. His body is shaking, knees slipping as he tries to keep himself up as Taehyung continues with his harsh pace. “Mn, fuck- Taehyung- so big, hah.”

Taehyung grabs a fistful of Jeongguk’s hair, jerking his head to the side to continue marking the same spot on his neck. “Take hyung so well, baby boy.”

Jeongguk keens as Taehyung angles his hips to hit his prostate on each thrust, and Taehyung knows that if he didn’t have his hands on Jeongguk’s tiny waist, he would have collapsed entirely.

“Fuck, Tae- Jeongguk moans, high-pitched and breathy each time Taehyung grinds into him. “So- shit- so deep, hyung. Feel you so deep, oh-”

Grinning against Jeongguk’s neck, Taehyung suddenly pulls himself upright, a hand around Jeongguk’s neck forcing him onto his knees, as well. Jeongguk all but slumps against Taehyung’s chest, moaning loudly as Taehyung continues to fuck up into him. His cock bobs, furiously red and leaking precum, against his stomach as Taehyung jostles him into a better position.

“M’close,” Jeongguk gasps, breath hitching when Taehyung gives his neck a light squeeze, but Taehyung’s not feeling quite that generous today. “Hyung, please- so close-”

“Hm,” Taehyung noses along Jeongguk’s neck, using one hand to pull him down each time he thrusts up. Jeongguk clings weakly to his arm, skin slick with sweat. “Do you deserve it?”

“Yes!” Jeongguk throws his head back on Taehyung’s shoulder, breath weak and unsteady as Taehyung fucks him hard. “G-Gukie’s been good, let me come, please!”

“Nothing’s stopping you, baby.”

With a few more thrusts, another (longer) squeeze of Taehyung’s long fingers around his neck, and Taehyung’s hand working quickly over his cock, Jeongguk’s body tenses before he comes hard, spilling high onto his chest and ass clenching so tightly around Taehyung’s cock that he’s pulled into his own orgasm, coming into the condom with a strangled groan. Jeongguk whines loudly through his high, choking out little gasps and a hyung, please as Taehyung continues to stroke his cock.

Jeongguk sags heavily, catching his breath as Taehyung guides him to lie lengthwise on the bed, arms crossed over his eyes. Taehyung tosses the condom with a grimace, zipping his pants as he moves off the bed.

“Hyung?”
“Hm?”

“N-nothing.”

Rolling his eyes, Taehyung lifts the pillow he’d found the lube under, ready to put everything back in its place and see if Yoongi would still buy him some ice cream, when he spots something under the second pillow. He almost missed it, but when Taehyung pulls it out, it’s unmistakable.

“Baby.” Jeongguk visibly shudders, peeking through a gap between his arms and squeaking when he sees Taehyung, standing between his spread legs and holding his bullet vibrator. “Is this what you used yesterday? Teased your tight little hole like a desperate bitch?”

Jeongguk’s cock twitches. “I…”

“Don’t get shy on me now, little one.”

“I- Yes.”

“What did you think of?” Taehyung asks, playing with the settings as if Jeongguk wasn’t shaking beneath him, legs hanging off the bed and cock slowly hardening again. “Tell me, and maybe hyung will make you feel good again.”

Jeongguk struggles for a moment, searching for something to say before he covers his face with his hands and whispers, “You.”

“Me?”

“I thought of you!”

“Aw, baby.” Taehyung shuts off the vibrator again, running his hand up Jeongguk’s thigh and smearing the come cooling on his belly. Jeongguk groans. “Should we use it now? I don’t know if you can take it, your little cock’s so spent already.”

“You- you can’t!” Jeongguk says hurriedly, kicking at Taehyung’s shin. He reaches for Taehyung’s wrist with both hands, clutching a little desperately. “M’hard, hyung- don’t leave me like this, please. I’ll- I’ll be so good for hyung, I’ll-”

“Calm down,” Taehyung says, as if Jeongguk’s desperation wasn’t making Taehyung’s own cock kick in his jeans. He leans over Jeongguk’s body, gathering his hands and pinning them above his head. Jeongguk looks breathtaking like this, strung out along his bed, cock hard and flushed, cheeks red; but he won’t hear that from Taehyung. “Such a little slut. Already came once but it’s not enough, is it? Baby needs more.”

Before Jeongguk can respond, Taehyung hikes the vibrator to the highest setting and holds it against the base of Jeongguk’s cock, held upright in Taehyung’s free hand.

Jeongguk’s reaction is instantaneous: his back arches violently, moans ripped from his lungs as he choke in pleasure, limbs tense as Taehyung keeps up the assuage on his cock. He squirms, hands clenching the mattress above his head as his legs lock up around Taehyung’s thighs. The vibrator is loud, but nothing beats the sound of Jeongguk crying out, torn between twisting away from the pleasure and thrusting into it.

Taehyung doesn’t let him move away, propping his knee on Jeongguk’s thigh to try and keep him still as he strokes the vibrator up to the tip of Jeongguk’s cock and back down.
It doesn’t take long before Jeongguk’s choking on a moan, thighs tensing before he comes all over his stomach. He relaxes briefly, but when Taehyung doesn’t let up, still stroking the vibrator against his twitching cock, he whimpers, trying to move away.

“H-hyung,” Jeongguk gasps, cursing as Taehyung pushes the vibrator directly against the tip of his cock. He grips Taehyung’s hand with both of his, cock hard and painfully red. “Too- too much, _hn_, hurts, da- Tae, _shit_—”

“Tell me to stop and I stop,” Taehyung says very seriously.

“N-no.”

“No?”

“Don’t stop.” There are tears streaming down Jeongguk’s cheeks and he sniffles, swallowing back another debauched moan as Taehyung angles the vibrator just right. “P-Please, Gukie can take it.”

Taehyung’s own dick hurts just watching the way Jeongguk sobs, delirious with pleasure as he just _takes_ everything that Taehyung gives him. He’s too far-gone to try and match Taehyung’s pace, hips stuttering where they lie flat on the bed, fingers clinging onto Taehyung’s wrist. The buildup takes longer, Jeongguk held just at the edge of release as he struggles to come and Taehyung briefly wonders if this is the first time he’s been pushed so hard.

“You’re doing so well,” Taehyung praises, earning another sob from Jeongguk. He curls his wrist and Jeongguk’s body folds inwards, little squeaks escaping his lips with every breath. Taehyung gently pushes him back down, thumbs lightly at his nipple because he remembers Jeongguk liking that. “So good, baby. Your little cock’s so hard, can’t you be good? Come one more time for me?”

“Tae- Tae- I can’t-”

“You can, baby. Come on, you’ve been so good.”

“Hng, _fuck_— oh, _God_,” Jeongguk all but screams when he finally comes, sobbing and shaking as his cock spurts weakly against his belly. He’s trembling as Taehyung shuts off the vibrator, tossing it to the side and cupping Jeongguk’s face, whispering quiet praise and pressing a soft kiss to his nose, to both of his eyelids.

“Can you open your eyes for me?” Taehyung murmurs, sitting cross-legged at Jeongguk’s side. Jeongguk shakes his head. “That’s okay. I’m going to get something to clean you up, try not to move too much.”

He returns quickly with a wet washcloth after washing his hands and wipes down Jeongguk’s stomach and flaccid cock, apologizing quietly when Jeongguk flinches. He gently cleans Jeongguk’s ass and thighs, pressing his fingers into the tense muscle there to try and get Jeongguk to relax.

“Fuck.”

“You back with me?” Taehyung asks, picking up a blanket from the floor that he hopes isn’t dirty.

“Oh my _God_.” Jeongguk tries to prop himself on his elbows and immediately hisses, dropping to lie down again. “H-hyung?”

“Yes?”

“Did… did I do good?”
“Yeah, baby.” Taehyung strokes the matted hair away from Jeongguk’s face, traces his fingers over the dopey smile on Jeongguk’s lips. “You did so good for daddy.”

Jeongguk lets out a happy sigh, snuggling into the blanket that Taehyung drapes over his body. “Does this mean we can keep doing this?”

Just like that, Taehyung feels something uncomfortable settle in his belly. He tries to play it off, knowing that Jeongguk’s likely still in a sensitive space. Instead of directly answering, he jokes, “You still never asked if I’m still mad at you.”

Pouting, Jeongguk blinks open his eyes. “I thought that was implied with the fucking.”

“Implications are a dangerous thing, Jeongguk.”

“Ugh. Fine. I’ll ask you again in the morning.”

Taehyung smiles, but Jeongguk’s already shut his eyes with a yawn. “You should shower.”

Jeongguk doesn’t move, mumbling out a weak, no. “Hey, do you, uh. Do you need anything? Y’know, like-”

“I should be fine,” Jeongguk says. “Maybe just get me some water.”

“Yeah.”

Taehyung grabs a couple bottles of water from the fridge and after a second of deliberation, he gathers a few of the banana milks in there, too. When he gets back to Jeongguk’s bedroom, he’s dozing, face shoved into a pillow. Taehyung leaves the drinks on the side table where Jeongguk can easily grab them, startling when his phone vibrates in his pocket.

From: chem(?) partner [11:29pm]

dude
where the fuck are you
I told you I was prepping two hours ago
my ass won’t be here all night

With a sigh, Taehyung moves quietly to leave, his hand on the doorframe when he hears a murmured, “Goodnight, Taetae,” as he shuts the door behind himself, stomach twisting painfully.

To: Jinnie hyung [11:34pm]
check on jeongguk when u get back

From: Jinnie hyung [11:35pm]

disgusting. think of my good christian household

Taehyung leaves the apartment without bothering to put his shoes back on because he’s only in the elevator for a minute. He reaches the next floor down and only knocks on a specific door twice before it’s opening, a hand curling into the front of Taehyung’s shirt and a mouth landing sloppily against his as he’s dragged inside.

Chapter End Notes

Honestly I'm kind of nervous to post this because I initially wasn't planning on doing
more than just a oneshot but you guys really wanted more?? so. Please let me know if you like it!

+twitter
Attachment

Chapter Summary

Rule 3: Don’t get attached.

Chapter Notes

Everything is tagged but I just want to reiterate that this chapter is heavy on the degradation, humiliation, names like whore/slut/bitch so just keep that in mind!

A few of you expressed concern in the comments that Taehyung seemed to leave Jeongguk in subspace in the previous chapter, so I just want to say that it is addressed in this chapter and even more so in chapter 4. Don't worry!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Well!”

Taehyung is startled awake, wrapped in Jimin’s blankets from where he’d fallen asleep in Jimin’s bed for a nap earlier. Jimin throws his jacket furiously against the wall before flopping face down on his bed, horizontal to Taehyung.


Jimin pushes himself up with a sigh, his eyes rimmed red. “Hoseok and I are done.”

“Holy shit.” Taehyung kicks off his blankets, all but throws himself into Jimin’s arms to drag him into an embrace. “Wait- were you two ever together?”

“No.” Jimin snuggles against Taehyung’s neck. “I’m just tired of him being a dense motherfucker. He was fucking one of the pledges when I came over and didn’t understand why I was annoyed.”

“I hate to say it, Chim, but you didn’t set any boundaries,” Taehyung says quietly.

“Fuck off,” Jimin groans. “Whose side are you on?”

“The side that gets your ass eaten whenever you want.”

“That would be your side.”

“I’ve done my time eating your ass.”

“Point taken.” With great effort, Jimin sits up and rolls off the bed, sitting in a heap on the floor. “Am I an idiot for wanting him?”

Taehyung doesn’t say anything for a moment, draping blankets around Jimin’s form on the floor. He still remembers their first year of university, when Hoseok and Jimin had met and Jimin had been
absolutely enamored. Taehyung had been the one to urge Jimin to pursue, but he hadn’t exactly meant for them to fall into a pseudo FWB relationship. If he’d known it would lead to this—Jimin sad and confused and doubting himself on the floor—he would have been more serious in urging Jimin to confess.

“Do you remember what you said when I wanted to call Jiae?”

“Yeah.”

“This is the exact opposite of that.”

Jimin frowns, glancing up at him. “I don’t get it.”

“She wasn’t good for me and going back to her wouldn’t do me any good. That’s not true for you and Hoseok.” Taehyung struggles to find proper words, slides off the bed to sit at Jimin’s side. “You like him a lot, anyone can see that. You’re not an idiot, but if he ever hurts you again I won’t hesitate to kick his ass.”

Jimin laughs, weakly, but he isn’t crying and Taehyung considers that a victory. “Yeah, well. I’m not speaking to him right now.”

“Understandable.”

“But!” Jimin stands, rifling through his jacket where it had fallen to the floor in a heap. He drags out a small baggie, waving it with a grin. “I grabbed the last of his good weed when I left.”

“I thought you quit that shit.”

“Special circumstance.”

“How much you got?”

Jimin opens the bag, holding it to his face to breathe in deeply. “Enough for the weekend. And Monday. Maybe Tuesday if I skip class.”

“Ugh.” Taehyung hasn’t been high in a pretty long while, the last time he’d woken up naked with Jimin in the student center.

“Dude, you gonna get high with me or not?”

“I’m always high on your love, bro.”

“Bro.”

“My shit’s still in my desk.”

“Nice!” Jimin whirls around, grabbing the paper and lighters from a drawer. Then he settles next to Taehyung on the floor, clearing out a space and grabbing a folder from under his bed to roll a couple joints on. “Hey, what you said about having done your time eating my ass…”

Taehyung offers Jimin the first hit, rolling another while he starts it off. “What about it?”

“How serious?”

Taehyung sighs. Jimin’s pulling out his best puppy eyes, the kind Taehyung hasn’t been able to refuse since they were five and Jimin always managed to convince Taehyung to give him the good
“Chalk to draw with. “Completely serious.”

“What if I pull the heartbreak card?”

Sneaking a hit from the joint perched in Jimin’s fingers, Taehyung lets out an exasperated stream of smoke. “Fine.”

“Wait- really?”

“Take your fucking pants off, Jimin.”

“Marry me.”

“Later. Get naked.”

Jimin’s got his pants off in the next breath.

It starts like this:

Whereas Taehyung had been doing his best to ignore Jeongguk for both of their well-beings, it becomes clear very quickly that it isn’t going to work. He’s close to Yoongi and Jimin, the others becoming so fond of him so rapidly that the change gives Taehyung whiplash. What started as his friends promising a very drunk Taehyung that they’d help hunt down the cheating twink if it was what Taehyung wanted had become Namjoon or Yoongi telling Taehyung to sit down when Jeongguk comes over and he’s trying to climb out the window.

Doesn’t matter that Seokjin’s apartment is on the fifth floor. Taehyung would deal with that broken leg on his own.

When he’s drunk, he still considers calling Jiae and asking to try again. When he’s a little more sober, he considers calling her sister because he’s never fucked someone so flexible twice. When he’s sober, he wants to be drunk. Jimin’s the one who finally deletes Jiae’s number after Taehyung drinks himself to sleep. Doesn’t make a difference. Taehyung’s drunken brain remembers it.

He stays sober for class and endures Seokjin walking him across campus with Jeongguk. Taehyung may tune out their conversations entirely and plot the best way to escape, but two days a week he deals with it.

“Are you guys going to Hoseok’s party this weekend?” Seokjin asks.

Taehyung has Seokjin’s hand, hanging over his shoulder, gripped between both of his tightly. He might be a little hungover, but he didn’t drink this morning. Progress.

“No,” Taehyung says, at the same time Jeongguk nods excitedly and says, “Yes!”

Seokjin squeezes Taehyung’s hand. “Quit acting like an old man, Tae.”

“I don’t like frat parties.”

It’s been his go-to excuse for so long that no one questions it anymore. Taehyung is glad. If they believe it’s simply because he’d prefer to get sick in his own bathroom instead of breaking up a hookup just to vomit, then he doesn’t have to explain why he’s been avoiding Hoseok along with Jimin.

“Oh, I have to go to registrar,” Seokjin says, coming to a stop. “I expect you both over for dinner
tonight.”

“But-hyung-”

“No excuses, Taehyung. You’ve bailed for two weeks.”

“Ugh.”

When he leaves, Taehyung turns to enter the building for his photography class, but Jeongguk grips his sleeve and refuses to let go even when Taehyung tries to shake him off. He doesn’t move at first, wondering if Jeongguk will give up if he doesn’t turn around.

No such luck. Taehyung sighs, feels something he doesn’t want to name pinch his throat when he turns to look at Jeongguk. Students stream past them, hurrying to class before they’re late.

He’s resigned when he asks, “What, Jeongguk?”

“Are you still mad?”

Taehyung walks away without another word.

That’s another thing driving Taehyung up the wall. He knows he told Jeongguk after they fucked at the bar to ask Taehyung later if he was still mad, but he hadn’t anticipated seeing Jeongguk again, or fucking him a second time, and hadn’t anticipated Jeongguk asking him that question every other day.

He’s not still mad. Seokjin or Jimin might call him a goddam liar for that, but it doesn’t matter what they think. Taehyung wasn’t in love with Jiae, missing her when he’s drunk isn’t the reason why he can’t forgive Jeongguk. He can’t. He just can’t forgive Jeongguk because every single time Taehyung sees him, eyes crinkling with the force of his smile, smirk ever-present when he’s teasing Jimin, or head-butting Yoongi in an attempt to act cute enough to have Yoongi pay for his food, Taehyung sees what he wanted all along.

Dating Jiae, Taehyung had felt nothing but restricted. She stopped him from going to parties. She criticized him for laughing too loudly. She insulted the way he dressed, even went so far one afternoon as to throw away the clothes of his that she didn’t like. Jimin had found them in a pile below the window.

But Taehyung thought it was love.

Because isn’t that love? Helping to change someone into something better than when you met them? If Taehyung’s attitude was too crass, if his clothes were unflattering, wasn’t she doing him a favor?

Jimin told him once when Jiae locked herself in Taehyung’s room after a fight that something like that wasn’t healthy. Taehyung had ignored it. He’d ignored everything. The good outweighed the bad. Their Instagram posts were proof of that.

Now, when he looks at Jeongguk, he sees someone he might’ve fallen hard for in high school. He sees boyish charm mixed seamlessly with the desire to be seen as someone older, stronger. Jeongguk’s fierce personality and sharp wit clash painfully with Taehyung, but in a way that wakes something in Taehyung he feared he’d lost forever.

He felt something when he fucked Jeongguk. Instead of hiding himself in his actions, instead of ignoring his partner and getting off too quickly to really fill any kind of void, Taehyung had wanted to take his time. He wanted to work Jeongguk up and watch him fall apart beneath Taehyung’s
ministrations, urge every possible noise of pleasure from Jeongguk’s lips.

And that scared the shit out of Taehyung.

Despite how he’d felt when fucking Jeongguk, Taehyung knows he can’t have that.

Looking at Jeongguk, Taehyung only sees where he went wrong with Jiae. He’s perfect, Jeongguk is; with his strong arms and a beautiful smile, with his flushed cheeks when he’s a little tipsy and the way he’ll threaten to bite Jimin’s hand whenever Jimin ruffles his hair, only to whine when he doesn’t get cuddled during a movie. The way he tries to stand up to Taehyung only to falter. Claiming he’s terrified of Yoongi only to seek the older out first before any of them.

Jeongguk is a contradiction wrapped neatly in a fantasy paradise.

Taehyung can understand entirely why Jiae would want Jeongguk instead of him.

Who would want Taehyung when Jeongguk was even a consideration?

Who would want him-?

“Woah, Taehyung?”

Hands on his chest bring Taehyung to a stop. He blinks away tears he hadn’t realized were clouding his vision, looking around to see that he’s walked up three floors and nearly gotten to class without even thinking about it. He must be late already, a few students throwing him dirty looks where he blocks the hallway as they’re running to class.

Mina moves her hands from Taehyung’s chest to cup his face. “Are you okay? Holy shit, what happened to you?”

“Are you busy?” Taehyung asks, the question garbled and crushed beneath the weight of his uselessness. His hands are shaking where he grips the straps of his backpack. Mina is kind enough not to ask for the origin of his tears, wiping them away with the pads of her thumbs.

“I just got done with class.”

“I don’t remember where your dorm is.”

“It’s okay.” Mina brushes her fingers over Taehyung’s cheeks. “It’s close. Come with me.”

A few hours later he’s calling Jimin to come get him, drunk and choking on tears and he can’t find his underwear.

Seokjin tries to promote a group dinner at least once a week, whether they cook together, Seokjin warms up leftovers from the week, or they split the cost of ordering takeout, he insists they need to spend time together. He’s already graduated, sticking around for grad school with Yoongi. Hoseok and Namjoon only have a year left. Whenever he’s feeling particularly emotional, Seokjin complains that the end of college will be the end of their friendship.

Taehyung thinks he’s being ridiculous, knows that he wants to keep this friendships forever, but that doesn’t stop him from teasing Seokjin relentlessly whenever he’s drunk and crying, clinging to Yoongi. So they meet every week to eat too much food, complain about problems, and watch shitty movies.

He spends most afternoons at Seokjin’s with Jimin’s arms wrapped around him from behind. Since
cutting Hoseok off, Jimin has gotten even clingier. It’s nothing Taehyung isn’t used to, it just restricts his arm movement for some things, but it keeps him warm and makes a soft pillow when he’s close to falling asleep. Taehyung can tell that everyone is curious to the change in dynamic, throwing glances at the duo all during dinner and the resulting movie. Hoseok doesn’t show up, hasn’t been around much whenever Jimin is there; Jimin swears he doesn’t give a shit.

“Who the fuck chose anime?” Yoongi is complaining, snuggling into Namjoon’s chest where Namjoon has his arms around him. “What the fuck. It’s the year of our Lord two thousand and eighteen, who the shit is still watching anime?”

“You just insulted all of Japan, hyung,” Jimin snickers, stroking Taehyung’s hair.

Seokjin fast-forwards through the intro. “It’s Jeongguk’s turn to pick.”

Jeongguk, who’d been quiet as he washed the dishes in the small kitchen, shuts off the water as the show begins in earnest. He’d whined to start where he left off, which was halfway through the damn season. He comes into the room holding a bag of banana chips, and pauses in front of where Jimin and Taehyung are wrapped around each other on the edge of the couch.

“Jeongguk-ah,” Jimin says, craning his neck to see around Jeongguk’s frame. “There’s room somewhere else.”

“Taehyung-ssi, are you still mad?”

Taehyung stands up and brushes past, ignoring the resounding complaints that follow his disruption. “Hyung, I’m taking a nap in your bed.”

Seokjing groans quietly. “Taehyung-”

He doesn’t listen, doesn’t hear Seokjin call him back to the living room when he holds Seokjin’s pillow tight over his ears. He spots Seokjin’s laptop on the ground and pulls up a drama he cried over some months ago. Halfway through he realizes he’s heard Jeongguk singing one of the OSTs while working on his assignments.

On his better days, Taehyung doesn’t mind Jeongguk’s presence. He can endure movie night and go back to his apartment and fuck Jimin and if he’s lucky he’ll fall asleep without the aid of whiskey or gin. There are dark bags under his eyes and he wakes up in Mina’s bed more often than his own, sometimes in apartments he only vaguely recognizes, but Jimin’s run out of weed and both of them are tense.

It’s one of his better days that he skips the elevator and walks up the stairs, distracted by the pictures of ass and lingerie blowing up his phone. Taehyung has a project due at the end of the week, but he’s given this professor a handjob and he figures that he can get an extension if he needs to.

“Taehyung-ssi?”

He freezes at the top of the stairs. Jeongguk is standing in front of the elevator, head tilted where he’s staring at Taehyung.

“What are you doing here?” Taehyung asks, shutting off his phone where he’s just started getting dick pictures. Jesus. Does no one know patience anymore? “This isn’t Seokjin hyung’s floor.”

Jeongguk scowls. “I live there, too. Anyway, my friend from high school lives on this floor. We were playing Overwatch.”
“You play Overwatch?” Taehyung can’t help but ask. Both Jiae and Jimin had complained whenever Taehyung wanted to play, so he hadn’t gotten to do so very much recently.

Nodding, Jeongguk offers a shy grin. “Yeah. I played a lot more before moving in with Seokjin hyung, though.”

“Oh. Uh. Cool.”

“What are you doing here?”

Taehyung’s phone buzzes. “I. Uh- I was going to raid hyung’s kitchen.”

“And you’re taking the stairs?” Jeongguk snickers.

“It’s my exercise.”

“Won’t help your noodle arms.”

“Hey,” Taehyung whines. He clicks his phone off when Jeongguk calls the elevator, knowing he probably can’t come up with a decent excuse for why he’s got to stop by a room on this floor. “I didn’t hear you complaining when these noodle arms held you down and fucked you ‘til you cried.”

There’s a fierce blush on Jeongguk’s cheeks when Taehyung reaches the elevator, and he furiously presses the call button again. “I didn’t cry.”

“Sounds fake, but okay.”

“Ugh. Whatever. Shut up.”

“Rude.”

The elevator ride is quick, but far more comfortable than Taehyung had expected. Truthfully, he’s been on edge the past few days. It’s been almost a week since the last time Jeongguk asked if he was mad, two weeks since they last fucked, and Taehyung’s been anticipating the question anytime Jeongguk entered the room. Instead, Jeongguk talks about the Overwatch he just played, and how he’s wondering if it’s time to change his character.

Taehyung is used to picking Seokjin’s lock (he gave Taehyung a key years ago, but Taehyung didn’t spend an evening watching lock picking tutorials on YouTube for no chances to try it out) but he steps back. No one else is over, as expected because Taehyung is pretty sure Seokjin works late at the bar tonight. Taehyung’s tempted to fake a call and leave, but he’s hungry and tired and last night Jimin sucked him off so well he passed out before he could drink. Maybe he could get away with sneaking a bottle of Seokjin’s stuff.

Jeongguk disappears into his bedroom and Taehyung takes to raiding the fridge with a sigh. There isn’t much, but Taehyung still retreats to the couch with a few snacks and an apple between his teeth.

“Do you want to watch a movie?” Jeongguk asks, startling Taehyung. He’s changed into sweats and a big hoodie, drowning in fabric. He reaches for the bag of chocolate covered banana chips in Taehyung’s hand and he gives them without a word.

“Sure. You choose.”

Jeongguk chooses some Marvel movie, would probably kill Taehyung if he admitted that he has no idea what’s going on, if Jeongguk’s heightened level of interest is anything to go off of. He plows
through that bag of snacks and holds his hand out. Taehyung hands him another.

Sometime through the movie, Taehyung has dumped all the snacks on Jeongguk’s lap and lied back, feeling exhausted and a little on edge, still. He blames Jimin for filling his designated vodka water bottle with actual water.

“Taehyung-ssi? Are you-?”

“Don’t.” Taehyung says, cheek pressed uncomfortably against his fist. Something explodes on screen. All of the lights and screaming are giving Taehyung a headache. “Please don’t ask if I’m still mad.”

“I wasn’t going to,” Jeongguk says meekly. “I was gonna ask if you’re okay. You look really tired.”

“I’m behind on half of my shit,” Taehyung says. He doesn’t know why he’s bothering to even open up to Jeongguk. Maybe there was something in those banana chips. They lulled Taehyung into a false sense of security. “I failed an exam yesterday and nearly had to beg my professor to let me retake it.”

“Oh, so you’re only stressed about school?”

“‘Only’?” Taehyung repeats, cracking an eye open to glare at Jeongguk. “I need to pass this shit to graduate next year.”

“What do you usually do to ease stress?”

“I don’t know,” Taehyung mutters. It’s a lie; he does know. He’d been on his way to ease his stress when he ran into Jeongguk. And if Mina got finished with work early enough, he’d be heading over there afterwards. But he doesn’t think it’s a very good idea to tell Jeongguk that. “I think I’ll just head out, maybe take a nap-”

“Maybe I could help?”

Jeongguk’s hood is pulled far over his head, his bangs too long and brushing his eyes and the way he tilts his head is just so endearing. He’s deadly. All he has to do is blink his eyes and Taehyung is entirely certain that he could get away with murder. He can see why Jiae would fall for him.

“Help me how?” Taehyung asks, unable to keep the bite of bitterness from his tone.

“I could blow you? Release endorphins, ease stress, y’know.”

“You don’t have to do that, Jeongguk.”

“Please?” Jeongguk pouts, folding his arms on Taehyung’s thigh and resting his chin there. “I want to. I haven’t had your cock in so long, hyung.”

“F-Fine.”

“Gonna let me use my hands this time?” Jeongguk jokes, as he’s turning Taehyung’s body slightly to lie more comfortably on the couch.

“No if you keep the attitude.”

Jeongguk sticks out his tongue, settling between Taehyung’s spread legs. He pokes his tongue out as he runs his palms along the inside of Taehyung’s thighs, his touch warm through the jeans Taehyung wears. Taehyung isn’t hard when Jeongguk unzips his pants, but undeterred he palms over
Taehyung’s cock, making Taehyung sigh lightly.

When they’d done this previously, Taehyung had only let Jeongguk suck him off long enough to get Jeongguk desperate, but now Taehyung hangs his arms over the back of the couch and lets Jeongguk move slowly, lets Jeongguk cup his cock and stroke the length over his boxers, gaze almost reverent. Taehyung hadn’t seen this coming. He thought, once giving Jeongguk permission, he’d be quick to get Taehyung hard, quick to get him in his mouth, quick to end it. But, as Taehyung is unwillingly learning, Jeongguk is full of surprises.

Jeongguk mouths at Taehyung’s cock, the hood falling to obscure everything, so Taehyung moves his hand, pushes it back and settles his fingers between the smooth strands of Jeongguk’s hair. When Jeongguk suckles at the tip, wet and filthy, Taehyung tightens his grip with a sharp inhale.

“Oh,” Jeongguk breathes, shuddering a little beneath Taehyung’s touch.

“You good?” Taehyung asks.

“I- uh. I really like that.”

“Hm.” Taehyung grips the hair at the back of Jeongguk’s neck and pulls, drawing a strangled moan from Jeongguk. “Don’t tease hyung, Jeongguk-ah.”

Jeongguk mutters, “Don’t yank on my damn hair, then.”

“What was that?”

“Nothing, shut up.”

Before Taehyung can say anything in response, Jeongguk tugs Taehyung’s hard cock from his boxers and licks from the base to the tip, making Taehyung moan and ease the grip he’d had on Jeongguk’s hair. Gripping Taehyung’s hips, Jeongguk swiftly works his lips and tongue along Taehyung’s length, dipping his tongue into the slit only to move again before Taehyung can buck his hips into the touch.

When Jeongguk takes Taehyung’s cock into his mouth, Taehyung feels tension leave his shoulders, and he sinks into the couch with a deep sigh as Jeongguk slowly bobs his head until he’s got his nose buried in the fine hair at Taehyung’s navel.

Jeongguk swallows around Taehyung’s cock, making his hips jump, but Jeongguk holds him down. Taehyung almost wishes he’d asked Jeongguk to take his hoodie off, he’d kill for a view of Jeongguk’s arms like this, straining to keep Taehyung in place. It’s too late now, he supposes, as Jeongguk bobs his head faster, sucking Taehyung’s cock like he’s desperate for it.

“Hyung,” Jeongguk whines, when he pulls off to catch his breath.

“Yeah.”

“Tell me I’m doing good.”

“It could be better,” Taehyung lies, teasing Jeongguk because he’s learning it garners the best reactions. Call Jeongguk’s dick sucking game subpar and he’ll jump at the opportunity to prove it wrong. But Taehyung’s not looking for a fight right now, so before Jeongguk gets the chance to raise his hackles and get defensive, Taehyung strokes the hair away from his eyes. “I’m kidding. It’s perfect, you’re doing so well, Jeonggukie. Making hyung feel so good.”
Jeongguk says something under his breath that sounds a lot like, asshole, and Taehyung can’t object to that, so he simply guides Jeongguk’s mouth back to his cock, lying hard and flushed against his abdomen.

Taking his time, Jeongguk builds Taehyung’s pleasure until his legs are shaking beneath Jeongguk’s palms, only to pull away from where he’d had Taehyung deep in his throat to lap at the tip instead. Taehyung groans, tries to thrust into the warm, wetness of Jeongguk’s mouth, only to be held at bay.

“What did I say about teasing, Jeongguk?”

Jeongguk tilts his head, eyes wide and teary from how deeply he’d been taking Taehyung into his throat. “I just want you to feel good, hyung.”

“You’re a menace.”

The movie is still playing in the background, an impassioned speech setting an odd mood to the slick sounds of Jeongguk sucking dick. It takes another tug to his hair and a few curses from Taehyung before Jeongguk puts more purpose into it, sucking Taehyung off with fervor and taking him deep into his throat. When Taehyung’s thighs shake and his stomach clenches, he comes with his head thrown back an a moan on his lips.

“Fuck,” Taehyung hisses, chest heaving.

Jeongguk is beaming a little as he tucks Taehyung’s soft cock back into his jeans. He lays his head on Taehyung’s hip, very deliberately jerking his lower half against Taehyung’s thigh. “T-Tae.”

“Aw, Jeonggukie,” Taehyung coos. “Are you all worked up? Got hard just from sucking hyung off so well?”

“Hyung, please.” Jeongguk moves to straddle Taehyung’s waist, cock tenting the front of his sweatpants and his cheeks are flushed, already bordering on desperate and Taehyung hasn’t even touched him. “Will you fuck me?”

“Hm, maybe. I don’t know if you really- oh, shit.”

Taehyung sits up so suddenly he nearly slams his head against Jeongguk’s, knocking the other boy over in his haste to get off the couch. Jeongguk gets tangled in one of the blankets there, staring up at Taehyung in confusion as Taehyung gathers his phone and keys, zipping his pants and pinching his finger in the process.

“Tae- what’s wrong?”

“I have a paper due, like, right now.” Taehyung finds a Starbucks cup and hopes the coffee isn’t rancid, downing it without hesitation. It tastes like Seokjin’s usual order- a fuck ton of sugar in black coffee. “Well, a few hours. But still.”

“Can’t you ask for an extension?”

Taehyung shakes his head. “I already did. If I miss this deadline, I’m dead.”

Jeongguk whines, flopping onto the couch. “You can’t leave me here, I’m hard!”

“You have your vibrator,” Taehyung says, swinging his coat on as he opens the door. He says without thinking, “Sorry, Gukie.”
He leaves before Jeongguk can even lift his head to reply.

Jeongguk sits against one of the ice machines behind the bar, his homework spread out on the floor in front of him. Seokjin has tripped over him three times when he comes to this side of the bar to make drinks, but all Jeongguk had to do was pout a little and Seokjin let him stay. He’s out of sight from the camera over here, and it provides a nice little hiding spot when he doesn’t want to be a part of society.

“Hyung!” Jeongguk snatches his notebook off the floor, saving it from Seokjin’s dirty shoe. “Watch it.”

“You’re literally underfoot like a tiny dog,” Seokjin complains, pouring vermouth into a shaker. The bar must be getting busy, according to the pile of dirty glasses by one of the sinks.

Jeongguk had offered a few times to help out whenever Seokjin was understaffed, but he really only knew how to pour shots and the occasional Jack and coke, so. “I’m not a dog.”

“Whatever. Hand me the sour mix.”

Jeongguk does, and Seokjin goes back to tending to customers who are drinking way too much for a Thursday evening. From where he sits, Jeongguk can see that most of the people at the bar are still in their suits from work, ties loose and hair purposefully mussed to give the impression of nonchalance, though the way they knock back shots and drinks doesn’t quite match that attitude.

Seokjin’s coworker shows up late, the bar still pretty full by then. Jeongguk gets lost in his work, using the scattered pieces of conversation that he picks up as background music to astronomy and literature. Junhee is less forgiving about Jeongguk sitting behind the bar, but he tries to ignore the dirty looks.

He’s not done with his essay by the time things calm down enough for Seokjin to actually end his shift, still tapping angrily at his keyboard when Seokjin sits across from him, takes his laptop, and does a preliminary read through.

“This isn’t as terrible as usual.”

“Gee, thanks,” Jeongguk says dryly. He figures this means Seokjin can leave now, and starts packing up his things with hope Seokjin will buy him food. “Can we get McDonald’s?”

“No, we have food at home.”

“I hate this fucking family,” Jeongguk grumbles, shoving his notebook in his backpack with more force than necessary.

Seokjin takes Jeongguk’s wrist before he can stand up fully, urging him back down. “We need to talk first.”

“Can’t we do it at home?” Jeongguk asks, raising an eyebrow. The bar still has a good number of people left, Junhee is glaring at them from the other side of the bar, and mixing some drink that Jeongguk is almost entirely sure is not supposed to look brown.

“This is easier. I already have you cornered.”

“That sounds ominous.”
“It’s not, Jesus. You’re so annoying.”

Jeongguk pouts. “Rude.”

“Whatever.” Seokjin waits until Jeongguk settles properly again, legs crossed.

“What did you want to talk about?”

“Mostly about how you’re a fucking moron.”

“Wow.” Jeongguk says, humorlessly. He grabs a few pieces of ice from the bin behind him and very pointedly shoves them down Seokjin’s shirt. (“Joke’s on you, I needed to cool down. It’s hard always being so smoking hot.”) “I mean, we been knew but why now?”

Seokjin sighs, still fishing down the front of his shirt to get the ice before it melts. “I told you not to get attached to Taehyung.”

“And? I didn’t.”

“Sure, Jan.”

“I didn’t!”

“Okay, fine. But I think you should really consider talking to him before you fool around anymore.”

Jeongguk pulls the front of his shirt up to hide his face. “This is not a conversation I want to have with you.”

“Would you relax?” Jeongguk can imagine that Seokjin is rolling his eyes. “I love Taehyung, but you’re my priority. He fucking left you in subspace-”


“Maybe you weren’t fully in it,” Seokjin murmurs, resting his chin on his fist. “Do you have any idea what subspace is?”

Jeongguk tries to convey with his expression how much this conversation wounds him. “N-No? Should I?”

“I mean, it’s not exactly necessary, but if you’re going to be having really rough sex you should at least have an idea of it.”

“Do you experience it?”

“I haven’t, but some of my partners-”

“Okay, stop.” Jeongguk claps his hands over his ears. He doesn’t know why he didn’t put up more of a fight when Seokjin started with this topic. He shuts his eyes, saying, “I can’t discuss this with my cousin. I wanted to pretend you’ve never seen a dick before.”

“Jeongguk, I have one.”

“Childhood ruined.”

“You’re so fucking annoying.” Seokjin takes Jeongguk’s hands, lowering them from his ears, but when Jeongguk opens his eyes, Seokjin is smiling fondly, though he still looks a little concerned.
“Taehyung texted me before he left, asking me to check on you. I don’t know if he knew what he was doing was shitty, but he hurt you-”

“He didn’t hurt me.” Jeongguk rolls his eyes. “Well, not anymore than I wanted him to.”

“Gross. But the fact remains that he left you afterwards, right?”

“Yeah, but I didn’t care.”

Seokjin groans, running his hands through his hair. “Okay. Let me ask you something. How did you feel afterwards, when Taehyung was leaving?”

“Fine.”

“And how did you feel when Yoongi stayed the night with you after we got back?”

Jeongguk pauses, sucking his bottom lip between his teeth before he admits, “Better.”

“You were in a sensitive space, anyone with half a brain could see that-”

“Hyung,” Jeongguk says harshly. Junhee has moved closer, making more drinks for the late crowd of sad fathers and desperate young women. He doesn’t want to have this conversation where anyone could overhear, least of all with his cousin. So he and Taehyung had fucked, it wasn’t like they were exclusive, there were no expectations or requirements toward what they had. Jeongguk wasn’t going to ask Taehyung to stay and cuddle when he’d barely started holding full conversations with Jeongguk in the first place. “I’m not doing this with you. I got fucked and fell asleep after, that’s where the story begins and ends.”

Seokjin stares at him for a long moment, observing the way his cheeks color, his shoulders square and how he reaches for his bag to leave, and sighs. “Fine. I’m sorry I tried to push it. But you two need to talk. Starting a relationship- whether romantic or just to have sex- over Taehyung’s anger with you is not a good idea.”

“Whatever,” Jeongguk grumbles, no longer in the mood to talk. Not to mention he’s still a little on edge after Taehyung left before getting him off a few days ago. Knowing what Taehyung is capable of, using his toys on his own just isn’t as good to Jeongguk anymore. “I wanna go home.”

“Okay,” Seokjin says softly. “Let me clock out and we’ll go.”

“You owe me McDonald’s.”

“Fine.”

“Three McFlurries.”

“One.” Seokjin holds out a hand, helping Jeongguk to his feet. He calls out a farewell to Junhee, leading Jeongguk to the back exit.

“Three or I’ll jerk it in your bed.”

“Oh my God, you’re terrible. Why the fuck did I let you live with me?”

Jeongguk hooks his chin on Seokjin’s shoulder. “Because I’m so cute?”

Seokjin trips him.
“Oh my God.” Jimin groans into his arms, face pressed there. He’d slumped over immediately upon their arrival to the lunch table, nearly slamming his face against the metal before Taehyung had moved him to lie on his forearm instead. “Fuck, I’m so hungover.”

“It’s noon,” Taehyung says, chewing on a pretzel.

“Time is an illusion.”

“Okay, Namjoon.”

“Ugh. Why did you let me drink last night?” Jimin whines, muffled by his arm.

Taehyung pats his head lightly. “I literally told you not to drink the rest of the Jameson and you said, ‘Don’t tell me what to do, bitchass,’ and drank it.”

“Sorry.”

“We’ve called each other worse. You hungry?”

“No.”

Namjoon and Yoongi are the first to show up, likely having gotten out of class late. They bring more food for everyone to share, and then Seokjin arrives with his infamous hangover remedy—infamous because, though it tastes like the worst smoothie one could ever drink, it works wonders and they refuse to share it with any underclassmen. He comes with Jeongguk, who looks like he’d just rolled out of bed and put on the first clean-ish shirt he could find. When Hoseok comes a few minutes later, cheeks flushed as if he’d sprinted there, he settles on the opposite side of the table from Jimin and Taehyung.

Silence stretches among the group for an uncomfortably long time before Seokjin tells a joke, Yoongi tells him to go to hell, and everyone erupts into giggles, sharing the food. Yoongi piles Jeongguk’s plate and Seokjin piles Taehyung’s, trying to urge Jimin to raise his head and eat something.

To: mini soulmate [12:41pm]
are you going to look up at all

From: mini soulmate [12:42pm]
not as long as hoseok is here

Taehyung tries to be subtle about the way he glances at Jimin, phones held in their laps. He hasn’t looked up once despite Hoseok trying to bring him into the conversation several times. When Taehyung looks again, he’s playing Candy Crush and ignoring every notification from Hoseok.

“What are we doing this weekend?” Hoseok asks, looking away from Jimin’s head. “If someone says party, I’ll throw my shoe at them.”

“I gave Junhee the weekend off so I’m working the bar.” Seokjin says, placing another small pile of meat on top of Jimin’s untouched plate.

“So, bar hopping?” Hoseok asks.

Shaking his head, Yoongi says, “You all get too fucked up at the first bar and just want to sleep. Well, except for Jimin. But last time we let him hop between bars we lost him for thirty-six hours and he was in a morph suit when he came back.”
Jimin raises his finger. “That was a good weekend.”

“We could play Overwatch,” Jeongguk suggests, munching happily on his food.

Seokjin tugs on his ear. “No one wants to watch your boner for WidowMaker for an entire night.”

“Mean,” Jeongguk mutters, rubbing his ear.

Hoseok sighs. “Well, someone better come up with something.”

“We could actually do our assignments,” Namjoon whispers, earning himself several fries to the face as each of them throw a few.

“Yoongi, how’s the studio lately?”

Conversation flows easily, food being passed around freely as Yoongi rants about the cost to rent a studio room rising. Namjoon complains about some assignments, Seokjin tells them stories about the customer he had the night before who stood on the bar and tried to take her shirt off, Taehyung keeps his hand on the back of Jimin’s head, and contributes where he sees fit.

When they’ve mostly finished all of the food, Jeongguk is still stuffing his cheeks and poking around at everyone else’s untouched fries or chips. Seokjin is telling another story, Hoseok laughing so loudly he’s almost silent, that Jeongguk is almost unheard when he says, “Daddy, can you pass the salt?”

The entire table goes silent, everyone’s head snapping up to stare at Jeongguk with various expressions of horror.

Jeongguk’s cheeks are bright red, his gaze focused on the salt packets on the edge of Taehyung’s plate. He refuses to look up, jaw squared, and before anyone else can move, he reaches across the table to snatch the salt himself.

“Well.” Hoseok says, very slowly. “I’ll admit. I thought it’d be Taehyung.”

Taehyung looks away from the table to glare at Hoseok. “Excuse me?”

“I thought you’d be the one, y’know, calling Jeongguk-”

“Why would you think that?” Taehyung presses.

Hoseok shrugs. “You’re smaller than him-”

“Taehyung’s taller, actually,” Seokjin cuts in. Jeongguk is hiding his face in Seokjin’s shoulder. Taehyung can relate. “Only by a little.”

“Fine,” Hoseok says. “But he doesn’t have as much muscle definition-”

“He has broader shoulders,” Seokjin counters.

“Having big shoulders doesn’t automatically mean topping.”

“Neither does having abs.”

“Okay, enough,” Taehyung says brusquely. “Why are you so interested in our preferences?”

Hoseok shrugs again, but at least he has the decency to look sheepish. “Yoongi hyung and Namjoon
are predictable and boring. We need new material.”

“Literally fuck you.” Yoongi tosses a balled-up wrapper at Hoseok’s face.

“Get it somewhere else,” Taehyung says sternly. “Leave Jeongguk alone.”

There’s still an awkward silence hanging over the table, but there’s no more talk about kinks or inquiries as to who takes what up the ass. Taehyung chances a glance at Jeongguk, whose blush hasn’t lessened and is still doing his best to hide behind Seokjin, and frowns.

His phone buzzes against his thigh a few minutes later, as everyone is slowly packing up their things to get to their next classes. Jeongguk, as soon as Seokjin stands, grabs Seokjin’s hand and runs.

From: mini soulmate [1:18pm]
Isn’t that the first time he’s ???????

To: mini soulmate [1:18pm]
Yes

From: mini soulmate [1:19pm]
lmao fuck dude
#exposedt

To: mini soulmate [1:20pm]
eat my ass

From: mini soulmate [1:20pm]
gladly

Taehyung lets his head fall on the table, pressed against the top of Jimin’s head, and they stay there long after their friends have left, until the sun is beginning to set and Taehyung is whining for a pizza.

Taehyung loses himself in the loud, base heavy music, the rap giving him a headache where he lies on the couch. This party is a little more lowkey than the ones he’s been to recently, but what it lacks in attendance it makes up for with annoyingly loud music and enough liquor to drown everyone.

According to Jimin, he’s not allowed to drink tonight, having busted through the door and saying, “I’m getting smashed tonight and one of us needs to survive and that’s you.” But Jimin didn’t say anything about smoking.

“Here, oppa.” Mina hands him the bowl, holding the glass to his lips.

Taehyung breathes out the smoke, smiling lazily. “Thanks.”

She squeezes his ankle where Taehyung’s legs are thrown over her lap. He’d claimed this couch when they first arrived, and Jimin had been rubbing it in all night. Standing at the other side of the living room, bottle of Grey Goose ever present in his hand, someone keeps bringing him Jell-O shots and Taehyung is pretty sure he’s going home with the girl currently feeling up his bicep.

“This music is awful,” Taehyung complains. He’s been doing a lot of that lately.

“No, you’re just an idiot.” Yoongi sits on the armrest, drink in hand. Namjoon is trying to drag Jimin into a dance contest in the midst of the room and Taehyung wishes, not for the first time since
arriving, that he could drink. “Tae.”

“Shh, I’m sleeping.”

“No, you’re not, shut up.” Yoongi smacks Taehyung’s shoulder lightly. “Is Jimin okay? I haven’t seen him go this hard in a while.”

Taehyung sighs, propping himself up on his elbows. Jimin hasn’t taken Namjoon’s offer to dance but there is a guy Taehyung doesn’t recognize trailing his fingers along Jimin’s arm. “He’s. He heard Hoseok hyung might be here tonight so he’s trying to blackout before they see each other.”

“Idiot,” Yoongi says. “Hoseok’s been trying to talk to him for days-”

“Oh, that’s my fault. He gave me his phone so he wouldn’t call Hoseok during his binge last weekend.”

“You’re both idiots,” Yoongi says with a groan. “Chaotic idiots. This is not how you deal with your feelings, Taehyung.”

“You literally curl up in a ball when Namjoon hyung calls you cute, what the fuck.”

Yoongi’s cheeks flush, and he leans over to shove Taehyung’s face into a pillow and hold him there. “Being a chaotic gay in love is different than using alcohol and shitty FWBs to bury the fact that you’re fucking miserable.”

Taehyung manages to rip his head away from Yoongi’s hold, glaring up at him. “This isn’t funny anymore.”

“It’s not supposed to be funny.”

“Whatever.” Taehyung mutters, carefully moving so as not to disrupt Mina where she’s making out with someone over the back of the couch. He stands up and is immediately hit by how fucking high he is, grabbing the armrest that Yoongi sits on to regain his balance. He really should have paid attention to what Mina was sharing with him. Feeling mean, Taehyung spits, “Seokjin hyung wants your dick, by the way.”

“What?” Yoongi’s head snaps up. “Hey, you shit head- don’t leave. Get back here and explain-!”

Taehyung ignores him, ignores everyone because the room is suddenly suffocating. Maybe it’s the smoke, maybe it’s that he promised Jimin he wouldn’t get drunk, or maybe it’s because there’s a constant weight on his chest, just waiting for him to give in and crush his lungs. He heads to the kitchen, phone out to text someone to keep an eye on Jimin since he’s about to break his promise when someone steals his phone right out from his hand.

“What the fuck?” Taehyung blinks slowly, comes face to face with Jeongguk grinning in front of him. He’s reading Taehyung’s messages. “Give me my phone, Jeon.”

“Why do you text Jiminnie hyung like you’re in a movie?” Jeongguk asks, snickering as he scrolls. “So domestic, Taehyung-ssi.”

“You can call me hyung.”

Jeongguk freezes, thumb hovering over the camera icon on the screen. He glances up, disbelief evident on his expression. “I can?”
“Yeah, whatever. I’m clearly stuck with you, you’re a part of the group whether I like it or not, might as well- give me my phone.”

Taehyung struggles to pocket his phone, still too fucking high to really process that Jeongguk is standing in front of him, looking infuriatingly sober as Taehyung babbles about who the fuck even knows. Jimin used to joke that Taehyung never knew when to shut up. He only wished this wasn’t happening in front of Jeongguk.

They haven’t talked about the daddy incident from earlier in the week, their group collectively choosing to pretend that it hadn’t happened. Taehyung hasn’t brought it up, and he really hopes Jeongguk isn’t planning to mention it anytime soon.

“Okay. Okay, Taehyung hyung.”

Fuck.

“Are you here alone?” Taehyung asks, leaning against the wall. He can’t really focus and Jeongguk currently has four eyes, but at least Yoongi’s not scrutinizing him any longer.

“Yeah,” Jeongguk says with a nod. “Seokjin hyung said I can’t spend another weekend playing Overwatch alone. He dropped me off and watched me walk in here like a damn soccer mom. I didn’t know you guys would be here.”

“Jimin made me come,” Taehyung says absentmindedly. If he cranes his neck, he can see the guy Jimin was dancing with earlier had his hand under Jimin’s shirt, lips against his ear. “I want to go home.”

“I can call an Uber?”

“I’m Jimin’s designated driver.”

“Tae, you’re high as fuck.”

“How the fuck did you know.”

Jeongguk only laughs, and Taehyung hates the way his skin feels warm at the sound. “You smell terrible.”

“Rude.”

Taehyung finds himself smiling as Jeongguk laughs harder, propping his foot on the wall as he scans the party. They both focus at the same time on Namjoon, who’s trying to challenge everyone to an arm wrestling competition despite tripping over himself with every step, Yoongi watching from the couch.

Jeongguk grimaces as someone spills a beer on Namjoon’s shoe. “Why is hyung… like that?”

“You’ll have to be a bit more specific.”

“He seems so cool when he’s not, y’know, drunk as fuck.”

“Law of opposites,” Taehyung says, staring at Jeongguk’s profile. “Cool sober people are lame as fuck when drunk, it’s like- the cardinal rule of college. Did you know Jiminie set the record at Hoseok hyung’s frat for fastest keg drinking? I held his legs- he waxed that morning and I almost dropped him like, four times, but he wouldn’t give up. Some girl asked him to sign her boobs and he
did, I think she went home with him and Hobi that night—"

"Woah, Taehyung." Jeongguk steadies him with a hand on his shoulder. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

Anything. Anything to punch this hopeless, desperate feeling out of his chest. He needs to leave, he needs to get away from Jeongguk. Needs to take Jimin home and maybe beg Jimin to eat him out in the morning, if he’s not too hungover.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Taehyung retorts.

"You're weird, hyung."

"Shut up. You fucked my girlfriend."

Jeongguk’s expression falls and he retracts his hand, shoulders bowing a little where he stands. He’s still standing close, hasn’t moved enough for it to be noticeable but it feels like a damn chasm to Taehyung. Taehyung’s eyes go wide as Jeongguk looks away, and says quietly, "Right."

"Shit- sorry." Taehyung rubs furiously at his eyes. He’s feeling that familiar itch to be drunk, to take himself out of the world and forget that he’s a moron. "Ignore me. I’m so fucking high."

"I know."

"Jeongguk-"

"I know. Whatever."

They fall silent, both leaning against the wall and staring anywhere but at each other. Taehyung wants to say something about how Jeongguk isn’t allowed to pout like that when reminded of what happened a couple months ago. Taehyung’s not angry. He’s not. He just can’t do this.

"Jeongguk, listen-"

"Hyung, have you seen this meme?"

"Have I- what-?"

Taehyung’s head snaps up. Jeongguk still isn’t looking at him, but at least he doesn’t have that disappointed pull to his lips anymore, scrolling through the photos on his phone to find one picture in particular. Taehyung doesn’t understand it when he reads it.

"I don’t get it."

Jeongguk pouts. "You don’t fuck with the vision?"

"What."

Jeongguk laughs quietly, patting Taehyung’s hip with his free hand. "You’re like an old man."

"Literally fuck off."

"Nah. Do you recognize this one?"

Taehyung barely focuses on the image on Jeongguk’s phone before he’s looking away, glances back to the party to see that Yoongi had managed to corral Namjoon back to the couch. Jiae stands across
from the couch, giggling next to some guy from Taehyung’s photography class, trailing her finger
down his chest in a way Taehyung used to be painfully familiar with-

Wait.

Fuck.

“Jeongguk.”

He cuts off whatever meme Jeongguk was explaining, sees Jeongguk tilt his head from the corner of
his eye as he looks up from his phone. The guy across the room leans down to kiss Jiae’s neck, her
head falling to the side.

“What?”

“Jeongguk.”

“Yes? What-?”

Taehyung curls his hand into the front of Jeongguk’s shirt, pulling him close to crowd Taehyung’s
body against the wall and he kisses Jeongguk hard.

Standing shock still, it takes Jeongguk a long few seconds before the rigidity of his body eases, and
he reaches to hold Taehyung’s wrists as he kisses with fervor. His eyes fall shut, head tilting slightly
to deepen the kiss. Taehyung doesn’t shut his eyes- knows that he can’t risk it with her so fucking
close for the first time in months. He watches, Jeongguk whimpering lightly into his mouth, as Jiae
laughs and turns her head away, catching sight of Taehyung and Jeongguk against the wall.

Her smile doesn’t fall as she looks Taehyung up and down, and he doesn’t know if she recognizes
that it’s Jeongguk pressing Taehyung’s body into the wall but it doesn’t matter. Jiae snickers, as if it’s
all some kind of cruel joke that Taehyung has to settle for his unfaithful ex’s sloppy seconds.

She stands on her tiptoes to whisper something into the guy’s ear as Jeongguk finally breaks the kiss,
breathing heavily with his lips pressed to Taehyung’s jaw. The guy looks where Jiae must have
pointed and he laughs, too.

Taehyung feels sick.

“H-hyung?”

Jeongguk is already standing at the precipice of being wrecked, cheeks flushed and eyes wide.
Taehyung has half a mind to tell Jeongguk he’s a good kisser just to ease the awkward tension
settling like a thick cloud over their heads, but truth be told he can’t remember what it felt like.

“Want to grab us drinks, Jeongguk?”

Jeongguk smiles shyly. “Thought you weren’t drinking tonight.”

“Plans change.”

“I’ll be right back.” Jeongguk lets go of Taehyung’s wrists and disappears into the mass of student
bodies to head to the kitchen, looking over his shoulder until he turns a corner.

Jiae laughs loudly from across the room- cruel and high-pitched- and Taehyung knows that she’s
laughing at him.
If Jeongguk’s learned anything so far in university, it’s how to mix decent drinks with the shitty spread available at frat parties. He can trust the stuff at Hoseok’s frat, but here it’s anyone’s game. He doesn’t know what Taehyung likes to drink, but figures he can get away with mixing something he likes when Taehyung’s as high as he is.

Jeongguk can’t help his grin as he’s pouring some low shelf vodka into a solo cup, (curse Seokjin and his rants about the bar, Jeongguk doesn’t care about alcohol quality, he just wants to get wasted, thank you very much) lips still tingling from the kiss.

He’s wanted to kiss Taehyung for so long, since the club and the first time they fucked, but Taehyung had never shown the same desire. It has to be a good sign that Taehyung is starting to accept him, and maybe Jeongguk can sneak lots of kisses now that their first is out of the way. Maybe he can get Taehyung to kiss him during sex now, if they’re going to fuck again.

“This for me?”

Jimin tries to grab one of the cups out of Jeongguk’s hand as he’s making his way back to the main room. Jeongguk scowls, holding the cups high out of Jimin’s reach; knows the only reason Jimin isn’t kicking him in the shin for using his height is because he’d probably fall over if he tried. “I think you’ve had enough, hyung.”

“I’m perfectly fine, asshole.” He’s clearly not, swaying where he stands, and the bottle in his hand is mostly empty. “You don’t need two, anyway.”

“One’s not for me.”

Jimin narrows his eyes, all but slams the bottle onto the nearby countertop to free up his hands and place them on his own hips. He scrutinizes Jeongguk like his mother does whenever Jeongguk tries to lie about doing his laundry, except this is worse because Jeongguk once had a dream that Jimin fingered him.

“Why do you look so…” Jimin purses his lips. “Smiley?”

Jeongguk can’t help the grin that splits his features. “Mayhaps Taehyung hyung and I kissed.”

“‘Mayhaps’?” Jimin repeats, slurring something fierce. “What the fuck. Why are you a walking meme, who raised you.”

“Go home, Jiminie, you’re drunk.”

“I can’t. I lost Taehyungie.”

“He’s over here,” Jeongguk says, rolling his eyes. “Come with me.”

In the doorway to the kitchen, Jeongguk sees Taehyung where he left him not five minutes earlier, leaning heavily against a guy that Jeongguk doesn’t recognize. For a second he’s confused, until he sees the guy kissing at Taehyung’s jaw, and Taehyung slipping his hand into the back pocket of the stranger’s jeans.

He’s still standing in the same spot, hands cold with condensation, as Taehyung leads the guy toward the front door, both giggling quietly to themselves and pressing unsubtle kisses to each other’s neck or ear.

“Oh, I didn’t know Tae was hooking up with Bogum again,” Jimin says, using Jeongguk’s distracted state as an opportunity to steal one of the drinks. He sips it quickly. “That probably explains why
he’s been at Seokjin hyung’s apartment complex so much lately. Bogum lives on the same block."

Jeongguk thinks back, remembers when he left Yugeyoom’s place and ran into Taehyung on the wrong floor. He hadn’t thought anything of Taehyung’s excuse of taking the stairs. God, he was a fucking fool.

“Oh,” Jeongguk says. His voice sounds detached, hollow, to his own ears.

“This is a good drink,” Jimin says, finishing it off and taking the one in Jeongguk’s other hand. “Damn. Seokjin hyung should get you behind the bar.”

“Hyung, why does-?”

Jimin stumbles without taking a step, sloshing some of his drink onto his shirt. “If you’ll excuse me, Jeongguk, I’m going to be violently sick.”

He leaves for the nearest bathroom and Jeongguk crosses the room. He doesn’t want to call Seokjin, likely busy at the bar, anyway, so he stops in front of the couch, where Namjoon is asleep on Yoongi’s shoulder.

“Hey, Guk,” Yoongi says when he notices Jeongguk’s presence. His easy smile falls almost immediately. “What’s wrong?”

“Can you take me home, hyung? I can’t- I don’t want to bother Seokjin but I drank a little and-”

Yoongi stands up, letting Namjoon slump against the back of the couch, and draws Jeongguk’s shaking hands into his own. He doesn’t say anything for a long minute, trying to get Jeongguk to raise his gaze from the floor, but Jeongguk doesn’t concede. “It’s okay. You don’t have to explain anything to me. Help me get Joon into the car?”

“Yeah.”

When they make it to the car, Jeongguk swears from where he sits in the passenger seat that the figures kissing heatedly behind the bushes are awfully familiar.

________________________________________________________________________

“Hello?”

Taehyung sticks his head through a crack in the front door, even though he knows no one is home. Everyone’s either in class or working, but Taehyung made the executive decision to skip class and take a nap and could think of no better place than Seokjin’s apartment.

He eats the last of the takeout in the fridge, looks longingly at the top shelf whiskey Seokjin thinks he keeps hidden, and dives onto the couch for his well-deserved nap. With the TV on lightly in the background, Taehyung thinks he could stay here forever. And he’s planning on it, trying to come up with an excuse for why he broke in to tell Seokjin when the older finishes work. Maybe Seokjin won’t mind if Taehyung looks cute when he’s sleeping- who is he kidding? He’s always cute.

So when he hears a crash from further in the apartment, Taehyung startles back to awareness. For a split second, Taehyung thinks there has to be an intruder- after all, everyone else is out for the evening, and he can’t help the spike in his heart rate until Jeongguk comes stumbling out of his bedroom, cursing quietly.

“The fuck did you drop?”
Jeongguk jumps; head whipping up to find the source, hand on his heart until he spots Taehyung. “Holy shit- a little warning would have been nice.”

“I didn’t think anyone was here.”

“Me neither.”

“Funny how the world works.”

“I live here, asshole.”

“Good for you, got any snacks hidden?”

Jeongguk doesn’t answer, rolling his eyes as he steps fully out of the hallway to rummage around in the kitchen. Figuring Jeongguk will just head back into his room once he’s gotten whatever it is he’s looking for, Taehyung settles back on the couch to try and watch the movie. With a sigh, he slumps against the couch, knowing it’ll take a while for him to settle enough to sleep again.

But Jeongguk leaves the kitchen empty handed to stand at the other side of the couch. He takes one look at the movie, a look at Taehyung, and sets his jaw before he closes the distance in three big steps to settle himself on Taehyung’s lap.

Taehyung stiffens, body going rigid as he suddenly finds himself with a lap full of Jeongguk. He waits, hoping that this is all some lucid dream, but the weight doesn’t go away. Gritting his teeth, Taehyung fists the blanket on the couch and says, “What are you doing?”

“Hyung,” Jeongguk says, whines, and Taehyung hates the shiver that runs down his spine. He ducks his head, pressing the lightest of kisses to Taehyung’s throat, his hands on Taehyung’s shoulders. “Hyung, please.”

“Jeongguk-” Taehyung hisses as Jeongguk bites at a sensitive spot on his neck, hands coming up automatically to grip Jeongguk’s hips. “What are you doing?”

Pulling back, Jeongguk pouts, his lower lip jutting out and it’s so adorable that Taehyung feels the inexplicable urge to run. “I want you, hyung.”

“Jeongguk-”

“Please?” His hair falls into his eyes, hands moving from Taehyung’s shoulders to stroke idly across his chest. “I haven’t gotten off in a while.”

Taehyung bites his lip, sitting immobile beneath Jeongguk’s wandering hands. He wants to say yes-wants to push Jeongguk’s limits and see just how far they can go before Jeongguk breaks, before this gorgeous, lithe, lethal boy shatters in Taehyung’s palms. He’s shown before what he can handle when they’ve fucked in the past, but Taehyung wants more. And if Jeongguk wants more, too.

Swallowing the lump in his throat, Taehyung questions, “You’re sure?”

“Yes,” Jeongguk gasps, already grinding his crotch against Taehyung’s lap. He grips Taehyung’s jaw, turning his face up to press a hasty kiss to Taehyung’s lips, then another, and another. “Yes, please. Hyung- wanna- wanna be good.”

“I already know you can be good, baby.”

Jeongguk shakes his head, pout deepening as Taehyung gently weaves his fingers through
Jeongguk’s hair and pulls him back, away from kisses. “I wanna- hyung, need- need to- prove, hyung-.”

“Prove what, Jeongguk?”

Instead of answering, Jeongguk ducks his head to press sloppy, wet kisses to Taehyung’s neck and jaw, still grinding his hips down against Taehyung’s lap for any sort of friction. Taehyung snakes his hand beneath Jeongguk’s hoodie, stroking the soft skin of his back slowly and earning a shudder from Jeongguk. He tucks that information away for later.

“Hyung, please- can- can we, please-?”

“Hm.” Taehyung moves his other hand to the front of Jeongguk’s sweatpants, where his cock is already tenting the fabric, and grips his length harshly. Jeongguk’s entire body jolts, then sags lightly against Taehyung. “How about this, baby? I’ll get you off, but you don’t come until hyung tells you to.”

“Mnh.” Jeongguk pants against Taehyung’s neck, trying to grind into the tight hold Taehyung has on his cock. “M-Mean, hyung.”

“Oh, little one,” Taehyung whispers, grinning against the shell of Jeongguk’s ear. “You haven’t seen anything yet.”

“Tae-”

“Let’s go, get up,” Taehyung interrupts, pushing Jeongguk away at the same time that he stands up, making Jeongguk scramble not to fall on his ass as he walks deeper into the apartment. “I’m not fucking you here, come on. I don’t have all day.”

Taehyung hears Jeongguk follow him, footsteps rapid with enthusiasm. Once inside Jeongguk’s bedroom, Taehyung leans against the wall and gestures for Jeongguk to lie down. He does, squirming a little beneath Taehyung’s stare.

“Well?” Taehyung snaps, “What are you waiting for? Take your clothes off.”

With a small noise, Jeongguk quickly shucks off his hoodie and undershirt, but pauses as he’s hooking his thumbs into the waistband of his sweats. Taehyung quirks an eyebrow, arms crossed in front of his chest as Jeongguk hesitates, mouth opening and closing hurriedly.

“Hyung?”

“What?”

Jeongguk chews on his bottom lip, looking up at Taehyung through his messy fringe. “C-can you-? You, hyung, you do it? I-I’ve-”

Taehyung sighs, feels a mean thrill shoot down his spine at the way Jeongguk’s eyes widen in something akin to panic. “Pathetic,” Taehyung mutters, watching the flush that spreads quickly across Jeongguk’s cheeks. “Baby can’t even take off his own damn pants? Needs hyung to do all the work, huh?”

“No,” Jeongguk insists, attention rapt as Taehyung crosses the room. “No, I just-”

“Just what?”
“Ugh. You’ll see, Tae.”

“You’re awfully mouthy,” Taehyung says, gripping Jeongguk’s ankles to pull his body to the edge of the bed, close enough to reach his pants without moving much. Jeongguk immediately hooks his legs behind Taehyung’s waist. “Can’t you be good for once?”

Jeongguk hums, stretching his arms high above his head, accentuating his tiny waist, the flatness of his toned abs. “I seem to recall you telling me I was good.”

Taehyung aims a light slap at Jeongguk’s inner thigh and Jeongguk whimpers, cocky smirk falling instantly. “Guess you’ll have to prove it to me.”

“Y-Yeah. Yeah, I can do that.”

Pulling down Jeongguk’s sweats, Taehyung’s breath catches in his throat at the first sight of lace sitting prettily on his hips. Jeongguk props himself on his elbows, watching as Taehyung hurriedly tosses his sweatpants somewhere to be forgotten, staring solely at the red, lacy underwear that Jeongguk’s wearing, the color stunning against his tanned skin, his flat stomach.

Taehyung runs his palms up Jeongguk’s thighs, stopping just short of where Jeongguk’s hard cock strains the fabric, a wet spot darkening the front. The underwear is criminally short, the tip of Jeongguk’s cock peeking out, the little bow on the front so inviting.

“Baby- oh, oh-”

“Do you like it, hyung?” Jeongguk asks breathlessly.

As if entranced, Taehyung trails his nails ever so lightly over Jeongguk’s cock in the lace, knocking a moan from Jeongguk’s lips, his head falling back. His thighs strain where they’re wrapped around Taehyung’s waist, sensitive and squirming, and so fucking beautiful. Taehyung wants to take a picture, to keep this memory forever.

“You,” Taehyung swallows to clear his throat. “Were you that sure you’d get fucked?”

Jeongguk shakes his head, sighing lightly as Taehyung continues to stroke him off with gentle movements. “I- I like it. How it feels.”

“Cute.” Squirming happily, Jeongguk lets his body fall completely on the bed again, as Taehyung traces his fingers and palms over the smooth, hairless skin of Jeongguk’s thighs and covered cock. “Do you want any toys, baby?”

“I- I dunno.”

“Get on your hands and knees.”

Jeongguk whimpers quietly, unhooking his legs and turning over. He pushes himself up, presenting his smooth back and the supple curve of his ass to Taehyung, who kneels behind him on the bed and spreads his fingers over Jeongguk’s ass. Taehyung nips at the skin just below the panties, biting lightly at Jeongguk’s thigh and ass as Jeongguk squirms, panting and letting out quiet noises.

“H-hyung, please touch me,” Jeongguk whispers. “Please.”

“Here’s what I’m going to do,” Taehyung says, scratching his nails up Jeongguk’s back. “I’m going to eat you out, and then I’m going to fuck your thighs. And you’re not allowed to come, does that sound good?”
Whining loudly, Jeongguk arches his back. “I- I wanna come, too.”

“Thought you were going to be good for me, baby?”

“I am! I’m a good boy,” Jeongguk cries out, Taehyung winding an arm around his waist to flick idly at the swollen head of Jeongguk’s cock.

“Then prove it.” Taehyung moves away from Jeongguk to rifle through the side drawer, drawing out lube and a condom, and upon a moment’s contemplation he grabs something else and slips it into his pocket. “Spread your cheeks, baby.”

Jeongguk’s cheeks burn as he reaches behind himself, his upper body pressed flush to the mattress as he spreads his ass cheeks apart. Upon returning to the bed, Taehyung slips a finger beneath the fabric, moving the panties away from Jeongguk’s asshole, where a plug sits nestled between his cheeks.

“Holy shit,” Taehyung groans, arousal punching low in his gut. He wasn’t fully hard before, but now he’s straining in his slacks. Just knowing that Jeongguk—whom Taehyung had seen earlier during their Seokjin mandated walk between classes—had likely been wearing the lingerie and the plug was making his head spin. “A plug, baby? Someone’s eager.”

“Hn.” Jeongguk tries his best to look at Taehyung from the position he’s in, cheek smushed on the bed and drool dripping down his chin. “I like- like being full.”

“Such a slutty baby,” Taehyung hums, twisting the plug and watching with satisfaction as Jeongguk’s back tenses, as a moan spills from his lips. “Always need something in your tight little hole, huh?” Jeongguk moans again, trying to match the way Taehyung pulls the plug out slightly only to thrust it in deeply. “Answer me, Jeongguk.”

“Y-Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“M’a-” Jeongguk’s body arches as Taehyung presses the plug into his prostate, nudging relentlessly.

“Use your words, Jeongguk-ah. Or is that too difficult for you?” Taehyung shakes his head, tsk’ing lightly. “Can’t even speak?”

“Mnh, I’m- I’m a slutty baby,” Jeongguk whimpers, closing his eyes.

“I know you are.” Taehyung roughly shoves the plug against Jeongguk’s prostate again, reveling in the little squeak that escapes Jeongguk’s lips before he pulls it out completely, tossing it further up the bed. “Keep yourself spread for hyung, little one.”

Taehyung dips his thumb into Jeongguk’s hole, slick with lube and clenching with the loss of the plug. He leans down, licking over Jeongguk’s asshole and Jeongguk squeaks again, jumping a little as if he hadn’t expected the action. But Taehyung holds him still, running his tongue over Jeongguk’s ass, licking from his balls before dipping into Jeongguk’s hole.

And Jeongguk can’t stay quiet, breathy gasps and moans of Taehyung’s name tumbling as Taehyung licks into his hole. Jeongguk’s hands don’t slip, keeping himself open for Taehyung to fuck his tongue into, and Taehyung takes his time working Jeongguk up. He pushes his tongue in, only to pull it out and lick at Jeongguk’s rim as soon as Jeongguk tries to thrust against his face. Jeongguk only whines at that, squirming relentlessly as Taehyung eats him out like a man starved. Taehyung almost wishes he had Jeongguk on his back for this— he knows Jeongguk must look gorgeous like
“Ah- hyung,” Jeongguk sobs, trying to get Taehyung to fuck into him deeper with his tongue.  
“M’close, hn, I’m so close, hyung-”

Taehyung pulls back, Jeongguk immediately complaining, whining and begging Taehyung to continue. “Ah, ah. What did I tell you, baby?”

“You-” Jeongguk huffs, eyes screwed shut and skin slick with sweat beneath Taehyung’s palms. The panties, bunched to the side of Jeongguk’s ass, are wet with spit and lube, precum soaking the front. “You said, you said Gukie doesn’t come,” Jeongguk sniffles, lower lip trembling. “Until hyungie says so.”

“Good boy,” Taehyung praises, pressing one last kiss to Jeongguk’s asshole. “Hyung’s going to fuck your thighs now, okay?”

“Please.”

Taehyung grabs the lube again, slicking the inside of Jeongguk’s thighs as he kneels behind him. Jeongguk whines at the cold, at just how wet Taehyung is getting his entire body. On shaking arms, Jeongguk pushes himself up onto his forearms, cock straining in his panties.

Unzipping his slacks, Taehyung lets out a sigh as he tugs his cock out, jerking himself off slowly just for a little relief. Jeongguk presses his forehead onto his arm, body taut and smooth before Taehyung.

“Clench your thighs for me, baby. There you go, look so pretty like this.”

With a hand around his length, Taehyung guides himself between Jeongguk’s thighs, just below where the pretty red fabric rests. Jeongguk huffs, squeezing his thighs tightly, trying hard to be good for Taehyung. Taehyung starts off hesitantly, but at Jeongguk’s eager moans he lets his thrusts pick up speed, grinding against Jeongguk’s ass and between his cheeks, hips slapping against the swell of Jeongguk’s wet ass.

“Hng, ah- Tae, oh, Taehyung-”

“Feel good, baby?” Jeongguk nods, nibbling on the tip of his thumb as Taehyung fucks his thighs, the lewd squelch of the lube sounding loud amidst Jeongguk’s desperate moans. “Love it when hyung fucks you like this, huh? Uses you? Like a toy, a dirty toy?”

“Mnh- Taehyung-”

“A used toy, only good for being fucked, hm? Doesn’t matter how, baby just wants cock.”

Jeongguk cries out, cheeks burning red and hair sticking to his forehead with sweat. He tries to hide his face but Taehyung leans over his body, moving his hands further up the bed and forcing Jeongguk to stretch his body out more, arch his back more. Satisfied, Taehyung tightens his grip on Jeongguk’s waist, fingers nearly touching where they’re wrapped around Jeongguk, and fucks between his thighs that much harder.

Leaning down, Taehyung trails kisses and alternating bites to Jeongguk’s shoulder blades and lower back, keeping up his brutal rhythm as Jeongguk whines and moans, high-pitched and desperate.

Jeongguk sneaks a hand beneath his underwear, jerks himself off a few times before Taehyung slaps his hand away, curling his fingers around the base of Jeongguk’s cock, instead. “No touching,” Taehyung growls into his neck, feeling himself getting close. “Be a good boy, and maybe I’ll still let
you come."

Taehyung is still squeezing Jeongguk’s cock when his orgasm hits, his hips stilling where they’re flush against Jeongguk’s ass when he comes, spilling white onto the sheets and biting hard on Jeongguk’s neck.

Jeongguk’s body jolts and he whimpers when Taehyung pulls back with a noise of dissent. “What a mess, hm? Don’t you think you should come here and clean it?”

With shaky movements, Jeongguk turns himself around so he’s facing Taehyung, still resting most of his weight on his elbows. He looks positively wrecked, hair matted where he’d had his face shoved into the mattress, eyes blown wide and cheek wet with drool. His body still trembles, cock painfully red in his panties. Still, he wastes no time, licking the come from Taehyung’s soft cock, eyes closed in pleasure.

When he’s cleaned Taehyung’s cock enough, Taehyung tucks himself back into his slacks and helps Jeongguk to lie on his back again, idly stroking his fingers along Jeongguk’s thigh but ignoring where he’s most sensitive, where he’s aching to be touched.

“Gukie now?” Jeongguk asks, eyes wide and wet. “Gukie gets to come?”

“No so fast, Guk.” Jeongguk whimpers, shoulders hunching slightly. Taehyung snaps the band of the panties against his hip. “You touched yourself without permission, good boys don’t do that.”

“M’sorry, hyung,” Jeongguk rambles desperately, fat tears rolling slowly down his cheeks. Taehyung coos, wiping them away with the pad of his thumb. “Gukie didn’t mean to. M-my cock, hyungie, it hurts.”

“Oh, this little thing?” Taehyung cups Jeongguk’s cock through the fabric of his underwear, his legs kicking out as Taehyung squeezes. “Poor baby, it hurts?”

“Yes, hyung.”

Taehyung hums, dipping his hand beneath the lace to jerk Jeongguk off slowly, digging his thumb into the slit. “And you’re close to coming?”

Sniffling, Jeongguk nods, his hips twitching slightly off the bed. “S’close.”

“Will this help?”

Reaching into his pocket, Taehyung retrieves the cock ring he’d stashed there earlier and quickly moves his hand beneath Jeongguk’s panties to fasten it at the base of Jeongguk’s cock. Jeongguk, when he realizes what’s happened, lets out a wail so desperate that he tears up again, furiously shaking his head.

“Hng.” Jeongguk pouts fiercely, but when it becomes clear that Taehyung isn’t going to remove the cock ring anytime soon he tries to force himself to relax, tension easing from his shoulders ever so slightly. “Can- can you, hyung? Please-”
“Can I what?” Taehyung rubs his thumb along the back of Jeongguk’s hand. “Ask properly.” Jeongguk turns his head and whispers something against Taehyung’s cheek, voice quiet and meek, tentative as he voices a request. Taehyung’s eyes go wide and he pulls back, staring at Jeongguk in awe. Cheeks bright red, Jeongguk squirms in embarrassment as Taehyung hovers above him. “You want that? Really?”

Jeongguk whimpers lightly, and nods. “I-If you want it, hyung.”

“Yeah. Yeah, fuck- I can do that.”

“Really?” Jeongguk asks, sucking his bottom lip between his teeth. “You can?”

“Of course,” Taehyung murmurs, dipping his head to nip at the sweaty skin at the base of Jeongguk’s neck. Jeongguk lets out a happy sigh, wriggling beneath Taehyung, his hard cock dragging against Taehyung’s abdomen. He almost snickers as he bites along Jeongguk’s neck; Taehyung can’t wait to ruin him. “Get on the floor, baby.”

Jeongguk groans, folding his hands over Taehyung’s hips to keep him close. “Why the floor?”

“Can’t do what you want like this, can we? Come on, I won’t ask again.”

Jeongguk is quick to comply, letting Taehyung stand before he’s hurrying off the bed, hooking his thumbs into the waistband of his panties before looking curiously at Taehyung, who only shakes his head. He brings out a sleep mat from under his bed, kicking clothes out of the way as Taehyung watches, leaning against the wall, until he’s satisfied, glancing at Taehyung once more before he lies down, cheeks flushed.

For a long few moments, Taehyung doesn’t move. Instead, he lets the silence settle over the room, takes the time to observe Jeongguk’s body, stretched out on the floor and shaking in anticipation of the touch to follow. His cock stays hard, tenting the front of his panties, his legs opening and closing as he waits, chest heaving with slow, unsteady breaths. Jeongguk keeps looking up at Taehyung and then looking away, chewing on his bottom lip, his hair mussed and chest red where Taehyung has already marked it up.

He looks breathtaking.

Taehyung wants to ruin him.


“Hn, Tae- please-”

Toeing off one of his shoes, Taehyung slowly, slowly, closes the distance between them, until he stands a hair’s breadth away from Jeongguk. He kneels down, pinching one of Jeongguk’s nipples between his fingers. At the sudden stimulation, Jeongguk jerks, whimpering as Taehyung works the bud relentlessly, eyes fluttering.

“Don’t close your eyes,” Taehyung says. He complies immediately, eyes watering already as Taehyung moves his hand to stroke the base of Jeongguk’s neck, tilting his chin to force Jeongguk to look at him. “You may touch your chest, but nothing lower. If you close your legs, I stop. Understand, baby boy?”

“Hng, y-yes. Yes.”
“Good boy.”

Taehyung stands, hands in his pockets as Jeongguk watches his every move, breath caught in his throat. He stutters out an exhale as Taehyung nudges his foot onto Jeongguk’s abdomen, stroking along the toned divots of his abs, to the sharp curve of his hipbone, and back. He doesn’t do much else to start, simply running his foot over Jeongguk’s belly, but it seems to do the trick already. Jeongguk bites hard on his lip, gaze focused solely on Taehyung’s foot, waiting, anticipating what he knows is coming.

“I-Hyung, please-” Jeongguk sighs, squirming relentlessly beneath Taehyung’s foot, but Taehyung doesn’t do more than nudge the waistband of Jeongguk’s panties with his toe before retreating to his belly again. “Please-”

“Is this not good enough for you?” Taehyung grins, digging his toe against Jeongguk’s nipple and reveling in the choked, wet gasp that falls from Jeongguk’s lips. “What a little slut. Just wants to be used, wants to be stepped on and FUCKED like a bitch, right?”

Jeongguk only nods, moans getting louder as Taehyung steps on him harder, digs his foot into his ribs, his hip bones, stroking down to his thigh and ignoring where his cock strains his underwear. The remote to the cock ring sits heavy in Taehyung’s pocket, but he waits. From the way Jeongguk struggles to stay still, the way his shoulders rise from the floor and his hips kick up into nothing, Taehyung might not even need it.

“T-Tae, oh my god, hn-” Jeongguk pants, struggling to keep his legs spread as Taehyung gets closer and closer to his cock. “Tae-”

Taehyung trails his foot to Jeongguk’s cock and presses, applying enough pressure to get Jeongguk to sob, thighs tensing as his hips try to rock into the touch. He pulls away soon enough, going back to running his foot over Jeongguk’s heaving abs.

Jeongguk pinches his nipples between his fingers, eyes watery and glassy where he stares reverently at Taehyung’s foot. So gone already.

“Doing so well, baby,” Taehyung murmurs. “So pretty. You like it when hyung steps on your little cock, hm?”

Before Jeongguk can answer, Taehyung shoves his foot beneath the tight waistband of his panties and ruthlessly moves his foot over Jeongguk’s cock, wanton moans and sharp cries spilling as Jeongguk writhes, torn between thrusting into the touch and getting away. His body tenses, locking up, thighs quivering as he gasps and babbles, begging for more that Taehyung almost feels bad when he takes his foot away again.

Almost.

“More,” Jeongguk gasps, tears leaking down his cheeks now. His cock is so hard beneath Taehyung’s foot where Taehyung lightly trails over his length, jerking and spilling precum with every touch. “Please, oh god-”

Taehyung clicks his tongue, can’t get enough of this picture: standing above Jeongguk; strong, confident Jeongguk- reduced to tears, and begging Taehyung to step on his cock until he comes. And Taehyung, still fully dressed, continues to feign disinterest, expression distant and hands in his pockets, as if Jeongguk isn’t even worth his foot.

So he tells Jeongguk as much.
“Begging already, hm?” Taehyung steps harshly against the divot of Jeongguk’s pelvis, earning a strangled moan. “Pathetic. You should be thanking me. Hyung’s being so nice, doing what you asked, and it still isn’t enough?”

“Mnh, hah, please- ah-”

Jeongguk grips his own hair, losing himself completely and surrendering control entirely to Taehyung, letting Taehyung do as he pleases, step where he wants, use him however Taehyung wants. He whines, hips thrusting up into nothing, Taehyung shoving him back down harshly against the mat each time he steps on Jeongguk’s hip, his abs, his leaking cock.

“Tell hyung how it feels, little one.”

“S’so- mnh, hn- hyung, oh- Tae-”

“Now, now.” Taehyung thumbs at the remote as he applies more pressure to Jeongguk’s cock with the heel of his foot. “Come on, baby, can’t you tell me? Or are you too dumb, can’t even answer a simple question? Only good for lying on your back, begging like a whore?”

“I can’t,” Jeongguk sobs out, his entire body jerking as Taehyung nudges his toe against the tip of his cock, almost lazily. He brings two fingers to his mouth, sucking on them desperately, drooling around them as he attempts to speak. His entire lower chest is flushed red from where Taehyung’s applied the most pressure. “G-Gukie can’t, too- too much- too good, oh-”

“Dumb slut,” Taehyung growls, stepping the hardest yet on Jeongguk’s cock. “Can’t do more than moan, all because hyung’s stepping on your little cock.”

Jeongguk cries out, body tense as more tears slip down his cheeks while Taehyung keeps stepping, presses harder, longer, until his back is arching and he’s coming dry, the ring on the base of his cock preventing him from releasing properly. He sniffles, dropping one hand to grip Taehyung’s ankle tightly, to try and get what he wants. Taehyung moves his foot away entirely.

“No,” Jeongguk gasps, scraping his nails lightly against Taehyung’s ankle, trying to get that pressure back. He’s still hard, precum soaking the bottom divots of his abs, and though his cheeks are stained with tears and his hair is knotted, he begs Taehyung for more, cries for it. “H-hyung, please, please- Gukie- Gukie will be so good, so good- please-”

“What do you want?” Taehyung asks, kneeling down again. He gently coaxes Jeongguk’s fingers from his mouth, doesn’t want him to bite them too harshly.

“Hn, you- you know, hyungie- please, Gukie wants-”

“Say it,” Taehyung urges, stroking his fingers through Jeongguk’s hair. “Hyung wants to hear you, baby.”

Jeongguk whines, pitifully, sniffles again as Taehyung does a poor job of wiping away his tears. His eyes are unfocused, shiny and wide. “P-please step on me.”

“Where?”

“Hah,” Jeongguk jolts, taken aback by the sudden way Taehyung pinches one of his nipples. “Hy-hyungie’s being mean.”

Taehyung only grins, twisting the nipple cruelly. “You still haven’t told me what you want, hm? Are you done already? So weak- can’t even last long enough to get something in your ass?”
“No!” Jeongguk grabs Taehyung’s wrist, as if terrified he’ll move and stop touching Jeongguk completely. “No- Gukie- Gukie can do it.”

“Then tell me-” Taehyung squeezes both his nipples at once, using the hold to keep Jeongguk from arching off the mat. “What the dumb slut wants.”

“Mn- step… step on my- on Gukie- Gukie’s-”

“Step on Gukie’s what?”

“M’cock! Please step on Gukie’s little cock!”

“This useless thing?” Taehyung taunts, sliding his palm down the ridges of Jeongguk’s chest to cup his length through the panties. Jeongguk’s hips kick, and he chokes out another wrecked moan. “Such a pathetic little cock, how could you even pleasure anyone with this? How could anyone choose this?”

“P-please?”

Taehyung clicks his tongue, idly rubbing the tip of Jeongguk’s cock. “A pathetic cock for a pathetic slut, hm? Want hyung to step right here?”

“Y-yes.”

Slipping his hand back in his pocket, Taehyung removes the pressure from Jeongguk’s cock at the same time he hits a button on the remote, the cock ring vibrating at one of its lowest levels. It takes Jeongguk a few good seconds to realize, his eyes going wide, hips jerking as he tries to move away from the onslaught of pleasure, but it’s no use.

“Be a good boy.”

“Hn- ah- h-hyung, too much- mnh- wanna, wanna come, please!” Jeongguk chokes on a moan as Taehyung ups the vibrations, slipping his foot back onto Jeongguk’s lower belly and immediately going back to stepping on his cock. Jeongguk wails, throwing his head back, and though he makes good on his promise not to close his eyes, his legs clamp up while he squirms. “Please, Tae- hyung- hurts, need-”

Taehyung stops moving his foot, watching the confusion cloud Jeongguk’s expression. “What did I say, Jeongguk?”

Jeongguk whimpers, tilting his head as he struggles to recall what it is Taehyung is asking of him. “Hn- hyung said- be… be good?”

“Close,” Taehyung snickers, cranking the vibrations up higher. Jeongguk cries out desperately, but the pressure Taehyung applies to his dick leaves no room for Jeongguk to move, forced to lie there and take it. “Earlier, baby. What did hyung say?”

“I- I don’t-”

“You don’t remember?” Jeongguk shakes his head, sucking the tip of his thumb into his mouth and chewing nervously. “Dumb slut can’t remember a simple request?”

“M’sorry,” Jeongguk gasps, reaching blindly for Taehyung’s ankle with his free hand. His cock jerks beneath Taehyung’s foot. “S-sorry, hyung- don’t- Gukie can’t-”
“Pathetic. I said,” Taehyung yanks Jeongguk’s legs apart, moving them until his thighs strain, his lip quivers. “Don’t close your fucking legs.”

“M’sorry, sorry- I- hng- Gukie won’t- won’t do it again-”

“This is supposed to be a punishment.” Taehyung steps harder, moves his foot swiftly over Jeongguk’s dick, the boy whining and twisting relentlessly beneath him. “But you- you’re enjoying it too much, aren’t you? Such a slut, only deserve to be stepped on. Your little cock can’t do anything else, hm? Only good for this-”

Jeongguk’s back arches off the mat, abs clenching as he moans desperately, squeezing Taehyung’s ankle so tightly that Taehyung hisses, the sting of Jeongguk’s nails breaking his skin. He comes again, dry and longer this time, a pitiful wail falling from his lips as he cries, babbling and begging Taehyung to let him come properly, little pleasepleaseplease’s spilling while he chews on his thumb. His eyes, rimmed red, stare unblinkingly at Taehyung as he begs and sobs.

Clicking off the vibrations, Taehyung kneels at Jeongguk’s side again, resting his chin on his palm as if bored. “Came without permission again, I see.”

Jeongguk only shakes his head, his entire body trembling beneath the lazy hand Taehyung uses to stroke over his chest. “M- mnh, Gu-Gukie’s sorry- hyung-”

“You want to come?”

Jeongguk whimpers, sniffing. “Y-yes, p-please. Gukie’s been so good.”

“We’ll see about that,” Taehyung says. He takes Jeongguk’s hands, carefully helping him off of the floor and onto shaky feet. His cock is positively hurting now, and he holds his hands awkwardly in front of him as Taehyung strips himself out of his slacks and sweater, tossing his boxers away before he sits on the edge of the bed, looking up at Jeongguk expectantly. “Ride me, baby.”

“K-‘kay.”

Jeongguk’s legs quiver as he straddles Taehyung’s lap, Taehyung’s hands immediately finding his hips, running over the smooth skin of Jeongguk’s back and thighs. Hesitantly, Jeongguk wraps his fingers around Taehyung’s hard cock and Taehyung sighs, tipping his head back. After not touching himself for so long, holding off to focus on stepping on Jeongguk’s dick, the contact rips a moan from Taehyung’s lungs.

Reaching behind himself, Taehyung feels around the bed for the lube and condom he’d grabbed earlier. He slicks up his fingers, pressing two to Jeongguk’s hole, still slick with lube and spit from earlier that the slight stretch is easy, Jeongguk sighing into Taehyung’s neck, sitting up so Taehyung can reach properly.

“Feel good, little one?” Taehyung murmurs, pushing a third finger in and scissoring. He drags his fingers over Jeongguk’s prostate, but Jeongguk has little energy to do much more than shiver on Taehyung’s lap, moaning quietly.

“S’so good, hyungie- mn- hah-”

“Such a good boy, took your punishment so well. You wanna get fucked? Want hyung to fuck your tight little ass?”

Jeongguk’s nails dig into Taehyung’s back when he squeezes harder, breath catching. “P-please, Gukie- wants so bad.”
Taehyung struggles with the condom with the way Jeongguk clings to him but he finally manages to roll it over his length, slicking himself up with the excess lube. He taps Jeongguk’s hip. “Up.”

On unsteady legs, Jeongguk lets Taehyung’s hold on his hip and ass be the guide as he sinks down on Taehyung’s cock, the panties simply pushed out of the way; moaning filthily in Taehyung’s ear as he does. He goes slow until Taehyung forces him to bottom out, feeling a little mean at the way Jeongguk’s voice catches on a piteous whine. It takes Jeongguk a few seconds to adjust, his eyes hazy as he pulls his face away from Taehyung’s neck to focus properly on riding Taehyung, his bottom lip pulled between his teeth.

His movements are shaky, pulling off Taehyung’s cock to drop down heavily and he moans, mouth falling open. Taehyung keeps his hands on Jeongguk’s waist, urging him to move faster, take Taehyung deeper.

“You feel so good, baby,” Taehyung murmurs, nipping at the shell of Jeongguk’s ear. “Take hyung so well.”

“Mnh- hh-” Jeongguk’s pace falters, but he digs his nails into Taehyung’s shoulders and steels himself, pushing himself to fuck down on Taehyung’s cock harder. “S’close,” Jeongguk pants, whining loudly as Taehyung hits his prostate, angles his hips to hit it every time. “Hyung- m’so close, please, please let Gukie come, please-”

Taehyung hums, twisting his fingers into Jeongguk’s hair and tugging the boy away from his neck. His cheeks shine with tears, drool collecting at the corner of his mouth, and he struggles to meet Taehyung’s gaze, so fucking gone all he can focus on is moving his hips, chasing his release.

“Baby wants to come?” Taehyung raises an eyebrow. Jeongguk only nodding desperately. He moves his hand from Jeongguk’s hair, settling it around Jeongguk’s throat instead. His hips kick at the way Jeongguk tries to chase his fingers, tries to suck them into his mouth. “Then come.”

“Hn- I can’t,” Jeongguk sobs, tries to drop his head but Taehyung’s hold keeps him up.

“You can’t? Why not?”

“T-the ring, hyungie-” Jeongguk cries out as Taehyung thrusts up into him harshly, keeps going when Jeongguk’s hips still and he can’t do much more than slump and take everything that Taehyung gives him.

It’s mean, but Taehyung simply squeezes Jeongguk’s throat, his voice cutting off as his air is restricted. When Taehyung lets go, Jeongguk moans loudly, voice high-pitched and wrecked, and he scrambles to grab Taehyung’s wrist, wordlessly asking for more, to be choked again.

So Taehyung complies.

He squeezes Jeongguk’s neck until he can barely get a sound out, until fresh tears are streaming down his face and he’s forgotten entirely about riding Taehyung. In concern, Taehyung quickly removes his hand, but Jeongguk immediately shakes his head, pulls Taehyung’s hand back with a broken whine.

“What ring?” Taehyung asks, letting up the pressure so Jeongguk can breathe properly, but keeps his hand at the base of Jeongguk’s throat as a reminder.

“Hurts- Tae- please- the ring-”

Taehyung wipes the drool from Jeongguk’s chin, pushing his finger into Jeongguk’s mouth for him
to suck on. “What about it?”

“Let Gukie come, please- Tae- *hn*- God- *please!”

“Should I?”
Jeongguk wails, trying desperately to fuck down on Taehyung, clenching around Taehyung’s cock.

“Please, daddy!”

“*Fuck-*” Taehyung snarls, yanking the ring off Jeongguk’s cock and jerking him off quickly, until Jeongguk collapses against Taehyung, moaning against his neck. Taehyung growls into Jeongguk’s ear, “Come. Come for daddy, you little *slut-*."

Jeongguk’s entire body locks up as he comes, crying out Taehyung’s name and scrambling for a hold on his back. He’s sobbing, sniffing and crying as he keeps coming, spilling white between their chests, staining his panties as Taehyung grabs his hips and fucks him through it, thrusting up into his limp body harshly.

“Y-you, too,” Jeongguk whimpers, voice shot. “Gukie- want, want Taetae to come, too-”

“Shit, baby- you’re- so good, oh-”

Taehyung comes hard, buried to the hilt in Jeongguk’s clenched ass as he spills into the condom, biting hard on Jeongguk’s neck as he thrusts weakly through the aftershocks. Jeongguk snivels, body lying heavily on Taehyung’s as he comes down from his high, chest heaving.

Catching his own breath, Taehyung runs his fingers through Jeongguk’s sweaty hair, squeezing his hip gently. “Can you move, baby?” Jeongguk shakes his head. “That’s okay.”

He loses track of how long they stay like that, Jeongguk with his face hidden in Taehyung’s neck, breathing slowly evening out. Taehyung’s gone soft, and it’s getting uncomfortable, cock still nestled in Jeongguk’s ass, but he doesn’t move yet, lets Jeongguk take as long as he needs before he’s starting to shiver.

“T-Tae?”

Taehyung shushes him as Jeongguk makes a noise of confusion. He gently urges Jeongguk to sit up before guiding him to lie on the bed, grimacing as Jeongguk pulls off from his soft cock. He ties off the condom, tossing it in the general direction of the trash before turning back to Jeongguk, who’d settled with his face in the comforter. Taehyung sits, legs crossed, and pulls Jeongguk’s head into his lap, stroking his fingers through Jeongguk’s hair.

“There you are,” Taehyung murmurs, as Jeongguk’s blinking his eyes open. “Did so good, baby.”

“G-Gukie was good?”

“So good.”

Jeongguk pauses. “The best?”

“The best baby,” Taehyung agrees, scratching lightly behind Jeongguk’s ear. “Can hyung clean you up?”

“Ugh.”
Jeongguk rolls onto his back, lets Taehyung tug the soiled panties down his legs, clean the cum from his chest and lube from his thighs. Taehyung gets dressed quickly, yanking on his slacks and sweater before crawling back onto the bed. Jeongguk waits for only a second before he moves his head back to Taehyung’s lap.

“The panties were a nice touch,” Taehyung says quietly, tracing his fingers over the slope of Jeongguk’s nose.

Jeongguk’s lips quirk into a smile. “They feel nice.”

“Look nice, too.”

Jeongguk hums. “My dick isn’t little, you asshole.”

Taehyung laughs, pinching Jeongguk’s cheeks fondly. Jeongguk sighs, snuggling up against Taehyung’s thigh. It’s a struggle to reach the water bottle discarded by the pillows but Taehyung manages, handing it to Jeongguk before he leans off the edge of the bed to grab the first blanket he sees, draping it over Jeongguk’s body and tucking the edges.

“Hey-”

“Can you call me that again?”

Jeongguk blinks up at him, tilting his head back as Taehyung uses his sleeve to wipe the mess of tears and snot from his cheek. “Call you what?”

“L-little one.”

“Hm.” Taehyung smiles, squeezes Jeongguk’s shoulder under the blanket. “Did so good, little one.” Jeongguk hides his smile against Taehyung’s thigh. “Hey. I have a question.”

“What’s up?”

“I’m curious. Do you ever top?”

Jeongguk hums, whines a little when Taehyung stops playing with his hair until Taehyung continues. He whispers to Taehyung’s leg as he speaks. “N-not really. Not anymore. My ex only ever bottomed, so I’d fuck him, but he… he had problems with me, uh, asking to be praised. He told me- he said, “I’m the one with the dick up my ass, why should I praise you?””

“What a fucking asshole.”

“Yeah,” Jeongguk chuckles, weakly. “We were together almost a year. He wasn’t big on cuddling, either, so after he finished he’d leave me alone.”

“What the fuck?” Taehyung hisses, angry at this jerk from Jeongguk’s past. “I hope you shattered his heart.”

“He-uh, he ended things, but it doesn’t matter. It’s over and I bottom with boys now. Why do you ask?”

“Oh, uh. It’s just been a long time since I’ve been fucked,” Taehyung says quietly. “The offer is on the table, if you ever feel up to topping again.”

Jeongguk’s eyes go wide. “You’d let me fuck you, hyung?”
Taehyung shrugs, looking away from Jeongguk’s deep, expressive eyes. “Probably.”

“Holy shit.”

“Don’t get too excited, I can always change my mind.”

“Whatever.”

“I- I should probably get going.” Taehyung says. Jeongguk’s been close to falling asleep on his lap for a while now and he doesn’t know how much longer he can stay here, lulled to a relaxing warmth with the golden boy looking at him like… like he means something. “The grind never stops.”

“Sure,” Jeongguk is saying, as Taehyung gently moves his head and steps off the bed. “See you later?”

“Yeah. Sure.”

Taehyung all but runs out of the apartment, thanking his lucky stars that none of their other friends had come by. He doesn’t know how to explain the sudden increase in his heart rate, or the way his eyes pinch with the impending onslaught of tears. Taehyung can’t explain why he doesn’t stop running even as he leaves the building, runs across campus, runs until he can’t think anymore.

Later, Taehyung sits on the floor of the bathroom, long after the steam from his shower has dissipated. His mind is still a mess, but he grabs his phone out of the pocket of his pants, and ignores all notifications to pull up a specific message thread.

To: mini soulmate [9:41pm]
oh no

To: mini soulmate [9:42pm]
oh no oh no oh no

From: mini soulmate [9:42pm]
what’s wrong
where are you
Tae
what

To: mini soulmate [9:45pm]
oh no
he’s cute

Chapter End Notes

If you're having fic troubles I feel bad for you son, I got 99 problems but more people writing and appreciating bottom/baby boy jeongguk and not writing taehyung as a grossly over feminized shell of his true personality ain't one.

I promise you the last 2 chapters won’t be this long.

+twitter
+ccat
Chapter Summary

Rule #4: Don't screw things up.

Chapter Notes

I fucking lied man I said this chapter wouldn't be as long and it's longer.

-> important updates in the tags!
-> in the last smut scene there's something that may be potentially uncomfortable for some readers, kind of like accidental overstimulation so you may want to skip if you're not okay with that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Well.”

Jeongguk startles but he doesn’t look up, stroking behind the kitty’s ear. He’d finally gotten one of the small cats at the café to fall asleep in his lap, and he wouldn’t let Yoongi ruin this for him. Even if Yoongi was snickering where he’s untying his shoes and trading them for slippers. Jeongguk sees Yoongi going for his phone as he orders an Americano, and scowls.

“Go away if you’re just going to be mean,” Jeongguk grumbles, cooing a little at the way the kitty snuggles into his hand.

“I’m not being mean,” Yoongi says, thanking the owner as she brings his drink. “Just never thought I’d see the self-proclaimed emo sitting here petting kittens.”

“Chen likes having his ears scratched.”

Yoongi snaps a few blackmail photos. “Chen? You named them?”

Jeongguk shakes his head, and points with his free hand to the pictures tacked up on the wall above the cubby with toys. “They’re all named after EXO members. The females have normal names.”

“Our society is a slave to capitalism.”

“What the fuck, hyung?”

A couple of the more excitable cats come up to where Yoongi is standing and judging Jeongguk wholeheartedly. They sniff and paw at Yoongi’s feet, grab a toy and nudge Jeongguk’s free hand with it. With a sigh, Yoongi sits across from Jeongguk and lets one of the cats scratch at the hole in his jeans.

Jeongguk feels a little odd, sitting in the corner with Yoongi and surrounded by a few cats. The one in Jeongguk’s lap purrs happily, another curling up on the bed near Yoongi. Yoongi halfheartedly
trails a toy across the floor, sipping his coffee. Jeongguk had really only ever come here on his own, the small cat café nestled between shops and restaurants just a few subway stops away from the university. He comes here often, had fallen hard for the cats the first time he found this place, seeking shelter from a rainstorm while he and Seokjin were shopping to furnish Seokjin’s apartment. He comes when he needs a break, or just wants to cuddle with some cats without judgment, so much so that the elderly woman who runs the café knows his drink order, and anticipates his appearance at least once a week.

He doesn’t really want Yoongi to be here, taking pictures of him petting cats before slipping his phone away, but he’s been alone here for most of the day. The few other people who stopped by had left after a couple hours. He won’t ask Yoongi to leave.

“You want another drink?” Yoongi asks, eyeing Jeongguk’s empty lemonade on a nearby table.

“I’m good,” Jeongguk says, his lips falling into a pout as the cat in his lap stand up, stretches, and slinks over to a free bed. He turns his attention to Sehun, who’s been nosing at his palm. “How’d you know I was here?”

“Seokjin hyung told me.”

“Traitor.”

“He’s worried, you know.”

Jeongguk sighs, leaning down to bury his face in the cat’s belly. Seokjin’s been pulling this shit for the past few days, trying to get Jeongguk to open up about the last few weeks, but Jeongguk didn’t see a reason to. His hookups weren’t anyone else’s concern. Even if that someone else cooked most of his meals and let him drink on slow nights at the bar.

“I know,” Jeongguk sighs again. “He’s not very subtle.”

“Listen, Jeongguk-”

“Can we not, please?” Jeongguk holds the cat up below his chin, offering his best pout. “I’m a grown ass man, I can have sex with whoever I want.”

“First of all, you’re an overgrown child.” Yoongi pets beneath the cats chin, and then tickles Jeongguk’s chin, smiling fondly. “Second, I don’t give a shit about your sex life. But Seokjin asked me to check in on you. I said no, but then he told Namjoon to withhold sex until I did, so.”

Jeongguk wrinkles his nose. “At least take me to dinner before you start talking about your sex life.”

“Nah.”

“Ugh.”

“So.”

“So?” Jeongguk doesn’t want to look up, knows that Yoongi is probably staring at him like he’s still a child becoming sexually adventurous for the first time.

“You like Taehyung?”

“Yeah? He lets me call him hyung now, I think he’s finally accepting me as a friend.”

Yoongi hums, leaning away to put his empty cup on a table. “You know that’s not what I mean.”
Jeongguk rolls his eyes. “I don’t have a crush on Taehyung.”

“Okay.”

That catches Jeongguk off guard. He pauses, his hand hovering over another cat’s head as he glances at Yoongi suspiciously. Seokjin hasn’t been the only one teasing Jeongguk about this stuff lately. Ever since Jeongguk’s slip up at lunch more than a week ago, (he still can’t sleep some nights because of it, embarrassed as hell that he’d blurted it out in front of his friends before even bringing up the topic with Taehyung), Hoseok has taken to pinching his cheeks and cooing, Jimin pretends to gag when he walks in the room. The worst, though, is Namjoon sitting down across from Taehyung during dinner and asking if he was ready to become a father.

Yoongi, however, looked completely disinterested. One of the cats had weaseled their way into Yoongi’s lap and he looked so fond, stroking the cat’s fur. Jeongguk doesn’t trust the calm.

“Okay?” Jeongguk repeats, disbelievingly. “That’s all you have to say?”

Yoongi raises an eyebrow. “You said you’re not interested in Taehyung romantically. I assume that means you just want his tongue in your ass. Isn’t that the end of the story?”

“It is. It is the end of the story.”

“Okay.”

“Stop saying that.”

“Okay?” Yoongi tilts his head. “I’m not doing anything, Guk.”

“Well, that was a fucking lie.”

Yoongi laughs, settling into a rhythm of stroking his palm along the cat’s belly. Jeongguk glares at him for another few minutes before turning his attention back to the cat trying to catch the toy mouse Jeongguk tosses between his hands. It’s quiet and it’s comfortable, Jeongguk doesn’t feel the pressure to always be his best around Yoongi. Not since he worked on a project with Yoongi’s help and witnessed him sleep deprived, surviving on coffee, with hair so greasy Jeongguk joked he must’ve cooked a burger on his head. (He got kicked in the shin for that one. He deserved it.)

“Jeongguk-”

“Knew it.”

“Don’t look so fucking smug.” Yoongi throws a chew toy, wet with slobber, at Jeongguk’s cheek. “I want to get fucked tonight. Which apparently means adhering to all of Seokjin hyung’s rules.”

“Does no one find issue with how involved my cousin is trying to be in my sex life?”

Yoongi rolls his eyes. “He doesn’t care what sex you have, he just wants you to be safe-”

“I know how to use a condom, hyung.”

“Shut up. Let me speak.”

Jeongguk pouts, shoulders slouching. He doesn’t look at Yoongi, knows he must look pretty disappointed, instead he focuses on the cat on his lap, the way he purrs and arches in Jeongguk’s lap. Yoongi’s managed to scare away his own cat, and the one he reaches over to pet hisses at him. Jeongguk lets himself feel a little smug at that.
Still, he thinks he’s expecting what Yoongi’s going to bring up next. He and Seokjin must be talking a lot if they’ve resorted to tag teaming Jeongguk about relationships. He doesn’t get it, truly. After telling Seokjin he wasn’t looking for or expecting a relationship with Taehyung, Jeongguk had hoped the conversations would end there. Maybe, if he and Taehyung kept up with the sex, they’d eventually tell their friends. Maybe Jimin wouldn’t be so weirded out about the threesome dream Jeongguk had, and things would be good. So he doesn’t understand why everyone is trying to make more out of it.

“So.” Yoongi’s grin is a little smarmy when Jeongguk looks up. “A daddy kink, huh?”

Jeongguk feels his cheeks burn, and he sends Yoongi the meanest glare he can muster. “If you’re only going to blow me shit about that, go away-”

“I’m not, I promise. I just couldn’t resist, but I get it.”

Jeongguk tilts his head, the cat purring in discontent when he gets distracted from petting. “What do you mean?”

“Tae and I fucked once in high school. Bitch, when I tell you I saw stars-”

“Who in your friend group hasn’t fucked?” Jeongguk mutters, trying to chase away the visual of Yoongi, in his last year of high school, getting his dick sucked by the same guy who stepped on Jeongguk’s dick so good he cried.

Yoongi pauses, genuinely taking a few minutes to think about it. “Taehyung and Seokjin haven’t done anything, Namjoon and Hoseok used to fuck before Namjoon and I got together. Hoseok was already sleeping with Jimin by that time, so no big loss there. I walked in on Hoseok jerking Tae off once, couldn’t sleep for a week. And I think Seokjin and Jimin drunk kissed on Halloween a couple years ago. Oh, and Jimin and Taehyung fucked exclusively through high school, I don’t know if they’ve picked that up again.”

“Is… is the apartment a goddam brothel?”

“Why, you want in?”

“Ugh. No.”

“Hey, the friends that no-homo bro-job together, stay together.”

Jeongguk wrinkles his nose. “That’s not a saying, hyung.”

“It will be. Trademark patent is pending.” Yoongi taps his fingers on Jeongguk’s knee. “Not what I wanted to talk about. We need to talk about Taehyung leaving you after sex.”

“Ugh.” Jeongguk tries to look extra wounded, hoping that’ll get Yoongi to drop the topic so they can eat. He’d even tell Seokjin that Yoongi discussed everything thoroughly if it meant being left alone.

“Please, hyung. People leave after sex all the time-”

“Yeah.” Yoongi snorts. “When it’s a one night stand and you never plan on seeing the person again. Not when they’re an integral part of your friend group and you keep sleeping with them. Look, there’s nothing wrong with hooking up with Taehyung. Like I said, I’ve been there, so I understand the appeal in fucking Taehyung. The issue lies with you continuously letting Taehyung get away with shit without voicing how you feel.”

Frowning, Jeongguk lets his gaze drop back to the cat. The café is quiet, general pop music playing
softly through the speakers. The woman who owns the place is writing something behind the main counter, one of the cats perched by her side. Both look up when the door slides open, and a few high school kids greet the worker loudly.

This isn’t where Jeongguk would like to have this conversation. Ideally, he wouldn’t like to have it at all, but his hyungs have a habit of choosing the worst, public areas to corner him.

“Look, I—I’ll admit I don’t love it when Taehyung leaves, but we’re not a couple,” Jeongguk says hurriedly. “He’s barely let me refer to him as a friend, I’m not going to ruin that by asking him to cuddle me after sex. We don’t owe each other anything. If we want to touch dicks and then leave, so be it.”

“So be it.”

“Yeah.”

“Taehyung isn’t a bad guy, Guk. He’s clingy on a good day and a downright leech on a bad one, he likes to cuddle. He does. I don’t think he’d have a problem with it, if you asked.”

“No offense, hyung.” Jeongguk says, bitterly. “But Taehyung doesn’t hate you, so of course he’d be touchier with you.”

Yoongi frowns. “Taehyung doesn’t hate you.”

Even if that were true, “He doesn’t like me as much as you guys.”

“He’s known you for less time.”

“He’s known me as the guy who ruined his relationship.”

“You’re lying to yourself if you think Taehyung still holds that grudge,” Yoongi says, sternly. Jeongguk startles at the change in tone, and when he chances a look up, Yoongi has fixed him with the most severe expression Jeongguk has ever seen. “You’re either blind, or you’re being very selective with what you choose to see.”

Jeongguk’s voice is thick, throat tight, when he says, “Hyung.”

“Let me ask you something, Jeongguk.” Yoongi’s expression softens, and he covers Jeongguk’s hand where it rests on the cat’s belly with his own. “You say you don’t want a relationship with Taehyung, right?”

“Right.”

“The two of you aren’t a couple.”

“Yeah.”

“And neither of you owe the other anything.”

“Y-Yeah?”

“Then why won’t you admit that his actions hurt you? Why won’t you tell him that you’re bothered by the shit he does? There’s no relationship to ruin, no romance to fuck up, so what have you got to lose? Hold him accountable, Jeongguk. Things could only get better for you, if you do.”

Yoongi slots their fingers together, and it’s only then that Jeongguk realizes his hands are shaking. A
nearby cat presses her head to Jeongguk’s hip. Across the café, the teenagers squeal and take videos of the cats. The air conditioning is too loud. Yoongi is too close— but, not close enough.

“It—it doesn’t matter, hyung.” Jeongguk says, quietly, finally managing to find his voice. “We— Taehyung hyung and I, we’re just screwing around. We both get off and we both feel good, there’s no point in talking about dumb shit.”

“Your well-being isn’t dumb shit.”

“I’m fine.”

“You can keep telling yourself that, Guk.” Yoongi scoots closer until their knees brush, and he gently hooks his fingers beneath Jeongguk’s chin, urging him to look up. “But I’m not always going to be around to help you out of subspace.”

Jeongguk shakes his head, carefully, doesn’t want to dispel the hold that Yoongi has. He’s refused to talk about that— not with Seokjin and definitely not with Yoongi. The thought of telling them about it, about the headspace he finds himself falling into, it’s embarrassing. And he can’t bring himself to discuss it.

(His Google history, on the other hand.)

“I know how to take care of myself,” Jeongguk mutters.

“Yeah, I know.”

But Jeongguk presses on, “If, one day, I want a relationship, I’ll find someone good to date. And when that happens—”

“Taehyung will just be another memory, another hookup that treated you like shit.”

It’s a low fucking blow, and Yoongi realizes it the second the words cross his lips. Yoongi’s eyes go comically wide, and he’s apologizing before Jeongguk can even register the hurt clawing its way through his chest. Jeongguk shuts his eyes, breathing in deeply a few times before he nods.

“Yeah.”

Yoongi cups Jeongguk’s chin in both hands. “Guk—babe, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean that. I just want what’s best for you, just want you to be happy—”

“I am happy, hyung,” Jeongguk assures him, throwing in what he hopes is a convincing smile as he squeezes Yoongi’s wrists. “I am.”

“Promise me you’ll at least think about what I said?”

“I promise,” Jeongguk says, though he’s got his fingers crossed where they now rest on the cat’s belly.

Yoongi searches his gaze for another long minute, before he stands up with a groan. He extends a hand to Jeongguk, who presses a very serious kiss to the cat’s nose before he gets to his feet, as well. It’s gotten dark outside, but it’s not unusual for Jeongguk to spend all afternoon and some of the evening at the café.

“You hungry?” Yoongi asks, while they’re collecting their shoes by the door. “I know a good barbeque place nearby.”
“Sounds good,” Jeongguk says. “But I’m going to eat a hole through your wallet.”

Yoongi smiles, and cups a hand over the back of Jeongguk’s neck as they leave. “I wouldn’t expect anything less.”

“I’m an idiot.”

“Tae-”

“I’m a goddam fucking idiot.”

“Taehyung-”

“I’m dropping out of school, changing my name. If you need me, I’ll be in Guatemala-”

“Taehyung, Jesus, shut the fuck up.” Jimin reaches for the bottle of Chardonnay that Taehyung holds, clutching it tightly to his chest like a lifeline. Wine is never his first choice- and truthfully, he hates being wine drunk- but it was all he and Jimin had in the apartment, and now, more than halfway through the bottle he’d just opened and feeling that unpleasant drunkenness start to take root, Taehyung wishes he’d just splurged on something he liked on the way home. “Tae, baby, please share the wine.”

“No.” Taehyung’s hair flops into his eyes as he shakes his head. Petulantly, he wraps his arms more firmly around the bottle and jerks it away from Jimin. “No, you’re just going to take it away.”

“You’ve been drinking that shit non-stop for two days, Taehyung,” Jimin says, his voice understanding, yet there’s an undertone of frustration. “Please.”

“I’m an idiot, this is all I can do.”

Jimin frowns. They’re sitting in the corner of the tiny kitchen, huddled against the cabinets, and with Jimin’s body pressed against Taehyung’s. Taehyung tried to let himself sleep here the night before, but Jimin threatened to stop sucking his dick if he didn’t sleep in his proper bed. (His proper bed ended up being Jimin’s bed. Neither of them has slept very well on their own lately.)

“You’re not an idiot,” Jimin says.

Taehyung takes a long- long- drink of the wine. “I am.”

“You’re not. And drinking is not all you’re good for.”

“Says the guy who blacked out four days in a row last weekend,” Taehyung mutters.

“Don’t be a dick,” Jimin warns him. “This isn’t about me right now. This is about you, and your crush on Jeongguk.”

Taehyung whimpers, knocking back a lot more of the wine. God, he needs to puke. “I don’t… I don’t want to talk about it.”

“We’re not not going to talk about it.”

“Or-” Taehyung points the bottle at Jimin, then snatches it back when Jimin tries to take it. “We could ignore it until we die.”

“Not this time, Tae.”
With a whine, Taehyung curls into himself further. Since Jimin found him on the floor of the bathroom, he’s been trying to urge Taehyung to talk about what happened, about Jeongguk, and the frantic stream of texts that Taehyung sent two days ago. But Taehyung doesn’t want to—can’t—talk about it, because voicing it makes everything real. Voicing it means these feelings exist, and Taehyung doesn’t deserve these feelings.

The bottle is nearly empty by the time Taehyung finds the courage to speak again, lips slick with dry wine and sore from how much he’s been biting them. “I… I can’t, Jimin. I can’t.”

“Talk to me,” Jimin murmurs, a hand on Taehyung’s knee and another around his shoulders. “You can’t… you can’t do this again. It hurt seeing you drink yourself to shit after Jiae, I can’t watch you do it again.”

“So close your eyes.”

“Taehyung.”

“I just.” Taehyung grips the empty wine bottle a little desperately, knows that there are a few left in the fridge, but also knows that Jimin won’t let him have them. But he’s just drunk enough after a bottle and a half that he starts to talk, hurried and rapid. His heart is beating too fast and his arms are sweaty, but he’ll blame the blush he’s sure is staining his cheeks on the wine. “I don’t… I don’t know how to have a crush. I don’t know how to do relationships. Jiae… you know we only got together because she asked, and we all know how that turned out. Jeongguk… Jeongguk is everything, Jimin.”

“Explain,” Jimin says quietly, when Taehyung’s fixed his fuzzy, desperate gaze onto him. “It’s okay, you know I won’t judge you. I just can’t stand to see you so miserable.”

“Jeongguk is fucking amazing,” Taehyung laments, knocking his head onto the cabinet behind them. He starts, and he can’t stop, can’t stop—doesn’t want to stop. “He’s funny, and he’s so cute, Jimin. And he’s so strong, he could choke me out, make me cry, but he submits so beautifully. Have you seen him smile? When he laughs so hard his eyes crinkle? His thighs? That shit has me weak. He plays Overwatch, Jimin, and you know how everyone’s being a whore for Fortnite lately. He—he’s overwhelming.”

“So, you love him?” Taehyung makes a strangled noise at that suggestion, hurriedly choking down the last of the wine until the bottle is completely empty. Jimin takes it from him, and gathers Taehyung’s shaking hands into both of his own. “Okay, you don’t love him. But you could, right?”

Taehyung nods. He feels a pinch at the corner of his eye but he refuses to succumb. He didn’t cry over Jiae and he refuses to cry over Jeongguk. “I could. I could, Jimin; so easily. He—he told me about his ex, too. This dick of a guy that would use him for sex and leave—”

“Taehyung,” Jimin interrupts, very quietly. “Isn’t that what you’ve been doing? At the bar? The first time at his apartment? A couple nights ago?”

Taehyung’s hands are shaking, and Taehyung stares at them in muted horror, a stone sinking in his belly. He thinks about refusing to kiss Jeongguk, about cleaning up and fucking off before someone would see them together, telling himself it was the lack of attachment that kept both of them from needing anything more. “Oh, God.” He whispers, writhing in Jimin’s arms until he can turn around and grab the third bottle of wine Jimin thought he’d kept out of reach, unscrewing the cap and chucking it away. He drinks until he needs to catch his breath, words tumbling from his lips, “Oh, God, I’m no better than his piece of shit ex. I- I’m no better than Jiae—”
“That’s not fucking true,” Jimin says, angrily. “You’re not a cheating scumbag.”

“But I left him.”

“You can make things right. Make them better.” Jimin pulls Taehyung closer, wraps him in an embrace that is at the same time comforting and familiar. He takes the wine when Taehyung’s hold loosens in despair, putting it out of Taehyung’s sight. Taehyung nuzzles into Jimin’s neck, drunk and sleepy and content to let the conversation end there, but Jimin’s nothing if he’s not consistently stubborn as fuck. He waits until Taehyung has relaxed, melted against his body to say, “You should talk to him. Jeongguk’s a good guy, and if you’re going to keep sleeping with him—”

“No,” Taehyung says immediately, shaking his head where it’s nestled against Jimin’s neck and shoulder. “No, it’s fine. I don’t want a relationship so soon after ending things, we just fuck. It’s fine. Jeongguk doesn’t like me, I can hide things.”

He can imagine Jimin’s rolling his eyes right now. “You can’t hide feelings, Tae. It’s impossible to separate feelings and sex—”

“We do it,” Taehyung says, petulantly.

“The exception that proves the rule.”

“I can’t do it, Jimin.” Taehyung whispers, staring at the wall. He thinks about Jeongguk, if he’s at the bar with Seokjin or at the studio with Yoongi. Wonders if he’s followed Hoseok to the dance studio that Hoseok frequents when he has free time. Wonders if Jeongguk’s sharing someone else’s bed tonight, or if he’s staying up too late playing video games. “I don’t want to do it.”

“I mean, you don’t have to. But do you really want to risk missing out on something good with him all because you’re scared?”

“Yes.”

Jimin sighs, but Taehyung doesn’t have the energy to defend himself anymore tonight, doesn’t want to be thinking about Jeongguk anymore. “I think you should talk to Jeongguk.”

“And you should talk to Hoseok.”

Jimin stiffens, and then he forces himself to relax, picking his fight for the evening. “I’ll talk to Hoseok if you talk to Jeongguk.”

“Deal,” Taehyung says easily, knowing he won’t heed the advice.

“Deal.”

“Chim?”

“Yeah.”

“Can we go to bed?”

“Yeah,” Jimin squeezes him close, and drops a kiss to the top of his head. “Yeah, come on.”

Jimin helps Taehyung to his feet, unsteady and shaky, and supports him on their trek further into the apartment. They have to stop once when Taehyung gets sick, hanging onto the edges of the toilet as Jimin grabs him some clean sweats to sleep in. He falls into bed a few minutes later, curled into himself, cold until Jimin settles behind him and holds Taehyung close.
“Rev up those fryers, Krusty Krew! I need lots of sex on the beach!”

“Not after last time, Taehyung,” Seokjin says from where he’s leaning against the bar, polishing a glass. It’s early afternoon of a weekday, only a few pathetic customers hanging out and drinking watered down beers. Jimin’s on Taehyung’s back, clutching like a Koala. “You were cleaning sand out of your ass for a week.”

“Jeez,” Taehyung mutters, letting Jimin down as they approach the bar. “You get fucked on the beach once and never live it down.”

“Gotta admit, though,” Jimin snickers, holding out his hand for a high-five. “That was some damn good sex.”

“It was. Eleven out of ten, would suck your dick in a cave again.”

“Stop scaring my customers,” Seokjin sighs. He puts the pint glass down, grabbing a couple tall glasses for their usual drinks. Taehyung watches with a pout as Seokjin goes for the Jack Daniels instead of the Bacardi, mixing with coke instead of making a cocktail. He sets down Jimin’s whiskey sour, pours a little extra coke into Taehyung’s drink, and slides it over to him. “Shouldn’t you two be studying for finals?”

“I’ve got a week,” Taehyung says with a wave of his hand. He takes a deep drink, smacking his lips as he puts his glass down. “I’m good.”

“You’ve got a week until your last one,” Seokjin says flatly.

“Like I said, I’m good.”

Seokjin rolls his eyes, disappearing for a minute to refill a woman’s wine glass. Beside him, Jimin is chugging his whiskey. It had been Jimin’s suggestion to come here in the first place, both of them having woken up late and skipping their morning classes. When Taehyung tried to sneak past him in the living room with a bottle of tequila, Jimin had put his foot down, and said they were going out. It didn’t feel much like going out, since the bar had been their go-to hangout spot since they met Seokjin in their first year. He refused to serve them back then, until they turned of age and tore up the bar on a weeklong bender during holiday break. They look back on the memory fondly, but Seokjin laments the entire thing.

“The others should be here soon,” Seokjin says, after two customers pay and another few people arrive. “Namjoon apparently fell asleep in the studio and Yoongi’s jokingly giving him shit about it.”

“Speaking of,” Taehyung says, grinning. “You hopped on those dicks yet?”

Seokjin fixes him with a flat look. “First of all, I wouldn’t be the one sitting on dick. Second of all, shut the fuck up or I won’t serve you anymore.”

“You keep saying that, yet here we are.”

Jimin eagerly takes his second drink before Seokjin’s even finished garnishing it. “If they’ll be here soon, it means we’ll be leaving soon.”

Frowning, Seokjin watches Jimin start knocking back his drink, and watches Taehyung finish his off quickly. He doesn’t make Taehyung a new one just yet, picking apart the lime on the rim. “What’s up with you two, lately? Jimin, don’t give me that look, I’ve seen the way you’ve been avoiding
Hoseok. Neither of you came to lunch yesterday. This isn’t like you.”

Taehyung doesn’t like this. Seokjin has always been perceptive, but the last thing he needs is someone who’s so close to Jeongguk poking at Taehyung’s feelings.

So he holds up his drink, pointing at Seokjin with it. “Would you believe me if I said we’ve been studying?”

“I would not.”

“Too bad, that’s the story we’re sticking with.”

Seokjin sighs, but a rowdy group of young guys who all look too young to be drinking come stumbling into the bar, and his attention is needed elsewhere. Taehyung and Jimin share a look, and Taehyung sighs before knocking back the rest of his drink. They’ll have to stop coming here, too, if Seokjin’ll just scrutinize them the entire time.

“So you want another drink?”

Taehyung curses, knocking over his glass as Jeongguk pops up in front of them, snickering behind the bar. Jimin chokes on the ice from his own drink. He’s far tipsier than Taehyung by this point, and his reaction is a little delayed before he spits, “What the fuck!”

“Where did you come from?” Taehyung asks, holding a hand to his heart. Jeongguk’s grabbed a rag from somewhere behind the counter, and he quickly wipes down what Taehyung spilled, gathering the ice and limes and chucking them into a nearby trash can.

“Well, hyung, you see- when two people love each other very much-”

“You are not giving me a lesson in baby making, Jeongguk.”

“Aw.” Jeongguk pouts, crossing his arms on the countertop and leaning his weight onto them. “You’re no fun. Rather a hands-on lesson, then?”

Taehyung flicks Jeongguk on the nose, grinning a little at the curse that Jeongguk lets out. His heart still hasn’t stopped beating too quickly, stuttering a staccato that has Taehyung momentarily worried until Jeongguk’s laughing at something another customer said, his eyes crinkling and nose scrunching, and oh, of course. That’s why Taehyung can’t settle.

“Dude.” Jimin elbows him, sways a little until Taehyung stables him with a hand on his shoulder. “You look gone, bro.”

“Fuck off,” Taehyung hisses. “Drink more, I’ll take you home.”

“My knight in shining armor.” Jimin rolls his eyes, but doesn’t call Taehyung out on his very obvious attempt to change the subject. “Gonna fuck me, too?”

Not if he gets as tanked as Taehyung is expecting. “Only if you’re good.”

“You know I never am.”

“You guys want another drink, or not?” Jeongguk asks, coming back to their corner of the bar. Seokjin is swamped with almost the entire group getting beers, along with more people showing up. Taehyung frowns. He knows the guys who work here, and it looks like Minhyuk is late, again.

“Yes,” Jimin says, at the same time Taehyung says, “Wait. I’m still curious how you got behind there
without anyone noticing. You don’t work here.”

“Oh.” Jeongguk shrugs, and points to an ice bin by the martini glasses. “Seokjin hyung lets me do my homework here. I have great blackmail material on divorced fathers that I’ll never see again.”

Taehyung snorts. “Good for you.”

“I want that drink,” Jimin says, and Taehyung makes the conscious decision to stop staring at the little mole below Jeongguk’s lip. “What’s your specialty?”

Jeongguk drops his gaze, looking more than a little embarrassed. “I’m really good at pouring shots.”

“Shots?” Jimin repeats, raising an eyebrow.

“I can pour basic drinks. It’s just the counts and the numbers part that I’m no good at.”

“Gotta be good at math to be a bartender,” Taehyung teases. Seokjin has often complained about his coworkers, the ones who can’t do counts for martinis or doubles, the ones who fuck up change, or just suck at the job in general.

“Fuck you, gays can’t do math.”

At that, Taehyung frowns. “I didn’t know you were gay?”


“No,” Jimin says. “Bisexuals can’t drive.”

“Well, I can’t do either,” Jeongguk says. He clears Jimin’s glass before grabbing two more, filling them with ice and reaching for some low-level vodka and rum. The good stuff is saved for their birthdays. “Be nice to me or I won’t serve you.”

“Hm.” Taehyung leans back in his seat, watching the way Jeongguk’s arm strains as he pours the vodka, lips pouted in concentration. He looks so, so nice in his t-shirt, Taehyung almost sighs before he catches himself, and the Very Pointed look that Jimin is giving him. “You’re taking after Seokjin hyung too much.”

“Nah,” Jeongguk says, snickering a little as he puts too many lime slices on Taehyung’s glass. “Still rather die than make dad jokes.”

“That’s a mood,” Taehyung agrees, clinking his glass with Jimin’s. It’s a little light on the vodka, hesitance in the pour, but Taehyung tells Jeongguk that it’s good because Jeongguk is looking at them expectantly, lip pulled taut between his teeth and Taehyung is scared to admit that he’d do many a thing to keep that smile on Jeongguk’s face. Jeongguk looks relieved when Taehyung says he likes it, before Seokjin’s asking him to grab something from the kitchen and he disappears again.

Jimin hums, knowingly. His drink is almost empty, but, “You’re a fucking liar, dude. This is so watered down I don’t know if he even put any rum in it.”

“He’s trying his best,” Taehyung says, keeping an eye on the kitchen door as he reaches for the bottles that Jeongguk left at the side, pouring a little too much extra vodka in his, and what’s essentially a double shot of rum in Jimin’s.

“I saw that,” Seokjin mutters, as he’s walking by to refill a line of shots on the opposite side of the bar. Minhyuk has finally arrived, and he’s in the corner furthest from them. Seokjin grabs the bottles
and puts them back. “You’re not getting drunk tonight.”

Taehyung pouts, handing Jimin his drink. “I will suck your dick right now if you change your mind.”

“No.”

“Whatever.”

Taehyung slumps back in his chair, watching Seokjin work, and watching Jeongguk bring some supplies from the kitchen before Seokjin lets him deal with the small crowd of people who only want a bunch of shots. Jimin’s drunk, swaying a little in his chair, but he’s not so far gone yet that Taehyung feels the need to take him home, and for that Taehyung is glad. He can’t seem to look away from Jeongguk. From the big, wide smile he throws at the customers who call him pretty, the way he laughs with the guys who keep putting their glasses down for another drink, at the twinkle in his eye when he knocks back a shot with them.

“Close your mouth, Tae. You’re drooling.”

Taehyung’s not, but he still wipes his chin with the back of his hand, anyway. “Fuck you,” he mutters, elbowing Jimin in the side.

“All I’m saying,” Jimin slurs, pushing his finger against Taehyung’s chest. “Is this a wonderful time to talk to Jeongguk.”

Rolling his eyes, Taehyung plays with the straw in the glass of coke that Seokjin set down in front of him. “Yeah? I don’t see Hoseok around for you to return the favor.”

“Literally fuck off.”

Jimin flags down Jeongguk as he’s turning to grab another bottle of Patron, batting his eyelashes to convince Jeongguk to pour him another- stronger- rum drink. Jeongguk offers to pour some rum into Taehyung’s coke, but Taehyung declines.

“Jimmy, I have a question,” Taehyung says, after Jeongguk’s left their corner again.

“If the question is whether or not we’re fucking tonight, the answer is no. Not when you use that nickname.”

“Rude,” Taehyung pouts. “What does it mean when your heart is trying to beat out of your chest?”

“It means you have a crush,” Jimin says, matter of fact. “Means you want to kiss your man, hold his hand, probably adopt three dogs and maybe a baby if you’re bored. Get drunk at your kid’s soccer game, embarrass Jeongguk with roses on his birthday and on a random Tuesday because you’re just so in crush-”

“Okay, stop-”

Taehyung holds his hand over Jimin’s mouth, both of them glaring at the other, but Taehyung gives up first. He lowers his hand and he folds both hands in his lap, struggling to swallow back everything threatening to come tumbling out. He can’t do this. He really thought he could, talked big to Jimin about compartmentalizing, about how easy it was to separate feelings from sex. He does it with Jimin. Does it with Mina, did it with Yoongi.

But- when it comes to Jeongguk…
When it comes to Jeongguk, Taehyung doesn’t want to separate. He wants to lay his bleeding heart on the table, present it for everyone to see, like a beacon saying, *look! Look here! I’m an idiot, and my heart is yours*-

There’s probably a less dramatic way to do that, and if Jimin were sober he’d clock Taehyung on the back of the head for even thinking about ripping his heart out and sacrificing it. If only he could settle the damn thing, beating so rapidly like Taehyung asked for its opinion.

A woman on the other side of the bar leans over as Jeongguk’s pouring her a beer, trails her finger down Jeongguk’s forearm and Taehyung’s breath catches. It’s not fair- not fair to Jeongguk, but Taehyung-

*God, Taehyung wants.*

Wants what he can’t have.

“Do you think he wants kids?” Jimin asks quietly, making Taehyung choke on the soda he’s drinking hurriedly to distract himself from the smile Jeongguk flashes the woman. “He seems like the kind of guy who’d hold his kid like a football but wear matching outfits when no one’s around to see his daughter putting butterfly clips in his hair.”

Seokjin walks back over to grab glasses, sighing at the way Jimin sways like he’d expected this. “Who?”

“Jeongguk.”

“What about me?” Jeongguk leans back against the bar, grinning easily; and just that sight alone has Taehyung in pain.

Taehyung hopes for a second that Jimin will say something else, but he’s never that lucky. “Do you want kids?”

“Uh.” Jeongguk looks to Seokjin for help, who only shakes his head as if to say *you’re on your own with this.* “I’m twenty.”

“Good to know Tae’s boy toy is legal. Not my question.”

Jeongguk frowns. “I like you better when you’re spotting me with reps and not talking.”

“What a coincidence, I also like you better when I’m holding one hundred pounds above your chest.”

“Oh my, God, Jimin- here.” Seokjin slides over another rum and coke, evidently giving up on trying to keep Jimin from binging again. His tactics haven’t worked for Taehyung and they won’t work for Jimin, either. “Stop talking.”

“Yes, sir.”

The woman from earlier beckons Jeongguk with a curl of her finger, but Taehyung is faster. He fists his hand in the front of Jeongguk’s t-shirt, supporting himself with a hand on the bar to get closer when he says, “Want to fuck?”

Jeongguk tilts his head, nose brushing against Taehyung’s. “Right now? For real?”

Taehyung shrugs, and he can hear Sober Jimin telling him that this is a terrible idea. But Taehyung’s
got a lot of nervous energy to expend and none of his usual FWBs are currently here. “Why not?”

“Here?”

“You want to walk home?”

“Fuck- no.”

“Here is fine, then.”

“Okay,” Jeongguk says, face brightening with a smile that steals the breath right from Taehyung’s chest. He pulls away from Taehyung’s hold, pouring two more shots for customers as he rounds the bar before saying, “I’m taking my break!”

Seokjin just waves him off, but Minhyuk shouts from the other corner, “You don’t work here!”

Jeongguk only giggles, taking Taehyung’s hand once he’s close enough, their palms fitting together as Jeongguk leads him to the bathroom. It’s not busy enough in the bar, not enough people around to hide their intentions, and they get a couple of dirty looks from customers but Taehyung doesn’t care. He doesn’t care because Jeongguk is guiding Taehyung into the furthest stall and locking it, staring at Taehyung expectantly.

And Taehyung’s not drunk- not by a long shot- when he blurts out, “Our stall.”

“You mean the stall that probably still has my cum on the door?” Jeongguk laughs. “Then yeah, our stall. Can I suck you off?”

“Y-yeah, baby. Of course.”

Jeongguk drops to his knees, nimbly undoing the button to Taehyung’s jeans before pushing the palm of his hand against Taehyung’s soft cock, and making him suck in a breath. Jeongguk is quick about it, his own overzealousness getting in the way of finesse as he moves his hand over Taehyung’s length to get him hard enough for Jeongguk to pull down his boxers and jeans past his ass, eagerly swallowing down Taehyung’s cock.

Taehyung’s head hits the side of the stall with an audible thump, his breath catching as Jeongguk wastes no time bobbing his head, spit and drool dripping from the corners of his mouth. He lets his hands fall to Jeongguk’s hair, tight enough for the illusion of control, but he doesn’t demand anything.

But Jeongguk pulls off with an obscene noise, nuzzling against Taehyung’s crotch when he says, “Fuck my face, hyung. You know I like it.”

“Shit,” Taehyung hisses, knees weak. “Yeah, just wanna be good, baby? Let hyung use your pretty mouth?”

“Mh.”

Taehyung tightens his grip in Jeongguk’s hair, urging him back down on his cock and Jeongguk follows easily, eyes slipping closed as Taehyung hesitantly thrusts his hips, and then harder when Jeongguk digs his nails into Taehyung’s thighs in encouragement. Holding Jeongguk still, Taehyung slams his hips forward, feels Jeongguk’s throat constrict each time Taehyung pushes his cock deeper in his throat, keeps Jeongguk there even as he’s gagging, spit dripping and tears collecting in Jeongguk’s eyes- and for the briefest second, Taehyung almost asks Jeongguk about cockwarming, the most beautiful image in his mind.
Jeongguk, on his knees, quiet and motionless with his mouth around Taehyung’s cock, hands tied behind his back because Taehyung couldn’t trust him not to touch. Jeongguk, swearing he can be good, but swallowing around Taehyung’s length because he knows it’ll get a reaction out of Taehyung. Jeongguk, worked up and reckless by the time Taehyung finally pays him any attention, dripping and desperate to come even though Taehyung hasn’t done anything-

“Fuck,” Taehyung hisses, Jeongguk’s tongue dipping into the slit of his cock. He has to pull Jeongguk off entirely, embarrassingly close to finishing, just from the wicked skill of Jeongguk’s mouth and the scenario he’d distracted himself with. “Shit, stand up, Guk. Please tell me you still carry lube.”

“Yup.” Jeongguk wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, grinning smugly up at Taehyung, and it’s too much. “Never know when a cute guy’s gonna offer to fuck you in a bathroom.”

“Shut up,” Taehyung mutters, hoping the lighting in the bathroom is shitty enough that Jeongguk can’t see him blush. It’s not, but thankfully Jeongguk doesn’t comment on it as he stands up and gathers lube and condoms from his pockets, pressing them into Taehyung’s hands. “You’re too eager.”

“Says the guy about to fuck me in a dirty bathroom.”

“Fuck off.”

“Yes, daddy.”

Taehyung shivers, shoving Jeongguk’s face away so he doesn’t have to see Jeongguk’s smarmy grin. “Turn around. And get your pants off.”

Jeongguk complies easily, shucking his pants and boxers down his legs, kicking one leg free while Taehyung pours lube over his fingers, warming it before he’s curling a hand over Jeongguk’s hip, propping his ass out to push one finger in.

When he meets no resistance, Taehyung groans, and drops his head onto Jeongguk’s shoulder. “Fuck- you’re loose.”

Shrugging, Jeongguk shifts his hips, trying to find a better angle. “I told you, I like it. Being full.”

“No panties today.”

“Mn, those are for special occasions.”

“Yeah?” Taehyung grins, nipping at Jeongguk’s shoulder blade and earning a tiny yelp in return. He pushes another finger into Jeongguk’s hole, scissoring his fingers and pressing hard into Jeongguk’s prostate, reveling in the little gasps and moans that Jeongguk lets out. “Dunno, Guk. You might like it, wearing them while working behind the bar. Maybe a plug, too. A vibrating one. Get all worked up, but you can’t come in front of the customers, can you?”

“Shit- hyung, don’t tease.”

Taehyung only laughs, quietly, rutting his hard cock against the swell of Jeongguk’s ass for a little relief as he moves on to three fingers, stretching Jeongguk. He curls his fingers, nudging Jeongguk’s prostate relentlessly, until Jeongguk is panting, mouth hanging open and forehead pressed against the stall door, begging Taehyung for more.

His movements are sloppy, as Taehyung pulls his fingers out and fumbles for a condom. He wonders
if the rapid fire tempo of his heart can be heard in the silence of the bathroom, broken only by Jeongguk’s heavy breathing, but he doesn’t want to test that theory. Jeongguk watches, eyes a little glazed, as Taehyung struggles a bit to open the condom with his slippery fingers, before finally rolling it over his length, holding apart Jeongguk’s ass to watch his cock disappear into the wet heat.

“God-fuck,” Taehyung moans, buried to the hilt inside Jeongguk. He waits, knowing he slacked a little with the prep, until Jeongguk is nodding, arching his back and trying to grind against Taehyung.

“So-so good,” Jeongguk whimpers, hips kicking as Taehyung pulls all the way out only to slam his hips back in, hitting deeper. “Shit, Tae-hng.”

Taehyung can’t help it. He loses himself in it, thrusting hard into Jeongguk, squeezing his ass and jostling him until he finds an angle to strike Jeongguk’s prostate with every stroke of his hips. Jeongguk throws his head back, moans Taehyung’s name, but there’s something off, Taehyung realizes, as he’s sucking a violent hickey onto Jeongguk’s neck.

He slows down his thrusts, until he’s motionless behind Jeongguk, who whimpers lowly in confusion. Jeongguk’s lips are turned down, eyes closed, until Taehyung says, “Are… are you pouting?”

Immediately, Jeongguk’s cheeks flame red, even as he tries to shake his hair into his eyes to hide the telltale sign. “N-no.”

“I literally have my dick in your ass, and you’re pouting?”

“Tae, c’mon-”

“Ah, ah,” Taehyung curls an arm around Jeongguk’s waist, keeping him still. “Not until you tell daddy what’s wrong.”

Jeongguk rolls his eyes, but he caves. “It-it’s dumb, just-you. You haven’t, like. Called me shit.”

“What do you mean?” Taehyung asks, frowning.

“Like, you haven’t called me a slut,” Jeongguk says, whispers it with his eyes resolutely looking anywhere but at Taehyung. “Or called me dirty.”

“Oh.” Taehyung feels something heavy threaten to consume his chest. Jeongguk pouts out his lips again, trying to gain sympathy like he knows Taehyung would do anything for him if only he asked. “Tae-we don’t have to do that shit every time, Jeongguk.”

“I mean, I guess so.”

But, “Oh, my God. You’re not going to stop pouting, are you?”

“I’m not pouting.”
Taehyung sighs heavily, leaning his forehead on the back of Jeongguk’s neck for a long moment. “What if I choke you, will that make you feel better?”

Jeongguk’s entire body shakes with the thought. “It’d be a start.”

“You’re such a brat.”

“Oof, daddy, degrade me more.”

Rolling his eyes, Taehyung snakes his hand from Jeongguk’s belly up to his neck, squeezing quickly and cutting off whatever else Jeongguk had planned to say. At the same time, he starts thrusting again, fucking into Jeongguk quickly, harshly, enough so that Jeongguk chokes on a moan, trying to match Taehyung’s pace. He’s not gentle about the way he fucks Jeongguk, pushing him against the door hard enough for Jeongguk to hiss.

Taehyung ignores the itch in the back of his mind to nip at Jeongguk’s ear, whispering filth that he knows will get Jeongguk to unravel, telling him how pretty he looks getting fucked, good boy, baby, always such a good boy for me. Look so good with my hand around your neck-

“H-harder,” Jeongguk whimpers, when Taehyung gives him a reprieve to breathe. “Please, hyung, Gukie wants it.”

It doesn’t take much more for Jeongguk to find his release, Taehyung’s hand tight around his neck, his other hand jerking him off quickly, and Taehyung saying, “Come, baby boy. Been so good, you can come, come on.”

Jeongguk’s body tenses as he comes, whining loudly as Taehyung squeezes his neck, playing with the tip of his cock while he spills white onto the door and all over Taehyung’s hand. He clenches hard around Taehyung, murmuring quietly, expression fucked out and cheeks flushed, grinning over his shoulder at Taehyung, and it’s all so overwhelming that Taehyung’s pace falters and he comes, too, buried deep in Jeongguk’s ass.

“Shit,” Jeongguk whispers, body shaking as Taehyung pulls out.

Taehyung hums, holds his hand up to Jeongguk’s mouth. “Open up, baby.”

His cock twitches at the sight, at Jeongguk eagerly lapping the cum from Taehyung’s fingers and hand, sucking two of Taehyung’s fingers into his mouth and getting them wet with spit as he swallows his own cum.

Taehyung tucks his spent cock into his jeans, passing Jeongguk a wad of paper towels to clean the lube from his thighs and ass. “Shit, you have the best hands for choking.”

“Don’t make it weird, Jeon,” Taehyung says, but he’s laughing as he shoulders past Jeongguk to wash his hands.

He has half a mind to ask if Jeongguk’s willing to leave, if they can go back to his and Seokjin’s apartment and play a little more with the choking, or the overstimulation, or the fucking cock stepping that Taehyung hadn’t even known he liked until Jeongguk was on his back, begging with tears in his eyes for Taehyung’s foot on his cock. Taehyung’s about to say fuck it and go for another round in the same dirty stall, when the door flies open and a frantic looking Jimin comes stumbling inside.

For a second, Taehyung thinks Jimin’s about to be sick, and he readies himself to hold Jimin’s hair and endure the smell of vomit, but Jimin grabs the front of his shirt and says, “Hoseok’s here-
Jeongguk, wash that shirt."

“What the fuck,” Jeongguk hisses. There’s a pause as Taehyung assumes Jeongguk is looking for the cum stains. “How did you even know?”

“Taehyung has terrible aim-”

“Hey,” Taehyung complains, prying Jimin’s hands from his shirt when Jimin makes to try and hide beneath the fabric.

Jemin fixes him with the most serious look he can manage after four rum and cokes and some whiskey. “We need to go.”

“Yeah, shit.” Taehyung knows, knows exactly what it is that has Jimin so worried, eyes blown wide like he’s seen a ghost. He isn’t sure how long he’s spent with Jeongguk in the bathroom, but he’s suddenly overcome with a sense of guilt for leaving Jimin alone in the bar when both of them knew that the others would be there soon. “Come on, we’ll sneak out while they’re still getting drinks.”

Jemin stumbles and curses quietly the whole way out of the bar, hiding his face in Taehyung’s side, but it’s all for naught, as Hoseok and the others don’t even turn around as they’re leaving. Taehyung tells himself it’s for the best, but he wishes that Hoseok would notice, would talk to Jimin. More than anything, he just wants Jimin to be happy, and he knows that Hoseok made Jimin happy in the past, but.

It’s not what Jimin wants right now, and it’s not Taehyung’s place to push him. So he settles for calling an Uber and getting Jimin back to the apartment in one piece, face down on the couch and demanding a whole pint of ice cream.

Taehyung wakes up disoriented from a nap, smothered beneath a body and too many blankets for the early summer. For a moment, he can’t remember where he is, and wonders if he let one of Mina’s friends take him home again, but he recognizes the shoes on the floor next to his. Recognizes the ugly painting next to the mirror.

He sits up, groaning quietly at the way his joints pop as he does so. The arm previously gripping his shoulders falls to his waist, the blankets pooling there as Taehyung rubs sleep from his eyes. He checks the time on his phone, charging on the floor, and sighs.

There’s movement behind him, rustling, and then Taehyung feels lips at the base of his spine, kisses upon each knob, until there’s one on the side of his neck, and a deep exhale. “Leaving already?”

“Mh,” Taehyung hums, turning his head to let Minho kiss him properly. “I have a final. And dinner with friends. It’s the last one of the semester, my hyung will kill me if I miss it.”

Minho squeezes his hip gently, but lets Taehyung stand up to find his clothes. Slacks, a nice shirt, his favorite tie. All things he had to wear to present for his photography class this morning. Lying back in the mess of sheets, Minho watches as Taehyung gets dressed, wincing at the stretch of his muscles, the burn of his calves, the hickey he finds on his throat. He checks himself in the mirror, fluffing his hair to make it somewhat presentable, rolls his eyes at the blotchy red staining his neck. He always says no marks and Minho never listens. The exception to the rule, Jimin would say.

“Come back later?” Minho asks, face smushed into his pillow.

“Maybe.” Taehyung says, sitting on the bed again to tie his shoes. “I don’t know how long this thing will go.”
“Well, you know the code if you change your mind.”

“See you, hyung.”

On the street, Taehyung contemplates skipping his final to walk right back into the building and up four floors to take another nap in Seokjin’s bed, but he can’t be sure that Jeongguk won’t be there, too. So he hikes his book bag further up his shoulder and lets his head hang, pounding a little from his hangover. Nothing too bad today, he’d been lucid enough yesterday to know he had a presentation he need to be somewhat sober for.

The same couldn’t be said for Jimin, whose finals were later in the week. He’d been drunk when Taehyung got home last night and drinking when he left this morning. Taehyung only hopes he saves enough to share.

He gets to psychology late, slipping into the seat that Hoseok saves for him as their professor is handing out the scantrons. Jeongguk sits on Hoseok’s other side, leaning over to grin and wish Taehyung luck on the exam. Taehyung fakes a smile and does the same, ignoring Hoseok and the confused expression on his face, but Taehyung wishes something as naïve and easy as wishing luck could help him. His ass is sore and his eyes keep threatening to close, squirming to find a comfortable way to sit as he stares at the exam sheet, not recognizing half of the questions. He doesn’t need a perfect score to get a decent grade in the class, but he doesn’t know the answer to the first question, and that sets the tone for the rest of it.

The students slowly file out as they finish the exam, wishing the professor a nice summer as they turn in their papers. Taehyung is only halfway done, glaring at his test because he’s feeling sick and he’s hungry, his body is screaming for another nap and he can’t leave yet. Hoseok left ages ago, but Jeongguk is still sitting nearby, though Taehyung can see he’s been done with his exam for a while. Taehyung wishes he would go.

Eventually, Taehyung gives up and goes with his first choice for the questions he still has blank, shuffling past Jeongguk to turn in his paper and ignoring the way Jeongguk scrambles to do the same, catching up just outside the lecture hall. Hoseok sits against the wall and Taehyung swallows back the urge to scream because he can’t get a damn break.

“We should go,” Hoseok says, looking away from the glare Taehyung accidentally sends his way. “Seokjin hyung is already complaining that we’re late.”

They go, Hoseok and Jeongguk in front, talking and laughing with a kind of ease that Taehyung finds himself envious of. For a split second, Taehyung thinks he might be jealous of Hoseok, because he doesn’t need to try when it comes to being friends with Jeongguk, because he doesn’t need to wage a battle within himself and tell his heart to quiet down and behave anytime he ends up at the same place as Jeongguk. Because things are easy when you deserve them.

Taehyung sits cross-legged on the floor when they get to the apartment, charging his phone in the corner. Seokjin and Jimin are already cooking, Hoseok offering his help even as he’s toeing off his shoes. Namjoon is erasing and re-writing a composition on the couch, and Jeongguk sits next to him to watch. Taehyung keeps an eye on Jimin, drinking glasses of wine too quickly, but Jimin has always been better at pretending. He laughs at jokes that Hoseok tells and he doesn’t show any signs of the guy sitting on the floor next to his bed, breaking down into tears in Taehyung’s arms because it hurts to be in love, but, Taehyung thinks, sneaking a peek at Jeongguk resting his chin on Namjoon’s shoulder to see better; even if it were a choice…

Would he make the easier decision?
Yoongi arrives just before the food finishes, dropping down on the couch with a loud huff and he’s immediately greeted with Jeongguk claiming his lap. Yoongi only rolls his eyes fondly, wraps his arms around Jeongguk’s waist, and presses a kiss to Namjoon’s cheek, asks about his day, before Seokjin is calling all of them to the table to eat.

Jimin is drunk, leaning heavily on Taehyung’s side. They talk about summer plans, about finals and projects and portfolios, about who’s going home and whether Hoseok and Namjoon are staying for grad school. Taehyung eyes the liquor on the top of the fridge. Jimin’s weight keeps him from getting it.

“Are you into Yoongi hyung?” Taehyung asks later that night, straddling Jeongguk’s waist on his bed. The others are starting to leave, or watching a movie, or going out for more drinks. Taehyung can’t be bothered to remember, not with Jeongguk breathing heavily beneath him, eyes blown wide and cheeks flushed as Taehyung is undoing his belt. “Because Seokjin hyung is still trying to tap that. And I don’t think any of them are young enough for a foursome.” He pauses, one hand on Jeongguk’s hard cock over his boxers. “Or into incest.”

“I’m not into Yoongi hyung,” Jeongguk says, fists gripping the sheets. Taehyung can’t wait to make a mess out of him.

Refusing to admit how much those words put him at ease, Taehyung hums, and squeezes Jeongguk’s dick where his boxers are damp with precum. “Or foursomes?”

Jeongguk shrugs. “Not into incest, either.”

“Wow, we love a well adjusted young man.”

“Don’t make it weird, dad.”

“Don’t make your kink weird, baby. Now,” Taehyung unloops his tie, holding it taut above Jeongguk. “How do you feel about spanking?”

The day rolls over into a new one and Taehyung is still staring at his notes, vision a little blurry and body aching from sitting up for so long. He only has one exam left, one exam and he can go home to his own bed, to his dogs, to a meal cooked by his mom. He has a few days until the test, but he knows he won’t start studying until he’s standing outside the lecture hall unless he starts now.

Jimin was supposed to be back before midnight, but Taehyung hasn’t seen him yet. He tries not to worry, instead focusing on his European History notes even as his eyes grow wearier and his body begs for sleep.

Truthfully, Taehyung can’t sleep. There’s something gnawing on the lining of his stomach, something painful and obvious that refuses to let him rest. He knows exactly what it is, that kind of pain that comes from intimacy with someone you want more than just sex with. The kind of pain that results from hiding something like that. Mina had been over earlier, let Taehyung fuck her in the kitchen, but it was the thought of Jeongguk, grinning with sweaty hair flopping into his eyes as he rides Taehyung, that got Taehyung to finish.

The key turns in the lock, and then, “Babe?”

“In here.”

Jimin drops his things wherever they’ll land, briefly getting stuck in his sweater as he’s trying to take it off. He doesn’t look drunk, but he’s scarily good at holding his liquor. He sits behind Taehyung on
the couch, resting his chin on Taehyung’s shoulder and sighing in what tastes a lot like relief.

Taehyung’s phone buzzes against his thigh, a picture from Jeongguk of a cat lying on their belly between two bushes with the caption, *issa mood.*

“Why aren’t you sleeping?”

Taehyung shrugs. They both know why, and it’s not, “Finals. One more and I’m out.”

“Ugh. Lucky. I still have ten pages of a paper left for Friday.”

“Just get high and bang it out.”

“We’re out of weed and I don’t trust any dealers on campus.”

“Oh.”

They fall silent, simply reveling in the familiar comfort of being with each other. As it nears one in the morning, Jimin quietly quizzes Taehyung on what he’s been studying. After he gets almost all of them correct, Jimin wraps fingers around his wrist and leads Taehyung to bed, crawling in afterwards.

Jimin cards his fingers through Taehyung’s hair, letting Taehyung hold him close, hide his face in Jimin’s chest, *pretend.* “You okay?”

No.

“Yeah,” Taehyung whispers, sleep kissing the edges of his eyes. “Just… heavy.”

Jimin makes a noise of understanding. “We can talk, if you want to.”

“No, I’m fine.” Taehyung just wants everything to stop for a while, wants to stop being- as drunken Jimin so eloquently put it- in crush, wants to stop these feelings that he was too slow to see coming until they knocked him flat on his back, an unrelenting wave in the cover of darkness, drowning him again and again without a promise of salvation. “Just wanna sleep.”

Jimin sighs, tapping his fingers along Taehyung’s spine. “You’re miserable, I can tell.”

“And you’re drunk.”

“Not as bad as you.”

Snorting, Taehyung kicks lightly at Jimin’s shin. “I haven’t said shit about your drinking. Let me live.”

“That was different, Tae.”

“Oh?” Taehyung pulls back, Jimin’s eyes shining lightly in the moonlight. “How is it different? My girlfriend cheated on me. You’re too chicken to tell the guy you’ve been sleeping with for three years that you’re in love with him. Enlighten me.”

Jimin exhales very slowly, curling a hand over Taehyung’s hip. “I know you’re only saying this shit because you’re tired-”

“Don’t fucking patronize me, Jimin.” Taehyung presses his finger to Jimin’s chest. “Stop treating me like I’m fragile. If I want to drink my ass off, I’m going to drink my damn ass off.”
And maybe this time it’ll banish the thoughts of Jeongguk, Taehyung’s mind suggests unhelpfully. The other half says it won’t.

“You’re right,” Jimin says slowly. “I’m sorry. I just want you to be happy, and talking to Jeongguk—”

“Whatever,” Taehyung mutters, turning over in bed so he doesn’t have to see the way Jimin looks at him. Like he’s in the process of breaking, losing little pieces of him only to glue them back together. And not even with the good glue, but with the shit they hand out in grade school that never keeps the glitter on. “I’m sleeping now. Goodnight.”

Jimin waits for only a second before he closes the distance between them, pulling Taehyung close to his chest and dropping feather light kisses to his shoulder and neck, breathing apologies in the press of his lips.

Neither of them sleeps, though, watching the gradual lightening of the sky through Taehyung’s window, the soft pink and orange giving way to a brutal light. They stay in bed as long as they can, until Jimin’s kissing Taehyung’s cheek and slipping out of the covers, a dance final calling his name.

“Hypothetically speaking—”

“Oh, no.”

“Let me finish.”

“By all means, go ahead.”

“Hypothetically,” Jeongguk begins again, picking up a piece of meat with his chopsticks. “If I wanted to take a few music production classes, would you be around for me to talk to?”

Namjoon’s face lights up, and he nods as he’s shoveling more pork belly and grilled veggies onto Jeongguk’s plate. “Holy shit, of course. You’re really that interested in it? I thought you were majoring in dance instruction.”

Jeongguk shrugs, watching Namjoon flip the meat still cooking on the grill with trepidation. “I am, but. You and Yoongi hyung look really cool when you’re making music. And Hoseok, too, when he’s not busy in the dance studio. I’m thinking of minoring in music production.”

“That’s amazing, Jeongguk,” Namjoon smiles, genuinely, and Jeongguk squirms a little. Happily. “Of course, we’re willing to help out.”

“Thank you, hyung.”

Jeongguk finishes his portion of galbi, piling the bulgogi for grilling as Namjoon is eating his own food. Namjoon had just finished up in the studio when Yoongi texted Jeongguk, hanging out at the cat café again, to ask if he wanted to join them for dinner. Yoongi was running a little late, but neither of them minded. Just meant they got first choice of the meat for the night.

“Hey, Jeongguk,” Namjoon asks, returning with fresh side dishes. Jeongguk hums, mouth full of bean sprouts. “I’ve been meaning to ask. Do you have any idea what’s going on with Hoseok and Jimin?”

Frowning, Jeongguk takes a quick drink of water. “What do you mean?”

“They’re not as… touchy? As before? I mean, we all knew they’ve been hooking up, but lately
they’re really distant from each other, and lots of times Jimin doesn’t even come out if he knows Hoseok will be there. I just thought, since you and Jimin are kind of gym buddies, that you might know.”

“Sorry, hyung. I haven’t seen him, I think he’s been going to the gym later than me. Hasn’t told me anything, sorry.”

Namjoon sighs, and sends a quick text message. “Not your fault. Thanks, anyway.”

Jeongguk is quiet, staring at the bulgogi as it cooks, as Namjoon half pays attention to flipping it and uses the rest of his attention for whoever’s texting him. Of course he’s noticed that Jimin was acting distant, he’d have to be blind not to see Jimin’s obvious avoidance of any situation wherein he could run into Hoseok. The night at the bar, when Jimin had all but begged Taehyung to get him out of there, was proof enough.

Still, Jeongguk can’t help but feel that he recognizes the look in Jimin’s eye, when he’s staring at Hoseok while he thinks no one is looking. It’s the way he stared at his ex, that kind of longing that Jeongguk swears he sees in Taehyung sometimes, when Taehyung grows quiet and lets the conversation carry on without his input. When they finish with sex and Taehyung gets dressed, and leaves with a few well-placed words and a hunch to his shoulders.

The meat burns, sticking to the grill as Jeongguk scrambles to peel the pieces away. He glares halfheartedly at Namjoon, who grins sheepishly and puts his phone down. A silent promise to be better with the second batch.

Jeongguk wonders, watching Namjoon and Yoongi sometimes, if it isn’t all that bad. He wonders if there’s anything he can say that would change what he has with Taehyung, this easy hookup culture that stemmed from the ugly destruction of a long-term relationship. They’re barely friends now, and Taehyung rarely texts back unless Jeongguk is sending a picture of his dick, and he doesn’t know how to say, _hey I know I’m the reason your relationship ended but I think we could be good friends_.

Maybe talking about it would ruin this uneasy stalemate they have. But maybe talking about it would eliminate that sad look in Taehyung’s eye when he doesn’t think anyone cares enough to see it.

“Jesus, did you save enough for the rest of us?” Yoongi slides onto the mat next to Jeongguk’s, letting his bag fall in a heap on the floor. Seokjin sits next to Namjoon, offering a smile. “I could hear you thinking from the parking lot, kid. What’s on your mind?”

“Namjoon hyung burned the meat.”

Namjoon points the tongs at him, greasy and dripping. “You traitor.”

“That’s not surprising,” Yoongi says, grinning at the indignant expression that crosses Namjoon’s features. He leans over to eat the food Jeongguk’s in the process of picking up for himself. “Please tell me you ordered more. This is less than Jeongguk ate on his own last time.”

“How many times do you feed Jeongguk?” Namjoon asks, flagging down the waitress to ask for more helpings of galbi and some samgyupsal.

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

Namjoon snickers, letting Seokjin take over the grill. “Whipped.”

“You’re one to talk, offering all your time to help him in classes he isn’t even taking yet.”
“You shut your mouth.”

Jeongguk laughs, and he’s not surprised that Namjoon’s already told Yoongi everything. In the short time he’s known all of Seokjin’s friends, he’s learned they’re all grossly gone for each other. The table is even more crowded now, double the side dishes and meat almost constantly being placed on everyone’s plates. Yoongi throws his arm around Jeongguk’s shoulders and steals the ssam Jeongguk was in the process of making.

With the second serving of galbi on the grill, Yoongi pets his fingers through the fine hair at the back of Jeongguk’s neck. “Have you talked to Taehyung.”

It’s not a question, mostly because Yoongi knows the answer is going to be, “Nope.”

“There’s three days left until summer break.”

“Yup.”

“You’re an idiot.”

“Don’t insult my child,” Namjoon interjects, pushing more food onto Jeongguk’s plate.

Yoongi orders two bottles of Soju, hands the other to Seokjin when Jeongguk reaches for it. “If he’s your child, that also makes him my child.”

Namjoon folds his hand, rests his chin on the bridge. “Jeongguk, do you consider me a father figure?”

“More like a bother figure,” Jeongguk mutters around a mouthful.

“No adopting my cousin,” Seokjin says. “Well, unless you pay a fair price.”

“Hey!”

“Really though,” Yoongi says, still snickering a little as Seokjin laughs obnoxiously loud. “He’s going home for the summer, and judging by your texting habits, you won’t answer him the entire time. There shouldn’t be any confusion when the semester ends.”

“There’s no confusion now,” Jeongguk whines.

He hates this. He hates the way his friends treat this like an issue, like hooking up with Taehyung automatically has to lead to something more. This isn’t a movie. Taehyung isn’t going to suddenly develop feelings for him, and Jeongguk’s not going to waste his time pushing for something that won’t happen. If they lose touch over the summer, he’ll have the good memories. Yugyeom knows people, Jeongguk has other friends. Keeping things the same with Taehyung isn’t a big deal.

Seokjin stares at Jeongguk over the grill, lips turned down in a frown. “Yoongi, I thought you said you convinced him.”

“I said I talked to him, two very different things.”

With a sigh, Seokjin pushes more food onto Jeongguk’s plate, more than anyone else has at the moment. “Jeongguk, listen.”

“No, I’m tired of listening.” Jeongguk stabs a piece of meat with more force than necessary. “Taehyung doesn’t like me as anything more than a friend, and I don’t like him as anything more. Would you guys be pushing so hard if I was sleeping with Hoseok hyung? Or Jimin hyung?”
Namjoon and Yoongi share a sheepish look, and Seokjin doesn’t look up from the grill, silent. “That’s what I thought.”

Yoongi squeezes the back of his neck. “We just don’t want you to get hurt, kid.”

“I’m not a kid. I know how to break things off if I don’t want them anymore.”

Jeongguk avoids the look he knows Seokjin is sending his way. So what if he’d stayed with his ex, waiting for him to end things so Jeongguk didn’t have to be lonely? That was a long time ago. Jeongguk knows better than to put himself through something like that again.

Namjoon offers Jeongguk a shot of soju. A peace offering. “Sorry we’ve pushed so hard.”

“It’s fine,” Jeongguk says with a shrug, offering his best smile. He takes the shot, stealing the rice off Yoongi’s spoon. The three of them share another look. “But now you all owe me ice cream.”

Yoongi mutters something about Jeongguk being a freeloader, Namjoon asking for the bill, split three ways, while Seokjin looks up nearby ice cream shops on his phone.

Halfway to the good liquor store off campus, Taehyung gets a text that stops him in his tracks. It’s from Jeongguk, a picture of his dick hard behind baby blue silk panties. Immediately, another picture comes through, from a different angle: Jeongguk standing before his mirror, holding his shirt between his teeth, dick straining the panties and a damp spot on the front. A third message: hyung :( where ru

It takes only a second for Taehyung to change his plans, to turn on his heel for the nearest bus stop. While waiting for the next bus, he sends a quick reply of 15 minutes

From: Jeon Jeongguk [2:37]
:( hurryyyyy

To: Jeon Jeongguk [2:40]
patience baby

From: Jeon Jeongguk [2:40]
no!!!!!!

To: Jeon Jeongguk [2:42]
Send more. To pass the time

From: Jeon Jeongguk [2:43]
b-but hyung
it’s embarrassing <.<

To: Jeon Jeongguk [2:46]
Don’t you want to be a good boy?

From: Jeon Jeongguk [2:47]
f fuck

Taehyung sits in the back of the bus, turning his body toward the window as his phone buzzes again and again, picture after picture filling his screen. Jeongguk in front of the mirror, gripping his cock. Jeongguk lying down, teasing the edge of the panties. His fingers teasing his own length, an audio clip that Taehyung can’t listen to because he left his headphones at home.
His own replies stop, fixated entirely on the pictures and video that Jeongguk sends him. They keep coming, too, Jeongguk sending him a slew of photos, so much so that Taehyung has to discretely fix his pants at the stop before Jeongguk’s. He all but jumps off the bus when the doors open, crossing the street hurriedly and taking the stairs because he can’t be bothered to wait for an elevator before he’s standing in front of Jeongguk’s apartment door, knocking loudly.

Jeongguk answers in nothing but his oversized t-shirt, lip bitten in a grin. “Took you long enough.”

“Shut up,” Taehyung says, shutting the door behind him as he grips Jeongguk’s wrist and leads him down the familiar hallway.

Laughing quietly, Jeongguk shakes off his hand and drapes himself over Taehyung’s back, holding on tight as they stumble through the door. Jeongguk’s pants are discarded on the floor, his phone sticking halfway out of the sheets. He pauses, glancing to the side before tilting his chin to look at Taehyung. “Could you fuck me against the wall?”

Taehyung takes one look at the wall and another at Jeongguk, all sinewy muscles and defined, raw power. “No.”

“Sighs. Wasted potential.”

“Did- did you just say sighs-?”

“Shh.” Jeongguk squeezes his arms around Taehyung’s chest, then moves around him to lie on the bed, staring with hooded eyes and anticipation beckoning. “Fuck me, hyung.”

“Jesus,” Taehyung hisses, chucking off his t-shirt and kicking his shoes off. “Given up entirely on subtlety, have we?”

“Whatever works, right? Do you like them?”

He’s referring to the silk panties, baby blue and looking so devastatingly delicate on Jeongguk’s hips. His cock sits hard and heavy, straining the fabric, leaking. Taehyung can’t help but touch, standing between Jeongguk’s spread legs and groaning at the first soft brush of his fingers against the cool silk, Jeongguk’s warm dick.

“I love them, baby,” Taehyung says, stroking his fingers gently along Jeongguk’s length. “Look so pretty.”

Jeongguk hums, squirming a little under Taehyung’s touch, until Taehyung grips him harder, moves his hand faster, works him up little by little so that he’s panting, legs straining where they’re kept open around Taehyung. “I- ah- was fingering- hm- m’self. Before I sent the pictures.”

“Oh? Couldn’t even wait a few minutes, hm? Baby’s always so desperate for something in his ass, right?”

“Y-yeah,” Jeongguk sighs, body going pliant as Taehyung dips his fingers below the panties, scratching lightly where his hip dips. “M’still- baby’s still loose.”

Taehyung curses, intoxicated by the sight of Jeongguk, sighing in muted pleasure, panting and biting at his lip to try and keep his moans at bay. He’s dropping so pretty and Taehyung has barely done anything, but he can already feel himself getting hard, wants nothing more than to take Jeongguk apart and stitch him back together at the seams.

Taehyung flicks the tip of Jeongguk’s dick, a wretched moan falling from his lips at the sensation. “I
have an idea, baby. Where’s your vibrator?”

“D-Drawer.”

Grabbing the vibrator, along with some condoms and the lube, Taehyung walks to the other side of the bed, gathers both of Jeongguk’s hands into his own and holds them. When he’s sure Jeongguk won’t move them, he kicks off his pants and settles on the bed behind Jeongguk, tugging off Jeongguk’s shirt.

“Keep your hands behind my back,” Taehyung says, gently lifting Jeongguk’s head to rest on his lap before guiding Jeongguk’s hands behind his body, fingers linked. “Move them, and I’ll have to punish you, okay?”

“Okay.”

“I’m going to use the vibrator, okay?”

Jeongguk nods, breath hitching as Taehyung drags his hands down Jeongguk’s body, stroking across the divots of his abs, his sharp hip bones, before bringing his fingers up to tweak Jeongguk’s nipples. He gasps, arching into the touch and Taehyung, fueled by the power he holds over Jeongguk’s body, he stays. He pinches Jeongguk’s nipples, rolls them between his fingers, and plays with the taut strings of Jeongguk’s body until he’s whining, torn between pushing into the touch and shying away.

Making the decision for him, Taehyung holds Jeongguk down by his chest, drags his nails over his nipples again, and watches raptly as Jeongguk’s hips kick, seeking friction, seeking relief.

“Hyung,” Jeongguk gasps, panting into his own bicep. “Hyung, please, wanna- wanna be touched-”

“I’m getting to it, baby.” Taehyung tugs on his cock for good measure, lips curling at the high-pitched whine that Jeongguk lets out. His body curves and moves beautifully, squirming in Taehyung’s lap, strong legs straining and falling shut on instinct, trying to trap Taehyung’s hand on his cock. “Knees up, feet flat on the bed. Good boy, Gukie.”

Jeongguk follows his instructions, mumbling to himself as Taehyung slicks up the vibrator, trailing it over Jeongguk’s cock before pressing the blunt tip to his hole. The angle is awkward, Taehyung all but lying over Jeongguk’s body to reach, but Jeongguk doesn’t seem to mind.

Meeting little resistance, Taehyung pushes the vibrator inside Jeongguk, until it’s snug against his walls. He twists it, presses it into Jeongguk’s prostate, and earns a beautifully wrecked moan in return. He moves the panties back into place, but not before flicking the vibrator onto one of its highest settings.

Jeongguk’s reaction is instantaneous, his body seizing up as he cries out, fingers digging into Taehyung’s back as he holds on, looks for anything to ground himself, to serve as a relief from the vibrations assaulting his prostate. He moans, thighs straining where Taehyung holds them apart, forcing Jeongguk to take it, to endure it even as his hips kick, desperate for friction.

“Shit-” Jeongguk whines, sweaty hair flopping into his eyes. He looks up at Taehyung, eyes glassy and wet, and Taehyung has to take a deep breath to keep from losing it. “Hn, feels- mn- hyung, Tae, ahr-”

Jeongguk gasps and babbles, lets out a little sob as Taehyung scrapes his nails down the soft flesh of his inner thighs, up his stomach, to flick at his nipples again. “Tell me,” he breathes. “Tell me how you feel.”
“So good,” Jeongguk sobs, hips jerking off the bed. “Feels so good- hn- daddy-”

“Like it?”

“G-Gukie loves it.”

“You should get nipple clamps,” Taehyung says absentmindedly, like Jeongguk isn’t falling apart beneath his very hands. The change in his attention makes Jeongguk groan, flicking his hair out of his eyes to pout up at Taehyung. “You’d look so pretty, baby. Nipples all red, body so bruised, anytime you moved they’d hurt- just like this.”

He pinches Jeongguk’s nipples, a frantic, loud noise tumbling out of his lips as he throws his head back, skin slick with sweat. Taehyung snickers, and does it again to see the same reaction.

“P-pretty ones?” Jeongguk huffs out, panting loudly as Taehyung strokes the skin just below his hips, just barely underneath the silk where his cock lies heavy against his belly, drooling precum onto the dip of his abs.

“You could get pretty ones,” Taehyung agrees, itching to touch Jeongguk’s cock, but he’s curious to see just how long Jeongguk can hold out like this before he’s begging.

“Prettier than Gukie?”

“Never.”

Jeongguk smiles into his bicep, eyes closed as Taehyung holds his palm over his cock, giving him something to rut against as the vibrations nudge his prostate, unrelenting. His gasps are wet, filthy, lips slick from where he’d been biting them, trying to hold back his noises.

“Baby, no,” Taehyung says quietly, dragging his thumb across Jeongguk’s fat bottom lip. “Daddy wants to hear you. Won’t you be good?”

“Yes,” Jeongguk whines, drool gathering at the corner of his mouth. “I-I’ll, baby will be good. M’sorry, Gukie- Gukie wants-”

“What does Gukie want?” Taehyung teases, presses the heel of his palm down harder, Jeongguk’s hips stuttering as he whines.

“Just want!”

Taehyung takes pity on him, slipping his hand beneath Jeongguk’s panties to jerk him off slowly, not enough for him to find release, but enough that Jeongguk feels it. His stomach clenches, legs shutting and opening again, cock leaking, and hands scrambling at Taehyung’s back.

He smooths the hair away from Jeongguk’s eyes, one hand tapping a staccato beat against his nipple as he slows down his other hand. Jeongguk whines, apologies tumbling from his lips, begging Taehyung to continue. “Can I try something, baby? You’ll tell me if you don’t like it?”

Jeongguk sniffles, but nods. “Okay, hyungie.”

Leaning down, Taehyung ups the vibrations one more level, the difference noticeable to Jeongguk, who moans pitifully as his hips shift. Taehyung waits until Jeongguk has gotten used to it, adjusted to the vibrator and to Taehyung’s loose grip on his dick, lazy with its intent. Then, he’s withdrawing his hand from Jeongguk’s panties, ignoring the confused little wine that Jeongguk lets out.
He waits another minute, Jeongguk shifting uncertainly on the bed, torn between staring up at Taehyung and moving his hips to chase release.

He waits, and then-

Taehyung brings his hand down on Jeongguk’s cock, slapping him lightly and immediately grabbing his shoulders to hold him steady when Jeongguk wails, body arching so much that Taehyung feels a brief sense of worry. That is, until Jeongguk’s body settles, his mouth falls open with wet, obscene pants of hot breath, and he looks up at Taehyung with tears in his eyes to croak,

“Again.”

This time, Taehyung doesn’t wait. He grips Jeongguk’s hip with one hand, placing two more slaps to Jeongguk’s cock. He pauses in-between each one, not wanting to overwhelm or hurt Jeongguk as he slaps his cock again, and again, taking a break to soothe the tension from Jeongguk’s thighs.

“Fuck, Jeongguk,” Taehyung whispers, his own cock so hard in his boxers that it hurts. But he pushes aside his own desire because he wants this, he wants Jeongguk, sobbing and wailing beneath his ministrations, wants Jeongguk begging to be slapped and to be stepped on. He wants the wide-eyes stupor, the mindless babbling, and the lean muscle beneath his nails. Because Taehyung wants a lot of things, but this- he can have this. “Doing so well, baby boy. Think you can do ten more? Only ten, and then you can come.”

“Hn,” Jeongguk cries out at another flick to his nipple, nodding furiously. “I can- please- want, want it so bad, Tae-”

Taehyung only hums, reaching back to get Jeongguk to tighten his arms around Taehyung’s waist, a silent reminder not to forget, that the threat of a punishment still looms. “Such a good baby.”

Jeongguk sobs with the next slap, aimed at the tip of his cock. His panties are soaked by now, the outline of his cock apparent beneath the lace. Taehyung slaps each of his balls twice, and then the base.

“Just a few more,” Taehyung murmurs, traces his fingers over the slope of Jeongguk’s neck to give him a break. “Can you could count, baby? Only four more, you can do it.”

“O-one,” Jeongguk stutters, as Taehyung slaps the tip of his cock again. The next hit is harder, and Jeongguk’s body curls into itself when he gasps, “Two.”

The last two hits are the hardest, Taehyung cupping his hand to land two solid smacks to Jeongguk’s balls and then the length of his cock, Jeongguk moaning out the numbers, and on the last hit Jeongguk hisses, cursing quietly as he tries to move away from the touch. His arms shake, legs straining as Taehyung gently runs his nails over Jeongguk’s thighs.

“All done, baby, you did it.”

“Come?” Jeongguk whimpers, tilting his chin up. “Gukie- Can Gukie come? Please, hyung- I was good.”

“You were,” Taehyung agrees, moving his hand to slowly start jerking Jeongguk off again, his hips both rutting into Taehyung’s hand and down onto the vibrator. “Go ahead, baby. Gonna make a mess of your pretty panties? Make a mess of yourself for daddy?”

“Y-Yeah, hn, oh-”
“My pretty, messy baby,” Taehyung hums, placing his free hand on Jeongguk’s lower belly and pressing. “Such a pretty cock, so nice and useless, hm? Go on, come in your panties like a little slut-”

Jeongguk cries out, hips stuttering before he’s coming, Taehyung moving his hand out of the way in time so Jeongguk spills in the panties, staining the silky material, dark and wet. He sobs, tears streaking down his cheeks as he comes, Taehyung’s name on his lips before his hips finally settle.

“So good, baby,” Taehyung is whispering, touching his fingers to Jeongguk’s cheek. “So pretty, always look so pretty when you come.”

“Hng- Tae-”

“You’re still hard,” Taehyung notes, tugging down Jeongguk’s soiled panties, letting the fabric drag along his skin before he tosses them onto the floor. He touches Jeongguk’s cock, plump against his thigh, and Jeongguk flinches, slightly, so he goes back to stroking Jeongguk’s thighs.

“Th-Then do something about it,” Jeongguk says, talking real tough for a guy still fighting tears, with a vibrator up his ass, and clutching onto Taehyung.

Taehyung grips his chin, tilting his head over Jeongguk’s to fix him with a flat look. “Don’t tempt me, sweetheart.”

He’s quick to drag the vibrator out of Jeongguk’s hole, gently breaking Jeongguk’s hold behind his back to get off the bed. Jeongguk’s eyes fly open, looking for him and gasping, “Daddy-”

“I’m right here,” Taehyung whispers, straddling Jeongguk’s waist and pressing a soft kiss to his collarbone. “Do you want a break?”

Jeongguk shakes his head, folding his hands over Taehyung’s waist and holding on tight. “M’fine, Gukie just wants you, hyung.”

“Hmn, and how can I say no to that?”

He moves off Jeongguk’s waist, settling between Jeongguk’s bent legs and propping his lower half in Taehyung’s lap. Slicking his fingers with lube, Taehyung pushes two into Jeongguk’s hole, wet with lube, sloppy. He knows Jeongguk is stretched, probably more than enough now with four of Taehyung’s fingers thrusting in, squelching with the lube, but Taehyung’s bigger than the vibrator and he doesn’t want to hurt Jeongguk.

When Taehyung reaches for the condoms he’d grabbed earlier, Jeongguk’s hand on his wrist makes him pause. He’s biting his lip, ankles locked behind Taehyung’s back.

“Baby?”

“Don’t… Don’t use one,” Jeongguk murmurs, cheeks tinted red in embarrassment. “Condom. Don’t wanna.”

Taehyung’s hips kick, cock positively aching at the way Jeongguk stares at him beneath his sweaty bangs, the way he bites his lip as if uncertain, yet resolute in what he’s asking for. “Are you sure?”

Jeongguk nods, squirming. “I’m clean, haven’t ever- are you? Hyung- you’re clean, right?”

“Yeah,” Taehyung says. A pregnancy scare with Jiae over a year ago had led to both of them getting tested, and then Jiae making a comment about how they’d dodged the worst thing that could have
happened, turning her nose up at the very idea of having kids- even in the future. But Taehyung doesn’t want to think about that- about her, not with Jeongguk splayed out in front of him, eager and waiting, body warm and pliant and oh, so good for Taehyung. “Yeah, baby, I’m clean.”

“Good. Don’t use one.”

There’s no skill in how Taehyung scrambles to get his boxers off, slicking up his cock and choking on a gasp as he presses against Jeongguk’s loose hole. He pushes into Jeongguk slowly, absolutely overwhelmed- intoxicated- with the way Jeongguk’s hole clenches around him, ass gripping him tightly as he bottoms out. Jeongguk moans, loud and long, head thrown back, and Taehyung distracts himself from coming too soon by sucking marks onto the smooth skin of Jeongguk’s neck.

“Feel- shit- so good, baby,” Taehyung groans into his neck, Jeongguk squeezing around his length. “Ass made for my cock.”

Without the condom everything feels new, feels different. Jeongguk is warm around his cock, scratches nails down his back without abandon. Taehyung is shaking, drunk on the feeling, wet and warm and tight and fuck, he’s not going to last.

“Move,” Jeongguk gasps, voice catching on a moan. “Please.”

Taehyung pulls back, Jeongguk’s gaze burning his where he peaks out beneath his bangs, and Taehyung- Taehyung feels that familiar ache return, rear its ugly head just when he wants it the least. Because Jeongguk is looking at him- looking at him like he means something, like he’s worth something. Maybe it’s the lack of a condom, the next level intimacy that comes from taking someone like this. Maybe it’s the hand in Taehyung’s hair, playing with the strands, gripping tightly enough to hurt.

Maybe it’s the way Taehyung can’t seem to catch his breath whenever Jeongguk is around. Or his legs, so strong, full of intense power, pulling Taehyung closer, deeper. Maybe it’s- maybe it’s-

Taehyung tilts Jeongguk’s head up, and kisses him.

It’s messy, little finesse to the kiss, but Taehyung is desperate, eyes falling shut as he kisses Jeongguk with fervor, pressing his head into the mattress, taking, taking, taking-

Jeongguk makes a confused noise, but he doesn’t pull away, holding Taehyung close to kiss him back just as fiercely, mouth opening for Taehyung’s tongue to lick across his teeth, across his bottom lip. He loses himself in the kiss, pulls back only to heave a breath and dive in again, nipping Jeongguk’s lip, kissing him sloppily because like this- like this- with eyes closed and nothing separating their bodies, slick skin against skin, Taehyung can pretend.

Pretend that he isn’t terrified. Pretend that Jeongguk doesn’t deserve better. Pretend that he isn’t falling, even though he knows the jump is too high, knows there’s too much at stake, knows there’s nothing waiting at the bottom to break his fall except for his own heart, bandaged and waving a tiny white flag of surrender-

“Tae,” Jeongguk gasps, dragging in much needed air as Taehyung kisses across his cheek, kisses below his ear, and the delicate arch of his eyebrow. He whines lightly, urging Taehyung to get on with it with a light kick to the small of his back. “Fuck me. Please.”

Taehyung can’t help it, he kisses Jeongguk again, (he’s addicted, he’s made a mistake and now he’s hooked, knows he won’t want to go back to anything else now that he’s gotten just a little taste-) before he leans back, curling Jeongguk’s legs over his arms and pushing, the strain obvious in
Jeongguk’s thighs, the tension of the muscles.

Pulling almost all the way out, Taehyung thrusts back in with a brutal pace, fucking into Jeongguk harshly, Jeongguk’s body bouncing on the mattress as he holds on tight, nails biting Taehyung’s shoulders in a tender, bruising kiss.

Jeongguk cries out, sobbing Taehyung’s name as Taehyung fucks hard, tries both to chase away this feeling and to build Jeongguk up. He’s not going to last, having been on edge for too long, and Jeongguk- beautiful, messy, perfect Jeongguk- won’t hang on much longer, either. He’s always so good, body like an instrument that’s taken a particular liking to Taehyung, a piano with finicky keys that Taehyung knows the secret to.

Hiking one of Jeongguk’s legs over his shoulder, Taehyung fucks deeper, finds a new angle to nudge Jeongguk’s prostate with every thrust, Jeongguk’s head falling back on the mattress with a loud cry, Taehyung’s name spilling from his lips.

Taehyung chases it, pushes until Jeongguk is all but bent in half to kiss again, gently curving his palm to fit Jeongguk’s cheek, to kiss him until he’s breathless and there’s a pinch in the corners of Taehyung’s eyes.

“Hyung,” Jeongguk moans, mouth breaking away from Taehyung’s to try and catch his breath. “Hn, so big- so- ah- good, Gukie feels, mnh- so good-”

“Always so good, take hyung so well,” Taehyung fucks him faster, drunk on the tears catching on Jeongguk’s lashes like pearls. He misses with his next kiss, tongue tracing from the corner of Jeongguk’s mouth, down his neck, to circle and bite at a nipple, Jeongguk’s broken moan ringing in his ears. “Hyung’s pretty baby, yeah? My good boy?”

“Yours-” A gasp, a sob of Taehyung’s name, Jeongguk’s nails raking crossed lines down his back. “Your- good boy, Tae!”

“That’s it,” Taehyung says, feeding his praise into Jeongguk’s mouth, torn between kissing and telling Jeongguk how good he feels, how tight he is, ass warm and wet, sucking him in. “Touch yourself, baby. I know you want to.”

Jeongguk moves his hand to jerk himself off, Taehyung snapping his hips so roughly against Jeongguk’s ass that the bed jostles, that Jeongguk lets out little gasps with every thrust, breathing heavily against Taehyung’s mouth. He holds tight to Taehyung’s hair, a sting in his scalp, but Taehyung ignores it in favor of fucking Jeongguk to his release, the slick sounds of skin on skin, their heavy breaths, Jeongguk’s whine, filling the room with a symphonic composition that Taehyung would spend the rest of his life learning across all mediums.

Jeongguk cries out, leg shaking where Taehyung has it over his shoulder. “Close- Gukie- please- Gukie wants to come, hng-”

“Go ahead, baby,” Taehyung whispers, kisses Jeongguk because he can. “Come for me, hyung wants to see you come.”

Jeongguk’s body goes still, and then he arches, coming with a high-pitched moan that Taehyung eagerly swallows with a kiss as Jeongguk spills between their bodies, painting their bellies white. He whines with overstimulation as Taehyung continues to fuck into him, chasing his own release with heavy pants and a desperation that matches the kiss Taehyung presses to Jeongguk’s throat.

“In me, hyung,” Jeongguk whispers, voice shot. “Come inside.”
Taehyung’s hips stutter, caught off guard with Jeongguk’s request, Jeongguk clenching his ass tight around Taehyung’s cock, and all he manages are a few more shallow thrusts before he’s coming, buried deep inside Jeongguk’s ass, spilling and shaking and gasping, barely registering Jeongguk’s hands running soothing strokes down his back, or the lips on the shell of his ear.

When Taehyung pulls out—after a few minutes, because he couldn’t catch his damn breath—cum trickles from Jeongguk’s ass, clenching to try and keep it inside.

“Oh, my God,” Taehyung whispers, revenant.

He dips his thumb into Jeongguk’s hole, puffy and slick, spent. Jeongguk’s legs shake as Taehyung lowers them to the bed, Jeongguk’s arms thrown over his eyes as his chest heaves, as he comes down, comes back to himself.

“Th-The plug,” Jeongguk says quietly, voice raspy and wrecked. “Daddy-”

“I got it.”

Taehyung pushes the plug back into Jeongguk, twisting it to press into Jeongguk’s prostate, expecting a weak slap, maybe a curse and Jeongguk telling him to knock it off. What he doesn’t expect is for Jeongguk to moan, for his cock to twitch in interest, for him to grind down against it.

“Seriously, baby?”

Jeongguk squirms, cheeks flushed with embarrassment. “I- I like it. The way it feels. Makes Gukie feel- good.”

“You wanna come again?”

Nodding, Jeongguk lowers his arms, bites his lip and bats his eyelashes. “Please?”

“Of course, baby.”

The buildup is slower, Taehyung turning on the vibrations again and gently thrusting the toy inside Jeongguk’s tired hole. He moans, Taehyung’s fingers stroking his ankle, and it takes a lot and nothing at the same time, Taehyung whispering words of encouragement before Jeongguk finally comes, his dick weakly leaking more cum onto the mess on his stomach.

Jeongguk laughs, quietly, dragging a finger through the small puddle, bringing it to his lips to lick happily as Taehyung grabs the nearest shirt to clean off their chests. He flicks the button on the bottom of the vibrator, leaning over Jeongguk to kiss him again and whisper, “I’ll be right back.”

He tugs on his boxers and jeans, running a hand through his sweaty hair as he heads into the kitchen to grab a few bottles of water, a cereal bar, a banana milk from the fridge, and some of those crisps that Jeongguk really likes. He’s got movie ideas, too, knows where plenty of blankets are to make the bed into a makeshift fort, except-

Except he isn’t greeted by a quiet and sated Jeongguk. No, he comes back to the room to find Jeongguk crying—sobbing—pulling at his own hair as he struggles to get away from something. His cock dribbles a pitifully small amount of cum. He reaches between his thighs, only to flinch away.

“Jeongguk?”

Taehyung’s voice feels far away, and he drops everything, rushing over to the bed. Jeongguk’s eyes struggle to focus, struggle to see Taehyung properly through his tears, through a haze that Taehyung
can’t break through. Jeongguk sobs, a heart wrenching sound that has Taehyung choking up, hands hovering uselessly.

“The plug,” Jeongguk gasps, choke on his own spit with another wave of tears. “Plug, Tae- the plug- vibrating- hurts-”

Taehyung rips the plug from Jeongguk’s hole, cum trickling down his thighs- and the thing is still vibrating in Taehyung’s hand.

His heart sinks in horror, chest aching. He’d pressed the button. He’d turned it off. He swears he did. He didn’t- he never wanted to- fuck. Jeongguk looks almost terrified, tears still streaming down his cheeks as he scrambles into a ball in the middle of the bed, crying openly and shivering, cock red and Taehyung can only imagine how sore Jeongguk must be. Taehyung feels like a fucking idiot, like the worst type of scum, his heart screaming when he reaches for Jeongguk’s shoulder, only for Jeongguk to jerk away from his touch.

“I’m sorry,” Taehyung whispers, for lack of anything better to say. He doesn’t know what to do. “I’m so sorry, baby, I thought- I thought it was off-”

“I think you should go,” Jeongguk says, voice barely a whisper, but still desolate and distraught. “Don’t-don’t touch me.”

“I’m sorry,” Taehyung says again. He tries to brush the hair away from Jeongguk’s eyes, but he hisses, and Taehyung settles for draping a blanket over Jeongguk’s body. “Jeongguk, I didn’t-”

“I know. Please go.”

“I know. I know you’re sorry.”

Taehyung doesn’t know what to say, doesn’t know what to do. He collects his shoes and shirt, dressing silently. Jeongguk is quiet on the bed, shaking slightly beneath the blanket. Pulling out his phone, Taehyung is halfway through sending a text to Seokjin- for help, for Jeongguk, for help- when Jeongguk calls his name, quietly.

“Taehyung?”

“Yes?” Taehyung turns at the door, gripping the doorframe tightly.

A pause. “Can you call Yoongi hyung?”

Something shatters in Taehyung’s chest, but he swallows it down. This isn’t about him, this is about Jeongguk, trying to make himself as small as possible in his own bed. He nods, before remembering that Jeongguk can’t see him.

“I’m calling him now.”

“Okay.”

He’s in the hallway outside the apartment by the time Yoongi answers the call with a gruff, “What?”
“It’s Jeongguk,” Taehyung says, biting his lip hard enough to draw blood. “He- we, we finished, and- and he needs you, hyung. I don’t, I don’t know what to do.”

There’s a pause, and then, “He’s at his place?”

“Yeah.”

“Fuck.” The frantic sound of someone shoving all of their things into a backpack, Yoongi telling whoever he’s with that it’s Taehyung on the phone, that he needs to go check on Jeongguk. “I’ll be there in five minutes.”

Taehyung waits outside the building for those five minutes, watches Yoongi run into the apartment before he finally leaves for good, texting Yoongi to update him whenever he can. He doesn’t know where to go, doesn’t know what to do, so he walks. He walks until he doesn’t recognize the area, until the sun has long since set, until his phone is ringing and he can’t feel his face.

Taehyung’s got a cup of vodka and the least amount of soda possible held between his knees, eyes glued to his phone as he plays a new game Jimin downloaded. The party is unbearably loud, but all parties are, and the Lambda house is no exception. Jimin is next to him, slow about the Jell-O shots he takes because the two of them haven’t decided who needs to stay sober enough to get them home.

Truthfully, Taehyung would rather be at the apartment. He’s got his last final in the morning and he really should be studying, but one just doesn’t miss the Lambda end of semester party. Even Seokjin and Yoongi, fucking graduates, were around here somewhere among the throng of exhausted students.

“Ten thousand Won says a Freshman throws up on Seokjin hyung.” Jimin nudges Taehyung’s shoulder, bringing him back to the world. There’s a girl flirting with Seokjin, and from where they sit on the couch, it looks like he’s very politely trying to turn her down, all while trying to indiscreetly stare at Namjoon and Yoongi across the room. “Again.”

“I’ll take that bet.”

“I’m getting more drinks,” Jimin says quietly. Hoseok’s arrived to a cacophony of cheers, a girl Taehyung thinks he recognizes kisses Hoseok in the doorway, and a small group of them take a shot. “Tae- can you-?”

“I’ll get us home,” Taehyung sighs, reaching over to awkwardly pat Jimin’s thigh. “Just take it slow, okay? Don’t blackout. Please.”

“I’ll try.”

He doesn’t see himself leaving this couch anytime soon, settles in for the impending headache and wonders if Jimin will remember to bring him another drink, or if Jimin will take it himself, finding solace in being drunk, in removing himself from the world enough not to notice Hoseok. Behind Hoseok, Jeongguk walks into the house, looking painfully young among the senior girls and guys who like to wait by the front door, to scope out the crowd and potential bedmates for the night.

Trying not to watch, Taehyung sees Hoseok throw an arm around Jeongguk’s shoulders, nearly knocking off Jeongguk’s snapback. So Hoseok is already a little drunk, leading Jeongguk to the kitchen.

Taehyung catches the look that Seokjin sends his way, and he contemplates sacrificing his good spot on the couch to go pretend to be Seokjin’s boyfriend, to save him from the girl who can’t seem to
take a hint. He resolves to do just that, taking another drink of his vodka, but before he stands up someone else sits down.

“Jeongguk,” Taehyung breathes, cup pressed to his bottom lip.

“Hey, hyung.”

“Oh my, God- Jeongguk-” Taehyung drops the cup, sticky vodka splashing onto his pants and staining the couch, but that doesn’t matter. Taehyung pulls Jeongguk into a fierce hug, holds him close, holds him tight, and takes a shuddering breath. “I’m so sorry, holy shit. I’m- Jeongguk, I’m an idiot.”

Jeongguk laughs quietly, weakly, patting Taehyung’s back. “I’m not debating that, Tae.”

“I’m sorry, you- you’re okay?” Taehyung pulls back, squeezes Jeongguk’s shoulder, and assesses his face beneath his hat, the flush sitting pretty on his cheeks. “You look okay. You’re okay?”

“I’m okay,” Jeongguk says. “I think- I think I was more scared than I was hurt. I’ve never come that many times before.”

He’s chuckling quietly, but Taehyung can’t match the sentiment. “Still- I- I feel like shit. I never wanted to- I really thought-”

“Hey.” Jeongguk knocks his knuckles against Taehyung’s jaw lightly, a friendly gesture that Taehyung feels undeserving of. “It’s okay. I know you didn’t do it on purpose.”

“I’ll make it up to you.”

“Hyung-”

“I will, I swear. Step on you as much as you want, do anything you want. Even if it’s weird.”

“Oh, thank God. There’s this tentacle sex toy I’ve been looking into-”

Taehyung makes a face, but curls his hand over Jeongguk’s cheek and says, “If tentacle porn is what you want-”

“I’m fucking with you,” Jeongguk laughs, rolling his eyes. He holds Taehyung’s wrist, softly. “I appreciate you being worried, hyung, really. Yoongi hyung helped me out, and we know to be extra careful with that stupid plug next time. This is healthy.”

“Healthy.” Taehyung repeats, tasting the word on the back of his tongue. It surely doesn’t feel applicable, but Jeongguk is sitting back against the couch, the perfect picture of ease, and Taehyung wonders if he wasn’t kept up all night afterwards, unlike Taehyung.

“Yeah! We’re talking and shit, we’re fucking up. It all comes with getting stuff right, right? My ex used to pull shit and we wouldn’t talk about it. This is way better.”

“I- I guess so,” Taehyung agrees.

He won’t let things end here, then. Jeongguk is still willing to spend time with him, for them to talk and improve with the sex they have, and Taehyung won’t take that for granted. He’ll learn everything, if he has to. Learn more than enough. Make it up to Jeongguk even if Jeongguk insists everything’s fine, because he can’t stomach the guilt that sits in the back of his throat.

Jeongguk nods, and turns his face into Taehyung’s touch. “I’m gonna get a drink. You want
“ Anything? ”

“I’m okay. You’ll come back?”

“Yeah, I’ll come back.”

Then Jeongguk is gone, and Taehyung finds that he can breathe a bit easier than he’s been able to all night, or even all day. He hadn’t heard from Jeongguk after leaving the apartment complex, had curled into bed with Jimin and bitten his lip, refusing to talk, until he tasted blood. This was better.

Jeongguk wasn’t shutting him out. Taehyung could do this. He could do better.

Lost in his thoughts, Taehyung doesn’t notice the couch dipping beside him again until there’s a cold hand on his knee, a small body angled towards his, a smile flashing before his eyes- the same thing his nightmares have been made of for months.

“Long time no see, babe.”

“Jiae.” Taehyung hisses, removes her hand from his knee only for her to put it right back.

Jiae rolls her eyes, long hair curled elegantly over her shoulder, blood red lips pouted exaggeratedly.

“That’s no way to treat me.”

“I’m sorry,” Taehyung sneers. “Would you rather I fuck one of your friends? Or how about your entire sorority? That may put us on equal footing.”

“Are you still hung up on that?” Jiae rests her chin on her hand, sharp nails against her bottom lip.

“It’s been ages. Get over it, honey.”

“It’s barely been four months. Unlike you, Jiae, I have a heart. I can’t get over three years instantly.”

“Pity. You’d look a lot less pathetic, Taetae.”

“Don’t call me that.”

“Aw.” Jiae pouts, blinking her eyes rapidly. “But you used to love it when we fucked.”

Taehyung curls his hands into fists, turns his body away, but she follows, pushes where Taehyung pulls. “Things have changed.”

“They didn’t have to.”

“You cheated.”

“And? You’re the one who ended things between us. Sent your dumb lapdog to collect your things. Couldn’t even do it yourself, babe.”

“Don’t talk about Jimin like that.”

Jiae laughs, grabbing some poor guy’s drink as he walks past. She winks, and he walks away with a dopey grin, drink entirely forgotten. “I fucked him the month we started dating.”


“See that guy standing by the fireplace? Fucked him the day before our anniversary. Sixth month and year.”
Breathe out. Ignore. Don’t see red. Don’t let her in. Don’t let her in again.

“Tall guy with the ugly haircut? I’ve been sleeping with him since high school.”

“Stop,” Taehyung whispers, one syllable scraping his throat raw on the way up.

Jiae turns around, points over the back of the couch, her leg on Taehyung’s thigh. “Been with the new Lambda leader for almost seven months, now.”

“Jiae.” Taehyung grits through his teeth. He pushes her leg away, gets a bit of distance between them so he can breathe again. Where are his friends- a few minutes ago they were directly in his line of sight, now they can’t even see him suffering here, Jiae’s claws on his jaw, forcing Taehyung to look at her. “Why are you doing this?”

“To show you that it doesn’t matter, Taetae. We were together, but you weren’t the only guy I was with.” She shrugs. “Maybe it’ll help you move on.”

It won’t.

They both know it.

Jiae revels in it.

“When you asked me to be exclusive,” Taehyung mutters, prying Jiae’s fingers away from his jaw. “It meant we were together, period. Not that we’d sleep with other people.”

“Well, you could have said that,” Jiae says with a roll of her eyes. “Not my fault you misunderstood.”

“It couldn’t have been clearer!”

“Whatever.” She flips her hair to her opposite shoulder, crossing her legs where she sits next to him. Her dress rides up her thighs, marked with hickeys and fading bruises. Bruises she kept well hidden while they were dating. “We both know no one wants you, anyway.”

Taehyung swallows thickly. “You’re fucking horrible.”

Jiae laughs, throws her head back and laughs. Attracts the attention of a few nearby guys and just keeps laughing, wiping a fake tear away with the tip of her finger. “And you’re second rate, babe. Let’s not pretend the only reason Jeongguk even spared you a glance isn’t because I was done with him.”

“That’s not true.”

“Isn’t it?” She shrugs, wicked grin still plastered on her lips. “Who else would want you, Taehyung? I don’t. Jeongguk doesn’t. Maybe I could set you up with some of my guys. They’re good at pretending, too.”

Taehyung breathes in. Tries to settle his erratic heartbeat, tries to quell the heat he feels on his cheeks, the sting in his eyes, the slickness to his palms. He closes his eyes. Opens them and Jiae is still there.

“Leave.”

“The offer is on the table, Tae. If you change your mind.”

The guy from the last party is there when Taehyung blinks, taking Jiae’s hand to lead her away,
away from where Taehyung sits with the breath knocked out of him. The offer is on the table, she’d said, the night they met, when Taehyung had politely turned down her offer to meet her in a bedroom upstairs, both of them soaked from jumping into the pool. She’d curled her fingers into the waistband of his jeans, stood on her toes to breathe those words into his ear- like she knew, she knew that Taehyung would be back later that night. That he’d keep coming back.

Taehyung is going to be sick.

Stumbling off the couch, Taehyung fights blindly through the throng of people, too many people, all laughing and drinking, dancing and laughing, drinking and laughing and laughing at him, at how he can barely see. Laughing at him. He’s an idiot.

An idiot. He’s an idiot, hand shaking as he pours out a shot. And then another one. And another. Three more. He’s not drunk yet. A few more and maybe he’ll have a decent excuse for why he’s sick. A few more and maybe he’ll blackout. He’ll try not to do it here, in the kitchen. Doesn’t want to inconvenience anyone.

“Taehyung?”

Another shot.

“Holy shit- Tae- stop.”

This one touches his lip before someone grabs the shot glass. He’s not in the kitchen anymore, standing behind a couch somewhere in the living room. A door next to him. Outside. That’s where he wanted to go.

Jeongguk holds his face between two hands, demands his attention, and the alcohol hasn’t hit yet for Taehyung to pretend he doesn’t crave this.

“What happened? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“Please.” His voice is broken and raw. Raw. Broken. “Please leave me alone.”

“At least let me get you back to your place,” Jeongguk insists, trailing after him as Taehyung takes a few unsteady steps. “You look about ready to keel over-”

“Leave me alone,” Taehyung repeats, feels the sympathy wrap tight around his heart, suffocating and brutal. He doesn’t deserve this, he knows. Why is Jeongguk pretending that he cares?

“Tae-”

“Jeongguk, stop!”

He doesn’t mean to yell, really he doesn’t. Everything is too loud and everything is happening too much, lights too bright. Jeongguk is too close. Nothing’s his fault and Taehyung shouldn’t be yelling but he needs to leave. He needs to leave.

“Taehyung-”

“I don’t want to fuck tonight,” Taehyung says, and his hands are shaking. “You want quick, easy sex? Turn around. With a face like that you’ll have no trouble finding a few takers. I can’t tonight. Find someone else.”

Jeongguk is silent, staring at Taehyung with an unreadable expression. And then, in a quiet voice,
asks, “You think I’m easy?”

No.

Instead, Taehyung scrapes his hands down his face, laughs cruelly. He stares at his shaking hands, the ring on his forefinger he borrowed from Jimin. “You let me choke you out in a bar bathroom. Twice. Let me fuck you raw. I don’t know what the fuck you do with other guys.”

Jeongguk purses his lips, shoves Taehyung’s shoulder, hard. His eyes shine with something Taehyung can’t name. Won’t name. “Fuck you, Taehyung.”

Yeah, fuck him.

Fuck him, Taehyung agrees, watches as Jeongguk pushes his way to the back door. Watches Yoongi, on one of the armchairs, sit up hurriedly when he catches sight of Jeongguk. Watches Yoongi follow, shouting Jeongguk’s name, doesn’t spare a glance.

Taehyung pushes the vase on a pillar behind him, takes no satisfaction in the earthquake that follows its shattering. Everything shatters. What’s one more heart? What’s one more piece of art to break?

His steps are unsteady as he leaves, hand on the wall because he can’t stand on his own. Someone touches his waist. He pushes them away. A hand on his shoulder. Pushes that away, too. Screams when the hand comes back, gripping his wrist.

“What the fuck?” Jimin is saying, trying hard to sling Taehyung’s arm over his shoulders even as Taehyung fights the touch, tries to fight Jimin off. “How much did you drink, man?”

“Don’t touch me,” Taehyung begs, voice breaking. “Please- I need- Want- I need to go.”

“Okay,” Jimin says, voice quiet and patient like he’s calming down a tired child. “We’ll go home.”

“No-”

Taehyung shakes him off and only makes it to the end of the front walk before his legs give out, and Jimin is there to help him off the ground. He thinks he may be sobbing, begging Jimin to go, to leave him to get home on his own because there are better things Jimin could be doing with his time.

He doesn’t give up, tries to fight off Jimin’s hold the entire way home, talks over Jimin’s attempts to calm him down, curses as Jimin to let him walk on his own. He doesn’t.

“Stop- touching me,” Taehyung hisses, slapping away Jimin’s hand in the hall before their apartment.

Jimin glares at him, fishing out his key. “What the fuck is up with you, hey? What did you drink?”

“Where were you when Jiae was there?”

Jimin freezes, looks over at Taehyung with his key half twisted in the lock. “She was there? Spoke to you?” Taehyung nods. “Fuck, I’m so sorry. I-”

“It doesn’t matter,” Taehyung laughs, laughs because anything else hurts too much. He twists the key himself, kicking off his shoes and letting them fall. “It doesn’t fucking matter! Who fucking cares, right? Who cares about me-?”

“Okay, stop it. Taehyung, you can’t keep pitying yourself like this, we need to talk about this-”
“Talk?” Taehyung repeats, shouting it to the ceiling. “That’s fucking laughable, you’re in the same boat as me.”

“That’s not true—”

“Isn’t it? You can’t even tell your friend you have a crush, what fucking advice are you going to give me?”

Jimin pauses, shuts the door. He tries to take Taehyung’s hands, but Taehyung slaps them away. “You said you were over Jiae.”

“I am— not as much as she’s done with me, though.”

“Taehyung. We’ll talk in the morning—”

“I don’t want to talk. You can’t help me, what the fuck are you going to do?”

“What the fuck is your problem?” Jimin shoves at his chest and this— this raw adrenaline coursing his veins, this shot of awareness— this is what Taehyung wanted. Needed. “I’ve been trying to help you for months, I’ve done everything for you, dropped fucking everything for you. Is this because you’re into Jeongguk? Not my fault you don’t know how to deal with a crush—”

“Me? You’re the one too much of a scared bitch to tell Hoseok you love him, you’re not allowed to talk about my problems. Not until you deal with your own—”

Jimin shoves him again, Taehyung’s back colliding painfully with the fridge and Jimin fills the empty space in front of him, until their noses almost touch, bodies strung tight with anger. “Shut the fuck up, Taehyung.”

“Or else what? You’ll fucking cry over Hoseok? Been there, endured that.”

“You piece of shit! You don’t get to do this! You don’t get to make me feel guilty!”

“I’m not worth it, right?” Taehyung laughs, rakes his hands through his hair. He’s not crying anymore. He wishes he would cry, wishes he could feel something other than the weight of his own crushing uselessness. “Poor, stupid Taehyung. Went and fell for the wrong guy. Made the wrong friends. Maybe Jiae was right, you aren’t any good for me.”

Jimin flinches back as if struck, eyes wide and mouth hanging open. “You don’t mean that.”

“How the fuck would you know!”

“Fine!” Jimin shoves him one last time, steps back to create distance. “Fine. I’m fucking done, Taehyung. You don’t take my advice, then you come to me for a distraction because you can’t handle your own fucking emotions. Well, I’m done. Find your own way to deal with your shit, I won’t be your fucking crutch anymore.”

“Fine!” Taehyung watches Jimin collect his coat, his shoes, walk around the suitcases waiting in the front hall. “Fucking leave! Just like Jiae”

Jimin folds a beanie over his hair, points an accusatory finger at Taehyung. “You don’t get to keep playing that card, Taehyung. You can’t fucking claim to be over everything only to bring it up for sympathy! That’s not how this works!”

“Go crawl back to Hoseok.”
“Go to hell!”

“If it means getting away from you- getting away from all-” Taehyung waves his arms, tries to encapsulate that he means everything. From his relationship to his mistakes, from Jeongguk to his best friend grabbing his suitcase and staring at him like they haven’t known each other for nearly their entire lives. “All of this. Then gladly!”

“I’ll be at Yoongi’s if you need me.” Jimin’s hand is on the doorknob, his voice thick with unshed tears. “Don’t fucking need me, you asshole.”

“I won’t!”

The door slams and Jimin is gone. The door slams and everyone is gone. The door slams and Taehyung is left alone with his demons, reciting back his mistakes in a gleeful whisper. Taehyung sinks to his knees, he screams, fingers clutched in his hair, but he can’t drown them out.

He doesn’t know how he does it, but Taehyung wakes up for his final. His hangover is brutal, the sun too hot on his skin as he slugs his way to the history building. Jimin was still gone when he woke, the only evidence of their fight behind the lack of Jimin’s suitcase and the plate broken on the floor from when Taehyung struggled to stand up, to get to the bathroom to pass out.

For the first time since starting university, Taehyung takes the subway to the train station on his own. He gets dirty looks from a few people in the same car, wonders if he’d gotten sick on this shirt last night. He checks his phone. No notifications. Not that he’d expected any.

The train is nearly empty as Taehyung boards, finding his seat and lifting his suitcase onto the overhead shelf. He settles into the window seat, fiddles with his headphones, tangled in a mess from his pocket. Families slowly board, walking up and down the aisles and past Taehyung, laughing quietly and yet the sound reverberates in his skull, burns his eyes. He wonders if Jimin’s boarded yet, where he’s sitting if he doesn’t want to keep his seat across from Taehyung.

His phone chimes with a new message.

From: Minaaaa [11:23am]
have a great summer tae!!!

“You look like shit.”

Taehyung looks up, finds Yoongi resting against the seat adjacent to where Taehyung sits. He’s got nothing more than a backpack, ball cap casting a shadow over his eyes, hoodie soft and oversized.

Taehyung nods, averts his gaze. “Yeah, well. Ruining everything will do that to you.”

“You’re a fucking idiot, Taehyung.”

“Can we not?” Taehyung asks, begs. “Please? I’ll cry again.”

Yoongi sighs. “Fine, but you’re not off the hook.”

“Of course not.” He watches Yoongi drop his backpack in the seat across from Taehyung, watches Yoongi sit in the other seat. He frowns. “I didn’t know you were going home.”

“I wasn’t,” Yoongi says. “My brother convinced me, though. It’ll be good to see everyone again.”

“Yeah.”
They’re quiet, then, too many issues to deal with on a train, surrounded by families and students who don’t care about two strangers’ problems. Yoongi stares out the window, watching the train pull away from the station. Their trip isn’t as long as the one to Busan.

They’re quiet, until Taehyung’s leaning against the window and giving in, shoulders shaking with the sobs he tries to keep silent. He covers his face with his hands, soaks the fabric with snot and tears. Yoongi doesn’t say anything as he switches to the seat next to Taehyung, as he pulls Taehyung into his arms, lets him sob against Yoongi’s shoulder while the train rumbles down the track, scenery passing without a second glance.

Chapter End Notes

*strums guitar* one chapter left my dudes thank you so much for reading

+twitter
+ceat
“Well.”

“Dude! You’re off your game,” Jimin complains, voice crackling over the microphone. “Where the fuck were you?”

“Literally fuck off,” Taehyung says, dropping his controller to stretch his arms over his head. Jimin curses on the other end of the line, and Taehyung imagines he’s dropping his own controller to keep from shouting at their teammates. “It’s not my fault I was the only healer.”

“I lost so many stats, fuck.”

“Guess you have to give up on your professional Overwatch career.”

“Joke’s on you, I’ll suck as many dicks as I need to get in.”

Taehyung snorts, starting up a new game. He’s tempted to start a new group, but ultimately decides not to. “That’s ambitious.”

“And I expect you there, sucking dick with me.”

“Ride or die.”

“You fucking know it.”

“We playing again?”

Jimin groans exaggeratedly. “If we need to. Hobi should be back from tutoring soon and this plug is getting uncomfortable.”

“I really… did not need to know that.” Taehyung sets up the next game, grimacing when he sees their team is lacking on healers and tanks again. “Whoever dies most buys the pizza this weekend?”

“Deal.”

The round begins, Taehyung and Jimin trying to guide their team to victory despite the clear lack of skill. Taehyung wonders if Hoseok’s frat brothers can hear Jimin screaming, but then again they’re
probably used to the noise with how often Jimin hangs out at the house. They both should be sleeping, the hours tick ing by as they play.

One round finishes, and then another, Taehyung’s back is starting to ache where he’s been sitting hunched over on the couch for hours. His eyes strain, and he’s spent so long yelling at their WidowMaker that even he’s tired of his own voice. Jimin is cursing in private chat when the door unlocks.

“Oh, Chim, I gotta go.”

“What? Why already?” Jimin whines a little, even though he swore two rounds ago was his last one. Hoseok must’ve been running late.

“Jiae’s here.”

“So?”

“She hates Overwatch, remember?”

“Ah, yeah. Well, don’t expect me home tonight.”

Taehyung grins, saving his stats and logging out as the door opens. “Good luck to your ass.”

“My ass thanks you.”

Taehyung puts his controller back where it belongs on top of his calculus book, just to the side of the makeshift TV stand. He’s standing, stretching again, when Jiae rounds the corner, dropping her book bag on the couch and smiling when she sees him.

“Hey you.” She stands on her tiptoes to kiss the corner of Taehyung’s mouth, sinking into his arms in the hug he gathers her into.

“Hey yourself.”

With another kiss, she says something about needing a shower, and Taehyung closes up the apartment for the night. He retreats to his bedroom, changing into his favorite loose pajamas and crawling into bed, ignoring the nagging feeling at the back of his mind that he’s forgetting about an assignment.

A few minutes after he hears the water shut off, lying on his back in bed with his phone in hand, Jiae walks into the bedroom, toweling off her hair. She grabs one of Taehyung’s oversized t-shirts, slipping it on before joining Taehyung in bed.

“How was your day?” Taehyung asks, as Jiae cuddles up to his side. He closes out the webtoon he was reading, letting his phone fall onto his chest.

“Long. Class ran late, and there was an emergency at the sorority.”

Taehyung hums, trailing his fingers lightly over her arm, her wet hair dampening the collar of his shirt. “Did someone run out of lip gloss?”

Jiae rolls her eyes, slapping Taehyung’s opposite shoulder lightly. “No, Tae. Three of the girls have been sleeping with the same guy. They were fighting in the foyer and everything.”

“Did you solve it?”
“I just kicked the guy out, told the girls if they couldn’t be civil they could leave. It’s none of my business who they’re fucking.”

“I see.”

“What about you?” Jiae asks, sounding half-asleep. Taehyung’s used to it, though, to her getting through her own stories and falling asleep halfway through his. She’s always exhausted by the end of the day, working hard, so Taehyung can never find it in himself to fault her for it. “What’d you do today?”

“Hung out, mostly. I, ah, played a lot of Overwatch with Jimin.”

“Oh.” Jiae goes silent for a minute, then sighs heavily, planting a hand on Taehyung’s chest to support her weight as she stares at him. “I don’t understand why you play that game so much, Taetae. There are so many better things you could be doing.”

“It’s just a way to pass time,” Taehyung insists, brushing the wet strands of hair away from her eyes. “There’s no harm in some video games.”

She pouts, batting her eyelashes, and Taehyung resists the urge to coo, tugging at her bottom lip. “I know, but. You could clean out your wardrobe. Or get a haircut. Did you even leave the apartment at all today?”

Taehyung frowns, pulling on his bangs with his free hand. “What’s wrong with my hair?”

“It’s too long,” Jiae says simply. “You’re not a hillbilly in America, why are you trying to grow a mullet?”

“I-” He makes himself stop fussing with his hair, looking away from Jiae. “I just want to grow it out a bit, see what it looks like. You don’t like it?”

“It’s okay, I guess. I like your short hair better, though. We’ll go tomorrow to cut it.”

“Okay.”

“And this weekend I want to go through your clothes.”

Taehyung wishes she’d just go to sleep, he doesn’t want to have another conversation about how his fashion choices don’t perfectly complement Jiae’s. “My clothes are fine.”

Jiae rolls her eyes, crosses her arms on Taehyung’s chest to rest her chin there. “You dress like a starving Renaissance painter. Half of your pants are too wide. It’s embarrassing.”

“Jimin says they’re fine.”

“Of course he does.” Jiae scoffs, flipping her hair over her shoulder.

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“Of course Jimin says they’re fine, because if you started to dress better he’d have actual competition.” She says it with such a matter of fact tone, as if Jimin himself had shared this vital piece of information with her just before she came over. “He doesn’t want you looking your best.”

Taehyung sighs, suddenly feeling an overwhelming sense of exhaustion. “Can you drop it, please?”

“I don’t know why you still hang out with him,” she continues, as if Taehyung hadn’t even spoken.
She lies down at his side, linking their fingers between their bodies. “Don’t you think you’re holding him back? He’s getting pretty serious with Hoseok oppa, right? But he’s constantly got to worry about you, play video games with you, he’s late to dance club sometimes when he’s been with you.”

“Jimin’s been my best friend since we were children,” Taehyung says tiredly. “If he were tired of me, we wouldn’t be roommates.”

Jiae sighs, and Taehyung leans over to turn off the lamp. She squeezes his hand, tighter this time, and says, “I just don’t want you to be hurt, when he inevitably finds someone better.”

Taehyung pretends that he hasn’t heard, rolling onto his side and placing a hand on her hip. “You smell nice, are you wearing a new perfume?”

“No,” she says with a small laugh. “Yerim and I were at Olive Young this evening, we must’ve gotten sprayed with a few too many samples.”

“Mh.” He leans over to kiss the base of her neck, even though he really just wants to sleep. It takes a lot out of him, these conversations where she outlines the ways he could be better. He knows he’s lacking in a lot of areas, especially when it comes to being a great boyfriend, but he doesn’t want to upset her again. Last time he had, she’d cut up his favorite beanie. “It’s our anniversary tomorrow. A whole year together.”

“Can’t believe it,” she says, threading her fingers through his hair to pull him up for a proper kiss. “Feels like six months was only a day ago.”

“Yeah,” Taehyung agrees, laughing quietly. “We’re still on for tomorrow, right?”

“Of course, babe. I can’t wait for the carnival, so many opportunities for artsy Instagram pictures.”

Taehyung grins, pressing one last kiss to her nose before settling again and throwing one arm over Jiae’s waist. “I’ll meet you at the front gate at four, okay?”

“Sure, and Tae?”

“Yes?”

Jiae’s hair is cold and wet against Taehyung’s arm as she rests her head there, gathering the covers close to her body. “Try not to cuddle me so tightly, okay? It’s suffocating.”

“Right,” Taehyung says, swallowing the urge to cry. He thinks of his Tata plushie, thrown into the closet where Jiae left him. If she weren’t here, he could cuddle that to get the good nights sleep he’s been craving for days. “I won’t. Goodnight, love.”

“Goodnight, Taehyung.”

“Hey.”

Taehyung blinks, raising his head from where he had it resting on his knees. Yoongi stands before him, black facemask, hoodie pulled high, dark pants even in the unbearable summer heat. He’s still got his backpack on his shoulders, and if Taehyung couldn’t recognize Yoongi from the most miniscule facial expressions, he’d be concerned about the vampire.

Taehyung scoots over, making room for Yoongi to sit against the tree if he wants to. “Hey.”
Yoongi frowns. “You sound terrible.”

“I haven’t been sleeping well.”

“I can tell.”

Taehyung laughs, but it’s quiet and defeated, and he rubs at his eye. “Did you come here just to insult me?”

“No, you idiot. You haven’t been answering my calls.”

“Left my phone at home.”

Humming, Yoongi unhooks his backpack and settles on the grass next to Taehyung, putting his bag between his legs and rifling through it. “Thought so. I would have been here sooner, but my mom is determined to spend as much time as she can with me.”

“Did she tell you to dress better?”

Only Yoongi’s eyes are visible beneath all of his clothes, and they blink at Taehyung in confusion. “Yeah, actually. What the fuck.”

“You dress like an idol in hiding.”

“The only people I want knowing I’m home are my family and your dog.”

“Mood.”

Yoongi pulls something out of his bag, and Taehyung perks up for a moment, quickly deflating when he sees it’s a strawberry smoothie and not the liquor he’s been craving. Still, he accepts it with a quiet, thanks as Yoongi hands it over, taking out a chocolate banana one for himself and tugging down his mask.

“Don’t give me that look, Tae.” Yoongi knocks their shoulders together. “You can’t spend the entire summer drunk off your ass.”

Theoretically, Taehyung could very well spend the next month and a half completely intoxicated. He hadn’t gone home immediately after arriving in Daegu, had gone instead to the small bar in town, drinking until he couldn’t use his phone on his own and the bartender called Yoongi to come pick Taehyung up. From there, he’d drank to try and forget that he’d fucked everything up back in Seoul, refusing to stop drinking where he was staying in Yoongi’s bed. (He couldn’t face his family as he was, and he’ll forever be thankful that Yoongi covered for him for almost two weeks.)

Then Yoongi took his liquor and poured it down the sink. Then Yoongi told him to go the fuck home and hug his mom, they’d talk about the rest when he wasn’t crying every night, trying to pretend he wasn’t when Yoongi would hold him, both of them falling asleep beneath the sheets even though it was too hot.

“I don’t know what to do,” Taehyung whispers, staring blankly at the condensation dripping down the side of his smoothie. He swallows, feels the familiar pinch at the corner of his eyes, and he wishes this were different. Wishes he wasn’t such a goddam idiot, that he didn’t deserve everything he’d brought upon himself. “I-I really. I can’t stay sober, hyung.”

“Too fucking bad,” Yoongi says, but there’s no bite to his tone. “Alcohol is a depressant, Tae. You’re not going to feel any better drinking all the time.”
“But I don’t feel any better now.”

“You haven’t drunk for what? Three days? Give yourself some time. You’re going to be okay.”

Taehyung doesn’t believe him, but he doesn’t say anything because he knows Yoongi will try to convince him of the opposite. But Taehyung knows that isn’t true. Yoongi can tell him, drunk and throwing up in the middle of the night, that he’s going to be okay, but that doesn’t make it true. Taehyung fucked up, he’s not the one who deserves to be okay.

“This hill gives me uncomfortable flashbacks,” Yoongi says, after a few long moments of silence. Taehyg’s moved closer, their sides pressed together because the lack of contact makes him want to cry again.

“Hm?”

“Remember when we used to sneak out of class and meet up here?” Yoongi takes a drink of his own smoothie, chocolate and banana, and stares at the horizon. There aren’t many places to hide in their small town, but Taehyung likes this spot a lot. It’s on a small hill behind the high school, completely visible unless they sit on the opposite side of the big tree. “We used to get so high back here.”

Taehyung moves closer to Yoongi, their sides pressed together, and he smiles at the memories. “You always made me go back to last period,” he says, laughing. “I can’t lie for shit when I’m high, my teacher definitely knew.”

“We used to make out behind this tree,” Yoongi recalls fondly, patting one of the lower branches. “You were always late for soccer practice.”

Taehyung shrugs. “Kissing you was more fun than soccer practice.”

“Damn straight, I’m the best kisser.”

“Jimin is better.”

“Mhm,” Yoongi says, rolling his eyes. “And where does Jeongguk stand on that scale?”

Curling in on himself, Taehyung wipes away some of the condensation on his smoothie. “He’s the best kisser. First on the list, hands down.”

Yoongi’s hand settles on the back of Taehyung’s neck, playing lightly with the fine hairs, damp with sweat from the unbearable heat. “You love him.”

It’s not a question. “No.”

“But you could love him.”

“I could.”

“You can love him.”

“I can’t.”

“Tae.”

“Why couldn’t we just date?” Taehyung whines, tips his head to hide his face in Yoongi’s neck. He has no idea how Yoongi can stand wearing black layers in the middle of the summer. “Everything would be so much easier.”
Yoongi hums, securing his arm around Taehyung’s shoulders. “We tried that, you fool. You said it would be too much like dating a brother.”

“How can it feel so right to kiss you but so wrong to fuck you?”

“Shut the fuck up,” Yoongi laughs. “I’m a dream to fuck.”

Taehyung laughs quietly, snuggling up to Yoongi’s side. From where they sit, they can just barely see the tennis courts; the kids playing around together before sports officially begin in just over a month. Taehyung never dated in the years he spent in the school, and though he was only there for two years with Yoongi, the closest he got to a relationship before college was holding Yoongi’s hand between classes.

He took a chance when he met Jiae, had honestly believed that they’d had a connection, that he’d met someone who truly liked and valued him, someone who could stop his habit of random hookups and easy fuck buddies and ease him into long-term shit.

He’d been wrong. Of course he’d been wrong.

“You better not be crying.”

“M’not crying,” Taehyung says, his voice thick and warbled. Yoongi tugs on Taehyung’s hair, trying to get him to quit hiding. “I’m not- hyung!”

“Tae…”

With a sniffle, Taehyung raises his head, but he can’t bring himself to look at Yoongi. He wraps his arms around his knees, vision blurry with tears and he refuses to acquiesce when Yoongi tries to tug his hands away from his face. “I messed everything up. I called him easy, hyung.”

“I know.”

“He told you?”

“He came to my place after leaving the party. He, uh, said you could go to Hell.”


“Taehyung-”

“It’s the same shit Jimin said when he stormed out,” Taehyung continues, as Yoongi keeps trying to get him to stop hiding. “But I bet he told you. Was Jeongguk still there?”

“Yeah, passed out in my bed pretty early. He went back to his apartment the morning after the party. He did drink all of Namjoon’s whiskey, though. Then convinced me to buy him more when I told him to replenish it.”

Taehyung can’t help but smile into his hands. “He’s adorable and deserves so much better than a loser like me.”

“That isn’t true.”

“It is,” Taehyung says, sniffling pathetically. “It’s true. My only girlfriend cheated for our entire relationship and it’s all my fault.”

“Hey-”
“If I was better, Jiae wouldn’t have cheated-”

“Tae-”

“She was right.” Taehyung’s voice breaks, shoulders shaking beneath the force of the revelations he’s been carrying for months. Couples were supposed to protect and support each other. He wasn’t worth the support. “About everything. She was right-”

“Hey- no.” Yoongi grabs Taehyung’s wrists and pulls them away from his face, the sun warm on his wet cheeks. He kneels in front of Taehyung now, linking their fingers together so Taehyung can’t hide his face, the tears on his cheeks, the way he gnaws on his bottom lip to keep from crying again. “Not a single thing she said was true. I don’t know exactly what she might’ve said, but you deserve better. You deserve love. You’re worth it, Kim Taehyung.”

He’s not, and Taehyung knows that he’s not. Yoongi’s right, however, that he doesn’t know everything that Jiae said during her relationship with Taehyung, because even after he caught her cheating, Taehyung couldn’t bring himself to reveal everything. If he told his friends what she’d said to him, they’d say the same things that Yoongi is saying now. And Taehyung knows that Yoongi is wrong.

“Why me?”

It’s quiet, the way he breathes the word into the stale space between them. Yoongi moves so his legs bracket Taehyung’s body, curled up to appear smaller.

“What?”

“Why me?” Taehyung asks again, doesn’t bother to stop it when he feels the tears spill over the edge of his eyes. “Why did she-? How could she-? What did I-?”

What did I do to deserve it?

“Taehyung.” Yoongi runs his fingers through Taehyung’s hair again, tugging his sweaty bangs off his forehead and urging his face up. “It’s not you. It’s her. It’s who she is. Even if you hadn’t slept with her that first night, there’s no way to know if she would have left you alone. All the other guys she slept with? She hurt them, too. She knew what she was doing, and she didn’t care. She wanted you to hurt, but you didn’t do anything to deserve that.”

“I’m just another pathetic moron who fell for her shit.”

“Wait- no, that’s not what I mean.”

“It’s okay.” Taehyung whispers, wiping his nose against his sleeve. “I knew that already.”

“Hey.” Yoongi curls his palms against Taehyung’s jaw, leans their foreheads together. It’s sticky and uncomfortable, too much skin on skin contact, but Taehyung feels his chest clench at the proximity. He needs this. “You deserve love, Taehyung. You deserve happiness. And we- all of our friends- we love you. And if you want to pour hot sauce in Jiae’s underwear, we’ll be right there keeping watch for you.”

Taehyung snorts, the sound watery and embarrassing. “Promise?”

“Yeah, I promise.”

“Can we go get wasted now?”
“No.”

Taehyung purses his best pout, but Yoongi only rolls his eyes, presses a quick kiss to Taehyung’s nose, and settles at his side again. “Jimin would get drunk with me.”

“Jimin’s angry at you.”

Taehyung feels sick again, thinking about how the last thing he said to his best friend was that he’d rather go to Hell than spend another day with Jimin. He fucked up so badly with the people he cares for the most- was there any way to even go about fixing it? Yoongi hadn’t offered any advise for what to do, but then again, it wasn’t Yoongi’s responsibility to fix Taehyung’s relationships.

“Do you still keep that emergency flask of vodka in your bag-?”

“No.”

Groaning, Taehyung slumps against the tree again before thinking better of it and nudging his way into Yoongi’s arms again. Below them, the kids who’d been playing earlier all start to disperse, heading home or heading out for a movie worthy summer night. Taehyung remembers sneaking around town with Yoongi during the summers when he came home from college, feeling like he was so cool to be hanging out with an older college student who’d buy him beer in exchange for holding hands. He’d thought college would be so much fun. He’d thought a lot of things would be fun.

They stay there, wrapped up in each other’s arms, until the sun begins to set, and Yoongi’s mom is calling them both home for dinner.

“Taehyung, stop making that face!”

“What face?”

Jiae looks up from her phone, from the dozens of pictures that Yerim has been taking for Jiae’s scheduled Instagram post. Taehyung’s been standing in front of the sorority house for hours, and she claims they haven’t gotten one good shot. “That- the face in these pictures!”

She shows him the photos, flicking through them with her pointer finger. There’s only one thing in common with all of the pictures. “My… my smile?”

“I’m not smiling in any of them,” Jiae says, deleting all of the recent pictures. “This isn’t a smile photo. We need to entice new recruits for the sorority, and you’re not going to do that by smiling like you’re high or something.”

“Why am I here, again?” Taehyung asks, as another of Jiae’s friends comes over to fix his hair. He’s in a tank top with the sorority’s Greek letters, matching Jiae’s.

Jiae rolls her eyes, handing her phone back to Yerim. “You’re hot, babe. People will see that joining the sorority will get them a hot boyfriend and they’ll make tons of good friends. But you have to stop making that dumb face.”

Taehyung makes sure not to smile in the subsequent sequence of photos, keeping his expression neutral as he allows Jiae and her friends to maneuver his limbs however they see fit for the pictures. He puts both of his arms around her, then only one, a hand in his pocket, standing behind her.

“Oppa,” Yerim says, looking up from the phone. “You look sad.”
Jiae sends him a dirty look. “Sorry,” he says, ruffling his hair and tugging his ball cap back on. “Only a few left, right?”

“If you don’t mess them up again,” Jiae agrees.

In the sunset, they take a few more pictures. Taehyung picks her up and Jiae throws her head back in a laugh, and Taehyung thinks it’s okay for him to smile in this one. She hops onto his back for the last few, her friends cooing behind the phone as Yerim takes the last few pictures they’ll be able to get as night falls. Taehyung pulls out his phone to send a quick message as Jiae checks the quality of the pictures.

The girls stand huddled around the phone, whispering while Taehyung sits awkwardly on the front steps of the sorority house. They didn’t have to do these pictures last year, before Jiae took on more responsibilities with the sorority, and they were able to enjoy the last week of summer together without worrying about the start of school. He hopes things won’t be like this for the rest of the school year.

“Tae, come here! The pictures turned out really good.” Jiae waves him over.

He stands among the gaggle of girls, ducking to get a good look at the tiny phone screen. Yerim makes a nervous sound, and a few of the other girls glance at him shyly before immediately looking away, giggling quietly. Taehyung ignores it, throwing his arm around Jiae’s shoulders.

“You guys look really good in this one,” one of the girls says, gesturing to one of the pictures of Taehyung carrying Jiae.

“It’s okay,” Jiae agrees. “You could have controlled your expression better, though.”

“Sorry, babe. Should we take more?”

Jiae sighs, tapping the heart on a few of the better pictures. She skips one of Taehyung smiling softly at Jiae, while she’s looking away, and Taehyung feels a stone drop in his stomach. “No. We’ve already lost the light.”

A few of the girls start suggesting they move somewhere else, take pictures inside the house or at the café nearby that the members like to hang out in, but they all fall silent as a car comes to a screeching halt across the street. Jimin leans out the window, “You got three seconds before I’m gone!”

Taehyung looks at Jiae, who’s giving him a blank stare. “I forgot I promised Jimin I’d help him with… uh… his diarrhea.”

“Dude!”

Jiae rolls her eyes. “Just don’t be home too late.”

“Promise.” Taehyung presses a quick kiss to her cheek, ignoring the squeals of delight from her friends. “I’ll see you later, love.”

Jimin wipes the makeup off Taehyung’s cheek with a wet thumb as he climbs into the front seat. “Do I want to know?”

“Please don’t ask. I’m trying to forget it myself,” Taehyung groans, slamming the door shut as Jimin speeds away from the curb.
A door slams somewhere and Taehyung startles, terrified that he’s about to be killed by someone wielding an axe. It takes him a good five minutes to remember that he’s home, wrapped in so many blankets in bed that he’s sweating, and he fell asleep watching Buzzfeed Unsolved and he’s most likely not going to be killed by an axe murderer.

“Good morning, misses Kim.”

Never mind. That’s definitely Yoongi, and Taehyung retracts his previous thought. Yoongi’s probably here to kill him with an axe.

He can’t hear whatever his mom replies with, but a few minutes later Taehyung hears footsteps on the stairs approaching his room, and then his door slams open just as Taehyung squeaks and tries to hide under his blankets. It doesn’t work, clearly, and he spends the next five minutes screaming and trying to keep Yoongi from ripping his blankets away.

“Spare me, demon! I’m too young to die!”

“You’re not funny, Taehyung,” Yoongi replies, punching Taehyung lightly in the stomach so he releases his blankets. “Get up. We’re going for a walk.”

Sprawled in boxers and a shirt he’s sure is from paint day in primary school, Taehyung glares up at Yoongi as he pulls the curtains. “I thought vampires couldn’t go outside in daylight.”

“That stopped being funny in middle school. We’re going on a walk.”

“I can think of fifty-seven things I would rather do, and one of them is to jerk off in front of you.”

“Disgusting. Keep your crooked dick to yourself.”

“It’s not crooked!”

“Joon’s got me going on morning walks,” Yoongi mutters, though his cheeks are flushed pink. “I’m bringing you along because you need to do something other than lie around in bed and wish you were drunk.”

“In my defense, that’s all I did in high school.”

“You have ten minutes to get up before I make you.”

“Kinky.”

“Shut the fuck up.”

Yoongi refuses to leave the room as Taehyung spends a good five minutes willing himself out of bed, rolling onto the floor to find whatever his cleanest clothes were. Taking a page out of Yoongi’s book, he changes into jeans and a long sleeve shirt and tries to pretend Yoongi isn’t sitting on his bed while he gets naked. Yoongi gives him three minutes of privacy in the bathroom before he’s dragging Taehyung out by the collar, grabbing some toast, and kissing Taehyung’s mom on the cheek as they leave.

Despite the early hour, it’s already unbearably hot outside. Yoongi’s car is parked in front of Taehyung’s house, but he walks right past it, ignoring Taehyung whining behind him. They walk in relative silence, and though Taehyung grew up here, the years away in college and general change in the areas he hung out in leads to their surroundings become less and less recognizable the longer they walk.
At one point, Taehyung slips his fingers between Yoongi’s and swings their arms as they walk. Yoongi doesn’t say much, tells Taehyung to keep walking when he complains that they’ve gone far enough. They walk into a small park that Taehyung thinks he has vague memories of coming to when he wanted to drink after a hard day in high school.

“We have to walk all the way back home,” Taehyung points out, as they sit on a bench just inside the gate to the park. “You realize that, right? All the way back home.”

“It’s not that far, shut up.”

Taehyung pouts, playing with a leaf he picks up and tearing it along the veins. For a long few minutes, they sit in silence, sweating lightly beneath the sun.

“Not that I don’t… love spending time with you, but why exactly are we here?” Taehyung asks, when the stretch between conversations runs too long for his liking. “We could have done this over breakfast. There’s a small place with bottomless mimosas nearby-”

“What do you want?”

Taehyung blinks. “Like… right now? I’d love some water, I have toothpaste breath.”

“Not right now,” Yoongi says, turning to sit sideways so he can give Taehyung his full attention. “In general. With Jeongguk. What do you want?”

“Jesus,” Taehyung mutters. “Jumping right into it, aren’t we?”

“There’s only a few weeks left of summer,” Yoongi says. “I’ve done my best to keep you from being alone, but I’m not letting you go back to school without a general plan.”

The bench digs uncomfortably into Taehyung’s back as he slides down to rest his head on the back, staring up at the sky until the sun stings the corners of his eyes. He’s been spending most of his time binge watching his favorite animes and murder documentaries in an attempt to forget everything he did. It doesn’t work, of course, because he’s constantly checking his phone and constantly wanting to cry when it remains notification free.

He and Yoongi live close enough that they don’t usually text, just show up at each other’s front doors. But since making friends with Jimin at summer camp when he was six, the summers were filled with constant communication. Text notifications usually flooded his phone, pictures and videos and messages updating him on every mundane moment of Jimin’s summer in Busan. And Taehyung always returned the favor. This summer, however, there’s been silence, nothing from the rest of his friends in Seoul, and nothing from Jeongguk. Though he hadn’t expected anything. He wasn’t surprised they’d all take Jeongguk’s side. Taehyung wouldn’t take his own side, either.

“I don’t know what I want.”

“Yes, you do.” Yoongi pauses. “If nothing else, just make up with Jimin, please. If I get one more snapchat of his dick I will post them on an online forum.”

“He’s sexting you?” Taehyung asks, tilting his head to look at Yoongi.

“Kind of. I think he’s drunk in all of them. Why are you pouting?”

“Summer sexting was always our thing.”

Yoongi rolls his eyes so violently, Taehyung is afraid he’s going to fall off the bench. “It could be
your thing again, if the two of you just suck dick and make up.”

“Trust me,” Taehyung says, wanting nothing more than to curl up in a ball beneath the bench and stay there forever. “I would love to be sucking Jimin’s dick, if we didn’t fight I’d probably be spending the last couple weeks of summer with him in Busan, but he hates me now.”

“He doesn’t hate you.” Yoongi shifts closer on the bench. “Park Jimin is a lot of things, but he’s not someone who could ever hate you. You want my advice?”

“Yes.”

Yes, Taehyung says immediately, because his own thoughts and plans haven’t been working. Because he’s been thinking himself in circles, most of the time just ends up crying himself to sleep again and again because he can’t see a way out of this mess. He fucked up, that much is true, but he’s wanted to fix it for months. The rest of his friends in Seoul were a bust, as none of them had replied to any of his messages since the semester ended.

He could use all the help he can get, and though Yoongi’s his only resource, he trusts Yoongi. Except for his senior year in high school, when Yoongi convinced him to dye his hair and purposefully turned it bright orange and refused to help him fix it.

“Taehyung. You need to apologize.”

“Okay, well, Yeontan could have told me that, and last night he farted so loudly he scared himself and then left me to stew in it—”

“Would you take this seriously?” Yoongi snaps, his gaze immediately softening when Taehyung jerks back as if stung. “You crushing on Jeongguk is not going to be enough to fix everything, but it’s a start. Regardless of what you want with Jeongguk, regardless of how you feel, you need to apologize to him. He’s a part of our group now- I think Namjoon has seriously considered taking out adoption papers, and unless you’re planning on ditching all of us forever, you’re going to see him. So apologize, maybe tell him how you feel, and let him decide if he’s willing to look past everything that happened.”

“But, hyung, what if he never wants to see me again?” Taehyung whispers, braving the pain in his back to pull his legs up.

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Taehyung pauses, his mouth falling shut into a frown. “You were mad at me?”

“No.”

“So we can hookup?”

“No.”

“Damn.” Taehyung lets his legs fall again, wincing a little at the ache in the backs of his thighs. He scoots closer to Yoongi, nuzzling his head beneath Yoongi’s chin and waiting until he feels an arm around his shoulders to say, “Why not? Is it my crooked dick?”

Yoongi hums. “I am in a relationship, remember?”

“Speaking of relationships,” Taehyung grins, tilting his head to nose at the underside of Yoongi’s jaw. “Heard anything from Seokjin hyung lately?”

“Just that Jeongguk’s been lifting enough this summer that he can carry the couch on his own.”

“Holy shit, I wish we were still sexting.”

Yoongi grimaces. “Don’t talk about my son like that.”

“But that’s not what I meant,” Taehyung continues. Yoongi’s denser than a brick, so Taehyung has no idea whether he’s noticed Seokjin’s advances, or whether he and Namjoon would even want to date a third person. “Has he like. Said anything to you?”

“About what?”

“Never mind. Can we get food?”

“Sure,” Yoongi sighs. “There’s one last thing, though. Follow me.”

Taehyung does, and this time he doesn’t complain as he follows Yoongi to cross the street away from the park, around a few tall buildings before they come upon a street that’s filled with booths, sectioned off from the flow of traffic. He’s still confused, Yoongi’s hand grasped in his, until they come across a tiny booth with a kind elderly woman sitting inside, holding an electric fan to her face. She’s selling personally grown strawberries and Taehyung can’t help the way he tears up, even as Yoongi rubs the knuckles of his hand and they share strawberries and other little snacks, stopping at other booths to buy gifts for their friends and enjoy one of the last small festivals of the summer.

Taehyung trips on the first step in the lobby and immediately sits down. The room is spinning a little but he’s giggling, counting each of his fingers to make sure they’re all there. He counts eleven, and spends five minutes in the stairwell trying to figure out why he has an extra thumb on his left hand.

When another short bout of nausea passes, Taehyung presses a hand to the wall and slowly climbs the stairs to his floor. He walks up three more flights of stairs before realizing he’s missed his floor entirely. It’s harder to walk down the stairs, and he trips on the last one, sprawling onto the floor as the elevator dings, and a giant blob of clothes walks out.

“What the fuck?” Taehyung whispers, staring up at the moving clothes in awe.

The clothes bump into a nearby wall, a familiar voice cursing, “Shit!”

“Hyung?”
“What?” Jimin drops the entire armful of clothes. “No. What the fuck? Why are you on the floor?”

“Why are you not on the floor?” Taehyung fires back. His legs are broken. He can’t stand up yet. Jimin only rolls his eyes, stepping around Taehyung to unlock their door. When he grabs a few shirts off the top of the pile, Taehyung recognizes his silk button-ups, and a torn shirt he’s kept with fond memories since high school. “Are you washing my clothes?”

Jumin gives him an odd look, but his features crumble almost immediately. “No, Tae. I- uh. I picked them up.”

Taehyung spends a long minute pushing himself back onto his feet, watching as Jimin carries Taehyung’s clothes into the apartment. “I didn’t take them anywhere?”

With a sigh, Jimin folds a few of Taehyung’s ties over his arm. “Jiae used your spare key to throw these out the window. I was out back with Joon hyung and something hit my head. It was Tata. She was getting rid of the clothes she doesn’t like.”

The force of Taehyung’s eye roll is enough to nearly send him sprawling. “Okay, Jimin.”

“You think I’m lying? Dude! She was in here alone, I walked in on her about to cut your slippers with scissors!”

“She wouldn’t do that,” Taehyung says, feeling robotic with his responses. Jimin was always saying Jiae would do this, from the moment she first expressed distaste with some aspects of Taehyung’s wardrobe. But she wouldn’t sneak into his apartment and throw his clothes out the window. Why would she? “This is a pretty shitty practical joke, Chim.”

He knows Jiae doesn’t like his clothes, it’s why Taehyung’s mostly been wearing the clothes that she’s been picking out lately.

“This isn’t a joke,” Jimin says, coming back to the hallway to grab the last of the clothes on the floor. “Namjoon had to call campus security to get her out of here. Where the fuck were you? I was calling.”

“I-uh-”

Jumin stops in front of him, where Taehyung leans against the wall because the room is spinning again. “What’s wrong with you?”

“I’m kinda- drunk,” Taehyung admits, laughing to himself.

“It’s ten in the morning,” Jimin says, eyes narrowed. “On a Wednesday.”

“Jiae started yelling during breakfast. I found Seokjin hyung opening the bar and I got! Lots of drinks! M’not sad anymore!”

Turning in the doorway, Jimin has one of Taehyung’s berets angled on his head. “You’re sad?”

“No.” Maybe. “But I am going to be sick.”

“Shit.”

Jumin drops the last of the clothes and hooks his hands beneath Taehyung’s arms to help support his weight, leading him into the apartment where Taehyung collapses against the toilet, sick and tired with his eyes stinging from tears he’s sure come from the force of his heaves. Jimin runs back and
forth between the bathroom, making sure he’s upright, and collecting the clothes, finding some water and Advil before he kneels at Taehyung’s side.

“Please talk to me,” Jimin whispers, quietly enough that Taehyung can pretend he doesn’t hear, head ducked and body aching for genuine affection.

Stepping out of the elevator, Taehyung rubs at his weary eyes with the back of his hand. The hallway is painfully similarly to how he left it, the same unnamable stain on the wall, the wilting flowers in a vase against the wall. He pulls his facemask down, two backpacks on his shoulders and a suitcase stuffed, and approaches the door. It’s locked, and it’s quiet inside, not a good sign when he isn’t sure Jimin will even be there.

Halfway through summer vacation, roommate applications opened for the upcoming university semester. Taehyung applied to live in the same building with Jimin, and if Jimin didn’t request the same, Taehyung would be walking into either an empty apartment, or meeting his new roommate.

Taehyung pauses at the door with his key in the lock, and actually considers turning around and running away. It’s not too late to pursue a fulfilling career as a stripper, make his name somewhere in the clubbing district of Gangnam, his stripper name will be Cinnamon and he’ll learn how to utilize a pole. He’s already got a head start thanks to that pole dancing class Jimin signed them up for in their first year of college, he just needs to hone his skills, buy a shit ton of makeup and sparkly underwear, and never call his disappointed mother again, and he’s set! It sounds much more appealing than meeting a new roommate or coming to the realization that Jimin hates him, their friendship is over, and Taehyung’s lost one of the most important people in his life.

He briefly hates Yoongi for taking the bottle of whiskey he was trying to sneak back to campus. He’s really going to need it when he opens the door and Jimin’s gone forever.

Inside the apartment, the kitchen is in the same state of disarray Taehyung left it in. The living room is a mess, as per usual, and there’s an unfamiliar suitcase by the door.

Taehyung swallows thickly, dragging his luggage inside before slamming the door shut. If he tries to look on the bright side, if Jimin never speaks to him again, that’s one awkward conversation on his knees begging for forgiveness that Taehyung doesn’t have to have. But on the other hand, it’s a best friend he loses for good, and a hole he’ll probably never be able to fill.

Taehyung throws his backpacks in the general direction of the couch and rips his mask off, head hanging and laughing bitterly. He should have known, truly. There are some things you can’t come back from.

He’s ready to break his promise and go drink the night away at the bar when he sees the lower half of a person walk into the room. Taehyung braces himself, getting ready to tell his new roommate he doesn’t speak Korean, but it’s Jimin, standing in the entrance to the hallway with wide eyes.

Time stills for a second, two, three, and then Taehyung is running until he collides with Jimin’s chest, hugging so tightly that Jimin nearly stumbles, drawing in a gasp. Taehyung realizes he’s crying when Jimin wraps his arms around Taehyung right back, squeezing until Taehyung can’t breathe. “I’m sorry,” Taehyung is gasping, clinging onto Jimin’s shirt, crying because Jimin is here, Jimin requested to live with him again, Jimin stayed. “I’m sorry- Jimin, I’m so sorry!”

“I’m sorry, too,” Jimin is whispering, their heads knocked together.
“No- you don’t apologize,” Taehyung says, voice watery and thick. “I’m the asshole, I’m sorry.”

Jimin moves his hands from Taehyung’s back, guiding them up his body until Jimin can curve his palms against Taehyung’s cheeks, pull his face away from the wet spot on the front of Jimin’s shirt. He’s crying, too, Taehyung notices, before Jimin leans in to pepper kisses to Taehyung’s forehead and cheeks, his eyelids, until he’s moving his mouth against Taehyung’s, kissing him hard even as they’re both still crying, a little out of breath. Taehyung holds tight, doesn’t want this moment to end, and doesn’t ever want Jimin to stop kissing him if it means he can live in this bliss.

Eventually, they pull apart, Jimin resting their foreheads together and Taehyung may still be crying, but it’s soundless now. Tears leak down his cheeks, where Jimin brushes them away with gentle, affectionate touches.

“I’m so sorry,” Taehyung whispers again.

Jimin shakes his head. “No, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have yelled at you.”

“I deserved it.” His eyes well up again, and Taehyung doesn’t have the energy to stop the tears this time. “I treated you like shit, I pushed you away. I’m glad you yelled at me.”

“Don’t say it like that.” Jimin still holds him close, and Taehyung is glad. He isn’t sure he can be without anyone right now. “Come, sit down.”

Taehyung refuses to let go of Jimin while they waddle to the tiny table they have by the kitchen, only releasing his hold when Jimin gently urges him into a chair. Taehyung makes grabby hands, tries to keep Jimin from leaving, but Jimin kisses his forehead and turns to the kitchen, digging around through the stuff that’s been siting idle for over two months.

“Want a drink?”

“Just some tea, thanks.”

“Tea?”

Taehyung idly twiddles his thumbs. “Yoongi hyung wouldn’t let me drink back in Daegu, and I don’t like the taste of coffee. I got used to tea.”

“Uh.” Jimin pulls open a few cabinets. “We’ve got… English Breakfast Tea?”

“That’s fine.”

Taehyung feels very small beneath the gaze Jimin sends his way before he puts the kettle on. He finds two mugs in the back of their glass cabinet, and sets a teabag in each. “You had a good summer?”

“It was okay.” Taehyung doesn’t mention crying himself to sleep more often than not, or the nights he left home to sleep in Yoongi’s bed because the loneliness got to be too much. Or how he stared at his phone, contemplating calling Jimin until his vision blurred and Yoongi was taking him somewhere to distract him. “Hot. Lots of sleeping. How about you?”

Jimin pours out two cups when the kettle whistles, filling them high before joining Taehyung at the only other seat at the table. He sets the mug with puppies printed on it in front of Taehyung.

“Mine was good,” Jimin says, blowing lightly at his tea.
“You’re not drinking?”

Shrugging, Jimin says quietly, “If you’re not drinking, then neither am I.”

“Oh.”

“I- uh. I spoke to Hoseok hyung. A lot.”


“Without you around, there was no one to take my phone when I was super drunk,” Jimin begins, sheepishly. He wraps his hands around the mug for warmth. “I called hyung a few times, left a lot of voicemails and text messages calling him a bitchass coward, a jerk, and a bunch of typos I can’t decipher to this day. He called me the next morning and we talked for… a really long time.”

Taehyung grins; can’t help it when he sees the shy smile playing on Jimin’s lips. He squirms a little in his seat, like it’s painful to retell the story, even though Taehyung doesn’t remember seeing Jimin this happy after he’d stopped talking to Hoseok.

“Well? What happened next!”

“I got back to Seoul a few days ago and we met up for coffee. He’s never really done the relationship thing, but… he said he’d be willing to try. With me.”

“Holy shit,” Taehyung gasps. He covers one of Jimin’s hands with his own. “Holy shit! You guys are together? He’s your boyfriend?”

“Yeah, Tae.” Jimin’s cheeks are flushed bright red. “We had our first date a couple nights ago and then we fucked back at his place. It was so nice, dude.”

“I’m so fucking happy for you,” Taehyung says, leaning over to drag Jimin into an awkward hug. “I was so worried I’d have to kill Hoseok hyung for being a dick and I’d help you hide the body. If he ever hurts you again, I’ll rip his balls off myself.”

“Dude, I’ll be right there with you if he does,” Jimin laughs. “Things are… good with him.”

“Should we celebrate?”

Jimin raises a hand, as if to deter the notion. “Trust me, we celebrated plenty.”

“I- oh.”

“But we still can! If you want.”

“Nah, it’s okay,” Taehyung offers a grin, but it doesn’t feel very convincing on his lips. “I’m really happy for you.”

Jimin smiles, and they lapse into another, uncharacteristic silence. Taehyung burns his tongue on a very long sip of his tea. Instead of drinking his own, Jimin keeps his hands wrapped around the mug until Taehyung is sure the warmth has all but evaporated entirely, but he still doesn’t drink. He thinks he understands. Taehyung had rejected almost everything Yoongi tried to get him to drink that summer.

It’s Jimin who breaks the silence, after Taehyung has hidden by gulping down his entire mug of tea in record time, saying, “We. Uh. Are you okay?”
Taehyung pauses, mug extended toward his mouth. “Me?”

“Yeah, you. You were pretty fucked up that night, and I left instead of helping you out.”

“I pushed you away,” Taehyung says. “It’s not your fault.”

“I let Jiae talk to you.”

“You couldn’t have known she was there.”

Jimin punches him lightly in the shoulder. “Let me apologize to you, jackass.”

“Only if you let me apologize!”

“No!”

“Yoongi hyung made me talk about a lot of it this summer,” Taehyung says, intercepting whatever it was Jimin was raring to say. He stares at the table, the familiar waves of uncertainty and trouble rolling fitfully within his stomach. “I was being a dick, and I’m sorry about that. You gave me so much support after what Jiae did, kept giving me good advice when it came to… to Jeongguk, and what I should do to make me happy, and I ignored it. I pushed you away, accused you, and tried to diminish what you’ve done for me. I don’t deserve to be your soulmate, I’ll get rid of the business cards we have-”

“Woah, Tae, slow down.” Jimin hooks his fingers under Taehyung’s chair and drags him closer, until their thighs touch. “I thought those business cards were a joke.”

“They weren’t, I gave them out to the girls that liked you in high school when I visited so they wouldn’t ask you out.”

“You’re the reason for my dry spell in third year?”

Taehyung smiles, bashful. “Maybe.”

“Asshole.”

“I’ll get rid of them, though,” Taehyung says quickly. “I’m not soulmate material.”

Jimin’s hand finds its way to Taehyung’s hair, stroking through the fine strands at the back of his neck. “First of all, you’re the best soulmate anyone could ask for. You can keep the cards, but only if you hand them out so that guy in my calculus class will leave me alone. Second of all, it’s not entirely your fault.”

“But, Jimin-”

“Don’t get me wrong,” Jimin says, gently turning Taehyung’s head to make them look at each other. “It’s still mostly your fault. But… you were hurting and we didn’t do enough. And I’m sorry for that.”

Taehyung tips his head to hide in Jimin’s shoulder, but for the first time since Yoongi has gotten him to talk about what happened, about how to fix it, about what he wants- not what he thinks others want from him- he doesn’t feel the urge to cry. Jimin’s fingers are soft in his hair, voice understanding and words comforting. He truly doesn’t deserve Park Jimin.

“It’s not your responsibility to fix me,” Taehyung mutters.
“But, as your best friend and soulmate, it is my responsibility to love you and protect you wholeheartedly. And I fucked that up.”

“I fucked it up first!”

“How about… Let’s go get food. We can talk more when we’re not so exhausted.”

“I’m paying.”

“No, I’m paying.”

“Nope.”

“I’m almost your hyung!”

“But! You’re not.”

“You talk big for someone born in the last minutes of ninety-five.”

“Take that up with my mother’s womb,” Taehyung says, pulling back with a wet smack of a kiss to Jimin’s cheek. “Let’s go, I don’t want to unpack.”

Taehyung refuses to let go the entire walk to the elevator, and even when they’re inside, his arms wrapped tightly around Jimin from behind, chin on his shoulder. It’s still too hot for how many layers he’s wearing but Taehyung hadn’t thought to change before they left.

“So.” Jimin says, as they’re watching the numbers decrease on the elevator. “Jeongguk?”

Taehyung doesn’t bother denying or playing ignorant. “I’m going to apologize and beg for forgiveness.”

“And?”

“And… and I’m going to tell him that I like him,” Taehyung whispers into Jimin’s shoulders. “That I… I want the chance to love him, but if he doesn’t want to forgive me, I’ll know my answer. I know I screwed up. A lot. All I can really hope is he’ll give me the chance to be his friend again so dinners at Seokjin hyung’s won’t be awkward.”

Jimin squeezes Taehyung’s hands where they’re clenched at the front of his t-shirt. “I’m proud of you. Three months ago you were throwing up, hung-over in the bathroom, trying to tell me love was a made up construct that never truly existed.”

“Namjoon hyung would be proud of me for that speech.”

“When are you gonna talk to Jeongguk?”

“I… haven’t planned that far.”

“You can do it, babe. I believe in you.” Jimin pats his head, disentangling when the elevator doors open and linking their fingers together.

Taehyung hums, though he’s feeling the all too familiar feeling of anxiety lodge itself in his throat. “Is anyone else back yet?”

“Hoseok, Namjoon, and Seokjin hyung didn’t leave. Yoongi hyung came back with you, I’m assuming.” Taehyung nods. “I don’t know when Jeongguk’s getting back.”
“Excuse me for a minute.”

“What?” Jimin grapples for his hand, as Taehyung makes a sharp turn in the lobby. “Why?”

“I need to bash my head on the wall.”

“No!”

“Hyung.”

“Jeongguk! I didn’t know you were back.”

“I got in late last night. Didn’t want to come back.”

“I feel that.”

Jeongguk sits on the bench where Jimin’s been catching his breath after an intense run on the treadmill. He’s dressed in shorts and a tank top, sweaty bangs clinging to his forehead. Jimin wonders how long he’s been here if Jimin hasn’t caught sight of him.

Jeongguk extends his fist, and Jimin bumps their knuckles together. “Did you have a good summer, Guk?”

“Yeah, it was fine.” Lifting his shirt, Jeongguk wipes his face before taking Jimin’s water bottle and finishing it off. “Worked at my dad’s shop, mostly. You?”

“Slept so much my mom threatened to turn me into a new sofa.”

“Wow. The dream.”

Jimin frowns, snatching back his water bottle. Jeongguk doesn’t seem too keen on getting back to his workout, but his shoulders are tense, and he’s staring at the floor. “Are you okay?”

For a long minute, Jeongguk doesn’t say anything. Jimin’s about to go back to running, or maybe grab some weights, if Jeongguk is just being moody because of classes starting in the next couple of days. Jimin fills his water bottle at the fountain, and sits at Jeongguk’s side again.

“Can I ask you something, hyung?”

“You know you can ask me anything.”

Jeongguk is very clearly struggling for the right words, but Jimin’s at a loss for how to help him. For as long as Jimin has known him, Jeongguk’s never had issues saying whatever was on his mind. “Jiae… she did something to Tae, didn’t she?”

That was not what Jimin was expecting. His mouth falls open, eyes wide, and he can’t find the words to say anything more than, “Jeongguk, I…”

“He always… the way he talks,” Jeongguk continues, glancing at Jimin from underneath his bangs and gesturing wildly with his hands. “It’s like he wants to push people away from loving him. Like he thinks… he isn’t… good enough? Does that make any sense?”

Jimin takes a long drink of his water, shakes the sweat out of his hair. “We didn’t notice it early enough,” Jimin says, and every word feels like it’s been ripped from the deepest pit of Jimin’s chest. He’s hinted about this to the others, but never has Jeongguk been a part of that conversation. “It was
Taehyung’s first relationship, and we were all as encouraging as we could be. When he’d ask for dating advice, it was mostly Namjoon hyung or Seokjin hyung who had enough experience to answer. Sometimes, he’d ask me if certain things she did were normal, and I’d say he was probably just nervous about messing things up. I didn’t… I didn’t realize…”

“Realize what, hyung?”

“She was hurting him.” Jimin hangs his head, fists clenched tight. “Never physically, I don’t think, though he stopped telling me everything after their one year anniversary. He’d tell me she deleted some of his contacts, or yelled when he didn’t give her constant updates. She was very controlling about what he could post, where he could go, what he could wear. And Tae… he went along with it. Because I told him that’s what a good fucking boyfriend does.”

“J—”

“I fucking told him that shit.” Jimin continues, laughing angrily at himself. “He would say he had a feeling she was lying to him, and we’d encourage them to talk, but she’d say something to imply he didn’t trust her. She always twisted things to make Taehyung look like the bad guy, even though she was fucking cheating through the entire stupid relationship.”

“Jimin—”

“She cut his hair while he was sleeping,” Jimin says. “And you know what he did? He asked how she wanted him to get it done to fix it.”

Jeongguk slaps the water bottle out of Jimin’s hands, and they watch it roll away slowly.

“Why.”

“I’m uncomfortable.”

“Join the club,” Jimin mutters. “At least you didn’t sit back and watch your best friend nearly get destroyed by a girl you got him to date.”

“I don’t think—”

“We tried to talk to him about it.” Jimin drags his hands down his face. “All of us, but by that point he didn’t want to listen. We were the ones telling him relationships were good, why would we change our minds now? He gave us these generic excuses for her behavior that you could just tell she’d given him to say. I actually have to thank you, Jeongguk.”

Jeongguk’s eyes are so wide, like a child having been caught stealing dessert before dinner. “T-thank me?”

“If you hadn’t fucked Jiae that afternoon, Taehyung would probably still be with her now.”

“I—I don’t want to be thanked for that. Tae hated me because of it!”

“He never hated you,” Jimin says forcefully.

“I- what?”

“It’s not my place to tell you. Spot me?”

Jin walks away before he gets a response, heading to the recently vacated bench press. He wipes it down again, not really trusting whoever had used it previously, and adds a few more weights to each
end. Jeongguk stands behind him as he lies on his back, hands on the bar; he helps steady Jimin with his hands hooked beneath it as Jimin begins his set.

He pushes himself, does more per set than he usually does when he manages to drag Taehyung here to spot him. Usually all it takes is the promise of ice cream and hot guys to ogle, but when things started to spiral before the summer Jimin had come here alone to get his aggression out with the punching bag, or run on the treadmill until he nearly tripped. If Jeongguk notices that Jimin’s going too long, he doesn’t say anything, just prevents Jimin from doing another set by forcefully putting the bar back in place.

“What do you mean?” Jeongguk asks, handing Jimin a water bottle from his own gym bag.

Jimin downs half the bottle in one sip, his breathing a little too heavy. “What?”

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Jimin downs half the bottle in one sip, his breathing a little too heavy. “What?”

“What do you mean?” Jeongguk asks, handing Jimin a water bottle from his own gym bag.

“About Taehyung not hating me. He said I ruined his relationship.”

“I mean; you did.” Jimin says. “Their relationship ended because of you, yes, but Taehyung wasn’t happy with her. Lots of misplaced emotions when it came to you, Guk.”

“I don’t understand.”

Jimin stands and wipes down the machine quietly, efficiently. Jeongguk watches, his hands in the pockets of his gym shorts. He desperately needs a shower and Jimin imagines that he’s not much better, himself. And with the gym starting to clear out for dinner hour it’s about time he head back.

“I meant what I said earlier,” Jimin says, heading towards the showers. Jeongguk strips his shirt as they go, and Jimin sees a girl drop a weight very close to her foot as Jeongguk passes. “It’s not my place to tell you.”

Jeongguk tosses his sweaty clothes outside a shower stall, and he’s lucky there’s no one else in the locker rooms. Jimin digs around in his bag for his soaps. “But I want to know.”

“Oh, hush. You gonna talk to him?”

“Dunno,” Jeongguk says, over the combined sprays of their showers. “He’s a dick.”

“He was drunk and hurt.”

“Cool excuses.”

“Not excusing what he said,” Jimin says. “I’m just. I don’t know. I do think you should talk- just don’t yell at him. Yell at me if you’re still pissed, but. Talk to him or don’t, it won’t affect me at all.”

Jeongguk snorts. “Thanks.”

“You busy tonight?” Jimin asks, as they’re dressing on opposite sides of the locker room, as per Jeongguk’s request. He claims he’s shy, which Jimin thinks is absolutely hilarious. “I need to get incredibly wasted to deal with that conversation.”

“Mood. Also, I left my wallet at home.”

“Of course you did.”

“Seokjin hyung’s working the bar tonight, bet for who can take the most shots without puking?”

Jimin tosses his gym bag at Jeongguk’s chest, letting him hold both of them. “You’re fucking on,
“Hey, hyung?” Jeongguk asks, drunk and wobbling on his stool. He leans all of his weight against Jimin’s side.

“Yeah.”

Jimin is substantially less drunk than Jeongguk is. Their bet ended after six shots, Jeongguk losing when he tripped on his way to the bathroom, leaving Jimin with just a buzz and a very unenthused Seokjin.

“You- y’should talk to Tae,” Jeongguk says, slurring heavily. His forehead is sweaty but he’s shivering, and Jimin makes a note to call an Uber soon before Jeongguk falls asleep for the night. “He wouldn’t want you to blame yourself. Doesn’t want you to be sad.”

“And you know Taehyung so well, right? Newsflash, newbie, we’ve both sucked that dick.”

“I don’t know him well,” Jeongguk says, and from across the bar Jimin can see Seokjin eyeing them with a mix of disdain and worry. Jimin knows he’s still got shit at the apartment, he could be sufficiently and properly drunk before he walks through the door, but Taehyung’s still on his cleanse or whatever, and Jimin knows he’ll smell it on his breath. “I don’t know Taehyung well, but I know he wouldn’t want you to blame yourself for what happened. If he knew, he’d hit you. I want to hit you.”

Jimin sighs, and knocks back another shot. He’s not quite sure how he got this one. He didn’t order it, but he thinks Seokjin walked passed a few seconds ago.

He pushes Jeongguk away, and pulls him right back when he gets dangerously close to falling over, grumbling. “Dumb Socrates wanna be asshole.”

“You wanna be in my asshole?”

“Fuck off.”

But Jimin doesn’t forget what Jeongguk said as he’s watching Seokjin walk him to the car after the bar closed. He thinks about it in Seokjin’s front seat, as he’s walking into the building, talks himself out of it in the elevator, and accidentally wakes Taehyung up crawling into his bed.

Taehyung turns over in his arms, presses a kiss to Jimin’s nose. “Hey, you. Have a good night?”

“… I have to tell you something.”

Jimin talks and Taehyung cries. Jimin talks and Taehyung says he isn’t crying but he is, and Jimin knows because he’s attuned to Taehyung’s tells, can feel the growing damp spot on the front of his shirt. He hadn’t realized he had so much to say, curled against his best friend in bed while the sun rises through the window above them.)

The first week of classes sees Taehyung sleeping through at least three of his classes, oversleeping Jimin’s alarm but not his own, and missing his flask of vodka more than anything else. It had a crudely drawn picture of Taehyung and Jimin holding each other’s dicks done by Jimin in their first year. Taehyung adored it. Yoongi confiscated it back in Daegu.
He attends each of his classes, something he’s never done at the beginning of any semester, and feels strangely vindicated when the weekend comes and he wakes up without a hangover. He doesn’t particularly enjoy any of his classes more than the others, and he knows his senior seminar class will destroy him by the fifth week at the latest, but with Jimin no longer mad at him, with Yoongi taking him to lunch, Taehyung can almost imagine he doesn’t hate himself, that the group chat hasn’t been silent with a lack of dinner updates, that he isn’t hopelessly whipped for a boy who will never like him back.

He actually goes to the library for once, halfway through the second week of classes, with the intent to work on a paper, but gets distracted almost immediately by Red Velvet fancams. Someone slams a ratty backpack onto the table in front of him.

“How many dicks do you think I need to suck to guarantee graduation?” Jimin asks.

“How many classes are you in?”

“Five.”

“Five dicks.” Taehyung angles his laptop between them, offering Jimin a headphone. He shakes his head, adjusting his ball cap with a shaky hand. “Wait, do you have that hot adjunct this semester?”

“Yeah?”

“Five dicks, one twice.”

Jimin drops his face on the table. “I hate school. When are we getting married and running away?”

“Whenver your ring is finished. Hey- how do you feel about Power Up?”

“About what?” Jimin asks, without looking up.

“Power Up. Song of the summer, the Red Velvet comeback I’ve been playing nonstop since last week?”

“Oh, yeah. Good. Not as good as Red Flavor.”

“Ugh. Elitist.”

Laughing, Jimin grabs Taehyung’s hand and puts it in his hair. They’re quiet for a while, and by the time Taehyung is running out of Yeri fancams, Jimin has managed to sit back up and he’s talking about something that might be important, saying, “Everyone’s going to be there, and it’ll be Hoseok hyung and my first campus outing as a couple—”

“Wait, what?” Taehyung interrupts, finally looking away from his future wife. “I wasn’t listening.”

“This is why our marriage won’t last.”

“No, our marriage won’t last because I’ll leave you for an Australian swimsuit model.”

“Dude, call me for that threesome.”

“You know it.” Taehyung offers his hand for a high-five. “Anyway. What’s happening?”

Jimin rolls his eyes fondly. “Obligatory back to school party, you know the drill. You’re coming, right?”
Taehyung makes a face, tries to school his expression and knows he failed when Jimin’s smile falls and he begins to look concerned. He hated parties before and now he hates them even more, and he has absolutely no desire to go to another, either to get drunk or watch a bunch of barely legal children drink away their sorrows. In the past, he and Jimin tore these parties to shreds, drinking from house to house, hooking up with their usual friends and sometimes with each other.

In the past, he’d looked forward to these parties, as they were the pinnacles of his college experience. Jimin’s looking at him expectantly, and Taehyung wants to say no, he really, really does- but he knows he won’t. This isn’t just a party. It’s the first party for Jimin and Hoseok as boyfriends. Jimin needs Taehyung there.

So he says, “Yeah, I’m in.”

“Nice! I’ve already got your outfit picked out. Come on, let’s get changed before all the red Jell-O shots are gone.”

“I thought the party is always on a Friday,” Taehyung whines, watching Jimin pack up Taehyung’s laptop and unopened notebooks. “I want a burrito.”

Jimin pauses, hand on Taehyung’s pencil case he used to keep their extra weed in. “It is Friday, Tae.”

“What? No, it’s Wednesday.”

“No, dude, it is Friday.”

Taehyung’s head whips up, and he stares around the library in horror. “How long have I been in here?”

Jimin snickers, helping Taehyung to his feet with a hand around his wrist. “Long enough for the robots to take over.”

“That’s not funny! It’s actually going to happen one day!” Jimin laughs, throws his head back and wraps an arm around Taehyung’s shoulder even though Taehyung has to hunch over to accommodate. “It’s not funny! We’ll all be ruled by the robots!”

“Why did I ever suck your dick?”

“You wanted to prove to yourself you could suck a dick so large.”

“I’ll fucking bite it off next time.”

When they’re home, Jimin holds up their bottle of Pregame Jameson and Taehyung shakes his head. Jimin frowns, staring at the whiskey longingly before he puts the bottle back on the counter. He pulls out what he chose for Taehyung to wear and they change together.

Hoseok meets them at the door to the fraternity, looking every bit like the frat boys from American college movies; hat turned backwards, sleeveless cutoff, tight jeans. He lets them into the house and kisses Jimin when he thinks Taehyung isn’t looking. But of course he sees it. They’re not discreet, kissing right in the doorway, getting a little too lost in each other while Taehyung waits, already overwhelmed and beginning to feel more than a little sick. They look so happy.

Like every party at Hoseok’s frat, the music is too loud and there are too many people crowded in the hallways, scoping the front door for first dibs at fresh meat. And, just like every good college party, no one has any idea what to offer to someone who doesn’t drink. There’s the usual spread
along the counters in the kitchen; several flavors of vodka, some whiskey, cans of beer and a keg in the corner, and an over abundance of tequila and Hoseok stares at Taehyung like he just grew a second head when he turns down the offer of a drink. There are bottles of coke and sprite as chasers, but Taehyung knows people would be pissed if he messed with the balance of alcohol and soda.

“Oh, you’re not…?”

“No,” Taehyung says, sighing. “I’m fine, don’t worry.”

“Nah, we have to have something here.” Hoseok knocks back a Jell-O shot, wobbling toward the refrigerator.

Taehyung finds a can of lemonade nestled in the back of the fridge and fights his way through the throng of people pouring drinks, dancing couples in the main room, people screaming through games of beer pong in the backyard. He really doesn’t want to be here, especially when he stumbles into a separate living room and sees Hoseok kissing Jimin against the wall. They’re smiling against each other’s lips and Jimin is giggling and Taehyung is going to be sick.

He’s happy for Jimin, really. He’s never wanted anything else than for Jimin to be happy and in love, and if Hoseok is the one to get Jimin to smile like that, then Taehyung will support it.

But.

But there’s something lingering in Taehyung’s stomach, staring unabashedly as Hoseok whispers something in Jimin’s ear that makes him cackle out a laugh, and neither of them is embarrassed. It’s want; the feeling that Taehyung wishes would just go away. Hoseok and Jimin are clearly lost in each other, Jimin smacking Hoseok’s chest before pulling him in for another kiss. They’re both so happy. Taehyung just wants.

“Hey, loser.” Yoongi drops on the couch next to where Taehyung is curled in on himself. “Does Jimin know you’re staring?”

“He’s into it,” Taehyung mumbles. “Can we go hookup?”

“I have a boyfriend, Taehyung.” Groaning, Taehyung fiddles with the tab on his can of lemonade. “Speaking of boyfriends, how’re you holding up?”

“I want to be drunk.”

“That good, huh?”

There seems to be more that Yoongi wants to say, but the music changes to something louder and he frowns instead. His hand finds its way to Taehyung’s hair, Taehyung slumping against his side.

“Why are you here, anyway?” Taehyung asks, leaning into Yoongi’s touch. “You’re old.”

“I’m a graduate student, you insolent fuck. Plus… um. I’m Jeongguk’s ride home.”

“He’s here?” Taehyung asks, suddenly feeling panicked. He sits up straight, as if Jeongguk will be in the room. “I have to go, I left the oven on-”

“Oh, no you don’t.” Yoongi twists his fingers in Taehyung’s shirt and holds on tight when he tries to scramble over the back of the couch. “You need to stop running away from this shit or you’ll be miserable forever.”
“I deserve to be miserable forever.”

Yoongi smacks the back of Taehyung’s head, lightly. “Stop saying that shit.”

“Whatever. Let me go, I gotta piss.”

“Gross.”

Taehyung leaves his unfinished lemonade and heads back the way they came in. He doesn’t want to ruin Jimin’s night, doesn’t want to be a dark cloud to Yoongi, and he knows there’s nothing for him here. They don’t need him there; probably don’t want him putting a damper on their night, anyway. And- oh, fuck, is he crying? His cheeks are damp, but if anyone notices, at least they’ll think he’s just too drunk and won’t worry about him.

He shouldn’t have come out tonight. If he drank, he’d be someone’s burden to get home. Even without drinking, Yoongi felt the need to coddle him, and make sure he was okay. He’s always someone’s burden.

The way to the front door is too crowded, so Taehyung turns around and walks to the backdoor but he freezes in the middle of the room, hands in pockets, when he sees Jeongguk leaning against the wall there, laughing at something the guys with him are saying.

Taehyung isn’t ready for this- Taehyung thinks he isn’t ever going to be ready for this. He’s spent the last two weeks telling Jimin he was psyching himself up for a conversation with Jeongguk when in reality he was making sure to avoid every route on campus that Jeongguk might’ve ever taken, imagining what he would say to Jeongguk when he was ready.

_I’m sorry_, doesn’t feel good enough.

*_I know I fucked up but I might be a little in love with you please tell me what to do to fix this_, feels too forward after what Taehyung did.

*Punch me in the face I need to feel alive again*, that one might actually appeal to Jeongguk.

“Hyung?”

Oh, fuck; Taehyung is not ready for this. Jeongguk is stumbling his way over and Taehyung is absolutely not ready for this. He needs to leave, or- fuck, he needs to get to Yoongi or Jimin but he left them in the other room and there’s no one left to intercept Jeongguk until he’s standing right in front of Taehyung.

“Uh. Hey, Jeongguk.”

“You here to call me a terrible fuck?”

“I- what? No, of course not.”

“Here to tell everyone that I’m easy? There’s some hot guys in the kitchen, you should tell them first.”

Taehyung swallows thickly. He deserves that, he knows that he does, but it doesn’t sting any less to hear Jeongguk slurring the words, swaying on his feet where he stands. “N-No, Jeongguk, that’s not… I just… can we talk?”

“Nope!” Jeongguk giggles, poking Taehyung’s chest. “I have nothing to say to you.”
“Are you drunk?”

“Mhm. You know how it goes: insulted by someone you thought was a friend, drink all the time. The usual.”

Jeongguk wobbles a little and grips the hem of Taehyung’s shirt to keep his balance. “Come on, Jeongguk. We should get you to Yoongi.”

“No,” Jeongguk rolls his eyes. “I’m gonna find a stranger to fuck me and then ditch me. Haven’t you heard, Taehyung-ssi? I’m easy.”

“Jeongguk-”

“Bye.”

“Wait- Jeongguk-!”

He turns on unsteady feet, slapping Taehyung’s hands when he reaches out to help him from falling over, and all but hobbles into the kitchen, disappearing behind two giant guys.

Well.

Taehyung didn’t want to have the conversation tonight, anyway, but at least now he knows he can speak to Jeongguk without bursting into tears. He’ll go home tonight, and try again tomorrow. Or the next day. Or never.

“Hey!” Jimin finds him sitting on the back porch, listlessly watching a game of beer pong. “Yoongi hyung said he lost you. Are you okay?”

Taehyung shrugs, and Jimin sits next to him. “I’m okay. Never realized how boring these things are when you’re sober.”

“Oh- I, um.” Jimin looks at his cup of what Taehyung assumes is some vodka and Sprite, and immediately tosses it off the porch. “I can just. I’ll just-”

“You don’t have to stop for me,” Taehyung says. “It’s fine. I never liked parties, anyway.”

“Tae…”

He doesn’t mention that he ran into Jeongguk inside, he assumes Jimin already knows through Yoongi or that he hasn’t spotted Jeongguk, himself. Taehyung doesn’t want to say it, because he knows the first thing drunken Jimin will do is force them into a room together to talk. It’s still warm outside, a little uncomfortable now with Jimin sitting so close, but Taehyung deals with it. Jimin wanted to come out tonight, he’s having a good time with Hoseok, and Taehyung won’t be what ruins the night.

“Jimin, you’re happy with Hoseok hyung, right?”

“Where is this coming from?” Jimin asks, turning away from the guy he’d been talking to. “Yeah, of course I’m happy with him. We’ve got a lot to talk about still, and it’s a weird transition, but. Things are good. I’m happy, yeah.”

“Is it weird if I say your happiness is all I need?”

“Soulmate culture,” Jimin teases, but his smile falls when Taehyung doesn’t reciprocate. “Look, I get the feeling I know what you mean. When I left for Busan, I was so incredibly angry with you, but
after I spent the first night crying over your dumb ass and Hoseok hyung’s, I realized I needed to prioritize myself. I want you to be happy, and I had to deal with my own issues before I could help you. So I spent the summer talking with my mom, helping my dad rebuild our deck and imagining the nails on the roof were people’s faces. Nothing would make me happier than for you to be happy, Tae, and I’ll do anything in the entire world to get you to that point.”

“Jimin-”

“Anything you need, I’ll do it for you. Anyone you want me to beat up, they’re on my hit list. Just... talk to me, okay? Don’t leave me to guess how you’re feeling again.”

Taehyung tries his hardest not to cry. It doesn’t really work, but he wipes at the tears that trickle down his cheeks, and he deepens his breathing to hide his shortness of breath. “I love you.”

“I love you, too, Tae. Are you sure you’re okay?”

Jimin’s arm is around his shoulders, and he holds Taehyung close. Taehyung wipes at his tears again. “No. But I’ll get there, probably. Hey- now that you’re dating Hoseok hyung, does that mean I can’t eat your ass anymore?”

Jimin laughs, weakly. “That’s exactly what it means. But hey, my birthday is coming up, and you know a foursome with you has always been on my wish list.”

“Who’s the fourth?”

“We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it.”

“I gotta piss.”

Without waiting for a reply, Taehyung pushes himself to his feet and fights his way back through the house. As the hour grew later, more and more people seemed to show up and the main rooms are even more crowded than before, and Taehyung spends several minutes apologizing to the girl who barely misses his shoes when she throws up.

He finally sees a path to the front door, and he ignores the girls who step into his path to start conversation with apologetic smiles. Someone spills something on his shirt and he doesn’t even bother to stop and see what it is. There’s a few couples using the entryway as a prime area to kiss against the walls, or lead each other up the stairs to the bedrooms for the night, and Taehyung ignores them until he’s got a hand on the door and he hears something familiar.

It comes from the boy being pressed into the wall by someone a lot taller than him, he’s muttering about something, turning his head away from the taller guy’s kisses. His hands are on the other’s chest, keeping distance between their bodies when he says, “I said no, dickhole.”

Oh, fuck, that’s-

“Jeongguk?”

Jeongguk’s head whips around to Taehyung, and then his eyes narrow and he’s pulling the guy even closer. His face contorts, though, and he grimaces at the press of the stranger’s lips at the base of his throat. His expression looks clouded, and he’s obviously still drunk, his hands weak where they paw at the guy’s shirt.

“Ow!” Jeongguk hisses, “I said don’t bite me.”
“Come on, babe, I know you want this.”

Taehyung sighs, and closes the distance between them to hook a hand around Jeongguk’s arm. “Let’s go. Yoongi’s probably worried about you.”

“Too bad,” Jeongguk says, not budging where he’s caged against the wall. “I’m fucking Minwoo.”

“My name is Minseok.”

“Same difference.”

“No, you’re too drunk for this,” Taehyung says. “Where’s Yoongi?”


With a groan, Taehyung tugs out his phone to call Yoongi. It goes to voicemail the four times that Taehyung calls, so he pockets the phone, grabs Jeongguk’s wrist, and leads him away from Minhyuk to the door.

“Hey! Dude, get your own hookup.”

“He’s drunk.”

“What’s your problem? He already said he was down.”

Minwoo follows them to the door, complaining angrily as Jeongguk stumbles along behind Taehyung. Taehyung stops, whirling on his heel, and when Jeongguk all but falls on his ass, Taehyung pulls his arm over his shoulders. “Back off, or everyone at this campus will learn you take advantage of drunk people.”

Taehyung slams the door in the guy’s face, helping secure Jeongguk’s weight at his side. He tries to call Yoongi again, but gives up when he doesn’t get an answer. It’s not too far to Seokjin’s apartment, and Taehyung wanted to leave, anyway.

“Let’s go, Jeongguk.”

“Fuck you.”

“I know,” Taehyung agrees, feels his throat get tight. “I know.”

Jeongguk trips over almost everything in his way, his feet uncertain. At first, he tries to pull his arm away, but when he nearly losses his balance again, Taehyung secures Jeongguk’s arm around his shoulders and holds on tight. They walk slowly, Jeongguk muttering to himself the entire time, and they pass others in the same situation: girls leading their friends away from parties, guys daring each other to jump the fire hydrants and failing, a girl vomiting outside of a frat house before walking right back inside.

Really, Taehyung can’t fault Jeongguk for trying to push him away. Jeongguk was obviously still angry, and Taehyung couldn’t blame him for that. All he can do is keep Jeongguk from tripping and get him home to sleep off the hangover.

At a traffic light, Jeongguk staggers a little and presses his face against the side of Taehyung’s neck, letting out a shuddering breath that makes Taehyung’s chest clench, and his entire body want to give up. Jeongguk immediately pulls away.

“Let go of me.”
‘We’re almost to your apartment, Jeongguk.’

‘You’re mean.’

‘I know. I’m sorry.’

‘Fuck you.’

‘I’m sorry.’

‘I was gonna get laid,’ Jeongguk complains. ‘Said he had a pool, was gonna eat my ass in a pool.’

‘He would have drowned.’

They cross another street to Seokjin’s building, Jeongguk whining the entire way about how it was entirely possible to eat ass in a pool without drowning. Taehyung feels exhausted, wants nothing more than to sit in the middle of the crosswalk and just… stop existing for a few hours. Maybe that would ease the tension in his chest, release the brick that’s crushing his lungs, or snap the pressure behind his eyes that have prickled the corners for the majority of the walk.

In the elevator, Jeongguk sags against one of the mirrored walls, looking ghastly in the poor fluorescent lighting. He’ll probably be sick soon, if the sheen on his brow and the wet tangle of his hair is anything to go by. He tries to walk on his own when they reach his floor, but his eyes go wide, his complexion pales slightly, and he clutches Taehyung’s elbow like a lifeline.

The code doesn’t work at the door.

‘What the-?’ Taehyung tries the number again, and receives the same red light. He tries again, knows he can’t be wrong because he’s used this code several times to get into Seokjin’s apartment. He looks at Jeongguk, leaning heavily against the wall. ‘Did hyung change the code?’

‘Yes.’

‘What is it?’

‘M’not s’posed to tell you.’

Taehyung groans, dropping his head onto the door. His phone is almost dead when he brings it up, calling Seokjin once, twice, three times and getting his voicemail each time. He considers his options. He could leave Jeongguk here, knowing he’s at least safe so close to home, and he can let himself in when he sobers up. He can take him to Bogum’s place down a flight of stairs, or Seojoon two flights up, or Minho at the complex across the street, or Mina back at the campus dorms, but he knows the last thing he should consider is dropping Jeongguk off with one of his FWBs.

The sixth time Taehyung calls, Seokjin picks up with a garbled, ‘I’m not talking to you.’

‘Just did, hyung.’

‘You’re right. Bye.’

‘Wait!’ The line doesn’t disconnect. Taehyung’s inhale is shaky at best. ‘I’ve got Jeongguk here and he’s about two seconds from getting sick in the hallway. Just come get him, please. I’ll leave, I promise.’

Seokjin hangs up and two minutes later the door unlocks. Taehyung leans away just as the door opens, Seokjin looking like he’d just woken up with disheveled hair and wrinkled pajamas. He sees
Jeongguk, nodding off against the wall, and hurriedly helps him inside. He closes the door without a word.

When Taehyung gets home that night he’s freezing, though he attributes that more to the fact that he did spend almost two hours sitting on the curb of a street during his walk home. He’d just stopped, sat down, and tried to make sense of his thoughts. There was no sense to be made, however, nothing left for Taehyung to learn about how he felt. He was very certain of a few things:

One, he liked Jeongguk.

Two, he didn’t deserve to be happy.

Three, his ass was numb.

His phone had died before he left that side of campus, so he couldn’t call an Uber or let Jimin know he’d be home late. Their apartment complex is eerily silent. The elevator is broken again so Taehyung walks up the stairs. He’s quiet walking into the apartment, not knowing if Jimin’s asleep or even back yet.

He doesn’t bother changing or showering, just kicks off his shoes by the front door before slugging his way to Jimin’s room to climb into his bed. Taehyung resolutely refuses to cry again. Not tonight.

“Taehyung?” Jimin’s sitting up in bed, gathering the sheets to his lap as Taehyung hugs his middle, face pressed to Jimin’s thigh even as Jimin tries to squirm away. “The fuck did you go? I called like, a dozen times.”

“Phone died.”

The bedroom door opens again and Hoseok leans in the doorframe, naked save for scarf he’s got wrapped around his waist and over his hard dick. “Who’s ready for the dicking of a lifeti-Taehyung? What the fuck?”

“Shit,” Taehyung says, as Hoseok scrambles to save any trace of his modesty in front of Taehyung. Not that it’s necessary considering how many times they’ve touched each other’s dicks. “You guys go ahead, I’ll roll over or some shit.”

“No, it’s fine.” Jimin says adamantly. “Hyung, go get Tata from Tae’s bed.”

Hoseok pouts, holding the scarf to his groin. “Dude-”

“It should be on his pillows.”

With a groan of defeat, Hoseok turns around and disappears for a few minutes while Jimin helps Taehyung out of his dress shirt, helps him to lay more comfortably by the time Hoseok gets back, now dressed in a pair of Taehyung’s sweatpants and a t-shirt. He lifts one of Taehyung’s arms, puts Tata against his chest, and falls on the bed behind Taehyung.

Taehyung reaches behind himself, patting Hoseok’s thigh at an awkward angle. “Sorry about your dick, hyung.”

“Unless you’re actually going to jerk me off, please take your hand away.”

“Sorry.”

“Hey.” Jimin throws his arm over Taehyung’s waist, touches their noses together. “You’re going to
Taehyung doesn’t believe him, but he doesn’t say anything, only draws in a shaky breath and nods. He wants to be asleep, exhaustion bearing heavily on his bones. He doesn’t know what time it is anymore, smushed up in bed between Hoseok and Jimin.

Behind him, Hoseok shuffles onto his elbows to lean over Taehyung, pressing a kiss to his temple. “If it helps, he’s broken up about it, too. Won’t admit to it, kind of hates you a little, but he’s not doing too hot.”

Taehyung pretends to be asleep, pretends that he doesn’t hear what Hoseok whispers to him. Over his body, he can hear Hoseok and Jimin murmuring to each other. He catches his name a few times, Jimin’s arm tightening around his waist, and hears Jimin promise he’ll suck Hoseok’s dick before Taehyung wakes up in the morning. Taehyung finally falls asleep to the soft sounds of kissing coming from above his head, exhausted and jealous and aching so forcefully Taehyung worries his chest may concave.

“Have you seen my white dress shirt?”

“With the stripes?”

“No, with the hearts on it.”

“Oh.” From further in the apartment, Taehyung hears Jimin put something down and a minute later he’s poking his head into Taehyung’s room. “Jiae threw that one out. Stained it with a bath bomb before throwing it out the window, remember?”

Taehyung throws the several shirts he’s been holding in the back of the closet. He lets out a long breath, chest tight with anger. “Fuck her.”

“Tae-“

“No, fuck her.” He grabs the pants he’d dropped earlier, and throws them against the wall with all his strength. “Why me? Why my clothes? Why Tata? I’m sick of feeling like this, and it’s all- her-fault!”

With each word, Taehyung throws whatever is in reach in the direction of his window: a water bottle that may or may not still be filled with gin, a shoe, a notebook, a shirt he just found in the back of his closet that Jiae had bought him for his birthday. For all he knows, it was one of her other boyfriend’s shirts and she’d just walked out of his place with it. Wonders if she even bothered to wash it before letting Taehyung wear it. When he reaches for his laptop Jimin grabs his wrist, gently grabbing the laptop and putting it back on the bed. Taehyung kicks the mattress.

Jimin takes both of Taehyung’s hands in his own. “Not going to lie, you’re hot when you’re angry.”

Scowling, Taehyung snaps his hands back. “Not the time, dude.”

“Wait- where are you going?”

“I don’t know.”

“Taehyung. You look like you’re going to kick the shit out of someone.”

“Maybe I will.”
“Are you trying to turn me on?”

Jimin follows for a minute as Taehyung starts gathering his wallet and phone, car keys, still throwing some stuff around. He gives up when he remembers he can’t, in fact, sleep with Taehyung again, so instead he sits down and starts up another round of Overwatch. Taehyung keeps muttering as he kicks things out of his way, eventually coming to a stop just in front of Jimin.

“If you need me I’ll be lighting Jiae’s sorority on fire.”

“Watch your fingers, you know how nervous you get around matches.”

“I might also cut up all her clothes.”

Jimin leans around him to see the TV screen. “If you get killed, what do you want your tombstone to say?”

Taehyung pauses halfway to the front door and whispers, “Do I want a talking tombstone?”

“Oh my God.”

A knock on the door makes them stop, staring at each other and then the door. Hoseok just barges in, Seokjin always gives a heads up, and Yoongi claims he’ll lose all his brain cells if he steps foot in Jimin and Taehyung’s apartment. “Did you order food?”

Jimin shakes his head. “If it’s a murderer can you tell him to chill? I’m on the way to a record kill game.”

“I’ll pass along the message.”

It’s not a murderer, which unfortunately means Taehyung has to finish the paper he has due in a week, but it is someone that has Taehyung wanting to run and hide. All of his fight deflates out of him, and suddenly he doesn’t want to light a building on fire because Jeongguk is standing in the hallway, arms crossed, scowl directed at the floor.

“Tae, are you dead? Can I have your tie collection?”

“Not dead,” Taehyung croaks out. To Jeongguk he says, “Uh- I- Uh.”

Jeongguk huffs, and he’s glaring when he looks up at Taehyung. “Can I come in?”

Before Taehyung can find his voice or slam the door to go cry in Jimin’s bed, he opens the door wider and gestures for Jeongguk to come in. The place is a mess, and Taehyung will admit they still haven’t gotten around to unpacking everything for the semester yet. Jeongguk stares at Jimin, aggressively working through his video game, and doesn’t answer when Taehyung offers him something to drink.

“Jimin hyung. Can you leave?”

Oh, God, Jeongguk came here to murder Taehyung. He saw this coming eventually, but he always thought Yoongi would be the one leading that coalition, fed up with Taehyung’s jokes or constantly asking if his relationship was open enough for Taehyung to join, never just Jeongguk.

“Can it wait?” Jimin asks, not looking away from the TV. “Record kills game.”

So Jeongguk and Taehyung stand on opposite sides of the couch, watching the screen as Jimin plays the game, speaking into his headset, cursing at his teammates. They’re silent, Jeongguk refusing to
even look at Taehyung and Taehyung unable to look away from him. Even like this, pissed off and a little bedraggled, Jeongguk is so heart wrenchingly beautiful.

“Damn, beat your record, Tae.”

“I hate you.”

“You guys want to get lunch later?” He looks to Jeongguk and Taehyung, in the awkward, frosty chasm spanning the distance between them. “On second thought, I’m going to go have sex with my boyfriend. Call me if you guys want to join.”

They’re both silent as they watch Jimin save his game, properly turn off their PS4, lace up his shoes, and all but sprint out of the apartment to escape. Jeongguk takes a very deep breath, and still staring at the door he says, “You have five minutes.”

He expects more, he expects something entirely different, doesn’t expect Jeongguk to be looking at him expectantly. Taehyung looks around, as if the answer could be somewhere in his apartment. “I-uh, I don’t. Understand?”

Jeongguk sighs. “Seokjin’s been telling me to talk to you. He said you brought me home before I got sick the other night. I’m giving you five minutes.”

“I don’t… know what to say.”

“Okay, I’ll leave, then-”

“Wait!”

Jeongguk gives him an unimpressed look.

Taehyung wrings his hands together, feels his heart rate pick up and beat painfully against his chest. “Please don’t leave. I don’t know what to say because saying ‘I’m sorry’ doesn’t feel like enough.”

“It would be a start.”

“I’m sorry.”

“You’re right.” Jeongguk purses his lips. “It’s not enough.”

“I’m so sorry,” Taehyung says again, chest tight and throat hurting. “I treated you like shit for something that wasn’t even your fault. I hated myself the moment I called you… easy. I didn’t mean it, I could absolutely never mean it, but I can’t change the fact that I said it. It doesn’t change the fact that I was awful to you, tried to push you away when I wanted you close, called you bad things. I’m sorry.”

“Bad things?” Jeongguk asks, mouth quirked.

“Please don’t,” Taehyung presses his palms to his eyes. They come away damp. “Please. I don’t know what to say and none of this feels right, none of it feels like it could fix anything. I could stand here all day and tell you that I was hurting, I could stand here and tell you the shit Jiae said to me to hurt me, because she loves to make people miserable. I could tell you everything I drank, tell you my skin felt like it was burning, like something was trying to claw its way out of me and I thought I was going to be sick, I just needed you to leave before I took it out on you. Joke’s on me, though, isn’t it? I took it out on you, anyway. I took everything out on you, and you didn’t deserve it. I don’t deserve you here to even give me five minutes, I know what Jiae said
was true; I know I fucked everything up with you.

“I could tell you that I’m sorry, because I am so fucking sorry, Jeongguk. I could tell you I felt betrayed by everyone and didn’t think I had anyone to turn to. I regretted what I said the second I said it, but it doesn’t change the fact that I did say it. Nothing I can say, none of my reasons or excuses, could ever change or excuse the fact that I treated you like shit. That I called you… that I said so many awful things, and I’m so sorry.” Taehyung hangs his arms at his sides, knows he can’t hide from this forever, but he still can’t manage to look at Jeongguk, standing silently at the other end of the couch. “I just… I just hope you can stand to be around me for Seokjin hyung’s dinners because I miss you, and I miss our friends, even if none of you want anything to do with me. Or not. If you don’t want me around I understand, just tell me and I’ll make sure of it.

“And I’m sorry. I’m so fucking sorry, Jeongguk. I’ll say it every single day.”

In the wake of Taehyung’s spiel, his cheeks stay wet with the tears that trickle and it hurts him to breathe, every inhale feels like the last Taehyung will ever take, that last ditch effort to keep his head above water before he succumbs. And Jeongguk isn’t saying anything. He isn’t looking at Taehyung and he isn’t saying anything. He isn’t saying anything and Taehyung can’t fault him for that. He promised five minutes. Taehyung is sure it’s already been longer than that.

“Okay,” Jeongguk says, very slowly. He moves in Taehyung’s peripherals, sitting heavily on the edge of the couch. “Okay. I forgive you-”

“No.”

“No?” Jeongguk repeats, finally looking at Taehyung, and he’s not crying but his face is pinched, lines framing his lips. “You can’t just say no.”

“You’ve forgiven me for too much already. You can’t just do it again.”

“You can’t tell me how I’m supposed to feel. Sit down, you look like you’re about to pass out.” Taehyung does, sits at the farthest edge from Jeongguk, perched like he’ll bolt at any second. “Tell me what she said.”

“What?”

“Jiae. Tell me what she said to you at the party.”

Taehyung’s breath catches and again, he feels that he can’t breathe. He hasn’t told anyone, not Jimin when he asked, not Yoongi when Taehyung broke down in Daegu and babbled himself to sleep in tears. He doesn’t know if it’ll be good to tell Jeongguk, knows that the conversation at the party was what set off the spiral, was the spark to light the flame Taehyung had been fanning for months.

But he’s done running. Jeongguk is giving him a chance to come clean about everything. He’s not about to pass it up.

“She told me shit that doesn’t matter,” Taehyung begins. He sees Jeongguk stiffen, prepare himself to argue, so he hurries to continue, “That was bad enough, it hurt, whatever. But… she told me that the only reason you bothered to sleep with me was because she was done with you. I don’t know how long the two of you hooked up for after we broke up, but she very clearly tried to tell me that you only slept with me because she tossed you away, otherwise you wouldn’t even give me the time of day.” Taehyung shrugs, tries to play it off even though it hurts. “It’s whatever. If it’s true-”

“It’s not.”
“Hm?”

“It’s not true. I knew about you long before Jiae and I ever met at some stupid party. Seokjin hyung never shuts up about his friends, I saw you at the bar a few times. I didn’t sleep with you just because I ended things with her.”

“Jeongguk, you don’t have to-”

“Let me talk,” Jeongguk says, eyes wide. “Please. She was lying at the party. We both know that. You hurt me when you snapped at me, but anyone with half a brain could tell you weren’t okay that night. You were fucked up, slurring and ranting. I don’t care what you drank, that’s none of my business, but I won’t lie that it hurt me when you took that anger out on me. That being said, I know you weren’t doing okay. I don’t buy that shit about drunken thoughts being sober feelings, not when a manipulative ex was playing with you and you were crying in the middle of a party.”

“Jeongguk…”

“You never said the words, never actually said I was easy, but I was so fucking pissed because I could tell that’s what you were hinting at.” Jeongguk raises his voice towards the end, cuts off Taehyung when he tries to argue that. “I talked to Jimin hyung. I talked to Seokjin hyung. I know more than you probably want me to, but it means I can say this with confidence. Taehyung.”

Jeongguk shifts his weight, sits back on the couch to stare fully at Taehyung, determination and resolve lighting his pupils.

“I’m not mad at you anymore and I forgive you.”

“God- Jeongguk-”

“I’m not mad anymore- wait, Tae- why? Why are you crying?”

“I’m not crying,” Taehyung lies, because they can both see that his shoulders are shaking, voice thick with tears, hands covering his eyes because he’s just on the edge of sobbing. “I’m not, I promise.”

Jeongguk’s hands flutter uselessly by his sides, and the meter of space left between them on the couch feels unending. “Hyung- I- you’re. I’m sorry, I don’t-”

“Don’t apologize,” Taehyung hiccups. He wipes at his eyes but more tears form. “Don’t you dare apologize, Jeon Jeongguk.”

“I’m so confused-”

“No one… she’s… no one ever said that.” Taehyung can’t find the words, can’t find the way to say how he’s feeling to make Jeongguk understand, to make anyone understand. It feels bigger than anything else, something shriveled and painful in Taehyung’s chest beginning to loosen slightly. He doesn’t want to, but he thinks about the biggest fights he had with Jiae over the course of their relationship, thinks about the way they ended with Jiae rolling her eyes and calling Taehyung overdramatic, pointing out how it was all his fault to begin with, never once apologizing or telling Taehyung she was no longer mad. No one has ever… “You’re too good to me, too good for me,” Taehyung says, and his voice is still thick and clogged with tears. “Too good to everyone, always so good, Jeongguk- it’s one of the reasons I lo- like you. Why I like you so much.”

Jeongguk stares at him, mouth hanging open before he manages to compose himself, fingers twisting where they lie in his lap. “You like me- like, like like me?”
“Yeah,” Taehyung chokes out, and he almost wants to laugh because in spite of everything, in spite of how much everything hurts, how much more he wants and needs to say, this felt easy. This felt light. This feels right. “Yeah, I like you a lot, Jeongguk.”

“Oh,” Jeongguk breathes out.

“Do… do you…?”

“No.”

Taehyung nods. He knew this; he was expecting this, and it… it doesn’t hurt. Taehyung doesn’t hurt. Oh, God, for once- it doesn’t hurt. “I know, and it’s fine. I just… I needed you to know.”

“Wait, Tae.” Jeongguk huffs, frustrated. “I don’t… I don’t like you right now, but I like hanging out with you and I like the way you fuck me, and… that’s? That’s a start, isn’t it?”

“A start.”

“Yeah? We can… we can start something from that. I think I could- eventually. Right?”

“I don’t want you to feel obligated,” Taehyung says. He uses his sleeves to wipe at his cheeks again, and he’s relieved to find his eyes beginning to dry. “You don’t have to be with me just because you feel guilty, or something.”

“Good, because I don’t feel guilty.”

“And you shouldn’t.”

Silence falls between them and they’re both obviously unsure where to go now, or what to say. There’s so much more that Taehyung thinks he should say, that he knows he needs to get off his chest, but… but he thinks this is a good sign. Jeongguk isn’t pushing him away. He has time to tell Jeongguk everything, if Jeongguk wants to listen.

“Yoongi hyung said I should be mean to you.” Jeongguk whispers eventually, when the quiet begins to get uncomfortable. He’s staring at his folded hands when Taehyung looks up. Jeongguk laughs quietly and Taehyung’s chest clenches. He missed that sound. “The first thing he said was I should body slam you the second I saw you, but then he thought it might turn you on. That was a weird conversation.”

Taehyung laughs, too, because he can imagine Yoongi saying that. “What else did he say?”

Jeongguk shrugs, but he’s grinning, and Taehyung likes this so, so much. There’s still tension in the room, an awkward air of uncertainty, but Taehyung can tell that things have the potential of being so easy and so good with Jeongguk. It’s what he’s always wanted. “Just said I should be kinda mean if we decide to go back to how things were. Three dates before we can kiss, or that you have to take me out to dinner before we can fuck. Dumb shit like that.”

“Is that… is that what you want to do, Jeongguk?”

“I don’t… know?” He sounds unsure. “When I first got back to Seoul, I was so convinced I hated you. I didn’t want to talk to you, didn’t want to see you, and I didn’t care what you might want to say, but. I feel the same as you, Tae. I miss being around you. You’re a pretty great guy, when you’re not leaving me after sex.”

Taehyung groans, hiding his face in his hands again. “I’m so sorry for that, too. For how I treated
you and for leaving you. I’d take it all back if I could.”

“I know you would, hyung.” Jeongguk moves a little closer, hesitant and wary. Taehyung closes the rest of the distance until their thighs press together. “I don’t want to fuck, at least not right now. I think I’m still a little angry, not so much at you but at everything in general. I wouldn’t mind going on dates? Trying to do this shit right, if you want that, too?

“I want that,” Taehyung agrees. They’re sitting so close together, and Taehyung can feel the way Jeongguk stares at his profile. He wants to touch, wants to pull Jeongguk close, but he doesn’t know if he’s allowed to. “I want that so much, whatever you want.”

“What if I want to watch tentacle porn with you?”

“I’ll watch it and I won’t even make fun of your boner.”

“Fuck you! You’ll be the one with a boner.”

“A heart boner,” Taehyung snickers, as Jeongguk groans in exasperation and knocks his head against Taehyung’s jaw. “Constant affection erection, and only for you, babe.”

Jeongguk lays his hand over Taehyung’s, pressing his fingers between the empty spaces of Taehyung’s. “You have to call me baby a hundred times a day.”

“I can do that.”

“And you have to hold my butt like you hold Jimin hyung’s.”

“I don’t know if I can do that.”

Rolling his eyes, Jeongguk shifts so he can face Taehyung properly, but he doesn’t let go of Taehyung’s hand. “Can you promise me you’ll try? It’s easy to run away when we were nothing more than sex, but you’re asking for something more and it’s not going to work if we do things the same way as before.”

“I promise,” Taehyung agrees with ease. He really can’t believe Jeongguk is giving him a chance like this, can’t believe their conversation extended as far as it has. Taehyung has a lot of making up to do, and he still doesn’t agree that he so much as deserves forgiveness from Jeongguk, but maybe this is what they need. Not so much a fresh start, but a starting point and a goal. It’s entirely different from how they came together in the first place. “I can do that, I know it. For you, Jeongguk, I can do anything.”

“Okay, nerd.” Jeongguk hesitantly curves his hand over Taehyung’s cheek. Taehyung leans into the touch. “So no sex?”

“No sex,” Taehyung confirms, nodding, even though he feels a punch of disappointment in his gut. “Is kissing okay?”

Jeongguk moves in a flurry of long limbs and fluffy hair to sit comfortably in Taehyung’s lap. As if on instinct, he loops his arms around Taehyung’s neck, while Taehyung’s hands fall to squeeze his hips. Jeongguk pauses for a long excruciatingly slow minute, his lips a breath away from Taehyung’s.

Their mouths brush together when Jeongguk says, “Kissing is okay.”

The kiss is slow and warm, Jeongguk controlling the pace to kiss Taehyung how he wants to, to take
his time re-learning the curve of Taehyung’s mouth, the softness of his lips. Taehyung falls into it so easily, his heart beating an erratic salsa, and this just might be the best kiss Taehyung has ever had. Jeongguk sighs against him, and Taehyung squeezes his hips.

The touch makes Jeongguk squirm, so sensitive even in the midst of such an innocent kiss. He moves, shifting on Taehyung’s lap, tilting his head and using the change in angle to kiss Taehyung deeper, harder, breaking for a wet breath before he’s right back to kissing Taehyung.

“Fuck,” Taehyung whispers, when Jeongguk pulls back to catch his breath. “Fuck, are you sure we have to wait to have sex?”

Jeongguk giggles, leaning down to kiss the corner of Taehyung’s mouth, and Taehyung makes a note to worship the fuck out of the boy on his lap the second he’s able to. “Yeah, hyung. It’ll be good for us, y’know? Plus Yoongi hyung told me to be mean.”

He wiggles on Taehyung’s lap again and Taehyung grips his hips to make him sit still. “Gonna be the death of me, baby.”

“Good.”

“Does this count as a date?”

Jeongguk pretends to think it over. “Nope.”

“Can we go on a date right this second?”

“I’d love to,” Jeongguk says, kissing Taehyung again. “But I have a bio exam to study for, and a paper due in-” He checks the time on his phone. “Six hours. I should get going.”

Groaning, Taehyung accepts the hand that Jeongguk offers to haul him off the couch. He walks to the door, palm sweaty where it’s clasped within Jeongguk’s. Taehyung realizes Jeongguk never took his shoes off at the entryway; he’d never been planning on staying longer than a few minutes just to appease his hyungs.

“So,” Taehyung begins, as they’re standing in the doorway. “This weekend? We can… we can go see a movie, or something?”

“I’d like that,” Jeongguk says. He plays with Taehyung’s fingers before dropping his hand. Taehyung misses the warmth. “Saturday? Pick me up at eight?”

“I’ll pick the movie with tentacle porn.”

“Good,” Jeongguk grins. He’s so effortlessly effervescent, beautiful in Taehyung’s apartment. And it’s the first time he’s ever been there, looking boyish and handsome, looking like he belongs in this part of Taehyung’s world. “Oh, and- hyung. Dinner at the apartment this Thursday. Please come. We did it last week, but it wasn’t the same without you and Jimin hyung there.”

Taehyung nods, and leans forward just a bit to press a soft kiss to Jeongguk’s cheek. He promises, “We’ll be there.”

“Touch my butt before I leave?”

“Do you even have to ask?” Taehyung rolls his eyes, fondly.

“Apparently,” Jeongguk mutters. Taehyung slides his hand down Jeongguk’s side, slipping it into
Jeongguk’s back pocket and squeezing twice for good measure. “See you soon?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh- and I’ll unblock your number.”

“Thanks,” Taehyung snorts, but he’s relieved to feel none of the overwhelming guilt or sadness that had accompanied any of his thoughts about Jeongguk over the past few months. “Text me when you’re home.”

“Got it. Bye, hyung!”

Taehyung waits until Jeongguk is out of sight, until the elevator doors have slid shut and he’s alone in the entire hallway. Taehyung closes the door gently and walks into the tiny kitchen. There are tea packets and lots of honey, a bottle of Jameson that Jimin thinks he hid well, and piles of snacks they’ll go through in two days.

Taehyung leans against the fridge and slides until he’s sitting, body weary from the conversation, from the realizations, from knowing he’s got Jeongguk back in his life and he has the chance to do things right. He hides his face in his palms, but this time he’s smiling.

He is so much more than his demons ever said.

When Taehyung arrives for their first group dinner of the semester, Jeongguk insists on meeting him in the lobby to bring him upstairs. “Seokjin hyung isn’t happy I invited you,” is what he says in lieu of a greeting, shuffling his feet sheepishly. “Sorry.”

“Don’t apologize,” Taehyung says, standing uncertainly by the door. “It’s not your fault.”

“Let’s go?”

“Ah- yeah.”

Jeongguk is the one to close the distance, to take Taehyung’s hand and link their fingers together. He doesn’t let go in the elevator, nor as they walk, and they’re both quiet and unsure of each other.

The week had been… different. As soon as Jeongguk unblocked his number, he spammed Taehyung for nearly a day straight with several different memes- some of which Taehyung recognized, but most he hadn’t seen before. In the past, Taehyung had simply ignored most of Jeongguk’s text messages unless they were asking to meet up to fuck, but now he puts in the effort he hadn’t bothered with before. When Jeongguk texts him *good morning fuckface*, Taehyung replies with *good morning, baby* because Jeongguk had complained when he left off the pet name.

Taehyung made a point of meeting Jeongguk after class, and they walked together to Jeongguk’s calculus class, even though it was out of the way of Taehyung’s senior seminar lecture. And they kiss, sometimes, when they meet up after class or part before lectures begin, though nothing as intense as the week before.

“Hey.” Jeongguk tugs on his hand, just outside the door. “We can skip, if you don’t want to do this shit. You do owe me a first date, after all.”

Taehyung takes a deep breath, and shakes his head. “I don’t think it’ll look good to the hyungs if I keep running away. Let’s just…”
Jeongguk opens the door before Taehyung can finish, before he can talk himself out of this like he’s been doing for days. It’s probably for the best, Taehyung admits, as they walk into the apartment full of people and music and someone is screaming further inside.

“Jeongguk, did you grab the mushrooms?” Seokjin looks over his shoulder from where he and Jimin are standing in the kitchen. He catches sight of Taehyung and sighs, fixing Jeongguk with a dirty look.

“I did not agree to get mushrooms,” Jeongguk says, rolling his eyes. At the following silence, Jeongguk huffs, and pulls Taehyung further into the apartment. “You have to be nice to him, hyung, because I said so.”

Seokjin doesn’t reply, but he tells Taehyung to line up his shoes with the others by the door. Taehyung will take anything he can get, tries to thank Seokjin but he doesn’t get the chance, as Seokjin turns around again to focus on finishing dinner with Jimin and Hoseok, who refuses to get his hand out of Jimin’s pants. Instead, Jeongguk tugs on his hand and leads him further into the apartment before he lets go to launch himself into the space between Namjoon and Yoongi on the couch.

Hesitantly, Taehyung sits on one of the chairs on the other side of the living room. There’s a movie playing, something that Taehyung doesn’t recognize, volume low so Namjoon can focus on reading his book and Yoongi can pretend to complain when Jeongguk snuggles up to his side.

“Taehyung.” It’s Namjoon, looking up from his book. “How was class?”

And that- works. Taehyung launches into a story about one of his professors, which earns a comment from Jimin, which earns a comment from Jeongguk, and leads to a smack on the back of Jeongguk’s head from Yoongi. There’s a lot of laughter, a lot of Jeongguk trying to sit on both Namjoon and Yoongi’s laps at the same time, Jimin wandering in to sit on Taehyung’s lap after getting kicked out of the kitchen. Jeongguk laments his classes and someone throws a pillow at him, saying he hasn’t suffered anything yet.

Everyone settles into their usual seats at the table, except- except Jeongguk gives up his seat next to Yoongi to sit next to Taehyung, instead. He wears a tiny smile when he loops his pinky around Taehyung’s.

Dinner is exactly what Taehyung had been missing and then some. He missed the loud meals, everyone laughing and joking together, throwing food and screaming so loudly that the neighbors bang on one of the walls. Taehyung realizes, sitting with Jeongguk’s hand on his thigh while Hoseok violently tells a story of something Jimin did in bed recently, that he needed this more than he previously thought. The summer had been empty and sad, Taehyung sharing takeout with Yoongi in their backyards most nights, and it was nothing like this. Taehyung had complained about these dinners during the last semester but he’s so thankful that Seokjin let him back, that his friends let him back because he needed this more than he knew.

“-then he twirled on my dick like a ballerina,” Jimin says, finishing the story that no one asked for.

“On a list of things I never needed to know,” Yoongi says, grimacing. “This is now number two.”

“What’s number one?” Seokjin asks.

“How Taehyung’s dick tastes.”

“Hey-!”
“His dick tastes fine.” Jeongguk says, self-assured where he leans back confidently in his chair. “But I’ll let you know once I get the chocolate sauce.”

Jimin leans over the table to point a finger at Jeongguk’s chest. “If you ever loved me at all you will email me that sex tape.”

Blushing, Jeongguk loses the bravado and leans over to hide behind Taehyung’s shoulder. Taehyung can’t help the soft, fond smile that crosses his features. He hears the click of someone’s camera, and then everyone is pushing their dishes to the side of the table, making room for Seokjin to re-enter, holding a cake with several candles haphazardly shoved on the top and Taehyung is genuinely worried that the whole cake will catch on fire.

Namjoon and Jeongguk stand to blow out the candles together after the song ends, everyone clapping and hooting and hollering.

“It’s your birthday?” Taehyung whispers, as Jeongguk sits down again.

“Ah- no,” he says, as they watch Jimin start to cut up the cake. Taehyung grabs one of the strawberries from the top. “Almost two weeks ago.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

Jeongguk gives him a strange look. “We weren’t… exactly speaking at that time, hyung.”

“Right. Sorry.”

Jeongguk punches Taehyung’s thigh. “Stop apologizing. You can grovel later when we don’t have cake.”

Taehyung eats most of the strawberries and doesn’t complain when Jeongguk takes his slice to finish off. He sits back in his chair and he- watches. He watches Namjoon scrunch his cheeks as Yoongi leans over to kiss off the frosting that somehow made its way to Namjoon’s nose. He sits back and watches Hoseok and Jimin awkwardly figure out how to hold hands and eat cake at the same time, giving up when Hoseok shoves some cake against Jimin’s cheek. He sits back and watches the way Seokjin stares longingly at the other end of the table, must think he’s subtle when he averts his gaze and pushes away his unfinished cake when Namjoon kisses a blushing Yoongi.

For the first time in a long time, Taehyung just lets himself enjoy everything. He tramples down any feelings of uncertainty, his fear when it comes to his future with Jeongguk and whether they really can overcome their history. Jimin catches his eye and grins, and Taehyung thinks about their conversations, thinks about their future as friends, and he knows he can do this. Jeongguk is laughing so loudly he squeaks and Taehyung can do this.

There’s a hand on Taehyung’s cheek, turning his face before Jeongguk smears a line of frosting on Taehyung’s chin and cheek. He leans over, licking it up in one long stripe, and whispers into Taehyung’s ear, “Three dates, hyung.”

Taehyung can do this. Even if Seokjin isn’t quite speaking to him, even if things are a little rocky with Hoseok, even if Taehyung is too scared of crossing any lines to touch Jeongguk. He’s been told to keep his hands to himself. He’s been told that being clingy is a turn-off. He’s been told to sit quietly.

Jeongguk takes Taehyung’s arm and drapes it over his shoulders.

Yeah, he can do this.
On Saturday Taehyung waits on the street for Jeongguk, who’s running late because he’d been busy reading webtoons. Jeongguk comes barreling out of the apartment building, grabs Taehyung by the jacket and kisses him hard, right there on the corner of the street. He’s dizzy when Jeongguk pulls back, cheeks rosy- not from the cold, it isn’t cold, yet, but from exertion and what Taehyung hopes is the thrill of kissing.

They walk to the only movie theater in town, Jeongguk taking his hand in the middle of a conversation of what Seokjin was researching when procrastinating on his thesis. Taehyung buys the tickets and Jeongguk buys a giant bucket of popcorn he drowns in butter, much to Taehyung’s chagrin.

The movie is one Taehyung has never heard of and Jeongguk has already seen three times.

“I’d let the female lead raw me,” is Jeongguk’s only explanation, when Taehyung asks why he wanted to see this one again.

“Jesus.”

“I prefer ‘Jeongguk.’”

Halfway through the movie, Jeongguk abandons his butter with popcorn to lean closer to Taehyung. He huffs. Jeongguk covers Taehyung’s hand with his own. Gets fidgety again. Brushes his fingers over Taehyung’s forearm.

“Quit it,” Taehyung complains, whining quietly. “I want to watch.”

“It was all a dream,” Jeongguk says, which doesn’t even make sense in the context of the movie, but-

“Man, fuck you.”

Jeongguk snorts and seems to give up entirely, throwing his arm over Taehyung’s shoulder and leaning against Taehyung. And it’s good; Jeongguk is solid and warm against Taehyung’s side, profile thrown into harsh lights from the projector. He’s so beautiful, so much better than Taehyung has ever deserved, laughing at a joke and getting a little shy when the female lead strips for what Taehyung knows is going to be a boring sex scene.

When the movie is over they walk back to Jeongguk’s apartment, slowly, with their fingers brushing together until Jeongguk links them together and holds on tight.

Jeongguk kisses him on the doorstep to the building, standing on a step above Taehyung to tower over him. It’s a chaste kiss, the soft press of lips, Jeongguk’s nose brushing his when they pull away.

“Goodnight, hyung.”

“Sleep well, Guk-ah.”

There’s a plethora of pictures on his phone when he gets back to the apartment, all strange angles of Jeongguk’s face and one of his finger peeking through the zipper of his jeans while Taehyung was in the bathroom. Taehyung sets one picture of Jeongguk’s ten chins to his lock screen and falls asleep with a grin to the pounding coming from Jimin’s room.

The opportunity for a second date doesn’t come until the weekend of Jimin’s birthday, when the month long research of every bar near campus is coming to fruition, and though Taehyung is worried
given their joint history of visiting bars and of Jimin trying to take his shirt off to dance on tables, he agrees with a grin when Jimin proposes the plan. Everyone else has agreed with varying levels of enthusiasm.

“It’ll be chill,” Hoseok says, when he sees Taehyung’s hesitance.

“Chill?” Taehyung repeats, looking up from his notes. “You’ve seen Jimin in a bar, hyung. There’s no such thing as a chill Jimin when he’s been drinking.”

Hoseok falters.

Of everyone, Taehyung knows his relationship is most rocky with Hoseok and Seokjin. It helps, slightly, that Hoseok shares one of Taehyung’s upper level photography classes. Despite graduating in the spring, Hoseok had returned for a few more classes to finish out a minor he hadn’t completed. Jimin told Taehyung to be nice and told Hoseok to be forgiving, but Taehyung can’t help remembering Jimin crying his eyes out in Taehyung’s lap, drunk and hurting and making Taehyung promise to kick Hoseok’s ass in the morning.

But they’re all moving past things, they’re all learning to forgive each other and mend the wounds that once felt like they’d never heal.

“I just…” Taehyung gives up on the pretense of paying attention to the lecture. “I want Jimin to be happy, and if getting drunk and making out with you under a table makes him happy, then I’ll personally wrap your dick with a red bow, but—”

“Taetae, I love you but you’re not allowed near my dick anymore. Not after the donut incident.”

“Don’t try to pretend you didn’t love that.”

“I know it’s hard for you,” Hoseok says, quietly. “And I know I wasn’t the most helpful when you were hurting and I’m sorry for that. If you don’t want to come to the bar, Jimin will understand and we can celebrate another way, too—”

“No,” Taehyung sighs. “I’m not going to ask people to change their plans. Not for me.”

“You can be designated driver.”

“Fuck you.”

“We can hang out afterwards,” Jeongguk says later that night. They meet at a small diner on campus but Jeongguk refuses to accept it as a date. “Go to another bar, find a worse diner than this one, see a late movie. We need to speed these dates up, I’m tired of jerking it to Seokjin jerking it to Namjoon and Yoongi hyung.”

“That is… way too much information to digest at midnight.”

Jeongguk grins around a mouthful of fries. “Seokjin hyung is lonely and horny and too much of a coward to admit he wants to dom the fuck out of Yoongi and Joon hyung. Makes for some good spank bank material—”

“Please,” Taehyung begs, hiding his face in his hands. “Please spare me.”

“I know you were just kidding about the tentacle porn, but—”

Taehyung shoves his hand in Jeongguk’s face.
But things don’t always work out and Taehyung should have realized that the hesitant armistice of the first month of his relationship with Jeongguk wouldn’t always be so easy. There were snarky remarks, sure, sometimes Jeongguk bringing up Taehyung abandoning him with ease before remembering where they stand, but their fights never escalated past anything more than a few clipped words.

The club Jimin decides on is one in Gangnam that they usually avoid due to the high cover charge. Taehyung weeps on the inside as he hands over the money to cover both his and Jimin’s entry to the bouncer, who barely glances at their IDs before waving them into the building. It’s already crowded and Jimin, four shots deep and positively glowing, looks like he belongs here. He grabs Taehyung’s hand and leads him deeper into the club.

Taehyung detours to the bar and orders the first round of shots, handing over his card to start a tab while Jimin finds the rest of their friends at the table he must have booked last week. The bartender puts the shots and drinks on a tray for Taehyung to carry.

“To Jimin,” Jeongguk says, raising his shot glass against everyone else’s. “Thank you for being born so I can enjoy this fine liquor.”

Taehyung doesn’t toast but he does lean over to smack a wet kiss to Jimin’s flushed cheek.

Hoseok takes Jimin’s hand and the two of them leave to dance. Yoongi follows Namjoon to the dance floor with a pained expression. Seokjin is quiet, messing around on his phone instead of paying attention to the conversation that Jeongguk tries to engage. With a sigh, Taehyung stands up and heads to the bar again, returning with a drink that he places in front of Seokjin.

“We’ll talk later,” is what Seokjin says after a long bout of silence. He takes the drink, downs half of it, and brings it with him on his way to the bathroom, stopping to ruffle Taehyung’s hair along the way.

“You think he’ll make a move?” Jeongguk asks, sipping his own drink. They’re sitting side by side in the empty booth.

“Seokjin hyung?”

Jeongguk chews idly on an olive. “Yeah. He likes them so much but he doesn’t think they’d be interested. It’s hard to watch.”

Taehyung thinks he knows how Seokjin is feeling. “I don’t know.”

Sighing, Jeongguk knocks their shoulders together. “You wanna dance?”

The truthful answer is no, Taehyung does not want to dance. Jimin is already tipsy, losing his inhibitions with Hoseok in the middle of the dance floor, and even Yoongi is grinning at the absolute embarrassment that is Namjoon trying to keep up with the two of them. Jeongguk is a little drunk, must have pre-gamed at the apartment before coming out, but he’s not the worst Taehyung’s ever seen.

The music is too loud, an EDM song that Taehyung only recognizes because he’s heard it from one of Jeongguk’s playlists. The lighting is shit. Everything smells like booze and sweaty people and Taehyung almost can’t believe he used to enjoy coming to these kinds of places and doing these kinds of things.

Just before Taehyung can say he’ll dance for a few minutes, one of the bartenders pauses at the table to drop three shots in front of Jeongguk. “From the woman at the bar,” he says. Jeongguk grins wide
and facing the woman the bartender points to, holding up two shots in thanks. The woman smiles, looks at least twice Taehyung’s age, and holds up her own drink as Jeongguk downs one shot after another. Taehyung looks away.

“You want the last one?” Jeongguk asks, sliding over the last shot.

“They weren’t bought for me,” Taehyung says, pulling out his phone.

“I-okay.”

Jeongguk takes the shot and settles back in the booth, arm over Taehyung’s. It’s quiet between them, but it’s loud and suffocating in the club. Jimin is trying to take his shirt off. Namjoon is trying to help him. Yoongi is recording it while Seokjin laughs behind him and Taehyung wants to go home.

“You should dance,” Taehyung says. “Don’t let me keep you.”

“Will you come with me?”

Jeongguk is chewing hesitantly on one of his nails, cheeks flushed and eyes a little glassy from his drinks. Taehyung brushes the hair out of his eyes. “I will. Just let me go to the bathroom.”

Taehyung stares at his reflection in the cracked mirror in the dirty bathroom, the cracks and grime making Taehyung’s face look like a rejected Picasso painting. He looks exhausted, and he blames it on studying for midterms, but Taehyung knows that’s not the only story. Dating Jiae had been her telling Taehyung what to do, molding him into a boyfriend to fit her standards and her style of life, but being with Jeongguk is different. Taehyung doesn’t know how to be a boyfriend. He’s worried he never should have tried.

Cold water oh his face and a very thorough hand-washing later, Taehyung leaves the bathroom feeling more tired than before. Someone loops an arm around his.

“Jeongguk-”

“I know you don’t know me, but please.” A girl about Taehyung’s age hangs on his arm, eye makeup smudged and expression wild. “Please, my ex is here and he won’t leave me alone. I said my boyfriend was in the bathroom-”

“It’s fine,” Taehyung says, unwinding their arms to gently guide the girl against the wall. “What’s your name?”

“Jiwoo.” Taehyung flinches, but props his arms above her head on the wall. She’s small enough to curl into his chest. “I’m so sorry, I told the bouncers but I don’t know if they’ll do anything.”

“I’m Taehyung. One of my best friends is a bartender at a nearby bar, I can try to talk to him.”

Jiwoo sighs, fisting the front of Taehyung’s shirt. “Thank you. Is he still looking?”

The hallway to the bathroom is quieter than the rest of the club, Jiwoo’s whisper sounding deafening in the space between them. When Taehyung looks up, he spots a guy standing to the side of the hallway, glaring at the two of them.

“Tall guy? Kinda looks like an uglier version of Beetlejuice?”

Jiwoo laughs quietly. Taehyung moves his head, blocking her from his sight in a way that makes it look like he’s kissing her neck. “Yes. First high school boyfriend, I really don’t know what I was
“We all make mistakes.”

Turning her head and faking a gasp, Jiwoo breathes out a noise of relief. “He’s gone. Thank you, I’m so sorry again.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Taehyung says, stepping back. He holds out his hand to shake hers. “I’ll text my friend about it.”

Jiwoo waves at him as she leaves to meet up with her friends and find a new club for the rest of the night. Taehyung drags his phone from his pocket to text Seokjin and returns to an empty table. Their bottles and shot glasses still litter the surface, and on second glance he sees Yoongi lying on one of the seats, bottle of beer held between his fingers.

Taehyung nudges him with his toe. “You seen Jeongguk?”

“Said he was going to dance,” Yoongi says, not looking up from his phone. “Get me some whiskey.”

“Suck my dick.”

“Never again, Taehyung.”

On the other side of the dance floor, Taehyung finds Jeongguk snuggled up beneath some guy’s arm, giggling and drinking something that looks fruity. He sees Taehyung standing nearby and aggressively slouches in the guy’s embrace harder.

Taehyung whirls on his heel, feels a punch of betrayal in his chest so hard that he can’t breathe. He grabs Jimin’s wrist, drags him over to the wall, helps Jimin get his shirt back on before saying, “I’m out.”

“What?”

“I’m out. Done. I’m going home.”

“Dude, no. It’s still so early.”

“Yeah, well.” Taehyung left his jacket at the table but he’s not about to grab it now and catch sight of Jeongguk with someone else again. “I’m sorry. I’ll make it up to you when your hangover clears, okay?”

Jimin sighs, uncurling his fingers from Taehyung’s pocket. “Get some rest, okay?”

“Try not to get too wasted.”

With a grin, Jimin unbuttons his shirt with purpose. “You haven’t seen anything, yet.”

Taehyung leaves. He leaves his card at the bar and he shoves his hands in his pockets, stopping for a minute to tell the bouncers about Jiwoo’s shitty boyfriend. One of them heads into the club to deal with it, and Taehyung pushes through the front door. It’s barely cold enough to make him shiver, but the resounding silence and the change in temperature are welcome.

“Hey!” The door slams open again and Taehyung startling, one foot off the sidewalk. Jeongguk stalks over, a little wobbly. “You’re leaving?”
“Clearly.”

“What the fuck is your problem?”

“Me?” Taehyung steps back, Jeongguk looking so much larger from a few inches up on the sidewalk. “Are you seriously asking me that? You were with another guy, I figured I wasn’t wanted anymore, so I’m going home.”

Jeongguk scoffs; crossing his arms against his chest and Taehyung regrets leaving his jacket inside because he can’t give it to Jeongguk when he shivers. “You were kissing some girl by the bathroom.”

“I wasn’t-“

“And you’re mad at me?”

“Of course not,” Taehyung lies. “Why would I be mad you’re with another guy? It’s not like we’re together.”

“Right,” Jeongguk mutters, and his voice loses some of its resolve. “Because it would be so terrible to date me, right?”

“Hey, I never-“

“Whatever, hyung.”

“I wasn’t kissing her,” Taehyung says. He wants to pull Jeongguk closer, or get back on the sidewalk because he feels so small like this, feels pathetic beneath Jeongguk’s dirty look. “She asked me for help because her shitty ex was around and I wasn’t about to leave her out to dry.”

A beat of silence passes, and Jeongguk’s shoulders sag. “Oh.”

“Do you really think I’d pull that shit, Jeongguk? I was gone for five minutes, you think I’d forget about you and ditch you?”

“Why wouldn’t I?” Jeongguk laughs, a bitter sound that prods at Taehyung’s chest. “You’ve done it before.”

“I- yeah. I guess I have, haven’t I?”

Jeongguk turns away. There’s no re-entry from the alleyway they’d found themselves in, but they’re not far from the front door. It’s quiet between them save for the muted music from the club and the sounds of late night traffic, and Jeongguk feels very distant. “Bye, hyung.”

“Have a good night, Jeongguk.”

When Taehyung turns the block, Jeongguk is still standing on the sidewalk, but when he checks again Jeongguk is disappearing in the direction of the club.

Jeongguk punches in the code to Jimin’s apartment in the indistinct hours of the early morning, eyes burning from lack of sleep, and the last thing he expects to see is Yoongi sitting up at the table with a mug of coffee.

“Hyung.”
Yoongi tilts his head. “Did you come to kill me?”

“No.”

“Damn.”

“Is, um, is Taehyung here?” Jeongguk toes off his shoes by the door. Over his shoulder, he can see Namjoon knocked out on the couch.

“Yeah.”

“Is-”

“Jimin’s in his own room.”

Jeongguk sits heavily in the chair adjacent to Yoongi, scowls when Yoongi won’t let him take the coffee. “I thought you don’t drink.”

“Joon and Jimin ganged up on me,” Yoongi says with a small smile. “I refuse to wake up tomorrow.”

“Sounds fun.” Jeongguk tries to grin, but it falls easily. The apartment is so quiet, and though this is only Jeongguk’s second time at Taehyung’s place, it doesn’t feel right to look around on his own. It doesn’t feel right and Jeongguk feels like shit. “I think I fucked up with hyung.”

“Which one?”

“Taehyung.”

“Oh, yeah. Right.” Yoongi takes a long drink of his coffee. “I’m still a little drunk, but I don’t think you’ve messed up. Taehyung’s an idiot, but he doesn’t want to hurt you. I’ve been trying-”

“I hurt him this time, hyung,” Jeongguk whispers. “I don’t know if we’re any good for each other.”

Yoongi sighs quietly. “The two of you have barely tried. You’re not even dating, are you?” Jeongguk shakes his head. “This is up to you two, Jeongguk. If you want to be with him, both of you need to put in the work. But if you don’t think you can, then you walk away.”

Jeongguk lets out a long groan, and stands up with purpose. “Was it this hard for you and Joon hyung?”

“No. He kissed me during spin the bottle and we were dating a week later.”

“Ugh. Goodnight, hyung.”

“Guk,” Yoongi says, as Jeongguk’s reaching Taehyung’s room. “Taehyung likes you a lot. Probably more than he’s told you because he’s fucking terrified, Jeongguk, so do me a favor. If you don’t want anything with him, don’t lead him on. It’ll just hurt both of you even more.”

Jeongguk breathes out a shaky sigh and nods, can’t quite find his voice to agree because he thinks he might be as scared as Taehyung. He’s afraid Taehyung won’t think he’s worth it, won’t give him a chance to develop feelings or begin a relationship because there’s too much shit in their past already. Jeongguk can’t say he’d be mad at Taehyung if that were what he chose to do.

Taehyung’s door creaks as Jeongguk pushes it open, wincing slightly, and he sees Taehyung shift where he lies in bed lifting his head slowly. “Jimin?”
“No, uh. It’s me.”

“Oh.”

“Can I…?”

Breathing in deeply, a moment of hesitation between both of them, half of Taehyung’s face illuminated by the light from the hallway before he pulls down the covers and extends an arm.

Jeongguk’s chest aches from how quickly he lets out the breath he was holding, slipping into the room and letting the door shut as he kicks off his jeans and crawls into bed next to Taehyung, warm and soft. Taehyung hooks an arm around him, pulls the covers over both of them. Jeongguk holds on tight, both arms around Taehyung’s chest and a leg over his thighs, as they both settle together.

“Are you still drunk?” Taehyung murmurs, kissing the top of Jeongguk’s head where he’s hiding his face in Taehyung’s chest.

“No. I’m sorry.”

“You don’t have to apologize, Jeongguk.”

“If I’m not allowed to apologize, you can’t either.”

In the quiet, Taehyung curls his arm tighter over Jeongguk’s shoulders, plays lightly with his hair. He must nearly be asleep, chest rising and falling slowly beneath Jeongguk, but he can’t sleep. He whispers Taehyung’s name and gets a quiet hum in return.

“We’re in trouble, aren’t we, hyung?”

“No.” Taehyung sighs. He sounds weary. “No. I’m in this if you are.”

“I’m in it, too.”

“Then we’re going to be fine.”

Jeongguk can only hope that he’s right, clinging on tight in the early rays of the morning.

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Taehyung barely returns home from an advisory meeting when he gets a text from Jeongguk saying *meet me outside ur apartment in 10* and nothing more. Jeongguk doesn’t read any of the texts Taehyung sends asking for more information, so he spends ten minutes sitting on his bed contemplating if he can nap.

“You’re late,” Jeongguk says, sitting on the steps outside the apartment.

“I was jerking off,” Taehyung says around a yawn. He fixes his beret, bag crossed over his chest, and lets Jeongguk tug him down for a kiss.

“Without me? I’m hurt, babe.”

“You can watch next time.” Taehyung’s fingers find Jeongguk’s. “Where are we going?”

Jeongguk starts to lead him the opposite way of campus. “It’s a surprise.”

“I don’t like surprises.”
“I don’t care. We messed up last week but we’re doing this date right.” Jeongguk stares straight ahead at the traffic light, expression resolution. “Plus Seokjin hyung told me not to come home until late, so we’ve got time to kill.”

“There it is.” Taehyung teases, slipping his hand into Jeongguk’s back pocket.

“Shut up.”

They walk long enough that Taehyung asks if they can take the subway instead, but Jeongguk only grins and keeps walking. Taehyung thinks they must be leaving college town by now, the streets a little less familiar because he hasn’t spent a lot of time around here. They pass a bowling alley and a couple of upscale restaurants before Jeongguk stops him in front of a building that looks like a club for children.

Taehyung waits, thinks they’ll keep walking. “An arcade?”

“Not just an arcade,” Jeongguk scoffs. “The best arcade. Come on, I have tickets left from last time.”

“Hey.” Taehyung tugs on his arm, stopping them in front of the door. “Want to make this interesting?”

Jeongguk grins, eager. “Interesting how?”

“Whoever wins the most tickets gets a blowjob.”

“You’re on, hyung.”

The arcade owners recognize Jeongguk and slip him a few extra coins as Taehyung shells out the cash. Jeongguk wanders over to his favorite games with a promise that they’ll compare tickets soon, and Taehyung finds himself spending most of his time in front of the same few games, plucking plastic fish and stopping lights on the correct indicators.

He loses sight of Jeongguk easily, darting through the games with a smile so wide and genuine that Taehyung spends a few minutes just watching. The arcade is busy this time on the weekend, little kids screaming and squealing and punching at machines.

“I’ve got three thousand,” Jeongguk says when they sit down for a dinner of overly greasy pizza and some soda. “What about you, hyung?”

“Uh- a little over fifteen hundred.”

Jeongguk smiles around a mouthful of food. “My dick eagerly awaits your mouth.”

Ripping apart the crust of his pizza, Taehyung scowls. “You had extra tickets. Cheater.”

“Details.” He waves away Taehyung’s words. “Good surprise, hm?”

“What?”

“It’s a good date. Not a bad surprise, right?”

Jeongguk’s face looks a little blue from the bright lights in the room, his teeth a little distorted but he’s grinning and he’s beautiful and Taehyung thinks he’d accept any surprise if it was Jeongguk providing them. Jeongguk shoves half a piece of pizza in his mouth.

“Sexy,” Taehyung says dryly, watching Jeongguk struggle to chew. “But yes, this is a good surprise.
Anything with you is good.”

“You’re so lame,” Jeongguk complains, but there’s a little extra color to his cheeks. “Watch me beat the high score on Skee-Ball?”

“Lead the way.”

Jeongguk beats the high score on his third try, Taehyung leaning against the machine to watch, his face curved in concentration and his tongue poking out. Tickets stream out of the dispenser. Taehyung is enamored.

“Hey.”

“Sh, hyung, I’m focusing.”

“Jeongguk.”

“Hyung-” Taehyung curls a hand in Jeongguk’s collar and kisses him slowly, then the corner of his mouth. Jeongguk’s eyes are wide when he pulls back, his mouth slack. “That’s the first time you kissed me.”

Taehyung frowns, running his thumb over Jeongguk’s bottom lip. “I kiss you all the time.”

“No, I kiss you. I take your hand first, that’s the first time you’ve kissed me.”

“I’m s-”

“Don’t say you’re sorry,” Jeongguk says, taking Taehyung’s hand to kiss his palm. “Just kiss me all the time.”

“I can do that.”

When Taehyung tries the game, Jeongguk spends the first few rounds with his arms around Taehyung’s waist, chin on his shoulder. It makes it a little difficult to play, but Taehyung doesn’t mind, his score significantly lower than Jeongguk’s had been. Eventually, they start running low on coins and Jeongguk suggests they finish up.

“Can we go fuck?”

The next ball Taehyung throws misses the holes entirely, one measly ticket falling through. His voice is weak and a little husky when he stammers, “I- we, Guk-ah… It’s not our third date-”

“I don’t care,” Jeongguk says, arms crossed. He doesn’t look away from Taehyung. “It’s been so long, hyung. I miss having you inside me.”

“Jeongguk-”

“Please?” He’s pouting, tilting his head against the machine. Taehyung tries to focus on the game, but it’s difficult with Jeongguk whining, his satoori slipping out as he complains that, “I’ve only had my fingers, hyung. They’re not as good as your cock.”

“We’re in public, Jeongguk.” Taehyung hisses, his hands shaking when he throws another ball. Jeongguk places his hand over Taehyung’s when he goes to insert another coin. “The tickets-”

“Forget about the tickets,” Jeongguk says. “I want a giant Pikachu and we don’t have enough for that.”
“Baby—”

Jeongguk fits himself in the space between Taehyung and the Skee-Ball machine, Taehyung’s hands on the surface. “I miss your big cock, hyung. Always fills me up so good, make me feel so good, Tae.”

His head hangs, forehead against Jeongguk’s shoulder. “Jeongguk…”

He feels Jeongguk’s lips against his temple. “Please, daddy?”

“Fuck- okay.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes, fuck- let’s go.”

Jeongguk is grinning, smug as Taehyung rips his tickets and shoves all they have into his bag before taking Jeongguk’s hand and leading them to the exit. Jeongguk waves to the employees as they go.

They hail a taxi in a light sheen of rain, Jeongguk giggling in his ear as they file into the cab and Taehyung rattles off Jeongguk’s address.

“Good thing you said yes, hyung. I was starting to get hard.”

“You’re insufferable.”

“But you love me anyway,” Jeongguk singsongs, wiggling his fingers in Taehyung’s face. “Wait- you gave my address. Seokjin hyung is—”

Taehyung shakes his head. “Hoseok hyung is over at my place. You do not want to see the shit he and Jimin get up to.”

“They can join.”

“No, they can’t. I’m not sharing you.”

“That’s hot. I’m actually hard now.”

Taehyung sighs, biting back his smile as he reaches to place his hand on Jeongguk’s thigh, squeezing gently. The rain picks up as they get closer to campus, the cab stopping at the back entrance nearby to Jeongguk’s street. He sends a quick warning text to Seokjin before he pays the driver, Jeongguk all but vibrating in the seat next to him, frame brimming with excitement that Taehyung tries to match as they hurry through the rain to the apartment complex.

In the elevator, Jeongguk gives him a pointed look so Taehyung closes the distance to kiss him against the mirror. He laughs against Taehyung’s lips, squeezes Taehyung’s ass with both hands until the elevator opens again and they break apart with a wet gasp.

Jeongguk’s eyes are wide, a little glassy, and Taehyung doesn’t move away just yet, mesmerized. With the backs of his fingers, Taehyung strokes the fullness of Jeongguk’s cheek, watches his lashes flutter, feels his chest ache in a way he’s becoming quite familiar with.

“You’re so beautiful, Jeongguk-ah.”

“The doors are going to close,” Jeongguk murmurs, cheeks darkening.
“Have you always been this good at ruining the mood?”

Jeongguk grins, leans up to kiss the tip of Taehyung’s nose. “You haven’t seen anything yet.”

Jeongguk crowds him up against the wall the second he gets the door open, kissing Taehyung hungrily, fervently, bruising with intent as they fumble with their shoes, jackets, as Jeongguk tugs off Taehyung’s beret. Taehyung has missed this desperately, the feeling of Jeongguk’s mouth against his, of Jeongguk trying to press their bodies entirely together, silky hair between his fingers and a tight body beneath his palms.

When Jeongguk breaks the kiss to whimper into Taehyung’s ear, Taehyung moves to nip at Jeongguk’s neck, determined to mark him in a way he hadn’t been able to in the past. His hands shake when he runs them up Jeongguk’s chest, breath unsteady.

“Can I try something?”

Warily, Taehyung says, “Depends on what it is.”

“Surprise, hyung.”

Jeongguk lowers his hands to Taehyung’s thighs, squeezing once before he bends his knees and lifts Taehyung. Scrambling, Taehyung quickly wraps his legs around Jeongguk’s waist and holds on tight, back pressed to the wall and Jeongguk’s grinning face directly in front of his own.

“Holy shit-”

“Right?” Jeongguk is laughing, hands on Taehyung’s ass to hold him steady. Taehyung remembers Yoongi mentioning that Jeongguk spent the summer hitting the gym and Taehyung has never been so thankful for weightlifting. “You’re so light, Tae.”

“Put me down so I can kick your ass.”

“Hm, nope,” Jeongguk says. “Swooning yet?”

“Hell yeah.” Taehyung uses the leverage to trail his hands over Jeongguk’s shoulders, around his chest; up to his neck to tilt his head back and kiss him hard. “My strong baby boy. You like carrying hyung?”

“Y-Yeah.”

“Gonna take me to your room? Let hyung fuck you?”

Jeongguk swallows, mouth pliant for Taehyung’s lips. “Please.”

“Let’s go then, baby.”

Jeongguk stumbles a little as he moves away from the wall, adjusting Taehyung’s weight as he walks and Taehyung does all he can to distract him. He kisses at Jeongguk’s neck, at the sensitive spots beneath his ear to hear Jeongguk whine quietly until they reach his room, until Jeongguk is dropping him onto the bed a little desperately.

Following the stretch of Taehyung’s body, Jeongguk lies over him and they meet in a messy kiss, Jeongguk settling his weight on Taehyung’s hips. He’s more than a little frantic, kissing Taehyung, clutching the front of his shirt, rutting against Taehyung.

“How do you want to do this?” Taehyung asks, breathless as Jeongguk grinds their cocks together.
“Don’t care,” Jeongguk pants. He’s hard already, straining the front of his jeans. Taehyung wants to take him from his jeans, stroke him off, but Jeongguk’s got his hands pinned to the mattress as he jerks his hips. “Just need you in me, hyung.”

“I got you, baby. Can you take your shirt off for me?”

With a desperate noise, Jeongguk pulls back and struggles to take his shirt off. “Hyung, too?”

“Go ahead, Gukie.”

Taehyung’s top is loose enough that Jeongguk has no issues with tugging it off, and his hands immediately fall to Taehyung’s jeans, fumbling with the buckle and huffing cutely when he can’t get them off. With shaking hands Taehyung helps, pulling Jeongguk’s jeans and boxers off before taking Jeongguk’s cock into his hand, jerking him off slowly.

“Ah- fuck, hyung-” Jeongguk plants his hands on Taehyung’s waist, thrusting messily into Taehyung’s hand. “Fuck, your hand is so big.”

“You know what they say about big hands.”

“Big dick.”

“Bigger heart.”

“I hope your heart can fuck me until I cry.”

“We both know it can, little one.”

“Oh,” Jeongguk’s hips stutter, his head falling back with a soft noise of pleasure. “Fuck- I missed that. You owe me a blowjob but I can’t wait.”

Taehyung hums in understanding. “Are you sure? You can come sit on my face.”

Jeongguk looks torn, bottom lip bitten bright red between his teeth as Taehyung moves his hand nimbly along Jeongguk’s hard cock, messy and wet with precum. “N-no. Need you to fuck me, Tae, need it so bad.”

“Want to open yourself up for me, baby?”

Jeongguk nods, hair flopping cutely against his forehead. Taehyung twists his hand on the upstroke on Jeongguk’s cock and he chokes out a moan, hips jerking. He swats Taehyung’s hand away, mumbling something about needing to focus, and leans over Taehyung’s body to grab the lube from his nightstand. Taehyung strokes his fingers over Jeongguk’s toned waist; takes them away when they shake too badly.

Soaking his fingers, Jeongguk sits up on his knees and reaches behind himself to prod at his hole, eyes fluttering in pressure.

“Feel good, Guk-ah?”

“Y-Yeah, hyung.”

“Baby, use two. You know you can take it.”

Jeongguk pushes two fingers into his ass, squirming and whining as he fingers himself. Taehyung strokes soothing fingers along Jeongguk’s tense thighs, murmuring quiet praises and encouragement,
watching Jeongguk fall apart so beautifully on his lap. He looks so pretty, strung out with a flush sitting high on his cheeks, whining for Taehyung’s touch.

His chest feels tight, watching Jeongguk move so fluidly, so vocal and beautiful. Taehyung knows that he prefers Taehyung’s fingers, knows that if he were the one with fingers in Jeongguk’s asshole he would take it so much slower, draw out Jeongguk’s pleasure until he felt fit to burst, desperate for more as Taehyung staves off his relief again and again- but. But Taehyung feels something hurt when he considers taking over, when he thinks about, about the last-

“Can I do three?” Jeongguk pants, grabs for one of Taehyung’s hands to curve the palm against his cheek, nipping at Taehyung’s thumb. “Please? Hyung-”

“Of course you can.”

Soon after, Jeongguk is babbling around Taehyung’s thumb that he’s ready, that he needs Taehyung to fuck him right now, pawing at Taehyung’s jeans to get them out of the way. And Taehyung is a weak, weak man; knows that Jeongguk could probably use more prep but he’s whining, kissing messily at Taehyung’s mouth and Taehyung can’t say no.

“Take your pants off,” Jeongguk huffs, wiping his wet hand on Taehyung’s chest. “Hurry up.”

“Don’t get mouthy.”

Jeongguk fumbles with the condom and Taehyung sits up against the headboard, brushing the damp hair from his eyes and kissing his forehead. Jeongguk laughs quietly. “Quit being cute, I want you to ruin me.”

“I can do both.”

Slicking up the condom with lube, Jeongguk grips the base of Taehyung’s cock and holds it at his entrance. Taehyung’s hold on Jeongguk’s thighs is hard enough to bruise. He’s panting, chest heaving where Jeongguk has a hand for balance. He’s going to fuck Jeongguk. He’s going to fuck Jeongguk- but he’s hurt Jeongguk before. He’s messed things up before. Jeongguk presses a wet kiss to Taehyung’s jaw. He adjusts to sink down on Taehyung’s cock.

Taehyung wrenches his eyes shut. His fingers slip on Jeongguk’s thighs. They’re going to fuck and Taehyung wants this. Something wet trails down his cheek. Jeongguk strokes down his cock again, and-

“Stop,” Taehyung gasps, feels Jeongguk tense above him, barely seating himself on Taehyung’s cock.

“Tae?”

“Stop- red, just stop- please. Fuck I don’t even know your safe word.”

“I- Taehyung.”

The pressure on Taehyung’s cock disappears, and Jeongguk sits fully on Taehyung’s lap, hands fluttering over his shoulders, moving to grip his cheeks as Taehyung lets out a sob, trying to curl in on himself. “I’m sorry.” Taehyung gasps, letting go of Jeongguk’s thighs to cover his eyes. His cheeks are soaked. “I’m so sorry. You- you can. Keep going. You-”

“Taehyung,” Jeongguk says softly, pressing a gentle kiss to Taehyung’s eyelids. “I’m not- I’m not going to fuck you when you’re like this.”
Taehyung must look a mess, cheeks flushed and eyes wet, sniffling and sweaty. He glances at Jeongguk. “You-You’re not?”

“Oh, hyung.”

Jeongguk moves and Taehyung panics, trying to wrap his arms around Jeongguk’s waist and pull him closer. Leaning over the bed, Jeongguk grabs something and gently helps fit a big, soft hoodie over Taehyung’s head and chest.

“Guk?”

“It’s my favorite hoodie,” Jeongguk says quietly. He presses kisses to Taehyung’s wrists, stays on Taehyung’s lap until his breathing begins to settle. “Maybe it’ll help you, too.”

Jeongguk is quiet as he grabs a pair of sweatpants for Taehyung before he gets dressed, himself. Taehyung sits up and wipes at his eyes, trying to will his tears to fucking stop, laughing at himself when Jeongguk leaves the room for a brief moment. Breaking down before he even gets his dick inside someone. What a new low. He should leave before Jeongguk gets back.

“Here, Tae.”

Jeongguk hands him a mug of tea, grabs his laptop to call up Netflix, but doesn’t play anything just yet. Taehyung takes a long drink and burns the roof of his mouth. He deserves it, he thinks.

“Guk.” Jeongguk hums, running a hand through his hair. “I’m sorry.”

“I,” Jeongguk says. “I’m the one who should be apologizing. I pushed you into this, hyung. I didn’t even ask if you-”

“Don’t,” Taehyung replies weakly, gripping the mug with both hands, craving the warmth. “You’re not the reason I’m like this.”

For a long moment, neither of them moves, and then Jeongguk starts a Disney movie on his laptop and stands on the bed to settle behind Taehyung, legs on either side of his body. He wraps strong arms around Taehyung, holding him close and tight and Taehyung feels a prickle in his eyes. They settle against the headboard, Taehyung tucked securely against Jeongguk’s chest.

The movie is one Taehyung has watched before, and he slowly feels himself start to calm down, his breathing coming easier as he finishes his tea, as Jeongguk slips fingers into his hair to stroke the strands, murmuring, “You’re okay, hyung. So good, Tae. You always treat me so well; fuck me so well, I’m okay. You’re okay. You didn’t hurt me, Tae; I’m okay. You’re okay.”

“Jeongguk.”

“Do you want to shower?” Jeongguk whispers. They’ve slumped a little, entangled. In the apartment, they can hear Seokjin get home for the night. “You can sleep, you’re okay.”

“Just want to stay here with you.”

“We can do that.”

Taehyung tries to focus on the movie but he feels so tired, warm and comfortable in Jeongguk’s arms. He squirms a little, gets Jeongguk’s elbow away from where it’s digging into his side, and they’re quiet. Taehyung finds Jeongguk’s hand and holds on tight.
“Thank you, Jeongguk.”

“You don’t have to thank me, hyung,” Jeongguk murmurs, slowly, like he’s teetering on the edge of consciousness. Taehyung feels the soft press of lips to the back of his neck.

Eventually, Jeongguk is the first to fall asleep, despite mumbling to Taehyung’s neck that he’s still awake, hyung, when Taehyung whispers his name. But Taehyung can’t sleep, wrapped in blankets and suffocating a little in Jeongguk’s hold, Taehyung stares blankly at the Netflix loading screen. Jeongguk mumbles something in his sleep, hand squeezing Taehyung’s.

He can’t sleep and it’s driving him insane, staring at the laptop until it finally gives up and goes to sleep, the screen going dark. Taehyung turns around, shoves his face in Jeongguk’s neck, and wants to scream when he still can’t find sleep.

“Jeongguk,” he says after a while, pulling back. Jeongguk makes a low noise, his face soft and vulnerable with sleep. Taehyung pokes at his cheek. “Jeongguk. Hey.”

“M’awake,” Jeongguk slurs, sounding very much not awake. “Sleep, hyung.”

Taehyung whines, “I can’t.”

“I’ll sing to you.”

And- fuck, if that doesn’t sound absolutely wonderful, but there’s something nagging at the back of Taehyung’s mind. Jiae hadn’t loved him, hadn’t even liked him, but she’d maintained their relationship pretty well, hiding her cheating and her distaste with ease. And he hates it, but-

“Why do you like me?”

Jeongguk lets out a deep exhale, blinking his eyes open slowly. Taehyung instantly feels guilty for waking him, but Jeongguk licks at his lips and says, “I won’t quote vines for a whole day if you let me sleep.”

Laughing weakly, Taehyung brushes the hair from Jeongguk’s forehead and presses a soft kiss there. “I’m sorry, I really am. Just. Please?”

“You’re amazing, you’re kind. You like dogs more than people, which is honestly a mood. You love people with your entire heart and ask for nothing in return, you just want everyone to be happy and you dedicate yourself to everything you do. Taehyung, you’ve got the kindest heart in the entire world, your smile lights up a room. I know… I know I don’t know everything about you, yet, but you draw people in and give them more than enough reason to stay. You’re wonderful, and I’m so happy I get to be your friend, to be more than that. You’ve fucked up, sure, but we all have. I think you could be the best thing to ever happen to me.”

Taehyung’s cheeks are wet when he breathes, “Baby…”

“I don’t wake up in the middle of the night for just anyone, hyung,” Jeongguk says, laughing quietly.
“Thank you,” Taehyung says hurriedly, repeating it with every kiss he peppers to Jeongguk’s face. Jeongguk squirms, complaining about early morning breath, but he accepts each kiss with a little smile. “Thank you, I’m sorry. I like you so much, I just- I needed—”

“I know, Tae.” Jeongguk smiles gently. “Can I sleep now?”

“Yes, of course. I’ll even turn off my alarm.”

“A gentleman. Gonna cook me breakfast and everything?”

“Yeah, if you want burnt toast.”

“Oh, daddy, take care of me harder.”

Taehyung laughs, an ugly snort, but Jeongguk just grins and gathers him close again, snuggling into Taehyung’s neck. He falls asleep again easily, and though it takes Taehyung longer, he eventually follows and sleeps better than he has in a long time.

For a full five minutes, Taehyung taps his finger against Jeongguk’s apartment door, checking his phone for sign that Jeongguk has received any of his heads up messages. Another minute passes, and then Seokjin is opening the door, towel hastily thrown around his waist.

“What.”

“Is Jeongguk here?”

“Yeah, he’s on the couch, being a degenerate millennial as usual.”

“Hey!”

Seokjin disappears into his room as Taehyung launches himself over the back of the couch, landing next to Jeongguk, where he’s playing a very intense game of Overwatch. He kisses Jeongguk’s cheek and receives an elbow to the stomach in return.

“Good luck with that,” Seokjin says, fastening the top buttons of his shirt. “He’s on a binge, I don’t think he’s showered in two days. Very boyfriend, much hygiene.”

Taehyung rolls his eyes; hand on Jeongguk’s thigh. “I’ll lick him clean.”

“Always knew you were a furry,” Seokjin says. “I gotta get to work. See you later, Tae.”

“I’m not a furry!”

“Who’s a furry?” Jeongguk asks, tongue poking between his lips as he plays. “God- dammit! Fucking American servers can eat my ass.”

“You’re the furry.”

“You wish.”

Hand on the back of Jeongguk’s neck, Taehyung watches him play, listens to him complain to his teammates and curse when he loses. Finally, Jeongguk tosses the controller to the other side of the couch and points to his cheek for another kiss.

“Okay, what’s up?” Jeongguk asks, “I didn’t know you were coming.”
"I texted at least twelve times."

"I think my phone’s been dead for at least a day."

Taehyung resists the urge to roll his eyes again, and instead he unfolds the papers he’d brought with them, handing one to Jeongguk. “For this.”


Taehyung shrugs. “Realized the other day that I don’t know as much about you as I should, I didn’t even know your safe word and we- the shit we were doing, I hurt you-”

"Hey,“ Jeongguk says quietly. “Everything we did, I asked for or you asked for permission first. Through the vibrator thing we learned I don’t like that many orgasms. Trial and error, hyung.”

“I guess,” Taehyung mutters. It’s still something he’s coming to terms with- how understanding Jeongguk is of what happened the last time they had sex– but he doesn’t want to have another argument about it. Jeongguk had refused to kiss him for an entire day last time they fought over it. “I just. I want to be better, and I don’t want to be scared of hurting you anymore, so. I have one, too.”

Jeongguk sighs, hanging his head. “Do you have a pen?”

They spend a few minutes in silence filling out the sheets Taehyung provided, leaning against each other on the couch. Taehyung finishes his first, fucking around on his phone and taking more than a few candid shots of Jeongguk’s profile, lashes brushing his cheeks prettily.

“Okay, done. Want a drink?”

“I’m good,” Taehyung says, reading over Jeongguk’s lists.

Most of it he expected: lingerie, daddy kink, manhandling, Taehyung’s hands, (that one is unexpected but brings a grin to his lips.) Gags, orgasm denial, degradation, flogging, a million cheek kisses, and a few things Taehyung hasn’t even heard of. His list of don’ts is shorter; blood play, being left alone, microwaves-”

“Microwaves?” Taehyung says, choking on a laugh as Jeongguk sits at his side again. “Have you… have you brought microwaves into the bedroom?”

“Wait, this was just sex stuff?” Jeongguk asks, eyes wide in horror. “Give that back, oh my God.”

“What do you have against microwaves?” Taehyung asks, holding the paper out of Jeongguk’s reach. “They’re convenient.”

Jeongguk gives up on the retrieval and leans back, instead; arm over his face. “They’re terrifying, what if there’s little people inside using laser vision to cook the food? I’m too young to be a superhero, hyung.”

“I won’t use microwaves when we fuck, then.”

“Thank you.”

“Horse girls?”

Groaning, Jeongguk kicks lightly at Taehyung’s thigh. “I slept with a horse girl in my freshman year and all of her horse posters stared at me the entire time. I swear they were disapproving of me. I’m
“Guess that rules out horseback riding on our honeymoon.”

“I’d rather ride you.”

“Classy.”

Taehyung keeps reading as Jeongguk swipes his phone, taking selfies and pictures of Taehyung’s feet on the coffee table. He compares it to his own list, the similarities and the differences. There’s not much that differs, nothing too glaring. Jeongguk pokes his cheek with his toe, and says, “I’m gonna order takeout, where’s your card?”

“I didn’t expect this,” Taehyung murmurs, reading over where Jeongguk has underlined *step on my dick, daddy*. His cheeks burn.

“Expect what?”

“That you’d… well, like to sub, honestly. You look so-” He gestures at Jeongguk, arms exposed in his t-shirt. “You’re you. Look like every middle aged single mom’s wet dream, like you’d fuck them against the wall and make them remember why they left their husband.”

Jeongguk shrugs, resting his chin on Taehyung’s shoulder. “I like it. Feeling small. I like being taken care of, moving away from everyone’s expectations. It’s nice to let go and let someone else do all of the work, especially when that someone is as hot as you, hyung.”

Taehyung smiles. “Thanks, baby.”

“I’ve always liked being fucked more than doing the fucking, but a lot of guys just assume I’ll top because of how I look. Just because I’ve got nice muscles,” Jeongguk continues, mumbling the words into Taehyung’s shoulder. “I hadn’t slept with a guy in a pretty long time before you, honestly.”

“Hope I lived up to your expectations.”

“Blew my fucking mind, hyung.”

Taehyung points to another of Jeongguk’s do’s. “Face slapping?”

With a hum, Jeongguk nods. “Is that a no for you?”

“It’s a… maybe. Right now it would feel too much like I’m hurting you for real, but I’m sure I can do it soon.”

“Okay.”

“What’s this?” Taehyung asks, touching his thumb to where Jeongguk’s written *subspace* across the line dividing the do’s and don’ts.

“Hm? Oh, Seokjin hyung brought it up a while ago, but I don’t know much about it. I think I… I think I like it? But I’d rather know more about it before trying for real, or whatever. Kinda like when you stepped on my dick. Wasn’t sure if I’d like it, but you did it really well and now I think about it whenever I jerk off.”

“Makes sense,” Taehyung says, ignoring that last bit. He thinks about Yoongi scolding him for leaving Jeongguk in a vulnerable state, thinks about how he didn’t understand the vulnerability
aspect and makes a note to do research. “What’s your safe word?”

“Stark.”

“Stark?”

“I think about *Infinity War* and get sad. Instant boner killer.”

“Fucking nerd.”

“Your nerd,” Jeongguk says, knocking their heads together affectionately. The doorbell rings, and Jeongguk stands to gather the food, shoving Taehyung’s legs out of the way to place it all on the table. “What’s yours?”

“Hm?”

“Safe word.”

“I’ve always used the color system.”

“Ugh. No originality,” Jeongguk complains, breaking his chopsticks and digging in before Taehyung’s even put their lists in a safe spot. “So, Stark or red for stop, Taehyung is a hillbilly for slow down-“

“Hey-”

“Taehyung is a cute hillbilly for slow down.”

“I’m not a hillbilly.”

“Your mullet says otherwise.”

Taehyung frowns, patting at the back of his head. For a split second, he remembers waking up to Jiae standing over his bed with a pair of kitchen scissors and locks of his hair in her fingers, and he takes a deep breath. “Is it too long again? I’ll cut it-”

“What?” Jeongguk looks over at him, cheeks stuffed full. He tugs lightly on the hair at the back of Taehyung’s neck. “What? No. No, your hair always looks really good, even when you did that short orange in high school-”

“How did you know about that-?”

“Everyone say thank you Yoongi hyung,” Jeongguk grins, offering Taehyung a bite of his chicken. “Besides, I’ve always wanted to ride a cowboy.”

“You are so-”

Taehyung doesn’t finish, cut off by Jeongguk leaning forward to kiss him, greasy lips and all. He pushes a carton of noodles into Taehyung’s hands and grins, chewing loudly. There’s still a lot more they need to talk about, especially since Taehyung’s breakdown a few nights ago, but they’ve got time. They’ve got time, and Taehyung intends to use every moment to the fullest.

“So. A million cheek kisses, huh?”

“Mhm,” Jeongguk says. “And I expect timely payment everyday.”
“Is that all I do? Is kissing you my only job?”

“Yes.”

Taehyung wouldn’t have it any other way.

“Jeongguk.”

“Hm.”

“Jeongguk.”

“Yes.”

“Jeon Jeongguk.”

“Yes, Jimin-ssi.”

“There are open seats all around this table,” Jimin says dryly. “Must you sit on Tae’s lap?”

They’re gathered around a table in the quad, sharing lunch because it’s been a while since all of their schedules matched up. Seokjin dragged Yoongi away from the studio, and he sits between Yoongi and Namjoon across from where Jeongguk has claimed Taehyung’s lap, sitting sideways with his head tucked into Taehyung’s neck.

It’s a little too cold to fully be comfortable and Jeongguk forgot his scarf, wrapping Taehyung’s around both of their necks, instead. Taehyung has a feeling he forgot on purpose.

“It’s free real estate,” Jeongguk says smugly, accepting the food that Taehyung offers. “What’s daddy’s is also mine.”

“I really wish I were Jared, nineteen,” Yoongi says morosely. Namjoon pats him on the back, understandingly.

Taehyung sticks his hand in Jeongguk’s jacket pocket. “Baby, you’re kinda squishing me.”

“What a shame.”

Jeongguk kisses him square on the nose and Taehyung feels his cheeks heat up embarrassingly quickly, and he drops the subject before Jeongguk can affect his heart rate anymore.

“They’re definitely worse than Yoongi hyung and Namjoon,” Hoseok says, grimacing. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen Taehyung so whipped.”

Jimin elbows him in the stomach. “Excuse you, we’re more whipped. I’ll eat your ass right now to prove it—”

“That really isn’t necessary,” Namjoon says wearily.

But Jeongguk takes the bait, leaning away from Taehyung and tugging on the scarf to hold his hand out to Jimin. “Bet I can suck Taehyung hyung’s dick better than you can suck Hoseok’s.”

“I’m starting a kick starter to put all of you down,” Yoongi says.

Jimin says, “You’re on, kid.”
“Yoongi hyung, you have to be the referee,” Jeongguk announces.

“I would rather eat Nutella out of Hoseok’s asshole.”

“That is a delicacy you’re not allowed to taste,” Hoseok mutters.

Jeongguk continues, shifting to get comfortable on Taehyung’s lap again. “You’re the only impartial one, there’s no other genius I trust to make the fair decision when it comes to a test of skill.”

“Keep talking.”

“I-no,” Namjoon says hurriedly, hooking an arm around Yoongi’s neck to pull his face into Namjoon’s stomach. “This conversation never happened. Taehyung, control your boyfriend.”

At that, Taehyung stiffens, even as everyone laughs and brushes off the conversation, Taehyung goes tense because Jeongguk isn’t his boyfriend. They’ve talked a lot, Taehyung has confessed, and they’ve spent a few weekends in bed kissing until they were out of breath, but. Neither of them has asked to make it official. Even now, Taehyung isn’t sure that it’s something Jeongguk wants.

He worries about it throughout his classes, worries about it when he’s crossing campus late at night because Jeongguk was demanding cuddles, worries to Jimin when Jimin’s trying to pretend he isn’t drunk as fuck after a night out. At least that way, Taehyung knows Jimin won’t remember and won’t bring it up in the morning and it helps, at least a little.

They go on dates, spend an entire afternoon at the movie theater because Jeongguk spent an entire movie kissing Taehyung before complaining that he missed the movie, they cuddle before dinner with their friends and Jeongguk kisses him on the doorstep. Taehyung doesn’t miss the longing glances that Jeongguk sends his way, doesn’t miss how he answers the door more than a few times with flushed cheeks and his pants on backwards, and he wants Jeongguk- of course he does. He just wants to do it properly, wants to worship Jeongguk the way he deserves, and Taehyung is just worried he can’t do that right now.

On a Tuesday night, Taehyung shows up at Jeongguk’s apartment for their planned date at a dog café, Seokjin letting him in with a comment about how Jeongguk will be ready soon.

“You know,” Seokjin says quietly. “We should still talk. I love you; Tae, and I want to make sure there are no hard feelings anymore. Not since you actually sorted out your shit with Jeongguk.”

“I- Thank you?”

“I know you and Jeongguk have plans tonight, but-”

“You’re off from the bar, right?” Taehyung asks. Seokjin nods. “Let’s talk. We haven’t hung out alone in ages.”

“Hey,” Jeongguk comes rushing out of his room, tying one of his shoes as he hops across the living room. “Sorry, I-”

Seokjin places a hand on Jeongguk’s shoulder and not so gently pushes him towards the door. “I’m stealing your man for the night, Guk-ah.”

“I-what?”

“Sorry, baby. Hyung and I have stuff to talk about.”
“But-”

“I’ll make it up to you, okay?” Taehyung stands on his toes, peering over Seokjin’s shoulder as he’s shutting the door. “You could go bother Jimin at my place.”

“Hyung!”

Seokjin shuts the door and smiles at the groan of dissatisfaction that Jeongguk lets out. “Yoongi should probably be out here for this conversation, huh?”

“He’s here?”

“He’s taking a nap in my bed.”

“Oh?” Taehyung raises an eyebrow, toeing off his shoes.

Seokjin pokes him in the chest. “Do not.”

“I’ll drop it if you let me eat all of the ice cream in your freezer.”

With a sigh, Seokjin waves him away. “Have at it, meet me on the couch. I’ll go wake Yoongi.”

Taehyung grins widely and immediately plans to mix as many ice creams as possible in one bowl because Yoongi absolutely hates when he does that.

“Hey, have you heard from Jeongguk?” Taehyung nudges the door open with his shoulder, dropping his heavy bags and standing up with a concerning number of cracks from his bones. “I’ve been trying to reach him all day.”

“He- ah, shit,” Jimin whimpers, because Hoseok’s sucking his dick on the couch. Taehyung would high five them, but Jimin’s a little preoccupied with his hands in Hoseok’s hair. “Fuck, hyung- Guk said- hn- something about sitting on your dildo until you got home- oh my God-!”

“Wait, Jeongguk!” Taehyung breaks into a sprint, stubbing his toe and cursing loudly. He throws open his bedroom door in a panic, continuing, “I haven’t washed those in-”

Jeonggukstartles, drowning in one of his oversized hoodies in the middle of Taehyung’s bed, hair fluffy and soft looking from a recent shower. He’s scrolling something on Taehyung’s laptop, fully clothed with Tata in his lap, looking so adorable with his wide eyes that Taehyung is surprised he doesn’t melt right then and there.

“Hyung?”

Instead of replying, Taehyung lets his door slam shut and he tackles Jeongguk onto the bed, kissing his face and his mouth as Jeongguk laughs and squirms beneath his hold. It devolves into a tickle fight, which only ends when Jeongguk’s got Taehyung pinned on his front, sitting on the backs of Taehyung’s thighs and tickling with vigor until Taehyung’s yelling,

“Enough! I give up! Spare me, please!”

Jeongguk lies beside him on the bed, both of them breathing a little erratically but content. “What was that for?”

“I’m just happy to see you,” Taehyung murmurs. “I like you a lot.”
“I know, Tae.”

Jeongguk can’t quite say it back, but Taehyung thinks that’s okay, calling up some anime Jeongguk’s recently discovered to watch together. They have to make the volume extra loud to drown out Hoseok’s moaning in the other room, sharing a pair of headphones where they lie, before Jeongguk complains that he’s starving, dragging Taehyung out of bed to cross campus in the cold to get to a small café. Taehyung high-fives Jimin as they pass.

“All I’m saying is you can’t have a friendly neighborhood Spiderman without a friendly neighborhood.”

Taehyung stares at Jeongguk blankly. The café line moves forward and Jeongguk tugs him along. “What.”

“No one ever thinks of the monetary repercussions of superhero wars,” Jeongguk is saying, gesturing wildly. “These movies don’t have a lot of time between them, there’s no way civil governments wouldn’t have issue with all the damage done to their cities every time a superhero comes to town. Look at New York City! Always gets destroyed and the only thing she ever did was sell overpriced hot dogs.”

“All I asked was what you want to eat,” Taehyung says desperately.

“Oh! Uh, dumplings. And noodles. And a cheeseburger with extra fries. Can we get bingsu for dessert, too?”

“Oh my God.”

Jeongguk nudges their shoulders. “How do you think Steve dealt with inflation, hyung? When he was frozen a loaf of bread probably cost a few cents and suddenly he’s paying several dollars for bread? Can you even imagine how shocked he was when he saw gas prices…?”

Jeongguk continues even as Taehyung tunes him out, scanning the menu to make a mental list for everything they’re getting. It’s another date, and Taehyung feels extra nervous because he thinks he’s almost to the point where he can sleep with Jeongguk without feeling the urge to run away or get sick. He orders and Jeongguk stays quiet just long enough for Taehyung to pay before launching into another story, this time about someone named Peggy and why she couldn’t have been frozen, too.

They sit at a small table while they wait for the food, Taehyung still pretending to listen and nodding at the right moments, when he sees someone familiar sitting in a booth in the back. Jiae’s laughing, tossing her hair in a way that’s painfully familiar to watch. He remembers, then, that this was a café they used to frequent together. He wonders how many of the guys she cheated with she might’ve dragged here, too.

Taehyung doesn’t recognize the boy she’s with, but he instantly feels sorry for the guy. She touches his chin, long nails hooked onto his cheeks, and Taehyung unwittingly remembers the party, remembers Jiae telling him the only reason Jeongguk spared him a glance was because she was done with both of them, and-

And Taehyung looks at Jeongguk, cheeks a little flushed from the cold, rambling impassionately about superhero movies. The same Jeongguk who’d changed Taehyung’s profile picture to one of Jeongguk’s feet just for a good laugh. The Jeongguk who demanded his hand held all the time, who wanted to cuddle almost as often as Taehyung wanted to, the Jeongguk who’s already spent several nights reassuring Taehyung that he wanted this, too.
Jiae cackles, the sound echoing throughout the small café, and the sound doesn’t bother Taehyung.

The sound doesn’t bother him. Watching her toy with another poor soul across the room doesn’t bother him. She doesn’t bother him.

He has Jeongguk. Why should it matter what an ex thinks?

It doesn’t matter.

Jeongguk matters.

“Baby,” Taehyung says, reaching for Jeongguk’s hand across the table. “I know I promised we’d eat out, but can we head back to your place, instead?”

“But I haven’t even finished my idea about Steve Rogers time traveling!”

“I’m sure it’s riveting,” Taehyung says dryly. “Please? I’ll let you kiss my thighs.”

“I was gonna say yes, anyway.”

Jeongguk collects the food when their number is called and Taehyung heads outside, where it’s started to lightly rain. He chances a look back when Jeongguk joins him, but he can’t be sure whether Jiae noticed him, or if she recognized Jeongguk in his big coat and bucket hat, but he knows that he doesn’t care. Let her see him being happy. He’s not going to apologize for finding someone good for him.

“Let me carry the food,” Taehyung says, halfway home. They’re holding hands, tucked into the front of Taehyung’s hoodie.

“Nah, I got it. Your noodle arms might break.”

“Don’t make me choke you.”

“Kinky.”

“Shut up.”

“Hey.” Jeongguk tugs on his hand just before they reach an intersection, staring at Taehyung determinedly. “Ask me to be your boyfriend.”

Taehyung falters, his hand pausing where he’d been on a mission to boop Jeongguk’s nose. “I-what?”

“Ask me to be your boyfriend,” Jeongguk repeats, losing a bit of his confidence and breaking eye contact. “Seokjin hyung and Yoongi hyung keep talking to me about it, and it makes sense, I think. I’ve been thinking about it a lot, and it’s been a couple months of our dates, and I-I like you, Tae. So ask me.”

“Want to be my boyfriend?” Taehyung blurts, before his mind can register that he’d even opened his mouth. This wasn’t how he planned on asking Jeongguk, standing on a snowy corner with too much takeout and the stench of upcoming exams in the air.

Jeongguk pouts. “Come on, ask me better than that.”

So Taehyung takes Jeongguk’s hands in his own, and moves closer until their toes touch and their noses brush together. “Jeon Jeongguk, light of my life, most precious baby boy to grace my
presence, will you be my boyfriend?”

“Okay chill,” Jeongguk says with a grin, even though he’s blushing bright red. “This isn’t a marriage proposal.”

“Is that a yes?”

“Hell fucking yeah it’s a yes.”

They kiss and it’s cold, both of them shivering as the snow starts to pick up again, but Taehyung doesn’t mind. Jeongguk presses his cold fingers beneath Taehyung’s scarf and runs away with a cackling giggle.

When they reach the apartment Taehyung opens the door only to immediately shut it again. Jeongguk quirks an eyebrow, makes to walk around Taehyung, but Taehyung shakes his head, opens the door slowly, and sticks his head in.

He leans against the door after closing it again, hanging his head. “Did you have any idea Seokjin hyung was that flexible?”

“What?” Jeongguk looks confused, then his entire expression lights up. “No way. No way-”

“Give me your phone, I need to take blackmail pictures of Yoongi and Namjoon hyung.”

“I was thinking we bake them all a cake that says congrats on the sex.”

“That’s chaotic and I love it.” Jeongguk pauses. “So. Uh. Your place?”

Taehyung shakes his head. “You saw Jimin and Hoseok. Jimin emailed me an itinerary of their weekend plans and they’re barely getting started.”

“Doesn’t Hoseok hyung have a bedroom at his frat?”

“Jimin’s banned for two weeks after the body shot incident.”

“Oh, yeah. Fuck.”

“I really didn’t think Seokjin hyung would make a move,” Taehyung says quietly, as they’re standing in the lobby trying to decide where to go.

Jeongguk hums, raising his phone to urge Taehyung into a quick selfie. “Things have a funny way of working out, I think.”

They end up wandering to Namjoon and Yoongi’s apartment a few blocks away, the food cold by the time Taehyung successfully remembers the passcode, (Namjoon’s birthday because Yoongi is a sap), and they toe their shoes off before spreading out all the food.

“Thank you for saying yes,” Taehyung says sometime later, after they’ve finished the food and bought a movie using Namjoon’s account.

He says it the same time Jeongguk says, “Can I kiss your thighs, yet?”

Taehyung laughs, quietly at first, but it grows into something louder, something fuller that shakes his body as he laughs until his cheeks strain and his lips hurt. Jeongguk watches in amusement until he can’t help but laugh, too, and it’s all so good. Taehyung almost can’t remember what it felt like to be wary, to be scared of pursuing this future.
“I’m proud of you.”

“Hm?”

“I’m proud of you, Tae.”

“What for?” Taehyung whispers, stroking his thumb over the back of Jimin’s hand.

Jimin had crawled into Taehyung’s bed the better part of an hour ago, lying at Taehyung’s side while neither of them could sleep. Jeongguk had knocked out a couple hours ago, face squished adorably against Taehyung’s chest, and Taehyung might’ve asked Jimin to take a few pictures before pulling the covers up.

Winter break was coming up fast, and coupled with exams and Taehyung leaving for Busan with Jimin almost two weeks before Jeongguk would head out, there wasn’t much time to see each other and Jeongguk had been a little clingier lately. Not that Taehyung minded, of course. If it were up to him, he’d cuddle Jeongguk every hour of the day. Jeongguk had already sent Taehyung a detailed list of everything he wanted to do during break, most of which included making out at his favorite parks.

“For everything,” Jimin says, leaning close to kiss Taehyung’s temple. “I hated seeing you miserable, and Jeongguk makes you so happy. You’ve overcome a lot. I’m proud of you.”

“Ah, Jiminie,” Taehyung complains, shyly. “I’m proud of you, too. You and Hoseok hyung are really good for each other.”

“Yeah. Took us long enough,” Jimin laughs. “Hey, now that you’ve got a boyfriend does it mean I can’t eat your ass anymore?”

“That’s exactly what it means,” Taehyung rolls his eyes. He pinches Jimin’s arm where it’s draped over his stomach.

“Guess the birthday foursome is off the table, huh?”

“I’m not sharing Jeongguk, so yeah.”

“You’re hot when you’re possessive.”

Taehyung sighs. “He said the same thing.”

“Because it’s true.” Jimin pauses. “Can we go on disastrous double dates?”

“Holy shit, I thought you’d never ask.”

Jeongguk moves, then, stretching before settling and dragging his hand over Taehyung’s body to throw a poorly aimed punch at Jimin’s arm. He tries to cover Jimin’s mouth with his hand, both Jimin and Taehyung laughing quietly.

“I think that means shut up and go to sleep,” Taehyung says, bringing Jeongguk’s hand to his lips for a quick kiss. Jeongguk nods against his chest.

Jemin bites softly at Jeongguk’s fingers. “Tae?”

“Yeah?”
“You’re beautiful when you’re happy.”

Taehyung blushes and it’s his turn to push Jimin’s face away. “Shut up and go to sleep.”

Taehyung hurries through the door, breathing on his freezing hands when he finally finds some warmth. The bouncer smiles at him, doesn’t bother checking his ID anymore, just nods as he passes.

“Happy New Year,” she says.

“Happy New Year, Heejin noona!”

The bar is packed, people on dates and those who’ve already given up on their New Year’s resolutions turning to drinking, instead. Taehyung falters in the doorway, unsure if he should be trying to get close to the bar when it’s clearly full already, Seokjin flitting between patrons and mixing drinks while holding conversation, flirting where applicable and even managing to spare a minute to kiss Yoongi’s cheek and then Namjoon’s. Hoseok’s already working hard to make sure Jimin keeps his shirt on.

Taehyung weaves through the people, still bundled in his coat and scarf. He’d just gotten back to Seoul a few hours ago, napping briefly before waking to several texts saying to meet at the bar for a reunion. But Taehyung has other plans. He’s here on a mission, one thing on his mind as he crosses the room.

Seokjin offers him a nod as he approaches, silently offering a soda but Taehyung raises his hand to decline. He gives hugs to all of his friends, gives Yoongi’s cheek the biggest, wettest kiss he can manage just to hear Yoongi complain about it. He moves around the bar, leaning over and spotting Jeongguk sitting against one of the ice bins, playing a game on his phone.

“Baby.”

Jeongguk’s head snaps up, a breathtaking grin splitting his features. “Hyung! When did you get back?”

“A few hours ago.”

“Want me to make you a drink?”

“Nah.” His heart might be beating a little too erratically but Taehyung squares his shoulders, takes a deep breath because he wants this and he’s ready. “Let me take you out to dinner. Dumb shit and all.”

Jeongguk hums, looking back to his phone. A minute later, Taehyung’s words sink in and he’s gaping up at Taehyung again. “Wait- really? Like, really really?”

“Yes, Jeongguk-ah.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yes.”

“Everyone stay calm, it’s happening. Stay fucking calm, everyone, this is what we trained for.”

“Don’t kill the mood, baby.”

“You’re- holy shit, okay, yeah. This is happening, oh my God.”
Jeongguk stands, gets a bit of a running start and launches himself over the bar top, too excited to bother walking to the other side to exit properly. Taehyung sees Minjae and Seulgi roll their eyes.

Seokjin throws a few pieces of ice in their direction. “I told you to stop doing that!”

“I’m taking my break!” Jeongguk replies, grabbing his coat off the back of a chair and reaching for Taehyung’s hand.

“You don’t work here!”

Outside, Jeongguk can barely contain his excitement, stopping just beyond the door to kiss Taehyung hard. He fists his hands in the front of Taehyung’s coat; lips warm against Taehyung’s mouth, a promise of more to come later.

Jeongguk grins. “Hyung, I’ve got my hat on backwards and I’m ready to fucking party.”

“Promise me you’re not going to quote vines the entire time.”

“I can’t,” Jeongguk says, tugging him close for more kisses.

“Where do you want to eat?” Taehyung asks. “I made reservations, but if you have something in mind.”

“Anywhere,” Jeongguk breathes, breath fogging between them. Snowflakes fall with graceful ease, clinging to Jeongguk’s lashes and hair. “Anywhere with you is good.”

Taehyung can’t help but kiss him again, cheeks sore from the cold and all the smiling. “Who’s the sap, now?”

“You, Tae. It’s always been you.”

“It’s always been you, too.”

Hands clasped and anticipation running high, Taehyung calls an Uber and together they move to cross the street. Taehyung doesn’t look back, too smitten with what he’s got in front of him, contentment making his chest feel warm despite the wrath of winter. Jeongguk looks back and smiles, and Taehyung wouldn’t ask for anything else.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you everyone for sticking around!

I hope the length of the chapter makes up for how ridiculously long it took me to finish this. I could sit here and tell you everything that prevented me from writing; lack of motivation, family health issues, traveling for bts, writing and abandoning new fics, and so much more but the fact of the matter is that this shouldn't have taken me as long as it did.

But! It's finally done, my first multi-chaptered fic. I knew I couldn't wrap everything up in a few thousand words and this took so long because I really wanted it to be perfect. I don't think it's perfect now, but I'm happy with it.
Thank you for reading and supporting, I never could have imagined the random one-shot I wrote in 7 hours could expand to something this long, with this many levels to it. I hope everyone enjoyed it. Thank you!
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

Rule 6: There are no rules.

Chapter Notes

Y’all didn't actually think I'd blue ball, right?

warnings for: leashes, collar, gags, face-slapping, spanking, rimming, daddy kink, cockwarming, tae calls jk 'little slut' a couple times, a lot of crying during sex because this is koo we're talking about

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“On your knees, baby.”

Eyes wide and hair matted, Jeongguk easily falls onto his knees in front of Taehyung, sitting on the bed. He fidgets a little, playing with his fingers on his lap. He’s shirtless, hard in his jeans, and he stares up at Taehyung expectantly, eyes flitting between where Taehyung reclines on the bed and the toys he’d picked out earlier.

“H-Hyung?”

Taehyung clicks his tongue. “Did I say you could speak, Jeongguk-ah?”

“N-No.”

“Show me your hands.”

Jeongguk crosses his wrists, holding his hands up to Taehyung. Briefly, Taehyung ignores him, lets the little whine Jeongguk lets out slide, and moves to stand in front of his closet. There’s a hanger of ties thrown over the door, and Taehyung spends a minute rifling through them.

“Why are you being punished, baby?” Taehyung asks, holding two different ties up.

“I-I um.” When Taehyung looks back, Jeongguk has his head turned forward, eyes on the bed, arms held up. “G-Gukie touched hyung.”

Taehyung hums, deciding on a red silk tie. The color always looks beautiful against Jeongguk’s skin. “But hyung loves when you touch him.”

“Hyung was- was busy doing work and- Gukie touched him.”

“And when I said to stop?”

“Gukie kept touching,” Jeongguk says, hanging his head. “And… I touched myself.”
“Good boy,” Taehyung says, pressing a quick kiss to Jeongguk’s hands before sitting on the bed again. He takes Jeongguk’s hands, resting them on his knees, before looping his tie around Jeongguk’s wrists and testing the slack. “Too tight?”

Jeongguk shakes his head. “No, daddy.”

“Good. Sit still and let daddy finish his work.”

Jeongguk pouts, pursing his lips for a kiss that Taehyung doesn’t give him, stroking Jeongguk’s hair away from his face as he passes. Truly, Taehyung doesn’t have any work he immediately needs to finish, all Jeongguk had interrupted was a bit of advance planning on his final photography project. Jeongguk had come over, hanging on Taehyung’s shoulders and whining about wanting to be touched.

Dragging out his portfolio, Taehyung flips through his photographs and frowns at a few of them, making notes of which ones he’d like to re-shoot. He messed up a few of the angles, the tone on a few aren’t great. He finds one of Jeongguk’s naked back in the morning glow.

He finishes up marking his portfolio and moves around the room, gathering his dirty clothes and the clothes that Jeongguk’s left behind. Jeongguk tenses every time Taehyung passes, looking up hopefully. It’s something relatively new, ignoring Jeongguk during a scene. He’s said before that he doesn’t like the lack of attention, but they’ve both noticed how hard he gets when Taehyung doesn’t give him what he wants right away, how hard he comes when Taehyung finally gives him the permission.

“How are your wrists, baby?”

Jeongguk whines, high in his throat. “They’re fine, hyung- please-”

“Hush.”

His mouth snaps shut and he squirms where he sits. Taehyung can see he’s still so hard, must be aching behind his jeans. Taehyung grins, patting the bulge as he passes just to watch the way Jeongguk struggles to cant his hips into the touch. Taehyung ignores the frustrated sound that Jeongguk makes as he moves away, making his bed for the first time in weeks. Jeongguk curses and Taehyung lets it go, knows it’s been a while since they’ve had enough time to be alone like this.

It had taken some time, a lot of trial and error between the two of them before they found their rhythm. The first time Taehyung slapped Jeongguk across the face he’d burst into tears, much to Jeongguk’s astonishment, but together they’d come to terms with what they liked, what they wanted to try, and Taehyung got better at breaking Jeongguk down until he was lost in pleasure, writhing beneath Taehyung’s fingers, desperate to be touched and fucked until he was crying.

Taehyung sits on the bed again, riffling through the gags and vibrators Jeongguk had dumped out when he first got to Taehyung’s room. He grabs Jeongguk’s favorite ball gag and pockets a blindfold, standing before Jeongguk.

“Look at me, little one.”

Jeongguk whimper, tilts his head back. “Hyung, please-”

“Let’s get you out of those jeans,” Taehyung says. “Must be so uncomfortable, baby, little cock so squished.”

Taehyung lifts his foot, nudging Jeongguk square on his chest to knock him onto his back. Grinning
at the way Jeongguk goes breathless, looking up in anticipation, hurriedly saying, “You’re- hyung’s gonna-?”

“No, baby,” Taehyung giggles, but despite his denial he rubs his foot against Jeongguk’s lower stomach, just at the hem of his jeans. Instead, Taehyung unbuttons the clothes, dragging his jeans and boxers off, hard cock bobbing against his abdomen. “Open up for me.”

Jeongguk’s mouth falls open immediately, tongue lolling. For a moment, Taehyung ignores the gag in his other hand, pushes his thumb between Jeongguk’s lips and presses down hard on his tongue. Jeongguk keens, tilting his head back as he sucks Taehyung’s thumb in deeper. All too soon, Taehyung pulls his thumb back, smearing the spit against Jeongguk’s cheek, and chiding, “Messy baby.”

“Please, Tae-”

Taehyung taps his chin with two fingers, urging Jeongguk to open his mouth again. He quickly places the ball gag between Jeongguk’s lips and fastens it. Jeongguk whines, the sound garbled and wet.

Hooking his fingers around the tie, Taehyung gently tugs Jeongguk back to his knees and kisses his cheek before moving to the closet. He can feel Jeongguk watching expectantly, his eyes lighting up as Taehyung fastens a pretty, pastel pink collar around his neck. He attaches the leash and tugs, Jeongguk nearly falling over, before nodding and leaving Jeongguk to sit on the chair nearby, the leash curled around his palm. He looks at Jeongguk expectantly; who tilts his head, body flushed and cock leaking against his skin.

“Come here, lovely,” Taehyung says, curling two fingers and tugging on the leash. “Maybe if you do well, hyung will fuck you. Just like you want.”

Jeongguk shuffles over on his knees, struggling a little and using his bound hands for balance until he stops where Taehyung sits, perched on his knees between Taehyung’s legs. Taehyung curls his fingers into Jeongguk’s hair, stroking gently before curving his palm to Jeongguk’s cheek. Jeongguk leans into the touch, body thrumming.

Taehyung’s already hard, sweatpants tented from earlier when Jeongguk had gotten his hand on Taehyung’s cock but he ignores it. Reaches for Jeongguk’s hands again and unites them before bringing his hands behind his back to tie again, a little tighter this time because Jeongguk had whispered one night, cuddled against Taehyung’s chest, that he really liked the marks left behind.

“Show me what you do to stop when you can’t speak,” Taehyung murmurs, pulling Jeongguk’s hands back until his shoulders tense up.

Jeongguk snaps his fingers three times.

He gets a kiss to the nose for that, preening a little and Taehyung thinks he’s trying to smile around the gag.

“Come on, baby,” Taehyung says, fists his hand in Jeongguk’s hair. His lashes flutter, breathing heavy as Taehyung tugs out his cock. “Prove to hyung how badly you want it. You were so eager earlier, touching without permission.”

Jeongguk stares and tilts his head as best he can with Taehyung’s fingers strewn through the strands.

Sighing, Taehyung pushes Jeongguk’s face away, and it’s only Taehyung’s leg at his side that keeps him from falling. He makes a confused sound, nudging at Taehyung’s hand on his thigh. “Was I not
clear?"

Jeongguk shakes his head.

Taehyung pinches Jeongguk’s chin between his fingers, and smears the spit around Jeongguk’s lips. He tugs on the leash and Jeongguk’s breathing quickens. “You want daddy to fuck you?” Jeongguk nods as best he can. “Show me how much.”

He uses the leash to guide Jeongguk towards his cock. Jeongguk makes a confused noise, nosing at Taehyung’s inner thigh, but when Taehyung doesn’t elaborate, doesn’t give any more instruction, it leaves Jeongguk to figure it out on his own. So he shuffles closer, bound and gagged between Taehyung’s legs. He wishes he’d brought his phone over; Jeongguk is an absolute vision like this.

Jeongguk drags his cheek over the head of Taehyung’s cock, smearing the precum against his skin. He can’t get his mouth on Taehyung’s cock, but he can run his lips over the length, can wet it with spit, trying to stick his tongue out and finding constant resistance.

“You can do better than that, can’t you?”

Jeongguk can’t, and they both know it; Jeongguk letting out a frustrated noise as he tries desperately to mimic the way he sucks Taehyung’s dick, squirming. His arms strain, eager to touch and be touched in return, but Taehyung doesn’t give him anything. He runs a hand down Jeongguk’s back, squeezing his ass once before giving a quick slap, and Jeongguk nearly collapses, sagging forward with a high-pitched noise and renewed determination to do well.

Tightening his hand in Jeongguk’s hair, Taehyung tugs him away from his cock, lower face messy with spit and precum. He sighs again, and watches Jeongguk shudder. “I guess you didn’t want it enough, did you?”

Jeongguk tries to rip his head away from Taehyung’s hold, but he only grips tighter. His eyes shine with the promise of tears. Taehyung knows well enough now that tears are a bright green light when it comes to Jeongguk.

“Maybe I should leave you like this,” Taehyung says quietly, turning Jeongguk’s face as if inspecting it. “If you don’t even want to suck hyung off. Maybe I’ll cage up your tiny cock,” he continues, pressing the ball of his foot against Jeongguk’s cock. He whimpers, and tries to squirm away from Taehyung’s hold, but there’s nowhere to go. “I don’t think you deserve to come, do you, baby? So desperate for it earlier, but here we are. Baby’s going to cry and he can’t even suck dick properly. It’s so sad, hm?”

Jeongguk mewls, back arching as Taehyung steps harder, and applies more pressure to Jeongguk’s cock as he speaks, leaning down until their noses nearly brushed. Jeongguk’s panting, struggling to swallow behind the gag, and he cries out when Taehyung takes his foot away.

“Or maybe,” Taehyung says slowly, running his foot over Jeongguk’s cock. “Maybe I should strap you to that pretty little machine you bought. Let you come again and again, until baby has nothing left to give and then one more time. Would that help you learn? Help the little one learn?”

Jeongguk shakes his head as best he can, clearly torn between jerking his hips up for more friction and away from it entirely.

Snickering, Taehyung presses his thumb to the corner of Jeongguk’s mouth, plays with the spit pooling there. “Use your words, lovely.”

Jeongguk knocks his shoulder into Taehyung’s knee, scowling.
Taehyung removes his hand from Jeongguk’s hair and his foot from his cock and sits back, eyebrows rising. The realization comes over Jeongguk slowly, eyes going wide, and he quickly presses his forehead against Taehyung’s thigh, back bowing in submission.

“That wasn’t very nice, baby.” Taehyung says coldly. “Hyung’s being so nice, gave you such a good treat, letting the little slut have cock. That’s all you wanted, isn’t it? Baby’s just a fucking cock slut; take anything someone puts in his mouth. Is this not good enough for you?”

Shaking his head, Jeongguk tries to move closer, tries to speak around his gag, something that sounds like, “D’mean it- hyung-.”

“Save it. Get on your feet.”

Jeongguk struggles, staggering to his feet when Taehyung grabs the leash and forces him up. He shoves at Jeongguk’s chest, leading him to the bed before curling his hands over Jeongguk’s shoulders and pushing him to lie flat. He leans over, removing the gag with careful hands, unclasping the leash to toss it to the side, and watches closely as Jeongguk works his jaw, swallows back an embarrassing amount of spit.

“Holy shit,” Jeongguk breathes after a long minute.

“Good?” Taehyung asks, trailing a finger down Jeongguk’s chest. There’s a bruise fading just beneath his ribs and Taehyung presses his thumb to it, hard, and then harder, Jeongguk letting out a loud noise as his body arches into the pain. “Pain. Slut.”

He flicks Jeongguk’s nipples with each word, and Jeongguk tries to move away from the touch, but he can’t go far with his arms pinned behind his back. “Fuck- hyung-.”

Taehyung hums, curls his hand around Jeongguk’s hard cock and squeezes before leaning over to brush a kiss against his lips. “Hyung’s going to take you over his knee, okay? If you’re good, and you count each one, maybe you’ll still get to come tonight.”

Whimpering, Jeongguk nods in understanding, allowing Taehyung to maneuver him on the bed until Taehyung was sitting, feet planted on the floor, with Jeongguk sprawled over his knees, ass up and shoulders pressed against the mattress. Taehyung tugs on his arms, enjoys the way the muscles strain, and gently runs his hand over the swell of Jeongguk’s ass.

“So pretty, baby boy,” Taehyung sighs. “I’m going to give you ten.”

Jeongguk nods, bracing himself as Taehyung continues to pet his ass before he brings his hand down, a resounding smack echoing through the room. He whimpers, squirming away. “O-one.”

“Good boy.”

Taehyung takes his time between the first few hits, letting the anticipation build before he slaps Jeongguk’s ass, reveling in every breathy number that Jeongguk stutters out. He turns his face out of the mattress, gasping loudly, cheeks wet. “F-four, hyung- fuck-.”

Taehyung clicks his tongue. “That was five, bun. Start over.”

“One!” Jeongguk sobs, as Taehyung brings his palm down in the hardest slap yet. “T-two, three-!”

He doesn’t hit the same spot twice until Jeongguk’s ass burns red beneath his palm, and he waits for shorter intervals between slaps, Jeongguk whining out the numbers every time.
“Just three more, baby,” Taehyung says, after a particularly loud hit had resulted in a yelp from Jeongguk and he’d shied away from Taehyung’s touch. “Do you want to stop? Hyung won’t be mad.”

“N-No,” Jeongguk pants, sniffling lightly. “No, daddy. Please finish, Gu-Gukie wants to be a good boy.”

“So good, baby.”

Jeongguk nearly slips up on the last slap, crying out loudly and jolting so violently he nearly rolls right off Taehyung’s lap. Before Taehyung can scold him, Jeongguk sobs, “Ten. Ten, daddy- please, please- want it. Want your cock, Gukie’s been good, daddy!”

Leaning over, Taehyung presses soft kisses to Jeongguk’s wet cheeks, carefully trails his fingers over Jeongguk’s sore ass, saying, “You did so well, baby. Took daddy’s punishment so well. Such a good boy.”

“G-Gukie gets your cock? Please?”

“Of course, bun. Can you get on your hands and knees for me?”

Jeongguk struggles, nearly face plants when Taehyung lets go of his hips before he gives up entirely, staring at Taehyung, debauched. Standing from the bed, Taehyung quickly kicks out of his sweats, ripping his shirt off before he kneels behind Jeongguk, spreading his reddening cheeks with his hands.

“So pretty, baby.” Taehyung groans, wants nothing more than to get his mouth on Jeongguk’s hole- knows how much Jeongguk loves it, how messily Taehyung eats him out until he’s shaking and begging to come, but Jeongguk’s too on edge already, strung out and desperate. And Taehyung’s not much better, if he’s being honest, watching Jeongguk fall apart beneath his hands was addictive. “Daddy’s going to open you up now, okay?”

Nodding, Jeongguk pushes his hips back in Taehyung’s hand, body quivering as Taehyung pops the lube, pouring a generous amount over his fingers. He presses two to Jeongguk’s smooth hole, teasing his rim with nimble fingers until Jeongguk’s babbling, begging for Taehyung’s fingers, voice hoarse. His hands clench and unclench on his back.

Still relatively loose from their quickie that morning, Jeongguk takes two fingers easily, body sucking them in to the knuckle. Jeongguk moans, high-pitched and wretched. Taehyung takes his time, grinning to himself as Jeongguk whines and begs for more.

“So loose, baby,” Taehyung says, pinching a particularly red spot on Jeongguk’s ass. “Just swallowing up my fingers so easily, are you sure you didn’t touch yourself?”

“No!” Jeongguk frantically shakes his head. “No, daddy, only want- hn- your fingers- fuck-”

“That’s right, baby.”

Taehyung eases a third and then fourth finger into Jeongguk’s hole, stretching his fingers and adding more lube until the slide is obscenely easy. Jeongguk whimpers, says he’s ready, says he’ll die if Taehyung doesn’t get his cock inside of him right now, but Taehyung only laughs, tugging on Jeongguk’s bound hands to watch him tense. He presses the pads of his fingers to Jeongguk’s prostate and Jeongguk cries out, grinding his ass back against Taehyung’s hand.

“M’ready,” Jeongguk pants, sweaty hair sticking to his forehead when he tries to look over his
shoulder, to meet Taehyung’s eye. His expression is glazed, a little hazy. “Need it- need your cock, daddy, please-!”

“Oh, little one,” Taehyung hums.

He removes his fingers and Jeongguk whines, then his body jolts and he chokes out a scream when Taehyung presses the tip of the lube bottle to his slick hole and pours more inside him.

“Fuck,” he pants.

Taehyung dips his thumb into Jeongguk’s hole, watching lube drip down to Jeongguk’s thighs. “Think you’re ready?”

“Yes!”

Taehyung rolls the condom over his length, lubing himself up before he positions himself at Jeongguk’s hole, squeezing his hip and pushing it. Jeongguk keens, his back bowing as Taehyung slowly, slowly bottoms out. He doesn’t move at first, laying over Jeongguk’s back to kiss lightly at the shell of his ear. Jeongguk breathes heavily, can’t finesse the motions to kiss back.

Curling his fingers around Jeongguk’s bound wrists, Taehyung pulls back and thrusts in harshly, using the hold to pull Jeongguk’s body back against his. He moves his hips hard, fast, building up to a bruising pace as Jeongguk sob, moaning and crying out each time Taehyung’s hips slap against his sore ass. His voice gets higher when Taehyung shifts, adjusting the angle, moaning so loudly Taehyung worries someone might hear, sobbing, “Daddy-! Fuck, hn- oh my God, Tae-!”

“Like that, baby boy?” Taehyung curls his body over Jeongguk’s, grinding deep within his ass. Jeongguk nods, expression wrecked with pleasure, and Taehyung can’t help but kiss him again. “Feel so good around me, little one. So loose, daddy’s little cock slut, hm?”

“M’close,” Jeongguk chokes out between thrusts, squeaking as Taehyung pistons his hips. “So close- ah- Tae- hng- oh-.”

Taehyung drops Jeongguk’s arms to rake his nails down Jeongguk’s back, earning a broken sob as little red welts mark the path of Taehyung’s fingers. He squeezes Jeongguk’s ass, bright red and warm beneath his palms, circling his hips rougher, faster.

“M’gonna come,” Jeongguk gasps, thrusting back against Taehyung.

“Ah, ah.” Taehyung tsk, moving a hand from Jeongguk’s hip to squeeze his fingers around Jeongguk’s cock, instead. Jeongguk makes a noise of confusion. “You’ll have to wait. Baby didn’t do a very good job sucking me off, huh? Daddy’s coming first, today.”

“But- daddy!”

“Hush, baby.”

Taehyung holds tight to Jeongguk’s hips, keeping him still as he uses his body for his own pleasure. He’d been on edge for a while, always gets so strung out whenever he has Jeongguk like this. Something about the tears, something about Jeongguk, always has Taehyung too close too soon.

It doesn’t take much longer, Jeongguk whining and writhing beneath his hands, until Taehyung’s stilling, coming hard into the condom. Jeongguk nearly collapses when Taehyung pulls out, trying desperately to grind his aching cock against the sheets.
“None of that,” Taehyung chides, wrapping an arm around Jeongguk’s waist to keep his body elevated. “Roll over, let daddy take care of you.”

On his back, Jeongguk’s flushed, wet cheeks and bitten-red lips are even more apparent. Taehyung thinks he looks beautiful like this, on the edge of sobbing all because he wants to be touched. Jeongguk disagrees, and it’s the main reason he won’t let Taehyung film when they’re like this.

“P-Please,” Jeongguk croaks out, “Please touch Gukie- Gukie wants to come, please!”

“You want to come?”

“Yes!”

“How bad?”

Jeongguk sobs, turns his face to the mattress to try and hide his wet cheeks. “S’bad, daddy. Please- need, wanna come for daddy-”

Taehyung gently folds Jeongguk’s legs around his waist, keeps his hips up. “Let’s give the baby what he wants, hm?”

Reaching to the side, Taehyung grabs the vibrator Jeongguk had left out and switches it onto the highest setting before holding it to Jeongguk’s cock. His back immediately arches and he cries out loudly, moaning Taehyung’s name as Taehyung grips his thigh, keeps him still and trails the vibrator over his length.

“S’too much.” Jeongguk cries, sniffling as Taehyung focuses his attention on the tip of his cock. “Let Gukie come- ah- please- oh God-”

“I prefer ‘Taehyung,’” Taehyung snickers, stroking the vibrator along Jeongguk’s length.

“Shut up-”

“Careful, baby,” Taehyung warns, voice deep and deadly. “I wasn’t joking when I said I’d leave you here. Cage up your little cock so you can’t play with it. You’ll have to wait until hyung’s feeling nice again, could you do that?”

“No,” Jeongguk whines. Taehyung twists one of his nipples between his fingers and Jeongguk chokes on another moan, canting his hips up. “N-Need it. Need to come, daddy!”

“Oh, alright,” Taehyung says, slapping Jeongguk’s thigh. “Come on baby, show daddy how pretty you look when you come.”

Jeongguk’s eyes screw shut- a habit Taehyung’s determined to break- and he cries out Taehyung’s name as he comes, spilling white on his chest and abdomen, coming so hard he hits his own bottom lip. “Thank you,” he babbles, still thrusting his hips to work through his orgasm. “Thank you, daddy, thank you-”

Taehyung shuts off the vibrator and tosses it to the side, tugging the condom from his soft cock before he cups Jeongguk’s cheeks and gently brushes away the tears there. “You with me, baby?”

“Hng. I’m going to need, like, seventeen and a half minutes.”

“Say the name,” Taehyung snickers. Jeongguk kicks at his back. “Can you roll over for me, lovely? I need to put some aloe on your ass.”
“Ugh.”

But Jeongguk rolls over without complaint, eyes closed as Taehyung unties his wrists and presses gentle kisses to the abused skin. He grabs the aloe from his desk drawer and gently works it over Jeongguk’s raw skin, Jeongguk chewing at his nail. Taehyung touches his fingers to the collar to remove it, but Jeongguk protests with a whine, so he leaves it, loves the contrast of the collar on Jeongguk’s flushed neck. “Did so good, Gukie,” Taehyung says, whispering praises through the entire process. “My special baby boy, always so good for daddy.”

“The best baby?”

“Of course,” Taehyung confirms, leaning over to kiss his nose. Jeongguk’s expression wrinkles, and he open his eyes to accept the kiss Taehyung gives him. “There he is. How’re you feeling, baby?”

“Like I just got my brains fucked out.”

“A good thing?”

“Very good, daddy.”

Taehyung hums, gently works his hands over Jeongguk’s lithe waist, massaging up to his shoulders.

“Want to shower now?”

Shaking his head, Jeongguk stretches his body, taking inventory of all his limbs, he’d told Taehyung once. “I don’t think I can move right now.”

“Okay,” Taehyung laughs. “Let me get you some water, and we can watch a movie and cuddle. Sound good?”

“Yeah.”

Taehyung pulls on his discarded sweatpants, running a hand through his hair as he makes his way to the kitchen. Jimin holds up his hand for a high-five and Taehyung does a double take. He swore he’d have the apartment to himself today. Or maybe that was supposed to be tomorrow. Either way, he accepts the high-five and sends back finger guns before gathering a couple water bottles and some snacks to make his way back to his room.

He closes the door and finds Jeongguk almost exactly where he left him, only this time swathed in a giant hoodie and lazily scrolling through the popular movies on Netflix.

“Here,” Taehyung says. “Sit up and drink something. Did you have a movie in mind?”

“To All The Boys I’ve Loved Before.”

Taehyung fixes him with a flat look, handing over a water bottle once Jeongguk was sitting up against the wall. “We watched that three times this week already.”

“What can I say, hyung?” Jeongguk grins, before downing half the bottle without breath. “I’m a hopeless romantic.”

“The heart you drew in the snow with your pee was very telling of that.”

“See! And Yoongi hyung said it was stupid.”

Taehyung groans, giving up and settling on the bed to call up the movie Jeongguk wanted. Jeongguk immediately snuggles to his side, breathing out contently and hooking his legs over Taehyung’s. He
strokes his fingers through Jeongguk’s hair, feels Jeongguk nod off and lets him rest until the movie ends and he has to threaten to call Jimin in to carry Jeongguk to the shower.

“Fuck.”

“Dude, I know. What the fuck were philosophers smoking? I want whatever they were having.”

“What? No, Jimin,” Jeongguk rolls his eyes. He takes a quick screenshot of the Snapchat he just received, a selfie from Taehyung on the train, looking bored and gorgeous. He was on his way to Daegu for the weekend to visit Yeontan, and Jeongguk’s summer classes had kept him from tagging along. “Fuck, Taehyung is so hot. I want him in my guts.”

“Didn’t you just suck his dick this morning? And beg him for three rounds last night?” Jimin asks, grimacing. Once again, Jeongguk curses the thin walls of Taehyung’s apartment. At least Seokjin was out of their place more often than not lately, so they didn’t have to worry about anyone overhearing when Jeongguk begged to be fucked. “There’s no way your ass has already recovered.”

“God gave us four holes for a reason, hyung.”

“Don’t elaborate,” Jimin says desperately. “Don’t you dare fucking elaborate.”

Yoongi groans, holding a hand over his face. “Why do I need to be here for this?”

“We’re the abandoned boyfriends brigade!” Jeongguk says, poking at the meat on the grill. Jimin slaps his hand away. “Trademark. Like the three musketeers but with better abs, and a vampire.”

“My boyfriends haven’t abandoned me,” Yoongi says dryly. “They’re at my apartment, probably holding hands without me. The bastards.”

“Hoseok hyung is only at work, Jeongguk.”

“I’ve been abandoned,” Jeongguk elaborates. “I’ve been left alone in the cold, I’ve forgotten what it feels to be touched by another man; it has been so many moons.”

Yoongi throws a piece of kimchi at him. “He’ll be back in five days. And don’t pretend you’re not going to Skype him tonight.”

“Hyung!” Jeongguk gasps, scandalized. “He’s with Yeontan. I can’t scar his son like that. But I’m totally going to use his biggest dildo tonight.”

“I regret ever meeting you.”

“You do not. Namjoon hyung’s still trying to adopt me.” Jeongguk holds up his plate as Jimin gestures for it, piling it high with food before filling his own, and then Yoongi’s. “I’ll legally be your son soon.”

“You’ll also legally be your cousin’s son.”

Jeongguk pauses, food held to his mouth. “You have to break up with Namjoon.”

“No.”

“Why did we agree to come here,” Jimin mutters, flipping more meat onto the grill. Jeongguk pours each of them another shot of soju. “I could be watching Hoseok teach people to dance. I could be watching him dance.”
“He dances for you every night,” Jeongguk says.

“Damn right he does,” Jimin replies, holding his hand up for a high-five.

“Guk, have you thought about housing?” Yoongi asks, sometime after they’ve finished grilling all the meat. “For the fall semester, I mean.”

Jeongguk tilts his head. “Why? I’m just gonna live with Seokjin hyung.”

Jimin and Yoongi exchange a look before Jimin shakes his head and they both turn back to their food. Jeongguk narrows his eyes, swiping Jimin’s shot of soju. “What.”

“How?” Jimin hums around a mouthful of food.

“That look. You guys look as guilty as Namjoon trying to hide my Christmas gift.”

Jimin sighs. “Seokjin hasn’t told him, hyung.”

“Clearly. He promised he’d bring it up a week ago.”

“Bring what up?” Jeongguk whines. “Someone tell me or I’ll start screaming.”

“Jesus, you’re worse than a toddler.” Yoongi complains. “Jeongguk, Seokjin hyung’s moving in with Namjoon and I when your lease ends at the end of the summer.”

Jeongguk frowns, tapping his chopsticks lightly against his plate of kimchi. “He’s still gonna cover his half of the rent, right? I can’t afford it all on my own.”

Yoongi sighs, covering Jeongguk’s hand with his own. “You know that’s not how it works, kid.”

“So I have to find a roommate?” Jeongguk asks, his lip curled in disgust. “What if he finds my skirts and thinks they’re weird? I haven’t even shown them to Taehyung hyung. Can I room with a lesbian? Is that like, morally allowed?”

Jimin rolls his eyes. “Would you chill? I doubt Seokjin hyung’s going to abandon you without a plan. Talk to him tonight.”

Pouting again, Jeongguk slumps in his seat and pokes listlessly at the remains of his food as Jimin and Yoongi get to talking about lame stuff like what Jimin’s post-college plans are. Graduation in the spring had been hard for all of them, but with Seokjin, Namjoon, Taehyung, and Yoongi all attending grad school nearby at least Jeongguk wasn’t left alone at the campus.

“Can we get ice cream before I have to find a murderous roommate online?” Jeongguk interrupts, using his best puppy dog eyes until Yoongi’s sighing and shelling out the cash for dinner, gesturing for Jimin to follow.

“I have a problem.”

“Clearly. Who let you go out in public with those pants?”

“Hey,” Taehyung whines, looking down at his wide, paint-splattered pants. “Jeongguk-ah says they’re cute.”

Jimin snorts, clicking rapidly at his computer. “Jeongguk also doesn’t want to give you reason to stop eating his ass, so.”
“Huh. Betrayed by the booty.”

“Don’t.”

Taehyung plops onto the grass next to Jimin, hooking his chin onto his shoulder. “What are you working on?”

“Making a slideshow for Hoseok’s showcase next week,” Jimin says, dragging and dropping video clips into an editing field. “I offered because I’m disgusting and in love and now I’ve spent a whole weekend learning how to edit videos. I’ve already started on a slideshow for your birthday.”

“If there are any nudes on it I swear I’ll leak your high school fuckboy pictures.”

“…There are still edits to be made.”

Taehyung hums. It’s too hot out for how thick his pants are but Taehyung doesn’t mind much, lying back in the grass to let the sun warm his face. Jimin curses at his laptop, angrily taps a few more buttons before he shuts it and joins Taehyung, offering his arm to lie on.

“Hoseok hyung is going to love it,” Taehyung says, poking Jimin in the stomach. “And if he doesn’t, I’ll beat his ass.”

Jimin laughs, his nose scrunching before he covers his face. “I’m the only one allowed to beat his ass, but thanks. I’ll fix yours up but I’m keeping the one where I came on your face, it almost looks like frosting.”

“If my mother sees it she’ll kill you and then me. And then me again.”

“Relax, your slide show is for the private party. Anyway, you said you have a problem?”

“Oh!” Taehyung sits up, crosses his legs beneath his body. Jimin props his head on an elbow. “How do I ask the cutest boy in the entire universe to move in with me?”

“But we already live together?”

“Not you, but got off I guess.”

“You want Jeongguk to move in?” Jimin clarifies, picking grass and dropping it in Taehyung’s lap. “Just ask him.”

Taehyung shrugs. “What if he doesn’t want to?”

Jimin moves closer, curling his hand over Taehyung’s knee. “Babe, it’s been months. He wants everything with you. And Jeongguk practically lives with us already, anyway. You buy his shampoo and he eats all my food. Tae, he has more clothes in your dresser than Jiae ever did, last week I picked up his crusty underwear from your floor and nearly fainted. He’s there all the time. Rent with a third person will be a dream. It’ll be a tight fit, but you’re used to that.”

“You don’t know?”

Jimin frowns, raising an eyebrow. “Know what?”

“Know that Hoseok’s planning to ask you to move into the apartment above his dance studio with him?”

“What!” Jimin sits up hurriedly, nearly knocking his head into Taehyung’s chin as he crowds his
space. “How do you know?”

“I overheard him!” Taehyung pushes him back, just to be able to breathe without inhaling Jimin’s
breath. “He was on the phone when we went to lunch, he was talking about it while I was in the
bathroom and I heard the last of it!”

“This is perfect!

“Perfect?”

“Now Jeongguk can move in no problem!”

Taehyung shakes his head. “He still has his lease with Seokjin hyung. I don’t think he’ll want to,
anyway.”

“Dude—”

“We’ve barely been together for seven months and I almost burned half his eyebrow off with
candlewax on our anniversary,” Taehyung complains, whining. He ignores the look of betrayal that
Jimin sends his way. “He might want his space, or he might not even want to live with me. I eat
hamburgers at three in the morning.”

“And it’s adorable,” Jimin says, rolling his eyes. “Guk’s whipped for you, Tae. And he won’t have
to cross campus every time he wants to cuddle. And Seokjin hyung is moving out. Just tell him it like
that.”

Groaning, Taehyung brushes away the impressive pile of grass that Jimin was able to drop onto his
lap. “Or- and hear me out, here- I can run away and become a stripper.”

“That’s our backup plan, you have to bring me with you.”

“You could probably fit into my suitcase. Flexible bastard.”

“Thank you.”

Taehyung stands, holding a hand out to help Jimin up. “What are we doing for dinner?”

“I’m broke, so. Ramen, probably.”

“To Seokjin’s house we go!”

Seokjin looks unsurprised but very disappointed when he opens the door for them for the fourth
night in a row, but he still invites them in and offers to warm up some leftovers. Yoongi’s napping on
the couch, so naturally Taehyung sits on his back.

“I don’t want your ass in my face, Taehyung,” Yoongi grumbles, swatting weakly at Taehyung’s
thigh.

“You’ve changed so much from high school, hyung.” Instead, Taehyung lies on the couch behind
him. “Is Jeongguk here?”

“Stuck in a meeting with an advisor,” Yoongi says, very forcefully holding Taehyung’s hand.

They put on a movie and Seokjin hands Taehyung and Jimin a plate of food. Yoongi falls asleep
almost immediately, Seokjin’s hand in his hair, stroking fondly. He’s got a look of gross love on his
face, not even blinking when Taehyung pulls out his phone and takes a few pictures. He pouts. It
doesn’t make for good blackmail material when the victim doesn’t mind it.

Taehyung excuses himself to shower and probably nap in Jeongguk’s bed before he gets home, likes using Jeongguk’s body wash because it smells like him. He makes a promise to tell Jeongguk about the apartment situations when he gets back tonight, wants to get Jeongguk’s blatant refusal out of the way before he can get his hopes up. He hears the door open, assuming it’s Jimin coming to brush his teeth, and screams when someone pulls the curtain back.

“Chill, hyung.” Jeongguk stands there, naked and grinning like a fool. “Just me. Did you know you’re out of cereal?”

“You were at my place?”

“Stopped by there. Make room.”

Taehyung grumbles a little but he still moves back, making room for Jeongguk to fit inside, as well. “Hyung’s got a tiny shower.”

“Size doesn’t matter. Have you washed already?”

“Yeah, why?”

Jeongguk grins again, biting at his bottom lip before he pushes lightly at Taeyung’s hips to press him against the wall. He drops to his knees and Taehyung draws in an unsteady breath, hands immediately falling to smooth Jeongguk’s soaked hair away from his face.

“Been wanting to do this all day,” Jeongguk murmurs, nosing at Taehyung’s inner thigh.

Taehyung gasps, knows he’s going to have marks there from how hard Jeongguk starts biting at his skin. It’s something Jeongguk loves, marking Taehyung’s thighs, private little souvenirs to keep between each other. “It hasn’t…. hasn’t even been two days, baby.”

“Don’t care. I want you all the time. Gonna blow your mind, daddy.”

“I’d rather you blow my dick.”

Jeongguk sucks a particularly hard mark onto Taehyung’s thigh for that, laving the skin with his tongue when he breaks away. Taehyung’s already getting hard, and it doesn’t help when Jeongguk presses kisses to his belly, licks the tip of Taehyung’s cock into his mouth, and moans when Taehyung pulls his hair. The sound echoes in the bathroom, the steady stream of the shower doing nothing to mask the sound. Jeongguk grins up at him wickedly, and Taehyung knows he’s done for when Jeongguk effortlessly swallows down his cock without another word.

Taehyung gets home late after a long day of meeting with his graduate advisors, scoping out Hoseok’s new place above the dance studio he teaches at, and shopping for curtains with Jimin that Taehyung was required to hide under his bed so Hoseok didn’t know that Jimin knew about the moving plans. Jimin made him swear not to tell, even though he knew it would just be easier.

He hasn’t heard from Jeongguk in a few hours, figures that means he’s either been sleeping for two days or on another video game binger. He plans to send a few nudes to see if he can’t distract Jeongguk, but his idea changes when he sees a distinctly shaped lump under his duvet.

Shoving the curtains under his bed, Taehyung puts his bags on the desk and sits on the edge of the bed, slowly tugging back the blankets. Jeongguk’s curled up and facing the other way, Tata clutched
in his arms.

“Baby?” Taehyung presses his forehead to Jeongguk’s shoulder, curls a hand around the back of Jeongguk’s neck and strokes his thumb there. “Hey you.”

Jeongguk sighs, a deep exhale, and turns onto his back to better see Taehyung. Despite the heat, he’s wearing one of Taehyung’s sweaters. He puckers his lips for a kiss that Taehyung is more than happy to give. “Hey.”

“Have you been here long?”

“Time’s it?”

“Almost seven.”

“I’ve been here all day.”

Taehyung frowns, plants his arm over Jeongguk’s body because he knows Jeongguk likes to feel caged in like this. “Why didn’t you call? You could’ve come out with the rest of us—”

But Jeongguk shakes his head, worrying his lip between his teeth and playing lightly with Tata’s tiny arms. “I didn’t- you guys were already, and I—” He huffs, frustrated, but Taehyung just nods for him to keep going, lets him figure out what he wants to say. “I didn’t want to bother, I guess.”

“You could never be a bother, baby.”

Jeongguk shrugs, and he clearly doesn’t believe what Taehyung’s saying. “I didn’t fit in. Jimin’s shopping to decorate the apartment Hoseok hyung doesn’t know he knows about. Yoongi and Namjoon hyung are reorganizing their apartment for Seokjin hyung to move in, and you were helping Jimin. There wasn’t really a place for me.”

“Ya, that’s not true.” Taehyung takes Jeongguk’s hands and holds them down. “There is always a place for you, and if for some reason there’s not, we’ll make room. Always. You should know this.”

He’s positive that Jeongguk does. His inclusion into their friend group almost a year and a half ago was proof enough of that, from Seokjin pushing a timid Jeongguk to introduce himself to Jeongguk becoming bold enough to get whatever he wanted out of Yoongi, for Jimin to spoil even though they both had boyfriends, for Namjoon to willingly tutor and take care of. Taehyung was certain at this point that he was in love with Jeongguk. There was not a single aspect of any of their lives that could be bettered through an absence of Jeongguk.

Except, maybe Taehyung’s shower time. The water bill was outrageous last month.

“What brought this on?” Taehyung asks, when it becomes apparent that Jeongguk isn’t going to say anything else. “Have you talked to anyone else about it?”

“No,” Jeongguk murmurs, shaking his head. “I-I was gonna talk to Yoongi hyung but before I could he was leaving to go pick up their new bed.”

“Jeongguk—”

“Everything’s changing, isn’t it?” Jeongguk says, very quietly. He looks so small like this, curled up in Taehyung’s bed, drowning in his sweater, ducking his chin to avoid eye contact. “Seokjin hyung will graduate grad school in a couple years. Hoseok and Jimin hyung are moving deeper into the city, Hobi’s opening his own dance studio! You’re busy with your thesis, Namjoon’s applying for
jobs abroad, Yoongi is always at the studio and Seokjin hyung is moving out. I’m… I’m just the kid stuck in college.”

Taehyung is quiet for a long moment, stroking the palms of Jeongguk’s hands because he isn’t sure what else he can do. It’s a valid concern; being the youngest means he still has two years of college left when they’re all finished. And even though some of them stayed back for higher education, Taehyung needs a job and the rest of their friends need to decide where to begin their lives, but-

“You’re not stuck,” Taehyung says. “You’re not. We may be following different paths in life, but that doesn’t mean we’ll separate forever. Jimin and Hoseok hyung moving into the city means we have somewhere to crash when we stay out too late in Gangnam. Movie nights will be easier at Yoongi hyung’s place because we’re there all the time, anyway. You think we won’t wait for you?”

“School is dumb,” Jeongguk huffs. “I’ll drop out and become a plumber. Everyone needs a plumber.”

Tweaking the tip of his nose, Taehyung nods with a laugh. “A very valid career choice. But-Jeongguk-ah, is there anything I can do to help you?”

Jeongguk pouts again, but his expression is a little less miserable this time around. “Kiss me?”

There’s probably more Taehyung should do, probably a better way to deal with his emotional, future fearing boyfriend, but they’ve got time to talk about it. The fall semester hasn’t started yet, there’s still time for Jeongguk to talk to everyone about his concerns when he’s ready. And Taehyung had planned on asking Jeongguk The Question, but- not like this. Instead, he leans over to press his mouth softly against Jeongguk’s.

Who immediately hooks a hand around the back of Taehyung’s neck to deepen the kiss, moving his mouth desperately, like he’s trying to hold onto something fleeting. Taehyung lets him take, lets him kiss like he’s starved for it, hunkering over Jeongguk in the bed until Jeongguk gets a leg around his waist and flips them, lying his body on top of Taehyung’s and using the advantage to kiss harder, with more intent, breaking only to breathe and then diving back in.

“Hyung,” Jeongguk whines, pulling back to catch his breath. He moves his hips, shyly, a little desperate when he ducks his head to suck a mark onto the base of Taehyung’s neck. He shoves Tata out of the way to get closer. “Please-”

Taehyung hums, squeezes Jeongguk’s hips to help him grind on Taehyung’s lap. “Tell hyung want you need, lovely.”

“Can- can you…?” Jeongguk kisses his neck, pulls back when Taehyung urges him to with a gentle hand in his hair. “Will you- eat me out? Please? It’s been so long.”

“Of course,” Taehyung agrees immediately, because he’d give Jeongguk anything he wants without second thought. And with Jeongguk perched on his lap, sweater paws obscuring his hands, cock hardening behind his jeans- there’s really no way Taehyung could ever deny him. “Want hyung to make you feel good?”

“Please-”

“Come on, baby. Lie down for me.”

Jeongguk scrambles off his lap, sits for a minute before deciding to lie on his stomach, expression eager and giddy because he’s not wrong when he says it’s been a while. Taehyung loves this, loves eating Jeongguk out, but he gets so easily overwhelmed from it, coming once or twice from
Taehyung’s tongue and fingers before weakly asking for more, even if he’s crying, even if he’s exhausted. More often than not, Taehyung will fuck Jeongguk’s thighs instead, just to give his baby a break. Sometimes Jeongguk gets his way, sitting on Taehyung’s cock before Taehyung can convince him to take it easy- that he’s crying, he’s overwhelmed, it’s okay not to come again- and riding until he all but collapses and Taehyung has to take over.

So Taehyung sits up and moves to the edge of the bed, taking a moment to kiss Jeongguk’s temple, the sensitive spot behind his ear, and drag his fingers along the warm skin of Jeongguk’s back beneath his sweater. Jeongguk wiggles, sensitive and worked up, sighing at the press of Taehyung’s lips to his neck.

“Hyung-”

“Okay, okay,” Taehyung laughs, but he still kisses Jeongguk’s nose and the corner of his mouth. “Hips up, lovely.”

Jeongguk quickly shifts, rests his weight on his knees and elbows. He’s chewing lightly on the end of his sleeve and Taehyung is so grossly in love he wants to coo but he doesn’t, tugging Jeongguk’s jeans and boxers down with a smooth motion. Jeongguk sighs, eyes closing peacefully.

Without pause, Taehyung tosses the clothes away and spreads Jeongguk’s cheeks with both hands, nipping lightly at the skin of his ass. Jeongguk whines, squirming in Taehyung’s hold even as Taehyung drags his tongue over the skin, sucks a mark into the crease of his thigh, ignores where he knows Jeongguk wants him most because he likes this; likes the sounds Jeongguk makes when he isn’t getting his way, likes the way he whines and begs without prompt, like Taehyung could ever deny him.

With one hand, Taehyung nudges the sweater out of the way, bunches it beneath his armpits and kisses his hip. Jeongguk’s cock hangs hard and heavy between his thighs, Taehyung nudging them apart before he licks across Jeongguk’s hole, poking his tongue into his ass.

“Oh, fuck-” Jeongguk whines high in his throat. “Oh, oh, oh-”

Taehyung grips his hips hard, keeps his ass spread when Jeongguk squirms. Taehyung can’t help but grin to himself as Jeongguk loses himself to Taehyung’s tongue, in to grip of his fingers so quickly, so beautifully. Dipping his thumb into Jeongguk’s wet hole, Taehyung spits and pushes a finger inside, listening to Jeongguk’s choked cry.

Jeongguk is beautiful like this, skin flushed and warm beneath Taehyung’s hands, hair flopping into his eyes, face buried in a pillow as he moans, as he whines, babbling and begging for more when Taehyung takes too long, using a finger and his tongue to work Jeongguk open.

“S’good,” Jeongguk slurs, gaze hazy when he glances back at Taehyung. “More, please-”

So Taehyung pushes a second finger in, scissoring Jeongguk’s hole as he licks deeper inside. He thinks Jeongguk might be crying already, choking out wet gasps as Taehyung pushes his tongue in further, holds him tighter when he squirms. Any other day, Taehyung might drag this out more, tease Jeongguk until he’s sobbing, desperately trying to rut his hips to the bed and chase his orgasm, but-

Not now. Not when Jeongguk had spent his entire day buried in Taehyung’s blankets because he’d been too scared to call his friends. Not when he knew there was more Jeongguk probably wanted to say but thought it wasn’t worth anyone’s time. Instead, Taehyung gives him a third finger before he can beg for it, gently pushes Jeongguk to his first orgasm with his fingers and tongue.
“Good boy,” Taehyung murmurs, as Jeongguk’s moaning into his sweater paws. “My beautiful baby. Always so good for hyung.”

It takes Jeongguk a long moment to catch his breath, and Taehyung runs a palm up and down Jeongguk’s thigh as he recovers. He gently wipes his tears with his sleeves, face blotchy, and he looks at Taehyung with wide eyes and bright red lips and he asks, “Another?”

“Of course, lovely.”

Taehyung immediately dips his face back down, spits in Jeongguk’s hole again and smears it, pushes a fourth finger in and spreads them. Jeongguk whines loudly, jerking his hips back to get Taehyung’s tongue deeper. His cock is still hard, heavy between his thighs but Taehyung focuses on licking into his ass, eating him out as he fingers him open, Jeongguk moaning into the pillow.

“Fuck-” Jeongguk whimpers, biting hard on his sleeve as Taehyung squeezes his ass, catches his breath before dipping his tongue back into Jeongguk’s ass. “So good, shit- hn, oh my God, Tae-”

Pulling back, Taehyung gently trails his fingers over Jeongguk’s flushed back, gives him a minute to collect himself even as Jeongguk lets out a little sob and begs for Taehyung’s tongue again. “How’re you doing, baby?”

Jeongguk’s eyes are glazed when he looks back, cheeks bright red and spit on his chin. He looks gone, desperate, like the only thing he could ever want is Taehyung’s hands on his body, Taehyung’s mouth anywhere on his body. “More,” he gasps. “Please, Tae- Gukie wants to come-”

Dragging his nails down Jeongguk’s body- not enough to hurt or mark, just enough so Jeongguk chokes out a broken moan- Taehyung spreads his ass again and dips his thumb into his hole. “So beautiful, Guk-ah. My beautiful, messy baby. Hyung will let you come now, okay?”

“Tae-”

It doesn’t take much more, Jeongguk oversensitive and on edge, and he’s moaning and whining as Taehyung loses all abandon, fingering him and licking into his ass. When Jeongguk twitches, his whines getting louder, Taehyung drops one hand to tug lightly at his cock, jerking him off until he’s spilling into Taehyung’s hand, coming again with Taehyung’s name on his lips.

“There you go, baby.” Taehyung says quietly, stroking Jeongguk’s thighs where he’d clenched them too tightly. “Lie down, you did so well. So perfect for hyung.”

“Gukie’s a good boy?” Jeongguk murmurs, chewing on his sleeve as Taehyung gently guides him away from the wet spot on the bed to lie down. His face is a mess of tears and spit and there’s come on his lower belly.

Taehyung kisses his forehead, his nose, presses his mouth to Jeongguk’s softly. “My perfect boy. Hyung’s gonna clean you up now, okay?”

“Wait- Tae.” Jeongguk grabs his wrist before he can get out of bed. “Hyung didn’t come.”

“I- Oh.” Taehyung looks down and, yeah, he’s hard behind his slacks. He hadn’t even realized how painful it was, too focused on Jeongguk. “It’s okay, lovely. Tonight’s about you.”

But Jeongguk shakes his head. “I’ll blow you.”

He still looks a mess, still looks exhausted, and Taehyung doesn’t want to push him. “I’ll fuck your thighs, it’s okay.”
Jeongguk pouts.

“I’ll… come on your face?”

His pout disappears and he nods, scooting closer as Taehyung unzips his slacks, tugging out his hard cock and hissing at the sudden stimulation. Jeongguk waits, lips parted and eyes focused, as Taehyung quickly jerks himself off, on his knees above Jeongguk’s body.

And it really doesn’t take much, especially not with Jeongguk staring up at him so eagerly, mouth open and waiting, hand on Taehyung’s thigh because he likes to touch. Taehyung comes quickly, painting Jeongguk’s cheeks and nose white, come dripping from his chin. Jeongguk licks up what got near his mouth, sighing contently as Taehyung kisses his brow.

“I’ll be right back.”

He tosses his slacks to the side and grabs a pair of sweatpants before leaving the room to collect a few wet towels. Some of Jeongguk’s pajamas are on the floor in the bathroom and he takes them, too. Jeongguk hasn’t moved when he gets back, sweater still rucked up his chest. Taehyung leans over to blow a raspberry on his belly.

“Tae, no.” Jeongguk laughs, trying to squirm away. “Don’t. I haven’t been to the gym this week.”

“So?” Taehyung gently wipes down Jeongguk’s thighs and stomach, kisses Jeongguk’s face after cleaning the come from his skin. It takes him a minute to clean Jeongguk’s chin, then he’s helping Jeongguk out of his sweater and into something to wear to bed.

“So don’t look at my stomach.” Taehyung snakes a hand beneath Jeongguk’s shirt, pinching his side lightly. Jeongguk whines, “Hyung. I’m serious. I look bad, I need to do extra days at the gym.”

“What- hey.” Taehyung rolls onto his side, draws Jeongguk close to his body. “There is no possible way you could look bad, Jeongguk-ah. You always look beautiful. Always. Even when you walked in here naked, wearing an ascot and trying to use a fidget spinner on your dick.”

Jeongguk laughs, but the sound is a little watery. “But I want to look the best.”

“You always look the best. Who cares if you skip a couple gym days?”

“I care,” he mutters.

“Hey.” Taehyung tips Jeongguk’s face up with a finger curled beneath his chin. “Let me ask you something. You like me, right? Think I’m hot?”

“Yeah,” Jeongguk scoffs, like he can’t see Taehyung’s point. “Hottest lay I’ve ever had.”

“Mhm. And do I have abs like yours?”

“No.”

“Do you like me any less because of it?”

“No. That would be stupid.”

“Then why would I like you any less if you don’t have the best abs in the world?”

Jeongguk opens his mouth to reply, and then immediately shuts it. He scowls lightly, and shoves Taehyung’s shoulder. “Shut up. I hate when you make sense.”
“No, you don’t.” Taehyung kisses his nose. “Movie?”

“What if school gets to be too much and I blow up like a balloon?”

“I’ll still love you.”

“Really?”

Taehyung rolls his eyes. “Yes, really. I’m not with you for your body, baby. It’s just a bonus.”

Jeongguk purses his lips, curls up in Taehyung’s embrace and refuses to move even when Taehyung struggles to reach his laptop on the floor. He brings up the movie they’d fallen asleep watching a couple of nights ago, and Jeongguk murmurs, “Can we order food?”

“Course. Anything in particular?”

“No. I want to watch the sequel, too.”

“We can start it, but you have class in the morning. You should sleep soon.”

“Ugh.” Jeongguk flops onto his back, sits up a bit to draw Taehyung’s arm under his head to rest on. “A good daddy would let me skip class.”

“A good daddy would pay your tuition, which I can’t do. Guess you’ll have to find a new one.”

Jeongguk hums in agreement, holds his hands above their heads as if painting a picture. “I’ll find the richest daddy,” he says. “He’ll pay my tuition, buy me Gucci. I’ll get fucked on a private jet to Hawaii. I’ll have to suck his toes but it’ll be worth it.”

“Send me pictures from his private yacht.”

“Nah, you can see them on Instagram.”

“Oh, that reminds me.” Taehyung finds his phone somewhere in the mess of blankets, holding it up to snap a few pictures of them. Jeongguk groans and shoves him away when Taehyung kisses his cheek, but pulls him right back for more cuddles.

They’re quiet until the food comes, Jeongguk pausing the movie so Taehyung can collect it. He hands over Jeongguk’s favorite and they sit together, Jeongguk between his legs, as they eat. Taehyung can’t follow the plot of the movie, another romantic comedy that Jeongguk’s been obsessing over lately, so instead he holds Jeongguk close, kisses the back of his neck.

“Hyung?”

“Yeah?”

Jeongguk pauses, leans back heavily. “Thank you.”

Taehyung kisses behind his ear, squeezing Jeongguk closer.

“Why the fuck is it so difficult to choose carpeting?” Jimin complains, clicking between three different websites. “They’re all so expensive, too! How big is Hobi’s apartment?”

“Why don’t you ask him?” Taehyung mutters, trying to find where the figures of his report don’t add up.
“I can’t! You know I can’t! He’ll know I know if I ask.”

Taehyung doesn’t look away from his research. “What if it’s already carpeted? What if there’s already carpet and it doesn’t match the curtains you bought? Or he bought a bed already and it’s a soft bed?”

“You shut your mouth,” Jimin snaps, pointing a finger in Taehyung’s direction. “He would never betray me with a soft bed. I’ll break up with him if he does.”

“Why are we breaking up this time?” Hoseok crosses behind Taehyung, leaning over to kiss the top of Jimin’s head as Jimin frantically shuts his laptop and shoves his notes in Taehyung’s direction. “What are you working on?”

“I’m compiling Taehyung’s dick pictures over the years to make a slideshow as a birthday gift for Jeongguk.”

“That’s…” Hoseok gives him an odd look as Taehyung flips him off. “Thoughtful. I think. How many are there?”

“We started sexting in high school, so… a lot.”

“Right.”

Hoseok flags down their server to order a drink, ordering another cocktail for Jimin and some food to share. “The others should be here soon. How’s your thesis going, Taehyung?”

Taehyung groans and swats his own forehead with his notebook. “Perfect. Amazing. I live for the pursuit of education.”

“Glad to hear that.”

“Hey, Taehyung,” Jimin says loudly. “Should I include any dick pics with me in them?”

Taehyung spins his pen between his fingers with a cold smile. “Do whatever you want, Jimin-ssi. You have such an artistic perspective on phallic photos.”

“Only yours, babe.”

“Are you sure you guys should be doing this?” Hoseok asks suddenly.

Jimin frowns, and sucks down half his drink as it’s placed in front of him. “Doing what?”

Hoseok throws an arm around Jimin. “You know. The flirting, or talking about each other’s dicks, or fucking. How does Jeongguk feel about it?”

They both look at Taehyung, leaning back in his chair and furiously taking notes in his lap. He looks up at the weight of their gazes, shrinking a little. “I- he hasn’t said anything about it? I think he’s cool with it. He told me once he had a dream about Jimin fucking him.”

“Knew it!”

“I mean, I guess,” Hoseok says. “It’s just. It doesn’t bother me because I have unfortunately had both your dicks inside of me at one point, but Jeongguk hasn’t been as… involved as the rest of us. I don’t know. He might not like it.”

“Huh,” Taehyung says, watches Yoongi follow Seokjin and Namjoon into the café. “I never thought
“I’m sure he would have said something if it bothered him,” Hoseok says quickly. “He’s head over heels for you and knows you and Jimin are weirdly connected—”

“It’s called a red string of fate, hyung.”

“So maybe just tone it down when he’s around, is what I’m saying.” Hoseok finishes, rolling his eyes as the others join them. Taehyung gives up on his assignments for the day, shoving notebooks and Jimin’s laptop in his bag.

Seokjin immediately reaches for the food. “Tone what down?”

“Taehyung’s too gay for me, apparently,” Jimin says.

“Hey!”

“So nothing new, then?” Yoongi asks.


“Foursomes aren’t on my bucket list, but thanks.”

Jimin at least has the sense to tell when Taehyung’s done with a certain conversation, and he starts passing out food to people before he asks, “Where’s Jeongguk?”

Namjoon looks up from his phone. “Stuck with some people for his group project. He refuses to do it on his own, but another guy was two hours late and they have to make that up. He’s sent me many memes about despair.”

Taehyung checks his own phone. “When the fuck did he have time to send me a nude?”

“That must be the attachment Jeongguk begged me not to open,” Namjoon says, grimacing.

The conversation devolves and Taehyung sends Jimin a dirty look for earlier and gets a sheepish shrug in return. At least he and Hoseok have finally grown out of their year long honeymoon phase and had stopped feeding each other or doting on each other where the others could see. Namjoon and Seokjin share a look over Yoongi’s head.

“Everything okay over there?” Taehyung asks cautiously. It looked like Namjoon and Seokjin were silently arguing about something.

“Wonderful,” Yoongi says, at the same time Seokjin says, “No.”

They share a look that Taehyung can’t read. “Everything is fine,” Yoongi says. “Ignore him.”

“No, don’t ignore me.” Seokjin turns to the rest of them. “Yoongi refuses to get rid of his old audio equipment to clean out a room.”

“That stuff is important!” Yoongi complains. “Why do we even need a spare room? It’s not like we’ll be sleeping separately.”

“For space in case we want to be separate,” Seokjin says heavily, like they’ve argued over this topic several times before. “You know I love you two, but it’s a two person apartment. Squishing three people into one room with no outlet for any of our interests isn’t constructive to our relationship.”
Yoongi scowls, stabbing a piece of bread aggressively. “How is it an outlet if you’re trashing my equipment?”

“Yoongi,” Seokjin says quietly. “You have better equipment at the studio, that stuff is outdated, too. If you want this relationship to work you have to make sacrifices—”

“Hyung,” Yoongi says sternly. “I mean this with the utmost respect. I am not having this damn conversation with you here.”

For a long moment, Seokjin is quiet, staring down at Yoongi and looking at Namjoon over his shoulder. Then he nods, hand on the back of Yoongi’s head to kiss him. “Okay, I’m sorry.” He finally seems to notice everyone else in varying stages of watching the interaction and pretending it wasn’t happening. “Are we going to order or what?”

“Shouldn’t we wait for Jeongguk?” Hoseok asks, poking at the last of the appetizer spread he’d ordered.

“I’m here,” Jeongguk says, out of breath as he slips into the empty seat next to Taehyung. “Please order. I’m so hungry I could eat dick right now.”

“Please don’t,” Jimin says, making a face.

They order, passing empty plates to the server and rattling off more food than they logically should be able to eat. Jeongguk easily pulls Yoongi out of his funk, unaware that there had been any unease between everyone in the first place, but soon Yoongi is laughing and joking with Jeongguk. Which Taehyung considers to be a win, even if Yoongi is very determinedly not holding hands with either of his boyfriends.

Jeongguk eats off everyone’s plates and no one complains. He hijacks a conversation to ask Namjoon questions about one of his classes and whines until Yoongi agrees he can come to the studio despite an upcoming deadline.

“Oh, Koo,” Taehyung says, remembering what they’d talked about earlier. “Hoseok hyung was thinking—”

“Koo?” Jeongguk repeats, cheeks stuffed and eyebrow raised. “What is that?”

Taehyung flushes bright red, feels the weight of everyone’s gazes on him. “Oh, I- uh. I just. Thought it was pretty cute. Do you not like it?”

“I love it,” Jeongguk says. “I only want to be called Koo for the rest of my fucking life. Hear that, hyungs?” Everyone turns to look at Jeongguk, now. “My name is Koo and Koo only forever.”

“That’s… kinda disgusting, actually,” Jimin says, watching as Jeongguk leans over to kiss Taehyung square on the mouth. “I think I liked it better when they were practically fucking in front of us. This hurts to watch.”

“I’ll suck his dick,” Jeongguk declares around a mouthful of food. “I’ll do it right now.”

Taehyung pats the top of his head. “No, you won’t.”

Jeongguk makes a disappointed face, but quickly goes back to eating. “You said Hoseok hyung was thinking about something?” He asks, after Taehyung’s silently threatened to tell Hoseok that Jimin knows. The others hadn’t seemed to notice anything. “That’s concerning.”
This is the thanks I get for working overtime?” Hoseok splutters, as Jimin snickers into his palm.

“Oh, yeah.” Taehyung nods, tearing little pieces from his napkin. “Does it bother you? Like, Jimin and I? You know we used to fuck around a bunch, and I know we still do the gross flirting shit, so if it bothers you…?”

Jeongguk frowns, reaching to finish Taehyung’s soda. “It doesn’t bother me. Jimin hyung is hot and you already know I’ve dreamt of him domming me.”

“Why am I friends with any of you?” Yoongi complains, hiding his face behind his hands at the same time Jimin leans over to high-five Jeongguk.

“So I guess as long as you’re not actually sucking his dick, then I don’t mind,” Jeongguk finishes with a shrug.

“Don’t worry, baby,” Taehyung says, pinching his cheek. “Yours is the only dick I want to suck.”

Jeongguk snorts. “Thanks, hyung.”

Yoongi throws down a few bills and stands with a groan. “I greatly dislike all of you, so I’m leaving. You guys coming?”

“Yeah.” Seokjin stands. “We still need to-”

“Have sex.” Yoongi interrupts pointedly.

“Talk,” Seokjin sighs. “We need to fucking talk. Come on, Joon.”

Namjoon looks very resigned as he stands, and Taehyung salutes him in solidarity. They’ve all been there, albeit with fewer boyfriends to argue with. “Guk, don’t skip out on tutoring this week.”

“But-”

“Nope.”

Jeongguk slumps down in his uncomfortable chair, having finished most of the remaining food on the table. Taehyung’s got an arm around his shoulders, idly messing with his earlobe as he looks over his notes and tries to plan out when he’ll have an afternoon free to write out a first draft. Across the table, Jimin and Hoseok count out everyone’s money.

“What are you doing?” Jeongguk hooks his chin on Taehyung’s shoulder.

Taehyung startles, having tuned everyone out to look something up on his laptop. He thinks Jimin is offering Hoseok a night of blowjobs if he covers most of the check. “Oh, I’m. Looking up subspace stuff.”

“Why? We’re already good at that.”

“We can be better,” Taehyung says, bookmarking a few pages. “New stuff to try, new things to learn. I’ve found a bunch of stuff I think you might like.”

Jeongguk makes a noise of consideration and reads the page Taehyung was looking at. “Okay, well. First of all, you are never suspending me on a rope when you fuck me. And if you try to put me in a tail I will call you a furry in public.”

Laughing quietly, Taehyung squeezes his thigh and kisses his cheek. “I’ll get better.”
“You know, Jeongguk-ah,” Jimin says, as they’re all getting ready to leave. Jeongguk wanted to go to a nearby park and had managed to convince Jimin and Hoseok to come, too. “You’re always welcome to join Hoseok hyung and I. I taught Taehyung most of what he knows, anyway.”

Taehyung hooks his arm around Jeongguk’s neck, pulling Jeongguk’s face into his shoulder as he very furiously flips Jimin off. Against his neck, Jeongguk laughs, and Jimin simply leans over to lick a very wet stripe up Taehyung’s cheek.

Taehyung is woken up by the sound of Jeongguk’s voice telling him his dog is on the phone for him. He looks around in confusion before recognizing it’s his cellphone, lighting up on the nightstand, and that Jeongguk must have changed his ringtone. Again.

“Hey, did I wake you?” Seokjin asks, when Taehyung’s fumbling hands manage to connect the line.

“No, it’s fine,” Taehyung says around a yawn. “Why on earth would I be asleep at-” He checks the time and cries a little on the inside. “Two twenty seven in the morning?”

“Great! Can you come pick up your boyfriend? Jimin and Hoseok left to go fuck around somewhere and I still need to close up the bar. I really don’t want Jeongguk falling asleep here again.”

His bed is so warm and he’s so comfortable, the last thing he wants is to leave the apartment and drive through the humid night to deal with drunk people, but. “Of course. I’ll be there in a few.”

“Thanks, Tae- hey! Jeongguk, get off the fucking table-”

The line disconnects and Taehyung takes a minute to yell into his pillow before he dresses quickly, tugs on a sweatshirt he can’t remember is Jeongguk’s or his. Hoseok left his car outside the apartment before they’d all gone out to drink so Taehyung takes it instead of walking.

The bar is disconcertingly and eerily quiet this time of night, after the doors have closed to patrons and the only light comes from inside. The doors are locked but Taehyung knows the back way in, yawning as he walks through the dimly lit kitchen and into the bar area, where music plays softly. Minjae is dragging the mats out to be cleaned and Seokjin is trying to get Jeongguk to put his shirt back on.

“Babe!” Jeongguk yells, when he notices Taehyung in the doorway. “My baby! My hyungie! Seokjin let go, I’m gonna go have sex.”

“Not in my bar, you’re not,” Seokjin grumbles.

Jeongguk stumbles on the table and Seokjin grabs his wrist, helping him to sit down, put his feet on the chair, and slowly stand on the floor again. On unsteady legs, Jeongguk crosses the bar to fling himself into Taehyung’s arms, bare skin warm against Taehyung’s palms.

“Hi, hyung.”

“Hi, baby.” Taehyung gently pushes Jeongguk’s damp bangs away from his forehead. “Did you have a good night?”

Jeongguk nods, swaying where he stands. His eyes are wide open but glazed, skin flushed, and he smells terribly of whiskey. He leans most of his weight on Taehyung. “Jimin-ssi gave me lots of blowjobs!”
Taehyung blinks. “He what?”

“It’s a shot,” Seokjin says. It looks like he’s gathering Jeongguk’s book bag from the booth Jeongguk must have spent most of the night at. “I took videos for you, Tae. Which, now that I think about it, is probably not good as his cousin.”

Jeongguk tugs at Taehyung’s shirt, displeased to not have all of Taehyung’s attention focused entirely on him. “Hyung! Jimin bought me lots of shots! Promised we’d go swimming, but—” He whips his head around and nearly trips himself. Taehyung stifles a snort as a cough. “Where’s hyung?”

“He left a while ago,” Seokjin says, handing Jeongguk’s shirt and book bag to Taehyung as he passes by. “I’m gonna kick his ass later.”

It takes a few minutes to wrestle Jeongguk, who’d launched into a very slurred recount of the entire night and everything a tipsy Jimin had promised they’d do, back into his shirt. Around them, Seokjin and Minjae clean up the bar and restock the coolers. Judging by the chairs not being on the tables, they’ve still got a long way to go before they can leave.

“How are things with Yoongi hyung?” Taehyung asks, tugging Jeongguk’s arm around his shoulders. He’s trying to leave a hickey on Taehyung’s neck and failing spectacularly. “Lunch last week was…”

Seokjin sighs, washing glasses with a little too much force. “They’re going. Namjoon is on my side, so it helps. But Yoongi just feels like we’re ganging up on him.”

“I think he’s scared.”

Seokjin pauses, eyebrows furrowed when he looks up. “What do you mean?”

“I think Yoongi hyung is scared,” Taehyung repeats. Jeongguk’s got his hand on his belt, now. “Dating Namjoon was easy and they got together easily. He was scared when the feelings for you started, and now things are good, and I think he’s scared that by changing the layout of the apartment…”

“Everything feels real,” Seokjin finishes, lips parted in surprise. “That bastard. He’s been so calm about everything.”

Taehyung nods. “By cleaning out a room, it’s a big neon sign saying he’s dedicated to the longevity of the relationship. In high school he used to tell me he never wanted to date, and now he’s got two boyfriends who love him lots and want him to succeed. It’s a big transition for him, hyung.”

“Oh my God,” Seokjin says quietly. “I’m an idiot, I should have realized.”

With a snort, Taehyung leans over the bar to squeeze Seokjin’s shoulders. “Yoongi doesn’t exactly wear his heart on his sleeve, hyung. He shows his emotions through his work. He’s probably still at the studio right now, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, tell Namjoon hyung to meet you there. Bring him chocolate. He won’t ask for it, but he likes it when someone brings it to him.”

“Thanks, Taehyung,” Seokjin says. “Who would’ve thought you getting your dick in Yoongi would help my relationship with him years later?”
“Funny how the world works,” Taehyung snickers. “Anyway, I better get Guk home before he tries to give me a handjob.”

Seokjin makes a face. “Might be too late for that.”

“Goodnight, hyung!”

“Get home safe.”

Jeongguk trips on a pebble and stumbles in the doorway, clinging to Taehyung’s hoodie as he tries to walk steady. It doesn’t work, and Taehyung wonders just how many shots just hit him right now. The parking lot is still relatively full, lots of cars left from people who’d taken an Uber home, instead. At one point, Jeongguk tries to follow a pigeon and Taehyung has to pull him back by the back of his shirt.

Almost halfway to the car, Jeongguk trips again and falls hard on his knees, giggling to himself. His hair flops into his eyes when he looks up and says, “I could suck your dick like this.”

Taehyung can’t help his fond laughter, holding out a hand to help Jeongguk up. “I’m not into exhibitionism, but thanks for the offer.”

“Shame. It’d be hot to fuck in public, let everyone see who Gukie belongs to.”

Taehyung has to nip this in the bud before Jeongguk gets himself worked up, so he wraps a comforting arm around Jeongguk’s shoulders and leads him to the car. “Maybe when you’re not drunk as fuck.”

“I’m not drunk.”

“See this parking spot outline? Walk it.”

Jeongguk diverges the path on his second step. “Wait- the line cheated.”

“I’m sure it did.”

“It did! So you’ll fuck me now?”

“Let’s get home first.”

It’s harder than Taehyung expected to get Jeongguk into the passenger seat. He keeps unbuckling his seatbelt and leaning over to press sloppy, wet kisses to Taehyung’s chin and make a face when he misses Taehyung’s mouth again. Finally, Taehyung gets him to sit still, slams the door, and starts the car.

Jeongguk is a giggly drunk at best and an immobile drunk at worst, and tonight he’s somewhere in the middle, squirming where he sits, waving his arms and wiggling his fingers like he’s trying to ensure he’s not missing any of them. He reaches over the console to pinch Taehyung’s nose, to swat at his face, sings along loudly to the radio and gets all of the words wrong.

It’s horribly annoying and yet Taehyung doesn’t mind, smiling fondly and holding Jeongguk’s hand over the console. He sneaks a few pictures for blackmail when they’re stopped at lights.

“Road work ahead?” Jeongguk snickers, slumped about as far as physically possible in his seat. “Yeah, I sure hope it does.”

“That’s a stop sign.”
“You’re a stop sign.”

Laughing softly, Taehyung finds an empty parking spot. “Come on, baby. Let’s get you to bed.”

A quick elevator ride and several instances of keeping Jeongguk’s hands out of his pants later, Taehyung is finally tucking Jeongguk into bed. It’s almost three thirty at this point, and Taehyung feels exhaustion burn heavily behind his eyelids, but he still grabs an extra blanket from Jimin’s room because Jeongguk complains about being cold.

“Please go to sleep,” Taehyung begs, as Jeongguk turns onto his side, then his back, then lies on Taehyung’s chest for the third time. “Please.”

“I can’t get comfortable.” Jeongguk pauses. “Also, I might puke.”

Taehyung sighs, carding his fingers through Jeongguk’s hair. He’s finally settled on curling into Taehyung’s body. “I left a waste basket by your side.”

“My side,” Jeongguk repeats in a whisper. “Hey, hyung?”

“Mh,” Taehyung breathes, on the edge of sleep.

“Do… do you think we still would have gotten together if I’d never slept with her?”

Briefly, so quickly it could have been missed, Taehyung’s fingers stutter with the rhythm of playing with Jeongguk’s hair. He recovers easily, but his heart beats a little too fast and he knows Jeongguk can hear it in the silence. It’s not something Taehyung refuses to think about, just something he doesn’t like to, because it was his unfaithful ex-girlfriend who’d first brought Jeongguk into his life. If she’d never scoped Jeongguk out at a party, would Taehyung be in love with another of her flings?

But- Taehyung knows that wouldn’t be the case.

Jeongguk is… Jeongguk is special. He means more to Taehyung than he ever could have anticipated. There’s no way Taehyung could have fallen so hard for someone else. Especially if that someone hadn’t been related to Seokjin, or if they’d disappeared from Taehyung’s life forever after the first night.

So Taehyung hums, and he cranes his neck to kiss the top of Jeongguk’s head. “I like to think so, yeah.”

“You?”

“You were transferring into the university, anyway,” Taehyung says. “Seokjin hyung would have introduced us. I’d give it a week before I was telling Jimin how much I wanted you on my dick.”

Jeongguk sighs, curls up a little tighter. “You wouldn’t have hated me.”

“I never hated you,” Taehyung murmurs. It’s a conversation they’ve had a few times, and sober Jeongguk knows it to be true. “You know this. I hated her and I hated the situation. I should have handled it better.”

“If you apologize I’m gonna kick your dick,” Jeongguk says sleepily.

“How about I kiss you, instead?”

“You better.”
Jeongguk lifts his head for easier access; lazily kissing back while Taehyung rests a hand, heavy and solid, on his lower back. Then he lies back down, pulls Taehyung’s arms tighter around him, and sighs. “Thank you. I know how annoying it is to deal with drunk people, especially when you don’t.”

“Go to sleep, lovely,” Taehyung whispers. He thinks Jeongguk might already be asleep, and he can’t wait to wake up after the sunsets again.

What feels like only a handful minutes later, Taehyung startles awake when something very heavy collapses on his chest. He splutters and gets a mouthful of Jeongguk’s hair, which somehow tastes like Jell-O.

“I’m dying,” Jeongguk moans, morosely. “I am literally going to die.”

“Let me sleep. Go throw up or something.”

“I did.”

“Go back to sleep.”

Jeongguk’s expression is miserable when Taehyung opens his eyes. “I can’t. I had four swift kicks last night.”

“So?”

“They have a shit ton of RedBull in them.”

“Oh my God.”

“I have so much energy,” Jeongguk says, speaking too quickly for Taehyung’s bedraggled mind to keep up. “I need to go for a run or go to the gym but if I stand up I’ll probably get sick again. Can I run laps in the hallway?”

Taehyung gives up on going back to sleep, tuning Jeongguk out as he searches for one of their phones to check the time and almost cries when he sees it’s just past sunrise. “What the hell did you drink last night?”

“I tried to match with Jimin hyung—”

“Say no more.”

With the use of an inordinate amount of energy, Taehyung pushes himself out of bed and stands on his weary feet. He gestures for Jeongguk, swaddled in a hoodie and looking sick as hell, to follow him into the kitchen. Jeongguk sits at the tiny table and watches Taehyung mess around in the fridge, gathering vegetables and eggs and spices and something that looks like a smoothie from the fridge.

A few minutes later, Taehyung puts a giant glass in front of Jeongguk, frothy and slightly yellow from the eggs. “Drink.”

“Are you killing me?”

“Jimin’s hangover cure.” Taehyung says around a yawn. He sits across Jeongguk and rests his head on his arms. “He used to swear by it in high school but it tastes awful so he doesn’t use it as much.”

Jeongguk lifts the glass to examine it. “I think something just growled at me.”
“It’ll help. Probably.” Taehyung knocks his ankle against Jeongguk’s. “Hold your nose and close your eyes.”

“Just like a blowjob,” Jeongguk mutters.

“Why the fuck would you give a blowjob like that-?”

Slamming the glass back on the table, Jeongguk has the most disgusted expression on his face. He’s paled slightly, staring at the empty glass like he can’t believe he swallowed everything inside it. “That… tastes exactly how I imagine childbirth feels.”

“I don’t… I don’t think that’s applicable, babe. But- uh, how are you feeling?”

Jeongguk’s eyes are determined when he says, “I am going to be violently ill.”

He doesn’t get sick, somehow, but Taehyung quickly gives up on the idea of getting anymore sleep after Jeongguk spends two hours sprawled out on the bed speaking out his will and believing that Taehyung was writing it down. Taehyung manages to get him into the shower, to drink a bottle of water, and take some Aspirin before Jeongguk decides he wants a cheeseburger and they’re crossing campus to get one.

“How’s your group project?” Taehyung asks, watching in mild horror as Jeongguk polishes off a second burger in five bites.

Jeongguk checks his phone. “Missed today’s meeting. Sungwoo is never going to let me live that down, but I really don’t want to talk about school. Please.”

“Still stressed?”

“I said no talking about school so now you owe me another burger.”

Jeongguk crashes hard for a nap, during which Jimin comes home to hide more of the stuff he’d bought for the apartment, Seokjin stops by just to make sure Jeongguk isn’t dead, and Yoongi brings a puppy and a huge smile to ask if Jeongguk wants any of his old recording equipment.

Taehyung makes them tea and says he’ll ask, and, “I’m still confused. Why do you have a puppy?”

“When Seokjin hyung and Namjoon came to talk we spoke for a long time. Talked about commitment and shit. I joked that I’d clean out the spare room if we all adopted a puppy and Namjoon came back three hours later with Holly.”

“She’s adorable.”

“He’s adorable,” Yoongi corrects him. “Dogs can be boys, too, Taehyung.”

“I-what?”

A huge mound of blankets comes stumbling into the kitchen and plops onto Taehyung’s lap. “I’ll leave you to that,” Yoongi laughs, finishing off the last of his tea. “Come by tomorrow, Seokjin hyung’s going to cook since we’ve almost finished unpacking all of his shit.”

“Okay.” When he hears the front door shut, Taehyung carefully unwraps a bunch of blankets to find Jeongguk’s face. “Welcome back to the land of the living.”

“It’s nighttime again,” Jeongguk complains.
“It is.”

“I want to kick Jimin’s ass.”

“You couldn’t take him,” Taehyung says, rubs his thumb where he thinks Jeongguk’s hip is. “He’s trained in Kendo and shit. It’d be cute to watch, though.”

“Ugh.”

Taehyung pats his hip, presses a kiss to his cheek. “Get dressed. We’re going out to dinner.”

“Ugh.”

But the allure of food proves too strong even for the residual effects of Jeongguk’s hangover and he lets Taehyung tug a button-down shirt onto his frame and walk him down a few streets to a small, nice restaurant. With a hand on the small of Jeongguk’s back, Taehyung guides him to a corner by the window to sit.

“Why do you look so uncomfortable?” Taehyung hisses after they’ve ordered drinks.

Jeongguk looks sheepish when he says, “I am way too hungover for this level of fancy.”

“Shut up.”

The restaurant is cozy and quiet, couples sharing desserts and conversation, and the occasional family at the larger tables. Jeongguk stutters on the pronunciation of his meal and Taehyung really loves him, hiding his grin behind his menu as Jeongguk blushes. He flips Taehyung off while he’s ordering and they get an odd look from their waiter.

For a while they’re quiet, holding hands between the warm candles and watching pedestrians pass through the window. A girl waits by the door, umbrella propped on her shoulder as a light drizzle begins, and a bright smile breaks out on her features as a boy approaches and hands her something before they leave.

“Do you have a bell?” Jeongguk murmurs, watching the couple leave.

“A bell?”

“Never mind. Why’d we come here?”

Taehyung shrugs. “I thought you’d like it. Is it too much?”

“No,” Jeongguk says, biting his cheek against a smile. “It’s very you. I like it.”

“Oh, good-”

“Taehyung?” They both look up to see a guy approaching the table, grinning widely at Taehyung. A girl he doesn’t recognize hangs off his arm, looking bored. “Yeah, shit, I thought it was you. Your hair is longer.”

“I- yeah, I’m growing it out,” Taehyung answers, a little dazed. “I thought you graduated, Jaehyun.”

Jaehyun rolls his eyes. “One class wouldn’t transfer, I’m out after the summer. Hey, man, do you want to come to this party tonight? It’s been forever since we-”

“This is my boyfriend,” Taehyung says, a little too loudly, a little too quickly, but his heart’s kicking
erratically in his chest and that unfamiliar, shitty feeling is trying to grip his throat again. Jeongguk just looks between them, confused. “Jeongguk, this is Jaehyun.”

“Good to meet you, Jeongguk,” Jaehyun says easily, holding out his hand.

“You, too.”

“I’m interrupting,” Jaehyun says. “See you guys around?”

Taehyung tries a smile. “Yeah, sure.”

“Who was that?” Jeongguk asks, after Jaehyun and his date have safely left the restaurant. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

It is times like this Taehyung really wished he still drank, and the Jack and Coke sitting in front of Jeongguk looks dangerously appealing. “My… chemistry partner? I think? It’s been more than a year since I’ve had a lab with him, though.” Taehyung looks away, pursing his lips. “We used to hook up a lot. He had a thing for fucking in the labs after they’d closed.”

“Oh. Cool.”

When Taehyung chances a look, Jeongguk doesn’t appear to be angry. He’s picking at his cuticles on one hand, mouth curved with what Taehyung recognizes to be determination, jaw set in a way Taehyung associates with jealousy. “Why are you making that face? I’m with you, Guk-ah.”

“No, yeah, I know. I’m not jealous,” Jeongguk says flippantly. “But I feel like I need to suck your dick in the bathroom right now.”

“Trying to lay claim?” Taehyung jokes weakly.

“Yes. How much time do you think we have until the food comes?”

Before Taehyung gets a chance to answer, their server returns with their food, pasta dishes and a seafood platter to share. Jeongguk scowls at the food, as if it’s at fault that they can’t fool around in the bathroom.

“Hey.” Taehyung leans over to tweak Jeongguk’s nose. “Eat. You can claim me all you want later.”

“I’m holding you to that.”

Jeongguk orders another drink, very boldly tells Taehyung the alcohol helps him feel better after last night, and they eat quietly. They share stories, Taehyung of the issues he’s facing trying to pursue reliable sources and interviews for his thesis, and Jeongguk with his summer classes. Taehyung promises to take him somewhere special after the last day of class, before his birthday, to help relax him after what Taehyung knows has been a stressful couple of months. Jeongguk impassionedly complains about all the shopping trips Jimin has dragged him to, wishes Hoseok would just ask Jimin to move in already.

They eat quickly, Jeongguk all but inhaling everything even after Taehyung slows down. Jeongguk orders them a dessert and refuses to let go of Taehyung’s hand. He’s got chocolate sauce on his chin and a goofy smile on his face while telling Taehyung a story, and-

“Baby.”

“Yeah?”
“I love you.”

Jeongguk promptly chokes on a square of cheesecake.

Grabbing every napkin on the table, Taehyung flounders, both trying to cover Jeongguk’s mouth in the wake of the resulting coughing fit and wipe up the ice cream he’d managed to drop on the tablecloth. Jeongguk takes the napkin himself, coughing once more, and pinches the back of Taehyung’s hand.

“Dude!”

“I- I’m sorry?” Taehyung splutters, doesn’t know what else to say. “I thought you knew!”

“I mean, yeah, I do!” Jeongguk throws a cheesecake square at him. And then another. And another. Taehyung grabs his hands and holds them flat on the table. “You’re not exactly subtle, hyung, but you can’t just! Spring it on me! While I’m eating!”

“I’m sorry!” Now he’s laughing, chuckling because Jeongguk’s cheeks are bright red, eyes wide open, and he’s still got that stupid chocolate sauce on his chin. “I just wanted to say it, you don’t have to-“

“I love you, too,” Jeongguk says.

Taehyung narrows his eyes. “Really? Because last time I brought it up, you told me to ask again later.”

Jeongguk grins, secure in their little joke. “It’s later. And I’ve known for a while, so. Yeah, I love you. A lot.”

Carefully linking their hands together on the table, Taehyung’s chest feels so warm and so full that it terrifies him a little bit. “I’m glad I found you, Jeongguk-ah.”

Jeongguk’s smile is breathtaking. “Me, too.”

Declaring dessert unsalvageable, Jeongguk leads Taehyung to a small market a few blocks over, where they get ice cream and walk, arms linked. The night is warm, humid, and they’re both dressed too nicely for a stroll in a tiny park, but Taehyung doesn’t mind. Even when Jeongguk leans over to bite half of his cone, Taehyung thinks this is perfect.

The door slams open and then shut, and from the corner of Taehyung’s eye, he sees Jeongguk storm into the small living area, sit heavily on the couch, and cross his arms against his chest. Taehyung manages to cite another source before Jeongguk groans, throwing his head back.

“Call me a good boy.”

“You’re a good boy,” Taehyung says, not looking away from his computer. “What happened?”

“We definitely bombed that presentation,” Jeongguk laments.

“You got your grade back?”

Jeongguk huffs. “No. But Sungwoo didn’t even show up. I had to make up his shit on the spot.”

“I’m sorry, baby.”
“Not y’fault.”

Jeongguk is quiet, then, glaring at a spot on the wall as Taehyung continues to write down sources and testimonies. He’s pushing a deadline already, but Jeongguk still looks frustrated, sitting rigid and tense. Jimin’s not home, and Taehyung’s not sure when or if he’ll be back tonight.

So he says, “What can I do?”

“I dunno,” Jeongguk says, squirming a little. “I’m just glad the class is over.”

“Do you… Want to come sit on my dick until I finish this up?”

A beat of silence passes and then Jeongguk is perking up, expression cautiously optimistic. It’s something that Jeongguk loves, something they don’t often get a chance to do, and with an entire evening free… “Can I?”

“Of course.”

Jeongguk is on his feet in an instant, fingers nimbly undoing the button on his jeans. He nearly trips over them as he kicks them off, taking big steps towards Taehyung, but he pauses, head cocked, when Taehyung holds up a hand.

“You’re forgetting something.”

“No?” Jeongguk asks, looking down at his half-hard cock. “I’ve got everything.”

Taehyung gives him an unimpressed look. “You need to prep, baby.”

“Oh! Yeah, fuck- is there still-?”

“Jimin always has stuff next to the couch.”

Jeongguk dives back onto the couch, finds the lube squished between the cushions and the back of the couch. He’s got his socks and boxers off in the next breath, slick fingers prodding between his cheeks where he kneels on the couch. It’s a distracting sight, Jeongguk with his front pressed to the arm of the couch, head down and hand moving behind his body. Taehyung really should have thought this through, because now he can’t focus on his assignments, instead he’s watching Jeongguk over his laptop, listening to his little whimpers.

Clicking his tongue, Taehyung opens another tab. “Use more lube. This isn’t a race, Jeongguk.”

“Hyung,” Jeongguk whines. “Watch me.”

“I’ve got my assignments, baby.”

Jeongguk makes a noise of dissatisfaction, but it devolves into another moan as Taehyung assumes he’s pushing a second finger into his hole. His body shakes, and Taehyung wants nothing more than to cross the room, to hold Jeongguk down and add his own fingers, make Jeongguk come like that and then again, before letting him have anything else. He’s already getting hard, it would be difficult not to- not with the noises Jeongguk’s making, the way he pants into his forearm, whines Taehyung’s name for more, even though Taehyung hasn’t limited him.

He twirls his pen as he watches, watches Jeongguk lift his head, cheeks bright red and lips wet and swollen. Jeongguk adds a third and then fourth finger quickly and then he’s babbling, “I’m ready, hyung. Fuck, please, I-”
Taehyung laughs, a little cruelly. “Then what are you waiting for?” Pushing out his chair to make a little room, Taehyung pats his thigh as Jeongguk approaches, biting his lip as if shy. He lets Jeongguk unbutton his jeans, but slaps his hands away before he can touch Taehyung’s cock, hard and leaking. “Never said you could touch, did I?”

“But, hyung.”

“Hm? Hyung is letting you sit on his dick, baby. Being so nice, giving you such a good treat. Shouldn’t you thank me?”

Jeongguk chews lightly on his lower lip, plays with the hem of his t-shirt where it barely covers his painfully hard dick. He mumbles, “Thank you.”

“What was that?”

“Thank you, hyung.”

“For what?” Taehyung presses, stroking his cock slowly. Jeongguk whines, shuffling his feet. He wants to touch and Taehyung hasn’t said he can.

“T-Thank you for letting me sit on your big cock, hyung.”

“Good boy. Take your seat, lovely.”

Jeongguk swings his leg over Taehyung’s lap, lip bitten again as Taehyung keeps a strong hand on his hip, guiding him to slowly- slowly- sink down on Taehyung’s cock. He chokes on something like a moan, throws his arms around Taehyung’s shoulders, thighs shaking already.

“Fuck-” Jeongguk whimpers, face pressed to Taehyung’s neck as he sits flush on Taehyung’s lap. “Oh, God.”

Taehyung presses a kiss to Jeongguk’s temple, already damp with sweat. “Good, baby?”

“Y-Yeah.”

“Good.” He pats Jeongguk’s ass, lightly. “Be a good boy and let hyung finish his work.”

If he’s being honest, Taehyung knew he was fucked the minute he offered Jeongguk the option. He can’t even hope to focus on his assignment, not with Jeongguk on his lap, strong thighs squeezing his, ass clenched tight around his cock, lips brushing Taehyung’s neck as he mumbles to himself. It’s intoxicating, being buried deep inside Jeongguk, knowing he’s in charge of any of Jeongguk’s movements, he decides if anything comes from this. Jeongguk’s thighs tense again, and his breathing is even heavier when he manages to relax.

Taehyung can barely see his computer over Jeongguk’s shoulders, can barely reach his notebook, so he dips a hand beneath Jeongguk’s shirt and traces nonsensical patterns on his flushed skin. Jeongguk moans again, panting wetly against Taehyung’s neck. When Taehyung slips his hand down to squeeze Jeongguk’s ass, to touch where they’re joined, Jeongguk shudders in his hold, pushes Taehyung’s cock deeper, and chokes out a moan.

“H-Hyung-”

“Sh, baby.”

Jeongguk whines. “Tae, please- need more-”
Jeongguk scrambles to hold onto his shoulders when Taehyung shifts, jostling Jeongguk on his lap. He’s breathing heavily, arms tight around Taehyung, thighs shaking with the effort of not moving, of staying still for Taehyung. He presses another kiss to the shell of Jeongguk’s ear and gets a choked whine in return.

And maybe it’s a little mean, but Taehyung purposefully takes longer than he needs to. He purposefully moves around, even though every time he does it moves Jeongguk, pushes his dick in further, makes Jeongguk that much more desperate. When he reaches for his notes, Jeongguk whines, and Taehyung pats his lower back in a silent warning. And Jeongguk—Jeongguk is the most beautiful mess, hair slick against his forehead, lips wet with spit where he hides in Taehyung’s shoulder. His entire body is shaking, desperate to move and desperate to touch, but Taehyung makes sure to touch him as little as possible.

He’s been finished with the work for his upcoming deadline for a few minutes now, so Taehyung sits up straighter, takes care to save everything before he grips Jeongguk’s hips tightly and slowly rolls his hips up.

“Hyung-” Jeongguk gasps, cries out when Taehyung won’t let him grind down. “D-Done? Can- can you- I-”

“Can I what, baby boy?”

Jeongguk makes a noise of frustration. “You know, Tae.”

“Do I?” Taehyung tilts his head back, squeezes Jeongguk’s ass with one hand to hear him choke on a moan. “You’ll have to refresh my memory, darling.”

“Fuck me!”

Taehyung laughs, and moves his hands to cup Jeongguk’s cheeks, urging his face out of hiding. He gently wipes the tear tracks from Jeongguk’s skin, waits until Jeongguk opens his eyes. “I said you could sit on my cock, baby. Never said I’d fuck you.”

Spluttering, Jeongguk paws weakly at the back of Taehyung’s t-shirt. “B-But, hyung- you- you can’t!”

“Yeah? I think I can.”

Jeongguk sticks out his bottom lip, pouting fiercely. “Please? Please, I’ll do anything.”

“Anything?” Jeongguk nods eagerly, ducks his head to suck a mark onto Taehyung’s neck. “But baby, you’re already enough.”

“Hyung!”

Jeongguk aims a light punch at Taehyung’s shoulder and he laughs, holding Jeongguk close and pressing soft kisses to his face. He really can’t deny Jeongguk of anything. “I’m teasing, lovely. You want to ride me in the chair?”

“Hm, no. Worship me in a bed.”
“Pillow princess,” Taehyung teases fondly, pinching Jeongguk’s ass. He jolts, nudging Taehyung’s cock deeper, and chokes on whatever he was planning to say. “Okay, up.”

Jeongguk nuzzles into his neck again. “Carry me.”

“You know I can’t”

“But Gukie doesn’t—” Jeongguk cuts off, expression torn. He looks like he wants to argue, or give up and just let Taehyung fuck him in the chair, before he finally sighs, and like it’s the most difficult thing he’s ever had to do, he lifts himself from Taehyung’s cock. He holds a hand out to Taehyung. “Ugh. I know you’ve been going to the gym with Jimin hyung. I can’t wait until you fuck me against the wall.”

Taehyung laughs, nuzzling a kiss to Jeongguk’s cheek. “It’ll be a while, little one.”

“Worth the wait, now come on—” He tugs petulantly at Taehyung’s hand, shirt a little wrinkled from Taehyung’s hands earlier. “I need your big dick back inside me right now.”

“Hey.” Taehyung wraps an arm around his waist from behind, lips pressed to the shell of his ear. “Jimin is hoping to move out next week. Want to fuck on his bed? Give him a proper goodbye?”

“Holy shit, yeah,” Jeongguk agrees, shivering slightly. “Definitely one of my top fantasies.”

“What are the others?”

Jeongguk spins on his foot, holding up a finger with everything he says. “Calling you daddy in bed, getting fucked against the wall, and Yoongi hyung watching you fuck me.”

“I feel like we should talk about that last one—”

“Nope!”

Jeongguk pauses in the doorway to Jimin’s room, sheets on the floor and boxes stacked in the corner. He’s been spending as much time as possible lately at Hoseok’s apartment to keep the secret. Taehyung meets him there, hooking his chin over Jeongguk’s shoulder.

“Maybe you can pretend it’s Jimin,” Taehyung whispers, squeezing tighter when Jeongguk squirms. “Jimin pinning you down, Jimin fucking you so well until all you can do is cry, beg for more and more because Jimin fuck you so hard. He’s so strong, little one, how many times do you think he’d make you come? Hm?”

“Hyung,” Jeongguk whines. Taehyung rolls his hips against Jeongguk’s ass, his head falling back. “How long are you going to hold that over my head?”

“Until it stops being funny,” Taehyung says, sucking a mark onto the base of Jeongguk’s neck. “Until you have a dream like that about me.”

Jeongguk scoffs. “Don’t need to dream it, hyung. Now can you fuck me already?”

“Hands and knees for me?”

Jeongguk dives onto Jimin’s bed, lies on his back and squirms around to get comfortable. Taehyung rolls his eyes, tugs off his shirt and jeans as he crosses the room. He grabs some lube from Jimin’s drawer and finds his vibrator he thought he lost months ago. Jeongguk kicks at his leg.

“Hurry up.”
“Thought I told you to get on your knees.”

Jeongguk stretches his arms over his head, grinning widely as he spreads his legs to make room for Taehyung between his knees. He pulls his shirt off without a go ahead. “I want to do it like this.”

Eyes rising in surprise, Taehyung curls his fingers over Jeongguk’s thighs, pushes them further apart. Jeongguk’s eyes flutter at the stretch, neck bared. “Watch it, baby.”

“Or what?” Jeongguk asks, lip quirked. “You’ll spank me? Get the whip? Tie me up so I can’t move? How terrible.”

“Maybe I won’t fuck you,” Taehyung says, voice stern as he slicks up his fingers. Jeongguk’s hole is still wet and loose, and he easily takes the three fingers Taehyung shoves into his ass. “Leave you here all night.”

“You won’t. You’re whipped for this ass.”

“What’s your limit again?” Taehyung taps out a rhythm on Jeongguk’s hip. “Four? Should we try for five? Or six?”

“Y-You wouldn’t.”

“You’re willing to take that chance?” Taehyung scissors his fingers, presses his fingers into Jeongguk’s prostate and watches his body tense, watches him bite his lip to hold back a moan. “Let me hear you, Jeongguk-ah.”

Jeongguk jerks his chin, jaw set in determination as he grinds his hips down against Taehyung’s fingers. He clutches at Taehyung’s hips, his grip tight enough to bruise. “I’ve been ready, hyung. Get on with it.”

“Watch your mouth.”

“Make me-”

A resounding slap echoes, Jeongguk’s eyes wide and cheek pressed to the pillow. His skin is warm where Taehyung grips between his fingers, carefully scrutinizing Jeongguk’s expression, but Jeongguk just whispers, body going lax where Taehyung is still fingering him. He scrambles to hold onto any part of Taehyung he can reach, cheek bright red where Taehyung slapped him.

“This is what you wanted, huh?” Taehyung mutters, turning Jeongguk’s face to appraise the marks. He can just make out the distinction of his fingers on the first, the sight hotter than he anticipated.

“Want me to be mean? Slapped around? Fuck you like the little slut you are?”

“Please- hyung-”

“That’s not what you call me, is it, little one?”

Jeongguk sobs, body jerking as Taehyung ruthlessly pushes against his prostate. “Daddy, daddy please-”

“You’ll take what I give you,” Taehyung snarls. He slips two fingers between Jeongguk’s lips, presses down on his tongue. “Is that clear?”

Jeongguk nods, tears shining already in the corners of his eyes as Taehyung moves his fingers
harder, quicker. He pushes a fourth finger in, and teases the tip of his thumb against Jeongguk’s hole. He tightens his legs around Taehyung’s body, skin slick with sweat and cock drooling precum on his lower belly.

When Jeongguk’s legs become unbearably tight around Taehyung’s waist, his entire body shaking and his nails scraping Taehyung’s skin, Taehyung pulls his fingers from his hole. Jeongguk’s breathy little moans cut off, and he cries out in confusion.

“You’re coming once,” Taehyung says, wiping the lube crudely on Jeongguk’s thigh. “Choose, little slut. Do you want to come now, or later?”

Jeongguk slurs his answer around Taehyung’s fingers, who only snickers and simply wipes the drool back between Jeongguk’s lips. “L-Later.” Jeongguk whimpers, repeating himself at Taehyung’s command. “Wanna- wanna come with d-daddy.”

Gathering Jeongguk’s hands, Taehyung pins them above his head. “If you move them, daddy has to punish you. Understand?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Good.” Taehyung drags his hands down Jeongguk’s body, jostling him and lining his cock at Jeongguk’s hole. “If you’re good, you get to come tonight.”

He doesn’t give Jeongguk a chance to reply, pushing into Jeongguk’s body in one smooth thrust and reveling greatly in the choked off whine that tumbles from Jeongguk’s lips. Fitting his hands around Jeongguk’s waist, (and stumbling a bit in his rhythm- there’s just something so fucking hot about his hands nearly enveloping Jeongguk’s tiny waist) Taehyung thrusts harshly, builds to a brutal pace that has Jeongguk jerking on every thrust, body moving erratically.

“Fuck, I- hu- daddy,” Jeongguk sobs, hands gripping the sheets, head swinging with every thrust. His cock bobs with every movement, painfully red and desperate for touch. “Oh, fuck- mnh- I- God- oh, oh, oh-”

Taehyung laughs, moves a hand to Jeongguk’s thigh and pushes, stretching him out and watching the way his cock sinks repeatedly into Jeongguk’s warm, wet heat. “Such a loose slut,” Taehyung laughs, pressing his thumb to Jeongguk’s slick hole. “Always so desperate for cock, bet the little slut gets it from anywhere, hm? Just a hole to be used by anyone, right?”

“N-No,” Jeongguk whines, tears flowing freely down his cheeks now.

“No?” Taehyung mocks, hiking Jeongguk’s hips up to fuck him at a different angle, fuck into him harder. Jeongguk cries out, fingers scrambling for something to hold onto. “Is that so? Tell me who you belong to, baby.”

“Y-You.”

“What’s that? Couldn’t hear you, bun.”

“You! M’daddy’s! Koo is daddy’s little slut!”

“That’s right,” Taehyung agrees, leaning over to reward Jeongguk with a kiss. “All mine. My beautiful baby boy.”

Jeongguk whines, cries out when Taehyung hits his prostate again and again. Taehyung can tell he’s close, thigh tensing beneath Taehyung’s fingers, head thrown back, body shaking. “Please,” he
gasps, “Need to come. G-Gukie needs it—”

“Yeah-?”

“Hey.” Taehyung startles, hunched over Jeongguk’s body, and looks over his shoulder where Jimin and Hoseok are crowded in the doorway. Hoseok looks embarrassed, Jimin just grins. Payback for high school, Taehyung would guess. “We’re ordering food,” Hoseok says. “You guys want anything?”

“Jnim knows my usual,” Taehyung says. “Gukie’s order is saved on my phone.”

“Cool.”

“You guys need anything?” Jimin’s asking, trying to get through Hoseok’s arms. “Some snacks? A condom? Let me know. Gosh, they grow up so fast.”

Taehyung grins. “Hey, hyung? Jimin’s all packed to move into your place next week.”

“What?”

“Tae!”

“You knew? Jimin, you knew! I’m going to strangle you!”

“Tae!”

“You knew? Jimin, you knew! I’m going to strangle you!”

“And I’m going to enjoy it!”

The door slams shut again and Taehyung laughs quietly, looks back at Jeongguk who’s trying his hardest to hide in Taehyung’s chest. “Aw, bun. Are you embarrassed?” Jeongguk nods, a furious blush on his cheeks when Taehyung manages to coax Jeongguk’s face out of his shoulder. “What happened to my little exhibitionist? So ready to fuck in a parking lot.”

“Not in front of the hyungs!”

“Sorry, lovely,” Taehyung says, kissing the tip of Jeongguk’s nose. “You want to stop?”

Jeongguk shakes his head, wriggling slightly and nudging Taehyung’s cock inside him. He hasn’t gone soft, and there’s no way Taehyung will let him live that down. “N-No, daddy. Wanna come, please.”

“Think you’ve earned it?”

“Please!” Jeongguk sobs, body moving with each of Taehyung’s thrusts as he builds back to what they had before, grinding deep into Jeongguk’s ass.

It doesn’t take long, Jeongguk’s moaning again, still so good with his hands above his head, tears staining his cheeks as Taehyung fucks him hard. Taehyung strokes his fingers through Jeongguk’s hair, yanks his head back to bite a mark at the base of his throat, licks and bites at Jeongguk’s nipple to hear him mewl. He murmurs quiet praises to Jeongguk’s skin, grins at the way Jeongguk babbles, begs for release, sobs when Taehyung wraps a hand around his cock.

“Come for me, baby boy,” Taehyung whispers. He jerks Jeongguk off quickly, thrusting hard. “Been so good for daddy, you can come.”

Jeongguk all but screams when he finally comes, crying and clenching around Taehyung’s cock, spilling white between the divots of his abs and between Taehyung’s fingers. His head lolls but he shakes it furiously when Taehyung moves to pull out. Jeongguk shakes, body loose and pliant as
Taehyung grips his hips, chases his own orgasm until he’s stilling, coming deep in Jeongguk’s ass.

Taehyung wipes his tears away with the pads of his thumbs but Jeongguk just cries more, letting out an anguished whine when Taehyung pulls out. “I’m here,” Taehyung whispers, pressing soft kisses to Jeongguk’s tear-stained skin. “Tell me what you’re feeling.”

It takes Jeongguk more than a few minutes to catch his breath, as Taehyung gently lowers his hands and kisses his wrists. He lies entirely on Jeongguk, knows he likes to feel squished and loved.

“I don’t think I’ve ever cried that much during sex,” Jeongguk finally says, his voice hoarse and wrecked. He wips the last of his tears with his palms.

“Is that a good thing?”

“Very good, daddy.”

Taehyung kisses him again, slow and soft, and lies with him until Jeongguk’s breathing settles. “Let me get something to clean up with, okay?”


He does, gathering Jeongguk into his arms and pressing soft kisses to the skin he can reach. Jeongguk dozes a little, aims a kick at Taehyung’s knee when he teases Jeongguk for staying hard even when they were interrupted. Eventually, he has to disentangle himself from Jeongguk’s hold when the feeling of cold come on his chest becomes too unbearable.

Taehyung returns after a few minutes, wet towels and takeout boxes balanced precariously in his hands. It seemed like Jimin and Hoseok had made up, cuddling on the couch and watching a movie. Their hoots and exaggerated sex noises fade away when Taehyung closes the door. He hasn’t moved much, willingly rolls over to let Taehyung clean the come from his stomach, his chest, the residual tears from his cheeks.

“You with me?” Taehyung murmurs, follows the path of the cloth with his lips. “I brought a plug. Sorry, I should have asked if you wanted a condom.”

“I never want a condom,” Jeongguk murmurs.

“Sit up for me, lovely.”

Jeongguk snuggles against his chest as Taehyung pulls a hoodie over his head, gently pushes the plug into his hole and kisses his thigh. They finish dressing quickly and curl up together on the bed with a list of movies and all the food that Hoseok had bought. “Such a good boy,” Taehyung is murmuring, smiles to himself when Jeongguk’s cheeks continue to burn red. “My lovely baby. How’re you feeling?”

“Good. Floaty.”

“Floaty?”

“Mm. But it’s good, Tae.”

“Shower now or later?”

“Later. You’re warm.”

Jeongguk cuddles up against his chest, head tucked beneath Taehyung’s chin. They watch a movie
and then another, Taehyung’s hand stroking his back beneath the hoodie. At one point, Taehyung
thinks he must have fallen asleep, but he protests when Taehyung goes to change the movie, so
Taehyung just holds him tighter, kisses the top of his head, calls him beautiful.

“Ugh,” Jeongguk says later, after he’s showered and sat back on the bed. Taehyung is toweling his
own hair dry where he lies by the pillows. “I don’t want to go back to an empty apartment. Stupid
Seokjin hyung had to move out.”

Taehyung knows what comes next. Jeongguk will pout a little and Taehyung will tell him to stay the
night. Jeongguk will pout like the offer isn’t always on the table, anyway. But instead of following
the script, what comes out of Taehyung’s mouth is,

“Move in with me.”

“I- Wait. What?”

“I-” Taehyung pauses, drops the towel over his head but Jeongguk pulls it away. “Jimin is moving
out. Seokjin hyung is already out. We- I’ve been thinking about it a lot. I love you and I want you
around all the time, baby. Move in with me?”

Jeongguk’s jaw is slack, bottle of water held loosely between his fingers. “I-”

“You don’t have to, obviously. I’m not a very good roommate and I eat cheeseburgers at any hour of
the night. You probably already found someone. And I’ll wake you up before sunrise to get good
pictures so I understand if-”

“Tae, shut up,” Jeongguk laughs. He chucks the water aside and lifts the blanket and fits himself
against Taehyung’s body. “Of course I’ll move in with you, hyung. It’ll make everything so much
easier.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. Plus I want to. We can fuck all the time when we live together.”

Taehyung throws an arm over Jeongguk’s waist, pulls him closer. “So it’s a yes?”

Jeongguk kisses him, hands curled in Taehyung’s collar, and he’s got the brightest smile on his lips
when he pulls away. “Hell fucking yeah.”

“Okay, chill,” Taehyung jokes, as Jeongguk kisses him again and again. “It’s not a marriage
proposal.”

“Not yet.”

Something indescribably warm blooms in Taehyung’s chest as Jeongguk fits himself more
comfortably in Taehyung’s arms. There’s a movie playing again but neither of them are paying
attention, sharing soft kisses and making quiet plans for moving in. Jeongguk’s lease is up but the
apartment is bigger. Taehyung still has a few months left but they’ve gotten plenty of noise
complaints from the neighbors.

There’s a knock on the door before Jimin pokes his head in. “Are you guys decent?”

Jeongguk rolls his eyes. “Like you haven’t been trying to see me naked for months.”

“One day you will send me the nude by accident,” Jimin mutters. He looks unbearably smug as
Taehyung and Jeongguk sit up. “Anyway. We’re meeting the others at the bar because Seokjin’s celebrating the move with a bunch of free drinks. You guys in?”

“I-” Jeongguk glances at Taehyung, knows that he doesn’t drink. “We don’t have to.”

“Nah, let’s go,” Taehyung says. His knees crack as he stands, gathering their clothes. Jimin looks at his bed with an expression mixed between disgust and approval. “We gotta tell everyone the good news.”

“What good news?” Jimin asks, eyes narrowed.

Taehyung tosses Jeongguk a shirt. “One like and we’re releasing our sex tape.”

“Finally!” Jimin shouts at the same time Jeongguk, scandalized, squeaks, “Hyung!”

“We don’t have a sex tape,” Jeongguk says hurriedly. Jimin’s asking where he can like whatever necessary. “We don’t.”

Jimin sends them both finger guns. “Not yet. Hoseok and I have one. For thirty five thousand won you too can enjoy.”

“Stop trying to sell our tape!” Hoseok yells from the kitchen.

Jimin winks. “We’ll talk later. Let’s go before Seokjin changes his mind about the shots.”

Taehyung bites back a grin and Jeongguk sighs heavily, arms wrapped tightly around Taehyung’s waist from behind. “I need to be drunk to deal with you, anyway.”

“Rude,” Jimin says, rolling his eyes. “Wait- what was the actual good news? Hey! Don’t walk away from me, what’s the good news-!”

“That’s the last box,” Jeongguk says, groaning as he sets down another box. “Can’t believe you didn’t help.”

“I helped.”

“With the lighter boxes,” Jeongguk mutters, taking a long drink of water.

Taehyung hums, leaning back in his chair. “What can I say, baby? I’m enjoying the view.”

Jeongguk sticks out his tongue, but he still pauses in front of Taehyung to flex and Taehyung makes a note to ask Jeongguk to only wear sleeveless shirts for the rest of the summer. There are boxes everywhere in the apartment, ranging from Taehyung’s clothes to his belongings to the kitchen supplies he and Jimin divided up earlier in the week.

“How much bathroom space do you need?” Jeongguk asks, carrying a box of Taehyung’s ties from the kitchen through the hallway.

“A shelf or two should probably be enough.”

“That’s a deal breaker, sorry hyung.”

“Damn, wait until you see how much of your closet I’ll use.”

Taehyung eventually finishes unpacking his kitchen stuff and moves into the bedroom, messy from
more than just Jeongguk’s dirty clothes and half-finished assignments. He starts pulling his clothes out of the boxes as Jeongguk brings them in, finding room in the empty half of Jeongguk’s dresser and on the hangers in the closet. He sets the pillows in a very particular way and puts Tata right in the middle.

Jeongguk sits heavily on one of the boxes. “Do you always put the pillows like that?”

“Yeah?”

“Oh.”

“If you break up with me over pillows-”

“Relax,” Jeongguk snickers. “I’m sure I can get used to it.”

Jeongguk breaks down the boxes as Taehyung finishes unpacking them, disappearing for a minute and returning with snacks and bottles of water. It’s already getting late, the rest of their friends had turned down the offer to help, saying they didn’t want to be there when Taehyung and Jeongguk inevitably gave up on moving in and turned to breaking in the bed, instead.

“Remind me again why we chose your place?” Taehyung asks, standing in the living room and trying to decide whose speaker they should keep. He’s out of stuff to unpack for the night. The TV stand is a bunch of shoeboxes. “There’s a whole extra room. We don’t need all this space.”

“We can make Seokjin hyung’s room into a sex dungeon,” Jeongguk suggests, rifling through Taehyung’s vinyl.

“No.”

“Damn, daddy, when’d you stop being fun?”

Taehyung ignores him. “Okay. I think that’s all we have to do,” he says, wandering back to Jeongguk’s- their- bedroom. “I can do the rest tomorrow.”

“Only one thing left to do, then!” Jeongguk shouts from the living room, dropping the vinyl to sprint back into the bedroom and summersault onto the bed.

“Only one thing, lovely?” Taehyung follows, albeit with less theatrics, to crawl over to Jeongguk. He noses at Jeongguk’s neck, presses a warm kiss there. “We do have some time until the others get here…”

“Yeah, we do,” Jeongguk gasps, smiling against Taehyung’s mouth.

“You know what that means-”

Jeongguk springs to his feet, jumping enthusiastically on the bed and over Taehyung- who face-plants onto the duvet. He’s laughing, jumping and stomping and messing up the pillows and blankets Taehyung spent the evening setting up.

“Come on, hyung!” Jeongguk laughs, grapples for Taehyung’s hands, and pulls him onto his feet and giggles at his bewildered expression. “Gotta break in the bed.”

“You are so lucky I love you.”

“Yeah,” Jeongguk says, dropping a kiss to Taehyung’s mouth before they’re both jumping wildly. “I am.”
me: yeah maybe I'll write a short epilogue, nothing more than 10k words-
fic: i'm 20k words now
me: sure, fine. whatever

This really is the end and I want to thank you guys so much for reading! I appreciate every comment with my whole heart, and I can't believe the amount of support this fic received. Thank you!

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End Notes

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Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!