starboy

by sugaxjpg

Summary

Jeon Jungkook was, above anything else, the type you should not get involved with. He was the guy who slept around; the guy who was gone before you woke up; who left a path of broken hearts and missed calls wherever he went. He was right in just about every wrong way. That being said, maybe the bet you made with your friend could be the best thing that happened to you in a long time, and even enough to break the chain of misfortune that circled your party nights — after all, it was all just a simple, four-part plan to make Jungkook beg for you.

What could possibly go wrong?

Notes

I wasn’t even gonna bring this one back, but, after some nasty cases of plagiarism that took place while I was out out tumblr, I decided it would be for the best to get my story out there. Enjoy sub'kook wisely, kiddos.

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The cool breeze of the overcast night crawled through the open window, bringing along the distant
sounds of the most diverse conversations that filled the campus on that interminable Friday night. Your dormitory was illuminated solely by the dim streetlights and your small, yellowish lamp, delineating shadows on the belongings that you had already reorganised so many times that afternoon. The semester had barely come to an end and you were already flooded with an endless, distressing feeling of the purest, most unwavering boredom. It did not take long for your consciousness to begin to dissipate amidst the alabaster sheets, slumberousness comfortably embracing your body as your worries were lost in the arrival of a new world of dreams.

It was supposed to be a calm night.

Your eyes opened abruptly as your phone rang, vibrations spreading throughout the ocean of blankets. You blinked a few times, confused as you realized you were almost falling asleep, and reached out in a mindless reflex, groping blindly at your annoying device. With a slight grunt, you at last found it, bringing the bright screen closer to your drowsy face. The letters seemed to mock you, almost as if to say that your long-awaited rest would not come so easily.

With a last suspir, you answered the call, “Jennie?” you called, voice groggy. The girl had not talked to you for a whole week, and her unexpected call left you a little bewildered. Dizzy, you turned around on the bed, scanning the red numbers of your clock with half open eyelids. “Two in the morning? What the fuck do you want?”

On the other side of the line, your friend giggled, “Hello, sunshine. Cheerful as always, I see,” she teased, clearly noticing the remnants of sleep and irritation ornamenting your low tone. You only snorted at her artificial words, and she took it as a sign that maybe you were not quite in the mood for jokes. “All right, (y/n), chill out. I’m calling to know if you’re feeling like going to a party with m—”

“—No, thanks,” you cut her sentence off, listening to your friend’s defeated whine on the other end of that unpremeditated call. Her infantile reaction made you roll your eyes and toss your head against the pillows — Jennie should have known your response even before she saw your number on her contact list. After all, she was very aware of the tide of misfortune that seemed to surround you as parties approached. Whether it was bad fights with friends or drugs being hidden in your belongings, you always seemed to be the target chosen for a night of bad luck — which, understandably so, you would much rather avoid.

Still, she seemed unable to comprehend the direct cues of your annoyance, “Plleease, (y/n)!?” Jennie pleaded once anew, her high-pitched voice reverberating in your muffled ears for a second. Your friend’s insistence was not uncommon, per say, but at the same time it seemed that there was something more to it, “You’re like the fifth person I’m asking, don’t do this to me…” she trailed off. God, you could almost see her pouting, those stupidly cherry-colored lips that embellished her features so much.

It would not work with you.

“I am deeply glad to know I’m your fifth option, Jennie,” you replied sarcastically, fingers playing with the hem of your shirt and previous calmness gradually dissipating into alarmed senses. Now, you realized, you had missed all the chances of falling asleep anytime soon. “But you know how I feel about parties, especially frat parties.”

The girl then paused for a moment, analyzing your words. In the background, you could hear distant laughter, and you found yourself wondering what the living hell she was doing that damn night — whatever it was, it was apparently less relevant than the place she was so bravely fighting to drag you into, “I do know how you feel about that, but you’ll have to take my word for it: it will be great,” she guaranteed. “Besides, how do you even know it’s a frat party?”
“Now I do,” you smiled, victorious. There was absolutely nothing in this world that would convince you to be present on such distasteful occasion, especially as it revolved around a disgusting gathering of fuckboys. Seemed to be quite the recipe for disaster, if you were to say so yourself. “Are you done trying to convince—”

“—Jungkook’s gonna be there,” Jennie’s voice sliced your sentence short with the sharpness of a knife. Your speech vacillated. Even against all your attempts at keeping your composure, the manner your face heated up quickly, painting your cheeks with a dim dahlia hue, told no lies. Your natural reaction made you angry at the way your body burned at the mere mention of that infamous name — such a honey-like taste for such deadly poison.

Jeon Jungkook was, above anything else, the type you should not get involved with. He was the guy who slept around; the guy who was gone before you woke up; who left a path of broken hearts and missed calls wherever he went. He was right in just about every wrong way, but even so, you could not avoid the venomous interest that sown within you — planted the very first time you saw him come in through the classroom door, head raised like an arrogant monarch and confidence expressed within every resounding step.

That same interest which was irrigated with every ethereal smile; growing and curling its tight branches around your body every time you saw yourself trapped in his intoxicating presence. Jungkook was absurdly handsome, annoyingly funny and, to top it all, horribly courteous to everyone. It was almost as if he had no reason to be disliked — other than his heavenly perfection, that was. And you repudiated yourself for falling for his charms every damn time empty compliments spilled from his geranium-colored, rose-shaped lips.

You cleared your dry throat, inducing your cognizance to crash back down to the cold substantiality of your relinquished dormitory, “That's— That doesn’t change anything,” you forced yourself to speak out.

Still, your hesitation told other stories, “You can’t lie to me, girl,” you swore that you could hear the smile resonating in background Jennie’s melodious voice — she, at last, had found her triumph within the tides of your momentaneous weakness. You both knew it. “I'll be there in ten. Wear something pretty!”

And with that, she hung up, leaving you alone with your calamitous thoughts in that poorly-illuminated room. Seems like your customary misfortune had begun to present itself, after all.

“Okay, (y/n), we have a problem,” Jennie breathed out, hands on her waist as she studied your closet minutiously, expert eyes sweeping across the most diverse pieces of clothing. Awfully optimistic, she was still in search of something to save you from your misery, even though she was almost certain there would be nothing there. “You dress like a grandma.”

“Thanks,” was all you grunted, still secure in your bed. You were surrounded and covered by random pants, dresses, and T-shirts that had been dumped on you while your friend tirelessly searched for something she thought was socially acceptable. If it had been any other night, you would have simply put on the first thing you saw, but, at that moment, you just did not have the energy to go against her words. You had become a puppet in Jennie’s hand, and that was as dangerous as it could possibly get, “Who goes to a party at two in the morning, anyways?” you asked.

“We do,” she answered promptly. Fantastic comeback, you thought. Puts the Socratic method to shame, “Thank god! I think I found something,” the girl exclaimed.
Taking your hand up to the blue sweater that covered your eyes seemed to use all the strength you had left. You threw the piece of clothing to the side with another grunt, and your eyes opened with slumberousness, a little hesitant to see what your friend was holding in front of her body with certain pride — oh hell no. Since when did you have such a short dress?

The fact that you could not even recall that short, ridiculously low-cut red dress spoke for itself — talk about repressed memories, “No fucking way,” you firmly proclaimed, feeling your heart jump at the mere thought of using that little piece of fabric to cover your body. “Pick something else, I’m not wearing that.”

“You also said you were not going, but look at you now,” Jennie smiled victoriously, examining the clothing as if it were a particular work of art. If she liked it so much, she could take it. In fact, there was a good chance she had been the one who had gifted it to you, it was the only possible explanation for its odd presence amongst your, quote, grandma clothes, “C’mon, (y/n)! Jungkook’s gonna love it!” your friend pressed further, her voice going up by in octave.

Your patience had a very quick ending, and it was already reaching its limits. You were one second away from pushing your friend out of your room and, deep within your mind, you asked yourself why you had even agreed to accompany her in the first place — your psychology classes had not prepared you for that kind of crap, “Can you please quit with the Jungkook shit? You know as well as I do that he has better options than me,” you just mumbled, half-hoping she had not heard it.

Only, she did. Jennie’s movements came to a sudden halt, internally shocked at your unexpected defeat, “Are you serious?” she asked, frustration ornamenting of her astringent choice of words. “You stop with that low-confidence crap at this instant, (y/n). I don’t have time for this right now. Put on the dress and let’s go.”

“No, Jennie,” you insisted, throwing your legs to the side and sitting up on the bed, staring at your friend with exhaustion swimming in the ocean of your eyes. Underneath the white lights of your dormitory, her face had been painted by a vague hue of roseate, and you could not pinpoint if it was out of sheer irritation, or if it had something else to it. “And you know that’s true. Starboy over there could put his hands on any pair of tits in this entire campus, why would he want mine?”

“You wouldn’t he?” she threw back within a heartbeat. Her perfectly-delineated eyebrows moved together to form a frown, ruby-painted lips pouting to form a picture of her frustration — Jennie always did that when she was provoked, and you found it equally adorable and ridiculous. “I bet that, if you wanted, you could have him wrapped around your finger and begging for you.”

You rolled your eyes at the preposterous idea, fingers subconsciously tightening on the sweater you had just thrown aside — since when had you become so defensive? You needed to clear your head before you said something stupid. “And I bet that would never happen.”

The other girl stopped, eyes closed in a momentary concentration. From the years you knew her, you could tell easily that it was not a positive sign, “Then it’s a bet,” Jennie stated as she opened her eyes back again, taking you by surprise. You could not help but laugh, thinking it was just a bad joke. Maybe she was drunk already. “I’m serious, (y/n). We have a bet — no turnbacks.”

Embellished by sarcasm, a smile effloresced on your lips. Instantaneously, you defined that idea as an enumeration of adjectives: pathetic, impulsive, reckless, infantile. Borderline a waste of time and dignity, if you were to go the extra mile. Still, you were intrigued by such fantasious possibilities, so you decided to play along, “Oh yeah? What kind of bet?” you teased.

"The kind that either we both win, or we both lose,” she continued, taking off the dress from its hanger. “You said that you can’t have Jungkook? Try. I say you can. I bet you can,” she walked
towards you, her heels making punctual noises on the hardwood floor. Only then did you notice her
to black party dress, somewhat the same size of the one she was giving you. It contoured her figure
perfectly, combining with her caramel-colored hair. “Tonight, you’re getting yourself a starboy.”

A small, incredulous laugh bursted from your parted lips, “You sound crazy right now. How would
that even work?” you asked.

She thought for a moment, her tongue coming out to wet her plump lips. Oh, that was bad, you
realized — she was constructing a plan, “Step one: you get yourself into this goddamn dress and we
go to the party,” Jennie said, easily opening the zipper of the piece of clothing, “Step two: you drink
a little bit of the good old liquid courage,” she threw the dress on your lap, wasting no time to turn
around, walking towards your bathroom. Her long hair swayed behind her, circling her small body
like an enveloping aura, “Step three: get his attention, maybe even make him a bit jealous,” her voice
echoed through the walls, and the distance did not prevent the feeling of utter disbelief from taking
over your mind. Yeah, she was definitely drunk. “Finally, step four: you make him beg for you, and
we both win.”

You found yourself speechless, completely bewildered to realize that your friend was being serious,
“Whatever you drank, don’t give it to me,” was all that you were able to say in return. It was almost
as if you had stepped into a parallel universe in which the laws of basic common sense no longer
applied.

"So, do we have a bet?” Jennie pressed on, coming back quickly with a makeup case in hand. Her
eyes examined your flabbergasted expression closely, studying any possibility of acceptance from
your part. Still, she found nothing but shock.

That could not be happening, you thought over and over. You could not be actually considering
being part of that insane idea, “No, no, wait,” you requested, almost breathlessly so. Even if your
judgement was slightly lost amidst tides of curiosity, your mind was working intensely on everything
that had been said. “Not so quick, Jennie. You’re acting like you’re gonna win, but I still have my
side to work on. If I win, I’ll be the one left humiliated, not you.”

"Good point,” she acknowledged, but her interest was directed to the palette of brown eyeshadows
in her hand — there was one with touches of gold that would look just marvelous on you. The short
dress still lay on your lap, its weight seeming to increase with each passing phrase. “If you win, I’ll
do the same with that Jimin guy.”

Confusion fell like a shadow upon your features, “But Jimin has a girlfriend,” you reminded her.

“Exactly,” your friend shrugged, finally seeming to find the pigmentation that she so wanted.
Jennie’s eyes came back to you, certain that the subject had come to an end. “Why are not you
dressed yet? We’ll be late, young lady.”

You breathed out, defeated. The night breeze whistled through the half-open window, and the
muffled conversations from aforetime had already been replaced by a vague mixture of the various
songs that echoed across the campus.

Maybe, just maybe, the night would not be so boring, after all.
streets. Not only insecure, you felt exposed — and not in a naughty, good-girls-gone-bad kind of way, but like you had been thrown into a twisted version of dreaming you were naked in class before a big test. Only you were only half naked, and the test was a stupid bet you had made in the heat of the moment.

Fantastic. Just fantastic. You really needed to stop putting yourself in that kind of situation.

In asymmetry, your friend seemed to be as proud as she could possibly be — they grow up so fast, she thought in an inner susire, not affected by the way your hands continuously fixed your perfectly-fitting dress, “Stop that, you look amazing,” Jennie assured, giving a light slap on your bare shoulder. Whatever was waiting for you in that forsaken party, it should be worth the ridiculously gelid air that surrounded your legs. “You need to be more confident, specially tonight.”

As you breathed out, you thought that an alabaster cloud of heat would depart from in between your cherry-colored lips — only, it was not winter, and you were just being overly-dramatic for a change, “You say it like it’s easy,” you remarked, looking up at the stygian sky. The clouds above you two seemed to grow denser by the minute, and you found yourself praying to all the deities so they would not unload before you had arrived at your destination. After so much psychological torture to get ready, it would be miserable if all that effort went down in the rain. “I don’t even where how to start off with this stupid plan.”

“Sweetie, you have to make him interested,” she said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. Jennie stopped abruptly, trying to remember which way to go. After examining the scenery around her, she gripped your wrist gently, guiding you across the deserted street and taking a curve. “This way. What was I saying?”

“How can I even make him interested?” you answered her question with another one, eyes sweeping across the penumbra-covered residencies, most of which already had its lights turned off — which is only reasonable at three in the morning. If it were not for the big mansion at the end of the street, with its absurdly loud music and drunken exclamations, you would think that you two had entered a ghost town.

“That’s simple: ignore him,” Jennie shrugged. Your gaze, which snapped in her direction almost instantaneously, must have perfectly expressed your inner confusion, for she rapidly elaborated on her previous sentence, “Listen, Jungkook is used to having girls on their knees just by breathing around them, you said that yourself,” the girl recalled. “So, all you’ll have to make him run after you. I’m sure he’ll like the change of parts for one night.”

You knew that telling her about your unwanted interest would be like giving her the gun and the bullets to shoot at you, but you would never think it would reach this point. There is a very thick and marked line between mocking your friend about their crush and constructing a plan of seduction based on it. At times you wondered if Jennie, in all her impulsive and reckless glory, even knew the difference. Or if she even cared, honestly. She probably did. Hopefully she did.

Still, you could not claim that the idea was not, in the very least, intriguing. Compelling and — to hell with it, it was as fucking tempting as shaking hands with the devil. You were terribly scared by the prospect of ruining your entire life, but the ethereal promises that awaited in the horizon still managed to wipe your preoccupations clear. Jennie truly was not a good influence for you, but you had to take a bit of personal responsibility and accept that you were not only following her plan, but enjoying it.

Maybe you were as bad as she was. Maybe you found yourself hoping that you would lose that little competition.
Truth was, you also did not care back then.

Like a noisy giant, the frat house — which appeared to be more of a mansion — rose before the two of you in all its splendor. From its windows, it was possible to see prismatic luminescence dripping through, mingling with the ebullient shadows that crossed before it. The lights, as kaleidoscopic as you had once envisioned, seemed to follow the rhythmic beating of the electronic music, which reverberated throughout the cloudy night. On the front yard, it was possible to distinguish pieces of clothing, beer cans, and cups thrown mindlessly on the perfectly trimmed grass. It was like a glimpse into the wildlife.

Speaking of which, an almost intimidating number of people was already crowding there, dancing and talking animatedly, reeking of alcohol and perspiration. For a moment, you were frightened by the idea of how many guests were supposed to be inside the residence. Jennie, on her part, was quick to take notice of your nervousness, and made sure to stay by your side, whispering words of encouragement. As much as you did not believe much in what she said, the attempt itself was enough to calm you down a little. Just a little. The minimum. From I want to run into the horizon to I might stay for a bit before running into the horizon. Good enough.

God, you hated frat parties.

The monumental front door was wide open for its late visitors, and you two walked in with no further worry. The entrance hall gave access to two large living rooms, one on each side, where the party was taking place. In front of you, a marble staircase led upstairs — which, you conceptualized, was an oddly heavenly imagery when compared with the devilish occurrences that certainly unrevealed in the bedrooms up on the second floor. Allegedly. If that would be your destination for the night, you would have to wait and see it for yourself.

Jennie pointed to one of the rooms with one of her perfectly manicured nails, stating that it was time to put the plan into practice, and that you should wait for her as she went to get the goods. You were afraid to ask why precisely those were. Success dripped from her tone then, and it could be heard even underneath the progression of the music. She had her eye on the prize, and she would do whatever it took for her to get it — and, by consequence, so did you. Mutual victory was something marvelous, she thought. You two should do that more often.

You hesitated for an instant as she moved away — looking like an hallucination amongst the psychedelic crowd of strangers — and considered giving up that preposterous plan. Going back to sleep seemed like a much more delightful task, but your friend was there to prevent you from backing away that easily, “Here we go, tiger,” after leaving you alone on a sofa for a few seconds, Jennie came back with the long-awaited liquid courage. Two cups. “Drink it up and get yourself ready for the fun.”

Again, to hell with it. The taste of alcohol burned your throat as you pushed it down, praying for all the gods above that your organism still knew how to take a bit of intoxication. It had been a few years, okay? You either have a social life or you manage to keep yourself on top of the class, and you had made your choice with not much hesitation. After consuming a little more than half of what she gave you, you stopped, receiving an accusatory glance from her, “I just wanna get a little less anxious, not lose my sanity. That’s enough for me,” you firmly said.

Seeing that special battle would soon be lost, Jennie simply complied. Whatever. There were bigger things to worry about.

In your restless mind, the twenty minutes that followed your arrival seemed to stretch out into infinity, and you were, in your paranoid reveries, beginning to convince yourself that you would win
the bet without ever trying — not something you were particularly blissful about. To be quite honest, you were not sure if your target was even present, since you had not found him in the middle of drunken guests, nor in his customary group of troglodyte friends. Jeon Jungkook was not precisely someone that passed by unnoticed.

Maybe he just did not come, or had left early, and your stupid bet would have to be postponed. Forgotten, even. Maybe you could get home and catch up on the lost sleeping hours, and all would be well. The night would once again be saved by your poor sense of timing.

But no, that would be far too easy. You were unluckier than that.

It was in the midst of a nostalgic story about your first week in college that Jennie interrupted you, slightly wide-eyed and with an expectant smile grown on her beautifully delineated lips. She looked as if she had just found out that she had bought the winning lottery ticket, and you promptly knew what awaited for you, “Okay, don’t freak out, and don’t look behind you,” she warned, sat across from you. Jennie looked deep inside your eyes, pretending she was not referring to what was happening behind your flabbergasted figure. What a natural. “But your stayboy is coming over here.”

It was not the time to freak out. But you were freaking out. Your brain seemed to combust for a few seconds, presenting you with a blue screen and the faint sound of a Windows turning off. It was fried. The last-minute panic struck you at once, and you were actually considering rushing off into the horizon when a hoarse voice greeted you both, “What’s up?” it questioned.

Now, you thought, was when your misfortune presented itself.

Trying to mask your nervousness as best as you possibly could, you took your eyes off your friend, turning lackadaisically to see the newcomer. Jungkook was, as always, offensively handsome. Ridiculously attractive. What a prick. You swore those black jeans would be the death of you, that his bomber jacket had been flawlessly picked to match his disheveled hair. The contrast against the white shirt he wore underneath was clear, and you could bet real money that you could see his muscles delineated by the thin fabric. His eyes, those gorgeous black irises, checked out your form in a not very discreet manner.

As his tongue came out to wet your lips, you swore you had lost your sanity for an instant, “I don’t think I know you,” he trailed off, completely ignoring Jennie’s presence.

That, in some weird way, made your momentaneous shock wither into some sort of confidence. Or, at the very least, the best you could achieve at that instant, “I’m (y/n), and she’s Jennie.” You pointed at your friend, who just gave a small nod. Firm, your voice did not seem like it was your own; as serene as the magenta illumination that countered your semblance. “And you are…?”

Talk about improvisation. The second that your words had left your chest, you pondered on whether you had taken a bit too far by pretending you did not know who he was. You thought it was fair enough to hypothesize that Jungkook was particularly (in)famous around the campus, especially amongst the female population, so it bordered on the absurd that someone would have no clue about who he was. Yet, there you were, pressing the *fuck-it* button and going hard on it.

Jungkook, victim of his own narcissistic trip, seemed to be as surprised as you were by that prospect of unfamiliarity, for he could not disguise the way his eyebrows rose in disorientation. “Um… I’m Jungkook—”

“—Nice to meet you,” you interrupted, casting a glance at Jennie, who was watching the conversation unfold impassively. Inside her eyes, ever so embellished by her perfectly-delineated cat eyes, you could see no trace of positive nor negative emotions. You hoped yours were just the same,
“So, what brings you here, Kookie?” you turned back to him.

The verbalization of that nickname only made his confusion grow further, spreading around his expression and contorting it into a frown, “What was that?” he asked. The red cup in his hand seemed to shake lightly, but you were not sure. It all seemed like a surreal experience to the boy. Almost as much as it did to you.

Taking a deep breath, you leaned your head to the side. The movement made your hair fall over your shoulders, trapping the incandescent lights, which Jungkook accompanied with certain awe. It looked like a celestial aura, but you were everything but cherubic at that instant, “Well, I was clearly talking to my friend, and you, a stranger, interrupted it shamelessly,” you continued, hoping that your voice would express the false contempt you were trying to pass. It was one of the most glorious moments of your academic year. “I suppose it must be quite important.”

As much as you were acting somewhat rude for most people’s definition, you knew your piercing words had a special effect on someone as arrogant as Jungkook, “I— I don’t…?” he muttered. The boy’s head seemed to be working at a thousand miles per hour, and for a moment you almost felt sorry for him. Smoke would start coming out of his ears at any time now.

You and Jennie, on the other hand, stared at him expectantly, trying to suppress your smiles. Before he could say anything in return, your friend entered the conversation, “Everything okay there, champ? the girl questioned, timbre bordering on sarcasm. Jungkook only glanced at her, almost as if he had noticed her presence for the first time. “Need any help to form a sentence?”

The boy appeared to take a couple of seconds to rearrange his thoughts, “No, um, nevermind. We… can talk later,” he told you unburiedly, taking one last confused look at you before turning to his group of friends, who were not-so-discreetly leaning on the corner of the room, watching that unusual interaction take place. It was possible to see in their raised eyebrows and incredulous glances that, as Jungkook walked back to them, it — whatever it was — did not happen very often.

Jennie’s nails found the flesh of your bare leg, trembling fingers showing her inner outbreak, “Did you see that?” she questioned in a whisper. “The poor kid was just so confused!”

As you turned around to face her, you saw in her expression the mirror of your own — delight had been splattered across your cheekbones in the form of a coral shade, your eyes shining by the adrenaline of the comical improvisation, “He was completely blown away by the fact that someone didn’t know who he was,” you laughed, loving every second of it. “I almost feel sorry for him.”

“No, don’t even bother,” she waved her hand, almost as if trying to blow away the cloud of doubts surrounding your head — like moths to a flame, they would return in a matter of seconds. In the meantime, however, you would enjoy your confidence high. “Heard what he said? You two can talk later.”

You reflected, remembering his words. Done as predicted, and your fearlessness started to dissipate, “Shit, so what now?” you questioned.

With the smile that curved up her lips, wicked, you knew that the plan would move into more personal, interesting grounds, “Now we keep step three going,” Jennie told you. You could not see it, but the group of boys behind you was clearly questioning Jungkook about what fuck just had happened — your friend, on the other hand, had a VIP view, and she loved it more than she could say. “And you make starboy over there jealous.”

Hesitating, you ran one of your hands through your hair, crossing your legs. Your mind seemed to go blank for the second time that night, “And how am I supposed to do that?” you thought it would
be better to inquire.

Jennie limited herself to point at the scene unfolding behind you. Coincidentally, it was the exact moment Jungkook looked at your sofa, and your gazes met for a moment, “Pick one,” she purred.

Turns out, “pick one” was easier than you anticipated. All that was needed was to wait for one of the boys to separate from the small group and, with a literal push from your friend, you followed him toward the empty kitchen, a little impatient for that part of the plan to end soon. It was simple — if you could even use that adjective anymore — and sort of movie-ish, if you were to be sincere, but it was not like you had the energy to protest against that preposterous plan any longer.

Okay, fair enough, maybe it could not be funneled just to your lack of will to protest. You were liking that plan. A lot. You were a mortal, for fuck’s sake, and the devil knows each human’s temptation — the same devil, who, from the couch, took a sip of her drink, amused by the way Jungkook clearly followed the movement of your legs throughout the noisy room. Jennie was the true wolf in sheep’s clothing in that entire situation, and you had chosen to follow her commands. So much for free-will.

It took a while, but after sweeping the corners of your brain for the name of your new target, you recognized it as Kim Taehyung, another quite remarkable being on campus. You had always found him noisy — borderline irritating — when it came to making sure to be seen and, as much as you had to admit that the kid had the looks, his obnoxious personality managed to give you a headache within two seconds of exposure. Nothing personal, but you just did not feel any sort of attraction for someone that throws up at least twice per party. Long story. Terrible memories. Not the time.

Upon arriving at the kitchen, which was thankfully deserted, you found him looking in the freezer, searching for nothing in particular. He had his lips in a thoughtful pout, eyes surprisingly focused as they swept across the half-empty shelves — which told you he was not out of his senses just yet — and back slightly arched. In an impromptu, you thought your best chance was to act naturally and get close as quickly as possible. Once again, you wished for that part of the plan to end as soon and mercifully.

You licked your lips as you walked to his side nonchalantly, eyes glued to the fridge, “Is there something to eat here?” you asked, bending down just a little bit so he could get a better angle of your form; your ass, more specifically. The last thing you needed was to slut-drop in front of a refrigerator, but you were prepared for anything. “I’m starving.”

“Yeah, me too,” he cleared his throat, not even trying to disguise the stares he threw at you. Unlike Jungkook, you realized, his presence did not make you so nervous, but Taehyung was still unfairly beautiful, and certainly lived up to his reputation as a womanizer. If he could shut up more frequently, you would have probably fallen for his stupid charms as well. “But I don’t think so, unless you like to eat mustard on bread.”

You laughed, pretending that the joke was funnier than it really was. Taehyung seemed to like your reaction, for he presented you with a heart-throbbing, Men’s Health—worthy smirk. With his attention on lock, you decided to step away from the fridge, arranging your posture. Behind your figure, you found the cool marble counter.

Taehyung closed the refrigerator’s door as you sat on its surface, crossing your legs in an overly dramatic manner. If he had not seen your underwear in that little spectacle, it was not for lack of chances, “So,” you started, running your fingers through your hair. A part of you felt pathetic for playing the seductress, but the alcohol was already beginning to have its effect, social filter long forgotten. “You’re Taehyung, right? I think I might have seen you around campus.”
“That’s me,” he agreed, eyes shamelessly glued to your cleavage. You had always wondered how specimens like him managed to be so shameless, but that was not the time for those philosophical questions. You just had to follow his vibe and enter in resonance with his most primordial instincts. Easy. Had to be. “But I don’t think I’ve seen you. I’d remember.”

How fucking cheesy was that? You should have taken the entire cup when you had the chance, “I’m (y/n),” you said.

From the manner a wicked smirk curled up on his pinky lips, you had to know something ridiculous was about to pour out of them, “Thought you were ‘Starving,’” he joked.

You rolled your eyes, throwing your head back as you digested what had been said, “I cannot believe you just threw a dad joke at me,” you laughed at his failed attempt. It was pitiful, but you had to admit that it broke the ice. Nice one, Taehyung, maybe he was not at all hopeless. “I’m really thinking about walking out of here.”

“Sorry, sorry, I couldn’t help it,” he raised his hands, surrendering. You found yourself noticing his rectangular smile, and how absurdly cute it was. Focus, “So, (y/n), first frat party?” Taehyung decided to change the subject, lowering his palms, which were placed on the stone on either side of your legs. Smooth motherfucker.

You hummed, pretending to think for an instant, “Not really,” your response seemed to surprise him. “It’s my third, actually.”

“Sweetheart, be honest with me,” Taehyung leaned his head to the side, examining your features with care. As he attempted to find signals of a lie, you took notice of his own symmetrical features, those chocolate-eyes that ever so perfectly stared at you with endless serenity, the dark waterfall of his smooth, clear brown hair over his caramel skin. For someone as loud as he was, the guy surely had an angel face to mask it all. “Is it really?”

“Why would I lie about that?” You questioned, and he shrugged.

“I’m in every frat party, and, as I said, I’d remember a pretty little thing like you,” you needed to use all the forces within you to not cringe at that. Seriously, did this crap work with other girls? That as a psychosocial research theme on itself — the mating rituals of college students, and its impact on normal social norms.

It could be all in your head, but you also thought that you were starting to feel some sort of tension in the air. Maybe it was time to start acting and get that interaction over with, “I’m being honest, it’s my third,” you confirmed, placing one of your hands on his shoulder. Firm. Of course it would be, those guys went to gym five times a week. “And you should consider yourself lucky for not seeing me in those, my nights never end especially well.”

“How come?” Taehyung spoke almost in a whisper, leaning in closer to you — your touch had been the green light he was waiting for. Behind his dissimulation of tranquility, it was easy to see that he did not truly care about what you had to say. He was just trying to keep you talking until he saw an opening to execute what was really in his polluted mind. But, of course, at that moment, you had to pretend you were falling for his high-school level of flirtation, as big of a torture as it was.

You could feel his scent now, unbearably sweet, “Oh, well…” you trailed off, preferring to choose the less traumatic experience that came into your head, but also the one that you knew he would like the most. Jennie would be proud of your thought process. “Last time, this drunk girl forgot how to
walk and spilled her drink all over my new dress.”

“Aw, that sucks, babe,” he merely replied, paying more attention to the way your lips moved than the words coming out of them.

Your fingers trailed the path from his shoulder to the base of his neck, playing with his hair, “The worst part was that dress is white,” you continued, pretending to be oblivious to Taehyung’s ulterior motives. To tell the truth, it was quite impressive how, after only a few minutes of seeing you for the first time, he was already thinking of tearing off your clothes. “Or, at least, was white. It got pretty much transparent after that little accident.”

Bingo.

Taehyung’s eyes shot up toward yours, his attention suddenly turned to the story, an almost savage glow taking over his gaze. Before he could avoid, images of you with a wet, see-through dress flooded his thoughts, making him bite his lower lip. He pictured your body squeezed inside the soaked cloth, the embarrassed look on your reddened face. His throat went dry, “Is that… so?” he struggled to get out.

You could swear you were two seconds away from bursting out in a victorious laughter, but had to hold yourself back, “Yeah, it was a nightmare,” you told him, voice coming out slightly lower than aforetime. Your stare momentaneously flickered towards his parted, red-bitten lips and he moved closer, one of his hands gradually wrapping around your waist.

He chuckled, “It sounds more like a dream to me,” Taehyung corrected, deliberately narrowing the distance between your faces. Your heart quickened as Taehyung’s nose touched gently against yours, his head slightly turning so that it was close enough for his lips to brush in feather-like touches on your own. His breath was hot, slightly filled by the aroma of alcohol, and you swore you were being poisoned by it. “Damn, babe, I would have lov—”

“—Taehyung?”

The known timbre that reverberated throughout the deserted kitchen was oddly tranquil, but enough to scare Taehyung to death. Taken off guard, he jumped away from you, staggering backwards and taking all the heat of his presence with him, “You scared the living shit out of me, dude, what the fuck?” he breathed out. Still, his eyes shone like he had been caught doing something wrong, somewhere between the apprehensive and the guilty.

Even before you looked over your shoulder, you were certain of who the owner of the voice was. With all his grace, your pretty starboy managed to have a flawless timing, “Dude, what are you doing? I thought you were going to get something to eat?” Jungkook asked bitterly, traces of irritation ornamenting his tone. He barely looked at you. “Do I have to bring up the Bro Code?”

“No, dude, sorry,” Taehyung redeemed himself, however, he did not seem genuinely sorry for his actions. As his startlement progressively started to give out, you could see that he was quite annoyed at the interruption. “I got a little… distracted over here, that’s all.“

“I see that,” Jungkook scoffed, signaling with his head towards the kitchen door, an unspoken request — if not order — for the other to leave the two of you alone. The mere motion made your heart skip a beat, “Bro Code,” he said simply.

Taehyung rolled his eyes, showing clear signs that he wanted to do anything but get out of there. Like a little kid making a fuss, he took one last stubborn glance at you before he left, curses being whispered from in between the lips you almost kissed.
In the middle of a sea of red cups and empty pizza boxes, Jungkook analysed your silhouette for a second, pacing around the kitchen counter with unbearable patience; taking a last slip of his drink. His mere presence was enough for your heart to accelerate again, but you tried to remain focused on your mission for the night, “Bro Code? Really?” you sarcastically questioned.

“Really,” he confirmed, tossing his plastic cup into the sink. His tone was undeniably ruder, impatient even. You did not know if you had been successful in your attempt at fermenting jealousy, but you had a very strong guess that you had never seen his posture that stiff aforetime, not even before a big game. Maybe not precisely jealousy, but something had been awakened inside him. Interesting.

Licking your lips, you heard the progression of his steps against the marble floor before verbalizing yet another inquiry, “What was that about?” you pressed on, watching as the boy put his hands in the pockets of his bomber jacket, stopping right in front of you, taking the place in which Taehyung once stood. His jaw was clenched, his stare was firm underneath the strands of his black hair. Jungkook never looked so hot. “Do you have some sort of kink for interrupting people?”

“Oh, so I interrupted you two,” he chuckled in what appeared to be disgust, though you were not sure. “That’s nice.”

“I know you’re not precisely the genius on call, but that is kind of obvious,” you replied, pretending to be angrier than you really were — in all sincerity, you were everything but angry. You were having the time of your life: who would have guessed that playing a player would feel so good? Certainly not you. “I just met you, why are you acting like this?”

Jungkook shrugged, not even bothering to question what you were referring to, “Bro Code,” he said simply.

“What?” you could not help but laugh at his words, unable to believe what he was sharing with you. Amongst your ocean of doubts, you swore that his kind — fratboys, for the lack of a better term — had stop maturing around middle school. That was the only logical explanation for that kind of bullcrap. “Does your Bro Code prevent your friend from kissing me or something?”

The mere hypothetical image of Taehyung lustfully attacking your mouth, holding down to your body, made an unknown rage bubble inside his chest, tightening his lungs. Jungkook, too, could not help the sarcastic laugh that spilled from his sculptural lips, “More or less, yeah,” he agreed.

Scoffing, you ran your fingers through your hair. He accompanied the motion, eyes stopping at the level of your breasts, “Wow, that’s amazing, isn’t it?” you raised your eyebrows, conflicting feelings taking over your mind. Only then a sudden revelation emerged amongst your ponderations — you could not awaken jealousy within him if there was no sort of interest there in the first place. With each passing second, you were more and more certain that Jennie had known something you did not. Not that you were complaining, “Can you stop looking at my boobs for two seconds and give me a good reason for that?” you requested.

Jungkook smiled as his gaze trailed back to meet your own, almost as if he expected you to say so, “Sure thing, baby girl,” he complied, clearing his throat.

And, heavens, there were some things not even Jennie could prepare you for.

The boy took another step towards you, making you notice the lust-filled spark that had overtook his onyx eyes, “Where should I start?” Jungkook questioned, but did not expect an answer, “Maybe from the moment you walked through the front door. Shit, I don’t think I’ve seen something so hot in my entire life. Your legs, your ass, your tits, all squeezed in this fucking tight dress. It has been
driving me crazy all night,” Jungkook practically grunted those words, pulling his hands from his pockets and resting them on either side of your frozen body. In the background, you could hear the muffled beat of the song, but everything became white noise as you lost yourself in his words, “Or maybe when you treated me like that. Pretended you didn’t know who I am. That hurt me, babe, it really did,” he said, leaning in and placing his mouth on the curvature of your neck. His warm breath exuded your sensitive skin, and you bit down on your lower lip to keep a sigh from escaping. “And I had to walk back to my friends just thinking about how you didn’t even know my name. And how all I wanted was to make you scream it so loud that you’d never fucking forget it.”

Hearing all those desire-embellished confessions, which dripped from the tip of his tongue like honey, surely got the best of you. Still, you could not show what kind of effect Jungkook had on you, for the last thing you wanted was to feed his narcissistic ego just a bit more, “That was a beautiful speech,” you sarcastically commented, voice coming out a little more confident than you expected. Jungkook planted small kisses on your skin, and you were beginning to lose the line of thought when you reminded yourself that you should remain in control. “But I’m not impressed.”

“Oh, but I know that,” a chuckle reverberated against your neck, his featherly lips tracing a path up the line of your jaw. You hoped he could not feel the goosebumps that expanded on your smooth skin. His hand landed on the side of your leg, caressing the place lightly; tracing circles with excruciating patience. “And that’s exactly the indifference that has been making me lose my fucking mind.”

You smiled, satisfied with the reaction you were receiving, and even more with the personal truth that he had decided to share. It was the first time in your life that you were glad Jennie was right about something, “I’m sorry if I hurt your fragile little ego, big boy, but I’m not planning to sleep with you if that means that I’m just your achievement for tonight.” you told him. Bullshit — you knew better, Jungkook knew better.

But it was okay. Both of you were just playing a game.

“How cute, you think this has been going on just for a couple of hours,” he released a low laugh against the skin of your cheek, moving toward your mouth. The boy swore he could taste the nectar of your tongue already, dripping in between those pretty crimson-painted lips of yours. “Oh no, that would’ve been too easy.”

“Too easy?” You echoed, almost in a trance. Damn, he was good.

“To let it go,” Jungkook elucidated, brushing his nose against yours, “To ignore it, to pretend like it didn’t happen,” one of his hands went to your knee, signaling for you to uncross your legs. After a quick mental debate, you obeyed, “But no, you’ve been on my radar for a few months now, and coming here with this,” he pulled at the hem of your dress, making your pulse adopt a much more accelerated pace. For all you cared, he could tear the fabric from your body right then and there. “And having the nerve to act like that… Fuck, you have no idea what you do to me.”

In the breviloquent instants of silence that followed, your fingers skimmed the boy’s shoulders, climbing up to the base of his hair, “Show me, then,” you provoked, pulling on his locks lightly. The sudden change of attitude made his head spin, and for a moment Jungkook was lost in your sweet scent and firm touches, “Unless you’re all talk,” you made sure to add.

“Don’t you tease me,” he warned, his hands coming down to grip your ass and to pull you toward him. Your legs wrapped around his waist, causing your bodies to meet abruptly. The friction was enough for the boy to bite his lip, allowing for a quivering breath to depart from his chest. He was so close that just by talking, you could feel his mouth against yours, the suspire that hit your face in a small cloud of heat. Jungkook was so close that he could kiss you. “You don’t know how much I’m
holding back right now.”

You wanted him to kiss you.

“I’m so scared, I’m shaking,” you murmured another lighthearted mockery, feeling your lips tingle in anticipation. In his nebulous eyes you could perceive the reflection of your own concupiscence, and you knew that all that he needed was a push to do what both of you sought. It just happened that you knew precisely what to say. “What are you waiting for? If you’re not doing anything, I’ll call Taehyung ba—”

—Your speech was cut short with an aggressive kiss. Abruptly, your body was pulled against his chest as the boy groaned against your mouth, delighting in your essence as his digits dug deeper into the flesh of your thighs, and then of your ass. Jungkook was swimming in the golden sea of victory then, floating beyond the roseate clouds of his confidence: he was aware that it had been only a matter of time. It always was. Sooner or later, you would be his to take, as were all the other girls who ever so naively believed they could resist his charms. Sooner or later, he allowed himself to imagine, you would become a moaning mess beneath him, shamelessly begging for more of what he could give you so well. Then, and only then, you would finally regret having tested his patience for so long, for he would test your own.

Or so he thought.

Before Jungkook could grasp the magnitude of what was happening, one of your hands adventured down the expansion of his chest, moving towards his lower body. Quickly, your eager fingers found the growing problem in his dark jeans. You sighed against his lips, not a second of hesitation before you squeezed his erection. In return, the boy’s throat erupted with a low, dragged-out moan; an unspoken warning for the lust that effloresced within his chest, piercing his lungs and heart with poisonous thorns.

Taken back by your own temptation, you massaged his clothed member a few more times. The tortuously sluggish pace was too much for him to take so passively, and so he found himself grinding against your hand, searching for more, “Fuck, babe, that feels good,” Jungkook spoke as he leaned back, his swollen, wet lips merely millimeters away from yours. He looked at you like you were the hottest thing he had ever seen and, at that moment, it was precisely how you felt. Power corrupts, after all.

You hummed at his words, showing him that you appreciated his vocal feedback. If you were to be utterly sincere, there were few things in the world able to turn you on more than the idea of someone like Jeon Jungkook decaying into weak whimpers and cries in your hands, grinding against your touches for another taste of relief. If he behaved well, you decided you could give him some playtime too, “You like this, uh?” you inquired, even if the answer was more than clear.

After a particular strong squeeze from your part, his answer came, “Shit, yeah,” he grunted, two seconds away from absolutely losing control over his actions. His hips wanted to roll faster, to get more friction, but the logical part of his mind did not want to cause a scene. “I wanted you for so fucking long…”

It was heaven and hell on Earth, and you could feel the frantic beating of his racing heart, a feeling of achievement taking over your body with the same progression, “I wonder what you thought about,” your lips traced the outline of his jaw, then went towards his neck, “Have you touched yourself thinking about me? About all the things you’d do to me?” he closed his eyes, concentrating on the way your mouth placed wet kisses on his skin, as your hand seemed to touch his cock in all the right places. Jungkook could feel himself throbbing, and thought that he would not last for much longer like that. “Have you asked yourself how my hands would feel around your cock? Or maybe my
mouth? I can feel how hard you are right now, Kookie, and I barely even started having fun with you…”

Jungkook’s breathing got instantly heavier as your sentences moved along, transitioning from one another with flawless grace, embellished by lasciviousness. His eyes closed in concentration, focusing on the hypothetical scenarios that you presented him, “God, (y/n),” your name came out in a moan, the images of you kneeling between his legs intoxicating his brain. The boy swore he could envision it with perfection — his release dripping from in between your reddened lips, your eyes looking up naïvely at him as you passively swallowed it all. Fuck. “You’re gonna make me cum in my pants.”

At that moment, neither of you even cared that you were in the middle of the kitchen and anyone could just walk in. To tell the truth, Jungkook even liked the idea a bit more than he should, “You didn’t answer,” you remarked, your voice no more than a low purr. You raised your head, looking in his hooded eyes. Now open, they seemed to be clouded by devotion, eyebrows slightly raised in a reticent supplication. “Have you touched yourself to the thought of me?”

“Yeah, I have. Fuck, I want to have you all for me,” Jungkook whined as he touched his forehead on yours, his hips rolling against the palm of your hand. It felt so good, “I wanna hear you moaning my name as I eat you so nice and slow that you’ll beg me to let you cum all over my face,” he continued, holding onto your flesh with all his leftover strength, “I wanna taste you, babe, I wanna — shit — I wanna feel you clenching around my fingers. I bet that pretty face of yours looks amazing when you’re coming for me, huh? I bet your voice is the most delicious thing to hear, fuck.”

It was your turn to succumb to the metal pictures he gave you, a long moan of satisfaction reverberating in between your lips, “Good boy,” you complimented him, putting your hands on the collar of his jacket and pulling him into another kiss. You whined as your tongues met, a sound that quickly turned into a moan as you felt Jungkook’s fingers move beneath your dress, lethargically massaging your core over your lacy underwear. You could not avoid the tingling that has spread throughout the region, your body instantaneously reacting to his touches, “Hm— Someone’s impatient,” you breathed out.

What appeared to be a chuckle fell from his red-colored lips, “You have no fucking idea, babe,” his sentence came out in a groan, sounding in the minimum space between your faces before the boy dove back into the honey of your mouth. Impatient was one way to put it.

Eager, Jungkook wanted to touch you everywhere at once, his hands navigating from the curvature of your waist to the smoothness of your exposed legs; from squeezing your breasts to feeling the wetness that started to accumulate on your underwear. Now that your palm no longer worked on his bulge, the boy struggled to discover some — any — kind of friction, rolling his hips against yours; the feeling of his erection grinding blindly against you made him lose all remnants of sanity, “Fuck,” he breathlessly cursed out, forcing himself to move away from your poisonous touches, “Let’s go upstairs and I’ll show you just how much I want you, baby girl,” Jungkook almost ordered.

An order that, doubtlessly, you would never have any problem following.

Even before a proper response could drip from your tongue, the boy was already interlacing your fingers with his, instigating you to jump from the counter and follow him. Resolutely, the two of you walked out of the kitchen and crossed the main living room, paying no mind to the incredulous and investigative eyes that trailed behind you — whether they came from his group of friends, or the other gossiping guests. There were more important things in mind.

The moment your heels found the first step of the stairs, you stopped, feeling a small pair of hands gripping your free wrist.
Jungkook turned around as confused as you, his voice showing just how much he had been taken off guard — your abrupt pause, which made his own steps halt, was the equivalent of a cold shower interrupting a pleasant dream, “What the—”

“—Just a second, champ,” Jennie interrupted his complains before they could even unfold, handing you a phone. You looked down at it with bewilderment present in your expression, “You left this with me. I’m going home now, so text me if—”

“—Yeah, whatever,” Jungkook answered for you, clearly impatient as you took the device in your hands. Forgetting your precious phone was not something that happened frequently — if ever, that was — so you thought that you had to be really into that stupid bet to do such thing. Talk about being ruled by primordial needs, you pondered. That was what frat parties did to you, nothing more than a time-travel machine into the cavemen times. “Are you done?”

Jennie raised her eyebrows, surprised at the rude tone of your companion. If she had noticed the growing problem in his pants, she surely did not appear like it, “Yeah… I’m done,” the girl agreed with certain hesitation.

“Good,” he barely murmured before proceeding to guide you up the stairs.

Oddly diverted by his harsh demeanor, you turned back to your friend, mouthing the syllables that constructed a simple, shy “Sorry!” Jennie, on her part, just smiled in endless pride, responding with an “I told you!” that barely overlapped the electronic progression of the music.

The path the two of you followed seemed like it was nothing but a blur of forms, part of an unsubstantial reality. Jungkook guided you quickly throughout the corridors of the fraternity house, eyes locked in the place he sought for. At that moment of peculiar glory and triumph, you did not care about the bottles and the empty cups thrown across the floor; did not care about the ridiculous amount of rooms or the other couples who kissed fervently on the way. All you cared about was the fact that Jeon Jungkook, the guy that could have any girl he wanted, was losing his sanity and his famous charming manners because he ended up choosing you amongst them all. Nonetheless, you were not naive, and knew it was all just another game for him, you were merely another unachievable trophy for him to place on his hall of infamous hook-ups.

But it was okay, because it was a game for you too.

After what was most likely a couple of minutes, the two of you paused in front of a closed bedroom, which you assumed was his own. Jungkook wasted no time in opening the door and gesturing for you to enter the dimly-lit ambient, following suit. Your eyes were carefully examining the decoration — the countless baseball posters on the walls, polaroid-like pictures of him and his friends scattered over a desk — when you heard the passageway closing with a clicking noise behind you.

Presenting no signs of your inner euphoria, you were tranquil as you placed your phone on the nightstand next to his bed, “Why are you still standing there?” you asked as you turned around, meeting his gaze instantaneously.

Jungkook was leaning against the wooden door, lower lip trapped by his white teeth, hooded eyes magnetized by your gorgeous form. All he wanted was to pull you close and fuck you — in that ridiculously tight dress, if manageable — against the nearest wall; to see as you decayed into whimpers and moans under the pleasure he would give you. Nevertheless, he limited himself to watch the movement of your hips as you walked towards him, “I’m looking at you,” he spoke out, almost in a mumble. His voice sounded alien to him as well, seeming to be so far away.

His approach alone, like a lion encircling his prey, was enough for you to lick your lips in
anticipation, a tingling sensation spreading down your stomach, “I see that,” you replied, pausing your steps — your breasts were merely centimeters away from his heavy-breathing chest. Until that moment, you had not fully realized how much you wanted him, but now it was monopolizing every cell of your body, inducing for your heartbeat to follow a frantic progression, “Like what you see?” you whispered.

Firmly, his arms wrapped around your waist, pulling you against him, “Babe, you don’t even know what you’re doing to me right now,” Jungkook licked his lips — an act that, as you came to observe, presented itself once the boy was fully immersed in interest — gaze flickering towards your parted mouth. You leaned back slightly, resting your hands on his muscular chest as you looked up at him, “You’re making me crazy,” he mumbled, almost as if he was confessing a secret to himself.

“Enlighten me,” you teased. Jungkook smirked, leaning his mouth against the skin of your neck and making you sigh at the touch. One of his hands shifted to your zipper, lowering it promptly. Your dress slid down your body, uncovering your breasts. “I’m starting to think that you don’t bite— Oh!”

Coming to a sudden halt, your voice was trapped in the captive of your throat the second you felt his mouth on your breasts. Warm and soft, you felt his tongue working on one of your nipples as the other was massaged by the gentle squeezes of his slender fingers. You allowed for your eyes to flutter shut, concentrating on the sensation and trying to keep your needy whines from escaping your parted lips. Your dress finally slipped to the wooden floor, forming a puddle at your feet. Jungkook grunted against your bare skin, “Lay down on the bed for me, baby,” he almost commanded.

Every cell of your body begged you to obey, and so you did.

Not even a couple seconds passed before the boy was on top of you, stealing your mouth with a fierce kiss. Greedy, Jungkook’s hands explored your body with no patience, squeezing and rubbing your breasts; holding down to your waist; feeling the flesh of your hips and ass. Tracing a path on your smooth skin, Jungkook moved to your neck and the valley of your breasts, licking and sucking you; caressing your belly with his lips; progressively moving lower and lower. Both of you knew where he was heading with that little show, but he liked to take his time.

Gentle, his kisses continued, lips touching the fabric of your underwear. A suspira escaped you once you felt his lips on your covered clit, and only then did you notice how sensitive your entire body was. Upon this realization, which was shared with him, Jungkook permitted for his eagerness to take the best of him, rushing some steps he would much rather keep slow. Part of your consciousness weekly claimed that you should regain control of the situation, but another seeked blindly for what was about to happen. After all, the kid could have a little fun too, couldn’t he? And, consequently, so could you.

Mutual winning was something marvelous. You should do that more often.

Obsidian eyes coruscating in desire, the boy raised his head and took his hands to the hem of your underwear, taking it off within seconds. He could not hold back the moan that erupted on his chest the second he saw the state you were in, “Look at you, you’re soaked…” he murmured to himself, his low voice trailing off; lost amidst the dense atmosphere. One of his digits traced the path from your opening to your clit, using your own arousal as a lubricant. He drew figures of eight on the spot at a horribly lethargic pace, earning some muffled moans in return; the vague movement of your hips signaling your reticent approval. Still, that was not enough for him. Jungkook moved his fingers back to your entrance, teasing it before entering two fingers inside you.

You cried out, “Oh my god, Jungkook,” his unexpected movement made his name slip from your lips like a prayer, your hands flying to hold onto his dark, messy hair. Jungkook appreciated your overwhelmed reaction, and decided to reward you with his mouth, leisurely leaning in and licking
your sensitive nub. The combination of the movements of his fingers and his hot tongue working on your clit made you roll your hips toward his face, begging for more.

And only heaven knew how deeply he wanted to fulfill your request, “—You taste amazing, fuck,” he grunted against you, the vibrations of his voice making you moan even louder. It was almost embarrassing, but he was working so well on you that you could already feel your orgasm approaching; dwelling in your quivering lips and trembling thighs.

Of course, Jungkook could feel it too. Your aphrodisiac image washed over him in a strong wave; the pressure of your body against his, pressing upwards deliberately, made him lose his mind again and again. He would crawl just to have you like that again, open for him; with your fingers holding tightly to his raven-black hair as you reached closer and closer to your high, “Can you cum for me, babe?” he asked in a breathless suspire, feeling your walls tightening around his digits. “Cum on my fingers for me?”

Lost amongst the currents of your pleasure, you barely managed to gift him with a weak nod, no words escaping from your fast-beating chest. Jungkook slowed down, making you grind desperately against his touches. God, that was the hottest scene he had ever seen — your mouth half open, eyes closed, moans of pleasure echoing throughout the expanse of the muffled room. He could feel the delicious sensation of his throbbing erection pressed against his tight jeans and, before he knew it, he was blindly grinding against the mattress, humping the sheets; looking for any kind of friction, of assuagement.

The rubbing of his cock against the bed made him groan against your wet core, the vibrations of his timbre spreading around your skin; your walls clenching around his fingers, “Jungkook, I-I’m—”

You could not finish, for a long moan erupted in your throat, signaling your long-awaited high. Your orgasm hit you all at once, fireworks shining in your vision as your fingers sank into the boy’s hair, urging him never to stop that wonderful sensation that was taking hold of your trembling body. Rising and falling, your hips hoped to prolong that fantastic sensation as they rolled against his face, feeling his mouth sucking and licking your clit again and again; his fingers pumping in and out of you until you were far too sensible to take it. Jungkook stopped once you whined out his name, a smirk of victory embellishing his sculptural lineaments.

After recovering your breath and coming down from your high, you felt the boy move from between your legs, departing from your heat. With heavy eyelids, you watched as Jungkook sat down beside you, his back to the head of the bed, and started to undress himself. He wasted no time removing his bomber jacket and his T-shirt — presenting you with those perfect defined, delicious abs — throwing it on the floor next to him; then moving on to his pants.

With a frustrated grunt he lowered his trousers, erection throbbing under his white underwear; sensitive to the weakest, most diaphanous of touches. Overtaken by a sudden storm of desire, you felt your heart leap in anticipation, delighting in the angel-like vision — his muscular, heavy-breathing chest; his disheveled, slightly sweaty hair falling over his hooded eyes; and his lips, swollen, red-bitten and wet from your liquids. Jungkook looked like the purest, most hellish image of sin, and you were progressively losing the rest of the self-control you still had to the temptation of having a taste of him. There was a limit.

Nonetheless, as he began to palm himself over the piece of underclothing, you realized that you had reached it.

Almost as if waking up from a momentaneous trance, you placed yourself on your knees and moved closer to where he sat. Without a premeditated idea of what you would do, you simply allowed your body to take the lead, placing your legs on either side of Jungkook’s body; observing with delight as
his expression withered into the deepest satisfaction. As brief as it was, the contact of your center against his was enough for him to call out your name.

Still, you had other ideas — as a playful response, you merely reenacted his previous actions, kissing his neck as your hands caressed the muscles of his arms, chest, thighs. Jungkook whined out, feeling as your delicate lips traced a path downwards. From his clavicles to his abs; waist; then closer and closer to his cock, “Now is the time to make your dreams come true, Kookie,” you spoke against his hot skin.

Your voice, sounding almost intoxicated, seemed to bring him back to reality, “W-What?” he stuttered.

Languidly, your fingers curled around the hem of his white boxers, “When you thought of me,” you continued, pulling his underwear down, “What was I doing to you?” his member jumped out of his prison, hitting his lower body. Your fingers skirted the base, and he grunted impatiently. “How was I doing it?”

“Fuck, babe,” Jungkook’s voice came out in an empty prayer, eyes closed as your hands cautiously pumped his length, “Just like that, but hold harder,” he instructed, and you obeyed. Your hand went up and down his member with expertise, your thumb rolling around his sensitive head from time to time, “Oh my god, shit, you’re fucking good at this, yes, yes…” you fell victim to his praises, which came out in weakened, worn-out whispers. “I want to feel your mouth around my cock, baby girl, I want you to suck me so fucking bad, shit—”

Again, you obeyed, lowering your head and planting a small kiss on the head of his member. Jungkook gripped your hair tightly, pressing for you to continue; unable to hold back the river of his own impatient desire. Your tongue, flat, traced the insubstantial path from his balls to his tip, inducing the boy to moan out in desperation, lifting his hips against your face, defeated, “Baby, please…” he cried out.

Moving your lips away from him, you verbalized a sweet inquiry, “Already begging?” you asked, feeling victorious. Jungkook’s gaze met your own, oddly naive one, and he thought he could cum with just that sight alone.

“Kindly asking,” he corrected, not wanting to waste another second. “Now, please, just blow me.”

“Rude,” you commented sarcastically, but still did as requested. He had said ‘please’, after all. How could you turn down such polite appeal?

Now, if it had been any other situation, you would have taken your time to provoke him a little bit further, starting out with small, timid kisses and short movements; only to then evolve to taking him deeper, sucking him harder. Though, in that moment, teasing Jungkook was the last thing on your nebulous mind — furthermore, you could see it in his eyes and in his body that he would not last long enough. Desperate times require desperate measures.

Lowering yourself, you took his cock in your mouth, sucking his tip one, two times before leaning back a little bit. Ignoring the whimpers that fell from his swollen lips, you licked his sensible spot before, finally, diving in and taking as much as you could. Quickly, you had already set a place, sucking and emptying your cheeks as you raised your head; repeating that movement until Jungkook turned into a moaning mess beneath your touches.

“Yeah, babe, fuck, just like that,” he moaned out, tirelessly praising how amazing you were, “You take my cock so well, oh my god,” you hummed around him, causing him to start lifting his body from the mattress. The pre-cum taste was already taking over your mouth, and he was getting closer
and closer to his high. “Fuck, (y/ n), I think I’m—”

Without a speck of hesitation, you moved away from him. His member left your mouth as you sat back on the mattress, finding amusement in Jungkook’s almost palpable despair — flushed cheeks and half-open lips, eyebrows slightly raised in a reticent sign of his bewildered frustration. You almost felt bad for him. Almost. “What the—”

“—Condom,” you interrupted his question with that simple word. Fortunately, his chaotic ponderations did not block him from catching the very obvious message, and soon pointed to the drawer besides the bed.

Jungkook accompanied with amazement as you moved back with the condom, opening it and placing it around his cock with no further issue. Lost amongst the enchantment of your form, he could only bite down on his lower lip as you placed yourself on top of his erect member, a few centimeters away from it — the expectation was driving him towards the edges of his sanity, “Please, I want to feel you so bad,” he cried out, his hands gripping at your hips.

“I hope you’re not ‘kindly asking’ again,” you purred, putting your hands on his broad shoulders for sustentation — if you were to be sincere, you, too, could not wait for much longer. “Because I want to hear you beg for it,” Pride long relinquished, Jungkook did not hesitate as much as you expected, “Fuck, please,” his voice came out bordering on a cry for clemency, his onyx eyes expressing the fragility of his position. You swore there were tears accumulating at the corners of his lids, “Please, please, baby girl, I want to feel how tight you are, I’m going crazy, please—” you bit your lip. Forget everything that you claimed aforetime, that was the best thing that happened throughout your entire academic life. “Please, I need to cum, please…”

Well, that was good enough for you. As much as you would like to claim that it was simply your benevolence coming out to end his delayed relief, you were more worried about your own high, the utter neediness that had already taken ahold of your mind. With a suspiare that soon morphed into a moan, you lowered your body and sunk onto his cock — Jungkook fit you perfectly, spreading you wide open and hitting all the right spots.

The boy, on his part, closed his eyes and moaned in endless relief, throwing his head back as he delighted on the sensation of your walls closing around him, “God, you’re just tight, so wet,” Jungkook spoke in a mumble, almost as if he was talking to himself. Holding tightly to your ass, his hands guided your movements to become a bit faster, your hips raising and falling on his member continuously. “Let me hear you say my name, babe, please…”

Trapped by your own pleasure, you could nothing but follow his requests, “Jungkook,” you moaned out his name, eyes closing in delight. The sensation that was rushing throughout your body was fantastic to experience, and you wished to get lost in every second of it.

Even before you could fully digest on the shadow of concentration that fell upon his features, his demeanor suffered a strong switch, “Louder,” Jungkook commanded. Actually commanded. With a firm, dominating voice and unshakable determination, the game changed — though, you could not say you did not like idea. If he wanted to take the lead, he could be your guest.

“Jungkook!” you verbalized his name louder, your walls tightening around his member as your delight increased in geometric progression. Satisfied with your compliance, he moved one of his hands to the back of your head and gently pulled your face close to his, joining your lips in a needy, sloppy kiss.
Breathless by desire, Jungkook moaned your name against your lips. In the subsequent second, he was already pulling away, “Turn your back to me, baby, and sit down again,” he spoke with calmness, but his eyes were flooded with savagery.

You did not want to stop your moments — hell, your orgasm was just behind the corner — but you found yourself unable to go against Jungkook’s orders. After turning your back to him, you wasted no time before you sank back onto his cock, feeling one of the boy’s hands move around the curvature of your waist. Before you could even inquire what he was planning to do, his digits found your clit, lethargically massaging the place as your hips rolled against his member.

Jungkook moaned and groaned against the back of your neck, feeling your walls tightening around his throbbing member; the overstimulation driving you crazy by each passing second, “Are you close, baby girl?” he found the strength to whisper against your ear, getting a muffled response in return. With movements benumbed by his own pleasure, he brushed your sweaty hair away from your neck, placing small kisses on the spot. “I wanna feel you cumming around my cock, can you do that for me?”

“Y-Yeah,” you agreed in a diaphanous suspiré, tears piling up in the corner of your eyes as the pressure in your stomach grew at an alarming rate. The heat of his body irradiated all around you, his muffled whines and groans against your skin only made you dive deeper into your carnal needs. You swore you could sense your orgasm close, waltzing just at the tip of your fingers; tracing spectral lines up and down your spine. “Jungkook, oh god—”

“—Shit, don’t stop, babe,” Jungkook could not hold himself back, beginning to lose his own line of thought to the sweetness of your touches. “I’m close too.”

“C-Cum for me, please,” you barely got out before another exclamation of pleasure fell from in between your lips, echoing past your flesh. Suddenly it was all too much — the way you rode him, how deeply and flawlessly he filled you; the movement of his fingers rubbing your clit again and again. You were going to cum.

His lungs did not seem like they were capable of working anymore; his heartbeat reverberated inside his head like a personal symphony, “That’s so fucking hot,” the boy murmured, biting lightly onto the skin of your shoulder in a moment of mindless lust. “I’m gonna cum, babe, I’m—”

—His sentence was cut in half by a muffled grunt, Jungkook raising his hips in a desperate attempt to further enhance the pleasure he was feeling. He reached deeper and faster inside you, holding to your flesh as his cock throbbed inside you; feeling the perfect way your walls clenched around him as you came undone. Listening to his name dripping in fragmented syllables from your tongue, Jungkook cursed and moaned behind you, breathing heavily as he descended from his climax, the hypersensitivity taking over his exhausted body.

There was a moment of silence and static as you two calmed your fast-beating hearts. In an unforeseen presentation of tenderness, Jungkook placed small kisses on the curve of your shoulder and neck, moving to caress your waist in a surprisingly affectionate fashion, “You’re incredible, baby,” the overwhelmed boy praised, his voice hoarse — yet calm, loving almost. "Worth waiting every second.”

Unable to hold back the frail smile that effloresced upon your dahlia-stained lips — which he did not see — you moved slowly as you left his lap. Trembling legs and exhausted arms induced you to lay down on his side, placing your head against the soft, cloud-like pillows, “You’re not so bad yourself,” you spoke back, no trace of sarcasm within your tone. Your little starboy had lived up to his fame, after all.
Jungkook presented you with a lighthearted laugh, running his hands through his sweaty hair. His eyes absent-mindedly moved to the nightstand, gaze meeting the neon red lines of his clock, “Five A.M. already,” he verbalized, surprised at how quickly the night had gone by. That is what happens when you are having fun, he thought. “You should sleep here.”

You hummed in quick confusion, your slumberous mind finding it difficult to focus on his tone, “I can go home, I don’t mind,” you told him, even if it was not the absolute truth. With no sleep and that kind of exercise, you did not think you could get out of bed, let alone walk to the other side of the campus. With high heels, mind you.

Jungkook yawned, forcing himself to move closer to the margins of the bed, “No, no,” he assured you, standing up with a prolonged groan. “Stay the night. It’s no problem, baby.”

Grinning in a mixture of unpreparedness and certain happiness, you watched Jungkook as he lethargically went into the bathroom, possibly to clean himself up, and closed the door with a low clicking noise. Once the coast was clear, you reached out of the nightstand, looking for your phone as the exhaustion of the night gradually took over your euphoric ponderations. Just as expected, it had been a hellish taste of paradise, and you adored every second of your little adventure.

Unlocking the device, you went directly to your recent text messages. By clicking on Jennie’s contact name, you were quick to type two simple words, thinking about how you never felt so blissful to be wrong about something:

   You won.

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