Espresso Marmalade

by moodring

Summary

Jeongguk was more eager to get inside the club, taking long strides to the set of black steel doors. It was the younger boy’s idea to bring Taehyung to Void. Seoul’s first fetish house, an upscale BDSM parlor that was legally permitted and licensed.

Or the one where Tae's a meek virgin who catches the eye of Void's most popular dom.

tw I cc
A/N: I'm here to say that I don't know shit about shit, but I hope you enjoy this story anyway.

NOTE: This is not an accurate portrayal of BDSM. Please educate yourselves if you're interested beyond fiction, so that you may safely practice it.

I've already expressed that I don't know /everything/ about BDSM, despite my research for some of the scenes. The BDSM lifestyle itself is difficult for me to properly get thorough with, while still trying to do what I want with this story, so I've adjusted it to my needs or comforts as a fan fiction writer. I've already told you guys that this isn't an accurate depiction of BDSM and to look it up, really research it, if you're looking to become more experienced with it. However, these things I've warned you about aren't good enough for some people, and so I started to receive some criticisms. Some of them useful, most of them not all that useful. One person told me that viewers who are into BDSM may have an issue with the way I portray Yoongi, since he doesn't necessarily follow the BDSM structure or lifestyle. As a writer, we all have our own flow of things. They said that I'm writing what's acceptable for a vanilla relationship, but not for BDSM. Maybe that's true. I'm asking that you guys not take this work of fiction too seriously. Those who try and get me to change my writing or my perspective of this story wish for me to treat you all like children, incapable of grasping the concept of fiction from reality. I refuse to do this. If you like my characterization of Yoongi, like him. If you find him attractive, do so. If you think he's a good dom, then so be it, that's how I tried writing him, right? The real experience will come should you choose to engage in BDSM for yourself. I don't expect everyone here to seriously pursue it BASED off of this story, but if you do, please be careful, and know that there is a lot to be learned. That's all I wanted to say! Anyways, please enjoy.

A beautiful fanfic trailer for EM made by aware. You can find her on YT or TW :)

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Taehyung was freezing cold by the time he walked halfway across the parking lot. He covered his mouth with a purple knitted scarf, sacrificing his poor fingers to hold the fabric in place. Jeongguk was more eager to get inside the club, taking long strides to the set of black steel doors. It was the younger’s idea to bring Taehyung to Void. Seoul’s first fetish house, an upscale BDSM parlor that was legally permitted and licensed.

“It looks like a freakin’ factory,” Taehyung said, hoping that his friend would pick up on the apprehension in his voice, and humor him for one last time. “We’ll be allowed to leave once we enter, right?”

Jeongguk had never seen Taehyung so chicken-shit before, laughing, “What are you so afraid of?”

‘Losing control,’ Taehyung wanted to say, but the words couldn’t make it past his lips. Instead, he shook his head, deception at its worst, because he was useless whenever it pertained to lying.

“The unknown,” he finally said, trying not to snort at his own response. Jeongguk had insisted on bringing him, going on and on about his ‘Master’, to which Taehyung only half listened to, because what the fuck? Soon after, he’d found himself trapped in a serious discussion about self-exploration with Jeongguk, his adorable little dongsaeng, stressing the importance of it.

Truth was Taehyung really had no idea what he enjoyed, because he was still a virgin at twenty-two. He was always told to put school first and he took every bit of what his grandmother had said as sacred word. He was a year away from earning his bachelor’s degree in Art History, determined not
to give in to any form of temptation.

No parties, no drinking, and lastly, no sex. A straight edged motherfucker as Hoseok so fondly labeled him as, not that Taehyung was proud of the nickname. Taehyung rebelled in small ways, stripping his hair and dying it the color of blood oranges. He even lined his ears with piercings and was currently interested in getting a tattoo, a tiny one to start off.

“Let’s at least go inside and get warm. If you still feel uncomfortable by the time you defrost, we’ll just leave, okay?” Jeongguk asked, moving out of the way when a couple pushed through the doors to leave. He grabbed hold of the handle before it could close shut. “Come on, Tae. You made it this far.”

That he did, unfortunately.

All it took was one look into Jeongguk’s doe brown eyes and it was game, set, and match. It was how he was persuaded to partake in the first place. “Fucking fine,” he grumbled, stepping inside the club with Jeongguk following right behind him.

There was a woman manning the desk, tall and beautiful, and appeared to be all business. Her sharp, manicured nails accepting IDs, as she carded potential denizens, and handed out forms.

“Jeongguk-ssi,” she smiled, lips sticky with a deep red gloss. She eyed up the both of them. “On a weekend? What a pleasant surprise. Your master will be so delighted to see you, but I’m afraid he’s preparing for a scene at the moment.”

Taehyung watched as his friend slumped at that and he had to wonder just how fucking far down the rabbit hole Jeongguk had fallen. How long has he been coming to Void? He thought back to the many nights where he’d poured himself into his studying, barely picking up on the words coming out of Jeongguk’s mouth. Whenever the boy left the dorm, it seemed like he’d come right back, hours like seconds.

“Tonight isn’t really about me anyway,” Jeongguk said, turning to regard Taehyung. “This is my friend. It’s his first–”

“First time,” she finished, taking another long, appreciative sweep over Taehyung. “I would have remembered a face that gorgeous, believe me.”

No matter how often he received the compliments, Taehyung never got used to it. “Thanks.”

“So, just a lounge visit then?” she asked, tucking a strand of short black hair behind her ear. “He’ll still need to sign the waiver and show some ID.”

A waiver? Taehyung was beginning to feel a little sick. It was with great trepidation that he handed over his ID, too anxious to properly absorb what was written down on the form, skimming over words like, voluntary participation in hazardous activities and having to assume responsibility for risks of personal injury or death. Obviously Jeongguk was still alive and well, but Jesus Christ…

Moving past the agreement and release of liability section, the rules of the fetish house made Taehyung somewhat optimistic. All play was to be consensual. No illegal substances were allowed on the premises. No cameras or other recording devices. He felt comforted by the fact that his freewill was being protected, as well as his identity safely hidden.
“Not that you would,” Jeongguk said, peering over the older boy’s shoulder. “…but alcohol isn’t allowed here either. I found it weird that it wasn’t on the form. Some guy was thrown out the other night for bringing in a bottle of Whiskey.”

Taehyung laughed, but it really wasn’t all that funny. Nothing about this situation was amusing to him. However, with Jeongguk’s encouragement, he found himself scribbling down his name and handing back the form, unwilling to meet the receptionist’s eyes, no matter how lovely. She gave him back his ID, telling him to keep the pen, and gave him another sheet of paper.

“So that you can get a better idea of what you’re here for, Taehyung-ssi,” she said, his name smooth from off of her tongue. “You can check things off as you go. Maybe you’ll end up being a rope bunny like your friend here.”

Taehyung peered over at him, arching an inquisitive brow, “You’re a what now?”

Jeongguk visibly flushed from his ears to his neck. “I uhm, like to be tied up.”

“You’re serious?” It was rhetorical. Of course Jeongguk was serious. That would explain the light bruises he tended to return with.

“You’re gonna have to try to be more open-minded, hyung,” was Jeongguk’s simple way of saying ‘don’t fucking judge me’. Taehyung followed after him when he started to walk down a wide corridor, black walls bare of any art and carpeted floors with Persian rugs that were red and knotted by hand – the shit was so needlessly intricate for this type of place. Jeongguk sighed, “I want you to take this seriously. There’s something here for everyone, even you.”

Taehyung somehow doubted it. He’d gone his whole life without having sex, fighting against urges, and behaving himself to the best of his ability. If he had any type of relationship, it would start out as vanilla, and it would go at a snail’s pace. He’d never felt inspired to have someone or to belong to someone. Occasionally he’d get this wave of envy over couples. He’d fantasize over what it would be like to be taken care of, but nothing would inspire him enough to go out and make it happen.

The lounge area was a large, spacious room. The music just loud enough to pick up on, but barely – the clients and guests spoke in quieted voices while they spectated. He recalled one of the many rules saying that being loud during a scene was not to be tolerated, or else a Dungeon Monitor would ask you to leave. That must be the BDSM community’s version of a bouncer? Taehyung didn’t know the fucking lingo, not that he was particularly enticed to learn it.

There hadn’t been a dress code mentioned, but everyone was dressed to match the furniture in what appeared to be all black leather. It was easy to tell who was attending for the first time, Taehyung himself sticking out with his purple scarf and ripped white-washed jeans.

Jeongguk had stopped in front of a stage, where a scene with two males unfolded. As though he were handed an exam, Taehyung started crossing off and scaling the things he’d be willing and not so willing to try.

He’d just crossed off Anal Fisting, when Jeongguk’s voice caught in his throat, so clearly affected by what was unraveling in front of him, “That’s him. That’s my master.”

“Yeah, I’m never gonna get used to hearing you say that and sorry, but from the looks of it, he’s someone else’s master tonight,” Taehyung whispered to him, as he took in the scene professional with every bit of criticism. Silver hair was neatly styled, clothing muted, and well-tailored like he was
expensive. The man was shorter than he was expecting, lips glossy and plump with dark brown eyes large and doll-like. Taehyung would have been fooled, if not for the confidence the man exuded, securing inches upon inches of red rope around his submissive’s (?) form. Whatever the fuck he was…

There was a chalkboard resting on top of an old wooden chair, listing off the master’s name as, ‘Jimin’, a d-type shibari expert.

“Seokjin has been kind enough to volunteer for tonight’s scene,” Jimin said, addressing the audience in a voice that was as light and as soft as he appeared. He recalled the one night Jeongguk went biblical about it, claiming that his master was the closest thing to an angel. Visually, Taehyung could see where it was a fair comparison. “I ask that the audience be silent, unless I explicitly ask for your participation. Absolutely no touching of any kind will be allowed…”

Someone was speaking directly behind Taehyung. He couldn’t help, but to listen in. “It’s rare that he doesn’t have a play name. Does he work here?”

“Seokjin started last week, but he was listed as a d-type who specializes in age play,” someone else had answered. “He’s popular among the ABDL community. Super daddy, that one.”

And Taehyung was a lost cause after that, as he slowly inched himself further away, “Hey, uhm. I’m gonna go get a drink. Do you want anything?” A second passed and Jeongguk didn’t even acknowledge him, mouth agape as he continued staring holes into Jimin’s back. Taehyung tried again, “Guk?”

Jeongguk cleared his throat, distractedly, “N-No thanks, hyung. Hurry back or you’ll miss it.”

In every corner of the room, there was scene going on, not so easy to avoid or ignore – so what was there to miss, really? Honestly, Taehyung wanted to leave before he witnessed the crack of a whip. He’d found solace at the bar, where an endless supply of energy and revitalization beverages stared right back at him – shit with vitamins. Terrific.

“Got anything that fizzes?” Taehyung asked, taking out his wallet to pay.

“We have soda, limeades, seltzer…” said the bartender, drying off a glass with a dishtowel, until it was immaculate, and shining back at him.

Taehyung’s relief was short-lived when a couple joined him at the counter, a male and a female, but the female wasn’t allowed to stand from her kneeled position on the floor. There was a thick collar wrapped around her neck with the word, ‘SLUT’ written out in rhinestones. He imagined the two of them walking into a jewelry store to get it custom made, because only the best for his bitch.

This was probably how Dorothy felt when she’d ended up in Oz, except that Oz was wholesome, and the Void was just fucking disturbing.

“I’ll have the cherry limeade,” Taehyung said, pleased that he was able to get the words out. The couple had yet to leave and hadn’t made any attempts to order. The moment the guy drew breath, Taehyung was out of his seat, and slapping down the money. He didn’t want conversation or to chance being propositioned. He was too skittish, trying to hang on for Jeongguk’s sake.

Winter break was almost over and he’d be able to tell Hoseok that he did something wild on Monday. He took the drink and left, but not in the direction of Jeongguk. He’d give his friend some
time to properly stew in his own jealousy, before tearing him away to head back to the dorms. He thought Jeongguk was in an actual relationship, but it was becoming obvious to him that his assumption was false.

A stage came to life from out of Taehyung’s peripheral. A boy, no older than Taehyung himself, walked across the old dark wood floor. He had to wonder if the stage was purposefully made to look rickety, given the rich and upscale conditions of the rest of the place. There was a leather collar secured around the boy’s neck, the signature tell that this was a submissive. His hair was black, soft bangs falling into his eyes. He slowly removed the robe that he was wearing and folded it neatly.

A woman, twice as beautiful as the receptionist was handling the chalkboard. She paused in her writing to peer up at the submissive, “What is your play name, pet?”

Completely nude then, he crossed his arms behind his back with his legs spread into a formation that reminded Taehyung of the military. The boy answered, “Woozi…”

She scribbled his response and placed the framed chalkboard down on the chair, revealing the scene professional’s name as ‘Sugar’, who was probably anything, but sweet. One of those ironical things. He was marked down as a sadist d-type. Beneath that was a list of all his specialties: impact play, breath play, needle play, and edge play. Well, that sounded like a proper sadist if Taehyung ever heard of one, which he hadn’t, until now. At the very bottom of the board was what looked like the faded outline of a middle finger? Classy.

After five solid minutes of waiting, Taehyung started biting at his straw. He was about ready to head back and find Jeongguk, when another male walked out on stage. He had a reckless way about him, pale fingers combing through bleach blond hair. He was dressed in a torn pair of black fitted jeans and a plain dark t-shirt. There was blackwork tattoos littered down both his arms, none of which Taehyung could properly make out.

The woman who’d arranged the board, a scene assistant, as Taehyung had just read, spoke out in a clear voice that was loud enough to reach the audience, “The play professional has arrived.”

Taehyung was already well aware, watching as Sugar tossed away an empty box of gloves to anywhere – elsewhere, out of his fucking way, before tearing into a new one. He pulled on a pair of black medical gloves, shooting a glance at the submissive, “Remove your collar.”

The sound of the blond’s voice was low and rough like gravel, almost like it served as an infliction all of its own. Taehyung hated how much he liked it – hated that he could practically taste the Daegu satori in each careful syllable.

When there was no movement from the other male, Sugar paused to regard him, a bit more slowly, “You don’t belong to me and if you did, you wouldn’t have an ass to sit on for pulling this shit. Your master or mistress must be ‘oh’ so proud of their little fuck up.”

A flick of the scene professional’s wrist, a gesture so fast that Taehyung barely caught it, permitted Woozi to speak, “My mistress isn’t here this evening and you needed a volunteer…” There was a slight tremble to the smaller man’s voice, his shoulders hunched under the weight of Sugar’s direct attention. “It’s just that I respect your work s-so much, sir. I wanted to please you.”

“I’m telling you now, slave,” Sugar said, tilting his head to bore his cold, feline eyes into the submissive’s – wincing, almost like he was filled with pity over the next sentence that was to fall from pink, kittenish lips. “The things your mistress may be willing to forgive, I do not.”
“I know that, sir.”

There was a visible strain in Sugar’s arms, veins standing out prominently against his nearly translucent skin, where a quiet temper resided just below the surface. Taehyung thought the blond was going to snap and was surprised when he’d chuckled softly. It was an eerily attractive sound for someone so clearly fucking unhinged. “You say that you hold respect for me, yet I don’t even respect you enough to humiliate you.”

Taehyung found his legs to be completely useless, as he stood there at odds with himself for being so morbidly fixated, assaulted by the cold shivers and chills of excitement running down his spine. He almost felt victimized in place of the submissive, seeing himself up there, rather than Woozi. He was relieved when nothing was said in response, terrified of where that could have gone. Was it terrified or exhilarated? The two nouns were starting to blend.

“In some practices, having more than one master or mistess is treasonous behavior,” Sugar said, patience hanging on by a single thread, the calm in his voice merely a façade – one that Taehyung was perceptive enough to see right through. “So, for the last time, remove your fucking collar, or else I’ll do it for you.”

The submissive paled at this, not having the gull to disobey Sugar twice, as he slowly moved the leather through the silver buckle, and pulled it free. The blond beckoned to him with two fingers, “Bring it here and then I want you to stand with your back faced to the audience.”

It was like the raven-haired boy had just handed over his entire world and was now forced to walk away from it, forsaken it. Sugar curled his long fingers around the collar, tongue slowly licking at his bottom lip, before he called over his scene assistant. Taehyung wished he knew what Sugar was asking of her, why she only had to nod the once to whatever he said, before she left to run whatever fucked up errand he’d tasked her with.

Dark eyes stared down at the leather in his hand, thumb running over the material reverently almost. “A collar signifies loyalty.” It was obvious to Taehyung what the scene professional believed in, what was precious to him. He just wasn’t expecting it to be uncompromising devotion? The natural pout of Sugar’s lips deepened, “I’d be more than happy to show this traitorous bitch what happens when one strays.”

The assistant returned a moment later, holding an armful of thick, heavy leather collars. Some of which had locks on them, others with the same derogatory words printed on them like the woman from the bar. It was excessive and also, a bit ridiculous. If Taehyung was collared – wait, no. He shook his head as though it would rid of the insidious thoughts. Sugar took his time with collecting the bulk of the accessories, wearing the collars on his wrists like they were bangle bracelets.

“You said that you wanted to be good for me, that you wanted to please me,” Sugar reminded him, approaching the smaller boy with steps that were slow and daunting. Woozi nodded eagerly as a way of answering, unable to speak, unless it was granted. “Show me what a well behaved boy you can be and I’ll rethink your lesson.”

It was all smooth, careful guidance – skilled persuasion that Sugar talked the boy through each step. Each word out of his mouth was with purpose, insulting and appraising, the two going hand-in-hand to coax Woozi into the right position. The final result was his palms faced upwards with his arms raised high above his shoulders, as though he were about to lift dumbbells. Sugar then proceeded to stack the collars in a ‘one for this palm, one for that palm’ orderly fashion.
Taehyung was certain by then, that there was no sure way of differentiating playing a match against Sugar, or the Devil. It already felt like the odds were against whomever volunteered for him, like they were blindly cheating themselves.

“If you can hold this pose for three whole minutes without dropping a single collar, I won’t discipline you as severely as I’d originally intended…” Sugar said, as he leaned in closely. The expression on Woozi’s face was hidden from the audience, but Taehyung knew that he was probably drowning, the dominant’s presence as fatal as quicksand. “I’ll even allow you to come all over my hand, but if you fail, then you’ll be punished however I deem fit. Do you understand the task?”

Another swift gesture of the blond’s fingers seemed to have unzipped the Woozi’s mouth, in need of verbal consent. “Yes, sir.”

“You will speak to me in full sentences or else I’ll have to gag you,” was the flippant response, a threat so quickly tossed out. Sugar was serious, eyes unmoving as they narrowed darkly.

Taehyung had already died, perhaps three or four times from secondhand embarrassment throughout the scene. He’d told himself that he’d be different, that he wouldn’t give in so easily, yet there was something appealing about watching someone else take the fall. He liked how small Woozi was, how he played right into Sugar’s hands. “Y-Yes, I understand the task, sir.”

Was this an example of the perfect submissive? Taehyung glimpsed down at his sheet, going over his answers, the ones he’d crossed off in haste. Jeongguk’s earlier statement hit him at a moment where he felt most vulnerable, ‘there’s something here for everyone, even you’.

“We can start then,” Sugar said, clapping his hands together sharply, like he was about to enjoy himself a show. He stalked towards the back of the stage, grabbing an Apeach cooking timer from the table, turning it to three minutes, before setting it back down. The blond made room for himself on top of the table, resting his elbows against his knees, while catlike eyes burned holes into the submissive in front of him. The audience went completely silent, so quiet that Taehyung could pick up on the faint ‘ticking’ sound of the timer.

In his head, he’d counted past thirty seconds, when a noticeable shaking started in the boy’s triceps. Taehyung was so caught up in the display that he could actually feel as the dread seeped inside his bones, convinced that Sugar knew what the outcome would be all along. At a full minute, there were beads of sweat forming at the back of the Woozi’s neck, his legs occasionally buckling, before he would immediately right himself.

What was the saying? Don’t kick someone when they’re down? Sugar wasn’t familiar with that idiom, when he hopped down from his spot on the table and brought the timer along with him, circling the submissive, drawing himself in closely. “It’s almost two minutes in. You must really want it bad, huh? You want me to wreck you and then own you…” There was a sweet lilt to Sugar’s tone, as it washed over Taehyung, even at a distance. “That’s alright, all sluts do.”

Warmth pooled into Taehyung’s belly, his cock stirring with interest – body betraying him. Being degraded wasn’t hot? Maybe.

Sugar was close, too close – setting Woozi on fire with the smallest of things. A filthy smirk curled at the edges of his sensual lips, strands of messy blond hair falling into his eyes. It was tactic, Taehyung realized. It was dirty tactic that served its purpose in the end, as the boy gave a full-body shiver, and the two collars fell to the floor. One from each hand.
Sugar gripped at the boy’s shoulder, pressing into him with a weight that felt heavier than the actual touch. Still just as sweet, almost mockingly so, he simpered, “I win.”

Taehyung wondered if that was his goddamn catchphrase. How often does Sugar win? He wanted to know, for whatever fucked up reason.

The blond called for his assistant, instructing her to help Woozi onto the bench. It was made up of sleek metal and black vinyl. In no way, shape, or form did it look like a comfortable piece of furniture. She was gentle in handling the submissive, easing him down flat onto his stomach, thighs parted so that he was straddling the padded surface. Next she confined his wrists and ankles with leather straps, forcing him to lie still completely spread out, and vulnerable.

“Two minutes and twenty seconds was your record, but that leaves a full forty seconds that still belong to me,” Sugar said, as he returned to the back of the stage, fingers trailing over instruments that Taehyung didn’t know the names of, this world completely new to him. The scene professional eventually settled on a cane made out of black fiberglass with a wooden handle. “Forty seconds, forty strokes, and you’re gonna count them out for me.”

At the back of his mind, Taehyung remembered that he hadn’t wanted to see this – this violence. That’s what it was, at its core, and yet he couldn’t help but notice how his dick was practically throbbing within the confines of his fitted jeans, the fabric damn near chafing his heated skin. The submissive remained calm, despite his body growing stiff with tension, small hands curled into fists. Was this really about to happen? Taehyung couldn’t stop the erratic beating of his heart.

Sugar walked the short distance to the bench, eyes appraising as he took in Woozi’s taut, restrained figure, “There are no marks on your skin, not even a single bruise…” The words carried evenly and adoring, like he’d received a present just from being able to issue pain. “Were you perhaps her favorite or was it that she didn’t love you enough to leave a mark? Is that why you came to me?” The blond sucked in a breath at his own conclusion, chest rising and falling with exhilaration. He gently touched the cane to the tender spot where ass meets thigh. “Tell me the safe word that I gave you, slave.”

Woozi gasped at the cool, abrupt contact of glass against his skin. “Mercy…”

A bit ironic, Taehyung thought, a little difficult for the word to not spill out naturally? Why did he like it so damn much?

“That’s right.”

Taehyung surprised himself by taking an instinctual step closer towards the stage, as though suddenly possessed. He lost breath at the first loud snap of the cane meeting flesh, shaking him from within. Woozi was afforded only mere seconds between each downward stroke, eliciting deep, guttural moans of pain – all the awhile, he’d remembered to count, Taehyung quietly counting with him. Angry stripes of red were soon painted across the boy’s soft, flawless skin.

He pushed his hips down against the vinyl, body writhing with every flick of Sugar’s wrist.

By ten, Taehyung was immersed, his teeth worrying his bottom lip as the stripes turned into welts over the submissive’s upper thighs and the pert, reddened cheeks of his ass, where the muscles remained clenched. Twenty-five. Woozi’s small hands pulled at his restraints, but the safe word was never vocalized. Sugar would pause occasionally to ask, “What do you say to me?” After a wet
sniffle, the submissive would thank him. Thirty. It was obvious that he was crying and even so, Taehyung remained shamefully hard. Every time the boy jolted, he felt his dick pulse in response.

There was a thick, sticky mess of precum connecting Woozi’s small cock to the padded bench, trapped in a hell that offered the briefest glimpses of relief. The scene professional was lost to this – this power, dark eyes fixated on his work. Thirty-five. He brushed the cane over tender, broken flesh, admiring marks that would last for weeks, before he placed another, and another.

A scream was torn from the back of Woozi’s throat at the last, swift stroke over his skin, “A-Ah, forty!”

The blond still had the stick firmly pressed against the boy’s sore cheeks, lashes falling shut as though he wouldn’t be able to stop, if he didn’t take a moment to will it. For a moment, Taehyung didn’t think Sugar would be able to, before he collected himself, and appeared seemingly unaffected by what had occurred. Several times, Taehyung’s eyes had drifted to see if the scene professional was hard, too, but he wasn’t.

Sugar asked again, voice rough, “What do you say to me?”

“Thank you, sir…”

The cane fell from Sugar’s fingers, the sound startling Taehyung enough to pull a sharp gasp from his tight lungs. It was loud enough to draw unwanted attention from nearby spectators. Even Sugar lifted his head up curiously, those charcoal black eyes immediately landing on Taehyung’s, heavy and imposing. A cold feeling washed over the student, as he brought shaking fingers up to his flushed cheek, embarrassed to find that he was wiping away tears – tears he hadn’t realized had fallen.

Seconds felt like minutes at Void, as Taehyung stood there motionlessly, utterly spellbound. Sugar took a slow step closer, a knowing smirk gracing his lips, like all of Taehyung’s fears and desires were somehow visible to him – that he could see every little piece of him. Then Taehyung remembered himself and that he was still painfully hard, dressed in the worst attire possible. Of course Sugar would see him as a form of amusement.

The scene assistant was at Sugar’s side, “Sir?”

“Get him an icepack. After fifteen minutes, apply cream onto the welts, and then ice it again. He’s not permitted to have any other form of relief…” Sugar was distracted, words coming out too slowly, as he continued to stare down at the redhead, unwilling to release him. It was rude behavior, but he couldn’t find enough reason to care. “He’ll need a drink from the bar, whatever he wants, give it to him.”

Sugar knew that it was impersonal of him not to take care of the submissive himself, but the boy wasn’t his responsibility, which had only been half the point he’d been making to begin with.

It was with difficulty that Taehyung finally tore his eyes away, because nope – he was convinced he’d burn on the spot. Even after he’d turned to leave, the unsettling warmth of being watched followed him. He threw his melted drink into the garbage and escaped into what he assumed was the safety of the crowd. He could see Jimin’s stage, red rope being pulled through stainless steel rings that were in the shape of hearts. A set of those probably cost the shibari expert a pretty penny. Taehyung didn’t know the exact name of the tie, probably something in Japanese. The submissive’s feet were able to touch the floor with gradual deliberateness. Jimin was short in stature, but he was
awfully strong, anchoring Seokjin down with ease, until he was no longer suspended.

He found Jeongguk right where he’d left him, eyes devotedly trained on Jimin, while the scene was coming to a close. This was the part that Taehyung hadn’t stuck around for during Sugar’s set, watching Jimin see to the aftercare personally. He slid his small fingers along the length of the rope, untying Seokjin, as black berry wax flaked away and fell to the floor, his skin splotchy and red from the abuse – cock spent with traces of release painted on his lower stomach.

There was a process with Jimin, purposefully light touches, and thorough cleaning of his toys, submissive included. There was ointment applied for the rope burns and the wax play, a kiss pressed to each of Seokjin’s wrists.

Taehyung briefly wondered if Sugar was able to tie people up, but then quickly dismissed it, because what the fuck?

Jeongguk spared him a quick glance, “You missed it.” His best friend’s voice was thicker than usual, the mood growing tense. It was obvious that he was upset. “My mast–I mean, they looked really good together. Seokjin’s body is really…”

“Not like yours,” Taehyung said, slightly confused as to why he was reassuring his dongsaeng on this topic. “You’re just as tall, Guk. I mean, you may not have ocean wide shoulders, but you’re still built. Have you seen your thighs lately? You could probably crush watermelons with them.”

“He’s also gorgeous,” Jeongguk whispered, wanting to sink into floor. He knew Jimin would have volunteers and that he would see other clients. He stupidly thought he’d be alright so long as he didn’t have to witness it.

“When did you develop self-esteem issues? Look, you know what I heard?”

He wasn’t going to say shit, until Jeongguk gave him his full attention. The younger eventually turned when Taehyung didn’t go further into detail, annoyed then, “What, hyung?”

“That guy who volunteered for Jimin is an employee here and he’s not an s-type, which I take it you are,” Taehyung said, a little concerned with how much information he’d taken in this evening, but that was how well his mind worked – always in student mode, ready to learn new things, and absorb, absorb, absorb. It was fucking disturbing.

Jeongguk’s soured expression dissolved into one of admiration, “You’ve been reading the guide? Where did you go when you left me? Did you wait out in the car?”

Taehyung was glad that he hadn’t, “Not exactly…”

The crowd started to part around them, making room for three men that were dressed in the same, dark utility pants, and black shirts – printed on the front of them in large, bold white font read: MONITOR.

“You got this?” asked one of the monitors, voice nasally. His hair was two-toned in colors of pink and purple. Despite this fact, he was rather tall, and well-built. “You do have a personal stake in this and all.”

The second monitor, who was just as leggy, but with honey blond hair responded, irritation clear, “Thanks for bringing it up, Wonshik, while he’s right over there. Wanna maybe speak a bit louder
and let the whole fucking room know? The newbie should take this one. Go on, Sanghyuk. Sentence them.”

“ать could never steal your thunder like that, hyung,” Sanghyuk said, hands up like he’d surrendered the task. Somehow the third monitor was even taller and broader, a thick giant, really. “Besides, Seokjin is watching you.”

“Sentence them, Namjoon,” Wonshik mocked.

“You two are bitches,” Namjoon said, as he approached the situation. There were two denizens attending Jimin’s scene play who had stepped out of line. There were only two cardinal rules during spectating. The first rule being that no one was permitted to partake in the scene, unless the dominant explicitly asked for audience participation. The second rule, which was the rule that had been broken, perhaps too often, was inappropriate acts of self-touch.

There was a male couple entangled with one another and up until now, Taehyung hadn’t even noticed that their hands were dipped beneath each other’s clothing. Stolen kisses marred their lips, the flesh swollen red.

“Good evening, gentlemen.” The deep sound of Namjoon’s voice startled them from their session. Both men appeared confused, but the white font changed their attitude real quick.

“Monitor,” one of them breathed out, retrieving his hands from his partner’s body. “How can we help you?”

“Well, you can start off by not shamelessly groping at each other’s dicks in front of all these nice people,” he said, casually pressing a finger to his earpiece, straining to listen as Minhyuk ID’d them, the tech bastard. “Hyunsoo and Jongmin, right? You two are no longer welcomed at Void. Please see yourselves out immediately.”

“You’re not even going to explain to us why? We did nothing wrong!”

The dimples on Namjoon’s face deepened, “You can’t read apparently. Prior to touching each other, you touched yourselves. Such behavior is against Void’s policy. Now you’re raising your voice, at a monitor no less.”

The guy tried again, “Forgive me, but we were simply adjusting…”

“Want to come see the footage we have? We can play it back for you both. It was like a cheap amateur porno.”

Wonshik snorted, “I thought it was nice. The guy with the glasses didn’t last very long though. How’re your jeans, bud?”

Namjoon turned to regard his coworker, “Our response time is shit.”

The couple hadn’t put up much of a struggle after suffering such humiliation. The man who’d gone back and forth with Namjoon was muttering on about having rights and that this was all complete bullshit. Namjoon paused before escorting them, looking out towards the stage at Seokjin, the heated glance returned tenfold. If anything was fucking inappropriate, it would have been that moment right there.
Taehyung felt his skin flush for the nth time that night, “Guk, come on. It’s late and I need to review for Monday.”

Jeongguk was reluctant at first, wanting to stay and watch Jimin, until he was gone from his sight. Taehyung offered his hand, relieved when the younger took it, allowing himself to be pulled through the crowd. Anxiety left Taehyung with every inch gained, the exit just beyond the corridor, and so very close within range, when a familiar blond purposefully obstructed their path, stepping out in front of them.

Sugar watched as Taehyung recoiled at his sudden appearance, immensely pleased with the visceral reaction. He purposefully shifted his attention to Jeongguk, pointing a finger from beneath his black hoody, “You’re Jimin’s baby bunny, right? He stressed to every working dom around here that you are very much off-limits.”

Jeongguk fell for the bait, “He did?”

“He did,” Sugar echoed, as he stalked closer, feeding Jeongguk’s curiosity. It seemed like a new scene was unfolding right before Taehyung’s eyes. “Jimin has a lot of clients, but he speaks very highly of you, says you’re such a good boy.” He tilted his head at Taehyung, sucking his bottom lip between his teeth. “What about you?”

Taehyung raised a brow at the scene professional, far too incensed at this point to speak, knowing that if he did, it wouldn’t be anything nice.

The blond continued, taking a brave step closer. “Are you capable of being the sweetest, goodest boy?”

Oh, hell…

“Listen, asshole,” Taehyung snapped, leveling his hand above his eyebrows. “You gotta be at least this tall to proposition me.”

For a moment, all Sugar did was stare, allowing the velvety timbre of Taehyung’s voice to sink in. One Daegu boy recognizing another Daegu boy – then the words finally registered and all Sugar could think about was punishing him. It was seldom that he was insulted outright, especially at Void. He wanted to train Taehyung, give him a free introductory lesson in manners. He wanted that thick, honey voice to drip for him, so that he could have a taste.

Jeongguk tugged on where their hands were intertwined, “Taehyung!” He turned to Sugar, desperate almost. “I’m so sorry, sir. It’s his first time here and he’s still learning the rules.”

“You mean the things you wished I’d allow you to do me,” Taehyung corrected him.

“Your friend has quite the mouth on him,” the blond said, a sinful smirk twitching at the corners of his lips. “The things I would do to ensure he never spoke out of line with me again.”

“Taehyung,” Sugar said, testing the boy’s name out on his tongue. It reminded Taehyung of some supernatural law, like once the creature learned your name they owned it – and you. He extended his hand out. “Show me your papers.”

Taehyung had only taken the sheet half seriously when he’d filled it out. It was with a high level of skepticism, not a truthful depiction of what he’d be willing to consider. So, he handed over the flimsy
questionnaire.

Sugar plucked it from him, eyes scanning over the markings like it was a quiz, and was quick to realize that it was somewhat of a joke. “You put everything down as a hard limit and the things you didn’t cross off, you didn’t answer…” Sugar mused, scrolling his pointer finger over Taehyung’s scribbling, “So, why are you here?”

*Be cool, Taehyung.* He shrugged with nonchalance, “To see if this place was for me, but oh, gee whiz, I guess it isn’t.”

“Your penchant for defiance tells me otherwise,” the blond said pointedly, looking beyond Taehyung, as one of his colleagues approached. “Ah, Jimin-ssi.”

Jeongguk stilled at the mention of his master’s name, his fingers squeezing Taehyung’s. It was always like this for the younger, but a first time seeing it for his hyung.

Jimin had changed into a fitted pair of jeans and a dark sweater, thin silver necklaces clinging like chokers around his neck. He bowed his pleasantries first, addressing the blond with his scene name, before he settled his eyes to where Taehyung’s hand was wrapped firmly around Jeongguk’s. Immediately, “Who is this?”

“This is my best friend,” Jeongguk answered and although he knew that he should pull away from Taehyung, he couldn’t.

Sugar licked at his lips, knowing full well that Jimin was pissed off, as he should be – Taehyung was a gorgeous specimen, a dominant’s waking dream.

“Where is your collar, pet?” Jimin asked, the name bitten out through his teeth. There was a limit to his patience, he could only do sweet and polite for so long while Jeongguk openly disobeyed him. Not only in front of a ‘friend’, but also a respected dom.

Jeongguk left it in the car, too focused on reassuring Taehyung to get him inside the building that he forgot about it. “I wasn’t here for an appointment, so, I didn’t bring it.”

“Every time you come to Void, you must wear it, otherwise…”

He cut Jimin off, still somewhat annoyed from the scene with Seokjin. “Otherwise people will think that I’m fair game?” Jeongguk laughed, bitterly, “That I don’t belong to someone, that I’m not claimed?”

“Yes. Precisely that, but no worries,” Jimin said, smiling so big that his eyes were closed into crescents, before his expression dropped – reaching up so that his hand lightly wrapped around the front of Jeongguk’s throat. “I can always improvise. How does it feel, just like your collar?”

“Oh, what the fuck…” Taehyung murmured, about ready to break Jimin’s wrist if he had to, when Sugar stepped beside him.

“I wouldn’t interfere in this,” he said, his deep, tired voice brushing against the shell of his ear. Taehyung grew stiff from the sudden closeness, a chill coursing throughout his body just from the other man’s breath dancing upon his skin. “As you saw earlier, rules are rules, Taehyung.”

“On your knees,” Jimin ordered, partially saddened that there was no rope in the immediate area.
This was more intimate. He’d even allow his bunny’s hand to remain in Taehyung’s for this. Jeongguk trembled, ready to lower himself to the ground, when Taehyung abruptly tugged him free. It was mostly due to Jimin’s foresight not to hurt his submissive, releasing his hold.

“How about, ‘no’, you crazy bastards,” Taehyung said, ignoring Jeongguk’s struggle to unclasp their fingers. The younger was too concerned with further irritating Jimin, the punishments stacking up in his head for each passing moment. “We’re leaving.”

Before he could make a dramatic escape, Sugar called to him, “Taehyung, don’t forget your paper.” The blond's eyes were like two stones of black, a crooked smirk challenging him to come and get it. Taehyung was half tempted to tell him to shove it, but he found himself compelled to reach for it – fingers catching the corner of the sheet. The boy tensed when Sugar wouldn’t let go of it right away. He wouldn’t relent, until Taehyung was staring at him, and was shaken by what he saw there. How dark and smug... The appraisal was like a forced kiss, “Good boy.”

Taehyung’s mouth trembled into a snarl, realizing that he’d basically just followed an order. “Fuck. You.”

Sugar marveled at him, thick, pretty lashes fluttering. “You have such potential…”

“Never,” he said, their faces close to one another, a hair’s breadth away from touching. Sugar remained quiet, dropping his gaze to Taehyung’s deep red lips. Fucking consent.

It was Jeongguk’s turn to pull his friend away, ignoring the tension he felt rolling off of Jimin in thick, palpable waves. The walk down the corridor felt never ending. The receptionist stood up from her seat and was unable to get a word in, wanting to inquire about Taehyung’s experience, when he was practically shoved out the door into the cold air.

Jeongguk started in on him, “Jimin is going to kill me and it’ll be your fault.”

“Not my fault you forgot your collar,” Taehyung said, finding the argument topic a bit odd, but.

“And speaking to Sugar that way? The disrespect, hyung,” he said, voice exasperated.

“Whatever. It’s not like I’m going to see him again.” And that was the honest truth. The whole experience had frightened Taehyung as much as it intrigued him. It felt like an upcoming piercing or the tattoo he kept on prolonging. Sugar felt dangerous.

“Where did you go when you disappeared? You never told me.” They reached the car, where Taehyung was all too glad to sink into the passenger. His heart was still racing wildly against his chest, like it had been since the moment he arrived.

“I went to get myself a drink, which what the fuck with the selection? Then I got all caught up in a scene between Sugar and some guy, who apparently, uhm, had been collared to someone else, yet still wanted to volunteer, which pissed him off. You should have seen it…”

“Oh, god…” Jeongguk groaned, shaking his head as he kept his eyes trained on the road. “What a moron. Does he still have an ass to sit on?”

What…

“Okay, seriously, why is that a thing? Can asses just magically be spanked off or?”
“The Void follows the old ways. A collared submissive isn’t allowed to be with another d-type, unless it’s permitted, and agreed upon. It’s not usually a thing. It’s like an insult,” Jeongguk explained, as he reached over to turn the radio on, Nicki Minaj never failed. “And as you can tell, you don’t wanna cross them.”

Well, that begged the question, “Then why are you collared to Jimin?”

He sighed, deciding to give Taehyung the full story, “I went there two months ago with Hoseok.”

“Damn it, of course.” Now Taehyung couldn’t go rub it in his face like an accomplishment.

“At first, I was like you, timid, and maybe a little scared…”

Taehyung rolled his eyes, “I wasn’t scared, alright?”

“You were pissing yourself before we even walked through the doors, so,” Jeongguk laughed. “Anyways, Hobi wanted to meet a domme, but you know me, I’d rather get dicked down, than have to take a stiletto heel up the ass.”

Taehyung paused at that, “First of all, if that’s some weird, BDSM metaphor for you preferring men over women, then thanks for the creativity. I appreciate it, but…did Hoseok take a stiletto?”

“I don’t know if he did, it’s just an assumption. Not relevant. Jimin was doing a scene that night and I got lost in watching him. The way he tied and knotted the ropes, how pretty and detailed his web work was. It really appealed to me.” The younger gripped the steering wheel, starting to get upset all over again. “I wanted him to harness me, so I set up an appointment, and then another, and another. I was going to Void two to three times a week even though I could hardly afford it.”

Taehyung looked over at him, “Guk…”

“I thought I was falling in love with him. I mean, I still think that? And when you’re collared, they can call on you for anything, and I don’t have to pay to see him, because of it. There’s also something called total power exchange. I’m in training to become his, completely. It’s like a marriage.”

Jeongguk and marriage in a single sentence was just fucking weird. “All of this was going on while I was studying? I lost my best friend to a bdsm club…” He felt betrayed by how little he knew and for so long. “From what I saw tonight, masters, doms or whatever the fuck they are, they’re assholes. You, as well as the other subs, have no control.”

“No, Tae, you’re wrong. What you witnessed tonight was a punishment, but there’s pleasure, too.” Jeongguk would try to spare him the details, “Lots of it and there’s also growth and structure, shit we no longer have, but still need in our lives. The subs have all the power…” Jeongguk turned off the car, once they were in the campus lot. “Doms have to earn the trust of their submissive. The power that a master has is limited only to what the sub allows them.”

“It’s been a long night, Guk.” That was Taehyung’s way of ending the conversation. It was such a commonly used tactic that Jeongguk knew when to drop the conversation. They quietly walked the hallways to their shared room, Taehyung having to use his hip to bust it open. The shit was always jammed.
He continued his nightly ritual of collecting a pair of clean boxers and a large shirt from his dresser, “I’m gonna take a shower.”

Jeongguk was in bed, opening his laptop to his Battle.net app so that he could play a couple matches of Overwatch.

“Alright,” he said, wanting to continue with their previous conversation. It would be best to save it for when they both weren’t on edge.

They were fortunate enough to have their own bathroom. Taehyung placed his pajamas down on the counter, before stripping out of his clothes, and turning the shower on. The water was a degree short of being scalding, just how he liked it – then he stepped under the spray. For awhile, all he did was stand there, allowing the water to pound against his sore muscles.

After rinsing out his hair, fingers tugging sharply at the ends, he lathered his hands up with bodywash. No amount of roughness, no amount of heat, or pain would be able to will away what happened tonight. He felt over his chest, nails scraping over an erect bud. He felt more sensitive from being wet, leaning his back against the cool tiles. He rarely took the time to tease himself, always straight to the point, getting himself off, before the hot water runs out.

The buildup was gradual, dragging his hands down over his stomach, and across his thighs. He squeezed at the flesh there and allowed his eyes to drift shut. Sugar awaited him in the darkness, catlike eyes burning into his skin. The empty room in the redhead’s subconscious was filled with every sound he made, but amplified – the dom was seated on a chair, one leg casually crossed over the other, while he watched.

Taehyung felt cheap, rolling his hips forward into each stroke over his cock. The soap made it so easy for him, so fucking good. He tilted his head back, sliding his freehand over the side of his neck, thumb resting against his Adam’s apple. What would it feel like to have Sugar’s long, pale fingers wrapped around his throat?

He thought of the bench. The marks the cane had left on Woozi’s skin – the way he’d cried out for more, how it had tugged on Taehyung’s entire being. He was ashamed of how badly he’d wanted it. “Aahh, yes, yes please, fuck…” he practically keened, sounds becoming more guttural and desperate. The path from his neck to his inner thigh was painful, as he dug his nails deep into his skin, and raked them down slowly. Lines of pink and red had already blossomed in its wake – the stinging sensation adding more pleasure to the quickened pace of his hand.

Taehyung was close, arching his back off of the tiles. The heat from the water was starting to turn cold, eliciting a gasp from the sensory overload. The Sugar behind his eyelids laughed, airily, his signature smirk touching his curvy lips. Even if Taehyung gave himself away, he’d be nothing more than a toy. Maybe he liked the thought. He shuddered as he came, ropes of hot cum spilling over his knuckles.

During his moment of blissful relief, he heard Sugar’s voice, as though he were standing right next to him, murmuring into his ear, ‘Good boy…’

“No…” Taehyung whispered, angry with himself, because no – no fucking way did he just get off on thinking about him, the cat looking asshole from Void. He rinsed the soap from off his body, eager to just be done with it. He turned off the shower and changed into his pajamas, humming just to keep his mind cleared of any bullshit.
Jeongguk was in a match, headset on, shouting out calls to his team. He envied the younger for being able to concentrate on anything other than Jimin. Taehyung grabbed his binder full of notes and reading glasses, preparing himself for a long night.

On Monday morning and with only three hours of sleep, Taehyung pulled himself out of bed. Jeongguk was already gone, doing his morning routine, and going out on his run. Taehyung dressed simple, putting on a pair of jeans and a large sweater. He hid the rest of himself behind his purple scarf.

He made sure he had ample time to grab himself a hot tea and a toasted muffin, before entering class. Professor Jung was a sweet old man, very laid back, especially about food. Taehyung was convinced he’d seen all there was, speaking so fondly about his time in France and Italy. It almost felt like Taehyung was there with him. He loved the professor’s stories and was looking forward to hearing what he did over winter break.

On the board was the lesson topic, ‘Gothic Art’. The writing was a bit less sloppy and in very pretty cursive. It was completely different from the professor’s usual chicken scratch. Maybe he’d taken the student’s feedback seriously? Taehyung shrugged, opening up his notebook to a fresh page. The room would be full in a few minutes. He unpacked his breakfast, humming around the exquisite taste of melted butter and warm blueberry.

Usually the professor would be the one who was early, which Taehyung enjoyed. He didn’t have to eat alone. It was when five minutes rolled by that things felt a little wrong. Okay, so very wrong. He was beginning to get a little nervous, more so concerned about his favorite teacher, when the door to Professor Jung’s office opened, revealing someone Taehyung hadn’t recognized at first glance.

Even the second and third time he’d glanced over, because surely, this person was not Sugar from Void. Nope – Sugar had blond hair, but this guy had black. It was even crimped and teased to high hell, his dark eyes partially hidden behind a pair of Gucci framed glasses. It would take a lot more convincing for Taehyung to believe what he was seeing.

“Good morning,” came the familiar low rasp, that Daegu accent seeping through into his words. “I know you were all expecting Professor Jung, but unfortunately, he was in an accident. No need to worry though, he’s going to be fine. He’s recovering, but he will be out for the duration of the new semester.”

‘Yeah and you’re probably the one who took him out,’ Taehyung thought, bitterly. He wouldn’t put it past him.

“I’ll be Acting Head of the Department, until he returns,” he said, as he picked up the chalk and started writing in the same, perfect neat cursive that Taehyung admired earlier. The student swore he hated him even more then. He didn’t need Sugar’s immaculate handwriting. He was overachieving at this point. “My name is Min Yoongi, but you’ll all address me as Professor Min.”

So, not Sugar, then? Taehyung wanted to open up the nearest window and fall out of it.

“It’s going to take me awhile to learn all of your names, so if you have a question, I’d like it if you would introduce yourselves, before asking it…”

Taehyung shrunk low into his seat in an attempt to hide himself, while the professor started answering inquiries. The classmate beside Taehyung raised her hand and he instinctively turned
away, literally hugging to one side of his seat. After the question had been answered, he slowly settled back down into his chair.

_Fuck._

Curiously, Taehyung looked back the once, certain that it would be safe, but it wasn’t. The professor was staring directly at him, dark eyes boring into his own, when the beginnings of a smirk tugged at the corners of his pouty lips. It was practically indecent. Someone fucking call for help! Yoongi rounded his desk, trailing thin, delicate fingers over the old, rustic wood.

“Taehyung-ssi…”

_TBC? Please leave feedback, let me know._

_ cc I tw_
A/N: Uh...so, first of all, THANK YOU to everyone who took the time to comment, kudos, subscribe, and bookmark this story. I’m not at all used to having such a big response to my work. I usually write het stories with side bl, but my friend challenged me to write a full bl, and that was how this story came about, and I was super pessimistic about it. I thought no one would like it, but you guys kind of popped the bubble to that belief.

As far as my writing schedule goes, I never know how long a chapter will take for me to write. If it’s rushed, then it runs the chance of being sloppy, which I don’t want to do to you, ever. I don’t think I’m particularly fast at getting chapters out and I’m sorry for that...I like writing long chapters and this story requires lots of research. Thank you all for being patient with me though.

The piece of artwork for this chapter was done by cherryk13. If anyone wants to submit art/videos, please feel free to send it to me on tw, so that I can place it in a chapter. I’d be flattered and happy to receive anything you guys make.

I wouldn’t mind making friends, either! I always follow back, so please don’t be shy: cc l tw

Extra note: This is a JiKook heavy chapter. COME NOW. THEY DESERVED IT. Just know that you will never get a chapter with Jikook like this again.

Thank you @Bangtan_Trashbag and Melissa for pushing me, beta-ing.

NOTE: This is not an accurate portrayal of BDSM. Please educate yourselves if you're interested beyond fiction, so that you may safely practice it.
‘This is a gift, it comes with a price. Who is the lamb and who is the knife?’

Chapter Two: A Rabbit's Heart

It was halfway through Professor Min’s lecture that the reality of the situation had fully started to sink in. Sugar was Yoongi, Yoongi was now taking over one of the most important Art History courses of Taehyung’s precious student career. He loathed the idea of it, completely and wholly, as he watched Yoongi go on about 12th century France, pouring so much passion into articulating the beauty of Gothic churches. He especially hated how attractive it was that Yoongi knew so much about his world, and yet Taehyung still knew so very little about anything else.

The class ended with no homework being assigned. No mentions of an exam – just lazy, lazy nonsense. Professor Jung would have had the students groaning by now, save for Taehyung, because he actually enjoyed homework. Unfortunately, his fellow classmates ate Professor Min up like he was a damn buffet, falling into his many examples of how the Christian faith was cultivated through the power of art. Everyone appeared to be sipping the Kool-Aid, except for Taehyung, because he knew that there was a monster in their midst.

They just didn’t know any better.

He shoved his belongings inside his bag, the note section of his book completely blank, since he’d
been unable to pay attention long enough to jot down anything useful. Or maybe it was the fact that he was paying too close attention to Yoongi, that he’d forgot all about it. Several times he found himself distracted by the way the professor’s mouth drew into a deep pout, like he was frowning around every syllable. The professor even smiled at one point. It was unreasonably gummy and so big that it reached his eyes, which caused Taehyung to momentarily forget himself, and who he was dealing with.

“Ridiculous,” Taehyung muttered at the memory of it, slinging his bag over his shoulder, and was about ready to head straight for the doors, when he heard his name being called.

Typical. It was fucking typical.

Yoongi glanced at him from behind his glasses, “Can I see you for a minute?” It wasn’t really a request – Taehyung knew this, as he took his time walking towards the professor’s desk. The room was emptied out, leaving just the two of them. Great. The elder was hunched over a mountain of paperwork, attempting to retrace Professor Jung’s steps, not wanting to divert from the original lesson plan.

Taehyung waited a good two to three minutes in silence, before he decided to break it, “Professor?” The title of respect was sour on his tongue, leaving its aftertaste twice as bitter.

“I’m sure that I don’t have to tell you that my working at Void is to remain hushed,” Yoongi said, as he peered up at him then, boring his dark penetrative eyes through Taehyung’s – holding him very, very still. “Can you do that for me, Taehyung? Can you stay hushed?”

“You shouldn’t put me in a situation where I would have to keep one of your secrets, professor. It’s irresponsible of you and it’s also wrong,” Taehyung said, deciding to be perfectly candid about it. He was never any good at keeping quiet over something he felt strongly about and right now, the current situation begged to be screamed out loud to all his friends. Then he briefly wondered if Yoongi had to have this talk before. How did he make sure they stayed silent?

The professor chuckled, softly – endeared, because he’d expected Taehyung’s answer to go exactly like this. However, he felt that he had nothing to worry about when it came to the younger, knowing a good boy when he saw one. He leaned back against the old leather chair, allowing the silence to fester for a few more seconds, before he finally responded, “Fair enough. It wasn’t my intention to offend you, Taehyung.”

‘Taehyung…’ He wanted to swiftly end Jeongguk for saying his name the other night, although Yoongi would have found it out eventually, but it seemed like the professor was saying it purposefully, and intimately…

He sighed, feigning disinterest, “Can I leave now?”

“No, Taehyung. You may not,” Yoongi said, tearing his eyes away from the boy’s face to instead take in Taehyung’s ensemble more closely. If he could manage Taehyung, dress him up in whatever he pleased, the possibilities would be endless. The first thing he’d do away with was that purple scarf. It was the same one from the other night. Yoongi pointed to it, voice practically dripping with sarcasm when he asked, “Do you have some sort of unhealthy attachment to that thing?”

That ‘thing’ was a handmade gift from Taehyung’s grandmother – the last gift, to be more precise. Taehyung missed her so often that he rarely parted with it, even in the summer it was always in plain sight. Sometimes when he was nervous, he’d run his fingers over the knots, envisioning her working
Releasing a shaky breath, Taehyung was visibly hurt, shooting the professor a glare, “What does that fucking matter to you?” Oh... The formalities were lost to them at that point. Yoongi much preferred it that way, honestly. Fiery, beautiful boys like Taehyung with tears clinging to their lashes tended to be a weakness of his, and Taehyung was the easy kill.

“You know,” Yoongi started, taking a thoughtful pause, voice lower and raspier than usual due to the long lecture. “That scarf is just the right length.”

It took Taehyung a moment to realize what Yoongi had meant by that and the only conclusion he’d come down to would leave him furious if he was correct. He would need the professor to elaborate more, “Right length for what, exactly?”

“Well, it’s the right length to keep you all nice and warm,” he mused, while standing up from his desk. Yoongi hadn’t failed to notice the way the boy tensed at this, as though he was on high alert. Taehyung was truly exquisite, reacting with such uncertainty, and yet he was still so curious – hanging onto every little thing that Yoongi said or did. Taehyung was already the ideal submissive. He just didn’t know it yet. Yoongi was shameless, as he continued, “It’s also the perfect length to do a simple over-arm tie. There might even be some scarf left to walk you around like a puppy dog.”

“Stop talking. Just fucking stop,” Taehyung murmured, still trying to recover from the fact that Yoongi suggested using his grandmother’s handmade scarf as a perverse prop. He licked his bottom lip out of habit, eyes steadying on Yoongi’s – even if it sounded less convincing, even to himself, he tried, “I would never let you.”

Yoongi was careful with every step, slow, and so very careful. He wasn’t trying to frighten Taehyung away, not when fate presented him with another opportunity. Taehyung had made a fatal mistake back at Void – he’d allowed himself to be seen, seen to an extent where Yoongi saw every little bit of him. There was desire there, a tangible and desperate cry for help, and Yoongi wanted to do just that, he wanted to answer him. He wanted to save Taehyung, before he falls deeper into misunderstanding himself.

“You shouldn’t let me do anything,” Yoongi said, stopping once he was standing directly in front of his student. With their differences in height, the elder had to crane his neck just to be able to stare at him. “Submit to me first, Taehyung. Consent to me.”

Taehyung’s lashes fluttered at the words, decidedly pretty – Adam’s apple bobbing as he swallowed at the thick lump in his throat. He wasn’t sure if he’d meant the next stream of words to spill out, reacting without fear of any real consequence, “If you bring this up to me again, I won’t hesitate reporting you to the Dean. I’m sure he’d love to know that there’s a sick fuck parading around as a professor.”

The elder’s lips twitched into a smirk at that, giving Taehyung a long, heavy look of ‘oh, please’ that let him know that he knew – Yoongi fucking knew that he was bluffing. “Are you threatening me?” he asked, dark eyes tracing over Taehyung while under the bright overhead lighting. Imperfections were meant to be seen and exposed, but perhaps Yoongi was a bit biased, in the fact that the boy didn’t seem to have any.

Taehyung was an enigma consisting of suntanned skin in the middle of winter, two gorgeous almond shaped eyes, and a highly kissable Cupid’s bow. Three dark freckles stood out like focal points, one on his waterline, another on the tip of his well-round nose, and the other on his bottom lip. There was
an old scar on his cheek that was paler in contrast, which only made it stand out more. Yoongi was intrigued by it and the fact that no matter how murderous Taehyung could appear when glaring, no matter how angry, there were still flecks of warmth, and innocence, and perhaps it was that innocence that Yoongi found to be most erotic.

“I…” Taehyung started saying, when one of his classmates knocked on the doorframe, interrupting them. Yoongi could have thrown the little prick out a window, watching as Taehyung startled, and clung tighter to his bag. He then bowed deeply to Yoongi in some fruitless attempt to ease any suspicion. “Thanks for the advice, professor.”

Yoongi folded his arms in irritation, charcoal eyes following Taehyung, until he was out the door. He snapped his teeth, “Anytime.”

Hoseok was waiting at their usual spot by the leaky water fountain. Jeongguk always took a few extra minutes in his Photography class to pack up his camera equipment. This time Taehyung was the one who was late, met with a glare from his starving hyung, and a confused smile from Jeongguk. It took everything in Taehyung not to just explode about Yoongi, but it would be better to unleash once they were all sitting down.

“I thought I was gonna have to eat our little Jeonggukie,” Hoseok grumbled, as he pressed himself off the wall to start heading towards the cafeteria. This was the first time Taehyung had seen Hoseok since his visit to Void, remembering all of what Jeongguk told him.

The line was short, given how late Taehyung was, the three of them plucking food from under the heating lamps. Then they sat, taking the first few bites in silence.

“Why were you late today, hyung?” Jeongguk asked with a mouth full of jjiggae. Next to him, on top of his camera bag, his phone started going off, to which he ignored. It was like he’d grown immune to it, easily droning out the noise.

“The professor had me stay after,” Taehyung said, picking apart his food into an artless deconstruction. He really wasn’t all that hungry, not after his encounter with Yoongi.

“Oh, I heard about poor Professor Jung.” There was a hand on Taehyung’s shoulder, Hoseok’s, as the elder leaned in, teasing his words against his ear. “I know he was your favorite. Guess you gotta hang onto your innocence for a little while longer.”

Taehyung shrugged him off, but not before Hoseok could press a kiss to his cheek, “What the fuck is your problem?”

“How’s the substitute?” It was Jeongguk’s way of prolonging Hoseok’s death. “I know he’s not Professor Jung, but they wouldn’t hire just anyone to fill his shoes. He’s a legend.”

Taehyung wanted to laugh at the irony. “Oh, it definitely wasn’t just anyone.”

“Well, spill it,” Hoseok said, having already cleared his plate – still hungry. Jeongguk practically had to stave him off from stealing his banana.

“Uh, shit, yeah, okay.” He had both of their attention now. Words were never all that difficult for Taehyung. “There’s really no other way to say this, but Sugar from Void is my professor now. Actually, it’s Min Yoongi. That’s his real name and he asked me not to tell anyone, but well, that’s impossible with you two, and I needed to be able to vent, so now you know.”
Jeongguk turned to meet the slow look that Hoseok was casting him, their shared expressions blank, and unreadable. It was quiet for an appropriate duration, as it should be. Maybe now Taehyung could have a moment to himself, when – Hoseok was the first one to crack, giggling himself into a state of hysterics. Jeongguk soon joined him, pressing a hand to his stomach he was laughing so hard. Even his stupid bunny teeth were out on display, both their faces were scrunched up, and dumb – horrifically dumb looking.

“Sweet fuck, you’re good,” Hoseok said, wiping the tears from the sides of his face. “Like, drop your major, and get into acting. Immediately.”

“I’m not joking. He even dyed his hair black and he keeps his tattoos hidden.” Taehyung looked to Hoseok. “I heard about you, by the way. You’re into dommes?”

Jeongguk paused, then. “Wait, hyung. You’re serious?”

“As a heart attack.” Taehyung wished it was all just some cruel, twisted joke. Too bad that it wasn’t. “He’s my professor and if you don’t believe me, then feel free to walk me to class tomorrow.”

Hoseok sobered up some, no longer amused. “You told Tae about my time at Void?”

“About the stiletto, all of it,” Taehyung said, waving it away like it didn’t matter, because at the end of the day, it didn’t. It changed nothing and it didn’t fix any of his problems. “Also, why in the hell aren’t you reacting to the fact that I went to a bdsm club?”

The elder was beyond confused, still dwelling on Taehyung’s previous statement, “Because you’re still fucking straightedge and I’m so sorry for not being proud about that fact, but what about me and stilettos?”

Jeongguk shook his head, trying to keep his banana inside his mouth. “It was nothing, hyung.”

“Sure doesn’t sound like it was nothing. Did Jeongguk make a domme joke…” Hoseok asked, speaking in a tone that was painfully tart. “…at my expense?” He sighed, turning to Taehyung. “I went to see if I’d liked to be dom’d for a change. Turns out that I’m a perfectly healthy switch.”

“Your coming out as bi speech was a bigger shock to us and even that was pretty mild,” Jeongguk murmured, when his phone went off again. This time he took the time to remove the battery.

It made Taehyung feel uncomfortable, since he was inclined to believe that it was Jimin, and if so, what the fuck was his friend doing? Jeongguk was already in deep enough shit as it was and now the brat was ignoring his ‘master’. He couldn’t stop himself from being nosy, “Who keeps messaging you?”

Hoseok nudged the youngest boy, “It’s him, right?”

Jeongguk nodded, somewhat guiltily, “I told him I can’t see him until Friday. It kinda goes against our agreement, though.”

“Are you avoiding him?” Taehyung asked, unable to look at his dongsaeng, even while Jeongguk was staring directly at him.
He shrugged, “I’m just not in a rush.”

Hoseok looked back and forth between them, “Okay. What the fuck did I miss?”

A lot, Taehyung wanted to say and leave it at that, but he had no choice but to fill Hoseok in on every ridiculous detail about last week, from Taehyung being dragged inside the club to then later being hauled outside of it by Jeongguk. Hoseok kept quiet for once, only stopping to either laugh or to agree – agreeing that, yes, the drink menu was atrocious, and that Jeongguk was sorely fucked.

And Taehyung felt responsible.

“All right, well, one thing is clear,” Hoseok said, pointing his spoon at Taehyung. “You’re like, just as fucked as Guk is, and I’d wish you luck, but I hope your Mary Poppins, umbrella wielding ass fails.”

Jeongguk shook his head, stealing Hoseok’s phone to check the time. “I have to leave for a hair appointment in twenty-ish minutes.”

“If you need a quick buzz, I can do it,” the elder offered, shrugging like it was no biggie, no big fucking deal.

“It’s not getting cut.”

Jeongguk never did anything new with his hair, at least not in a long, long while. Taehyung was intrigued by this, “You’re getting it dyed?”

Hoseok teased him, “Did you get permission from your master?”

“Fuck his permission,” Jeongguk said and that was when Taehyung realized his friend’s poor defense mechanism, and grew more worried. The younger was apparently the type to make one mistake and then keep on going, because why stop there? Why do bad, when Jeongguk was capable of doing so much worse? Shit.

It was one thing if Jeongguk never planned on returning to Void, but he did – so, what the fuck? Taehyung didn’t know much about the BDSM world and he knew even less about Jeongguk’s relationship with Jimin, but it felt wrong. Maybe if he was more of a friend and less of judgmental piece of shit, then he would be stopping Jeongguk, but he wasn’t.

“I call dibs on your camera,” Hoseok said, already at peace with Jeongguk’s decision.

Great.

They parted ways after lunch was over, Taehyung taking his anti-social ass back to his dorm room. He declined Hoseok’s offer to watch him work on his choreo, because that could last forever, and ever. And it didn’t need to be said, but Jeongguk clearly wanted to be alone, even if he shouldn’t be left to his own devices. Taehyung slammed his hip into the door, shoving it open.

He dropped his bag onto his bed. It was seldom that Taehyung had spare time. However, with what little Professor Min offered as studying materials, he had no other choice but to rest. He fired up his laptop, before digging into the fridge, knowing that it would take a good ten minutes for his desktop to fully load. It was an older model, but he couldn’t be bothered to replace it due to lack of income. Food was better than technology, anyway.
The scarf slid free from around his neck, the gradual pull causing him chills. He couldn’t help but think back to what Yoongi had said, about doing an over-arm tie. What was it? A shibari thing? He settled on a bag of stale chips and sat down in front of his laptop. It was ridiculous, waiting a whole five minutes for his browser to popup, just so that he could further look into what went through Yoongi’s mind.

He typed ‘over-arm tie shibari’ into the search engine and let it run. He wasn’t particularly interested in looking at the websites or videos, only the images. There were many different ways of doing the tie, apparently, some more constricting, than others. This hardly satisfied Taehyung’s curiosity, since he had no idea how Yoongi would have done it or what the outcome would have even looked like.

Pulling up another tab, he typed in Void. There was an official site, the page coming up in predictable colors of black and red. He snorted, reading over the flattering descriptions of the club’s ambiance, learning that there were themed rooms, which would explain the many left and right turns inside the hallway corridor. Taehyung was in no way interested in finding out what the Enchanted Forest room was like, no, not at all.

There wasn’t a staff page, which kind of went hand-in-hand with protecting the identity of Void’s workers and attendees. The only photos provided were of the outside of the club and the lounge area, but it was empty. When he clicked to make an appointment, he found Sugar on the list with a similar description as his chalkboard, minus the middle finger. Out of curiosity, Taehyung checked the calendar to see how many bookings he currently had – whistling low, because holy shit. He was busy for the next two months.

‘Consent to me…’ A flash of pretty, black hypnotic eyes and soft, curvy lips damn near caught him off-guard. Did Yoongi say these things to everyone else? He had to of, right? ‘Submit to me…’ Did he already have other submissives under contract? Of course he did. It wasn’t as though Taehyung was special. Yoongi’s pursuit was just his fucked up way of pocketing another shiny new toy.

At the bottom of the page was a link that read, ‘Are You BDSM Curious? Take a test to find out your results’. Taehyung wasn’t curious, this was not curiosity, but he clicked on it anyway. Some form of homework had to be done this evening. The first page was pretty standard, but the quiz itself had him scoffing at every question. The percentage of completion was racking up, until he made it to the very end, and received his results. It seemed silly, because although he might’ve been intrigued by shibari, he was not a rope bunny. Not like Jeongguk or maybe not at all?

Look – so, maybe he was a little bit curious. So what? He wasn’t about ready to go and do anything with that information.

A notification on the right side of his taskbar slowly and jaggedly crawled its way up. He had his school email linked up to his computer. The ‘ding’ had arrived a bit late. It was something from the Head of the Art History Department, Professor Min Yoongi. All of his classmates were CC’d in the following message that read:

Good Evening, Class.

I’d like to thank you all for showing me such kindness on my first day and I’m looking forward to helping you along on your paths. I’ve created a cohesive outline for this semester’s syllabus from Professor Jung’s notes and left the link down below. I have called to confirm the approach that I’m taking and he agreed that it was well-structured, and much like what he had in mind for you. He also requested that I am to be open with you, not only as a mentor, but also as a person. As I understand it, Professor Jung shared a lot about himself with his students, so I’ll do the same with
Here’s a little bit about me that wasn’t on the chalkboard today. I was born and raised in a small town in Daegu. I’ll be turning thirty this coming March. I have a toy poodle named Holly. During my free time, I like to create music, and discover new coffee joints. If you have any recommendations, let me know. Also, like Professor Jung, my passion for art has taken me all across Europe, and made me fall in love with the study all over again.

I’d like to note that it’s mandatory for all students to give me their contact numbers in the event that they are late for class, or an exam. I expect you to reply back to this email with your information.

Today’s lecture is in the attachment for those of you who’d like to look over the notes and again, check out the syllabus. Expect to receive the notes within the first few hours after each class, unless stated otherwise.

Sincerely,
Professor Min

Taehyung had just learned things that he didn’t want to know about Yoongi. For one, he was going to be thirty soon, had a cute dog named Holly, and he travelled around Europe? How convenient that he avoided mentioning what he actually does during his free time. Whatever. The person Professor Min tried to come off as was nothing more than a sham, this was his façade, his Clark Kent identity. Although, Taehyung did appreciate how thorough he was, giving the students access to the syllabus, and attaching the notes – crucial notes that Taehyung failed to jot down during today’s lecture.

He closed out of the email, dismissing the professor’s request.

Professor Min wasn’t getting his goddamn digits.

Jeongguk got through his week by doing things he knew Jimin would disapprove of – things that went against the terms and agreement of their contract. Two months wasn’t a very long time in the BDSM scene, but the younger fit right in. Admittedly, there was always something missing in Jeongguk’s life, and in all of his relationships. He wasn’t interested in girls from the beginning, but he also wasn’t interested in boys, either. He thought that he would drift in limbo forever, until his last year of high school, where a party was being held back home in Busan.

His first sexual experience was with a smaller boy, both in height and width – in all ways. He was just so very little and precious in comparison, on the outside at least, and Jeongguk didn’t want to ruin him. He wanted to be careful, but the other boy only wanted to be broken. Jeongguk was always better at listening to orders, anyway, so there was comfort in being told what to do, and exactly how to do it. So, he took that fragile boy apart just as he wished, but a pattern had formed, however. The stronger Jeongguk became, the more he seemed to attract breakable people. They wanted to be dominated by him.

Perhaps that’s why Jimin was everything to him. He was strong, yet elegant, small, but unbreakable. Jeongguk recalled the first time he saw Jimin. He was decked out in a fitted leather one piece that he never saw again, except for in his dreams. When his birthday rolled around, he’d be sure to make a request. Jeongguk vividly remembered falling in love with fifty inches of pretty, baby pink hemp rope. Not the color, but the texture of the rope itself. Jimin was teaching the audience how to properly create a dragonfly harness.
Jeongguk stood front and center, listening attentively as Jimin went over the basics, while practicing on someone who was randomly picked from the crowd. ‘A lucky bastard,’ was the unanimous response he was picking up on from the spectators around him. Jimin started off with explaining what the bight of the rope was, to the sensitive areas of the body where rope constriction could cause nerve damage. By the end of the lesson, Jeongguk had learned that the art of shibari was beautiful, but it was also dangerous, and any misstep could lead to serious injury.

Naturally, he liked it even more for that reason. He was an adrenaline junkie, chasing after one risky endeavor to the next, Jimin being the most hazardous. He not only gave his body to the experience, but he also gave away everything else that was inside him, both the good, and the bad. BDSM was the act of exposing his fears and insecurities, wrapping it up with a neat little ribbon, and handing it over to Jimin – trusting him to take care of it.

His master always handled him as though he were something delicate. Jeongguk had never been perceived as soft in his entire life. Not ever, until Jimin, which was why last week when he saw Jimin pressing light kisses into Seokjin’s wrists, Jeongguk had felt terribly cold. He realized that everyone was treated this way with Jimin. Every submissive was precious to him, was met with the same amount of warmth, and understanding. A shibari expert had to be precise. Every bit of Jimin’s practice was about equal distribution.

It was windy on his walk from his car towards the club, a thin layer of frost covering the pavement. Jeongguk pulled the doors open to Void, stepping inside its warmth. His skin was tingling, but it wasn’t from the cold. He was nervous.

“it’s been a whole minute, hasn’t it, Jeongguk,” Hwasa said with a purr of seduction, a well-known domme leaning against the reception desk. She was outwardly impatient, moving her long, jet black hair over to one shoulder. The change with Jeongguk’s hair was an obvious one and she was not-so subtly taking it all in. Hwasa’s laugh was both soft, and unkind, “Oh my…Did your master agree to all of this?” A second passed without an answer, when she said, “I’m going to assume, ‘no’. Jimin wouldn’t like the idea of you drawing too much attention to yourself.”

The receptionist returned from the backroom holding a stack of freshly printed documents in her hand, humming to a song that Jeongguk couldn’t recognize. She greeted him, sweetly, before busying herself with paperclipping and tucking the papers away into a folder. She handed it over to Hwasa, “Here’s your contract, mistress. Congratulations on your new pet.”

“Thank you, Claire,” she practically cooed, leaning forward so that she could skim the girl’s cheek with her leather clad fingertips. “What do you think of Jeongguk’s new look?”

“It’s the color of fresh strawberries and I absolutely love it.” The receptionist – well, his now favorite receptionist, shot him a wink. “The usual room is ready for you, but I advise against keeping your master waiting. He has quite the temper as of late.”

Well, fuck.

Hwasa glanced up at his hair for one last time with fire in her eyes, “Good luck, little rabbit. Oh, and do make sure to give Hoseok my love next time you see him.”

If Jeongguk wasn’t in the obituaries tomorrow, he’ll do that for her, right.

He bowed to her, mannerism of especially high importance at Void, although he was usually polite no matter where he was, so it wasn’t much of a task for him. He walked down the corridor, making
several rights, until he was met with doors made up of black steel, and floors of pristine marble. It was the east appointment wing, where the best rooms were reserved – in Jeongguk’s opinion, anyway.

Room Nine belonged to them – he and Jimin. The boy stood outside, giving himself a moment, because beyond that door could mean the end of their arrangement. Jeongguk had broken so many rules, unthinkingly, having been so overcome with jealousy that he kept on going. He didn’t even know how to stop himself, concerned only with hurting Jimin in whatever way he could manage it, which wasn’t a healthy reaction, but it was too late to dwell on what was wrong, or right.

What’s done is done.

He stepped into the room, comforted by the familiar surroundings of black walls and dark tiles. It was meant to be an empty space, save for what the scene professional required for the session. The first thing he noticed was a simple table and chair setup at the center of the room. Covering the surface was an array of red, tapered paraffin candles that were already lit and melting down. Unsafe, leaving the display unattended, but…A crisp sheet of paper lying upon the surface caught Jeongguk’s attention, and as he walked closer to examine it, he realized that it was his submissive contract with Jimin.

He tried not to overreact, steeling himself, as he continued taking in the room, trying to figure out what Jimin wanted to do with him. There was a suspension frame over towards the back of the room, which wasn’t all that surprising for a shibari expert. He couldn’t help but to stare back down at the contract, feeling scared for a change.

One of the basic rules that were agreed upon when coming to an appointment, was that Jeongguk would be completely bare, as he waited for his master. He started the ritual of removing his clothing, folding his coat – the fabric of his shirt was purposefully light on his skin, because he didn’t expect to leave unscathed tonight. He was left wearing only his collar. It was made of real black leather with a white gold rabbit dangle pendant at the center, hence all the nicknames.

Jimin’s baby bunny.

Jeongguk lowered himself onto the smooth, black tiles in front of the door, resting his hands in his lap. The silence was more unwelcomed, than the pain from his kneeled position. After several long minutes, Jeongguk wondered if his master was going to show up at all. That maybe, this was some sort of new punishment, when the door was being opened, and softly clicked shut. Jeongguk doesn’t dare look at him, keeping his eyes on the floor.

The sound of Jimin’s footfalls was light against the cold floor – his double strapped, Italian leather shoes coming into Jeongguk’s line of vision. Jimin was standing directly in front of him, being eerily quiet. Neither of them had gone a day without seeing each other for weeks. Then again, submissives weren’t known for punishing their dominants with such things.

Jimin spoke, softly, “Look at me.”

Jeongguk obeyed the command, lifting his face to bravely meet the pair of dark, narrowed eyes piercing through him. A short huff of disbelief escaped Jimin’s lips, as he took in the deep pink color of Jeongguk’s hair.

“Is it permanent?” he asked, while his thick, slack covered legs brought him closer to where Jeongguk was kneeling. Jimin was dressed with intent to kill him, apparently, wearing a sleeveless
top that showed off his arms – delicate muscles toned, and strong-looking. A black harness clung to his slender frame.

It was difficult for Jeongguk to not break out into a smile. “Yes, master.”

Jimin raised an eyebrow at him, “You did this to upset me, then?”

“Why?” Jeongguk actually did smile that time, unable to help it. “Did it work?”

Something cold and feral flashed across Jimin’s soft features, actions abrupt when he was suddenly gripping at the soft, pink strands of Jeongguk’s hair. The younger hissed at the sharp pain, his head yanked back from the forced motion. Jimin planted his feet between Jeongguk’s thighs, leaning down to speak carefully to him.

“You answer questions with questions now, bun?” he practically seethed, showing a new side of himself that the younger had never seen before. Jimin tugged the hair by its roots, taking in all of Jeongguk’s small gasps. “Are you aware of how many rules you’ve broken? Ten and that’s if I’m not being picky about it, which is why I brought along our contract. You are in serious need of being reminded as to what the rules are here. I want you to go sit in the chair at the table.”

He released Jeongguk from his grip, hearing him whimper at the sore, bruising sensation radiating across his scalp. *Fuck.* The younger was about to stand up, when he was shoved down onto his back – the top of Jimin’s shoe pressing hard into his shoulder.

Jimin tilted his head at him, a spark of amusement in his eyes, “You don’t deserve to walk. You’re going to have to crawl for me.”

Jeongguk felt his face flush at this, skin becoming hot, as he turned over onto his hands and knees. The floors were unkind, as he started to slowly crawl towards the table. It wasn’t much distance to cover, but it was still humiliating. The worst part was that his cock was heavy between his legs, having been hard since the moment he arrived at the club – that, on top of Jimin’s rough treatment, and already Jeongguk was fucked.

He grabbed onto the seat of the chair, using it to pull himself up, until he was sitting down. Jeongguk was less than pleased with the whole ordeal, once again being confronted with the contract. The first time he signed it, he was in Jimin’s lap – sighing, as he received small bites at the back of his arm from crooked teeth. There’d been warmth and excitement, but now there was only tension, and hushed anger.

There was a Table of Contents section for their contract that consisted of many things, like; Terms, Submissive’s Goals, Rules, Rights of Master, Communication, Punishment, Exclusivity, Limits, Safe Word, Termination of Contract.

“Turn to the rules,” Jimin said, as he casually picked up one of the burning candles from its holder. Jeongguk recognized the paraffin wax as what Jimin typically used, but not usually so thin. Sometimes not even sticks at all, but the melts.

The younger turned to the exact page and waited for further instruction. He was on edge, anticipating the feel of hot wax meeting his skin.

“Ten rules were broken and I want you to guess which. For each rule you get wrong, I will correct you, and give you a punishment. Do you understand?”
He nodded, “Yes, master.”

“Broken rule number one is what?” Jimin asked, standing behind the boy.

Jeongguk read over the printed letters in front of him, finding the first one rather easily. He read it aloud, “Cosmetic changes without permission.”

Jumin’s voice was soft and appraising, “Very good, bun. What’s the second?”

It was the rule that started it all. Jeongguk grimaced, “Collar accessory either forgotten to be worn or lost.”

“That one especially upset me. Next rule.”

“Appointment avoidance or sudden cancellations,” Jeongguk murmured, thinking about the many times Jimin tried calling him personally, instead of having the receptionist do it for him. He even started texting Jeongguk, which brought upon the next broken rule. “Coming without permission…”

“Ah, yes,” Jimin smirked, wryly, tempted to drip the wax on the smooth, flawless plain of Jeongguk’s back, when the brat deserved much worse. “The lovely pictures of your spent cock, right after I told you not to touch yourself.”

Jeongguk was running out of broken rules that fit their current situation. The next one was a guess. “Undermining the dominant’s superiority.”

“That’s only five and yet you sound so very lost. You have three seconds to give me the next rule…” The countdown was slow and generous, almost like Jimin knew that he’d have his chance to paint the younger with wax, one way or the other.

The sentence came out rushed, “Talking back to the dominant with usage of foul language or speaking out of turn without permission.”

Even if Jeongguk was safe, it was only for but a moment, since every other rule didn’t seem to apply. There was still four more to go. Jeongguk tried his best to sound confident, “Failed to meet personal goal that the dominant – a-ah!” The boy cried out, as the hot wax was dripped onto his skin in a long, messy path of red that ran down the length of his spine.

Jimin was enthralled by the sight of it, always – always so fascinated, as he crouched down to brush his petite fingers over Jeongguk’s sensitive skin, the dried wax flaking off in the process. He murmured the answer, quietly, “Seven, acting on impulse or behaving irrationally due to an emotional episode, brought upon by jealousy.”

Jeongguk had to choke back his rebuttal of, ‘fuck you’. Instead, he roamed his eyes over the list for potential responses. This next one couldn’t have been right, but any answer was better than none at all. “Interacting with another dominant at a social event such as…” Jeongguk stopped the moment he felt hot rivulets of wax sliding along the side of his neck, gasping sharply.

Jimin stood up, so that he could drape his arms around Jeongguk’s front. There – he blew cool air onto the wax beneath Jeongguk’s ear, before he whispered huskily, “Eight, failing to disclose all current romantic entanglements with individuals within or outside of the practice of BDSM…”
Was he seriously referring to Taehyung? Wouldn’t this go down as Jimin doubting his character and loyalty through making baseless assumptions? There was a rule against that somewhere.

Jeongguk was annoyed at that point, as he shot back, “How about being falsely accused and or punished by the dominant, for having romantic feelings that don’t exist.”

“How about it’s whatever the fuck I say it is,” Jimin said, as he brought the heat of the flame to the boy’s chest, so dangerously close to licking his skin. The jealousy issues were mutual, apparently, although not professional. Jimin continued, evenly, “Nine, being dishonest with the dominant. We can safely say that you haven’t been completely honest with me, bun.”

“Neither have y–” Before Jeongguk could finish his sentence, Jimin tilted his wrist, allowing the wax to drip over an erect nipple. This sent Jeongguk’s back against the chair in an attempt to escape the intense sensation. Jimin kept his arm around him, as he extended his reach to start painting over the younger’s skin in other soft, sensitive areas – Jeongguk’s thighs receiving most of the attention. By the time he was finished pouring, the boy was shaking in his arms, as the cool air in the room swept over his burns. He was pink wherever the wax had touched – pink, a color that was to be associated with Jeongguk given his recent choices.

“Ten, leaving without being dismissed, which believe me, you will never,” Jimin laughed, still livid over the fact that his submissive had the gall to do such a thing. He pressed his nose into Jeongguk’s hair, “…ever do that to me again.”

Jeongguk whimpered, somewhat pitifully, “No, master.”

“When you signed the contract, you knew that I would be meeting with other clients. Seokjin is a friend and a colleague. In my opinion, this fact should have upset you less, or not at all.” Jimin placed the candle down back in its holder. “And before you try uselessly defending yourself in regards to your bestie, understand that I don’t care to hear about it. Wanna know what happens when someone touches what’s mine?”

Jeongguk bit at the side of his lip, unsure if he honestly wanted to know where Jimin was going with it. “Please, tell me.”

The dominant leaned himself away, so that they were no longer touching. “It loses its value.”

Jeongguk closed his eyes against the words. It was a secret fear of his, one – that he’d kept under control for the most part. The fear of boring Jimin to the point where all of this would stop and that he would be disowned was difficult for him to handle, which was terrifying, given how little time they’ve spent together.

Jemin extended his hand out to him, “Come.” The boy’s reaction was automatic, not requiring any thought at all, as he slid his fingers through the dominant’s, locking them together. He was pulled up from the chair. Jeongguk was being bigger and taller, but their differences in height and build only served as another aspect of enjoyment.

The wax was peeling and flaking away with movement, leaving behind a path of play debris. Jeongguk was well aware that he was about to be tied up, which was a present more than a punishment, really. Jimin brought him to stand beneath the steel suspension frame, before going to unzip the duffle bag he placed down while he was setting up the equipment, taking out inches of brand-new jute rope.
“There’s more to your punishment, bun,” Jimin said, as started unraveling the many layers. “And you were kind enough to give me a nice, long time to think about what I was going to do with you and what would be sufficient enough to appease me.” He moved to stand in front of Jeongguk, instructing him to put his elbows together. “The safe word for tonight is something I know you don’t want to say to me, otherwise you would have said it by now.” Jimin was quick to grab the boy by his chin, forcing Jeongguk to meet his eyes. “It’s ‘sorry’.”

The elder released him in favor of binding Jeongguk’s wrists into a double column tie, stressing all of the tightening on the top band of rope, so that it wouldn’t pinch the submissive’s skin. Jimin teased his fingers through the layers to ensure of this, before he went overhand with the rope. The tie itself resembled cuffs. “Put your arms behind your head.”

Jeongguk did as he was told, struggling to calm his racing heart when Jimin fed the rope through the suspension ring on the steel bar, and tugged on it. “Bend over at the waist for me.” Once the anchor was accurately proportioned, Jimin began securing the knot around the ring and the frame, giving Jeongguk enough inches of rope for the position he required. “Perfect. You can stand for now. How do you feel?”

“Good,” Jeongguk said, eyes following Jimin, as he started to remove more rope from his bag. It was black like the set around his wrists.

The rigger was then on his knees in front of Jeongguk, moving the rope above his hips. The material dug into his skin in a way that was familiar and he couldn’t help, but sigh in comfort. Jimin didn’t react to it, choosing to work in silence, doing his best to avoid Jeongguk’s swollen, leaking cock – otherwise it could end up in his fist, or his mouth. He pulled the rope around the boy’s left and right thigh, mirroring them to look exactly the same – steadily working him into a diamond harness.

Jimin doesn’t know what a submissive will look like in one of his intricate webs, but he enjoyed fantasizing about it. It was all part of his fun. And when he first saw Jeongguk, the kid was dressed in layers dark baggy clothes, leaving perhaps too damn much to the imagination. Still, he fantasized. Now imagine Jimin’s surprise to see Jeongguk at one of his eight-o-clock appointments, shyly asking to be tied up. The boy turned out to be so much more, superseding anything he could have ever dreamed of – standing at the perfect height with the ideal build, waist so tiny. Jeongguk was so, so very pretty, almost unreasonably so.

Dressing the submissive up in nothing but rope had its effects, where not even an experienced dom like Jimin was immune to it. It was often a difficult task to pleasure his little bunny, without wanting to please himself, perhaps even selfishly at times. In their contract, Jeongguk had consented to being penetrated with whatever Jimin felt necessary, be it with toys or his own cock. Jeongguk had begged, sometimes even with tears in his eyes, but the elder would not relent. He’d never had the boy in that manner, never made him his own in that way, not completely. It wasn’t something he did with any of his clients.

However, Jeongguk, usually so well behaved – his best behaved boy, tested him on a daily basis.

He slid the rope beneath the firm cheeks of Jeongguk’s ass, pushing them up – merely accentuating an already flattering part of his body. The harness was climbing up from his thighs to past his hips. The goal was to stop at the center of his chest, bringing the working ends through loops, and around his spine. When Jimin had run out of rope, he grabbed for more, forming a lark’s head knot, and pulling the first rope through in order to finish it.

Jimin got up – stepping away to admire his work, combing his delicate fingers through his styled,
silver locks. The black rope stood out against Jeongguk’s winter pale skin, so beautiful in contrast. Any color seemed to compliment him, making it difficult to have a favorite.

The elder finally tore his eyes from the delectable sight of his submissive, taking the duffle bag from the floor to bring it over by the table, emptying it of its contents. “I have gifts for you, bun, though you hardly deserve them.”

Jeongguk couldn’t make out any of the items from the distance that he was at, although he still attempted to do so, straining against his bondage, but it was futile. “I hope you like them. You’re already familiar with this one,” Jimin said, stalking back over towards Jeongguk, waving his purchase from the fetish boutique. It was an adjustable cock ring that consisted of leather straps, rubber, and studded snaps.

“Thank you, master,” Jeongguk murmured, voice breathy and light, uncertain of how well the ring would fit him, given the fact that he was already so painfully hard.

Jimin hummed in response, pulling out the travel sized bottle of lubricant from his pocket, and pushing the cap open to pour it over Jeongguk’s heated length. He jumped at the coldness, unable to get very far when the slightest bit of movement was met with restriction. Jimin took hold of the younger’s cock into a tight grip, earning him a deep, guttural moan. Jimin stroked over him once – twice, before pausing to stare up into Jeongguk’s warm, brown eyes. “You’re so beautiful.”

It was difficult for him to form a proper response, when his dick was pulsating, but Jeongguk managed, given the fact that the compliment was the first hint of sweetness Jimin had shown him this evening. “Only with master’s help…”

“How true…” Jimin said, somewhat smug as he slid the ring down to the base of Jeongguk’s cock. There was something appealing about how breathy and overwhelmed the younger was, while he worked the leather straps around his balls, snapping the material in place. Cock rings tended to leave Jeongguk twice as sensitive, and so very, very easy. Jimin released him non-too-gently, his touch still lingering on the boy’s skin, “You have a few more presents.” The dom proceeded back towards the table, returning with both hands occupied. “I think I have an issue with spoiling you, bun.”

The humiliation came in the form of a tall, white rabbit eared headband. He ran the velvety material along the vulnerable underside of Jeongguk’s arm, Jimin’s dark, playful eyes gauging his every reaction. A soft gasp escaped into the quiet room, when he skimmed over the boy’s rope covered thigh next. The area was still pink and tingling from the wax. Jimin continued on with the slow torment, teasing the fur across Jeongguk’s chest, catching his nipples – knowing that he would be overwhelmed by it, when he arched his back.

“How have you had enough?” Jimin mused, as he leaned onto his toes to place the headband behind Jeongguk’s ears. He played with a few choice strands, tucking his pink bangs back, styling the younger however he saw fit. Frankly, Jimin thought it was criminal whenever Jeongguk’s forehead was kept hidden.

“All bunnies have really pretty ears,” Jimin said, slipping two fingers beneath the collar around Jeongguk’s throat, slowly running his thumb over the rabbit pendant – when a single tug suddenly jerked him forward, their lips less than an inch away from touching, breaths mingling as one. “You know what else they have? Pretty little tails…” Jimin pressed an ironically chaste kiss to Jeongguk’s mouth that left the younger aching for more.

Jimin revealed to him what was in his other hand. It was a puff of white fur attached to a plug that
was made of black glass. He took in Jeongguk’s expression with open amusement, watched as the pink in his cheeks turned scarlet, like a fever was having its way with him. Jimin trailed his gaze down to where Jeongguk’s cock was pitifully swollen within the confines of the ring, where a thick bead of precum had formed at the tip. The elder chuckled, softly, “What a naughty little thing you are, already leaking from the thought of having your hole filled.”

Jimin moved so that he was standing behind him, pressing an insistent hand against the small of his back – bending Jeongguk at the waist. The rope around his wrists allowed him to do this to a certain extent, the tie specifically in place to hold him up. “Spread your legs for me,” Jimin said, giving him less than a second to perform the task, before he did it himself – wedging Jeongguk’s thighs far apart with his own.

Jimin slid his cold, lube slicked fingers down the cleft of Jeongguk’s ass, slowly teasing over his hole – getting him all wet and sticky, before he pushed in with a slender digit. Usually, his master wore gloves, but he didn’t for this occasion. Jeongguk trusted him to do whatever he pleased, consenting to him fully, but the smallest of details seemed to matter more to him when he was convinced that it was love.

“You’re such a good bunny,” Jimin cooed, taking his time working Jeongguk open with expert fingers – knowing exactly how far to push him, where to press into him so deep, before he struck the boy exactly where he needed it the most. The constant tightening of Jeongguk’s rim around his fingers, coupled by the soft little sounds he was making sent pulses of arousal straight to Jimin’s cock. He nearly lost himself to it, “You’re always so fucking tight. Was that boy really just your friend? You didn’t let him fuck you, you – the slut with three of my fingers up his ass?”

“It’s because I’m yours…” Jeongguk gasped out, the familiar burn in his belly threatened to spill over, his thighs beginning to quake. He was already so close. “Can I come, please? Please.”

“Awe, no, bunny. You can’t,” Jimin said, as he removed each digit one at a time, being so very careful with him. Jeongguk whimpered at the emptiness he felt, when he heard the sound of the cap to the lube being opened again. Jimin squeezed a generous amount of it onto the plug, before he pressed the cool, sleek glass against his dripping hole – slipping into him with ease, filling the younger up with warmth, until he was met with the thick, bulbous part of the toy.

Jeongguk bit at his bottom lip to hold in his cries, when Jimin slowly, but firmly sank the rest of the plug into him, stretching him beyond what he’d ever felt, when it wasn’t even that large to begin with. Spiteful almost, Jimin patted the tail, delighting in the choked sob that was elicited in response. “You’re so good for me,” Jimin murmured, as he caressed each of his ass cheeks into his palms, warming up the area for what was soon to come. The dom’s words were soft and affectionate, “My precious little bunny. You’re an absolute dream.”

Jeongguk’s skin was on fire, embarrassed by the compliment, “T-Thank you, master.”

“I worked really hard on this last present,” Jimin said, finally coming into view again just to tease Jeongguk with distance itself. He could hardly stand it, especially needy when he was reduced into subspace. “Each time I missed you, I worked on it a little bit more. However, it was my recent… disappointment that gave me the motivation to finish it.”

The last and final item was a handmade paddle.

Crafting and modifying was one of Jimin’s many hobbies. He enjoyed customizing everything that he owned, making every bit of the experience personal. It was how he expressed one of the many
acts of control that most dominants seemed to possess in one way or another. For the paddle itself, he’d started from scratch with a jigsaw blade, and a sander. It took time – time Jimin never seemed to have enough of lately. He found a cheap set of rabbit stencils at a local art supply store, penciled them onto the wood, and then carved them out with kanna tools.

He raised the paddle in his hand, showing it off to Jeongguk, watching as his doe eyes widened. “Do you like it, bun?”

Jeongguk nodded his pink head, to which Jimin gave him a free pass, because even he’d been astonished by the finished product. It was absolutely beautiful and possibly his new favorite toy. The paddle was thick and wide where it mattered, its surface smooth. He pressed the flat of it against the boy’s cheek, allowing him to feel it. Jeongguk lifted his face with the motion, meeting the heavy weight of Jimin’s dark, narrowed eyes. *Jesus.*

“It’s going to leave pretty little bunny indents all across your ass…” the elder murmured, voice like a caress, when he stepped behind the submissive. “Your limit has always been fifteen with a paddle, but I think you can handle more. And since your insubordination hurt me twice as much, we’re going to double the count to thirty. Do you understand?”

Jeongguk closed his eyes at the declaration, resigning himself to his fate. “Yes, master.”

A thuddy paddle was exceptionally more painful and Jeongguk deserved every little bit of it. Jimin gently pressed the wooden surface between the boy’s cheeks and upper thighs. The familiar burst of adrenaline rushed through his veins, when he reeled back his wrist, and came down firmly. The heavy impact was enough to send ripples of pain across Jeongguk’s body, hitting all of his most sensitive places.

Jemin was the one counting in a low growl, as he distributed each stroke of the paddle evenly – changing up the spot the moment he felt Jeongguk had become too comfortable. He watched as the boy jolted, even though he knew it was coming, and he listened to him cry, even though he loved it. Jeongguk had such a pretty voice – his whimpers and moans as melodic as a chirp from a songbird. The flesh of his ass was a burning shade of red, save for the rabbit outlines that were coming out stark, and beautiful against his tender skin.

“Twenty-two,” Jimin said, as he once again rolled his wrist – the wood meeting the fluffy tail, causing Jeongguk to tug hard at the restraints around his wrists, trembling.

“C–Can I come, please?” he asked, voice raw and broken, as every stroke of the paddle made his muscles tense around the plug, drawing it into him deeper. The sting of pain only served as another form of pleasure that was overwhelming him. It felt like an eternity since he was hard, continuing to pathetically leak precum down the side of his cock.

“You can come just from this…” Jimin laughed, because of course – of course Jeongguk was capable of doing such a thing. “The answer is no, bun. You can’t come yet and if you do, I’ll make you wish that you hadn’t.”

The threat was followed up by another loud, heavy fall of the paddle. The bite from it was enough to tear a scream from the back of Jeongguk’s throat. Jimin rubbed the abused skin with the wood, before he immediately landed another spank – testing Jeongguk, daring him to go against his command. With only seven more left to go, Jimin chose each spot carefully, knowing exactly where Jeongguk needed it. And despite having been certain that the boy would quickly release within the short pauses between each tingling smack, he’d somehow managed to focus on doing the exact
Jimin’s voice was thick and heady with arousal, having already reached his limit in all manners of the word, “Thirty.” This was the moment where he should be lovingly praising his submissive. He should soothe Jeongguk’s skin, care for him – _forgive_ him, even. But there were outcomes that Jimin had anticipated. One, Jeongguk would end up saying the safe word before he reached the end of the count or two, he would come, which would bring upon another punishment, but neither happened.

See, Jeongguk was a very, very good boy.

Jimin set the paddle down against the wall behind him. He usually kept a pair of scissors on him in case of emergencies, but tonight he carried one of his favorite karambit safety knives. He retrieved it from his back pocket and started cutting through the rope keeping Jeongguk’s wrists restrained. With the boy in his bent position, Jimin had no problem with reaching it – keeping his hand above Jeongguk’s, protecting him from any chances of meeting the blade, however minute.

“I want you lying on the floor, on your stomach,” Jimin said, as he curved his fingers under one of the many knots of rope in the event that Jeongguk’s wobbly legs gave out once his arms were freed, and no longer suspended. They didn’t, but the elder helped lower him onto the smooth tiles anyway. Jeongguk gasped when his warm skin met the cold, uncomfortable surface.

Jimin left the knife out, as he joined Jeongguk on the floor. He straddled the back of his well-muscled thighs, enclosing them tightly within his own. There were rope marks left on the boy’s wrists that would be gone over night. “I’d try to get comfortable while you still can, bun.” The dom’s tone was mockingly regretful. “The thing is – you’re such a good boy for me, that when you step out of line, it’s unexpected, and when it’s unexpected, it makes me very angry. I’m still so very angry with you.”

Jeongguk breathed out, shakily, “I’m sorry.”

“Sorry, ‘stop’ or sorry that you were wrong?” Jimin asked him, as he shamelessly roamed his eyes over Jeongguk’s sprawled form, completely at his mercy – if willing.

“I’m sorry that I tried to make you angry.”

“Oh, you didn’t try, little bunny,” he laughed, the bitter sound of it running down the length of Jeongguk’s spine. “You succeeded.” The boy tensed when he felt something cold being pressed against his back, knowing that it was the steel of Jimin’s blade. “I need you to be still for me...” He nodded his compliance, when the pressure around his midsection was released. Jimin had cut the knots leading down to his waist, but avoided the rope incasing his thighs.

Jimin put the knife away, taking in the endless amount of soft, smooth skin along Jeongguk’s back. He was like a herculean trope, all healthy, and fit – half boy, half god. So pretty that Jimin wanted to ruin him, as he dug his short nails into the back of Jeongguk’s neck, and then slowly dragged them down, listening as the boy drew in a sharp breath.

The elder adjusted his hips to better follow his path into the dip of Jeongguk’s spine, purposefully nudging his clothed, hard cock against the rabbit tail. He smiled, wickedly, when the boy keened at the contact, “Do you like this, bun?”

“Oh –yes! S–So much...” he gasped, having been startled by the satisfying pain and heat radiating throughout his back. “Harder, master.”
Jimin was more than willing to oblige him, using both hands this time – starting at the tops of Jeongguk’s shoulders. The lines forming beneath the deep press of his nails were an angry red, skin breaking with small, puffy cuts. However, the reaction from Jeongguk was one of ecstasy, when he curled in on himself with a wrecked cry. The sound of it rang through Jimin like an alarm, deciding that once more would have to be the absolute limit.

He tried to make it last, as he slowly raked his nails down – all the while, rocking his hips against Jeongguk’s ass, reveling in his breathy moans of pleasure. The boy turned his face to the side, resting his overheated skin against the cool tiles. “More,” he whispered, brown eyes brimmed with unshed tears. “I want you to mark me. Please, master. I want to be yours.” The air ghosting over his scratches made everything burn and at the back of his mind, Jeongguk knew that he was bleeding, and that it was probably an ugly sight, but he didn’t care.

“You’re already mine,” Jimin informed him, as he gripped the plug at its base and slowly withdrew it from his submissive’s stretched little hole. Then he spread Jeongguk’s cheeks nice and wide within his palms, the action possessive as he watched him clench around nothing. The last ounce of Jimin’s self-restraint was promptly gone within that moment, as he tugged down the zipper on his dark slacks far enough to pull out his throbbing cock. “I’ve always wanted you beneath me, just like this, my helpless little bunny.”

Jeongguk’s skin grew hot from the words being spoken, torn between wanting to hide himself away, or to throw his arms around Jimin. It was a pivotal moment for the both of them, a change in their dynamic. He’d begged, sometimes until his throat was raw, to be fucked. For Jimin to use him up like he was a doll – now it was finally happening.

Jimin opened the lubricant bottle to start slicking himself up, being generous with the application. What he lacked in length, he made up for in girth. Jeongguk knew of this fact, given the many times he choked while giving his master a messy blowjob, left with a stream of tears and a swollen mouth.

“It’s too early in your training to be doing this,” Jimin warned, voice grave, as he pressed the thick head of his cock against Jeongguk’s tender rim. “Are you sure?”

“Please, fuck me, master,” Jeongguk murmured, doing his best to push back with his hips, needing the ache inside him to be filled after a long night of being on edge, punished, and teased. Jimin peered down at him, watching as his bunny teeth sucked in his bottom lip. The rabbit ears were so pretty against Jeongguk’s soft pink hair. He wasn’t even that upset about it anymore. The boy whined when he thought he was being ignored, somewhat petulant, “I’ve been good for you.”

“That means you deserve my cock, then?” Jimin mused, feeling himself give in, which was a too common occurrence with his submissive, whose response was an indecent moan of, ‘mmmhmm’ at the back of his throat – eagerly nodding and once again squirming, until he abruptly grabbed Jeongguk by the waist in order to cease his movements, Jimin’s strong legs tightenng around the boy’s thighs, as he took hold of his length and slowly pushed into him, sinking deep – until his pelvic bone met Jeongguk’s pert, bunny printed cheeks.

Jeongguk’s mouth dropped into a soundless cry at the stretch, painful and blissful all at once. He curled his hands into fists beside his head, when Jimin had him by the roots of his hair, brushing his mouth over the boy’s shoulder, “You feel incredible,” he murmured, voice shaky and affected, as he traced over a deep scratch with the point of his tongue, “So tight and perfect around my cock, little bun.”
Using his grip on Jeongguk’s pink locks as leverage, Jimin barely withdrew his hips, before he slammed back in – creating a rhythm that sent the younger into the tiles each time he came forward, Jeongguk’s swollen length a dripping mess between his stomach and the floor, stimulated by the raw friction. He whimpered when he felt Jimin sucking marks into his skin, placing bites against the cuts from his nails.

Jeongguk was at the point where shame no longer mattered. “Please—I need more, need it f-faster…”

“What if I want to take my time fucking you?” Jimin asked, punctuating his question by slowing his hips to a full stop. It was three, excruciatingly long seconds, before he thrust back into him, filling him inch by inch – the elder repeated the action, seeming to draw it out more each time. The boy was quaking beneath him, when he finally let up. “You would cry,” Jimin said, evenly, answering the question on his behalf, despite the fact that they were both aware of the truth.

Jeongguk felt as his master took hold of his wrist, carefully guiding his arm back, so that he was grabbing Jimin’s thigh for support. The muscles there flexed and jumped beneath his fingertips whenever Jimin drove into him, the pace having formed into one that was fast and unforgiving, as he relentlessly pressed in as far as he could inside the younger, the harsh sound of skin meeting skin flooding the quiet room.

“Ma–ahh… Master, please let me come…”

Jimin could feel how close Jeongguk was to unraveling, clenching tightly around his cock at frequent, squeezing him so hard he’d nearly lost breath from sheer overwhelm. The younger felt so fucking good, part of the reason being the fact that it was Jeongguk he was fucking, and Jimin wanted – he craved to have this for himself, which was a dangerous realization that he’d have to dwell on later. “Go on, sweets, I want you to come for me,” he said, words skimming the back of Jeongguk’s neck, as he moved a hand around Jeongguk’s hips to gently grab at his cock, stroking him in rhythm with his thrusts.

The second Jeongguk was granted permission he felt the relief swallow him up whole. The pleasure that was steadily melting him through at the center of his being finally spilled over, as he came in a myriad of deep moans and needy, little cries. A professional dominant would do well to remember that putting the needs of his submissive first was crucial. Jimin had always believed in this, focusing on the younger, when he gave himself over to his release. Fingers then coated with sticky ropes of Jeongguk’s cum, Jimin continued pumping him through each intense wave, until his muscles stopped gripping him and his cock softened enough to remove the ring. Jeongguk winced once the pressure was released, dropping his sweaty forehead against his forearm, utterly sated, and blissed out.

Unfortunately for his sweet little bunny, it was his turn now.

Jimin pressed the flat of his hand between Jeongguk’s shoulder-blades, forcing his chest down to the floor, pinning him there as he started grinding his hips into his ass, thrusts slow and deep, more thorough – expelling the air from Jeongguk’s burning lungs. Jimin was the perfect fit – his thick cock repeatedly stretching the boy open and stuffing him full, rubbing against the deepest parts of him. It didn’t take much for Jeongguk to get hard again from being overstimulated.

“Show Master that slutty little bunny cunt of yours,” Jimin growled the order through his teeth, watching with hooded eyes as Jeongguk did as he was told, a good boy – spreading his cheeks wide enough to give Jimin the perfect view of his cock disappearing in and out of his drenched, abused hole. He captured Jeongguk’s wrists, keeping his hands there, “Who owns you, Jeongguk?”
It was very rare that Jimin ever used a submissive’s real name, even though it wasn’t a set rule. It was simply perceived as coming off as too intimate or personal.

“Master owns me,” Jeongguk gasped out, as the heat at the pit of his stomach threatened to unfurl for a second time. He didn’t want it to be so soon, trying to focus on the signs that Jimin was nearing his climax, how aggressive he becomes, his words filthy and thoughtless between deep groans and breathy sighs. It turned him on to no end, knowing that he was the one giving his master such pleasure. It empowered him. “Can I p-please come?”

“Little bunny, you come now or you don’t come at all,” Jimin husked, challenging Jeongguk even while he was so very close to oblivion. He tore his eyes away from where their bodies were connected to lean down, scraping his teeth over the back of Jeongguk’s shoulder, unable to leave it alone, as he relished in the cries he was rewarded with, continuing to pound into the boy with wild abandon.

The sound of Jeongguk’s affliction was enough to send a pleasurable chill throughout his body, or in this case, do him in completely. He used the full weight of his body to keep Jeongguk still, when he came hard – spilling his hot cum deeply inside him. Jeongguk winced at the odd sensation and was quick to follow Jimin over the edge, coming in thick spurts against his stomach and the tiles. Jimin slammed his hips forward one last time, burying his release, before he slowly let Jeongguk go from his bruising grip.

Jeongguk felt weightless, basking in the afterglow – a giddy, joyful feeling engulfing him in warmth. He closed his eyes against its comfort, listening to the rapid beating of his pulse in his ears – trying to slow it, without ever having to come back down. Jimin was lying beside him on the floor then, arms immediately reaching for him, and wrapping around the boy like vines. Jeongguk allowed himself to be pulled in, sighing at the petite hands stroking over his sore skin.

“Did I hurt you?” Jimin asked, his voice back to its usual soft, alluring lilt – soothing him.

Jeongguk was contented, a giggle bubbling from his chest, “Only in ways that I enjoyed.”

The elder started combing his fingers through the damp, pink strands of Jeongguk’s hair, adjusting the headband in the process. “The bunny props didn’t even embarrass you, did they?”

He shook his head, feeling shy all of a sudden, “But you enjoyed seeing me wear them, so it wasn’t a total waste.”

He hummed in agreement, as he turned over onto his back, pulling Jeongguk’s mouth to his own, kissing him softly. “You’re so pretty, bun,” he whispered, taking another long, slow drag of the younger’s lips. Jimin didn’t stop until he was certain that he was under the consumption. At the end of every scene or an intense activity, the submissive was prone to a sub-drop, which meant their endorphins crashed. Jimin was always careful about cushioning the fall, all gentle touches and soft words. “So pretty and all mine.”

In a few moments, Jimin would go through the routine of cutting off the rest of the rope. He’d then proceed to take a warm, soapy rag to Jeongguk’s skin, washing him of the blood, sweat, and cum that clung to him – all the while, eyeing his water intake, and feeding him his favorite chocolates. The final step would be dressing Jeongguk’s wounds and there were plenty of them. At the end of an evening with Jeongguk, Jimin was always left with such profound emptiness, which is why Jeongguk needed to complete his training, and become his – *his forever.*
No one in this world made Jimin feel so insecure.

No one ever could and yet.

Jeongguk nuzzled his nose against the side of Jimin’s throat, twisting his fingers into the fabric of his master’s shirt, desperate almost, “Master, I want more kisses.”

Jimin smiled.

“Of course, bun.”

It was a little past midnight when Taehyung glanced over to look at the clock. He’d been staring at his notes all night, and just to be clear – the ones he wrote down himself, not the ones from Professor Min’s stupid, highly well-detailed outline. Sure, it would be beneficial to him to just suck it up and use the material – s’not like Yoongi would ever have to know about it. A small amount of bitterness came with it though, since Professor Jung never provided the class with his own notes, and Taehyung would have given anything for a small glimpse of what went through his head.

He got up from his chair, long overdue for a break, and to perhaps eat something for the first time since three o’ clock in the afternoon – yesterday now. Several times the messenger on his phone went off throughout the night. It was Hoseok giving a play by play of his random outing into the city. He kept taking photos of every ‘artsy-esque’ thing he saw, as though his two friends – one majoring in art, and the other in photography, would honestly give a shit.

Jeongguk hadn’t even read any of the messages.

It made Taehyung wonder, even worry about the possibility of Jeongguk being at Void? Then he remembered the date and what the younger had said at lunch about seeing Jimin on Friday. It was currently past midnight on a Saturday. Taehyung was so absorbed in schoolwork that he doesn’t remember what time Jeongguk left their dorm room. It was the type of shit that made Taehyung feel anxious.

Jeongguk had made it clear that he was avoiding going back to the club. He told Taehyung that he would be punished as a result of what had happened last week. And what happened last week, was ultimately Taehyung’s fault. In the BDSM world, he was a goddamn menace. How would he ever survive being a part of it? The answer was simple: he wouldn’t. Not that he wanted to be, mind you. This wasn’t the Little Mermaid.

Just as he was about to wolf down the last slice of Jeongguk’s leftover cheesecake, the door to their room was being opened. He quickly placed the dessert back on the refrigerator shelf. The boy looked exhausted, but the cold weather alone could do that to you. The tops of his cheeks, as well as the point of his nose were beet red. Jeongguk gave their small living area the onceover, eyes immediately landing on Taehyung.

“Oh, hey, Guk,” ‘Guk, buddy, hey.’ Taehyung was doing that thing where he smiled so big and wide that it was obvious he was nervous. Despite all of that, he was happy to see his dongsaeng – glad to know he was alive, and that all still appeared to be intact. “How was your night?”

“It was good,” he said, seeming to mean it, but there was noticeable hesitation in Jeongguk’s movements. He was slower, more sluggish in removing the coat from off his shoulders. “The drive back here was awful, though. Then I remembered there was a game tonight, and parties – parties
“Uh, yeah, fucking parties...agalactic...” or galore, whatever he said – Taehyung paused, trying to not be so obvious about the fact that he was taking in the other boy’s actions, waiting to catch him in something that he shouldn’t. “Did you see Hobi’s photos yet? They’re trash, but we should still try to act impressed, especially over the moonlight garden that we can’t even see, because it’s fucking dark out.”

For awhile, all Jeongguk did was stand there with his coat still down past his shoulders, and that was where it stayed. “I haven’t checked messenger today. Were you – or did you take your shower?”

Taehyung was in full detective mode now, ready to break out the deerstalker hat, and magnifying glass. “Not yet. Why? Trying to get rid of me, Jeon Jeongguk?”

“I was gonna ask if I can wash up first?” he asked, long fingers closed in one sleeve behind his back, where he was carefully pulling on it.

“Sure, Guk, whatever you want,” Taehyung breathed out, realizing that Jeongguk was avoiding hurting himself with abrupt movements. There was discomfort somewhere – somewhere in his shoulders, or in his back. “Let me help you with that.”

Taehyung wasn’t offering at this point and Jeongguk wasn’t in the position to refuse him. So, he picked up from where the younger left off, gently pulling at the sleeves of his coat. He then placed it on Jeongguk’s bed when the task was done. Throughout the removal, he hadn’t failed to notice the way Jeongguk’s shoulders tensed, as though waiting for it to hurt.

Cutting the bullshit, Taehyung deadpanned, “What happened at Void?”

“I had my appointment,” Jeongguk said, turning so that he was facing his friend. “It was nothing out of the ordinary, really. Jimin was happy to see me back, there was even one point where I thought he was going to break out a cake, or play the trombone or something.”

“Oh, really? Wow, that’s fantastic!” Taehyung laughed in mock-glee, the sound of it absolutely obnoxious – they’d both learned it from Hoseok. He sobered up once he’d made his point clear, that he didn’t believe a word out of his fucking mouth, “You’ll have no problem with showing me your back then.”

“Tae…” Jeongguk whispered, brown eyes pleading with him. He looked like he was about ready to break down. Taehyung was stubborn and would not give up, he already knew. “You saw what happened with Woozi. Sometimes there are punishments that may look bad, but they’re not. It’s all consensual and agreed upon.”

“Show me,” Taehyung repeated, the tension in the room growing thick, and suffocating. When Jeongguk continued to remain still, denying him without words, he closed his eyes, raising his voice for the first time – in a long while. Years. “If it’s not as bad as you say it is, then you wouldn’t have hobbled yourself in here, struggling to get out of your fucking clothes! I won’t be able to sleep tonight, until you fucking show me.”

Jeongguk nodded somewhat numbly, as he reached for the hem of his shirt, pausing midway when he felt the beginnings of pain. He sucked in his breath and quickly tugged it off, as one would a band-aid. If he thought Taehyung hadn’t seen the pain on his face, he was wrong – too perceptive for his own good. Jeongguk dropped the garment to the floor, the front of his body reflecting the
marks from the rope, but they would fade soon.

Without having to be told, he slowly turned around, unaware of the condition of his back, but he could hear it in the sharp gasp Taehyung drew. It was bad. Thankfully, the older boy couldn’t see his ass. That hurt twice as much and was probably covered in welts.

“Jimin did this to you?” Taehyung asked, already knowing the answer, but it made no sense to him. There was a deep bruise from what was an obvious bite mark – lines of red were dragged down the length of Jeongguk’s back. It looked like a mess, a bloody mess and part of it was Taehyung’s fault. His voice was trembling, “The guy you claim to be in love with?”

“You don’t understand,” Jeongguk said, looking over his shoulder, and was met with Taehyung’s expression of complete distraught. The younger might’ve been on the brink of tears, but it was his hyung who was crying. “You can’t blame him for what I want done to me.”

“A bath would be better.” Taehyung changed the subject, wiping his nose with the sleeve of his shirt, before he raided Jeongguk’s drawers. He pulled out a large black shirt and a pair of boxers.

Jeongguk tried again, “Tae…”

“The Epsom salt isn’t good for wounds, but,” Taehyung said, talking a mile a minute. “…we can put some Neosporin on the cuts and then uhm, lots of those Finding Nemo band-aids…”

“My–Jimin already put cream on them, and at one point, he even dressed them, but I took the bandages off before I got home.” He didn’t want Taehyung to see them in the garbage the next morning. The marks only needed more cream, nothing major. The whole thing was a bit dramatic in his opinion, even if Jeongguk enjoyed being cared for, and coddled.

Taehyung was already at the bathroom door, Jeongguk slowly trailing behind him. He was yanking the shower curtain to one side. “Hold on, hyung will clean it first,” he said, as he started scrubbing the porcelain with a Magic Eraser. Taehyung was known for being an anxious person, cleaning things, and talking fast when it got the better of him.

Jeongguk swallowed, thickly, emotions tight in his throat. “Tae, you don’t have to…”

He stood up when he was finished, a shaking hand turning the faucet on to adjust the water to his own preference. “Feel the temperature. Tell me if it’s okay.”

Jeongguk humored him, wiggling his fingers beneath the spray. “It’s perfect.”

“Oh! Your socks,” Taehyung said, as he slowly backed away from him. “I’ll go get them for you, unless you need help with your jeans?”

“No – I shouldn’t, but Tae, I don’t…”

Taehyung stopped him right there. “Socks are important, they do a lot to keep us warm, you know.” He walked into the room, continuing to go on and on about the amazing comfort.

But in all honesty, Taehyung wasn’t interested in socks. He also didn’t want to hear the cries of pain once Jeongguk finally sat himself down in the tub. No, he didn’t want to see the rest of the damage left all over his friend’s body, due to his, his – Kim fucking Taehyung’s behavior.
What Taehyung truly wanted was the keys to the car.

And he’d found them on top of Jeongguk’s bed from where he’d tossed them so that he could fail to shed out of his coat. Taehyung scooped them up, loudly saying something about the wonders of fuzzy socks, before he pulled on his scarf, and stepped out into the hallway of their dormitory.

It took Taehyung a moment to ground himself enough to be able to drive, smoothing his hands flat against the closed door. He felt apologetic for the anger that was currently surging through him, for the fact that Jeongguk would not approve of what he was about to do next. He might not even be able to forgive Taehyung after tonight.

He really was going to break Jimin’s wrist.

TBC

Oh, hell.
It’s a glossary.

**Bight** - a loop of rope, as distinct from the rope's ends.
**Lark’s head knot** - a hitch *knot* used to attach a rope to an object.
**Sub-drop** - the ‘down’ or ‘low’ feeling after BDSM play.
**Rigger** - someone that is a top that specializes in rope *bondage*, often one that performs suspension riggings.

*BDSM test* [link](#) that literally everyone has taken at some point or another.
This chapter took me forever to write, especially for its content, and how much shorter it is in comparison to other chapters. I received some feedback that was discouraging and literally trudged myself through this next chapter. You will notice that new tags and warnings have been added. Please take the time to read them, since this chapter crosses a few lines, I’m sure.

Again, thank you so much for the positive feedback! The comments really help. I appreciate anyone who subscribes, kudos, or just overall enjoys the story.

Thank you to lusterrdust for looking over my work! My eyes were so tired and you were so sweet and helpful. Check out this girl's work!

This is not an accurate portrayal of BDSM. Please educate yourselves if you're interested beyond fiction, so that you may safely practice it.

Feel free:
cc | tw
'Always fight what we find, but we search a little longer.'

Chapter Three: the Boy Who Lies

It was a thirty minute drive to Void, giving Taehyung ample time to self-reflect on his anger, except he wasn’t going to do that. There was no pressing down on the brakes once he’d abandoned Jeongguk, dead set on breaking something precious of Jimin’s, a wrist, his pretty face, anything to placate the rage he felt then. He kept thinking back on that boy, Woozi – continuously, continuously, and continuously. How the audience took him in with some sort of cruel, refined amusement; how Taehyung himself had watched as he was punished, haunted by the fact that he’d liked it. Then he imagined Jeongguk in Woozi’s stead, being tortured in an open room because of his indiscretion.

Honestly, he felt more like an overbearing parent than a friend at the moment. Taehyung was always an old soul, too judgmental at times and prone to being annoyingly willful. He wasn’t thinking of how this might hurt Jeongguk, how it might jeopardize whatever bullshit relationship he had with Jimin. It wasn’t real, anyway, right? Taehyung had seen it firsthand, existing in the red, angry lines across Jeongguk’s back.

Love wasn’t supposed to be so fucking violent.

It was one o’clock in the morning when Taehyung pulled up outside the club. Denizens were pouring in and out the doors. It was a busy night, apparently. He killed the ignition and stepped out into the cold air. He’d been in such a rush to leave the dormitory that he forgot to grab his coat. It hardly mattered with the adrenaline coursing through his veins, the anger mixing with raw, nervous energy – warming him through. Taehyung was a storm; one that was ready to be unleashed. Just fucking watch him go.

He threw open the doors to Void as if he owned the place. Taehyung was so focused on his current objective that he didn’t question a single, goddamn thing. No – the gentleman wearing a leather dog hood with mittens leashed by a fucking space demon, that – that was all well and dandy. The reception area was swarming with new patrons to one side and the regular check-ins on the other. Luckily, all Taehyung had to do was flash his ID due to his past visit being logged, and he was allowed entry.

“Oh, gorgeous,” the woman behind the desk said – it was the same receptionist he’d met on his first night at Void. Tonight she wore a nametag that read, ‘Claire’. She leaned over the desk, her large, full set of breasts spilling over her forearms. “I knew you’d come back for more trouble.”

‘Truer words…’

“It was hard to stay away,” Taehyung said, lying as easy as breathing when there was partial truth to it. “Can you tell me whether or not a specific scene professional is here right now?”

She raised an inquisitive brow, adjusting her glasses on the bridge of her pointed nose, “For an appointment or a show?”

‘For an ugly confrontation and an ass beating,’ Taehyung mused quietly to himself. “It’s about a question I have in regards to using a scarf as binding material for an over-arm tie. Do you know if Jimin is still around this evening?”

“You drove here just for an inquiry?” Claire teased, tucking a hand beneath her chin, as though that was the most adorable thing to have happened, ever. In any case, she could tell that he was serious.
“Jimin finished with his last appointment not too long ago.” The receptionist found it a little bit odd that Taehyung showed up within the same hour that his friend had left. “However, his shift doesn’t end for another twenty minutes. You can usually find him in the lounge area.”

Taehyung said nothing else, wordlessly headed for the corridor that would bring him to the main room. Reflecting what he’d seen from outside alone, the club was packed, maybe even more so than it had been last week, except this time he didn’t have anyone with him. He was alone, a small fish swimming in an ocean of sharks. It didn’t matter to him that he was gaining looks, heads turning as he walked by. Then he remembered the unspoken dress code and realized that he was once again, sticking out like a sore thumb.

Oh, goddamn it.

He was wearing a baggy pair of black pants and one of his night shirts. The collar of it was beyond stretched out, exposing the pretty contours of his collarbones, the white fabric falling off one shoulder. He reached for his scarf and was coming up empty, cursing low when he realized that he’d left it in the car. Fuck it. He could deal with being openly stared at for a short while, his venture too important to abandon for a wardrobe malfunction. This wasn’t going to take long, anyway.

All he had to do now was find his target.

The lounge was more chaotic at this late hour, scenes unfolding like the first time Taehyung had attended, except they weren’t being performed on stages, but on ground level, and by the guests themselves while being supervised. It might be hopeless to find Jimin at this point, the room considerably less orderly, which meant it was more intimidating for Taehyung. He did a slow turn, taking in all that was around him – fighting not to get distracted while on the lookout for silver hair. The bar was completely full, all stools occupied, save for the black button tufted booths. The area was dimmed, the only light coming from small string lamps that illuminated the center of each table, leaving all else shrouded in darkness.

Just when Taehyung was about ready to give in to despair, seated at the furthest booth, was Jimin. He was dressed in a hooded sweatshirt with his hair mostly concealed beneath it, wrapping his spit slickened lips around a glass of water. Alone. How opportunistic… Taehyung was a force that couldn’t be stopped at that point as he pushed his way through the crowd that separated them. All he could think about were the bruises, all deep and prominent across Jeongguk’s body. How glossy eyed and sad the younger had looked while he defended the asshole.

Jimin sensed the boy’s presence before he saw him. Violence was a good way to end the night, he supposed, as he calmly placed his water down and out of the way. He knew that in about five seconds that he was going to be placed on top of the table. It was Jeongguk’s ‘bestie’ – the kid who’d already caused him enough grief. Taehyung was headed straight for him with the elder allowing it to happen. Jimin kept his arms at his sides when he was abruptly dragged up to his feet by Taehyung’s large hands twisting in the front of his shirt.

The table rattled as he was roughly shoved into it. Taehyung was gorgeous, even while furious. Jimin could understand Yoongi a bit more from this angle, could see the appeal in every line of his devastating features, and he could feel the strength in the intensity of his trembling form. It incited Jimin’s own bout of anger – however, unlike Taehyung, he was able to manage it, “Taehyung-ssi, right? Do you not know how to hold a normal conversation?”

“Normal conversations are meant for normal people, not for assholes like you. I’m so sick of hearing how much you care for Jeongguk, when you hurt him on whim. You hurt him because of me,”
Taehyung said, voice oddly calm despite how clearly pissed off he was, pressing all of his weight into Jimin.

“Wow, you really understand nothing, do you? You’re very wrong and I didn’t hurt him, because of you…although, you certainly didn’t help the case.” Jimin was tired of situations such as these. They happened so often in the form of ex-lovers, concerned family members, friends storming in like they were saviors. Ignorance at its finest, people so quick to judge, growing up with a set of beliefs, protected by their rose-colored glasses. They were sad, deluded people. “I gave Jeongguk exactly what he asked for and you’d know that if you cared enough to listen to him. Truth is, you’ve been a bad influence on my submissive, Taehyung-ssi.”

Taehyung wondered what that meant, giving Jeongguk ‘exactly what he asked for’. It was unfathomable that Jeongguk thought this was love. Taehyung leaned in towards the elder, as if closeness served as some sort of dial for anger that he kept steadily cranking up, growing harsh, “Don’t talk about him like he’s some fucking pet of yours, because he isn’t. He’s my best friend, he’s a whole person, and you’re just a piece of shit looking for reasons to inflict pain on others.”

“Oh, but Jeongguk is my pet,” Jimin murmured softly, bringing his face a mere inch away from Taehyung’s, invading what little that was left of his personal space as a subtle way of pushing back. “What are you going to do once he moves in with me? Picket outside my loft? He has a ways to go with his training, but it’s inevitable. So long as he wants me, I’m not letting him go. And I also think you owe it to yourself to admit that all of this makes you jealous.”

Taehyung’s cheeks flushed at the accusation, actually livid. “It’s not like that with Guk.”

“Not all jealousy has to be of the romantic sort,” Jimin said, as he slowly moved his hand to the fist still curled in his shirt, trying to gently coax Taehyung’s fingers open to release him. The boy didn’t budge. “Jeongguk has found himself. He knows what he wants, what he likes, but who are you? What is it that you want, Taehyung-ssi?”

“What I want is to hurt you for what you did by breaking each of your fingers, so that you can never touch him again,” Taehyung managed to get out in one shaky, overwhelming breath. He felt himself slipping into that part of himself that he couldn’t control. His weakness was impulse, forever and always. One hand released Jimin in favor of reeling his arm back, imitating the elder’s sweet politeness, “I want to leave my own mark, ‘Jimin-ssi’.”

Jimin could tell that the Taehyung’s fit of rage would not be easily settled or assuaged with neither words, nor logic. Right now Taehyung felt justified in raising his fist – Jimin knew that he couldn’t be stopped, at least not without using force. He didn’t need an upset submissive, especially now. Jimin looked him dead in the eye, “That’s an awful lot of greed for one boy. Luckily for you, I like to indulge. Go ahead.”

What the hell was his problem?

‘Whatever,’ he thought, ‘open invitation or not, it’s still gonna feel good and right.’ Just as Taehyung came down to strike Jimin, an arm abruptly hooked around his own, preventing him from going any further. The monitor from the other night, Namjoon, had to use most of his strength to pull the boy off of him.

Jimin released his white knuckled grip from the table, having been prepared for Taehyung to hit him, “I was beginning to wonder if you were ever going to show up.”
Namjoon gave a healthy roll of his eyes, “Excuse me for having not yet mastered the art of teleportation. And you –” The monitor hadn’t been expecting to catch Taehyung’s fist square in the jaw, staggering back a couple steps. *Fuck.* Namjoon grunted at the discomfort, but was ready to defend himself, blocking Taehyung’s next swing, before delivering his own.

He could hear the howls of laughter coming from his earpiece, Wonshik was rolling, “Ah, man! That was great…Good thing we got it all on film. I thought you were faster than that, hyung-nim, but nope. You suck and there’s comfort to be had there. Anyways, face recognition pulled up a one Kim Taehyung. He’s brand-spankin’ new.”

“Not anymore he’s not,” Namjoon said, as he stared down at Taehyung, ignoring the ache in his lower jaw. The boy was sitting up on his elbows, watching the monitor from his spot on the floor where the blow had sent him. Taehyung’s lip was busted open, broad chest rising and falling, still worked up and seething mad. Namjoon didn’t like it – not one fucking bit, as he decided to put an end to it, “Kim Taehyung, I sentence you–”

“Wait,” Jimin said, gently placing a hand on Namjoon’s forearm, stopping him before he could make Taehyung’s removal official. Once it was done, there would be no way of reversing it. “Before you do your song and dance, you should know that…” There was only one sure way of overriding a monitor’s power, “…this boy has a master.”

It wasn’t the truth, but it was close enough. It might even help the little brat, Yoongi and Taehyung both.

‘Breathe, Jimin,’ Yoongi said, tearing his eyes away from the corridor that Taehyung and his little bunny friend had practically ran to make an escape down. The younger remained silent in the aftermath of Jeongguk’s outright display of disobedience. It’d felt like a slap in the face. He stared holes into the Persian carpet, searching for an explanation as to what had just transpired, since it made no sense at all.

‘Jeongguk has never…’ Jimin murmured softly, voice barely above a whisper. It wasn’t like him to get angry over such things. A dom had to always remain in control, especially of their own emotions. Right now, he was being woefully transparent. ‘He would never behave this way. Who the hell was that kid he was with, this ‘Taehyung’?’

Yoongi was amazed over the fact that Jimin had gone so long without a submissive being a huge fucking brat. He threw out the obvious as a friendly reminder, ‘When a sub acts out, it’s rarely unintentional. They want to see what they can get away with, how far they can push you, since that’s when a dom is most expressive. You should give your bunny what he so desperately wants from you…’

‘Jeongguk is in love with me. So, he’d want a great deal more than what I’m capable of giving to him,’ Jimin said, unsure of why it hadn’t felt wrong to expose something so intimate to Yoongi. The elder was a seasoned professional, one who’d probably been in the same situation multiple times before. Maybe that was it. ‘I’ve known for a few weeks now, but it’s starting to get intense.’

‘He’s young and also new to the community.’ Yoongi shoved his hands inside the pockets of his jeans, tired, and freezing in a perfectly warm room. He shrugged with a show of nonchalance, ‘Of course he’s in love with you. Wait–he wasn’t a virgin, was he?’

Jimin was almost offended by the question. He shook his head, much to the elder’s relief, ‘Come now, I’m not that stupid. The only thing with that is, he never enjoyed his past sexual experiences,
and he always topped. I guess I’m his first in a different way.’

‘Christ. Be careful, especially if you don’t plan on reciprocating his feelings. Although, if you ever decide to go there with him I wouldn’t judge you for it, and I’d personally knock the teeth out of anyone who did,’ Yoongi said honestly, having personally been faced with that battle. If Jimin denied how he felt right now, he’d call him a fucking liar. It was obvious that he was taken with his rope bunny.

‘I now fully understand why you stopped taking submissives into your care.’ Jimin hadn’t meant to say that, the regret already settling into a frown on his face. He enjoyed taking care of someone. Jimin also loved being needed by others. He looked over at Yoongi, taking in the hint of amusement there, a faded look of fondness that was usually lost on him. ‘Unless you were rethinking your retirement?’

‘Taehyung is a boy who’s lost…’ It wasn’t that simple, it hardly ever was. Taehyung was absolutely stunning, a burning flame, the sun personified. After only two seconds of meeting, Yoongi could tell that he was fucking complicated. ‘…he’s a boy who lies to himself.’

Jimin raised a brow, wondering if he should be concerned, or intrigued. ‘It doesn’t sound like you’re all that put off by it.’

‘That’s probably because I’m not.’ Yoongi peered over at Jimin seriously, taking in his look of surprise. ‘Should Taehyung return, I’ll make him mine.’

“Oh, the fuck I do,” Taehyung spat out venomously, as he started pulling himself up to his feet. He paused to glare at the two hands being extended to help him, Jimin and Namjoon’s both, “Are you kidding me? Look, I don’t know why this duck-looking motherfucker is lying to you, but I belong to no one.”

“Such brave talk, but I think we’ve had enough of the heroics for one evening, don’t you?” Jimin was practically glowing with amusement, almost pitying the boy for his next move. He turned towards Namjoon, “Let Sugar know that his little pet is out here causing a scene.”

Taehyung felt his blood run cold at the mention of Yoongi’s scene name. There was no way that could be allowed to happen. The implication alone was laughable, that he belonged to – to his professor? He pressed his tongue to the gash at the center of his bottom lip, tasting the thick rivulets of blood there, thinking of a way out of it. Hell, he would’ve contemplated more violence, if not for the odds being stacked so high against him. “I’ll just leave.”

“This is odd behavior for a pet,” Namjoon said, ignoring Taehyung’s declaration to raise a skeptical brow at Jimin. “It’s also common knowledge that Sugar doesn’t take submissives anymore, and he hasn’t for quite some time.”

“This one here is his saving grace,” Jimin insisted, the lie absent in his words, fully believing in his own statement. Call it good intuition. Taehyung had potential, especially if Yoongi was able to see it already. The elder had always been so perceptive, so very good at reading others, knowing exactly what they wanted, what they craved. “Sugar’s exceptional boy…”

“Well that’s – that’s fucking cute, but…” Taehyung laughed, without the amusement, taking dangerous strides closer towards the shibari expert. Namjoon was there, pressing a firm hand to the boy’s chest as Jimin lowered his gaze to Taehyung’s mouth, watching his lips form around words – words he’d heard so many times before, it was almost comical, “I’m nobody’s bitch.”
It was that particular line that was often disproved, almost like a sentence in of itself. Yoongi was right, Taehyung was fucking lost.

From between them, Namjoon gave a heavy sigh. It was obvious to him that Jimin was protecting the kid, but why? He brought the slim, plastic microphone to his mouth, sensing that the situation wasn’t going to deescalate anytime soon. “What’s Sugar’s twenty?”

No one seemed to be listening to Taehyung, especially when, “I said I’d leave on my own, so long as duck tales doesn’t say anymore bullshit on my way out.” He really didn’t want to deal with Yoongi right now. The thought of it was enough to set off his anxiety, already too embarrassed about his obvious loss, having accomplished nothing by showing up at Void tonight. He was quick to add, “There’s no need to get that fucking guy here.”

“Yeah, especially since ‘that fucking guy’ saw everything,” said the voice from the crowd that had steadily formed around them. Taehyung felt as the dread washed over him, all too familiar with the low, humorless tone of its owner. The younger turned to find Yoongi standing there among dozens, vividly severe in a black fitted blazer and matching slacks. A red silk was tied under his arms and under the lapels of his jacket, coming to settle around his slender waist. The colors were vibrant in contrast to his fair skin, rendering Taehyung into silence. *Fuck.*

“Scratch that, Wonshik,” Namjoon said, dismissing the monitor’s search. He instantly removed his hand from Taehyung out of respect for Yoongi. It was an unexpected outcome to say the least, but it was no longer any of Namjoon’s business, “I take it that you’ll see to his punishment then?”

“Most certainly,” Yoongi promised, playing the role to its fullest, as he stepped beside Taehyung. He eyed the split in his bottom lip, tsking with disappointment, “We should get that cleaned up, but first I want you to apologize to Jimin.”

Taehyung scoffed at the prospect of doing such a thing, he was so disgusted. “What? No…”

Yoongi nodded more to himself, than to anyone else – tacking on Taehyung’s rude behavior onto the growing list of things that would need to be worked on. It was useless when the boy didn’t even understand the point of the apology, didn’t fully realize the offense. Yoongi knew this and yet, he was still hopeful that manners were residing somewhere within that beautiful foundation, but oh well.

“My sincerest apologies for Taehyung,” Yoongi said, apologizing on his behalf. He was being careful with his wording, since Taehyung really wasn’t under contract as his submissive, going along with the lie that Jimin started. If Namjoon learned of this, he would end this little exchange, and have Taehyung thrown out. “There was a misunderstanding and he acted impulsively. It won’t happen again.”

“Misunderstanding, my ass,” Taehyung bit out through clenched teeth, when Yoongi sharply turned to regard him, dark eyes daring the boy to open up his mouth again. For whatever reason, certainly not because of the chill he felt running up his spine, Taehyung didn’t make another remark after that, remaining quiet.

Jimin was endlessly amused by the whole display, as he smiled crookedly, “Thank you and yes, please see to it that it doesn’t.” The final glance he shot Taehyung was practically oozing with conceit – feeling victorious and not above being petty about it. Jimin turned his back on them, before grabbing for his drink, and leaving for the evening.
Namjoon was doing his best to clear up the crowd, encouraging the lingering onlookers to go back to playing, before he too disappeared.

Taehyung missed him already.

The elder’s presence wasn’t something that could easily be ignored, especially when Yoongi began to shamelessly roam his eyes across his body, like that’s what he was there for – not much different from a work of art in need of being picked apart for deep interpretation. Taehyung once again reached for the scarf that wasn’t there, forgetting that he didn’t have it with him, making it impossible to hide himself from the open scrutiny.

“Follow me,” Yoongi said, voice clipped and glacial, leaving no room for argument. It took a moment for Taehyung’s legs to start moving in an attempt to keep up with Yoongi’s brisk pace, watching how he effortlessly weaved through the swarm of people. He was being led down the corridor, pushing away the anxiety he felt from making so many turns, focusing more on the fact that it was new territory for him.

Void was much like the large factory that Taehyung had initially perceived it to be, giving off a clinical atmosphere with rows upon rows of doors, and immaculate marbled tiles. Where the fuck did they stick the Enchanted Forest?

Yoongi came to a stop in front of a set of red double doors, pushing them open. It was everything you would expect to see when visiting the school nurse, minus the nurse. Taehyung shuddered to imagine what they would’ve been like, to be greeted by a man or woman dressed from head to toe in latex, snapping on a pair of rubber gloves.

“No nurse?” Taehyung asked, unclear on whether or not that was the case.

“A majority of scene professionals opt to undergo some form of medical training,” Yoongi said, patting the leather examine table. “Take a seat.”

Taehyung quietly declined by keeping still, “Because what you’re doing is dangerous.”

Here and now could work as an educational moment, Yoongi decided, as he walked over towards the cabinets to get what he needed in order to clean Taehyung’s cut. “Everything Jimin did out there was with Jeongguk in mind. For instance, when he told the monitor that you were mine, he was ensuring that Void can still be a place that Jeongguk brings you. It’s a big part of his life, is it not?”

Oh, hell, no.

Taehyung was not about to allow Yoongi to undo this ugly, confusing web. Not so easily. He shook his head in disbelief, “That’s bullshit…”

Yoongi set the tray of supplies down on the table where Taehyung’s ass should have been seated, tamping down his annoyance. “He didn’t lift a finger to you. That was out of respect for Jeongguk.”

“Jeongguk’s back looked like a fucking Jackson Pollock painting, except the artist only used shades of red,” Taehyung argued, wondering why Yoongi couldn’t understand him, not even a little bit. “And it was my fault–”

“Your friend has been breaking the rules of their contract,” Yoongi said, tersely, as he walked towards the refrigerator behind Taehyung. The boy was on edge the second he neared, eyes
following Yoongi’s every move. The energy in the room was high and charged with tension, watching as he removed an ice cube from the freezer, before handing it to him. “One after another. Jeongguk was punished because he wanted to be.”

Taehyung pressed the cube to his cut, wincing at the discomfort. The wound was pulsating beneath the pressure. “Why would he want that…?”

“People either come here to give pain or to receive it, sometimes even both.” The younger was reminded of Hoseok, when he’d referred to himself as a switch. Yoongi once again patted the table top and was relieved when Taehyung slowly, but surely made his way over to it. Opening a new bottle of ointment, he squeezed a decent-sized dollop onto a cotton swab. Yoongi tried to simplify it as best he could, “Pain can be physical and mental – pleasure or medicine. When it’s controlled, you can understand the benefits, can’t you.”

The question was rhetorical and even if it wasn’t, Taehyung wouldn’t have known how to properly answer it anyway – not wanting to agree with Yoongi. He slid himself onto the table, gripping at the leather with one hand, as the other continued running the ice along his swollen lip. The new information was swirling around Taehyung’s stubborn mind, trying to sink in and make sense. He didn’t want to feel another moment of guilt over Jeongguk, and the elder was providing him with enough reason not to feel it, sensing that the comfort was necessary, but also unwanted, which was just too fucking bad.

Yoongi’s eyes fell to where Taehyung’s shirt was hanging open, expression visibly darkening as he took in the smooth definition of the younger’s exposed collarbones, “Where is our favorite purple scarf?”

“I forgot it in the car,” he answered innocuously, the ice melting between his now cold, numb fingers. What was this soft moment? Taehyung stared back at Yoongi, trying not to dwell on how pale his skin looked against his dark black hair – how much prettier, yet deadlier he looked then, “After tonight, I’m not coming back to Void. It really isn’t for me anyway.”

“Oh, really?” Yoongi asked, feigning curiosity when he could’ve easily written the predictable lines flowing from Taehyung’s pretty little mouth. “Which part of it ‘isn’t’ for you?”

Right, the reasons that Taehyung seemed to suddenly have in bulk were, “The orders I would have to follow, the pain that could be inflicted, and the punishments. I guess all of it?”

The silence that followed was intensely unsettling, Yoongi staring his feline eyes into his own, as though seeking every corner of Taehyung’s mind for the truth. That first night at Void had revealed the boy to him completely – what with his dick hard and straining against his jeans, thick lashes wet with tears of awe as he watched Woozi being degraded, and punished. Yoongi had seen that look before, had recognized it in countless others. Envy was common in an establishment like Void.

He approached Taehyung with the swab between his fingers, unable to maintain their polite conversation, when he began haltingly, “I don’t like being lied to, Taehyung. It’s one of those absolutes with me and I won’t tolerate it.”

Taehyung was quick to deny it, “But I’m not lying.” It was a pitch too high, perhaps a little too fast. All in all, it was the same outcome, a fucking lie.

It was always too easy for Yoongi to decipher when he was being lied to, which was the main reason why he couldn’t stand it. The small, white lies were the worst in his opinion, because they
were needless. From a young age, no one could tell him a lie, at least not successfully – not even his own mother. Not even on days where he would prefer being told a lie over the truth.

Yoongi admonished the boy for the continuous dishonesty, something cold and feral marring his usually calm features, “You just did it again.”

“Believe whatever the fuck you want, it’s not like you can do anything about it,” Taehyung said, the words slipping past his lips before he even had the chance to consider them.

“Oh, sure, I can,” Yoongi said, taking on a sweet lilt to his usually rough voice. “I’ll remember it.”

Taehyung snorted, more out of nervousness, than anything else, “For what? My term paper?”

“We aren’t to discuss school while we’re here, Taehyung,” Yoongi chided softly, before he started leaning in, intent on lowering Taehyung’s hand away from his mouth, so that the ice wasn’t in the way of the swab. The moment their skin made contact, Taehyung reacted on impulse, slapping the other’s hand away. He’d used enough force to send the ice cube, as well as the swab to the floor.

The ice broke immediately upon contact, the glimmering shards sliding across the floor. Yoongi slowly wet his pouty lips, growing more enticed to further test the boy, as he brought his hand up again. Long, delicate fingers were an inch away from skimming the top of Taehyung’s cheekbone – the skin there soft and flushed with a rosy color, when he was met with another slap. It felt like all the oxygen had been sucked out of the room then, leaving Taehyung gasping for air, his chest rising and falling heavily.

Yoongi stepped in closer to him, tilting his head when Taehyung’s wide, innocent eyes left his own, and it was like being shut out from the sun. Again, he went to caress the side of Taehyung’s face and was automatically swatted away, more angrily and heated than the previous time. The last of Yoongi’s patience snapped, instinct burning up throughout his toes to his fingertips, when he brought his other hand to the front of Taehyung’s throat. It was light pressure, holding him rather than grabbing – just tight enough to get his point across.

That this was exactly what Taehyung wanted, but was too stubborn, and ridden by fear to admit.

“Our meeting again was either fate or cruelty, but this is, well,” Yoongi mused, lips curling slightly, as he used his grip as leverage to pull the younger off the table, and onto his feet. Even while Taehyung stood at full height and was practically towering over the elder, it was clear who was in control. “This is like a dream,” he murmured, irrevocably drawn to the boy, despite all the cold, garish places inside him that said not to bother. Yoongi was no match for the sun, but he wanted to contest it, “And to think that I was gonna leave you be, angel – but then you showed up dressed like you’re homeless, incurring violence.” Yoongi really shouldn’t have been proud of that. There was nothing impressive or admirable about it, and yet. “You’re full of surprises, Kim Taehyung.”

Taehyung felt as his heart began to race, urging his brain to function long enough to tell Yoongi to stop – to push him away, but his body chose to ignore him, reacting to the fear as though it was something pleasant. Taehyung hated himself for it – hated the fact that his cock was eagerly stirring in response to the thrill of Yoongi’s dominance. He sent a silent prayer to whatever Gods were listening that the elder was too distracted with baiting him to notice it.

He closed his fingers into the sleeve of Yoongi’s blazer, deciding to hang on for what was to come. And it was happening so slowly, the precious space between them dwindling by the second – Yoongi’s firm hold around his neck bringing him down, until their faces were so close they were
nearly touching. It was just when Taehyung thought he was about to be kissed that the elder purposefully stopped himself short, a wicked smirk tugging at his pink, kittenish lips, “Will you let me taste you?”

The question alone was enough to paralyze him.

Taehyung had been privy to a couple ‘first’ kisses in his lifetime. When he was seven, he knew that the kiss he received from the girl at school was different from the ones his parents would give him. When Taehyung was fifteen, he knew that the kiss he received from the neighbor’s daughter was different from the girl at school. He was now being presented with his first adult kiss, a proper kiss from the same gender, a kiss that scared him shitless.

He swallowed thickly, the slightest action obvious to the elder, despite his schooled look of indifference. Yoongi’s grip tightened a fraction, causing his breath to hitch. Taehyung found himself nodding, even though he knew that it wasn’t enough. Yoongi was still waiting. Taehyung closed his eyes just to escape the humiliation, releasing a sharp gasp, “Yes…”

“You remembered to use your words for me without having to be asked,” Yoongi husked, voice going lower the closer he was to claiming Taehyung’s lips, “…you’re such a good boy.” The first brush of contact elicited a deep, embarrassing whine from the younger – the sound of it like a punch to the gut, leaving Yoongi hungry and desperate. He slid his other hand around Taehyung’s waist, pulling their bodies flush against each other, greedily needing more without even having his fill yet.

Taehyung whimpered when he felt the elder’s teeth scrape over the broken swell of his bottom lip, where everything felt far too sharp and tender, trapped in a prison of long fingers, and a skilled mouth. The insistent press of Yoongi’s tongue was hot and sinful against Taehyung’s numbed flesh, the ice having left him tingling with sensations steadily returning. He parted his lips, moaning softly when Yoongi delved his tongue in, deepening the kiss.

Fifteen was a lifetime ago for Taehyung, unable to remember how to kiss. He was too overly self-aware and clumsy, even as he melted into the warmth of Yoongi’s mouth – he was stilted at first, before his tongue shyly teased back. The response served as a small act of willingness on Taehyung’s part, a green light that had Yoongi chasing after more, more, more. He steered them towards the nearest wall without breaking contact, pinning the boy to its surface.

There were questionable things – filthy, unforgivable things that Yoongi wanted to do, say, and promise to him, but he hadn’t done this in a long, long time. There were rules that Yoongi had to abide by as a dom, especially if he wanted Taehyung to become his submissive. It was rare that the elder acted on whim. He never took what he wanted without thinking twice. He never kissed as though he was starved for it, yet there he was with Taehyung as his only form of sustenance. Taehyung, who was helplessly drowning in him, fingers trembling in his jacket, holding onto him like he was a lifeline.

It was maddening – Yoongi’s teeth dragging from his top to bottom lip, tasting the blood, knowing that it would be smudged on their skin.

Taehyung stopped himself from leaning forward when the elder pulled back far enough to look him in the eye. Not like he would get very far with the hand that was still wrapped around his neck, Yoongi’s thumb running circles over his pulse.

“You know what you remind me of?” Yoongi asked, voice all breathy and affected from their kiss.
There was a mingled mess of saliva and blood against his pink, pouty lips. It was difficult for Taehyung to look away from it, as he raised hesitant fingers to wipe it from Yoongi’s porcelain skin. His wrist was abruptly caught midway, Yoongi’s charcoal eyes taking in the mirrored smear of crimson across Taehyung’s lips, “A baby tiger, unaware of how strong and fearless it’ll be once it’s fully grown.”

Taehyung was sufficiently dead by everything that came out of Yoongi’s mouth. Prepare his death certificate, he was ready to sign. “That’s very poetic of you…are you sure it wasn’t the eyes and orange hair?”

Yoongi moved past the sarcasm, leaning so that his words skimmed across the younger’s lips, “I want to put an end to those lies of yours, Taehyung.” A hand slid down the front of Taehyung’s chest, his stomach sinking beneath Yoongi’s touch as he held in his breath. “The ones you keeping telling yourself, that you didn’t want this, or me. Not the orders, the pain, or the punishments…”

“Please…” Taehyung whispered, less than a second away from Yoongi palming over the thick outline of his hard cock, where he’d be able to confirm just how desperate he was for it. A switch inside him flipped. “I can’t, I can’t! I’m sorry.”

Just like the cube had shattered, so did he – Taehyung was fragmented, pieces of himself wanting to give in and allow Yoongi to continue, but then the rest of him was terrified. He’d spent so long protecting himself from the shame of indulging in literally anything. It was his grandmother’s life insurance that was paying for his tuition and instead of studying; he was here, doing this…

Yoongi recognized the panic, slowly detaching himself with a step backwards, as to not crowd him. It was obvious that Taehyung was still reeling, as he wiped his mouth with a trembling hand. “This,” he said with a start, a finger gesturing between himself and Yoongi. “…can’t ever happen again.”

The elder doesn’t say anything to his statement, the tension climbing. He allowed Taehyung to get as far as two steps, before his hand shot out to grab him by the wrist. The boy turned so easily for him, willingly parting his mouth against Yoongi’s with a sigh, as a set of cruel lips sucked on his tongue, seeming to follow a rhythm that had Taehyung’s hips rocking forward to seek more friction.

If Taehyung was a tiger, then the blood housed within his veins was roaring. He felt dizzied by the rush of arousal, overly sensitive to every little thing. “Mmm…” Yoongi hummed against his mouth, before once again leaning back to stare into the depths of Taehyung’s eyes. Slowly, the elder raked his teeth along his bottom lip as though he were savoring the taste, “Of course, Taehyung. This can’t ever happen again.”

Oh, oh…

Using Taehyung’s words against him.

Taehyung laughed at the underlying spite, roughly pulling himself free from Yoongi’s grasp. “It’s funny how you told me not to mention school here, when class is still in session, professor.” This fucking guy. With Yoongi, everything was a point to be made or a lesson to be learned. Well, fuck that and fuck him. “You’re a fucking asshole,” Taehyung muttered bitterly, before he shoved the doors open, momentarily contented with leaving Yoongi far behind.

He followed the corridor, unable to hear people talking as they passed him. It was like the world was on mute with no words or music to fill in his surroundings with life. The receptionist was already leaned forward, ready to flirt with him as per usual, but he couldn’t hear a single thing. He hadn’t
even slowed down, until the winter air hit his skin, reminding him that he was underdressed for the inclement weather. He unlocked the car and sat there with the key in the ignition.

The scarf lied there on the passenger seat, looking plenty guilty. He brought the knitted fabric around his neck. Taehyung spared a glance into the rearview mirror, revealing the deep flush of his skin, and his cut shimmering wetly.

The lesson to be learned is that Taehyung was a liar.

A liar and a coward, because he wanted…

He wanted Min Yoongi.

Jeongguk was in bed with the lights off, save for the laptop pressed to his stomach. He was hiding in his game – PUBG, grabbing a frying pan during his loot in an abandoned house. It would protect his ass from gunfire, barely, but why not? He found gasoline for the car he stole along the way. He usually hated playing by himself, but he didn’t want the company right now, to which Hoseok wasn’t taking the hint, continuing to message him throughout his match. He was too angry and worried about Taehyung. He’d even left his phone behind, which was extremely unlike his hyung.

An hour ago Jimin had been kind enough to confirm what Jeongguk already suspected, sending him a Snap of Taehyung and Yoongi with a caption that read, ‘You two have much to discuss’.

Well, no shit.

It was ten minutes later that the door was busted open with Taehyung’s hip colliding with the wood, cursing the damn thing on his way in. He quietly placed their keys down on top of his desk, trying to be covert. It was a long, horrible night. He couldn’t wait to get inside the shower to rinse it all off. Still considerably dark in the room, Jeongguk managed to close out of the Steam app undetected, before he reached over and turned their bedside lamp on.

The sudden flicker of light startled Taehyung, “Shit!”

“Where were you?”

“Oh, my god, Guk,” he gasped, placing a hand against his chest, willing his racing heart to calm the fuck down, and listen to him for once. “I thought you were sleeping.”

“Hyung, you left me. You went on and on about socks in some weird, psychopathic fit and then you left me,” Jeongguk said, throwing the sheets off and swinging his legs over the side of the bed. “I wondered if you were headed out to a department store to buy them for me in bulk. That you would come back here and bury me under a vat of fuzzy assortments.”

Taehyung shook his head, because really, “You know I have no money, even if the purchase would totally be worth it. You know, we should have a sock day. That’s not a bad idea.”

Jeongguk was officially done with the socks. “I know that you went to Void.”

Ah, fuck, Taehyung thought. How did he find out?

Duck tales, whoo-ooh!
“Yes, alright, I went to Void and did something stupid,” Taehyung started, unsure of how to proceed without pissing Jeongguk off. Did such avenues exist? “You’re not going to be happy with me, but before you go bat-shit, I need you to hear me out first. I attacked…” Jesus, this was going to sound ridiculous. He tried again, “I attacked…Jimin.”

Jeongguk was on his feet then, approaching him at a pace that Taehyung wasn’t at all comfortable with. He was a Jason not a Michael Myers aka he wasn’t above running – dear god. Very carefully, Jeongguk asked him, “You did what now? Taehyung, what the fuck?”

“I know that he cares for you in some fucked up way that I clearly don’t understand…yet? Look – I’ve been really close-minded lately. You opened this door, showed me what you were into, and I didn’t even really try to understand it. All I did was judge you, Guk…”

“Yeah, you did, but no surprise there. You always fucking do,” Jeongguk said, brows furrowing angrily. Truthfully, he was more disturbed that after an ‘attack’ all Jimin did was send him a photo. He just noticed the gash on Taehyung’s bottom lip, wondering if Jimin had been the one to give it to him.

Taehyung felt like a broken record, unable to believe anyone else except Jeongguk. “I still don’t understand, okay? Fuck. I’m trying here. Just tell me that those marks weren’t because of something I did?”

“The marks…?” It dawned on him then, connecting two and two together, which would explain his friend’s absurd bout of recklessness, and sock mania. “Tae – Christ, no, they’re not…they’re because of me. I did things to get myself into trouble. Is that what tonight was all about? Wow…”

Taehyung blinked, “Why would you want to get into trouble on purpose?”

“I like being good for him, but I wanted to see what it would be like if I was bad for once? You and Hoseok hyung already know how well I can do as a brat,” Jeongguk laughed, slightly embarrassed to be confessing this much, even if they were as close as brothers. “And I liked it, by the way. It was freeing, almost? Jimin is always so gentle with me, always praising me, and making me feel all beautiful, and delicate, like I’m made of glass or something. I just wanted him to be rough with me, well – rougher than usual.”

Taehyung sighed, disappointed with himself for acting so irrationally, “Well, I didn’t realize and I’m sorry. I should have let you talk earlier. I felt like such shit for leaving you.”

“Yeah, that entire sock rant had me questioning the state of your sanity. Anyways, apology accepted, can we please get back to the part where you attacked Jimin?”

“Right, okay, uhm do you want the theatrical version of me riding on horseback to storm the castle or, do you want me to get straight to the…” Jeongguk’s glare was enough of a hint. “I shoved him into a table and just as I was seconds away from hitting him, a monitor showed up. I was so pissed off about being stopped, that I clocked the guy. He turned and caught me right in the mouth. It was a trade.” Taehyung felt bitter, watching as Jeongguk breathed out a sigh of relief. “Oh, yeah, don’t worry. No harm befell your master, it was just me. He was more than fine, actually, quacking out his jokes, and waddling off on his webbies.”

Jeongguk paused, “Did you just – wait, are you referring to Jimin as a duck?”
Taehyung shrugged, “If the shoe fits. I mean, everyone gets to be an animal of some sort, right? You’re a bunny, he’s a duck, and I’m a tiger, apparently.”

“Yoongi called you a tiger?” Jeongguk asked, curiously. It both surprised and concerned him that out of all the doms Taehyung could have attracted, that it was Yoongi who’d been interested in him. There were rumors, stories that had been carried through the grapevine. Aside from that, Yoongi didn’t train submissives anymore. He smiled when Taehyung shyly nodded in response, his skin flushing suddenly. “If Yoongi were an animal, what would he be? You’ve already thought of it, haven’t you?”

Being an art history major, Taehyung often found himself comparing people and situations to famous works of art. Lately, he had no problem with gaining access to his mental gallery. The moment he’d watched Yoongi step onto the stage at Void, he knew that he was a Cuthbert Edmund Swan piece, crossing a river at night, and every other panther piece before or after it. Yoongi was as good as midnight, a cat in the wild, as graceful as he was cunning, and predatory.

“No,” Taehyung said, lying some more – lying to himself, and to his friends now. “If the typical asshole counted as an animal, then, maybe?”

“That kinda works, actually, and Tae,” Jeongguk said, tone growing serious. “Be careful around Yoongi, alright?”

“There is no ‘around’ Yoongi, other than at my classes, and believe me, I don’t want to spend more time with him than I have to.” Wow, Taehyung was getting good at this, this whole – denial thing. “Hypothetically though, if I wanted to be near him, what would I have to be careful of?”

“For starters, Yoongi doesn’t take subs anymore and even if he did, most doms don’t like to train, uhm…” Jeongguk trailed off, trying to think of a delicate way to put it. Taehyung lowered his head the longer the last syllable dragged on for. “…virgins. Doms don’t like to train virgins.”

“Oh,” Taehyung said, having been disconnected from his friends once or twice due to that topic. Hoseok had a damn field day with it. If what Jeongguk said was true, then Taehyung really had nothing to worry about with Yoongi. Not now or ever, probably, since he was borderline celibate. Then why was he slightly disappointed by that news? “Good to know.”

Jeongguk picked up the pillow that had fallen off his bed in his haste earlier. “Also, I got around to seeing Hobi’s photos, and you were right. They’re shit. I hyped him up though, so there’s a high possibility that we might be receiving more tomorrow.”

“Oh, goody,” Taehyung said, giving a roll of his eyes.

Jeongguk walked up beside him then, large hands gently grabbing at his face, inspecting his wound. “It’ll be better by tomorrow, hyung.”

Yeah, maybe.

Saturday was always an off day for Taehyung.

Actually, any day when he didn’t have class was an odd, confusing day. It was worse when no one was trying to strong arm him into last minute plans. Taehyung had his notes open, eyes skimming over the details of Yoongi’s last lecture. Reading over the words, he swore that he could hear the
professor’s voice – hearing his voice, Taehyung could vividly see him. Soon it wasn’t the dorm anymore, but it was the medical room at Void.

It was difficult when Taehyung could still taste him on his tongue – could still feel him on skin, like a ghost wound. He pressed his fingers to his cut, contemplative. Yoongi wouldn’t want him once he knew that he was a virgin.

Taehyung eyed his phone. There was a lot he didn’t understand, within himself, and in general. His text tone went off – this was his reason to grab for his old, shitty Android. The KKT chat was being spammed with photos from Hoseok. He would happily ignore them for now, as he instead clicked into his mail inbox. Firing up his laptop would take too long and wouldn’t be worth it overall. He found the email with Professor Min’s number in it.

He really shouldn’t be doing this, even if the email made it sound mandatory. Taehyung knew he had a choice. He could deny the professor, until his dying breath – avoid giving away his number, and never have to speak with him outside of a school setting, ever the fuck again.

‘This can’t ever happen again…’ echoed off the walls of his mind. It was as cruel as Yoongi’s last kiss.

If there was one thing he'd learned from Jeongguk's situation, it was to be a fucking brat.

He went to add a new number, typing in ‘Prof. M’ as the contact name.

To: Prof. M
-------------------
It’s Kim Taehyung. You know, the student you want to fuck :D Jeongguk told me some terrific news last night that pertains to our situation. Apparently doms don’t train virgins. So sorry to shatter your dreams of one day owning me. Guess it’ll be someone else’s job :/
Sat. 05, 02:10pm

It was less than a minute later that Sent went to Read.

TBC
A/N: Sorry this chapter took so long to get out. It’s pretty lengthy and also ridiculous. If anyone is sensitive to dub-con, technical assault, or heavy drunken behavior then please skip the last part after Namjin’s dinner discussion.

!!Warning!! I have included a .mp3 clip of Taehyung’s ‘moaning’ under [record] <--- expired link. [Open] < - - - contains a Snapchat photo that was edited by @piercedbangtan to give Taehyung his piercings. Be sure to check it out.

A/N/N: See glossary for the end of this chapter.

Contact:
cc I tw for any updates, questions, or concerns. I do not have an update schedule, however, I always drop progress reports, and snippets of each chapter in progress. I also follow back ;o
A gifted artwork by Helio <3 Ilu!

‘In the darkness, I will meet my creators,
They will all agree, that I’m a suffocator.’

Chapter Four: the Boy Who Cries
Monday morning comes by real fast for Taehyung, even while he’d been determined to make time bend to his will, and stop completely. Hell, if he’d known of a proper rain dance for time, he would’ve done it, no matter how bizarre. However, the secondhand on the clock was a consistent bitch that continued to taunt him. It was his fault for sending the text message out anyway, but he was expecting a response. Taehyung was supposed to be ‘irresistible’ to Yoongi, so there should have been a rebuttal of some sort, no matter what the topic subject.

And yet...

The anticipated response didn’t come, not for the rest of Saturday, nor Sunday. And now, Taehyung was forced to go to class, where he’d have no choice but to face the bastard in person. He hated how out of control he felt over the situation. Skipping class would be doing the unthinkable, an academic sin. It was out of the question – besides, most people would assume he was dead if he didn’t show up. He was the teacher’s pet after all…wait! Inaccurate. He was Professor Jung’s pet.

Usually Taehyung wouldn’t care so much about his school attire, but now he suddenly did – tearing through his closet for something mature to wear. Yoongi himself was almost thirty. Everything he wore was tasteful and expensive-looking. These were facts that Taehyung tried to keep out of his meager selection, despite it being the cause. He settled on a pair of dark wash jeans and a turtleneck. It was plain overall, but you can’t fuck up being simple. He changed out the plentiful jewelry in his ears, cleaned and replaced them with dangling silver studs with little moons, and stars.

He didn’t care about looking feminine, having received countless compliments in the past that suggested as much. Taehyung was nearly immune (once the initial, brief shyness was gone) to being called, ‘pretty’ or ‘beautiful’. The only person to have ever called him handsome had passed away. He placed the scarf in his bag and headed out for his coffee, not that he should be having any when he was already such a nervous wreck. The caffeine would only make it worse.

Taehyung wasn’t early to class, although he was careful not to be late. No matter how anxious he felt, he had to attend – taking his seat in the front as per usual, opening his bag, and retrieving his notebook. Some students didn’t bother with taking out their laptops, knowing that Professor Min would soon provide them with a study guide. Taehyung kept his eyes down with the flush of his cheeks warming him through.

Again, why’d he send that fucking text? More importantly, why didn’t the professor answer him? Now it made things – everything more difficult. He hadn’t been able to think of much else, fixated on what if’s…

What if Yoongi suddenly didn’t want him anymore? What if he never did to begin with and this was all just some twisted joke?

“At today we’re going to discuss famous Greek Mythological themed pieces. I expect whole class participation for this topic, as you should all be familiar with it,” Yoongi said, as he placed down his book, not really needing it. This was one of his favorite categories when it pertained to art, a dream to be lecturing on, where he could go on for hours, “So, tell me, what’s the name of the iconic piece that was inspired by a passage in Homer’s, Odyssey?”

The class fell silent, not even the know-it-alls, Kim Taehyung included, seemed to know the answer. Although, Taehyung most likely did know the answer, he was just too busy with focusing on anything, but Yoongi. ‘Good,’ the professor thought, ‘as he should be.’ The text message that came through on Saturday was uncalled for, even if a small part of him was grateful for the confirmation,
on the depth of Taehyung’s purity, having tasted it in the kiss – the *inexperience*.

“No one? Alright, *art history majors*, I’ll give you another hint. This piece is as old as the 1890’s and the artist used a long, horizontal canvas for the dramatics.”

“Your hints aren’t hints, professor. They’re just wide generalizations, which isn’t fair,” Taehyung said, his voice somewhat small, despite how deep, and velvety it usually was. The sound of it still stirred something within Yoongi, making the topic piece ironic given the fact that the protagonist filled his ears with wax to block out the allure of the siren’s call. “Plenty of art came out in the 1890’s with long, horizontal canvases.”

‘Cheeky little brat,’ Yoongi quietly mused, before he squashed it, “There’s no need to drag out this nauseating display of pompousness, especially since it’s sorely misplaced on you, Taehyung-ssi. It’s an unkind joke – the way you try to slight me for not making my hints easier when you already know the answer to the question, which I fully expect you to give me. Right now.”

Taehyung swallowed his pride into a quiet murmur, bypassing the many insults, “Ulysses and the Sirens.”

“Very good,” Yoongi simpered, before he dropped his cruel smirk, not at all pleased with being called out or questioned in front of the class. The boy was obviously embarrassed and now, humiliated to top it all off. Taehyung should have known better than to challenge him. Too bad Yoongi wasn’t quite finished with him yet. “Since you were the only one to answer, I’d like for you to tell me what your favorite Greek Mythology inspired piece is, Taehyung-ssi.”

‘The ‘Go Fuck Yourself’ piece, illustrated by me, and inspired by you,’ Taehyung wanted to say, but alas, that wouldn’t go over well with the professor. “The Lament for Icarus,” he said, not even having to think on it, as it pertained to one of his favorite stories. His father used to tell him the myth, how Daedalus found a way for him and his son to escape the Labyrinth with wings made of wax and feathers.

“By Herbert James Daper, yes, this is a great example of English classicism.” Yoongi was intrigued then, as he came around the desk. There – he thrummed his fingers across its surface, before leaning back. He burned his eyes into Taehyung, “Icarus, hm? The tragic tale of a boy who didn’t listen and got a little too close to the sun…”

“If that’s all you took from it – sure, professor,” Taehyung said, wondering if he should just shoot himself in the other leg, and get this over with quickly. He made an attempt to explain further, aware of how rude he was being, “It’s a lesson on over-ambition.”

“And have you learned?” Yoongi asked him, eyes gleaming back darkly. The underlying question was borderline inappropriate in a professional setting. However, if the kid insisted on playing, then so would he, confident in his ability to do it so much better. After a beat of silence, Taehyung’s cheeks turning a deeper shade of pink, he chuckled low, “That’s what I thought.”

There were snickers from the back, other students who seemed to have enjoyed Taehyung’s little scolding. Honestly, if Yoongi could bottle such precious shame for his own greedy consumption he would, but then he reminded himself of Taehyung’s flaw – if one’s virtue could be deemed as such a thing, instead of something to be commended for. In this case, it wasn’t ideal.

Applying their current predicament to the story of Icarus, Yoongi couldn’t help but feel that he was the one who’d flown too close to the sun, and had thusly plummeted to the bottom of the sea. It was
ridiculous how each time he looked at Taehyung, he died a little bit more. Having had the time to think about it over the weekend, the conclusion was to put an end to their ‘relationship’. It was unfortunate that just when Yoongi thought he’d lost his appetite, Taehyung was a whole buffet consisting of all his favorite meals. He had to stop it now while it was only just a taste, ignore the potential, deny himself of what he wanted so badly.

It wouldn’t be the first time, certainly won’t be the last.

The rest of the class was spent going over Caravaggio and William-Adolphe Bouguereau’s Greek Mythological pieces. Taehyung took down his own notes, distracting himself, otherwise he’d keep tracing over the professor’s annoyingly smart fashion, vexed to the point where he was forced to change course, engrossed in the natural pout of Yoongi’s lips. Then he remembered the kiss they shared for the nth time, a blush burning deep into his skin like a fever.

“Tomorrow there will be a quiz on Gothicism and the Age of Cathedrals, so that I can get a better idea of where we’re at, since none of you were prepared to go Greek,” Yoongi sighed, as he turned off the slide projector. He was hunched over his desk scribbling something down into his book, eyebrows furrowed in concentration.

Taehyung almost didn’t want to bother him, almost. If he didn’t say anything now, he’d regret it. The incident would consume his every thought tomorrow, the next day, and so forth in some hellish cycle that he wasn’t at all interested with continuing. So, he chose to stay after, waiting for his classmates to get done with asking their questions, until soon it was just the two of them alone in an empty classroom. Yoongi hadn’t bothered to acknowledge him, until he was good and ready to, removing his framed glasses from his face with a hint of annoyance, “What is it Taehyung?”

The boy pushed away his apprehension, holding onto the fact that this was a conversation that needed to happen, “I was hoping that we could discuss last Saturday?”

“I hadn’t realized that there was more to say on the matter,” Yoongi said, settling his dark eyes on Taehyung’s, lips pulling into a natural pout. “But if we must, I’d rather it be elsewhere.”

“Like Professor Jung’s office?” Taehyung asked, eyeing the closed door. It was brazen of him, he knew it. Yoongi’s brow merely twitched at the suggestion.

“Fine, in Professor Jung’s office,” Yoongi agreed, as he went to open the door for them, gesturing with a sweep of his arm for Taehyung to step on in. The younger walked past the threshold, trying not to startle when Yoongi shut the door behind him. “I have another class in twenty minutes, so let’s make this quick.”

“Quick, right,” Taehyung nodded, ignoring the weird tightening in his chest. Yoongi was always like this, he reasoned. Nothing had changed. “I sent you a text message and thinking about it now, it was pretty childish of me. I was just flustered from our kiss and about what I’d said about it never happening again. Then Guk told me about the ‘no virgin’ rule and I just thought…”

“Thought you’d try and provoke me with a text message? Was it fun, Taehyung?” Yoongi asked, tilting his head as though he was genuinely curious, but they both knew better. He pressed before Taehyung could even give a response, “I feel like I would’ve been more upset if it weren’t true, but it is, because let’s be real, I only wanted to hurt you and then fuck you, but now I know you’re a virgin, which makes you off-limits to me. That information saved me the time, now if only I could
get back what I’ve already wasted on you.”

Taehyung tried not to stare directly at him, tried – taking interest in Professor Jung’s belongings, his stacks of books, the framed photo of his family and another of his cream-haired Shihtzu with the adorable overbite. He needed a moment to process. The cruel words that left Yoongi’s mouth were nothing. It was nothing. Yoongi was just trying to shove him away. The scary part was that Taehyung wasn’t convinced that was his best effort, yet.

“You wanted to train me,” Taehyung said, as though rephrasing ‘hurt and then fuck’ would somehow correct what Yoongi just said to him. It was a weak defense, but it was all he had at the moment. Weak defenses.

Yoongi took slow, measured steps closer to him, “You can’t even stand being touched.” Taehyung started backing away with one foot behind the other, in a leisurely chase that ended with their positions swapped, Taehyung’s back against the hard surface of the door. He was unable to go any further than he already was, the small hairs on the nape of his neck rising with anticipation.

He denied it, almost shamefully, “That isn’t true.” It was difficult for Taehyung not to feel embarrassed, when the next words that fell from his lips sounded desperate, especially to his own ears, “I want you to try again.”

Giving in, even slightly, went against every fiber of Taehyung’s being, but if this was the only way to keep Yoongi interested in pursuing him long enough for him to figure things out with himself, then he’d have to prove his willingness. This is what the professor had wanted since the very beginning. Taehyung could afford to give him an inch.

“Try again?” Yoongi asked, the amusement evident in his voice, “You’re not even ready to let me touch you, because some part of you wants to be loved first, because that’s the ‘right’ order of things. It’s what you were taught. Tell me I’m wrong…” Taehyung couldn’t breathe after that, let alone speak – not that he would deny it. The elder shook his head in mock pity, “I have no patience for what you’re asking of me and I don’t want the responsibility that comes with taking your innocence.”

What bullshit. “Professor, please…”

“Professor...that’s right, which makes this whole thing a bit taboo, or as you so love to point out, ‘wrong’. Where’s that moral compass of yours now, hmmm, did it stop working?” Yoongi laughed sardonically, as he continued invading the boy’s precious space. He didn’t stop until their bodies were a hair’s breadth away from touching. Slowly, he brought a finger to the dangling stars and moon charms on Taehyung’s piercings, jostling each one softly. “You probably thought I didn’t notice that you dressed up for me, but the truth is, you’re very distracting.”

“So are you, though...if not more,” Taehyung murmured, as he captured Yoongi’s wrist into a light grip. The elder allowed it to happen, curiosity getting the better of him, hanging onto the boy’s every word, “From the way you carry yourself to the way you dress, it all demands attention.” Taehyung felt helplessly drawn to him as a result, but he wasn’t about ready to admit to such a thing. Yoongi watched, fixated as the younger guided his hand towards the slender curve of his neck. Taehyung’s smooth, unmarked skin called to him and he would love nothing more than to claim the boy as his own, although his contracts were typically sealed with a piercing, and Taehyung’s ears were already taken.

“I knew that you would like this,” Yoongi rasped harshly, closing his fingers more securely around
Taehyung’s throat, bringing his head back with the motion. He whimpered at the contact, breathing more difficult this time, when he felt the soft press of Yoongi’s mouth against the shell of his ear, “Here’s what I want you to do for me, sweetheart. You’re gonna put your threat into action. Go and find someone who will love you, before they fuck you – someone who will see you as more than just a pretty little cock warmer.”

For Taehyung, that was a very real problem – being perceived as pretty, or beautiful. That was all people saw in him at first and perhaps, that was the real reason as to why he couldn’t let go, and give himself away to just anyone. He couldn’t trust people and yet, he felt safe with Yoongi, even now with a hand wrapped around his throat. He turned towards the warm mouth caressing his ear, vision blurred by a swell of unshed tears. The rejection threatened to sting him in ways he’d never known before.

“Try again,” Taehyung pleaded quietly, voice thick and raw with emotion. The carnal undertone was enough to send a pulse of desire to the pit of Yoongi’s stomach. It would be satisfying to finally bring the boy to heel, to hear him beg for all the ugly things running through his mind on a constant frequency. Unknowingly, Taehyung proceeded to test the elder’s patience, “I’ll be good for you, I promise, just want you to touch me again.”

Yoongi was physically incapable of pulling himself away, as he fell deeper into the boy’s rich, honey voice – watching as his long, pretty lashes fluttered slowly. Taehyung was staring down at him with the same big, sparkling eyes that never left him, not even in the dark. ‘Scare the boy,’ Yoongi decided, ’just like you did Saturday.’ It was a reasonable excuse, finally coming to a consensus, as he surged forward to capture Taehyung’s deep pink lips into a bruising kiss. The hand that was around his neck slid further up, fingers splayed across his jawline to forcibly hold him still.

He’d always preferred tall, strong boys – boys that could easily overpower him if they chose to do so. It was appealing, how they voluntarily relinquished all their strength and control within the act of submission. Taehyung was perfect, from the moment they’d first laid eyes, he knew it. After years of ruminating on the past, Yoongi was convinced he’d never find another submissive. At least not long-term, but he could so vividly envision Taehyung walking the floors of his home, turning a cold and quiet space with his warmth. It wouldn’t fix anything though, it still wouldn’t fix him.

He slid his other hand down the front of Taehyung’s chest, scratching his short nails over a peaked nipple through the thin fabric, slow and meticulous. The younger’s long, deep moan reverberated into the back of his throat, as he arched further into Yoongi’s touch. It was almost endearing, how easily worked up he was, able to feel the outline of Taehyung’s erection pressing into his stomach. It was so, so delicious and it was all his, Yoongi conceded. It was all his, even though he had no right to have any of it.

A battle for dominance made the boy grow pliant beneath him, securing his win with each strong thrust of his tongue between his lips, suffocating and filling Taehyung up with each intrusion. He wanted to prove to Yoongi that he was ready, curling his shaking hands into the arms of the elder’s jacket, desperately trying to ground himself, overwhelmed by the onslaught of rough kisses and clever touches. All he could do was give Yoongi everything he wanted, all that he was willing to take, whimpering when teeth pulled at his sensitive flesh.

The words were a low growl against Taehyung’s mouth, “What happened, angel? You said you were gonna let someone else own you – fuck, you should.” Teeth once again assaulted his swollen bottom lip, before it was slowly released, “…because once you’re mine, I’m going to make sure that I ruin you for anyone else, I swear it.” No one would even dare think about touching Taehyung.
That’s why he should get out while he still could, escape from being Yoongi’s possession, while the elder still let him.

He grabbed hold of Taehyung’s wrists, prying the boy from his jacket and pinning him against the door. The split in the Taehyung’s lip was bleeding again, eyes half-lidded and clouded with arousal – a whole look for Kim Taehyung. It was absurdly erotic, how someone so pure could look so perpetually debauched all the time, and it about drove Yoongi mad.

“No rebuttal? That’s unusual for you. How about this, then,” Yoongi said, as he pointedly avoided Taehyung’s mouth, the cool expression on his face darkening like a storm. “You will give me an apology for the way you showed your ass off during class.”

Oh, he would, would he? Taehyung was too stunned to formulate a proper response, so very far out of his depth, exhilarated by the fear pumping through his veins. He knew little about the creature that owned his name, other than the fact that he was about to be devoured in one bite.

“Yeah–but since there is no ‘or else’ added onto that threat there, I’m going to assume that this whole apologizing thing is optional. And there is no way in hell that you’re getting that apology. In fact, you should be grateful that I broadened your perspective on things, professor…” Taehyung had to wonder if he had a death wish, inciting Yoongi’s anger at every turn, knowing from the start that there was a quiet temper residing within the elder. Why was he having so much fun poking at it?

“You promised that you would be good for me, but it’s clear that you have no intentions of following through with it,” Yoongi murmured, slamming Taehyung’s wrists to the door again – the impact more loud, than it was violent. “You have no manners, do you, Taehyung? No. You choose to behave like a defiant little bitch,” he chuckled, voice dangerously low as he wedged a leg between the younger’s strong thighs, pressing right against the bulge at the front of Taehyung’s jeans with his knee. “So, why don’t you get off like one?”

That should be enough to do it – this should be enough to frighten Taehyung, but he didn’t freeze up like Yoongi was expecting. There were no obvious signs of panic or trepidation. Instead, the boy’s hips came forward with a slight arch of his back. Yoongi had to stop himself from pulling away completely, taking in the heated expression on Taehyung’s face – a pretty pink flush against his tanned skin, eyes lowered to where he was currently grinding his hips down in earnest.

“L-Like this, professor?” Taehyung asked shakily, fingers closed into tight fists above his head where they remained captive with Yoongi putting all of his weight into keeping them pinned down. Their bodies were a surprisingly snug and perfect fit, given their difference in height. Taehyung parted his thighs with a sharp hiss, overcome by the delicious friction of his sensitive cock rubbing against the rough material of his jeans, and Yoongi’s slacks.

“Exactly like this,” Yoongi affirmed in a voice that melted an octave deeper, raspier – affecting Taehyung with the lazy Daegu drawl. This was a big step for the boy, a leap, really, which was the only reason as to why Yoongi was going easy on him, “That’s it, sweetheart. Use me.” He didn’t let up his grip on Taehyung’s wrists, didn’t give into the familiar hint of arousal washing over him in waves. It was a practiced method where doms would learn to detach themselves from a scene in order to complete a service. It was how he remained focused now, giving Taehyung every bit of attention that he deserved, dark, heavy eyes appraising him.

There was a hitch in the younger’s breathing, unable to contain the high keens of bliss from spilling past his lips. He’d made a valiant effort, teeth sinking into his flesh with his eyes screwed shut as though pleasure were a nightmare. Each roll of Taehyung’s hips was so enticingly fluid, that it was
difficult for Yoongi not to imagine the soft stomach beneath his sweater, wishing that he could abandon the current task at hand to tear the boy’s clothes off, and fuck him so hard and slow he’d cry.

Taehyung’s eyes snapped open when another professor’s voice echoed down the hallway, reaching them from inside the cramped, stuffy office. Yoongi remained unmoving, as still as stone when he murmured, “Good boys are expected to finish what they started, Taehyung.”

Moments dragged on for a long eternity, where Taehyung was entranced by the cold, feline gaze that currently weighed him down. “I’m a good boy,” he whispered breathily, incredibly small, and mildly humiliated by how the words rolled off his tongue naturally. Yoongi was well aware without having to be told, reveling in the fact that the boy had listened, as his hips continued rocking forward shamelessly – chasing after his release, despite the fact that students would be flooding through the classroom doors at any second.

“Oh, baby tiger, don’t you dare,” Yoongi warned, watching as Taehyung’s eyes started to fall on him again. It was the equivalent of hiding, which was something intolerable to the elder. He slid a hand from Taehyung’s wrist to grab at the line of jaw in a bruising grip, tilting his face up to look him in the eye. Yoongi laughed, derisively, “I want to watch as you fall apart for me. So don’t even think about closing your eyes, because the moment you do, this all stops.”

Taehyung stared back into the abyss of Yoongi’s eyes, ignoring the tug of insecurity he felt when his lips curled into a satisfied smirk. It was too much and not enough all at once, the friction maddening as the pleasure started to counteract the discomfort more acutely, gradually intensifying. Taehyung tried his best to ignore the fact that time itself was growing into a fragile thing, running out. The shameful act of getting himself off was to be a quick and cheap endeavor, not at all an ideal first time experience, but he could manage it.

That was the whole point.

The unmistakable sound of sneakers skidding across the floorboards – students entering the classroom and taking their seats sent a shiver of excitement down Taehyung’s spine. He was so dangerously close then, could feel his release climbing up through his thighs to the center of his being, gripping him tight at his core. It was fortunate that Yoongi had the foresight to clamp a hand down over Taehyung’s mouth, muffling the moans that poured from Taehyung’s lips when he let go, coming inside the confines of his briefs.

They watched one another closely, intimate and heady, as the orgasm tore its way throughout Taehyung’s body – a small, helpless whine escaping the back of Taehyung’s throat, bleeding through the cracks of Yoongi’s knuckles. His body was still quaking, the muscles in his thighs twitching in the aftermath. Yoongi now had unique insight as to just how sensitive Taehyung was, how easy it would be to edge him. The positive way he’d responded to a public setting, once again exceeding Yoongi’s expectations.

“I’m so proud of you,” Yoongi cooed with dark eyes ablaze, replacing his knee with an upturned palm. Taehyung gasped at the firm contact against where he was most sensitive, as the elder began caressing his softening length, purposefully causing the wet patch at the front of his jeans to become darker, and more noticeable. Yoongi could feel the warmth through the denim, each stroke spreading the sticky mess against the boy’s sweat coated skin.

There were voices, more distinct now – students chatting amongst themselves while they waited for the professor. Very slowly, Yoongi removed the hand that was over Taehyung’s mouth in favor of
listening to the soft whimpers caused by the overstimulation of his palm working over the younger’s spent cock. It was cruel of him under such conditions, enough to make him stop in his torture, remembering himself, and their surroundings.

Yoongi treated the moment like he would with any of his approved subs after a scene, cupping Taehyung’s face with cool, gentle hands. It was different for each person, but this was how he tested the waters. *His precious Taehyung*. He dropped the boy’s head low enough for him to place a lingering kiss between his brows. They furrowed cutely, as Yoongi’s deep voice resonated in the small space between them, “You did so well for me, angel. You were so, *so* very good…”

The praise did something instantaneous to Taehyung, the words filling him with an odd sense of pride and warmth. He lowered his face within Yoongi’s grasp, cheeks burning fiercely – praying that the elder wouldn’t take notice of it.

“You must’ve really wanted to prove to me that you were ready. Isn’t that right, little tiger? So brave…” Taehyung sank against the door from the continued appraisal, nodding wordlessly in response to his efforts being acknowledged. He was relieved and weak, as his tired arms fell heavily at his sides in defeat. It felt like Yoongi won – he just didn’t know what. It wasn’t easy for Taehyung to give himself away like this, every piece so vital, and irretrievable once gone. He shivered as Yoongi’s pale fingers slipped from his skin, a huff of cold laughter erupting from the elder, “As much as I enjoyed that, my answer is still no, Taehyung. Collect yourself and then you may leave.”

Still somewhat hazy and blissed out, it took Taehyung a full minute to properly digest what Yoongi had just said, blinking at him. “What?”

Taehyung must’ve misheard him.

“I have a class to teach, Taehyung-ssi,” Yoongi said evenly, throwing a wall between them with the honorifics. The amount of calm in the elder’s tone was downright terrifying, his face the perfect mask of indifference. Now that Taehyung was taking the professor in, he didn’t appear to be in the least bit affected by what occurred between them. *He wasn’t even hard.* Taehyung pushed and humiliated himself for what, for nothing?

Taehyung felt nauseated and cold, as he carried on in a litany of hurt, angry words, “You’re the worst. I mean, I knew that already, but you really, actually are the fucking worst. Somehow I knew that if I did this, it wouldn’t change anything, wouldn’t have proved a-anything. You’re just a miserable piece of shit…” The familiar sting of tears made Taehyung laugh, because of course – of course he was going to fucking cry. “Like, were you left alone as a child? No one love you enough? You’re just a sucky, unimaginable prick with a lot of damage.”

Yoongi casually tucked a hand into his pocket, leaning in closer, “Glad to know you’ve learned that much. Now, *move*. I won’t ask again.”

The anger boiling inside Taehyung was toxic, filling him up like a scream, one that wasn’t permitted to be let out. After a long pause, Taehyung did what he was told, but not before Yoongi caught the spark of fire within those gorgeous, crestfallen eyes. The moment Taehyung removed himself from the only viable exit – he’d promptly left with a soft, unassuming click. Taehyung stared at the closed door, until his vision eventually crossed, and blurred.

He remained like that for several long minutes, becoming pleasantly numb despite the circumstances. It felt like he couldn’t move, convinced that he’d collapse upon trying. A warm path of tears trailed down past his cheeks, thick droplets collecting at the point of his chin. Background noise was
Yoongi reciting the same lesson he gave earlier, gaining different answers that all resulted in the same disappointment, that Greek art was not an easy topic for anyone this early in the semester.

Idiot.

Taehyung angrily wiped at the sides of his face, taking in a few deep breaths nice and slow – just like Hoseok taught him to do when he panicked before his big saxophone recital. It was fine. Jeongguk’s white cheddar popcorn was waiting for him back at the dorm. The real reason why he felt weak was probably because he was hungry. That was usually the case, anyway. Taehyung ‘collected’ himself – fuck Yoongi, as best as he could manage, before he stepped out into the classroom. No one seemed interested in his sudden appearance, Yoongi especially, proceeding onward with his lecture. Taehyung grabbed his messenger bag from where he was sitting and walked briskly towards the exit.

Jeongguk wouldn’t return for awhile, which gave Taehyung time to be weak, shedding himself of the hyung role for a bit. It got tiring, always having to be strong for the sake of others. Where the hell did it get him anyway? Taehyung dragged himself like a living corpse to the door of their shared room, busting it open. Residing in the room next to theirs, he could hear Sungjae cursing him for being so loud. Well, excuse the shit out of Taehyung – for he was just a humble monster. A gross, cum covered monster retreating back inside his lair.

Once inside, he fished out a pair of clean boxers, and walked the short distance to the bathroom. For each article of clothing he stripped out of, a bitter flashback was gained. Yoongi’s words were still playing with him. The feel of Yoongi’s breath upon his skin, lips rough and unforgiving against his own, that final – thorough press of his palm. Min Yoongi was an idiot. What was one more thing to be haunted by anyway, right?

Taehyung stepped under the scorching hot temperature of the shower, letting the spray beat down against his back. There was no rush, as he slowly rinsed himself off in a familiar routine, keeping his eyes closed tightly throughout, fighting to push the memories far, far away. Once the water turned cold, he decided that he was done, barely dried when he pulled on his boxers. He’d left his dirty clothes as a heap on the floor, in desperate need of lying down.

The bed sheets were like ice against his skin, seeking warmth as he sandwiched a hand between his thighs and shut his mind off completely. He only had a few hours to himself, because he would never let Jeongguk see him like this.

Never.

What would something like this even constitute as? Heartbreak? Rejection…

A sob escaped into the empty room, as the sun disappeared from the shades.

Fuck Min Yoongi.

It was an odd feeling, for sure.

Taehyung hadn’t known what it was like to want someone, until he did – he hadn’t realized what he’d been depriving himself of all this time, and now he wished he could go back to being oblivious. He didn’t want to know desire anymore, the rude bitch. If he could, he’d go back to his first time at Void and never walk through those doors. Yoongi wouldn’t have seen him then. Even if he’d come
to school to fill in as a substitute, there wouldn’t have been an attraction between them. Taehyung wouldn’t have an interest in kink.

And somehow that seemed safer now, knowing so very little about oneself…

There was a cold, heavy feeling at the center of his chest that he didn’t recognize. He’d never faced such deep levels of humiliation, picking up pieces of himself as though he were a puzzle, growing frustrated when certain pieces didn’t fit, or make any fucking sense. Yoongi wasn’t supposed to matter, not this much. Perhaps Taehyung had fallen for the idea of being wanted by someone like Yoongi. Someone who exuded power, someone who had travelled all across Europe, and loved everything Taehyung currently majored in.

His phone went off from beside him, Jeongguk’s name coming up as the caller, which was weird, considering the fact that the younger was only a few steps away, inside their bathroom. He answered it anyway, “This is the inter-house intercom. Taehyung speaking.”

He could hear Jeongguk’s muffled voice through the door, “Hyung, I forgot my towel.”

*Of course.* “Be right there.”

An entire week had passed since what happened in Professor Jung’s office. Jeongguk was still oblivious, even as he’d sat in a daze at lunch, the burn of tears creeping up on him – a finger tracing over his lips, remembering what it’d felt like to have Yoongi’s mouth on him. Taehyung had showed up to class, front and center, diligently taking notes as he normally would do. The exam was easy, for him at least, but there’d been a collective groan from a majority of his classmates. The only thing that had changed was that he wasn’t particularly enthusiastic about raising his hand anymore, pretending to be too absorbed in writing something down when it was clear that Yoongi wanted verbal input.

Taehyung knocked on the door to the bathroom, before he stepped in – plumes of steam filtering through, meeting the cool air. Jeongguk purposefully sporting his face cloth over his ass, the little bastard. With the younger’s back turned to him, Taehyung could see that the scratches were nearly gone. No real damage was done. He could kick himself for the way he overreacted, humiliation being a constant theme, apparently.

He placed the towel down on the counter, taking note of all the products removed from their cabinet, makeup included, “Going somewhere?”

“Hoseok hyung wanted to check out a new lounge that just opened up,” he said, stepping out of the tub and beginning to pat himself dry. “We didn’t think you’d wanna go, since you never do?”

Oh. “I think I might,” Taehyung countered, trying not to wince at the uncertainty in his voice. It was odd behavior for him. Studies came before anything. If Jeongguk was to get suspicious about anything, now would be the appropriate time.

The younger paused to ask him curiously, “You want to come out tonight? Are you sure the old witch keeping you locked away in the dorm is cool with that? Freaky stuff isn’t gonna happen to you when the clock strikes midnight?”

“Oh, just something about my dick growing into a huge, detachable club, so that I can slap any dongsaengs who’ve been misusing my face cloth,” Taehyung shrugged, giving an amused shake of his head. The sound of Jeongguk’s laugh was medicine. “What kind of lounge is it?”
Taehyung could do that for one evening. Easy-peasy. “Like, Gossip Girl cocktails?”

“Let’s pretend like I watch that shit.” Jeongguk was dressed in a striped button down shirt with a ripped pair of jeans. Casual, but not lazy. Taehyung would try to follow the example accordingly, as he ventured off towards his closet.

Taehyung always had a knack for pairing up clothes. His grandmother was always impressed with him, encouraging Taehyung to dress himself from a very young age. There were times when she caught him eyeing up fashion magazines at the grocery store, catching the brand name, and subscribing if the price allowed it. She’d take him to the local flea market, letting him pick out fabrics and articles. It gave new purpose for her sewing machine.

He grew up poor without ever realizing it, plucking fresh strawberries from their vines, and tempering them down with sugar – helping his grandmother sell her preserves for extra pocket money. He grew up very humble and reserved in her care, but was now frightened by the corruption of wealth. He didn’t want to lose himself in any aspect, which was another reason why he never acted on sexual impulses, until recently…

There was a white dress shirt he didn’t get the chance to wear yet. The collar was more open than the usual button down, but it fit to his form in a way that was flattering. All of Jeongguk’s accessories were silver, so he had to dig out his own bag, having been doubtful that he’d ever get the chance to use it. He chose a thin, twine beaded necklace that went around his neck twice. It matched the wild orange color of his hair and the year-round tan he’d never be able to get rid of. Ever.

The open notebook on his bed could be abandoned for just one night. One night that required him to pull out all the stops, with the fitted jeans, the black liner, and those blue contact lenses he’d purchased months ago that were nearing their expiration date. Kim Taehyung was going to step it up, because why not? Yoongi encouraged him to follow through with his threat, to meet a nice boy? If he added spite into the mix, Taehyung felt rather motivated.

Hoseok arrived just as he was putting styling oil into his hair. Taehyung opened the door with slippery fingers, “Hey, hyung.”

“Wow, look at this guy. The fuck boy aesthetic is strong with this one,” Hoseok said, as he stepped further inside the room, seeing Jeongguk over on his bed with his laptop opened to a game of Overwatch. “You, too…the fuck? I look overdressed. Where the fuck are you headed, Tae?”

“Out with you guys,” he deadpanned, as he finished up with his hair, and grabbed his bag from his desk. He checked to make sure that he had all the important things; scarf, wallet, mace, and a spare manhwa book.

Hoseok laughed, as though Taehyung’s response was a joke. When it was clear that no one was going to laugh with him, he grew serious, “Wait, what? Really?”

Jeongguk finished up his game, satisfied with the outcome, “Let’s get it.”

“Yeah,” Taehyung said, walking up to Hoseok and placing his hands on his shoulders, “…really, really, and we’re taking your car.”
“As if that was even up for discussion. No one would be stupid enough to willingly risk their life in your piece of shit car, no offense, but take offense, and get a safer car, you assholes,” Hoseok finished sternly, before he jingled his keys at the youngest boy. “Come on, Guk.”

They piled into Hoseok’s lime green Volkswagen Beetle, Taylor Swift’s ‘…Ready For It’ coming on the radio. Taehyung grew terrified, knowing that the elder was incapable of keeping both his ass in his seat and a steady hand on the wheel. It nearly ruined his mood, when Jeongguk reached back and patted him comfortingly on the thigh, sensing his anxiety. Taehyung gripped his fingers for the remainder of the ride.

The lounge wasn’t what Taehyung was expecting, exterior beyond upscale – made up of black glass, and bordered by a luxurious crystal garden. He tried not to combust when a valet took Hoseok’s key ring with dozens of Disney plush charms, having to park his bug somewhere in the lot next to the newer, sleeker looking cars. It would have been more comical if they’d brought their car instead, the bumper holding onto dear life by zip ties.

The interior was just as extravagant, their dress shoes clacking across marble floors, echoing around them. The restaurant could be entered by reservation only, but the lounge was open to all.

“Can we even afford this place?” Jeongguk asked, taking it in with a hint of skepticism.

“Play your cards right, kid, and you won’t have to pay for a single drink tonight,” Hoseok sneered, taking in the full bar of patrons.

Kim Seokjin was by no means, an easy man. Namjoon knew of this fact from the moment he met the scene professional. He’d walked in for a job interview wearing a three piece Versace suit. It was cut and tailored to perfection, eye catching for a beginner at Void, since that kind of money comes with time. The elder was wearing something similar tonight. One leg crossed over the other – sitting rather primly with his notched lapels and black wool vest.

“My last client insisted,” Seokjin started, holding his hand out to inspect his ruined manicure, each nail painted a different color. He then showed Namjoon, “…on painting my nails.”

“It suits you, hyung,” Namjoon said, as he picked up a menu to get an idea as to what his future boyfriend might enjoy. Seokjin, top of his class at a prestigious culinary school, cooked meals for politicians, and worked with renowned European chefs. He was Namjoon’s pretty little dropout.

Seokjin placed his hand down against the white, pristine tablecloth, “I love and adore all of my littles, but you’re not into that type of play, are you, Namjoon?”

He shook his head, knowing with certainty that he wouldn’t be into any form of ageplay, “You know that I’m not.”

“I know that you’re simple,” Seokjin said, tone polite enough for it not to come off as insulting, even though they both knew that he was being unkind. “It surprised me when you asked me out, especially to a lavish place such as this. For a second there, I thought you were going to show up dressed in that tacky monitor uniform. Here you are though, donned in what is most likely the only smart suit you own, with what could only be your father’s watch around your wrist.”
Namjoon glared at him from above the menu, the tension thickening within a single glance, “I think you talk too much, hyung.”

“And I think you should quit while you’re ahead, is all,” Seokjin said, leaning in to speak carefully to him. “That’s the only reason why I agreed to all of this in the first place. I want to put a stop to your infatuation with me.” He couldn’t possibly be with someone as homely as Namjoon, coming to this date with hand-me-downs. “You need to wake up and digest the fact that I fuck and inflict pain onto others for a living, and that I love doing it.”

Namjoon was attentive towards the elder, giving him a respectful amount of time before answering with, “And while you’re busy with fucking other people, who’s fucking you?”

Seokjin’s mouth parted to reply, but all that escaped was a breath. They quietly stared at one another, much like they often did at Void, except there was no one to interrupt them. And this right here was the reason why Namjoon was confident. This was the real reason as to why Seokjin agreed to meet with him, even if his pride would never allow him to admit it.

“Hakyeon sent out an invitation to one of his high protocol dinner parties,” Namjoon said, changing the topic to one that was safer. There was a pleasant look of curiosity on Seokjin’s handsome face, wetting his plush lips with his tongue. He was about to ready to ask, ‘how’, when the younger answered for him, “RM.”

Seokjin rubbed his fingers together, ridding of invisible particles, as though the tablecloth somehow dirtied his skin, “RM? The owner of Void? What, is he a friend of yours or something? The man is a ghost. Doesn’t even meet with the people he hires. Anyways, are you trying to tell me you have connections, darling?”

Namjoon enjoyed this a little too much, probably – enjoyed how shamelessly snobbish and catty Seokjin was behaving towards him, when if the truth ever slipped out that he was the scene professional’s employer, the tables would turn.

“Something like that…” he smiled, dimples on full display, effectively killing the elder sitting across from him. At the center of the table was a small candle inside a glass rose petal, the glow of the flame reflecting prettily in Seokjin’s eyes. Namjoon felt a little more than weak from it, “Would you like to go with me?”

Seokjin scoffed at the question, but really, he wouldn’t get an opportunity like this for a long, long while, “As your sub or your dom?”

*High protocol parties* were strictly exclusive to well-known dominants in the area. Newcomers were welcomed, if vetted by a trustworthy source. Seokjin was too new to the scene.

“We both know you wouldn’t last two seconds on your knees, princess. You can bring me as your submissive,” Namjoon said, not at all bothered by the role he’d have to take on, if it meant Seokjin showing him some respect.

The waitress approached the table with tablet in hand, as she politely greeted them both, before inquiring about their order.

Namjoon cut Seokjin off when he’d opened his mouth to begin, “We’d like to start with your best bottle of Malbec alongside the oyster concassé for our appetizer, and the aged duck roasted on the...
bone with daikon and foie gras, stuffed morels and sauce salmis for our main course – and then finish with the apple pie mille feuille for dessert.”

Seokjin slowly leaned back in his chair, stunned. That was one hell of an order, one of which Namjoon better be paying for, what with deciding what they were going to eat for the evening. All of it sounded...ideal, something Seokjin would have ordered for himself anyway, but still. Namjoon taking control wasn’t sexy, nor was his impeccable pronunciation of French cuisine, either. Definitely not.

“You don’t impress me,” Seokjin said, taking too damn long to be making such a statement, but it needed to be said in case there was some gross misunderstanding. He then turned away in his seat, facing the see-through glass overlooking the lounge area. Below, there was a swarm of younger kids out on the floor dancing, while others were over at the bar. A trio caught his eye, having looked familiar, “Oh.”

Namjoon followed his gaze, eyes roaming until they landed on three of Void’s more well-known clientele. Taehyung. “That is the weirdest sub I’ve ever seen.”

“Whom of which are you speaking of, switch boy or the bunny?” Seokjin asked, giving a soft, attractive huff of laughter.

Namjoon was still bitter over having to use violence last week, gingerly touching his fingertips to his jawline, “Neither. The one with the orange hair, Kim Taehyung.”

Seokjin grew intrigued, having heard that name quite a bit as of late, “That’s Taehyung? The one Jimin referred to as Yoongi’s ‘saving grace’, the new submissive? It’s all everyone talks about...”

“I know it is,” Namjoon sighed, irritated to be within the same vicinity as the younger boy and his friends, even if Jeongguk was a nice kid. Hoseok was a handful. Immediately the place had lost its credibility.

Digging into Namjoon’s proverbial wound, Seokjin teased him, “That and how he decked you.”

“And then I knocked him straight on his ass, can we please move on from that?”

“Mmmm, nope,” Seokjin hummed with amusement, sitting up straight when the sommelier returned with their wine, the two of them sampling the taste to make sure it was correct, and to their liking. It was perfect, only deeming Namjoon to be more and more worthy, even though he wasn’t an option. As far as Seokjin was concerned, the universe could go fuck itself – what with it working overtime to try and pin them together. He stopped the woman from walking away, “I’d like to make a request.” Seokjin pointed towards the three boys down at the bar, “I want to buy their drinks for the evening. Bring us the cocktail menu.”

Namjoon raised a brow at him, “How charitable of you.”

The elder shrugged with nonchalance. It was a small act of generosity, “I like taking care of others and besides, I wanna try and pinpoint what they like just by observation. Did you not just do the exact same thing with me? It’s a fun game you’ve started, Namjoon.”

‘A game that will end with you beneath me,’ Namjoon inwardly mused to himself, nodding. “Of course it is, hyung...”
“That guy is literally pointing at you and the floor in some disco form of come hither and I don’t really know how long I can watch it go on for…it’s making me uncomfortable,” Taehyung said, taking his third cocktail from the smooth countertop. He wasn’t one for drinking, not privately, or socially. Taehyung was always aware of his limits, stopping the second his skin started to feel too warm, and everything felt a little too cozy.

However, the brakes had been slashed tonight.

“So, you’re saying that I should go over there, and put an end to the charade? Square off with him, show him that there is only one John Travolta wannabee here tonight?” Hoseok asked around his straw, sipping down his Rosemary Gin Fizz at a rate that would have him on his ass real quick.

“Not sure that’s what he wants from you, hyung,” Jeongguk laughed, bunny teeth grazing over his own straw. He was already a little lightheaded, sipping on his second Strawberry Pom Mojito. There were alcohol soaked strawberries down at the bottom of the glass waiting for him. He scooped them up into his mouth with an exaggerated moan, “Pretty sure he’s pointing to where he wants to mount you.”

Hoseok gratefully took the next drink from the bartender, “I mean, that’s possible, too. Excuse me, but where do these yummy drinks keep coming from? Heaven or?”

The bartender smiled at him, trying not to become flustered under the barrage of winks Hoseok kept sending his way, “My apologies, sir, but they both wished to remain anonymous.”

“They ‘both’? There’s more than one person, what the fuck...” Hoseok trailed, trying to reflect on why that was at all possible–how, when he snapped his fingers. “It’s these fucking jeans. I knew they’d bring me some luck eventually–just took awhile s’all. Do you think the disco dancer is buying us these drinks?”

“Hyung,” Taehyung started, pointing his Kiwi and Mint Tom Collins at him. “He hasn’t stopped staring at you long enough to order anything for himself, let alone three dudes. This is some–someone smart, someone calculative, jesus, what a word.”

“I agree, that is a word,” Jeongguk said, nodding a bit too seriously for what the situation called for, but it felt nice – nice and right. “Hobi-hyung, I dare you to go over there and ask him if he’s the one sending all of these weirdly specific drinks...”

“Oh, ho, okay, I will, but plea–please don’t try and rescue me if things get out of control, because I actually felt those jump pirouettes he did, deep in my ass,” he slurred, words barely registering in Taehyung’s sluggish mind.

“Don’t rescue you, got it,” he said after a moment of processing, patting Hoseok’s shoulder encouragingly, nearly sending the elder flying. “You go–go get him, hyung.”

“I’m gon–gonna take a Snap of this drink,” Jeongguk said, retrieving his phone from his pocket with a giggle. “It’s so pretty. Look at the garnish, it’s so pretty, Tae.”

“My next cocktail better not have kiwi or mint in it,” Taehyung grimaced, making an ‘X’ with his arms in every which direction, letting their mystery supplier know that he did not enjoy it. The frozen
Jeongguk focused the camera with a squint of both eyes, “Gonna add it to my story…shou–should get a picture of Hobi and that guy, too, for blackmail, and oh, and us, and then of us, so that I can use it aga–against myselffff.”

“S’a good idea,” Taehyung said, lifting his legs off the floor so that he could spin around on his barstool. It was exhilarating, like he could fall at any given second. Despite all the alcohol, Yoongi was still at the forefront of his mind, but blurry then – obscured by the white fog clouding his mind. He stopped when another drink was placed down in front of him. It had cherries, which mattered a great deal to Taehyung. The name was something, something Blood Orange. “Makes no sense. This drink should have at least four slices of tangerine in it, served inside an orange the size of my head…”

Jeongguk was off his stool, approaching Taehyung with a slight wobble, “I got a good one of Hobi, I think. T’was dark and blurry-ishhh. Oh, shit, oh shit.” He grabbed onto the older boy’s arm, laughing, “Shit, I’m as bad as Hobi, that friggin’ moon garden at night. Ah ha, I can’t with him. I can’t. Now us, hyung.”

The younger leaned back, settling himself between Taehyung’s parted thighs with his head on the other’s shoulder. Usually, something like this would’ve been effortless for Jeongguk. Steady hands – his beautiful, expensive ass Canon camera. Currently, all he had was his shitty prehistoric iPhone, taking a grainy photo given their dark surroundings of himself between another man’s legs, since Taehyung himself was not discernible in any of the shots.

“I think I got ‘em all. I took like…six-ty-four-ishhh. We looked so fu–fucking good in them,” Jeongguk said, watching his own story play back a couple of times, realizing after the tenth photo that his angle was off. “Well, your thighs look good, but…ah, shit. Ah, this is shiiiitty. No, no, no…” The boy drew back his phone, pointing a finger at it sternly, “No. No, bad.”

“What happened? Tell hyungie,” Taehyung encouraged, arms falling around Jeongguk’s broad shoulders into a full on snuggle. “Wantmetahfuckitup? Gimme that phone…”

“My master–wait, wait, wait, sorry, I forget. ‘Jimin’ is probably gon–gonna see it! He said I’m not allowed to drink. Why in the fuck are you so heavy, hyung?” Jeongguk broke free from Taehyung’s hold, ignoring the indignant sound the elder made, to sit back on his stool. He happily sipped at his drink. The bartender was busy with shaking up a martini, not at all prepared for when the younger shoved his phone into his face. “Can you please tell me if MasterO’Buns has looked at my Snapchat story?”

“No, but I can tell you that he is calling you,” the bartender said, pouring the liquid into a chilled glass, leaving Jeongguk in panic mode. He looked down at his phone, eyes comically wide. “Taehyung, oh, no. He’s calling me. I gotta…”

“You gotta answer it or else,” Taehyung snorted, taking another long swig.

“Okay, okay, okay, yeah,” Jeongguk breathed, sliding the bar over. No matter how hard the younger tried to reign himself in, to grapple onto some semblance sobriety – he was failing, hard. Jimin’s voice on the other end was soft, calm. He was inquiring. “Heyyy…Master…huh? I’mmm at the dorm. Why’s it loud? Master, why are you loud?”

Taehyung raised a brow at him, eavesdropping with his straw catching on his top lip, tongue fighting
to bring it back inside his mouth.

“Are you calling me a liar?” Jeongguk laughed, an obnoxious—very Hoseok sounding laugh, the one they always use, except now was not the time. “There’s no music – no one else here. Just me and Tae…? You’re calling me a li–liarrrr. Maybe it’s your perspective on life shifting into something much, much louder, did you ever think of that shit?”

Taehyung gasped, bringing a hand to his mouth in disbelief at the foul language.

“What Snap story? I don’t even know what you’re talking about right now. Got proofs, detective?” Jeongguk leaned towards Taehyung, not doing a very good job at muffling the phone when he spoke, “I think he knows and he’s doing that stuupid thing he does, making his voice go all deep and god – I hate it, it’s stupid. It’s so sexy.” He remembered that Jimin was still on the phone, “Yeah, I’m gonna hafta let you go, so that I can get ba–back to sss-studying.”

The bartender swopped out Taehyung’s finished drink with another. He beamed up at the man, smiling drunkenly, “My friend is dead…he is gonna die. He’s gonna die soon. Probably like – I don’t know, with a whip, or like-a, like-a…” Taehyung started snapping his fingers, jogging his memory. “…maybe used as a scratching post, like the last time.” He scrunched his face, turning towards the sea of dancing bodies, “Where is Hobs?”

“You used Snap Map? You st–stalker,” Jeongguk groaned, a chill coursing throughout his veins at the ice in Jimin’s tone then, the situation growing progressively worse the more he opened his mouth. “You sent an Uber? Oh, so you want me to go outside and tell the driver to fuck off, because that’s what I’m gonna do. I’m gonna tip him with a big ol’ fuck you, because I’m not leaving.”

Taehyung raised his finger up, shaking his head, “See that right there, that’s not good. That’s why you get into trouble so often.”

“You’re being a controlling little bitch! You think you scare me? You’re so fucking smol…!” Jeongguk shouted, the shock of his outburst startling even himself. He pulled at his bottom lip with his fingers, eyes growing worried from whatever it was that Jimin said to him. “Master…? Yes, yes…I’m sorry. I understand…mm…” Jeongguk patted Taehyung with his other hand, sloppily, “You wanna come with me? He paid for an Uber. I don’t want it to go to waste.”

“I don’t wanna leave without Hobi. You go first.” He removed Jeongguk’s hand from his shoulder to swing it lightly within his grasp. They squinted at each other, vaguely knowing, when Taehyung mused, “You’re in a lot of trouble, aren’t you?”

“Mmmhm,” Jeongguk hummed, once again forgetting all about his angry dom to point down at their clasped hands, “That feels really nice, hyung.”

“S’probably not what you’re used to,” Taehyung said, picking up the speed of movement, the two of them giggling stupidly, “…should hyung be rougher with you? Ooooh, you didn’t ans–answer me in a timely faaashion, now I gotta slap your pinky.”

“Yesssss, Master…” Jeongguk murmured, trying and failing to remain serious, as he held out his small digit to Taehyung, who’d paused at the weird phrasing. Meanwhile, Jimin just about fucking had it, overhearing their play interaction.

“Don’t you ever fuuu–fucking call me that,” Taehyung laughed, raising his hand and then playfully swatting Jeongguk’s finger. “There, now go catch your Uber. Tell him to go fuck himself and text
me when you get back, so I know that you’re safe.”

“Kay, hyung,” Jeongguk nodded, once – twice – thrice, too many fucking times. Then he finally started moving, wobbly, but well enough. An ‘Oh, my god’ being shouted loudly when he realized he’d left Jimin on hold this whole time.

Taehyung felt his phone vibrate a moment later, the concept of time lost on him due to the alcohol. There was no way that Jeongguk was back at the dorm already, when he’d left only but a minute ago, yet he was eager to confirm it – hoping for his dongsaeng’s safety. It could also be Hoseok reminding him that he didn’t need to be rescued. He focused his eyes on the yellow and white icon for Snapchat.

➤ Contact ‘Prof. M’ has joined Snapchat!

*Oh, fuck you, demon – not today, not with Taehyung’s drunk, impulsive ass. That was his first thought, however the next thought was infinitely more appealing. Perhaps Yoongi needed a progress report? He did task Taehyung with finding someone who will love him beyond his pretty face, did he not? He should show the professor that he was doing just that. Adding Yoongi, he decided to take a selca, keenly aware of the fact that he looked damn good tonight.*

The hard part was getting up from his seat, a hand planted firmly against the countertop. It was more like sliding, rather than standing, until he’d successfully made it onto his feet. There was an empty booth he could stand in front of, the lighting suitable for a selca. It took effort for Taehyung not to look completely sloshed, his fingers long enough to comfortably focus the camera, giving a wink, and taking the picture. That was as good as it was gonna get for him. He decided to place a caption, relying heavily on autocorrect not to steer him wrong, and sent the Snap.

He leaned his back against the nearest wall, the smile on his face growing wide and boxy, as he read:

**Prof. M**

➤ [Opened] • just now

‘Let the bastard chew on that for a bit,’ Taehyung thought smugly, staring down at the screen. Any second now, Yoongi would begin typing to him. The app would tell him so. He’d get a thrill, anxious of what the professor could possibly say to him next. Except – just like Saturday’s unfortunate outcome and disappointment, it was becoming abundantly clear, even in the bleariness of Taehyung’s drunken mind that the Snap was to go unanswered, as well.

**Wow, dick.**

“Now that’s a damn shame. Pretty thing like you, frowning down at your phone like you were just stood up,” said the highly flirtatious, arguably less sober voice from beside him. The man was taller than him by a few inches, a semi attractive blur of auburn hair, and thick lips.

“It isss a shame,” Taehyung agreed, oddly willing to share his woes with a complete stranger. Finally, someone to agree with him that Yoongi was an asshole. “It’s my ex, he – he told me to find someone who will treat me nice.” He tilted his head at him, just barely preventing the collision of his face meeting this guy’s chest. “Are you nice?”

“I’d be anything for you,” he breathed, as the pungent stench of cigarettes mixed with alcohol wafted towards Taehyung, stinging his sensitive nose.
Nevertheless, he batted his lashes, going over the top with it, “Do you think I’m more than just how pretty I look?”

“Hm…” Rando-fling pretended to ponder this, “I don’t know you that well, so how about you show me?”

“Here?” Taehyung asked, looking around at their surroundings, acting especially coy. Truth was that he’d been thinking that perhaps Yoongi needed more than just a photo. Maybe he would react better to a video?

The guy stroked the rough pads of his fingertips over Taehyung’s cheek, tilting his face up to meet his eyes, “We can go out to my car if that’s better?”

“Takes too long and it’s too far away,” Taehyung whined, a little lightheaded by the theatrics and slightly ditzy as a result. Great, he was a bubbly drunk. It was a known fact that he hated alcohol and it was so much worse for him now, than it had ever been. This was his first time getting drunk – would most likely be the last time. “Wait for me in the bathroom. I just gotta tell my friend, okay?”

“Alright, doll, but go to the one for the upstairs restaurant. Less people use that one, more privacy,” he explained, slow to release Taehyung from his ironclad grip. The boy could feel how risky it was, how obviously dangerous – could sense that he’d picked wrong. The guy was a predator, hitting on him while he was this far gone, and inebriated.

Taehyung headed straight into the crowd and was bumped into at frequent, having to get in on the beat a few times, as he shamelessly slut dropped, before slowly coming back up. He found Hoseok against a pillar with his arms wrapped around Lord of the Dance himself.

“So, was he the one?” Taehyung asked from right beside the elder, the loud volume of his voice interrupting them from their steamy session. “One half of the duo sending us drinks all evening?”

It took Hoseok a moment to recall what the hell Taehyung was even talking about, until it dawned on him, “I forgot to ask him, like, we literally met at the mouth when I approached him. I’m gon–gonna be honest with you, Tae. I am definitely in no shape to drive, so if you two wanna leave–”

“Guk already left. That ducking bastard called him an Uber,” Taehyung said, fighting to keep the grimace off his face, but it wasn’t working. He probably looked ridiculous. “I’m expected to meet some guy in the bathroom, so I’ll be busy.”

Hoseok didn’t think there was anything wrong with his virgin friend about ready to go have a romp in the restroom. Perfectly normal, a typical night for Hoseok. “Do you need money to get home?”

“I have some cash, hyung. No worriessss. Just – Just have fun!” he said, bringing his hands together, signifying some form of coupling, which wound up being more confusing, than suggestively inappropriate. It really made no fucking sense, to anyone. “We’ll catch up later.”

Taehyung knew that this next interaction had to be as brief as possible, however the fuck possible. It called for all of his wits. Good thing he had about five unwise glasses of mixed beverages in his system. He’d need the liquid courage to pull off what was required of him, aka time for the tiger to perform a trick. The stairs were difficult to climb, as he swayed – pushing and pulling himself in and out with the help of the rail. He sighed once he reached the top, dress shoes dragging over carpeted floors.
He really didn’t want to do this, but Yoongi’s reaction would be worth it. *Hopefully.* Taehyung just really wanted the elder to feel what he felt, that ache in his chest.

The bathroom was right before the entrance of the restaurant, separated by a set of tinted doors, so that people couldn’t see inside, or out. Taehyung pushed opened the door to the men’s room, the pale, oppressive lights nearly blinding him. He curled in on himself like he was a vampire, wondering why the fuck everything else had such a wonderfully dim atmosphere, except for this single room.

“You sure took your sweet time,” Not-so nice guy said, as he immediately grabbed Taehyung by the hips. The boy hardly had time to adjust to the brightness, when he was being pulled inside a cramped stall, the lock being turned beside his waist. Taehyung had never felt claustrophobic, until now. Rancid breath fanned over his trembling lips, “Did you miss me, doll?”

“Mmmhm, I did.” *Gag, no* – Taehyung pressed a firm hand against the plain of the other guy’s chest, as the other unlocked his phone. “I’m ssssure that I’m going to miss you a whole lot after this, too. Let me record us a little bit?”

“You’re into that kinky freak shit, huh? Alright, hit record, baby,” he chuckled, as he dug his fingers into Taehyung’s hips, leaving bruises wherever he touched. The younger tried his best to ignore the dirty feeling creeping up on him, as he opened the Snapchat app and clicked on [Prof. M](#). Taehyung held the camera at an angle that caught the both of them, while he slid his hand from the guy’s chest into his auburn hair, drawing his mouth where he wanted it – right at the base of his throat.

A wet, sticky tongue circled over his skin, before chapped lips closed and suckled hard enough to leave marks – like small, haunting reminders for the future. Taehyung let his head fall back, as he pressed his thumb down on the *record* button, moaning softly at first, before going deeper with it, purposefully thick baritone and guttural for the *dramatics*. It was a ten second show, as he kept his heavy-lidded gaze on the camera for the full duration, mouth parted around a gasp, all contrived, and over the top.

Taehyung hit the arrow that would send the video along, while strong hands roamed the length of his body, grabbing and kneading at his skin. The sound of the stranger’s harsh breathing turned his stomach, mouth still working deep bruises into Taehyung’s neck. The objective was over and didn’t need to continue any further. “My boyfriend he…wouldn’t like this,” Taehyung tried, moving his face to the side before the guy could plant a kiss against his mouth – to silence him, probably. He tightened his fingers in the guy’s auburn hair.

Hands slid under the back of Taehyung’s shirt, nails pinching his skin, “I thought you said he was your ex? Which is it, doll?”

Taehyung laughed, at himself, at the lie, at everything, “It’s complicated…”

“Awe, but he doesn’t have to know, baby,” the guy laughed breathlessly, as he pressed his hips against Taehyung’s, allowing him to feel him how hard he was, nails dragging over his soft skin to hold him in place. “You like that?”

The phone clenched tightly in Taehyung’s hand vibrated, the Haikyuu season two opening theme song blaring throughout the empty bathroom, as a call came through. He craned his neck to look at the display, eyes squinting to read the blurry contact of ‘Prof. M’. The hands at the collar of his shirt pulled so roughly that the buttons gave under its force – the harsh tugs caused his phone to clatter loudly to the bathroom floor.
He didn’t really wanna answer that anyway, but still. That was just fucking rude. “I’m not feeling too good. I think I might get sick.”

The guy insisted, crushing Taehyung with his heavy weight, “You’ll be fine.”

But it wasn’t fine. Yoongi was still calling him. Taehyung was supposed to be delighting in this moment, but he couldn’t. Sure, this guy was taller and stockier, but Taehyung had taken down bigger foes in his time, except he’d been much more sober. Keeping his fingers twisted in the guy’s hair, Taehyung reached inside his bag, asking him, “Wanna know what’ll make me feel a whole lot better?”

He nibbled below the boy’s ear, “Tell me, doll.”

“Burning your eyes out with mace,” Taehyung said as though it were something filthy, while he retrieved the neon pink pepper-gun, showing it to him. Faintly, the boy picked up on the bathroom door being opened – outside noises filtering through the panic swirling around Taehyung’s dizzy mind, until it was closed. The man attempted to pull away, when Taehyung tightened his grip in the auburn locks. “I’d love nothing more than to beat the fuck out of you with my own two hands. It’s been a really long week for me. I recently got into a fight. Punched the fucker square in the jaw.”

The guy tried backing away, when Taehyung shoved the muzzle of the gun a mere inch away from his eye, wide and frightened. He went on calmly, “Listen, shhh…I punched him and like, I’m sooo strong, I think I broke it, and I enjoyed doing it...” Taehyung laughed, realizing that the guy wasn’t even paying attention to his story, too focused on the mace, and his own fear. “‘Awe’, don’t worry. I’ll only use it if you don’t remove your hands from me, ‘doll’.”

The other man muttered something under his breath, an apology, as his hands fell from Taehyung body. Wordlessly, the boy scooted away from the stall door after unlocking it. Taking the hint, the stranger quickly left. Once Taehyung heard the door close, he felt the nerves go straight down to his legs, finally catching up to him.

He slid to the floor, the mace falling from his loose grip. Beside him was his forgotten phone. Yoongi calling him was only a small victory, easily overshadowed by all the bad that had happened this evening. At the moment, his skin felt too sticky and the mark at the front of his throat throbbed like a wound.

“Kim Taehyung,” Seokjin murmured, stepping closer to the opened stall. “I knew it was you. That tale of how you socked Joon was a bit too familiar to be a coincidence.”

“Dad?” the younger asked him, weakly.

“No, sweets, though I’m flattered.” Seokjin had been seconds away from interrupting Taehyung’s little tryst, until he realized that even in such a state, the boy had things under control. There was something to be admired about that, but some other time. This kid was responsible for placing his hands on Namjoon, after all. However, it was due to his and Namjoon’s carelessness that Taehyung was this far intoxicated to begin with and that was something he felt responsible for.

The elder crouched down, careful not to touch his pants to the floor, as he gathered Taehyung’s ‘cool, will buy myself one, asap’ pepper-gun, as well as his shitty phone. It was clear that the sub was in no position to gather these things for himself – thick, babydoll lashes falling periodically as though he were about to pass out. “Joon won’t be happy about it, but we’ll take you home. Just tell me
where home is…”

The door to the bathroom was being pushed opened again. This time a voice Taehyung recognized spoke in its deep timbre, “I came to check in on you. Wait, what in the hell are you doing?”

“Taking care of our boy,” Seokjin shot back, as he glared over his shoulder at Namjoon, already sensing his disapproval. “I think we overdid it with the cocktails. I can’t even get an address out of him. He…he could’ve been assaulted if he didn’t have this nifty thing…” He raised the pepper-gun, before shoving it inside Taehyung’s bag.

The boy blinked away at the comforting lull of sleep, finally placing the handsome face with Jimin’s volunteer, the new employee at Void. The one who’d made Jeongguk so jealous. Seokjin. The other man was…

“Do I have to kick your ass again?” Taehyung asked him, making an effort to get up – before he fell back against the wall.

“Wow, charming,” Namjoon bit out, not at all amused with the situation. “And just how I wanted to spend the rest of the evening.”

“Please, it’s not like I was gonna let you fuck me, anyway,” Seokjin said, sliding his arms beneath Taehyung’s to help stand him up. The elder was almost pushed into a dominant mindset with Taehyung being so small, and vulnerable. It made him want to parent the younger. “There we go. Joonie, can you go pay and then get the car ready, please? My money is in my coat. Oh, take it with you.”

The nickname was enough to kick Namjoon straight in the balls. He wasn’t going to tell Seokjin, but he had no intentions of splitting the bill into any fraction. Sure, though, he could go run errands like a fucking lapdog, while Seokjin coddled the boy who attacked him last week. He begrudgingly left the restroom, taking out his wallet for his card.

Taehyung was heavier than he looked, as Seokjin maneuvered them out of the stall, and against the bathroom counter. He turned on the sink, letting the cold water run. There was a basket full of fresh towels. The elder unraveled one, before running it under the faucet.

“Alright, little one, I need you to tell me where to take you,” Seokjin said, while wringing the towel out and gently touching it to the side of Taehyung’s neck. The boy startled at the coolness, before he settled down some. He already knew that Taehyung was alone, having watched Jeongguk leave, and Hoseok disappear before then. “Do you attend college like the others?”

He nodded slowly, “Mmmhm.”

That was a start. “You’re doing so well. Which college is it?”

Taehyung’s eyebrows drew together in confusion, before his eyes fell closed on him. Seokjin’s voice was soothing. He understood now, why the dom was the best at CG/L.

Seokjin frowned, listening to the boy’s light snores. And that was the end. Great.

He took out Taehyung’s phone, sliding it to unlock, trying not to snort at the background picture of Van Gogh. The kid’s contact list was depressing. No parents, siblings, nor relatives, except for Grandma. When Seokjin gave the number a call, it’d been disconnected. Hoseok and Jeongguk
were wasted, so calling them wouldn’t be helpful. The only numbers left was a ‘Sungjae’ who did not answer and a Prof. M, which would be irresponsible. Not even Yoongi was in his phone. Seokjin didn’t feel right about looking through any galleries or emails for hints about which college.

“You leave me no other choice,” Seokjin sighed, as he supported Taehyung’s weight against him, carefully guiding them towards the door. The stairs would be a challenge – a dark, comical, ‘let’s not fucking trip and die today’ type of challenge, but he was optimistic. The guilt returned, plaguing the elder, “It’s as bad as tattling in my opinion, but he’s the only other person responsible for you.”

Before they reached the steps, Namjoon was already walking back up. “After explaining the situation, the valet allowed me to leave the car running.” He paused to take in the look of surprise on Seokjin’s face. “Oh, what? You thought I’d just leave you, with your weak, maiden-like arms to lift this kid by yourself? I think the fuck not.”

Together, they were able to bring Taehyung to the car with ease. It was an unassuming Jeep Cherokee that made Seokjin shudder in disgust the first time he saw it. Taehyung giggled, as a weightless feeling overtook him. The reality of the situation was a ridiculous one and come tomorrow, he wouldn’t believe the story. They deposited Taehyung into the backseat, before getting themselves situated in the front.

“Were you able to procure an address?” Namjoon asked, as he leaned over to prepare his GPS for it.

“Uh, not quite. He’s beyond knackered, isn’t he? I’ve thought of a solution, though,” Seokjin said, two fingers rubbing slow circles against his temple to stave off the dull beginning of a migraine. “We can just take him to Yoongi’s. That should be fine, right?”

That was an option. Not a favorable option in Namjoon’s opinion, but that was all they had, apparently. He asked, “Did you call him?”

“He wasn’t in the boy’s phone and I’m still new…ish, he hasn’t offered his contact number to me yet.”

“Poor thing,” Namjoon said, voice oozing with sarcasm as he shifted to take his phone out. Then it dawned on him, “Wait, what are we going to do if Yoongi doesn’t agree to take him in?”

“Let’s just,” Seokjin started, placing his hand atop of Namjoon’s to lower his phone down. “Try our luck. Be those imposing miscreants for one evening.”

“A kiss,” Namjoon said, stating his terms.

Seokjin frowned, not understanding, “What?”

“I will rudely interrupt Yoongi’s evening, as well as take Taehyung in should he so decline the care of his own sub, if you give me a kiss.”

“So, that’s the hand you’re going to play? Wow. Well, sorry to break it to you, Joonie, but that kid means nothing to me and you mean even less–” He was cut off mid-sentence with a set of warm, soft lips covering his own. It was short, but effective, when soon Seokjin was chasing after Namjoon’s mouth. The younger man pulled back, proving his point.

“‘Joonie’.” Namjoon mused, “I like it.”
The elder sank back against the passenger seat, falling quiet as Namjoon took the jeep out of park, and followed the familiar route to Yoongi’s apartment, having dropped him off here and there. The drive wasn’t too far from his own place, although he lived on the more posh side of Seoul, whereas Yoongi’s complex was more middle-class. He had personal insight on how much the scene professional racked in, and knew he could do better for himself, but to each their own.

It was a long twenty minutes filled with awkward, jittery silence and Taehyung’s light snoring. The radio was kept on low, just scarce enough to make out the lyrics over the heat coming through the vents. Like a child, Taehyung woke up once the car was no longer in motion. He was still awfully tipsy, groaning when Seokjin cooed at him for being ‘too cute’.

“Think you can walk?” Namjoon asked, when he opened the car door for Taehyung, and offered his hand to help him stand. It reminded Taehyung of the last time he’d extended his help, slapping the hand away.

Seokjin nearly died watching the whole exchange, shooing Namjoon – assisting the boy with collecting himself, phone back inside his bag. His shirt was practically ruined due to whatever happened inside the stall. Seokjin tried his best to preserve Taehyung’s modesty, closing the fabric with his fingers. “What the fuck happened?”

“I won,” Taehyung said, as he smiled sleepily at Seokjin. It was obvious that he was somewhat proud of himself, little did he know that he was about to lose. The surroundings were unfamiliar to him, but he hadn’t questioned it too much, assuming that he was about to crash on a couch.

“Let’s hope he’s home.” Namjoon was stopped in front of Yoongi’s door, pressing a finger to the doorbell. There was noise coming from inside, little yaps from an alerted toy poodle.

“If you guys don’t live here, then where are we?” Taehyung asked them, having been comfortably docile and very, terminally confused for the most part.

“The safest place for you,” Seokjin answered, resting a reassuring hand against his shoulder. From a dominant’s perspective, he knew that Yoongi wouldn’t be pleased with Taehyung’s condition, or his behavior. However, he wouldn’t be able to do anything about it until the boy was sober, which was another frustrating aspect. He didn’t know Yoongi too well and this whole thing made him feel uncomfortable.

Taehyung wasn’t sure what to expect, certainly not this – being sandwiched between Namjoon and Seokjin. Was he about to apologize to a boy from school? The door swung open abruptly, revealing what Taehyung was sure to be a mirage. There was no way that he’d been hand delivered to Min Yoongi.

The professor’s eyes immediately fell to Taehyung’s, taking in his disheveled state with an icy stillness. He hadn’t even acknowledged the presence of other people, slowly taking stock of the boy, accounting for pieces that might’ve been misplaced, or damaged. It took a lot to rattle Yoongi, making it one hell of an evening. Seeing Taehyung in one piece, well, he supposed he could calm down. A little.

“Sorry to bother you this late in the evening,” Namjoon said, keeping his word and owning up to the responsibility. “We ran into Taehyung and as you can see, there was cause for concern. We would’ve taken him home, but he wasn’t able to tell us where that was, and this was the next logical place…”
Taehyung took a step forward out of Seokjin’s hold, stumbling gracelessly towards the man who’d been haunting his every waking moment for the past week. He squinted at the professor, unsure of what odd reality this was, “I had a nightmare about you, wanna know what it was? A good dream. Good dreams about you are bad for me.”

Yoongi narrowed his eyes, growing angrier by each passing second, taking notice of Taehyung’s shirt parting the more he moved, the strings torn from where the buttons had been ripped off in haste. Immediately, he removed the robe from off his shoulders, wordlessly beckoning the boy over with two fingers. He was grateful that there was no hesitation, when Taehyung came to stand directly in front of him. The deep bruises across his slender throat glared back as a reminder of someone else’s claim.

Then he remembered that in front of Namjoon, Taehyung was his submissive. “Thank you for bringing him to me,” Yoongi said, as he wrapped the robe around the boy, helping him get his arms through the sleeves, before he gripped the belt at each side, and tied it securely around his waist. Now they could no longer stare at what was his. He held onto the belt strings, keeping Taehyung from going anywhere.

“Is this a dream?” Taehyung asked, leaning in closely. He really wasn’t so sure anymore and if it wasn’t a dream, then he was seriously fucked.

Yoongi moved a cold hand over the side of Taehyung’s face, holding him gently. “Oh, poor, sweet little tiger, I’m real and you’re in very real, serious trouble, and you will suffer real consequences. Tomorrow.” He looked between an equally stupefied Namjoon and Seokjin, “You may leave us now.”

Namjoon was used to this rude, dismissive bullshit. It was only one out of many downsides to not revealing his identity. “No problem,” he muttered, hand tugging at Seokjin’s sleeve, as he started walking away.

“Why do I feel like we just did something wrong…?” Seokjin asked when they were back over by the car, shutting the door once he was inside. “Like we just handed that kid over to Satan? Did you see the look in Yoongi’s eyes?”

“Not our circus, not our monkeys,” Namjoon said, shrugging the burden right off his shoulders. He had his whole night ruined, unsure on whether or not there was some sort of benefit from the experience. Aside from a nickname – Namjoon had gained a nickname. “Taehyung knows the rules, as well as any submissive. It was probably deliberate.”

Seokjin nodded, satisfied with that answer, “You’re right.”

‘Our’ circus, ‘our’ monkeys. There was certainly a lot of ‘we’ that was said throughout the night.

‘And still,’ Seokjin thought. ‘No.’

Next chapter will be a continuation of this night between Yoongi and Taehyung in a mixture of silliness and intrigue lol

Glossary:
Little- a person who mentally (or physically) feels younger than they physically are.
High Protocol Party- a very serious, traditional event that has a very specific, formal dynamic, and
people partaking must behave accordingly.

**CG/L** - a relationship in which one party is a caregiver, often like a parental figure (most commonly called mommy or daddy), and the other is childlike.
Chapter Notes

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A/N: I added another link that will lead to a picture marked as, 'The image of Taehyung'. Please look out for it. I also added clickable links to every mention of Labyrinth, so CLICK THOSE TOO.

A/N/N: This story only exists, because a friend challenged me to write it. We were both m/f writers, until this challenge. If I wrote one, she'd have to write one, and she finally wrote hers. It's an Explicit Yoonmin Harry Potter AU. It's filthy and amazing, please go and take a look at it here: [You're My Poison] <---- !!

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espresso marmalade.
Sub Bunkook, chapter two by _redamantic_

‘Let me kiss your lips so I know how it felt,
walk for hours in the dark feeling all hell.’

Chapter Five: The Nightshift

The moment that Namjoon and Seokjin were out of sight, Yoongi dropped his hand from Taehyung’s face with a slow, lingering reluctance. The firm grip he had on the robe fell away to open the door to his apartment. It was obvious to Yoongi that the boy was beyond the consumption of alcohol, watching as Taehyung stumbled inside the dark hallway. He giggled softly to himself about the ground being an unsteady surface, reaching his hand out to use the wall for support, so that he didn’t fall when he kicked off his shoes.

There were several reasons as to why Yoongi was steadily growing angry. Not that he could properly express it, his short nails digging into his palms so deeply he was sure he broke through skin. Any sort of real conversation he wanted to have was out the window, until the boy was sober, otherwise nothing would be retained or taken seriously. Nothing would make sense or matter. Truthfully, Yoongi had been on edge since Monday, when he’d originally dismissed Taehyung. Then tonight, with the Snap messages, wondering how far Taehyung was willing to go with a
stranger – curious if he actually wanted it.

“Everything is kind–kinda tilting, professor,” Taehyung sighed breathily, pressing his back flat against one of the more expensive pieces of art that Yoongi had collected over the years. It was shipped straight from Italy, having befriended a renowned curator during his travels. The painting was priceless, obtained only as a favor brought upon by sheer luck. Therefore, it was invaluable. Taehyung wasn’t even aware that he was doing something wrong, when the elder’s hand shot out to grab at the waistline of the robe, using it as leverage to yank him off the frame.

It was like crashing into a solid wall for Taehyung, when he came forward with an oomph – stabling himself with his hands on Yoongi’s shoulders, dizzied from being jerked so abruptly. At this closeness, the professor could starkly make out the blue lenses hiding Taehyung’s warm brown eyes, once again perceiving it as being shunned, rather than a simple cosmetic. The younger searched over his expression, breath tinged with alcohol when he spoke, “Even when everything is spi–spinning around, one thing remains still. You still suck.”

Yoongi sneered in response, shrugging Taehyung off like he would an old coat, proceeding towards the direction of his kitchen to let his toy poodle out from behind the safety gate. He gestured lazily, “Holly, this is Taehyung, Taehyung this is Holly…” The small, chocolate colored puppy was eager to greet his master’s guest, wagging his tail in overexcitement, as he sniffed at the bottoms of Taehyung’s jeans, jumping his little paws at him.

“I ssurrender!” Taehyung slurred, as he got down on both his knees, where the old wooden floorboards were unforgiving. Anything to finally get his hands on the little fur ball and receive all the kisses. He was always so good with animals, preferred them to humans on most days. Holly rolled over onto his back, exposing his tiny belly for the loves. Taehyung giggled, “No, I’m supposed to be the one surrendering…Listen, I heard about you in an email, but it didn’t do you any justice. You might wanna take that up with the big guy.”

No matter how many times Yoongi went over each scenario inside his head; the outcome of tonight’s events would’ve been the same, even if Taehyung had answered his phone earlier. He’d felt himself slipping after seeing the Snapchat picture and it was far worse after the video – stuck somewhere between wanting to demand Taehyung’s location and ordering him to leave. It was instinctual, like he’d assumed some sort of claim over the boy, when he had no right to such a thing – no matter how good it would sound listening to Taehyung’s begging.

“You didn’t happen to eat during your little…” Yoongi’s face soured, trying not to be indelicate about it, still unsure of what type of drunk his boy was, “…outing?”

Taehyung hummed contentedly, running his fingers through Holly’s curls, putting the puppy to sleep on the floor beside him. “It was a stuffy place, with stuffy people. Must make a reservation just to have a snack, which is pretty ssssilly if you ask me.”

No food to counteract the alcohol? “That sounds unreasonable.” ‘Sounds like you won’t be returning’ was what he really wanted to say, but he swallowed it back – repressing more of the bullshit, because Taehyung was not his to advise.

Taehyung was visibly trembling, the temperature of Yoongi’s apartment the same as outside. Even with the alcohol burning through his system, he was still cold. He turned over onto his back, tired eyes staring up at the elder, fixated on how the warm light from the kitchen painted Yoongi’s skin with a soft glow. He was decidedly stubborn, a part of him offended by it, “I’m not going to apologize to you…”
Yoongi closed his eyes shut at that, willing himself to just walk the fuck away, as he stepped further inside the kitchen. He didn’t want this conversation while Taehyung was drunk, choosing to ignore the younger’s brave little declaration. “I made stew earlier, not my finest, but it’ll do the job. Come and have some before you get sick.”

Sick.

Anxiety churned, all insidious and heavy in the pit of Taehyung’s sensitive stomach. “I wan–wanted to hurt you, like you hurt me. Showing up to class each day, trying to be a dutiful student, but instead was forced to stare down at my books like a scolded child with a broken…ah, no, bad, help. Fuck. Pencil! A broken pencil…there we go. I couldn’t even enjoy my lesson, because beyond your desk is the door to the office, and that office is a reminder of how I stupidly threw myself at you.”

“You wanna have this conversation? Do you – really?” Yoongi asked, digging inside his fridge to retrieve the container of stew. He carelessly plopped it down on his counter, startling both his little angels. “I’ll let you have it, then. Let’s talk about our moment at Void, where you gave me permission to kiss you, and then you immediately revoked it by saying that it can never happen again.”

“Oh, my god. I was so fucking scared! That was my first time receiving a kiss like that and from a – from a guy, too,” Taehyung rushed out, anxiously pulling at his lips, until they felt puffy and dry. Not thinking, not thinking at all, he continued to ramble, “But then I found out that I really like your kisses. S’all I can really think about now…how to get your mouth back on mine. I’d devise a plan to get you riled up. Get you to a pool, pretend to drown, but it’s too cold out.”

Yoongi narrowed his eyes at the nonsense pouring from the younger, annoyed that Taehyung had to be drunk in order to be honest with him. He continued, if only to gain more insight, no matter how dickish it was, “And then you sent that text, saying you’d find someone else. Such cowardice from you, but that’s not like you at all, is it, angel?” Taehyung shook his head at him, a small pout tugging at his mouth. Yoongi had to force himself to look away, “No, I didn’t think so either. So, I told you to go ahead and do it. Where was I not justified?”

Taehyung reached his hand out to Holly for more kisses and was rewarded with small licks to his pointer finger. “Well, it was such sound advice to receive from you, professor. I merely acted upon your encouragement. Wanna know what was really nice about him?”

Yoongi pressed his tongue to his cheek, quickly losing his patience, when he had such little to begin with, especially when it pertained to Taehyung. “Not really, but I’m sure you’re going to tell me anyway. Is there even a point to telling you, ‘no’?”

Taehyung removed the robe from off his shoulders, using it as cushioning for Holly. When the puppy seemed content with the makeshift bed, the boy stood up on shaky legs, and headed towards the kitchen. The button down shirt he wore was once again parted from the damage, revealing the smooth contours of his chest. Yoongi, to his own detriment, often thought about what Taehyung would look like beneath his clothes. It was a lot like this, all delicately toned with a soft stomach. A well-fed and healthy submissive made for a happy dominant.

The boy trailed his fingertips across the countertop, unsure if he could possibly say what was running through his mind. Even now with the bravado still there, he was afraid of what Yoongi’s reaction might be, but you know what? *Fuck it.* “He was able to get hard when he touched me, made me feel it when he pushed his hips against mine.”
“You liked having another man’s cock pressing into you, letting you know what a good job you’ve done, using him and being used like a cheap little whore – when as a man, you should know that’s not very difficult to achieve,” Yoongi laughed snidely, as he reached over for a bowl and popped open the container, busying his shaking hands. It didn’t work. He was absolutely livid, tossing down the spoon he’d just picked up to glare his dark eyes at Taehyung, “You thought I didn’t want you, because you couldn’t ‘feel’ it?”

Taehyung flinched at the change in Yoongi’s demeanor, inwardly satisfied that he could provoke such a thing. It was too good. He turned sharply as the elder stalked towards him, gripping onto the counter to better steel himself for what was about to occur – caged in with no place left to go. Yoongi had the boy leaned back and trembling, but not with fear.

“It takes so very little when it comes to you,” Yoongi said, voice calm despite the darkening expression that would suggest otherwise. Taehyung was so, so gone – a lost victim to whatever the fuck Yoongi was to him anymore. A lone finger went to the opening in Taehyung’s shirt, spreading the material to one side to further expose the delicate wing of his collarbone. He smirked up at the boy, “To get me hard and aching for you, Taehyung, all you must do is breathe…”

Taehyung visibly shuddered at that, warmth pooling into his lower belly. The vulnerability in the younger’s eyes inciting more cruelty. It made Yoongi feel starved, “And if you don’t believe it, I’ll let you feel me…” He grabbed Taehyung by the wrist, bringing the boy’s hand to the hem of his plaid pajama bottoms. Then very slowly, Yoongi guided him below his briefs, passing through the coarse hairs along his pubic bone, and finally to his hardened length. Yoongi curled his fingers around Taehyung’s, his cock thick and pulsating within the younger’s grip.

“Another first for you, isn’t it?” Yoongi murmured low and accusatory, as though Taehyung had forced him to take another inch. The boy nodded – the only sure way of responding, not trusting his mouth to properly articulate his thoughts. He didn’t want to regret being more honest. Right now he just wanted to feel and be felt. Yoongi hissed, fingers growing tight around Taehyung’s, when he so brazenly attempted to touch him further, “I won’t have you when you’re like this.”

He peered down at the elder, eyes alit with playfulness, when he teased, “According to you – you won’t have me at all. Why? Are you finally considering it, professor?” Taehyung leaned towards him, stopping himself so close that their noses met softly, the air from their breaths mingling as one. “I mean, wouldn’t it be more like me, having you?”

“Oh, Taehyung – you really have no clue, do you? You run through me like a spell,” Yoongi breathed, firmly removing their hands from his pajamas. “But you’re drunk and my answer is still no.”

Taehyung took back his arm, somewhat petulantly. “I should have let that guy have me. Maybe I still will.”

Yoongi raised a brow at that, forgetting for a moment that it was the alcohol making Taehyung so much more forward than usual. So much more daring. He chuckled humorlessly, “You would honestly try and pull that shit with me again?” Within an instant, he was grabbing hold of the boy’s chin between his thumb and forefinger, tilting Taehyung’s face in a show of inspecting the deep blotches of red, and purple scattered across his golden skin. “You let him mark you up just to spite me, placed yourself in danger. Was it worth it?”

Taehyung felt as his heart started to hammer within the cave of his chest. The bitter taste of cigarettes
thick on his tongue, despite not having kissed the guy from the lounge. He’d certainly inhaled and digested enough of his rotten scent to carry it deep inside his lungs like a cancer. Liquor turned inside his stomach, unable to recall how many drinks he had, kiwi and mint fighting to make a reappearance. Large hands grabbed all over his skin, being pressed into the bathroom stall with insistent fingers. Not at all what he wanted.

“Bathroom, where…?” Taehyung muttered, skin rapidly paling – almost as white as a sheet. The directions that were given teetered off his mind like a ball, translating into vagueness while in panic mode. It was by some miracle that Taehyung made it there. He didn’t recall finding a light switch, but he could see his immediate surroundings – bracing his clammy hands on the toilet seat, he emptied the contents of his stomach with an awful retch.

Yoongi stood in the doorway with a hand on the switch, watching as the boy involuntarily relieved himself of all the night’s alcohol, and then some. It was difficult, fighting against instinct to go over to Taehyung – to sooth him with gentle hands, and soft words. It was only when things started to get sloppy, that he stepped in. Taehyung’s exhausted body sliding from the toilet to the tiles of his bathroom floor. He was still in the process of getting sick, when Yoongi carefully pulled him upright, so that he could finish.

“That’s it, get it all out, sweetheart…” he said, rubbing firm circles between Taehyung’s shoulder blades – jostling him back and forth in a comforting rhythm. It was everything he needed, something he hadn’t had in a long time. The boy sobbed weakly with his eyes squeezed shut, having to stop when his body grew tense, pouring himself out again and again, until he was dry heaving, and there was nothing left for him to give.

Once Taehyung was mostly sure that he was done, he allowed himself to slump against the wall of Yoongi’s chest, catching his breath. This wasn’t how Taehyung envisioned being alone with him again. Not much he could do about it now, except add it to his growing list of humiliating experiences. He groaned when the elder adjusted him so that his neck was resting between the crevice of his forearm and shoulder, feline eyes looking him over with concern. He brought his other hand to Taehyung’s orange bangs, brushing them out of his face, “I really don’t like those lenses…”

“Mmmm, but they’re prescription and necessary,” Taehyung said, wondering if this was real – this weirdly normal conversation in Yoongi’s arms, surrounded by vomit, and toiletries. “I always bring my glasses with me, though.”

“How fortunate for the both of us,” Yoongi smiled at him, pushing the bathroom door shut with his foot as an afterthought, too caught up with the boy he was currently holding. Holly would be too curious about the mess and he didn’t need to deal with that. *Nope* – this right here was enough. It’d been too long since Yoongi last took care of another person, not that his last submissive needed to be looked after. It was seldom that Taekwoon ever got himself into these situations, never dared to defy him. “This is what’s going to happen. Are you listening, Taehyung?”

The boy thought he was nodding, he definitely wasn’t. “Mmm ’m listening…”

“I’m going to help you over to the sink.” That already sounded like a lot of work to Taehyung. It required far too much movement and right now his body ached, and felt like jelly. “There’s mouthwash, so you can rinse your mouth out and I have spare toothbrushes in the closet. I’ll grab you one and then we really need to get you out of these clothes.”

“Oh, I’m sureee we do,” Taehyung snorted, unable to find the energy to cover his face. He couldn’t even stop himself, “Pah–lease, professor, you just wan–wanna see more of me naked.”
“Actually, I was thinking that I should stop being so sweet to you,” Yoongi murmured softly, fingers growing still in Taehyung’s bangs. “…since it’s only when I’m being mean, that you decide to play nice.”

“That is sooo very insightful of you,” Taehyung smiled pleasantly, using the same soft tone in mockery, before he dropped the mask. “Now help me up.”

It made Taehyung feel insecure and suddenly embarrassed by the truth in Yoongi’s words. Just the mere thought of the professor losing interest in him had led to compromising situations, like shamelessly grinding down on Yoongi’s thigh at school for instance, or attempting to return the favor for him inside the kitchen not even fifteen minutes ago.

Yoongi tightened his arms around the boy, letting him know that he wasn’t to be released, “How do we ask politely, angel?”

Taehyung laughed, relying on his go-to phrase, “I’m not your submissive, so what the fuck does it matter?”

“You don’t have to belong to someone to have manners, Taehyung,” Yoongi chided, quietly amused by how obviously annoyed the younger was, so standoffish when he was made flustered. The color was returning in Taehyung’s cheeks, a blush starting from the base of his neck, and climbing all the way to his ears. It was so pretty.

“Fine…please help me,” Taehyung said, rectifying the situation, and was grateful when Yoongi didn’t follow it up with some smug ass retort. The elder was deceptively strong, despite his smaller build – hauling Taehyung up to his feet, and moving him to the sink with ease. He even undid the cap to the mouthwash and turned the water on for him. Taehyung, perhaps a bit sarcastic and a little bit more sober then, heavily sighed, “Thank you, professor.”

“Much better,” was all he got back in response, before Yoongi left the room again. What was more surprising was that he found himself listening – tossing out his lenses, before he started brushing his teeth in earnest, getting rid of anything that the mouthwash didn’t take care of. He spat out the foam and raised his head to stare at his reflection. Immediately, his eyes were drawn to the marks that were littered across his neck. The damage looked bad, like it would take forever for it to go away, but bruises typically didn’t last for too long.
Something else caught his attention in the mirror. Taehyung squinted at it, unsure of what he was seeing, wondering if it was the alcohol playing tricks on him. Min Yoongi, a known sadist, a scene professional who specialized in erotic torture, carried a rubber ducky in his bathroom. It wasn’t even an ironical item, like a special edition BDSM themed ducky – just your average little squeaker for bath time.

“Call Jeongguk, tell him I found Jimin!” Taehyung shouted, as he turned to snatch the toy up from its shelf. He glared hard at it, wholly offended by its existence, “Guk can do better than this little shit…”

He pressed his fingers into the rubber, wincing at the sound it made when he slightly released it – not quite prepared for how loud, and annoying it would be, when Holly pushed opened the door, tail wagging a mile a minute. He was excited.

The boy laughed at the sudden interruption, “Search warrant! No, but seriously, arrest this motherducker. I mean, he called an Uber, what is that? You like Jeongguk so much, go pick him up yourself, you little bastard. Well, I guess it might be difficult for him, since he’d have to swim across a pond.”

Holly tilted his head at him, confused.

“I don’t know if ducks sleep on water or not. They probably do and besides, you’re the officer. You should know these things, Holly.” Taehyung pointed his finger at the rubber ducky, “I’m gonna put you down now, but just know that if I’d given you over to him, he woulda ripped you a new ass. So, you should show me some gratitude.”

“Your bag was outside. You must’ve dropped it,” Yoongi said, as he placed it down on the counter. He slowly looked between Taehyung and Holly – it felt like he walked in on something. “What are you doing?”

Taehyung poked the duck on its beak. “Should have told me you kept Jimin on the shelf. What is it like, a charity? Shelf a duck foundation?”

Yoongi didn’t understand Taehyung’s extreme level of hate towards Jimin, “I’m not sure that I follow.” He then proceeded with spraying down the Clorox and mopping the floor. Holly was on the carpet near the sink, resting his face on his paws, falling back asleep. Finishing up, Yoongi moved onto the next phase, methodical in his approach to everything. “Hold this.”

Taehyung took the towel from Yoongi, “What do I do with it?”

“If you feel water start to run past here…” Yoongi skimmed a finger below Taehyung’s navel, the contact enough to give him chills. He usually shied away whenever someone touched his stomach, Hoseok being the main culprit to many tickle attacks, and random tummy poking. “…catch it, so that we don’t make a mess.”

It sounded simple enough, if Taehyung left the whole, ‘wanting Yoongi to touch him’ thing out of it.

The elder turned the shower faucet on, running the clean rag under the hot water, before adding the bodywash. It was lavender scented. The boy could pick up on it from where he was standing. When the rag was nice and sudsy, Yoongi wrung it out, and asked him, “Ready?” Taehyung nodded,
somewhat proud that he’d barely flinched when he started being wiped down.

It was probably something Taehyung could have done on his own at that point, in better shape now than he was twenty minutes ago. But it felt really good, how the material dragged over his skin – the muscles sore at the sides of his neck, where Yoongi was thorough. Every once in a while he’d re-rinse the rag, lather it up again, and apply it to Taehyung’s skin. Yoongi kept his eyes focused on his task, slightly rougher around the marks, as though scrubbing the area clean would rid of them, before he moved down across the boy’s chest.

“Thank you…” Taehyung said again, this time breathier when Yoongi brushed over an erect nipple, incredibly sensitive there – fighting not to be so clearly affected by something so small. “So, what happens after this?”

Yoongi thought it was obvious. “Food and then sleep.”

Taehyung felt suddenly overwhelmed by the prospect of ‘sleep’. Frankly, he’d caused enough trouble for one evening, and he didn’t want to further intrude. He knew that he could be a handful sometimes, especially around introverted people. “Oh, I, I…can go home after this.”

“You’re still drunk, so that’s out of the question,” Yoongi said with a sense of finality, leaving no room for argument.

“I don’t usually wear pants to bed,” Taehyung informed him, proceeding to pat the towel against his damp skin, acting as though his statement should only garner indifference – and with the stony look on Yoongi’s face, perhaps it had, as there was no evident concern there. “Where will I be sleeping, anyway? The couch or…?”

“I’d prefer it if you slept with me, in my bed.” Yoongi stared at him from his spot against the bathroom counter, following Taehyung’s every move as a panther would its next meal. “You could have choked on your own vomit, if I hadn’t been there. Humor me, Taehyung.”

“Alright, but I’m gonna tell you right now. I’m a clinger,” Taehyung said, recalling the many times he was awoken from sleep with his arms and legs wrapped around his friends like inescapable vines. “Like, certified baby koala status.”

Yoongi roamed his eyes then, all slow and deliberate across Taehyung’s exposed skin, “Did you think I’d mind?” He curled his too pink lips into a smirk, admiring how the boy shyly looked away from him, beaten at his own game. “I’m actually looking forward to it.”

Right – Uhm. Taehyung felt as his cheeks started to burn, having no decent rebuttal for the elder, as he pulled the dark long-sleeved shirt he was offered over his chest. It was a perfect fit, since Yoongi was just as broad in the shoulder area. And true to what he said prior, he’d forgo the pajama bottoms, shedding himself of his pants, and folding them neatly. Sometimes he’d even take care of Jeongguk’s pile of clothes, anxiety depending.

“You’re orderly,” Yoongi said, with a hint of fondness in his tone. It was one of his many requirements as a dominant. Things were expected to be kept immaculate, not that the current state of his apartment would reflect such terms. With the long absence of a submissive, Yoongi allowed things to become a bit chaotic for himself. He even considered moving, the memories sticking to each room like cracked paint that needed a new coat.

Taehyung shrugged, “It’s habit, mostly.”
“Mostly,” Yoongi echoed back, intrigued on where Taehyung learned his manners (*when they were actually being applied, mind you*). His grandmother might’ve played a big part in his upbringing. The way he held onto that hideous purple scarf, that was probably the case. “The stew isn’t an option anymore. It’s been downgraded to crackers and water.”

Taehyung didn’t argue with him, stomach still feeling a bit queasy. He followed the professor down the hallway. The mind fog was starting to dissipate little by little, as he took in his surroundings – awestruck by the walls lined with art. A beautiful painting of Florence filled him with questions, remembering Yoongi’s introductory email, and that he’d travelled around Europe – curious if there was a diary of it somewhere.

He sat in the chair that Yoongi pulled out for him at the table, thanking him when a large glass of water, along with a sleeve of crackers was placed down in front of him. Yoongi took the seat right beside him, rather than across, “Two to four crackers will make me happy, but you have to finish the entire glass.”

It was the attractive, unfaltering authority in Yoongi’s voice that begged the question, “What if I don’t want to?”

“Then you aren’t to be excused from this table.” Yoongi was intrigued, as he grabbed the back of Taehyung’s chair, using it as leverage to lean in closer to him. “You prattle on about the fact that you aren’t my submissive, yet you keep awaiting punishment from me. Do you want to get into trouble? Does it thrill you, Taehyung?”

“You need to quit saying my name like *that*.” Taehyung lowered his eyes to the glass in his hand, taking a slow sip of water at first. It was so cold and refreshing – had to indulge himself, inwardly hating how obedient it probably came off as, when he tilted his head back, Adam’s apple bobbing around hard, desperate gulps. He didn’t stop until it was all gone, chest rising and falling rapidly for much needed air.

“Stop saying your name like *what*?” Yoongi asked, feigning innocence. It was on purpose, Taehyung knew it. That charming lilt to the elder’s voice, the rough edges around each syllable – it all had to be part of some game that he wasn’t aware of.

Taehyung dodged it with a change of topic, “Why was I dropped off here, of all places?”

“Due to Jimin’s lie, all of Void believes that I’m your dominant,” Yoongi explained with an air of nonchalance, perhaps a little too easily for Taehyung’s liking. “Word travels fast within the community, especially when it comes to me.”

“Oh…” The boy felt slightly at fault for that, even if he wasn’t the one to have spun the tale to the monitors directly. The problem wouldn’t have existed if he hadn’t overreacted. “Well, shit – I’m sorry. Nothing can be done, I take it?”

“Don’t forget about your crackers,” Yoongi reminded him, before he settled back against his chair, not wanting to definitively answer him without knowing what the next step was – quite enjoying the freedom that came with the status. He was losing appointments left and right and wasn’t in dire need of extra money at the moment, content with doing stage scenes for now.

By the time the boy made it to his third cracker, his stomach was pissy with him. He shoved the rest of them out of his sight, fearing that he would get sick again.
“You did so well for me,” Yoongi cooed, reaching a hand out to pet the silky strands at the top of Taehyung’s head. He stopped himself short – fingers slowly curling, as he remembered that he had no right to do such a thing. The elder’s expression lacked its initial warmth, “Time to sleep off the rest of the alcohol.”

Holly rolled over onto his legs from under the table, padding his way towards the bedroom – following after his humans. The door opened with a creek, the lighting far too dim with walls too dark. The puppy then curled himself inside his bed beside Yoongi’s California king. The bedroom was the most spacious throughout the entire apartment – big enough to fit a vintage grand piano into the corner – the fuck. Against the far wall opposite of the bed was a fireplace, the glass tinted black from overuse. The log carrier was stacked full, tempting Taehyung.

Yoongi’s room was a monument to all of his chaotic disorganization. There were books piled everywhere, several shelves already filled and lined up – framed paintings forgotten and placed atop one another in such a carless way that it caused Taehyung anxiety. There were candles resting on old, dusty paperwork. It was hazardous, a place waiting to go up in flames at any given second. Taehyung’s first instinct was to start picking up the room, to remove the dangers from it, but the professor would probably scold him.

“You don’t like your room?” Taehyung asked, doing a slow turn – making sure his eyes saw every corner of Yoongi’s space.

“I don’t ‘not’ like it,” he said, taking his phone from the nightstand, and sitting on his mattress. The sheets were disheveled, since Yoongi wasn’t one for remaking it, when he used to be. Yoongi used to care about tidiness. He used to care about a lot of things. “It’s just that I’m busy and don’t get to clean it very often. Now get over here and come to bed.”

Taehyung paused on his way, just now noticing it, “There’s no television in here, yet there’s a Labyrinth movie poster?”

Labyrinth was one of Jim Henson’s gems, truly. Taehyung never got tired of watching it, remembering back when he used to dance around his room to David Bowie. His grandmother would put the movie on and it was fucking over.

“There’s no television in any of the rooms of my apartment.” Yoongi stared over at one of his most prized possessions. “And yes, that is definitely a framed Labyrinth movie poster. I’m surprised a young thing like you would know anything about it.”

This motherfucker…

“Look, I’m used to falling asleep to noise.” It would be impossible otherwise, but for fear of sounding like a child, Taehyung decided not to add that last bit. “And like, sorry to say it, but that’s some lame shit. Do you just like, play on your little piano, read a book, and call it a night?”

Yoongi hummed, pretending to mull it over, “That’s about it.”

“Fuck, you’re boring,” Taehyung laughed, eyes catching sight of Yoongi’s feet once they were out of his slippers. It was freezing cold in the room. “Where’s your sock drawer?”

“Top left,” Yoongi said, gesturing towards the tall, wooden dresser.
There was a sleep mask on the floor between Taehyung and the furniture. He showed it to Yoongi, “May I?” The elder nodded his approval, watching as he placed it on the top of his head.

“If you’re not willing to put the fire on, you’ll need to at least keep yourself warm.” He pulled open the drawer, unsurprised that there were no fuzzy socks – no one ever seemed to have any, the misguided bastards. He picked out a set of black cotton. It was that or the same style in gray. “I tried telling Jeongguk about the importance of socks, but he didn’t listen. Actually, no one really listens to me.”

Yoongi set his phone down, fully capable of multitasking, but he still felt somewhat guilty. “So, you want me to wear socks? I’ll just end up kicking them off at some point.”

“Well, try not to, professor…” Taehyung said, as he unfolded the pair, and approached the side of the bed that Yoongi was sitting on. The elder’s legs were over the side of the mattress, curious cat-like eyes watching from beneath thick lashes, when the Taehyung got down on his knees in front of him – taking hold of his slender ankle into his large hand. The boy peered up at him, “Your feet are really pretty.”

Yoongi breath hitched in his throat, unsure of how to process the compliment, answering instead, affected and rough, “Taehyung…”

“I said not to say my name like that,” he warned, slipping his fingers along the sole of Yoongi’s captured foot, leisurely inching further towards the arch at the middle. Taehyung was meant to serve. It was harrowing – how outright evident it was, that need to take care of someone, and that same need to be taken care of in return. Yoongi wanted the responsibility so badly, yearned for it with his entire being. If he’d done better, he would still have it, but…

A soft puff of air made Yoongi grow incredibly still, sucking in a sharp breath when he felt Taehyung press a warm, lingering kiss against the top of his foot, before he pulled the sock on over it. He repeated the same steps to the other side, practically putting an end to Yoongi with the unexpected display of eroticism. There was no way Taehyung knew what he was doing, right?

The precious baby tiger, his sweet little pet – what the fuck was Taehyung starting? Yoongi abruptly leaned down, bringing the younger’s face to his own with both hands, teasing his stilted breath against Taehyung’s lips, and felt as the boy trembled from his touch, “You have to stop or else I won’t be able to protect you anymore. I mean it.”

“Professor…” Taehyung sighed, placing his hands against the tops of Yoongi’s thighs, using his firm grip on them to stand. “What I did tonight, with that guy, I…I didn’t mean it.”

“What do you want from me?” Yoongi asked seriously, digging his short nails into the boy’s cheeks, hard enough to make him to wince. Taehyung slid his hands to Yoongi’s wrists, trying to lessen his grip. “I can’t help but feel that you only want me, because I rejected you. The moment I act on my desire; you’ll be afraid of me again. So, what the fuck do you want?”

“You can’t expect me to just wait around for someone else to have me,” Taehyung confessed, a piece of himself breaking apart from the admittance, his resolve swiftly crumbling. “It’s my choice and I want…”

Yoongi squeezed him even harder, successfully cutting off the rest of the boy’s sentence – speaking in a tone that was low and glacial, “Do not.” He then roughly released Taehyung from his grasp, before he brought his legs up between them, and pulled at the sheets. “You can use your phone, if
you need to listen to something.”

Taehyung brought a hand up to massage his sore skin, wordlessly going over to his bag, and retrieving his phone – there was a text from Jeongguk. It was sloppy, but it was still legible enough to decipher that he’d made it back to the dorm. He got into the bed, settling himself under the blankets, and against the pillows. The Netflix app loaded in, his fingers typing *Labyrinth* into the search bar, smiling when it showed up as available.

It was ten minutes later that Yoongi was turning towards him – pink, kittenish lips drawn into a soft pout, even while in slumber. Taehyung placed the phone down between them, lulled by the background noise of their favorite movie. He faced the elder, wondering how someone so beautiful could be so cruel? He gently cupped the apple of Yoongi’s cool cheek inside his palm, the contrast of their skin night and day. Throwing every precaution to the wind, Taehyung made the decision to seize what he wanted, as he fully pressed his lips against Yoongi’s, securing himself a goodnight kiss.

Yoongi remained perfectly still, the contact all pressure, and nothing more. It was tender and innocuous – every bit of Taehyung’s childlike antics. With that in mind, he endured it.

Taehyung whispered, lips still softly caressing the elder’s, “Sweet dreams.”

“It shows that he’s parked outside the lounge,” Jimin said, staring down at the Uber app on his phone. If he hadn’t already been driving an hour away in the opposite direction of Jeongguk, he would have personally seen to picking the boy up himself. Would have shoved him into the backseat – thoroughly displeased with Jeongguk’s childish behavior, having to pull over onto the side of the road to properly assist him. He released a calm breath, asking for the nth time, “Do you see him?”

“Wait, wait – let me stick up my middle finger. It has wi-fi…” Jeongguk did the following, imitating an absurd beeping sound. “Nothing. The signal must be weak, let me try again.”

“I’m over here wondering which will tear into you more, the flogger or the flicker whip?” Jimin didn’t hear a response to that, Jeongguk falling silent at the mention of the whip. The last time he was introduced to the braided leather, he’d sobbed out his safe word. Jimin continued with a knowing smile, voice still composed, “Now that I have your attention, look for a red Toyota Sienna. I’m sure that you can find it.”

“Why don’t you have Seokjin come and get me?” Jeongguk snarked at him, safely getting away with being passive-aggressive, his insecurities freely seeping out.

“How about I go ahead and gag you the next time I see you? *Yeah, bunny, I’ll walk away for a long, long while and then come back to wipe the spittle from your mouth…*” Jimin was growing furious – surprised that Seokjin was still a concern.

“I fo–found it,” Jeongguk grumbled, dragging his feet with uneven steps as he approached the vehicle. Jimin listened to him confirm his identity with the driver, the door slamming when he got into the backseat. “Sssatisfied?”

“No, but I will be,” Jimin said, as he placed his phone in its holder, putting Jeongguk on speaker so that he could finally, *finally* continue his long drive home. He wouldn’t say it aloud to Jeongguk, but he quite enjoyed being able to speak to his submissive outside of Void. It would have been an eventuality for them, but he was especially appreciative of it now, since he was tired and low on
energy. The boy had always been able to recharge him, his blood currently pumping hot with annoyance. “You believe me, don’t you? Answer me, bun.”

“I believe you, ma– …” Jeongguk paused mid-sentence, catching himself saying it automatically—that term. It was habit at that point, the many odd things he said while he was being ‘good’ for his master.

“You can say it, baby,” Jimin encouraged him, dark eyes trained on the road ahead of him. Truth was, the elder wasn’t even amused at the moment. Jeongguk was in a world of trouble. Again. It would do him no good while there was substantial distance between them. “Come on, I have every faith in you. Who am I?”

Jeongguk’s tone went low, when he slurred into the receiver, “My massster.”

“Good. Now say it in your normal speaking voice.”

“I’m not alone. I can’t…” Jeongguk dared to argue, even while in his drunken stupor, overcome with embarrassment. The long, disapproving sigh that escaped his dominant was enough to twist inside his chest, all heavy and unsettling. He didn’t like disappointing Jimin, so he gave it another try, “Master. You’re my beautiful master.”

“And you’re in training for what?” Jimin asked him, his grip on the wheel growing tight—in the midst of getting cut off by another car.

Jeongguk’s voice was small when he answered, “To–total…power exchange.” Apparently he was more prone to subspace while under the influence.

“Total power exchange, which means that I get to call the shots twenty-four-seven.” Jimin was amazed that the boy had stepped out of line with him for a second time. “You know you aren’t allowed to drink, so why didn’t you think to ask me?”

Jeongguk leaned himself against the window, eyes falling shut with the comfort of Jimin’s voice rocking him to sleep, “Mmm? I did – I did think of it. I think about you all the time, but you wouldn’t have said yes.”

“There’s a few reasons why alcohol and kink don’t go together. Consent for starters,” Jimin said, reaching forward to turn his stereo down, before he continued with listing, “Judgment and then reflexes. That last one applies more to the dominant. You wouldn’t want me coming at you with a paddle and some rope while intoxicated, would you?”

“No…” Jeongguk breathed out his response, dark lashes fluttering softly. “That would be a little scary, even if it is you.”

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“There is one final reason why it’s not a good idea to drink, but I’m not going to tell you until you’re alone in your room.” Why wait to punish Jeongguk later, when he could do it right the fuck now? It wasn’t like he had to be considerate of Taehyung, since the boy decided to stay behind at the lounge. Jeongguk would be alone, his to do whatever he pleased with.

“The car stopped, so just tell me now,” Jeongguk said, already impatient to know the information Jimin was withholding from him. He muffled the phone into his shirt, speaking with the Uber driver. “Did he tip you? He did. Oh ‘kay…I was just gonna flip you off and leave, but alright.” He closed the door behind him and held the phone back to his ear, “He said you already tipped him. That was
sooo nice of you and of him – him, too, ‘cause I would have said no and got more money. Woulda robbed me.”

“It sounds like you tripped,” Jimin said, straining to listen more closely now.

“There’s so many stairs. I hate ’em, especially in the morning, jogging up and down, up and down...” Jeongguk was inside the building, the strong winds no longer creating static – making the boy easier to hear. “It’s how I maintain these thighs for you.”

“Oh, it’s all for me, is it?” Jimin asked, shaking his head when he noticed that his anger was slowly melting away in a manner that only the younger was able to accomplish.

Jeongguk grew smug, “I know you love my thighs. That’s why you spend so much time wrapping them up in rope.”

Love was something that alluded Jimin, therefore he didn’t say it very easily, “You possess many attributes that I find...agreeable. Get to your room, bun.”

“Did I tell you that someone paid for our drinks tonight?” Jeongguk laughed, teetering from one side of the hallway to the other, until he stopped in front of his door – maybe? “I’m still not sure who it was, it remains a mystery...”

“Someone careless, obviously. You should be grateful that their intentions didn’t go beyond getting you shit-faced.” Jimin turned onto his street, the tall condominium coming into view. He wanted to find a place that was closer to Void – closer to Jeongguk. He was allowed into the parking garage by the security guard. Executive condos were lavish, perhaps a bit dramatic for one person. He wondered what Jeongguk would think of if he were to ever bring him home. Maybe he’d wait to get a smaller apartment. Something quaint like Yoongi’s sounded more ideal.

Jeongguk grunted, giving it his all when he shoved the door open with his hip, “This is definitely my room. Now it’s just you and me and the thin walls.”

“Thin walls...” The elder echoed back, wondering how that was supposed to be seductive. “That isn’t hot to me. It’s just a hindrance, especially when I don’t want anyone else to hear you, no matter what the capacity.”

“Even when I’m shouting during a match of Overwatch?” Jeongguk asked, as he plopped himself down on his bed, kicking his shoes off carelessly.

“What–? Especially when you’re yelling. You know how much I love it when you scream,” Jimin murmured, as he twisted in the key to the lock, venturing on forward into his home, and headed to his bedroom in the dark. “How much did you drink tonight, bun?”

“I’m not sure...” Jeongguk was still lingering on words like ‘love’ and ‘scream’, but if he had to make an educated guess, “Lots and lots? Probably more than I’ve ever had in my entire life and it was just cocktails. Tell no one. Why?”

“Because I want to show you the final reason why we don’t drink.” Jimin could practically taste the dread seeping through the phone. “We’ll have to FaceTime, though...”

“You want to see me...?” Jeongguk sat up, hearing his phone beep – an indication that Jimin had already hung up the call, presumably to start their FaceTime session. He quickly shrugged out of his
jacket, fingers combing through his already styled hair. His phone went off a couple seconds later, his thumb swiping to answer it.

He cradled his phone, smiling once Jimin appeared on screen, a pale light illuminating the elder’s surroundings. It was all new to Jeongguk, who was eager to take it all in – limited to the dark headboard behind Jimin, and that his pillowcases were a crisp white. Then there was Jimin, fresh from Void – wet silver hair and dark eyes outlined with black. Jeongguk himself was looking more groomed than usual, forehead on full display and makeup just as dramatic.

For a long moment, they remained still – staring at one another, cursing distance itself for keeping them apart. Jimin was more obvious and shameless in his scrutiny, eyes burning through the younger, even through the screen. “You went out like this, bunny?”

“I did,” Jeongguk mused, nose scrunching up cutely, before he outstretched his arm so that Jimin could get a better view of his ensemble. The top buttons of his shirt were undone, revealing a thin silver necklace, dark jeans torn to shreds – showing off his strong, creamy thighs in considerably large gaps that made Jimin feel uncomfortably possessive. “Do you like it?”

“You called me a controlling little bitch, said that I don’t frighten you, because I’m ‘smol’. You didn’t consult me before drinking and got wasted as a result. There’s no fucking way you’re not being punished. None.”

Jeongguk shrugged, like Jimin’s answer was typical, and expected. “Alright, so what if you prove me wrong?”

“If I prove you wrong, then you would have learned a valuable lesson. That’ll be satisfying enough,” Jimin said, grinning his crooked teeth at the screen, enjoying the delightful look of confusion on the boy’s handsome face. Jeongguk had no idea where this was going, but he’d roam the depths of hell if Jimin commanded it.

He nodded, sure of himself, “I wanna do it. How do we begin?”

“It’s a simple task…” Jimin peered downwards, as though he’d be able to see into the younger’s pants. Jeongguk followed his eyes to his lower hips, about to question the dominant further when Jimin continued, “…all you have to do is get yourself off for me.” Jeongguk’s mouth parted, but nothing came out – instead, his lips formed into a familiar grin, the boy already feeling victorious. The elder was quick to add, “And since you don’t always play fair, I want you to show me, so that I can make sure you don’t cheat.”

“Why would I have to cheat? I wanna come for you – want you to watch me come…” That bunny grin grew even wider. “But it sounds too easy.”

“I think you’ll be surprised, baby bun.” Jimin was cruel perhaps, but then again so was Jeongguk.
He flickered his dark eyes up at the screen, a mischievous little smile tugging at his lips. If Jeongguk was as drunk as he believed him to be, then it would be impossible for him to get hard – impossible to come. “Let’s talk a little bit about your reward.”

“A date – one, just one date,” Jeongguk said, tone growing serious. The tension was palpable and heavy then. The smile faded from Jimin’s face, watching as Jeongguk looked away from the lens with a flush to his skin, “Out and about like two normal…ish people? There’s a carnival in Busan, it’s where I’m from, but the Seoul accent kinda…”

Jimin had heard it come out countless of times, especially during moments of bliss or duress. “I could tell you were from Busan.”

“You are, too,” Jeongguk said, pointing a finger at him accusingly. “Tae and Sugar, they’re both from Daegu. How weird is that? Hoseok hyung is wild. He’s from Gwangju and–”

Jimin stopped him there, “I don’t care about them. Only you. Go on.”

“After I’ve showed off my ability to win at all games and have won you several stuffed animal friends, none of which you’ll be able to carry, I want you to take me to a hotel, because I’m not taking the KTX for another three hours within the same day.”

Jimin nodded in acknowledgment, as he brought a hand up to unzip his hooded sweatshirt, “That sounds reasonable. I think it would be fun. What will we do once we’re at the hotel?”

“The scratchy rope…” Jeongguk trailed, drawing a blank.

Jimin asked, trying not to laugh. “Coconut rope?”

“Yes – that, I really,” he stammered, overwhelmed by having to explain, even if communication was supposed to be of high importance between them. When it came down to voicing what he wanted, it was always struggle, “I really liked it when you scratched me. I think I’m into rough textures.”

“So, you want me to tie you up with scratchy rope,” Jimin playfully teased, endeared by the boy’s willingness to be open about it without being forced. “You know I’d have no problems with doing that.”

“You’ll tie my wrists above my head, not behind my back. I want to face you the next time you fuck me,” Jeongguk mumbled, shyly – unable to meet the burn of Jimin’s gaze, even though he could still feel it. “The first time… I wished I’d been able to see you.”

“A controlling little bitch like me? Do you think I’d let you have exactly what you want?” Jimin couldn’t pass up on being petty about it, eyes falling to where Jeongguk’s was most likely unbuttoning his jeans. The camera work was neglectful, when a noticeable hitch in the boy’s breathing let Jimin know that he was already palming himself through his briefs.

“I d-do, because I have a good master,” Jeongguk sighed breathily, his too red lips parting around a soft moan. Jimin felt his cock stir at that – at the entire scenario Jeongguk had painted for him – two boyfriends out for the day, an innocent little tryst that would end in a meaningful coupling. The fact that Jeongguk wanted to see him while they fucked was intimate enough. Fucking a submissive on their knees or stomach was a form of detachment for some dominant, and for others, it was about humiliation.
“I’m very good to you,” Jimin agreed, as he removed his jacket, one sleeve at a time, having to hold the phone steady – unwilling to miss a single pixel. “And I’ll be even better once you’ve earned your reward.”

“I’m…” Jeongguk gasped, eyebrows furrowed in concentration as he firmly rubbed his hand over his soft cock – doing it the same way he’d always done when he was alone. He swallowed back a pitiful little sob, “I’m trying, master.”

“Trying? But you said it sounded too easy,” Jimin reminded him, voice laced with a healthy dose of sarcasm. “It should be, especially when I’m right here, agreeing to fuck you on your back all domesticated, because bunny has feelings. Why is it so difficult to come for me? Hmm?”

Jeongguk shuddered, the sound of it running through his dominant. “I can’t…” The boy let the sentence go at first, too ashamed to admit it. “It feels so good, I don’t…understand why I can’t…”

The boy lowered his briefs down over his length, holding it at the base. He wasn’t able to get hard, but he was fully aroused – the pit of his stomach a melting pot, waiting to spill over. He licked at his lips, continuing stroking himself, determined to win.

“Get yourself wet,” Jimin instructed him, the camera having slipped to where Jeongguk was gliding his fist over his cock, confirming what Jimin already knew would happen. The younger did as he was told, reaching a hand to his headboard to slide the compartment door open, and retrieving a small bottle of lubricant. Jimin was curious about his little stash, a discussion for another time, hearing the slick sounds of Jeongguk spreading the gel over his heated skin.

“A-Ah, but why, why is it…” Jeongguk cried, long fingers roughly grabbing and pulling at his balls, before he teased over the sensitive skin of his perineum, and lower to his hole. He pressed the pad of his finger against the tight ring of muscle there, slender hips arching in frustration. “Master, please.”

“This is the final reason why we don’t drink,” Jimin spoke quietly, almost pitying the boy. A part of him would have loved to see Jeongguk fully hard for him, writhing with precum dripping from the swollen head of his cock – finally releasing in spurts of thick, sticky ropes of cum. “You feel it, don’t you? The burn in your stomach…”

“Yes, yes! Make it stop,” Jeongguk pleaded, as a suffering groan escaped him. The tears had already collected in his eyes, sparkling beautifully through the screen of Jimin’s iPhone. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to be a brat. Just, please – wanna get off.”

Jimin stared at him, eyes as depthless as his tone, “There is no fix for it, other than not to drink in excess like you did tonight. Will you do it again, bun? Tell me.”

“No,” Jeongguk shook his head, quick to respond. He had no idea this could even happen to him. “I really wanted you,” he whispered, teeth sinking into his bottom lip to stop himself from saying more nonsense. There was a pink to his nose and around his eyes, tells that the tears were about ready to fall.

Jimin shrugged, despite the hard tug he felt in his chest at Jeongguk’s hushed words, “Maybe next time you’ll listen to me.”

The boy threw his hand up beside his head, giving up. “I didn’t know.”

“About whiskey dick? Oh, it’s very real,” Jimin chuckled, softly. Jeongguk’s naivety was showing
and it was so fucking cute. Sometimes – not always. “Anyways, I won. Congratulate me, baby.”

Jeongguk fell silent, his jaw visibly clenched – he was clearly angry. If Jimin were there, he wouldn’t have stopped until those tears made a path for his tongue to follow, catching them in their shameful descent.

He dropped the amusement, having been finished with Jeongguk’s brattiness hours ago, “I said congratulate me.”

The boy bit out a small, “Congratulations.”

“Good bunny,” Jimin said, praising him, even if he knew the sincerity was amiss. “I have no doubt that you’ll ask me if you can touch yourself tomorrow. I’ll tell you no, but that shouldn’t stop you from asking anyway, because those are the rules. It’s proper etiquette. You should always ask, since I usually have a very good reason, as you’ve just learned.”

“Yes, master…” Jeongguk said, agreeing with him, despite how hurt he felt.

Jimin’s lips quirked at him, “Aw, poor bunny. Goodnight, sweets.” He abruptly ended the call, before Jeongguk could respond. It served as the last spiteful move of the evening. A bit rude, even for him, but the boy needed to be angry, needed to reflect, and process the lesson.

A text came through two minutes later, Jeongguk saying his goodnight regardless with a sloppy, ‘Guuuddniiight mas7err’. More brattiness to ensue, was it? Jimin would handle the boy later, as he checked the rest of his notifications – appointment confirmations, money transfers, upcoming package deliveries. There was a few notifications from Snapchat – Yoongi having joined just like Jimin encouraged him to do.

“Let’s see if he got the hang of it,” Jimin murmured, as he clicked into the app, and pressed on the icon to see whatever the fuck Yoongi had sent him. The image of Taehyung in bed next to the scene professional was…scandalous? Not even Jeongguk had been to his place, which would be expected of him sooner or later, but what?

He smiled at the replay of the Snap, before entering their chat to type to him, ‘Oh, what’s this? How precious…Has the little tiger finally decided to be yours?’

Jimin closed out to pull up his browser, looking into upcoming carnivals in Busan. It would be colder than a witch’s tit and his little bunny would probably freeze, but it was whatever he wanted, right? Who controlled whom, really? Jimin laughed at himself, because it was pathetic how much he enjoyed Jeongguk not only as a submissive, but as a person as well. He clicked into the only winter carnival that was listed, because of course, there shouldn’t be any this time of year.

Admission could be purchased at the ticket booth. It was a little over three weeks from now. Appointments would need to be moved around or worst case scenario, cancelled. It could work out, if he wanted it to – it would just be a hassle for Claire. Jimin made a decision, not really needing the time to think about it. A part of him had already caved the moment the younger suggested it.

If Jeongguk wanted a day of normalcy – if he wanted to go out on a date, then Jimin would let him have it, because Jeongguk deserved more than what he was capable of giving him.

He pulled up the KTX site, looking over prices for first class tickets for the reflected date of the carnival, and purchased them.
It would be the perfect gift at the end of a ruthless punishment.

Taehyung awoke with a start, his pulse racing against his chest – sweat accumulating along his brow. He’d dreamt – they were always so vivid, but this one was just plain ridiculous. A bad remake of Labyrinth, where Yoongi played the role of the Goblin King himself. He stole Jeongguk and fuck, if he wasn’t tempted to just sacrifice his friend, so that he could gain the dominant as a devoted love slave.

He settled back against the pillows with a sigh, removing the sleep-mask that didn’t belong to him from his forehead. The surroundings were unfamiliar to him, a new panic beginning to wash over him, when he remembered bits and pieces of last night. Great. He slid his hand down to where he was hard and aching, finding an arm that was wrapped loosely around his waist. Holy fuck. It was close – perhaps too fucking close to his little morning problem, for comfort.

Taehyung grabbed Yoongi’s forearm and carefully removed it from his body. The elder was still fast asleep – his other hand squashed between his cheek and the pillow. With the dominant’s limb within his hold, Taehyung brought it upwards to rest across his chest. He needed a distraction, something to make his dick less interested in being touched. Oh…he had an idea. A dumb idea, but an idea. No matter how many times he’d thought back on it, he wasn’t able to make out Yoongi’s tattoos.

Now might be the only time.

He slid the long sleeve of Yoongi’s shirt up, going slowly with the reveal. The blackwork was, well…it was art. Yoongi had an entire butterfly infested garden riding up his arm, some of it appearing as a single line – the flowers had fully bloomed up into a pair of faded space cats that were made up of stars and crescent-shaped moons. There was an entire galaxy and antique potion bottles that dripped poison in tiny, intricate needlepointed dots. Below each tattoo there was small, cursive scripture that marked month and year. What the fuck was even happening? Taehyung squinted, hindered by a throbbing pain between his eyes. It grew worse the more he concentrated, but he was grateful that the other issue had been taken care of.

Oh, fuck…

All of that alcohol. He stopped in his travel up the length of Yoongi’s arm, having gone too far anyway – nearly up to the blade of his shoulder. As much as he wanted to continue enjoying his first cuddle session with Yoongi, he knew that he should be leaving. He was still pissed off and no amount of drunken ‘ha-ha’ moments was going to fix that. The professor was an asshole, plain and simple, and he probably didn’t want Taehyung in his living space.

He slipped from the bed, Holly not even bothered by all the movement. He allowed Taehyung to pass without barking, quietly collecting his belongings. He opened the door and made his way out into the hallway, stunned by all the art that seemed to have escaped his memory. Was this a museum or an apartment? An Art History professor would have a few choice pieces, sure – the dollars started racking up in Taehyung’s head. How did Yoongi afford all of this?

His stomach growled just as he hit the kitchen, thinking about what he could eat at the dorm. More of Jeongguk’s food? Probably. Taehyung pulled on his jeans, cursing low when he remembered what happened to his shirt. He’d have to continue borrowing the one that Yoongi gave him. Next step would be asking a friend to come pick him up or maybe an Uber – wait, where was he? Where was this place?
He’d have to find a convenience store, ask them the address. Maybe he’d be lucky enough to bump into a neighbor? Taehyung slung his bag over his shoulder and turned to leave – a startled gasp leaving him when he found Yoongi standing casually in the doorway.

“I’ve never had someone try and sneak out during a sleepover,” he said, leaning his shoulder against the frame. When it was obvious that Taehyung wasn’t going to respond to that, he rasped – voice deep and gravelly from sleep, “What’s wrong, angel? You don’t like me anymore?”

“I’m sorry about last night. Those guys – they shouldn’t have brought me here.” A strong part of Taehyung meant the apology. At the end of the day, Yoongi was still his professor, and this was downright embarrassing. “If you give me your address, I can call one of my friends to come pick me up.”

Yoongi stepped further inside the kitchen, taking one of the various envelopes from a storage basket, and placed it on the counter. “Before you run off, I’d like to talk to you about something.”

“Sure, professor.” Taehyung grabbed the piece of mail and sat himself down at the table. This would be the part where he pretended like nothing bothered him. Like being in front of Yoongi, completely sober, didn’t make him feel anxious as all hell, except – it always did.

Instead of joining the younger, Yoongi made went inside his fridge, pulling out a carton of eggs, and a gallon of milk. “Have you ever heard of TPE?”

Jeongguk used that term to define his and Jimin’s relationship. “Uh, yeah, I think? It’s a total power exchange between the submissive and the dominant. Jeongguk said it was like a marriage?”

“It’s exactly like a marriage,” Yoongi agreed, as he got down a bowl from his cabinet and proceeded with cracking the eggs, and mixing in the milk. He paused, so used to cooking for himself these days, “I forgot to ask how you like your eggs.”

“I’m not picky,” Taehyung said, wondering if he could keep anything down with his nerves making him feel sick and on edge. “Thank you for uhm, making me breakfast. You didn’t have to…”

“I’ve already had this talk with you last night, but I’d like to have it again. The behavior you exhibited last night was because of me.” He poured the yolk into a pan, maintaining an odd sense of calm, despite the conversation topic. “If I hadn’t upset you, you wouldn’t have felt the need to act out, correct?”

“Even if I felt hurt, it was still ultimately my decision to drink…”

“You locked yourself inside a stall with a stranger,” Yoongi added, looking over his shoulder at Taehyung, holding him there for a meaningful pause. “I’m not going to deny you anymore, so if you’re still willing to have me, there are a few things you must know.”

“Have you…?” Taehyung asked, needing him to further elaborate. “I don’t understand.”

“As your dominant,” he said, folding the egg into an omelet, and sliding it onto a plate. Yoongi didn’t like it, but he could live without coffee for a short while. He brought Taehyung his breakfast, setting it down with a fork.

“Oh.” Taehyung had to do more, than just panic. “What all would that entail, exactly? Each
dominant seems different.”

Smart. Taehyung was such a clever boy – even when he knew nothing, he proved that he was capable of knowing everything. “Back to our prior discussion, TPE is a union. Your friend will eventually end up living with Jimin. You might even notice their behavior inside and outside of Void unchanged. Jimin will be entrusted with control, always, without pause.”

Taehyung took a small, shy bite of his eggs, trying not to make a show of just how goddamn good they were – how they always tended to be whenever someone else cooked them. “No offense, but we don’t really know each other that well.”

“I’m not proposing. I just want you to understand why I’ve been inactive for so long, why I was apprehensive…” Yoongi rarely spoke about it, but Taehyung deserved to know his damage. “I was going to retire soon, actually. I had a submissive, three years ago. We had a TPE dynamic. He was here waiting for me when I got home, took care of the house, and in return, I took care of him.”

“Why did it end?” Taehyung asked, worried that there’d been a permanent loss. If so – he might not be able to take it. His own scars were too fresh to handle.

Yoongi stared at him, deciding to give the boy the short version of what would otherwise be a clusterfuck of a story, “He left.”

There was subtle infliction to his tone, something that Taehyung picked up with ease. “If it’s like a marriage, how was that possible?”

“The contract becomes null when it’s no longer recognized by the other person. A contract between master and slave isn’t legally binding, Taehyung,” Yoongi said, reaching over to steal the fork from between the younger’s fingers. He used it to cut into a piece of the omelet. Taehyung was half-expecting the elder to take a bite, when the fork was in front of his face a second later.

“That makes sense,” Taehyung murmured, as he leaned forward to clean off the fork. “I’m sorry that happened to you.”

“I’m not,” Yoongi lied, feeding the boy another bite, while using his other hand as a plate to catch anything that fell. “As far as being your dominant goes, we’d have to be able to please each other. Not all submissives are into needle play, but that’s how I seal my contracts. I would have to pierce you.”

“My ears are nearly full,” Taehyung said, bringing his hands up to play with the jewelry in his ears. A deep blush renewed itself upon his soft skin, realizing that Yoongi was looking directly at him. “Am I allowed to choose where it is?”

“Yes, of course, so long as I’m the one who does it,” Yoongi affirmed, forking the last piece of egg, and watched with mild adoration as Taehyung took the initiative to finish it.

“That first night at Void, on the chalkboard, it was written that you’re a sadist. Does that mean you’re gonna get off on hurting me?” Taehyung asked, as though it were ordinary conversation – to which Yoongi answered as such, picking up a napkin from the center of the table, and softly dabbing at the corners of Taehyung’s lips. _This was a sadist?_

Yoongi met his eyes very seriously, allowing the veil to drop so that the boy could get a true glimpse of the creature that awaited him, “I would really, _really_ enjoy hurting you, Taehyung…” The boy
immediately released his gaze, seeming to lose all courage after that. The elder tucked a finger under his chin, lifting his face up to stare at him, “In a safe way – a way that you would fully consent to, and hopefully enjoy. We’d have to go over what you’re willing to try, your pain tolerance. It’s a process, especially if you don’t know what you want yet.”

Taehyung felt resigned to his fate, knowing well enough that he would have ended up here, one way or another, no matter how fast he tried running from it, because he wanted it – even now, he still wanted it. “When do we start?”

“There’s something that’s very precious and dear to you. It symbolizes everything that keeps you from moving forward and you will bring it to me.” Yoongi withdrew his finger, still maintaining the same closeness, but no longer needing to force Taehyung’s eyes on his own. “Once you figure out which item I’m referring to, you may call Void to set up an appointment with me, but you aren’t allowed to show up without it. Do you understand?”

The boy nodded, distractedly, already mulling it over, “Yes, I understand.” He was so deep in thought, he hadn’t registered Yoongi getting up from his seat – not until long, pale fingers were running through the soft strands of his hair, petting him reverently almost.

Yoongi’s mouth curled into a satisfied smirk, “Good boy.”

Next chapter might be a dream sequence lol like, I am getting some Labyrinth vibes. If you haven’t watched Labyrinth (1986), then please... go do so lol

As always, thank you so much, friends!

cce | tw
A/N: Hey, guys! Thank you for being so patient with me. This was the most difficult chapter I've written so far. Half of it was me procrastinating and doubting myself, but I'm happy it's completed, and that I can share it with you. I tried writing it in a way that... if you haven't see Labyrinth, you can still enjoy it.

I sincerely hope that no one feels that the amount of time I spent on this chapter was a waste. I tried very hard to make it perfect for you. It reads like a completely different story *almost*, but it addresses so many things. I feel like in dreams, we're being honest with ourselves about the things we want... and even things we don't want. It leaves room for lots of interpretation.

BIG THANKS to lusterrdust and Voldy for looking over this chapter and encouraging me the entire time! Voldy helped me enhance this chapter SO MUCH, like, she beta'd, and filled, made suggestions, and WAS COMPLETELY BRUTAL... she gave it a full service, and I would have been lost without her/their help. Thank you so much!

Thank you to anyone who reads, comments, subscribes, bookmarks, and kudos this fic!
Within your heart, I'll place the moon.

Chapter Six: The Underground

- A Dream Sequence -

“Taehyung!” called a feminine voice, so sweet and melodic. It almost sounded like his
grandmother’s, but it could never be. Not ever again. He wished it were true, because losing her was like being left behind, and he hadn’t been himself since then. That was the usual thought that plagued him during the quietest moments he had to himself.

To this day, Taehyung didn’t know how to properly quantify his pain without feeling greedy, convinced that nothing would ever hurt more than losing her.

“Taehyung, get your butt down here, mister!” Oh, right. Someone was calling him, more certain now that it was his mother, which he hoped that it wasn’t – he’d never be ready to face his parents, not after what happened. The room was becoming less vague, the more he took it in. The past revisited in the form of a twin sized bed with his favorite Snoopy sheets. A set of clothes were neatly folded on his dresser for school tomorrow.

It was his parents’ house.

The shelves were lined with books, but not with the typical, child-friendly content. The lot of them were advanced texts for classes he was currently taking, and beside them were odd trinkets that he didn’t recall ever owning. The first one was a duckling made of glass with small, frail wings. Next to it stood a pair of figures – a knight offering a flower to a faceless maiden dressed head to toe in pink. The last item was one of Taehyung’s favorites, a snow globe, but instead of there being a snowman inside, there was the silhouette of a building, which made it impossible to recognize any specific detail. He placed each object back onto the shelf after carefully inspecting them. His mother wasn’t going to get any more patient with him, so he decided to finally face her.

Stepping out into the hallway, he could see that it was now his grandmother’s house. His mind had stopped registering that anything was out of sorts with that fact, half-expecting to see her turn the corner, and that would’ve been just fine. He descended the staircase to where his mother was waiting for him at the bottom. She was getting ready to go out for the evening, putting her earrings in somewhat impatiently.

“The babysitter cancelled, so you’re going to have to watch your baby brother while we’re gone. We’ll only be out a little past midnight,” she said, grabbing for the long blue mink coat that had never left his mind, not even while in adulthood.

“Why didn’t you just let me keep her sewing machine?” Taehyung asked, disregarding the prior nonsense about having a sibling, when he for sure – did not have one. Hell, he could’ve written a goddamn novel on the woes of being an only child. “I would’ve taken good care of it, but you didn’t let me have it.”

Even in his dreams, Taehyung was still having this very real argument.

His father, who had always had a much bigger presence than his own – always, came out from the dining room to regard him, confused, “What are you going on about, baby bear?” Oh, god, no. He smiled at Taehyung like he’d just said something cute, “What sewing machine?”

What the fuck? Taehyung swallowed hard against the emotions tensing his throat up, painfully, “You wanted the money that grandma left me for college. I wouldn’t give it to you, so you took the sewing machine. You held it over my head for months, tried to bargain with me, and when I still said no, you sold it just to hurt me.”

The expressions on his parents’ faces were almost comical in their wide-eyed confusion. He felt like he was on an episode of Kids Say the Darndest Things.
“Honey, where is all of this coming from? Do you need me to get grandma on the phone?” His mother asked, her soft voice laced with concern, as she approached him. He could pick up on the faint smell of her Chanel, before she’d even reached out to touch his skin. “You don’t have a fever.”

Perhaps it was petty to make their every conversation about this problem, but the importance of it outweighed anything that could’ve been said between them.

Taehyung flinched away from her, making a point to separate them with a few more steps. He was disgusted by the gesture, “Don’t touch me.”

“Maybe we shouldn’t go,” she said, looking to her husband for his input.

“We really can’t miss this, darling.” His father stepped closer towards him, calmly tucking a hand away inside his suit pocket. The gold watch he wore on his wrist was needlessly loud as each second ticked by in silence, until finally, “I need you to buck up for me and watch Jeongguk. We just put him down, so he should be asleep for a couple of hours.”

“He’s not my…” Taehyung wanted to contend, but who the hell was he kidding? Jeongguk was the closest thing to a brother he’d ever known – him and Hoseok both. His parents had paused stiffly at his words, awaiting the rest of that offending sentence to pour out, but instead Taehyung averted it with a small, “Fine. I’ll watch him, but know that this isn’t fair.”

He pointed a finger at them in warning when they’d tried coming up the stairs – most likely for their goodbye kisses and hugs, or whatever the fuck else they weren’t entitled to anymore.

“Call us if you need anything,” his mother said, somewhat warily. They were nearly out the door when he heard her saying, “He’s acting really strange lately. We should try to cut out sweets before bed.”

Yeah, the fuck right.

Taehyung carried himself back to the top floor, in the midst of getting reacquainted with a place that felt missed – not understanding why, even if at the back of his mind he knew that she was gone. It’d been a couple years since he last set foot in his grandmother’s house. Now it belonged to his parents, but they weren’t using it. Instead they were letting it sit lifeless and still, like a tomb – selling everything of value from inside it. He opened the door to what would’ve been her room, but now it was his parents’ belongings that filled its space, including a bassinet made of white silks that he had never seen before. Overhead there was a mobile attached to it, dangling rabbits and carrots just out of reach of the occupant below.

Rabbits chasing after carrots.

Of course, the baby wasn’t actually asleep. No – he was wide awake, staring up at Taehyung with the biggest doe brown eyes the older boy had ever seen. That was when Taehyung’s heart felt the fullest, easily recognizing his friend, as he picked Jeongguk up into his arms, and instinctually started rocking him from one foot to the other, “This is like, the only time I’m ever gonna be able to hold all of you. Is that creepy?”

It was perhaps, a little fucking creepy.

Hail started pelting against the bedroom windows, followed by the sounds of heavy rain, a storm
striking. The too dim surroundings were illuminated by abrupt flashes of lightning, the walls seeming to shake from the loud booms of thunder. It frightened the small baby within his arms, Jeongguk’s face crumbling into an adorably deep pout, as the tears came swiftly.

“Hey, it’s okay…shhh…hyungie is here. I’ll protect you,” Taehyung said, his deep voice hushing into a soothing murmur. “You know what this kinda reminds me of? That story about the girl who bewitched the King of the Goblins. She stole his heart from afar without knowing, and in return was gifted his powers to keep her safe. But one evening, when she was babysitting her little brother and could no longer stand his wailing and his tears, she called for him to be taken away.”

As if on cue, Jeongguk wailed – crying and screaming so hard that his little tongue was trembling. Taehyung cautiously proceeded in hopes that speaking would eventually be enough to soothe him, “She said these next words, despite the fact that the Goblin King would take the child away forever, and turn him into one of his goblins. She said, ‘I wish the goblins would take you away, right now.’ Poof! The baby was gone.”

It was no sooner than he’d said those fateful words, that it was like a spell had been cast, and the blanket he had been using to swaddle Jeongguk was all that was left in Taehyung’s hands. His fingers closed around nothing but fabric. The baby – Jeongguk – had disappeared from right inside his arms. How–?

“And poof, the baby was gone,” enunciated the chillingly low, rough spoken voice – feeding Taehyung back his own words. He was slow to acknowledge the other’s presence, keeping his eyes down to the floor in fear for what he would be confronted with, a part of him already knowing what to expect.

“You’re the Goblin King,” Taehyung said, somewhat stiltedly, in disbelief of his own conclusion. There was no point in doubting or questioning it, because who else would do something so profoundly despicable? His brother vanished all because he’d recited cursed words, while demons were listening.

A drawn-out hum of wicked amusement crept like needles down Taehyung’s spine, “Mhmm. And you are my precious baby tiger, who’s too afraid to even chance looking at me.” There was a brief pause, “Well, I suppose we never agreed that you were fearless.”

Oh, fuck.

Taehyung made the mistake of rising to the bait, his gaze slowly climbing from where they had been fixated on the gleaming pair of strapped leather shoes in front of him, past slim legs and up to the high waist of expensive looking trousers. The material was tightly fitted, outlining the delicate muscle of his quads and upwards, leaving little to the imagination when his eyes lingered on the spot between his majesty’s thighs – ignoring the harsh warmth flooding his skin. He willed himself to carry on with trying not to admire the dark billowy cloak, slightly miffed about how impeccable it looked contrasting with the purple cravat, and the black waistcoat. It was impossible. It was iconic in Taehyung’s addled, Labyrinth-loving mind. In the stories, the king’s appearance changed into whomever the person most desired, and the boy wasn’t sure if he was ready for it.

“If you’re quite finished, we have an important matter to discuss,” the voice drawled in a manner that was hauntingly chilled, albeit flirtatious – the languid, Daegu satoori melting him sweetly. It pervaded his senses, as though magic itself was being filtered through with each inhale, coating his lungs with a sugary tar that made it difficult to speak. “Like how you’re never going to see your brother, ever again.”
“That isn’t fair!” Taehyung cried, finding his voice again, so hurt and angry by the mere thought of it, that he forgot he’d been avoiding making eye-contact. And once he did, it was far too late. The damage was already done, irreparable.

The Goblin King donned a perfect mask of Yoongi’s features, but it wasn’t the professor he’d come to know, rather it was the scene professional with the bleached, unruly hair. The blonde strands fell into his sharp, obsidian eyes – the too pretty, feline shape of them seemingly traced with black liner. His arrogant, upturned lips were painted a deep crimson, like he’d just finished a glass of blood. There was something decidedly not human about this version of Yoongi, the elder’s skin more pallid than usual, and a lot like porcelain.

“I’ve brought you a present,” he said, as he gracefully unfolded his leather clad hand, using his palm as a surface to conjure up a miniature version of the sewing machine. He watched as Taehyung steadily grew enraptured by the display. “I can return lost treasures. The very thing you cannot do without.” Yoongi extended his other hand, where specs of ash spun round and round in a whirlwind. “I can call upon time itself and bend it to my will like its master. That’s what you want, isn’t it? More time with her?”

Taehyung was visibly shaken by his words, taking a cautious step away from temptation. It was terrifying that the king could see such intimate parts of himself that he’d yet to expose to the real Yoongi. He forced himself to decline, too aware of how wrong and morbid it was – he whispered, eyes still marveling at the magic, “Of course I want those things, but I shouldn’t have them. No one should.”

Yoongi tilted his blonde head, dark penetrative eyes searching him over in an attempt to uncover all the weak, dishonest parts within Taehyung’s foundation. He closed his hands into fists – collapsing the offers of lost treasures and time into soft plumes of smoke. “Don’t disappoint me by being simple. My only requirement is that you forget about the baby. Hardly a loss there. Besides, what was it that you almost said downstairs? Jeongguk’s not your…?”

“I didn’t mean it,” Taehyung was quick to say, seeming to lose credibility the longer Yoongi continued to bore that heavy gaze into him, the intensity enough to burn him from the inside out with shame. Taehyung wouldn’t be making the same mistake twice. “It isn’t that I don’t appreciate what you’re trying to do for me, but I can’t. So, please, tell me where he is – he must be so scared.”

“You poor, sweet thing,” Yoongi simpered darkly, before he walked the short distance to the balcony doors, and pulled them open. The flowing silk of his cape caught in the strong gusts of wind tearing throughout the room, but was otherwise unaffected by the storm, the heavy downpour missing him completely. “You know very well where Jeongguk is,” he said, pointing a finger to outside. “He’s there, in my castle beyond the Labyrinth. Once you’ve lost to me and the child is mine, I will then turn him into one of my goblins.”

“Once I’ve lost to you doing what?” Taehyung asked, while slow, curious steps brought him closer to where the Goblin King was waiting for him. He felt utterly spellbound and drawn in, as though he were possessed, because surely – he didn’t want to follow after the elder. Taehyung grew hesitant, before he finally looked out at the view from the balcony, and promptly lost his breath. It was the outstretched lands of the Underground, a place of sheer fantasy. The fabled labyrinth was at its center, enormous and perplexing, even from afar.

“I’m going to give you an opportunity to save your brother,” Yoongi informed him, the sound of his voice suddenly faint, and coming from elsewhere. How or when the king had managed to blink from
existence without Taehyung’s notice, was beyond him. It left the boy on edge, in a silence so
deafening that it spiked his anxiety – when a hand suddenly grasped his shoulder, startling him in
fright.

A single touch was all the Goblin King had needed in order to teleport them to the outskirts of the
labyrinth. Taehyung tried steadying his gaze, the rush of adrenaline having left him feeling decidedly
off kilter, lightheaded and unbalance. With a hand to his thundering heart, he focused on the flurries
of snow that fell around them, the tiny specks on his skin, neither cold nor wet. He held his palm out
to catch them. It wasn’t real – the soft flakes were merely a pearlescent glitter taking on the
appearance of snow, beautiful, and shimmering.

He turned towards the king, noting how deeply amused, and satisfied he seemed to be with simply
watching him, like he was some new type of study, rather than a person. It made Taehyung’s skin
crawl, wanting to run and hide, not used to this twisted version of the elder. Taehyung asked, quietly,
“What must I do?”

“You have thirteen hours to solve the labyrinth. If you succeed, then I will return both you and your
brother home, unharmed. Fail – he is mine forever. That’s as far as my generosity extends to,”
Yoongi spoke evenly, dark eyes alit with a flicker of perverse delight at the predicament. Taehyung
could tell that it was because he doubted his ability to accomplish such a task, a fact which provoked
him to no end, his annoyance overcoming his uncertainty.

“It’ll be a piece of cake,” Taehyung found himself replying, for whatever fucked up reason. He
shouldn’t purposefully try to incur Yoongi’s wrath, especially due to the circumstances. However, it
wasn’t unlike him to try and conceal how worried he was with a performance of bravery. “I accept
your terms.”

“A piece of cake…” There was an eerie stillness to Yoongi’s demeanor, his barely simmered rage
only faintly being masked by an unsettling calm. “Do you really think so?”

The lie was quick to form on his tongue, “I do.”

Silence.

Despite the fact that Jeongguk was currently locked away in a castle, Taehyung immediately picked
up on the distinct sounds of his crying, as though he were right there next to him. That was when he
realized that this Goblin King was worse than the tales, so much crueler when taking on the form of
Yoongi. Taehyung slowly shook his head at him, overwhelmed by the hurt he felt, imploring him,
“Let’s say that I can’t find my way through the labyrinth, can’t you just take me, and let him go?
Please…”

The knowing smirk he received in response filled the boy up with dread, Taehyung’s plea going
ignored, “I should be going now. There’s a screaming baby antagonizing my goblins.” Yoongi
brushed passed him, arms touching at the close proximity. Drawing the younger’s attention towards
the sky, he revealed a large, ancient wall clock without a surface. It was floating in mid-fucking-air.
Taehyung really had to stop being so surprised by these things, mouth agape while Yoongi turned
the clock hands to thirteen with a swift gesture of his finger, before the elder pointedly stared at him,
“I’d hurry, Taehyung. You really don’t have much time.”

Before Taehyung could say anything more, the king started to fade like a transition in a movie,
extcept it was so much more than that, and it was happening right before his own very eyes. Yoongi
left nothing behind, except the echo of his low, callous chuckle that died moments later. Taehyung
was completely alone then, struggling to calm down long enough to think straight. The first thing he had to do was find the entrance to the labyrinth. He looked ahead at the high outer walls, his shoes sinking into the glittery sands with each step, as he followed no particular path downhill.

It might end up being a complete waste of time, but he had to case the wall, until he found a way inside the labyrinth. The closer he got to it, the less difficult it was to walk through the sand – thinning to reveal sparkling cobblestone. Touching a hand to the stone’s surface, Taehyung made the decision within himself to turn ‘left’. There was no foreseeable end or corner to whichever direction he chose anyway. It all looked the same.

Taehyung didn’t register that he was dreaming, not even while the sky bore a clock reminding him that time was ticking down. It was after what had felt like an eternity of searching, Taehyung emptying and refilling his hands with the fake glittery snow he’d collected along the way, that through the fog – he made out a moving figure. Taehyung would’ve preferred to have found access inside the labyrinth, but perhaps this stranger would be able to help him out with that.

He slowed in his steps when he heard the sound of a mist being sprayed, proceeding with caution, as he neared the person. Their back was faced towards him.

Taehyung tried gently, “Excuse me?”

Tssst~!

“One-hundred-fifty-seven…” the man counted, a small lisp to his soft speaking voice. The canister in his small hands was a brass antique, pretty to look at, but unusual. A noise emitted each time he sprayed, followed by, “One-hundred-fifty-eight…”

“Please, if I can just have a second of your time,” Taehyung practically begged, as he stepped out as an obstruction in the other person’s way. Between them – writhing on the ground, the victim of whatever spray was being emitted from the canister, was a duck. A rubber duck with wings. Taehyung felt broken on its behalf, as he bent down, and gingerly scooped it up into his hands.

“How can you do such a horrible thing? They’re just toys…”

He looked up from his kneeled position, eyes widening slightly to see Jimin standing above him. The elder drew back the pump, disregarding Taehyung’s obvious unease with the situation, and filled it up with more repellant. “They’re vile creatures, plus they make annoying squeaky sounds, but I don’t expect you to know that, since you just got here. Taehyung, right?”

“Well, yes…” Taehyung trailed, somewhat confused on how Jimin would know that he’d only just arrived. “How did you know?”

“The entire kingdom probably knows you’re here by now,” Jimin answered, further adding onto Taehyung’s growing curiosity on the matter, before he continued with his pursuit. “My name is Jimin, by the way.”

At the back of his mind, Taehyung already knew that information. Of course, it was Jimin, but who the hell was he?

“James, got it,” Taehyung said, ignoring the exasperated sigh he received in response – Jimin sending a correction his way, informing him that it was ‘Jimin’ and not ‘James’. Right. “Hearing you loud and clear, Jimmy. Look, why don’t you stop killing innocent fae-ducklings, and show me the way into the labyrinth?”
Jimin considered it for a moment, weighing the pros and cons of betraying his king, "Yeah, so I’m pretty sure his highness would kill me if he found out that I helped you. So, whatever’s in it for me better be worth dying for."

“A king who would be so quick to kill you over such a thing doesn’t seem like a very good ruler,” Taehyung said honestly, when the duck in his hands suddenly latched onto one of his fingers with its little orange beak. “Ouch! Oh, my fuck!” He shook his hand out, until it was physically tossed and sent flying elsewhere. Jimin was right, apparently – no need to go admitting it aloud. “Okay, uhm. I have these…”

Jimin paused in exterminating the last of the duck-fairies to look up, seeing an entire wrist full of shiny new bracelets with pretty plastic gems. He didn’t have any special trinkets, not like that. This was a rarity in the Underground and Jimin would be an idiot if he didn’t act on it. "You’ll give me one bracelet now and then another once we’ve reached the entrance?"

Taehyung would have given him all his jewelry for two seconds of his guidance, “Deal.” He handed over the bracelet, watching how the elder’s face lit up when he touched each pink diamond, counting them as they set forth. He made sure to follow closely behind the elder, as they headed deeper into clouds of thick fog. Taehyung vaguely recalled that he wasn’t overly fond of Jimin, but the reason why didn’t make any sense to their current situation. Jeongguk was only a baby. Overthinking only served to plant more fear in Taehyung’s mind, that Jimin could have potentially made a deal with the king to later gain Jeongguk. And that was – nope. He had to stop that shit dead in its tracks, “You can’t have Jeongguk.”

Jimin was puzzled by the sudden outburst, “You’re talking about the child? You’re right. I can’t have him, because he belongs to the king, and also, ew.”

“Actually, he belongs to me. He’s my little brother, you ass,” Taehyung argued back, especially easy to rile when it came to the younger.

“And I’m a servant, entitled to nothing. The prettiest thing I own, you just gave me.” Jimin peered over at him seriously, an audible strain to his tone when he asked, "Where did you get this weird notion that I wanted the child for my own?"

“It’s a residual feeling…” Taehyung said, unsure of how to properly explain it, since any real logic was muddled into something obscure. “I just wouldn’t be surprised if you tried to double-cross me at some point. Like, it wouldn’t be unreasonable for you to be working with Yoongi to throw me off my path. Then as a reward, he gives you Jeongguk.”

“That’s some crazy elaborate shit and it also makes you sound paranoid as fuck, though in a way you’re not wrong – not so much about me, but any creature you meet here isn’t trustworthy, Taehyung. Our first inclination wouldn’t be to assist you with defeating our king…” Jimin was quick to continue when Taehyung pulled a face at him, “You have to understand that if we don’t help him, he will kill us. The king doesn’t try to sway us or barter for our loyalty with precious gifts or promises. He uses fear as tactic to get whatever the hell he wants. And truthfully, even if I were to help you the entire way, he’d still have you in the end.”

Taehyung felt his blood run cold, trying to ignore the shiver he felt at the prospect of being ‘had’ by Yoongi, in Goblin King form or otherwise. “What do you mean, he’ll ‘have’ me? If he wanted me, why did he steal my brother to begin with?”
“Your love for your brother is how he has you playing his little game. He’d waited for this moment for a long time, you know, for you to say the words. You summoned him and now you’re trapped here, so congratulations,” Jimin muttered sarcastically, as he pulled out a set of antique keys from his pocket. The section of wall they had come upon looked identical to the endless stretch behind them, but out of nowhere materialized an unremarkable looking door. If anything, it was somewhat rickety and derelict in appearance, and Taehyung could’ve probably broken it down himself if he had to, like he had to do every day at the dorm.

There were large pieces of wood missing from the door – enough to show Taehyung that behind it was a wall, and that any attempt at a break in would ultimately lead to nowhere. He had learned to expect the improbable at this point, and was content to watch as Jimin turned the key in, unlocking it. The elder then pulled it open, revealing a path that Taehyung would have never been able to access for himself. Not without a key and certainly not without the mindset that things aren’t always what they seem.

“There you are,” Jimin said breezily, like it was no big deal at all that he had just opened a magical door. “The entrance to the Labyrinth.”

“Right, so, I guess this is it, then.” Taehyung removed another bracelet from his wrist and handed it over. Jimin was practically glowing, as he added the second one to the first he’d received, testing out the noise it made when he shook his arm out. Taehyung felt like he should probably say something more, “Thank you for…I don’t know? Making it a bit worse and a little bit better?”

Jimin’s smile reached his eyes, seemingly touched, “You’re welcome. Oh, hey, Taehyung –” He waited, until the younger was looking at him. “Good luck.”

That wasn’t ominous or anything. “Thanks.”

Taehyung knew he would need all the luck he could get, especially when all odds were stacked against him. The information that Jimin had supplied him with was unsettling, and he realized now that he’d willingly fallen right into Yoongi’s trap. But what was the alternative? Saying no would have meant leaving Jeongguk in the Goblin King’s clutches, and that wasn’t an option. “It’s not fair,” he muttered to himself, as he started making his turns throughout the labyrinth – meeting walls, growing flustered the with his lack of progress. He had nothing on him that he could use to mark the walls with, nothing to indicate that he’d already been down one path or another, what had failed him, or what was working.

Not even the snowy glitter covering the showed any traces of the path he’d taken, an annoyingly smooth and pristine layer that swallowed his footprints as quickly as he made them. Taehyung didn’t want to admit it to himself, but he was lost – unable to turn back whether he wanted to or not. He regretted not trying to tempt Jimin into helping him for more of his jewelry, which he seemed to have in abundance for whatever reason.

He was beginning to feel the hopelessness of the situation, and when he glanced up at the clock in the sky, he felt his heart jump in his throat in panic. It had to be lying for it to have read that four hours passed already. It’d felt like he just started – perhaps time didn’t flow the same in the Underground as it did back home, what with their clock having a thirteenth hour and all, he wouldn’t be surprised.

He felt fucking cheated.

Taehyung took a turn down a longer, wider path – the walls here were lined with an assortment of
wilted autumn foliage, crisp leaves, dead bark, and brittle vines doused in the shimmering snow that continued to cascade without end. That was when a sweet aroma teased at his senses, familiar in a way that made his heart sink. Yoongi?

At the same time, a new trail abruptly appeared from out of Taehyung’s peripheral, but just as quickly blended back in like it belonged. Had it been there all along? Taehyung wasn’t sure about it, wasn’t sure about anything, anymore. Despite his gut instinct not to look in that general direction, he found it difficult not to, compelled by some invisible force to move closer, the mysterious and sweet scent he had come to associate with Yoongi getting stronger with every step. Gingerly he moved through the opening in the wall – sucking in a sharp breath, when through the shrouding darkness, he was able to make out a mirror that was as high as the walls. The more disturbing part was how it glared back at him, showing the reflection of what was behind him, everything except for himself. Last time he checked, he wasn’t a vampire.

It was with great trepidation, that he brought his hand up to wave at it, experimenting with the bizarre anomaly. He was in mid-motion, when he suddenly appeared in the mirror. It was like a light had been switched on, except it wasn’t him – not really. The person he was seeing had his features, but everything else was so very different. Instead of the bright orange locks he was constantly retouching, the reflection’s hair was stripped to raven black. It was a solitary color he’d left behind for various reasons, one of them being that it was a reminder of tragedy.

Taehyung needed to change during that time in his life and so he had, shedding his old skin in order to survive being himself. However, this former version that he was seeing was a much darker mirror image, a sly smirk curling at the corners of his lips, when Taehyung himself was frowning – confused and terrified. A gold, delicate crown adorned the top of his mirror self’s head, beautifully ornate with matching jewels decorating the lobes of his ears and rings claiming each of his fingers.

He would have laughed if he wasn’t certain that it would turn into a sob, eyes fearfully taking in the rich, expensive silks of his ruffled attire. The reflection’s shirt was cut low at the front, purposefully made to expose his chest, and there were several bite marks across his skin, starting from the base of his neck – the bruises running especially deep over his collarbones, and down to where they disappeared beneath the fabric over his breastbone.

The source of the marks appeared suddenly in the reflection behind his mimic, Yoongi moving with the fluidity of a snake as he advanced. Taehyung almost felt compelled to warn his other self, as he instinctively looked to where he’d half-expected the elder to be standing next to him, gasping with relief that the spot was empty. A deep moan – his gut twisted as he recognized his own voice – cut through the silence demanding his attention, and he snapped his head back towards the mirror, helplessly drawn to the scene unraveling before him.

Yoongi’s fingers were twisted in the dark strands of his hair, forcibly pulling the mimic down to his height. The sound of the elder’s low growl, so raw and guttural – tore throughout Taehyung’s body, before their lips collided hungrily, and he swore that he’d felt the burn as though it were his own lips being devoured.

“This is what we wanted,” he heard his own voice say – mouth already red and swollen from the rough, insistent tugs of Yoongi’s teeth. His replica stuttered from the delicious abuse, words coming out breathy and affected, “We need it to h-hurt, so that it feels a-ah real – so that we can feel again.” Slowly, he extended his hand out to Taehyung, fingers slipping through the mirror, desperate almost, “Come h-here so he can fix it for us.”

The air he breathed was so very sweet then, working as a glamor over Taehyung’s senses. Who was
he to deny himself? He was done with holding himself back. He started to walk forward in a daze, his own plea still ringing loudly in his ears. The fact that his innermost desires were literally reflected, and spoken aloud – it all brought him closer to the blissful release he craved.

*If anyone could fix him, Yoongi could…*

“Yes…” Taehyung breathed, dizzied by the longing he felt then, reaching his hand towards himself – towards the intimate display of submission he saw framed in the mirror. The Taehyung reflected back at him had been ensnared by the King in both body and mind, his weakness and vulnerability not only permissible, but indulged. They’d barely grazed each other’s skin, when he felt a pulse of electricity run through his fingertips, and down the length of his body.

“Wait, Taehyung–you mustn’t!” An urgent grip on his arm had forcibly yanked him away from the mirror. He fought against the person’s iron hold on him, desperately trying to meet his reflection, when suddenly there was a loud crackling sound – a noticeable split appearing at the center of the glass. The damage grew like an intricate web spreading to each corner, distorting the image of himself and Yoongi. Taehyung felt just as shattered, as large splintered pieces started falling off the frame, crumbling into dust once it crashed to the hard ground.

He turned in his captor’s arms, beating his fists against the solid wall of Jimin’s chest, “What did you do?! That was my only chance!”

“It was a trick!” Jimin argued, tone harsh in order to stress that fact – tightening his hold on Taehyung’s waist to better stable him. He gave the boy a shake, “If you’d calm down for a second, you’d realize that.”

“No, no it wasn’t…” Taehyung shook his head, turning enough to look over his shoulder to where the mirror should have been shattered completely, but it was gone. All that was there was a dead end with a massive hole in the ground where Taehyung would’ve fallen down if Jimin hadn’t grabbed him just in time. What? He trembled, “Jams, what the hell?”

“It’s Jimin and – that royal fucker was gonna use a mirage to lure you into the oubliette,” Jimin explained more calmly to him, narrowing his eyes at the cheap trick. “Once you’ve fallen to the bottom, there’s no escape. It’s where his highness throws people away to be forgotten.”

Taehyung was beginning to realize how vile the king was, using very personal, and intimate knowledge to make him fail at his task. He lightly pulled at Jimin’s shirt, leaning himself against the line of his hard body. Taehyung stared at him, thinking more clearly, “I need to find Jeongguk and get us out of here. Please, Jimin. I need you to help me.”

“I’ll be needing more bracelets if that’s the case,” he said, gentle with how he withdrew himself from Taehyung. It was obvious that the boy was still frightened by whatever he saw in the mirror. Jimin held out a hand out expectedly, when the younger removed the rest of his bracelets, and started placing each piece into the elder’s small palm. “Ah, yes. That’s fine payment right there. If you’ll follow me...”

Taehyung avoided looking at the sky, trying to remain focused on the task at hand, and not be concerned with how much time was left. Jimin seemed to know the maze well enough, leading him around corners without any traps.

“I’m surprised you want my help after what I told you earlier, about how you shouldn’t be trusting of anyone in the Underground,” Jimin said, playing with the plastic around his wrist. “Plus, you seemed
“Look, don’t act like you didn’t just save me. I could’ve been swept right off the board like some fucked-up game of Chess. This is actually your second time saving me, by the way,” Taehyung said, making no comment about the unmistakable sight of green goblins running around with their little pitchforks, and armor. “And you’re damn right I’m adamant. I know this probably doesn’t make much sense to you, but you and him – Jeongguk, I mean. You two are a thing. A dumb thing, but a thing nonetheless.”

“What are you talking about?” Jimin asked, never once stopping in walking, knowing how important it was that they didn’t slow down.

“Okay, you know like parallel universes?”

Jimin pondered this for a moment, “Like the DC comics, ‘Earth 2’?”

He wasn’t expecting Jimin to be cool, ever – but alright, he’ll take it. “Exactly, yes. Think of it as a different world, where Jeongguk isn’t a baby, and you’re very much into him, but I don’t approve of it.”

“You still don’t approve of it,” Jimin gently reminded him.

“He’s a baby,” Taehyung deadpanned, wholly disturbed by the thought. “So, yeah, no.”

“No, I mean, even if it was a platonic love, where all I wanted to do was help save him, because in some other universe he’s mine,” Jimin started, heart swelling at the thought of inheriting such wealth. He thought the bracelets were precious, but in some other world he had a whole person to cherish. “…you’d still disapprove of it.”

Taehyung didn’t have a rebuttal that would soften the blow, because as of that moment, Jimin wasn’t wrong. They continued onward in tension-filled silence and with little to distract him, Taehyung finally did peer up at the clock. It was the eighth hour, leaving only five hours to get through the Labyrinth. He wanted to ask Jimin how much further they had, but the air between them felt far too heavy.

A zap, followed by male screams of excruciating pain had Taehyung halting in his tracks. It was unsettling how Jimin didn’t even appear fazed by the troubling sounds, as though it were any ordinary, fucked up day in the Underground.

“What the hell is that noise?” Taehyung asked, sensing that Jimin wasn’t going to provide him with clarification, unprompted.

“Do you really think these little goblin bastards couldn’t get their claws on a couple of violet wands? They’re torturing someone, obviously – and probably on his majesty’s behest,” Jimin said, not even sparing a glance in the direction Taehyung’s attention was fixated on, left wondering and highly disturbed by Jimin’s words.

“Violet wands? Tortured? But we can’t just leave him…” Taehyung trailed off, as he started to backtrack to where the noises were becoming acutely amplified. Another zap of the wand, then another gut-wrenching cry. Taehyung was quick to round the corner, shoving all apprehension and fear aside, refusing to heed Jimin’s warnings, when he looked up to see…Seokjin?
Yes.

Seokjin in an expensive, baby pink suit with one hand tucked casually inside his pocket, while the other held a wand with a star-shaped tip at the end, by all appearances a fairy of some sort. Directly in front of him, a man was strung upside down by a thick rope, body writhing whenever his skin came in contact with the sharp point of the star. The distinct hissing of raw electricity flowed through the instrument, before Seokjin electrocuted him, the voltage cranked up high enough to cause violent spasms of agony.

“The king’s orders were specific. He said that I’m not to let up, until I’m convinced that you’re truly sorry for your actions, but I don’t think you are,” Seokjin said, demeanor arrogant with an air of importance. “…you’ve already pissed yourself, twice, but you’re not sorry at all, are you? Rule number one is that you don’t touch the king’s belongings, and yet you put your greedy hands all over it, and even had the audacity to leave marks. Tsk, tsk.”

There was a fresh stream of tears running down the culprit’s forehead into his hair. The man was in hysterics, until he opened his eyes to see Taehyung standing there, frozen in horror.

“Is that you, doll?” he whispered, voice strained from all of his screaming. The man wriggled his body desperately, eyes wild as he continued looking at Taehyung as though he were an angel sent straight from heaven, a whole savior – specifically there to rescue him from the dom fairy’s evil clutches.

Seokjin tilted his head curiously, a smile gracing his full lips when he noticed Taehyung’s presence. Jimin was there a second later, striding up next to the boy like he was ready to go off on him, when the elder interrupted him, “Oh, hello! Have you two come to see the show?”

“No!” Taehyung gasped with incredulity, physically having to turn himself away from the sickening image of Seokjin once again shocking his victim. “Who the fuck would wanna see this shit? Please can you just stop!”

“Wait – there are other humans allowed to roam outside the castle manor?” Jimin asked, growing intrigued, having thought he was the only one. It was just supposed to be creatures roaming the Labyrinth and of course, himself – that was simply because he was appointed to take care of it, killing fae-ducklings all damn day. It was a thankless job, but someone had to do it.

Seokjin paused in his handing out the torture, “I’m not usually permitted to leave castle grounds, but this is where the king instructed me to carry out the punishment.”

“S-So that you can find me, right, doll?” The bound and tortured man was half delirious, but somehow Taehyung knew, as he slowly started to recognize him as the stranger from last night, that he spoke the truth. That Yoongi wanted him to see this. The lounge, the strong smell of cigarette smoke, the bathroom stall…it was all coming back to him.

Doll.

Taehyung’s eyes watered, as he reached his hand out for Jimin. He took a step backwards out of fear, envisioning a set of steel walls closing in around him and so they did – trapping him in without an escape. He felt claustrophobic in the small space, when large hands began to roughly grope at his hips, and a breath – hot and sticky, fanned at the side of his neck. Taehyung’s breathing was quick and erratic, leading himself to hyperventilate.
It was late – the dull burning sensation behind Yoongi’s tired eyes a reminder of the time. He’d feigned sleepiness earlier for the sake of Taehyung’s comfort. The boy had slipped into sleep quickly, whereas the elder’s insomnia embraced him like an old friend. He’d learned more about Snapchat, going back and forth with Jimin, snapping a photo of Taehyung mainly for himself, before he sent it off. It was four in the morning by the time Yoongi felt that he could sleep, the light snores coming from the younger leaving him all sorts of endeared, and soft.

He started drifting off, not used to sleeping next to another person. For the better part of a year, headed towards the end of his relationship with Taekwoon, he’d always slept in the guestroom. It was obvious that Taehyung was going to be different from the very start, the dominant’s approach unethical, as he practically lured the boy into the palm of his hand. He’d done the chasing, rather than being chased for once, and Yoongi was past denying that he was attracted to Taehyung with an intensity he had never felt for anyone before. Yoongi even showed affection, that sacred line of professionalism having been crossed just for a taste of his perfectly stubborn mouth. The entire evening was perhaps, a bit domestic, although Yoongi could appreciate the attention that was required in order to care for a new pet, especially one so untamed, so utterly raw.

A small whimper pulled the professor from his sleepy idling, a noticeable tremor wracking throughout Taehyung’s body from where he, as forewarned – had transformed into a koala, hanging onto Yoongi like his life depended on it. He opened his drowsy eyes and gazed down at the sleeping boy. The phone between their heads was still playing Labyrinth through Taehyung’s headphones, the glow from the screen providing enough light for him to make out the sheen of sweat forming above the younger’s furrowed brows.

It was obvious that he was troubled by whatever he was dreaming about, but then he recalled what Taehyung had said earlier that evening, that whenever Yoongi appeared in his dreams, he considered it a nightmare. Was Taehyung dreaming about Yoongi? The professor moved his arm from around the younger’s slim waist, gently brushing the damp bangs away from Taehyung’s face, the strands plastered to the tops of his cheekbones. What if the boy was having a real nightmare?

“Taehyung,” Yoongi called to him, while he removed the comforter from off of Taehyung’s shoulders, letting the cool air hit his sweat covered, feverish skin. The second time, the elder said his name more sternly, startling him awake. Taehyung’s heart was racing wildly like a hummingbird’s, his hands closing tightly in the elder’s shirt to better curl himself closer against the firm wall of Yoongi’s chest.

There was a hint of amusement in the elder’s usually rough voice, more so endeared than malicious when he asked, “Am I making you suffer, angel?”

Taehyung sighed shakily at the comfort of being in Yoongi’s arms – lulled by the calming sound of the professor speaking to him, light puffs of air reaching his skin around his every word. Taehyung felt safe for now, making sure there was no space left between their bodies, hooking his thick thigh around Yoongi’s smaller one. He was unable to properly formulate words, hoping his sluggish actions would be enough of a response. Sleep was still weighing him down, the alcohol making his limbs feel incredibly heavy.

Yoongi felt a weight entirely separate from Taehyung’s snuggled form settle in his chest. He hadn’t lied when said he was looking forward to being cuddled, yet still he was having trouble admitting to himself just how much he liked it. He couldn’t remember the last time he had held someone this way,
had wanted to hold someone this way. Despite what Yoongi had told Taehyung earlier, the end of his relationship with Taekwoon had affected him deeply, to the point where he hadn’t thought he would ever be capable of letting someone in again.

Releasing a soft breath, he pushed those thoughts away for now, refocusing on the exhausted boy beside him. He slipped his hand from Taehyung’s hair to trace slow lines with his pointer finger down the straight bridge of the younger’s perfectly round nose, grazing over the freckle there. It was a method that his mother would use to quiet him down, murmuring softly to Taehyung, “Go back to sleep.”

Taehyung slowly felt himself return to awareness, the blurry shapes around him resolving into solid walls, no longer trapped in a nightmarish recreation of his bathroom struggle. The relief he felt was palpable, and substantially calmer now, he turned his attention to the other two present with him.

“Well, that was a bit dramatic of you,” Seokjin said from his position next to Jimin, whose arms were folded in slight annoyance, like they’d been waiting for to return. Thankfully, the man from the lounge who had called him Doll was gone – Taehyung honestly didn’t want to know nor did he care about what had happened to him. Currently, the three of them were standing in a different location from what he last remembered, however he could tell that it was still inside the Labyrinth.

“Well, that was a bit dramatic of you,” Seokjin said from his position next to Jimin, whose arms were folded in slight annoyance, like they’d been waiting for to return. Thankfully, the man from the lounge who had called him Doll was gone – Taehyung honestly didn’t want to know nor did he care about what had happened to him. Currently, the three of them were standing in a different location from what he last remembered, however he could tell that it was still inside the Labyrinth.

“Do you have any idea how much time you’ve wasted?” Jimin asked, snappishly, before he aggressively turned on his heel to continue down a narrow path that started tapering from stone to grass. “Whatever, I’m over it…” It wasn’t even a full three seconds, before he sighed plaintively at Taehyung, “Okay, I’m not over it. I told you not look, didn’t I? But no, you just had to look. You can’t just fuck around like this, passing out whenever someone’s tortured, alright? Quack. Anyways, Shoulders over here has agreed to help us get into the palace.”

The fuck…?

“I’m sorry, but did you just…?” Nah, no way. Taehyung shook his head, as though clearing his head of the absurd thought, because surely Jimin did not just fucking quack at him. Ignoring also Jimin’s complaints (because wow, fucking outrageous for him to feel slightly bothered by gross displays of torture, right?), he focused on the last bit, considering. “All of my bracelets are gone, so I have nothing to pay him with.” He quickly double-checked for anything that might be of equal value, but he was coming up short, unless Seokjin would accept a pair of Supreme boxers.

“Yeah, but that’s not what he wants,” Jimin told him, cursing low when they entered a thicket of tall, wilted flowers, shoving them out of his way. “I fucking hate this place.”

Oh?

Taehyung regarded the elder, curiously, “What is it that you want?”

Seokjin slowed so that he was walking in step with the boy, keeping a watchful eye on Jimin, since the sunflowers were taller than he was, “The king stole a piece of my memory – I know, because he gloats about it all the time. He’s proud of himself, but I think he erased something really important to me. Should you defeat him with my aid, then I’d like for you to have him restore it.”

Taehyung wondered briefly what kind of memory the king would find important enough to steal, then quickly decided it wasn’t any of his business. “Ok, I’ll try my very best to convince him,” Taehyung offered, unable to do much else, except make a promise. Although, it seemed unlikely that
Yoongi would do anything he asked of him.

“I don’t think you realize how much power you have around here.” Seokjin left Taehyung with that heavily confusing statement to catch up with Jimin. “Hold up, Jackey, we’re starting to get close to the castle.”

An exasperated sigh followed, “It’s Jimin!”

“Alright, Jiminnie, settle down, a ten is speaking,” Seokjin said, to which Jimin didn’t bother with rectifying, since that was the closest anyone had ever gotten to his name. “There’s a masquerade ball being held tonight, an early victory party if you will, and I’m bringing you two as my guests.”

Taehyung laughed bitterly at that, sorely put off by the idea. “He’s that sure that he’s going to win?”

“That’s our king,” Jimin enthused, before giving a healthy roll of his eyes. “What are we supposed to do then? I only own this one outfit.”

“There’s always my wishing stone.” Seokjin dug inside his pocket, retrieving a satchel made of cream colored velvet. The stone itself looked ordinary, all things considered – like a smooth rock you’d find by the pond. “I made sure to charge it on the full moon and was kinda planning on using it to get back my memories, but I mean, if Taehyung is able to defeat the king, we’ll also get back our freedom, and I’m all for two for one deals.”

“So, you’re telling me that all we have to do is just wish that we look spiffy, and bam, it’s done?” Taehyung asked, skeptically.

Seokjin held out the stone to him, “That’s it.”

Taehyung was surprised, “Me?”

Jimin slung an arm around the younger’s shoulders, squeezing Taehyung’s arm reassuringly, “You should definitely be the one to do it. This is your quest, right?”

Taehyung took the rock into his palm, the three of them standing at the center of a floret maze – the sun beginning to retreat into the shadows. Time was running out and the eleventh-hour was already underway, the giant clock claiming the sky a burden that weighed heavier on Taehyung with each minute that passed. He closed his eyes, deciding to give this whole ‘wish’ thing, a go. If this object was supposed to grant him whatever he wanted, Taehyung could think of countless ways to use it. If he worded his wish carefully, he could solve the labyrinth and be done with everything. Hell, he could have had Jeongguk back in his arms right then and there.

If only he could bring himself to do it. Instead, he found himself wishing that they were dressed in proper attire suitable for the Goblin King’s masquerade ball, just like Seokjin wanted. After a tense moment had passed, he heard Jimin draw in a breath of amazement, indicating that perhaps – it had worked. He peeked an eye open to see the power of the wish for himself. Jimin was now sharply dressed as a devil, in a hot red suit that was cut to his slim form, and silver hair styled around a set of black minotaur horns that came up from his half-mask.

The palette of Seokjin’s attire remained the same shade of rose-colored pink, keeping his three-piece number, but with the addition of a top hat that overcompensated in its extravagance and size. The mask he wore fit like a Colombina, covering over his eyes and nose only, and was made up entirely of feathers. It was ridiculous. “You look like a human flamingo, just…elegant as fuck,” Jimin said, as
though hearing Taehyung’s thoughts.

“What the hell are these?” Seokjin laughed, as he kicked up one of his legs. He was wearing sparkling hoof toed heels, that would no doubt leave an annoying clacking sound in their wake, solid ground permitted. “Oh, I know! It’s what sets me apart from being called a fucking flamingo, you little demon shit.”

“What do I look like?” Taehyung asked, holding his arms out to examine what he was wearing. It was white from top to bottom, with silk ruffled shoulders and sleeves, iridescent ribbons falling from off his shoulders and down his back like a trimmed cape.

“You might be an angel?” Jimin offered, looking to Seokjin for his opinion.

The elder stepped closer to examine him, a hand to his chin to make a show of his pondering, “You don’t have a mask for some reason, but there’s a lot of shiny stuff on your cheeks, and your cape-thing is falling into the shape of wings. So, Jam-a-lam here might be right. Besides, an angel would only be appropriate.”

Taehyung brought a hand into his hair, one side was pinned back behind his ear, where two of his piercings fell into thin chains of dangling gems. He wasn’t a fan of exposing his – in his mind, anyway – too big ears or full eyebrows, but he’d deal with it. His appearance didn’t matter, really. Jeongguk was his main concern.

“Eh, that’s kinda true,” Jimin agreed with him, dropping his tone for the dramatics, as he teased Taehyung with, “His highness has compared you to Beatrice on one or two occasions. He said you were like a beacon, lighting the way out of Hell, and that soon he’d know paradise.”

Taehyung flushed deeply, overwhelmed with such a metaphor being applied to his existence. “Too bad for his highness, because if it were up to me, I’d leave him there to rot, and I think I know how to make that happen.”

“Oh, do tell,” Seokjin pressed, taking the lead without having to discuss it. He knew the ins and out of the castle better than anyone in their three-man party.

“If this is anything at all like Labyrinth, all I have to do is denounce his power over me, like the girl from the story did – at the final battle. I mean, I could pretty much recite the words in my sleep,” Taehyung said, certain that he’d be able to accomplish that much. “If I’m wrong though, there’s something you have to do for me no matter what.” They acquiesced with short nods, encouraging him to continue. “While I’m distracting him, I need you to find my brother, and take him back home for me.”

“Between the both of us, we should be able to bring him back to Earth 2.” Jimin smiled at the younger boy, making use of their earlier conversation. He paused then, the implications slowly started dawning on him, and he asked, “Wait, does that mean you’re finally willing to trust me?”

“I think my choices are limited, but yes, Jimin,” Taehyung emphasized on the correct pronunciation of his name. “I trust you.”

Seokjin by that point, was beyond lost, and done with them, “I really don’t want to know. Anyways, we’re about to reach the castle gates, where a single knight will be standing on watch duty. Don’t be fooled, though – he’s head of the king’s royal guard, and he’s damn good at his job. It’s infuriating, actually.”
“Then…we’ll just have to use our feminine wiles,” Jimin said with a shrug, the joke enough to renewable the smiles on their faces, as they traversed to the end of the Labyrinth. Taehyung wished he’d felt more accomplished, but with the assistance he received, it was like he did nothing substantial. They came upon a set of black steel gates – it was like Seokjin said, watching as an armored knight stood there checking the names of masked guests, before granting them entry.

“Is the castle? No…” Taehyung started thinking aloud, confused on how familiar the surroundings were to him – how the castle looked more like a very familiar club. The black steel gates and tinted glass unmistakable. They ventured through grasslands that could have been the same width, and distance as the outside parking lot of… “…is this Void?”

Seokjin held a hand up, silencing the boy, “Everyone don’t worry. I got this.”

“The fuck–? Does he really though? He’s clip-clopping,” Jimin said, completely straight faced. He shook his head at Taehyung, “Clip-clopping! Christ, save us now.”

Seokjin strode up to the knight, gesturing towards the gates, impatiently, “Joonie, let us in. I don’t have all damn day, and the king is waiting.”

“Oh, he is, is he?” Namjoon – of course it was Namjoon, was amused, tilting his armor covered head at him, looking past the elder’s shoulder at Taehyung. The boy was a threat to their master. “You mean to tell me that the king is waiting for you to personally deliver his demise right to his doorstep? I hope you weren’t expecting a tip.”

“Have you seen these heels? I think I deserve one,” Seokjin argued back, unable to ‘not’ whenever it pertained to Namjoon. He always wanted to stay a bit longer with him, even if it meant getting stuck in a heated argument, Namjoon testing him. Normally, in order for him to grab the younger’s attention, Seokjin had to be clever, and informed on an array of interesting topics – talking the younger around and around in circles.

“Yeah, unfortunately I can’t seem to look anywhere else, they’re really fucking bright, but okay,” Namjoon said, deep voice tinny from behind his bascinet, the war helmet concealing his entire face from view. Taehyung wondered how the hell he could even see in that thing. “Here’s a tip. Go back and take the boy and No-Jams with you. I don’t even understand why you’re risking your life helping them. The king is probably already aware. He could be issuing the order for your death, as we speak.”

“He wiped my memory of something and my body knows what it is – it knows, and I think death would be a better alternative, than going on like this. I can’t, Joon. Not another day, I won’t.” Seokjin had to force his eyes away from his reflection in Namjoon’s armor, sick of looking at himself for once. Despair wasn’t a good look for him, never was – clashed with the pink. He cleared his throat, before he continued, “Taehyung is my only shot at getting back what he took from me, so you either help me, or…”

“You’ll do what…” Namjoon inquired softly, placing his clipboard down to give Seokjin his full attention. From the outside, it looked like the knight was getting ready to fight, but Seokjin knew better.

However, Jimin did not.

“I’ll rip that stupid helmet off your head and shove it right up your ass,” Jimin fired at him, twisting a
hand in Taehyung’s sleeve, as he tugged him along. Seokjin raised a brow at the smaller boy’s outburst, somewhat touched by the gesture.

“It can’t be removed,” Namjoon informed them, as he brought a hand up to the cold metal, and laughed bitterly, “The king said if I take it off, that I’ll be cursed.”

Wow, the no shortage to how many people the king had hurt, the numbers still rising, no doubt. It made Taehyung feel both sick and terrified for Jeongguk. He narrowed his eyes at Namjoon, “How many people has he fucked over? He needs to be stopped. What can I do to convince you to let me try?”

“A kiss,” was Namjoon’s immediate response, the heavy pieces of his armor clinking when he took slow, presaging steps closer. Seokjin was the only one who didn’t back away from him, eyes dancing with wicked intent.

There was an odd sense of déjà vu for Taehyung, to which he ignored. He was far too stunned, “You want me to kiss you?”

“Joonie meant me,” Seokjin scoffed at the boy, almost sounding irritated that he’d so much as assume it would be anyone, but him. “You wouldn’t know it by how much shit he’s giving me right now, but we flirt with each other all the time.” He turned back towards the knight, plush lips pulled into a salacious smirk. “Why now, Joonie?”

“You’re willing to die just to get back one memory. Is it that surprising I’m willing to be cursed for a single kiss? Our time must be now;” Namjoon explained in a tone that was hushed and intimate – so very personal, that Taehyung had to turn away to give them privacy.

The knight stood just inches away from Seokjin, lowering his head as a way of giving him permission to remove the barrier separating them. The elder gave a tiny smile, trying to mask how sad he felt then, “If this is the only currency you’ll take, then.”

He reached up with both hands, firmly grabbing hold of Namjoon’s war helmet. Seokjin wanted to refuse – wanted to insist that a kiss from him wasn’t worth being cursed over. But he didn’t, recognizing a stubbornness in the younger that so closely mirrored his own. Instead, he carefully lifted the piece of armor from the base of his neck. The metal was heavy and cold, and he let it drop from his fingers, barely registering the solid thud that sounded as it hit the ground, before he was looking up at Namjoon for any signs of the curse. But the moment their eyes met, he knew that it was the exact opposite – the air was sucked from Seokjin’s tight lungs, as time, time, time came crashing through him like a freight train.

Namjoon stood stock-still, his light brown eyes glossed over with unshed tears at the rush of emotions coursing through him, staring back at Seokjin as though he were admiring a monolith, so profoundly beautiful, and created just for him. Time had collapsed from its capsule, missing fragments carefully put back into place, like pieces of a puzzle.

“Jin, how…?” Namjoon whispered, voice strained to the point where it hurt even to speak. He immediately reached his hand out for the elder, stopping short of touching his cheek, afraid that it wouldn’t be real. “What did he do to us? Why couldn’t I remember…?”

“He stole you from me, Joon. God, he erased you, but I knew you were still there, I could feel it,” Seokjin gasped, breaths coming in and out shakily, as he held the younger’s outstretched hand, nuzzling into Namjoon’s palm – lips pressing a firm kiss there.
Jimin looked over at Taehyung, who was keeping his back turned for different reasons now, visibly trembling he was so livid. “The spell was broken when they looked at each other. That’s why the king told him he’d be cursed if he took off the helmet. The visor must’ve been hexed. Now that’s a whole new level of douchebag for his highness, don’t you think?”

In fact it was all Taehyung was able to think about at that moment. He was more determined than ever, on the brink of pleading as he finally turned back around to face Seokjin and Namjoon, “I’m sorry, but I still really need your help. That fucking monster has my baby brother and I know you just got each other back, and that you aren’t obligated to help me anymore, but I–”

Seokjin by that time, had buried his face into Namjoon’s shoulder, crying quiet tears of relief, when he cut Taehyung off, “I said I was going to help you and that’s what I intend on doing.” He pulled back far enough to stare up at the knight, “Joon?”

As though operating on the same frequency, Namjoon exactly knew what Seokjin was asking him to do – knocking on the gate doors in a way of code, signaling for them to open up for more guests. The doors gave a mechanical hiss as they parted slowly, and it was the first time since Yoongi had appeared in his grandmother’s house that Taehyung felt even slightly ahead of the game. Finally, they had arrived at their destination.

Jimin placed a hand on his shoulder, squeezing it reassuringly, “This is it…are you ready?”

“As I’ll ever be,” Taehyung told him, because had to be, because there was no other choice. And so, he climbed the stairs that led into the daunting version of Void. It was an exceedingly tall and winding staircase – a hundred times more intimidating than the real thing, making his first visit feel like a cakewalk in comparison. This time there was no reception area, no Claire to flirt with him at her desk, or any long corridors to walk down. Instead, it was an immediate, spacious area that was filled with dozens of masked strangers dressed in colors that were limited to burgundy and gold, leaving the four of them to standout in contrast rather harshly amongst the crowd.

Namjoon led the way, a hand firmly grasping Seokjin’s, determined not to lose him again. “I saw him keeping the child upstairs in his throne room.”

Just as they reached the set of stairs that would lead to the second floor, away from the ballroom, they turned towards Taehyung – because the boy would not be following them beyond this point. The time had come to split up, Taehyung to face the king, the others to find and rescue Jeongguk. He would simply have to trust them. Jimin was on the step above his, taller for a moment, “It’s going to be alright. We’re gonna do our thing, you go do yours, and we’ll see each other soon.”

“Okay–yeah, thank you for doing this,” Taehyung said, staring up at the three unlikely persons who were set on helping him – had already helped him once before. It was difficult to turn away from them. In order to go ‘do his thing’, he had to become the well-placed bait, and from what he’d learned of the Goblin King’s intentions, it wouldn’t be a difficult task.

It was like drifting afloat through shark infested waters, doused in fresh blood – waiting for the sharp tug of predatory teeth to pull him under, before that last draw of breath. At the center of the ballroom, a murky ocean of people, he was the king’s next meal. The thrumming of bodies rolled in like the tides, colliding into him as they waltzed in graceful circles around him, making him feel cloistered, and on edge. The music from the grand orchestra managed to sound both sinister and whimsical, but was far too muddled to properly be appreciated, as if he were listening from inside a bubble.
The massive, Victorian clock at the back of the hall started chiming, as the twelfth and final hour struck, followed by a noticeable change in the flow of the couples’ dancing. Now they parted in a clear divide, revealing what stood just beyond them, their king – donned in formal attire that consisted of all black. Yoongi closed the distance between them with purposeful slowness, the tension of every step that he gained was palpable, and suffocating.

He lowered his bone-white mask from his face, pinpointing Taehyung to the spot within an icy, solitary gaze. The younger was at a loss for words, effectively being pulled beneath the undertow – helpless to fight against it, when Yoongi stood just mere inches from him. It felt like a spell was holding Taehyung frozen in place – tense and motionless, as Yoongi took his hand into his own leather clad grip, tilting the boy’s knuckles to his black painted lips where he placed a soft, lingering kiss.

“You look absolutely ravishing,” Yoongi murmured, keeping their fingers entwined and using his grip as leverage to reel Taehyung in closer. The younger allowed it to happen too easily but he was helpless to resist as he felt Yoongi’s cool breath reach his skin, whispering his words directly into his ear. “You make me want to do things I wouldn’t dream of doing for anyone else - foolish things, irrational things. I would move the stars for you, Kim Taehyung. I’d be willing to destroy galaxies and risk incurring the wrath of Gods just to have you.” Taehyung gasped softly, unable to help the shiver that ran down his spine in response.

The king began to move them gracefully around the dancefloor in time with the music. Taehyung tried – giving it his best effort not to get distracted by the strong grip on his body, but it was difficult. “But I’ve solved your labyrinth,” Taehyung said, the slight waver in his voice not lost on the elder – he could see it in the flicker of amusement in Yoongi’s eyes. “So, you can no longer ‘have’ me, or my brother for that matter, you evil prick.”

“‘You think this wasn’t my plan all along?’ Yoongi husked lowly, as he turned Taehyung in a precise rhythm to the waltz. It had never been Taehyung’s forte – dancing. He’d never been able to move in a manner that was graceful, or fluid, however, right now the fingers pressing into his back were leading him across the floor seamlessly, guiding him in sweeping turns and spins he never would have thought possible for himself. “Your entire deck was exposed to me, before you even played your hand. My servants, helping you to defeat me, and it's those three? They’re in my throne room, taking the child to safety as we speak.”

“How did you know that…? What will you do to them?” Taehyung asked quietly, chilled to the bone by the elder’s obvious delight at having blindsided him.

Yoongi smirked his glossy lips, eyes narrowing darkly through wild strands of platinum blonde – sidestepping the question, “Let’s go back to where you said, you defeated my labyrinth. That statement’s a bit rich, don’t you think? How do you expect me to buy it, when we both know your passage here was given practically for free?”

“It doesn’t matter how I got here, as memory serves; there weren’t any specified rules against accepting help through the Labyrinth.” Taehyung stared back at him, a tremor coursing through his body. “Besides, it’s your own fault. Maybe if you didn’t treat your subjects like shit, they wouldn’t conspire against you.”

“Bold words for someone who lost,” Yoongi mused, tightening his hold on Taehyung’s waist, anticipating that he would attempt to break away. “But don’t worry, I’m going to let them go, the traitors, and your brother. And in return for my generosity, you will remain here in the Underground, where I will rule you, and–” the younger’s eyes shut tightly as Yoongi leaned in, expecting that cruel
mouth to take his own - their faces so close they were nearly touching. He felt rather than heard the low chuckle that washed over his skin, the elder brushing his words against Taehyung’s trembling lips in a feather light touch, “…and satisfy this fearful longing you have for me.”

Taehyung felt his resolve slipping, like he was being pulled in towards the attraction he felt for the elder – as a dominant, a professor, a person, and even as some fucked up king from some imaginary land. It was clear now that Yoongi wasn’t going to acknowledge his efforts, that the entire time he had just been toying with him, just like Jimin had warned. Maybe he really would need to recite the words from the final battle, after all, the words that in his version of the story would defeat the goblin king. He refocused, separating them with the inch that Yoongi allowed, and began, “Through dangers untold and hardships unnumbered…”

Yoongi barked out a fiendish laugh, its abruptness rattling the boy, “Oh, don’t embarrass yourself, Taehyung.”

He continued, gaining momentum by how unnerved he was, “I have fought my way here to the castle beyond the Labyrinth to take back the child you have stolen.” This was the part where Yoongi was supposed to start begging him to stop, but there was no hint or sign of dread in the king’s eyes, instead he was eerily composed. “For my will is as strong as yours and my kingdom as great.” He tried removing himself from Yoongi’s arms, but it was futile – it felt like his plan was coming undone second by second and nothing could prevent it from happening. He shouted almost desperately, “You have no power over me!”

That was it, the last fateful line recited back like a curse – the thirteenth hour striking just in time as it did. The game should be over, the Goblin King, defeated.

Yoongi visibly winced, as though Taehyung’s attempt was something painful to watch, “Did you not know that those words only work if you mean them? Yes, indeed, a little loophole that they left out of the text, though I thought that much was obvious.” Only work if you mean them...Taehyung felt a spike of dread at the words, not yet ready to face the implications.

“Help me…” Taehyung said, voice barely above a whisper – looking around at the guests, realizing for the first time that the ballroom was now empty aside from Yoongi and himself. It had probably happened once the clock gave its last chime, the mirage vanishing.

“The first thing you should learn about your king is that I always win, Taehyung. Always,” Yoongi concluded harshly, as he released the younger’s hand to forcefully caress the soft skin of his cheek, eliciting a soft whimper, before pulling away slightly and allowing the surroundings to melt away into something new. It happened instantaneously, leaving them in the same position they were in less than a second ago, except instead of an empty ballroom, they were now standing on the plush carpeting of a darkly stylish bedroom.

Yoongi didn’t even allow him a moment to adjust, when the hand on Taehyung’s face shoved him a short distance backwards, the force of it unnatural, when he crashed on top of a mattress. His body bounced up once, before Yoongi had him pinned under his weight. He smoothed his hand down the front of the younger’s heaving chest, onyx eyes gleaming back wickedly, “I deserve to have my reward now, don’t I?”

Taehyung was quick to turn his head to the side, Yoongi’s lips missing his own with a cold laugh. “You’re giving me exactly what I want when you try fighting me…” The elder changed course, dragging his teeth along the slender curve of Taehyung’s throat, reveling in the sharp breaths, and choked gasps Taehyung failed to keep in. He taunted the boy, practically purring the words into his
Yoongi’s gloved fingers twisted gracefully, performing an unspoken spell that manipulated the black, silky sheets to come to life. The sheer fabric curled itself like vines around Taehyung’s wrists and ankles, spreading the boy wide and vulnerable – holding him captive. The elder tilted his blonde head at the sight, openly starved, “…admit it, this is exactly how you want me, too. You want love to be forced upon you, otherwise you don’t want a single ounce of it. You’d never seek it out yourself, would you? No.”

Taehyung didn’t bother with pulling at the restraints – couldn’t deny any longer the accusations that held him tighter than the bindings. There really would be no use, when Yoongi knew all of his secrets, was somehow able to see past all the walls and barriers Taehyung had erected to expose the truth he had hidden even from himself. There was no point in fighting against anything, when all he wanted was Yoongi. He knew that now.

Perhaps it was with that intimate knowledge that the elder persisted with sharp grazes of his teeth, while his hand traipsed in a slow, tantalizing path down his stomach, before his fingers curled into him like claws – untucking Taehyung’s shirt from his pants on the way back up.

“Tell me this is how you want me,” Yoongi said, the tone with which he spoke in giving Taehyung the impression that it wasn’t a request. That Yoongi knew, but wanted to hear the words from Taehyung anyways. But Taehyung wasn’t ready to give in just yet. Yoongi leaned back when the younger didn’t respond, grabbing at Taehyung’s face, forcing him to meet his half-lidded eyes, expression visibly darkening when he saw how affected the boy was, “You have no idea what you look like when you’re staring at me, how lost, how far gone you are…”

“Why do you need to hear it, if you can see it?” Taehyung whispered. The grip on his jawline jerked his head back, and he was promptly confronted with the view of the ceiling, which wouldn’t have been such a big deal if it weren’t for the fact that it was made up entirely of glass mirror.

“Look how beautiful you are beneath me. Can you see it?” Yoongi asked him, voice deep and alluring – the words their own caress – and the shame welled up inside him, harrowingly palpable. Taehyung could see how much he wanted it, unable to resist as he boldly arched his hips to meet Yoongi’s, answering him with action.

“It’s no matter if you can’t say it yet. I have an eternity to break you.” The pearls on Taehyung’s shirt were sent flying with forceful tugs on each button, Yoongi’s leather-clad fingers parting the ruined fabric to expose more of Taehyung’s satiny, sun-kissed skin to his hungry mouth. From the reflection in the mirror, it looked like he was being devoured, black lipstick smudging wherever Yoongi skimmed his lips, sucking angry red marks along the delicate column of his neck, and Taehyung couldn’t help but be affected by the visual.

The elder reciprocated the incessant rocking of Taehyung’s hips with firm presses of his own – permitting the much needed friction to deepen; as he shamelessly ground himself against the younger’s cock through the rough layer of his pants, spreading Taehyung’s thighs further apart as he did, allowing to feel how hard he was – how ready he was to finally ruin him.

Yoongi’s words melted him through, “I want you to watch as I take you.” He slipped a hand beneath the disheveled silk of Taehyung’s shirt, the supple feel of real leather over his nipple causing him to shiver, lower body jerking upwards as clever fingers played with his flushed, sensitive chest. A
teasing pull made him cry out, arching his back to give more of himself over to instinct, when
Yoongi leaned back far enough to stare at him, dark eyes accusatory.

“Remove it,” he said, dragging two of his gloved fingers against Taehyung’s bottom lip. Immediately, the younger clenched his teeth on the very tip of the fitted material, tugging while Yoongi withdrew his hand the rest of the way until the glove was removed completely. He then ripped it from the boy’s mouth, tossing it to the darkness of the room, “You’re so good, angel,” Yoongi cooed in mocking allusion to Taehyung’s masquerade attire, “…and so easy for me.”

“Don’t fucking call me easy,” Taehyung panted, finding it difficult to process a stronger rebuttal when he was held pinned beneath the elder’s heavy gaze – almost moving to hide his face into his arm just to escape it, when the hand splayed across his jawline slid down to abruptly grip at the front of his throat, and soft lips pressed against his own in a hungry kiss. He parted his lips with a shocked gasp before moaning in response. Yoongi took full advantage, as he began licking inside his mouth with strong rolls of his tongue, delving in deeper each time the younger tried to catch his breath, making him feel suffocated and dizzied from the spike of fear commingling with the throb of arousal at the pit of his stomach.

“Speak to me like that again, little tiger, and I’ll lock you away in a cage,” the elder laughed with no real amusement, breaking away momentarily, finally allowing Taehyung a deep gasping breath before delving back in. His deft fingers dipped between them to undo Taehyung’s pants, the zipper parting as he forced his hand beneath his cotton briefs. He immediately grasped Taehyung’s pulsating length, stroking him in tandem with every thrust of his tongue between Taehyung’s lips, fucking into him so very slow and deep – a mere imitation of acts to come. The wet, slick sounds of skin over skin made Taehyung feel more than a little humiliated, a willing victim, but a victim nonetheless, and he…

He liked it.

Yoongi broke the kiss with a slow, thorough lick of his dark painted lips, as though savoring the taste of the boy, before he started lower – swirling his tongue in repetitive circles over Taehyung’s chest, where marks were already beginning to blossom. “You’re so receptive to the slightest of touches, so sensitive, so perfect...” he breathed onto the younger’s chill covered skin, before he trapped a peaked nipple within the wet warmth of his mouth, sucking hard enough to pull the air from the younger’s lungs into another gasp, wrists tugging at the silk holding him down.

With the hand still firmly placed against his throat, Taehyung had no other choice but to continue watching himself suffer in the mirror’s reflection – black lipstick smeared all over and around his mouth, legs spread nice and wide with Yoongi’s hand working between them, stroking him in a languid rhythm, deliberately unrushed. He was open and vulnerable to the elder’s every whim, lower stomach clenching tightly from the rapid flicking of his wicked tongue, striking over his erect nipples.

Even if Taehyung wanted it all to stop, which he didn’t, there was no possible way to escape what was happening. A part of him even indulged in that fact – guiltily enjoying the aspect of being restrained and used for Yoongi’s consumption. As though picking up on his thoughts, the elder’s hand tightened a fraction around his throat, Taehyung’s hard cock twitching in response from where it was being gripped in Yoongi’s other hand, and sneered in a manner that was mockingly sing-songed, “Sweet, innocent, little Taehyungie. So high up on your pedestal, too good for this, too good for me. I’m going to enjoy dragging you down, so I can ruin you.”

He abandoned his grip on the younger’s leaking cock to push his pants down far enough to get them
out of his way, briefs stripped from his shaking thighs in quick, jerky motions, before he pulled at the ties of his own breeches. Taehyung swallowed thickly, knowing what would soon follow – and indeed the sounds of Yoongi ridding himself of his own bottoms came next. He captured one of Taehyung’s legs, resting it over the top of his shoulder, the dark silk wrapped around the boy’s ankle giving in to its master, showing no resistance.

Yoongi turned his face to nuzzle into the tender flesh awaiting him – pausing to lick a long stripe up Taehyung’s inner thigh, causing him to visibly tremble, finding that the panther he’d once envisioned Yoongi to be, both unhunged and predatory, was wholly realized, and had come out to play. There was very little apprehension left on Taehyung’s part at that point, the fact that he was a virgin having been omitted from his dream self’s mind, only wanting for one thing.

One. Thing.

And Yoongi was willing to give it to him. It was without further warning that Yoongi took his thick, swollen length into his fist and roughly pushed into Taehyung’s tight warmth – not ceasing until he was fully sheathed as far and deep as possible, the ring of muscle stretched obscenely wide around his cock. There was nothing slow or careful about their tryst, as Yoongi leaned into his bruising grip around the boy’s windpipe, and proceeded slamming into him, mercilessly. It was exactly how Taehyung wanted it, as he cried out into the quiet room where his noises seemed to echo back, the force of each thrust sending him further up the mattress, where his bound fists kept knocking into the headboard.

Taehyung was shifting the dream without being aware of his own control. He wanted to feel Yoongi down to his very marrow, he wanted to be under the influence, and corrupted – like the dominant promised him, Taehyung wanted to feel despair, and defeat. Taehyung yearned to be overtaken by it, like the moon swallowing up the sun, it was an inevitable eclipse. How long had he gone through his young adult life terrified of sex?

There was no pain here, only bliss – a pleasurable burn replacing the ache that used to reside within his belly. He wanted more, despite the unforgiving rhythm of Yoongi’s hips, and he closed his golden thighs around Yoongi’s waist in an attempt to pull him in even deeper. The elder hovered above him then, a filthy smirk teasing at the corners of his curvy, kittenish lips. His voice was thick and lust ridden, “That’s it. Fall for me, angel. Let me take you apart.”

“Y-Yes, please…” Taehyung gasped, desperate for it, when Yoongi raked his teeth across his mouth, swallowing down his whimpers. He obediently opened up when he felt Yoongi’s tongue soothing over his abused bottom lip, moaning deeply when it filled him so, so full. He wanted so badly to come, obvious in the way that he kept arching his hips up into Yoongi’s, chasing after each dull wave of pleasure that crashed over his body. Attuned to the younger’s needs, the elder slipped his hand from his hold on the boy’s thigh to close tightly around his dripping cock, further smearing the sticky mess between them.

A sinful laugh brushed against Taehyung’s quivering lips, their mouths skimming very slow and lingeringly, “Do you want me to let you come?”

“Let me, please… I wanna come, want you, too,” he practically sobbed, the wet smack of their skin meeting each time Yoongi came forward, continuing to pound into him to the point where Taehyung thought he was going to break apart beneath him. He was forcibly reminded that his life was literally in the palm of the elder’s hand, when Yoongi steadily applied pressure around his throat, cutting off his airway completely within his grasp. Taehyung couldn’t breathe. The adrenaline coursed through his veins along with panic, his fear being renewed tenfold as his pending orgasm spiked high.
Above him, he could see it – through the thick, cloudy haze masking over his senses. He could finally see the horrifying truth being reflected back in the mirror. The desire trapped within his fading, glossy eyes exposed like a nerve. Taehyung just now realizing while on the precipice of his release, that he could die right then and now, and he would love every second of it.

Yoongi’s cold breath washed over the sensitive shell of Taehyung’s ear as he started slipping, “If you want to come, you should wake up then.”

Taehyung awoke with a start, his pulse racing against his chest – sweat accumulating along his brow. He’d dreamt – they were always so vivid, but this one was just plain ridiculous. A bad remake of the Labyrinth, where Yoongi played the role of the Goblin King himself. He stole Jeongguk and fuck, if he wasn’t tempted to just sacrifice his friend, so that he could gain the dominant as a devoted love slave.

Sitting at his desk with his notes open, Taehyung knew that the hours upon hours’ worth of studying that he had set aside for the evening had turned into a total waste. Yesterday morning still plagued his mind, and he turned their conversation over and over again in his mind. The professor had finally given in, but Taehyung had to wonder if it’d been motivated by the wrong reasons. If perhaps the worry or anxiety of what could have happened to him at the lounge had prompted Yoongi to act sooner than he’d wanted to?

Taehyung rubbed the knitted fabric of his purple scarf between his fingers, contemplating. What would happen if Taehyung was wrong about his ‘precious’ item? What if it was less about being symbolic and more about being literal? Finally making up his mind, he reached for his phone, fighting against the shiver that ran down his spine at the prospect – envisioning the spoils for being right, and the punishment for being wrong. Both scenarios sounded terrifying, which was really just synonymous for ‘lovely’ in Taehyung’s dictionary now.

The ringing stopped with the call being picked up, Claire’s teasing, coquettish voice seeping through the receiver to give him a generically peppy, and warm opening that felt so, so wrong for the actual atmosphere of Void.

There’d be no turning back after this.

He closed his fingers into the scarf, as though mustering all his courage within the palm of his hand, “I’d like to book a consultation.”

cc I tw
A/N: Hello! Welcome to the seventh chapter. I’d like to thank everyone for their continuous support with this fic. 1k kudos is soooo amazing! I’m so happy you guys are enjoying it. Some of you guys might not be aware, but I’m participating in Taegi week. Because I literally take a thousand years to write, I’ve decided to get the one-shot done and out of the way, before continuing with writing chapter eight. It’s going to stress me out, until it’s done, and my word means a lot to me. Please understand during this time.

Thank you to Voldy for once again beta-ing! I’m so lucky to have you.

I’d also like to announce that Espresso Marmalade is being translated into Indonesian! If it would be easier for some of you, please feel free to read it [here](#).

As always, feel free to ask questions, or check for updates:
[cc](#) [tw](#)
Keto everyone I'm fine, but I'm still
Sitting here, choking on the aftertaste.

Chapter Seven: Terms and Agreement

Taehyung arrived early to class the next Monday. It was like it used to be when Professor Jung was the one teaching and he’d bring along his breakfast, so that they could discuss more about art, and the splendors of touring Europe with nearly identical enthusiasm. The topics that Professor Jung found to be imperative or interesting, so did Taehyung, and he had come to value the unrestricted one on one time with his mentor. Today however, the setting was familiar, but the premise was a little bit different – clearly, given the fact that his beloved professor would be gone the entire semester. Taehyung was awake at this ungodly hour to try and catch Professor Min early, because he’d misplaced his glasses, hoping that the elder had them, otherwise he’d have to pay for a new pair, which he couldn’t afford.

How they’d escaped his bag, he really had no idea. It made him feel uneasy not to have them on-hand, unsure of where the fuck they went to. Who knew glasses had legs?

He walked inside the classroom and was somewhat relieved that it appeared to be empty, even though the lights were on. Wondering if Yoongi was maybe in his office, or out on some errand,
Taehyung sat down at his desk, and started preparing his meal. It consisted of one little box of Frosted Flakes and a small carton of milk. He opened the cardboard and pulled the plastic bag apart—and was about to begin pouring, when he heard someone pointedly clearing their throat.

Yoongi closed the classroom door with a textbook in hand, wordlessly striding towards his desk at the front of the room, eyeing the time on the clock, before he spoke again, “You’re forty minutes early, Taehyung-ssi.”

They shared the same bed less than a day ago, had even agreed to undergo a D/S relationship with each other, and yet, Taehyung was Taehyung-ssi, even while in private. Taehyung tried not to act like a twenty-two-year-old about it. “I think I left something at your place, my glasses? – and I ran out of my prescription lenses. So much happened, I forgot to pick them up. So, uhm, things are a bit blurry for me, professor.”

“Thankfully you don’t have to drive to school,” Yoongi mused, tucking a hand inside the front pocket of his blazer to retrieve a familiar hard-shell case. “What a disaster that could’ve been…” He then grabbed the simple black mug resting beside his opened laptop, and brought it with him to Taehyung’s desk. “Not unlike the one you’re seconds away from committing. These floors are carpeted, you know.”

He placed both items down in front of the boy, taking in the faint color in his cheeks, and the circles around his eyes. Taehyung didn’t get enough sleep and if he did, it wasn’t restful. Regardless, he wasn’t too tired to take a hint, and Yoongi watched him pour the cereal into his mug – strategically placing the plastic spoon on top of it before he added the milk, completely saturating it so it could soften evenly. It was bizarre how methodical it was, and Yoongi once again felt like he was gaining insight on Taehyung through trivial actions.

While the Frosted Flakes were soaking, Taehyung removed his glasses from the case, trying to ignore the quickening of his pulse, fully aware that he was under the elder’s scrutiny. In an attempt to make things feel less awkward, he tried breaking the silence, “Thank you, professor. It’s a big relief to be able to see again.” He left out the part about not knowing what he would’ve done otherwise, however, not wanting to call attention to his finances.

“I received a call about a consultation last night,” Yoongi ignored the thanks, pressing a hand against the surface of Taehyung’s desk, leaning in casually. “Claire should be texting you with the details. I also made sure that the appointment fits into your schedule. The fact that you called suggests you’ve figured out the item? For your sake, I hope you’re right.”

Taehyung glanced up at him from behind his dark frames – gorgeous, almond-shaped eyes growing curious at the underlying threat. “What will happen if I’m wrong?” It dawned on him, suddenly, then. Jeongguk had to fork over the service fee before he was officially Jimin’s submissive. “Professor – will I have to pay?”

The expression on Yoongi’s face, already turned positively carnal from the moment Taehyung had placed those glasses on, and became the embodiment of schoolboy aesthetic, intensified. He answered the first question in a tone that was darkly lecherous, “Oh, you would pay.” He could see the pause in Taehyung’s breathing, the way his chest remained still for a moment. “But no, there’s no monetary fee between us. Only the contract. Jimin has all of Void thinking you’re mine and it would be in poor taste to charge you for what I want just as badly. Clients are separate from chosen submissives, Taehyung.”

Taehyung shut himself up with a bite of cereal, because really – there were no words. He was glad
that money wouldn’t be a part of their exchange, thinking it shameful, as though he should feel
guiltier than he already did.

Yoongi busied himself with paperwork at his desk for a few minutes, before returning to Taehyung
with a folder in hand, the younger noticing his name scribbled in Professor Jung’s handwriting,
peering up at him curiously. “You’re a smart boy,” he started, raising his other hand to capture a
strand of Taehyung’s orange colored hair between his fingers, thoughtful. “Last week’s quiz on
Gothicism…No, perhaps, even a little before that, when you proved to know more than any of your
classmates on the topic of mythological pieces – I was so impressed with you. How good are you,
Taehyung?”

“I love Greek history, especially the art,” he answered, fighting against the burn in his cheeks at the
very short, casual touch of his hair. The compliment itself washed over him in the form of a chill,
indulging in it. “The Hellenistic period is one of my favorites.”

Yoongi’s eyes gleamed at these words, “I’ve been to the Pergamon Altar in Berlin. Almost didn’t
make it to the other exhibits.” If anything, anything at all could make Taehyung jealous, it was that
bit of information. Maybe it was only Art History majors that would truly feel that level of envy.
Yoongi added, “I went back the next morning and started sketching *Athena defeats Alkyoneus*. I tried
filling in the missing pieces myself with my own interpretation—”

“I want to see it,” Taehyung said, automatically.

Yoongi tried not to smile at the boy’s enthusiasm, convinced now more than ever about the direction
he could see for Taehyung, “I want to suggest to Professor Jung about an internship program for
you. It’s called the *Guggenheim Association*. You’d be fully immersed in different cultures, get
firsthand experience on running museums directly from curators. You’d be taken all across Europe.
I’d be willing to write the letter of recommendation myself.”

Taehyung was stunned by the offer – heart leaping with joy, before a wall of doubt and insecurity
put a stop to the budding happiness. He didn’t feel that he was entitled to it – or if he did, how would
he ever know that it wasn’t Yoongi pulling strings for him? “Are you trying to get rid of me, professor?”

Yoongi narrowed his eyes, “Don’t do that.”

“Do what?”

“Shut down,” Yoongi accused, eyes steadied on his own, making Taehyung feel uncomfortably
transparent. “There was a glimmer of excitement one moment and then it was gone the next.” He
could practically hear the scribbling of Yoongi’s mental note-taking. “Why?”

“Oh, I get it…You think you know me now,” Taehyung said, easily defensive when flustered.
“Because I didn’t immediately fawn over your genius idea, express my gratitude – begged for it,
which I’m sure you would’ve just loved, given your position. I must’ve ‘shut down’. Wow! You’re
so observant.”

Yoongi’s actions were swift and gave Taehyung no chance to react, as he slipped two fingers
beneath the boy’s chin, tilting his face up. He was left staring into the dark irises of his professor, the
difference in their height considerable from this angle. “It’s little outbursts like these that remind me
of our age-gap. That crippling insecurity, all your what ifs. If your only concern is that you don’t
deserve it, you *do*. This isn’t a decision that stemmed from favoritism.” The elder leaned down close
enough to pull a small little gasp from Taehyung and spoke carefully, “And while we’re on the subject, let me be clear on one thing. Just because I desire you, doesn’t mean that I would disregard potential candidates just to ensure you a spot.”

Taehyung’s eyes drifted of their own accord to Yoongi’s lips. He was pouting around his words, something he’d noticed was a habit of the elder, and was being lured in by it.

Yoongi asked him then, the annoyance evident in his tone, “You think I would disgrace you like that?”

“Honestly,” Taehyung murmured to him, softly. “I don’t know what you’re capable of.”

The elder raised an eyebrow at that, seemingly surprised by his candor, “I’m sure you’ll find out soon enough.”

He then released his hold on the boy, allowing him to sink back into his seat, where his body slumped like the little exchange had exhausted him. ‘Same,’ Yoongi thought, as he placed distance between them, the tension a very tangible, and dangerous thing to be toying with in the classroom.

Taehyung felt desperate to reconcile, otherwise the appointment, and the remainder of the lesson would be difficult to concentrate on. “You’ll show me your drawing?”

“Yes, Taehyung. I’ll show you my drawings.”

Taehyung took another bite of his cereal, quietly smiling around the spoon.

Yoongi didn’t usually work at Void on weekdays, especially since he started teaching up at the college, but every once in a while arrangements were made for special occasions and clients – and perhaps, it would do him some good to indulge his darker impulses, agreeing to do a scene that involved Edgeplay. The sessions usually entailed a long, exhausting night of mental and physical harm that would typically be considered dangerous, unless of course proper safety precautions were adhered to:

Claire handed over a clipboard with the client’s details, “He signed off on RACK. I know – he’s practically being gifted to you. I knew you’d want to come in and treat him yourself.”

Every once in a blue moon, the perfect client would come along. Someone who wanted to partake in Yoongi’s particular brand of sadistic fun, someone who was strong enough to endure it. Christmas had come early for Yoongi, he could see that now – as he took in every field, impressed with what was checked off as Yes – Into, like fireplay, bloodplay, and breathplay. The boxes checked No or Maybe much fewer in number. He lifted the top sheet, reading over the client’s medical details that was required for such activities. His signature meant he was aware of the risks involved, and consented, but it was important to make sure that he was fit both physically, and almost more importantly, mentally.

With Edgeplay, all bets were off, since the filter and the masks were no longer necessary, the scene designed to push the client to the very edge of their psychological limits.

“My knives?” he asked, a part of him already knew that it had been taken care of, but he had to be sure. His collection of knives was beautiful, always complimented whenever he had the chance to take them out. Yoongi had spent a great deal of time turning the blades from sharp to dull.
“In the freezer, already nice and chilled by now.” She pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose with a pointer finger. “Setting up your stage always takes a bit more time. I’m going to guess that you have at least twenty minutes to yourself. Is there anything else that I can get you while you wait?”

“Yes,” Yoongi paused, finding it slightly self-conscious that these words were leaving his mouth after he’d sworn not to put himself through this process again. “I’ll need a D/S contract drawn up, along with a copy of the YNM list, please.”

She handed him the purple folder from her desk, “It’s already done.”

*Of course it was.*

He thanked her, as he took it from her freshly manicured fingernails, but not before he saw that little sparkle in her eye, all thrilled for him. He wordlessly turned on his heel. There was a locker room of sorts, that the scene professionals often used to change in and out of their stage attire. He headed in that direction, eyes once again looking over the client’s paperwork. Certain words were off-limits, no homophobic slurs – nothing he would miss.

The client didn’t mind being made to feel effeminate, was possibly eager to be verbally humiliated in front of an audience, and words to that effect were more than fine. Usually a single look was enough for Yoongi to figure out *how* to degrade each client, the right words to make them crumble. It was like an equation, the more you work through it, the easier it was to break down. Penetration was on the list of *Yes – Into*, even double penetration. Bloodletting, knifeplay.

Yoongi felt tempted to stuff the submissive’s mouth with the list and fuck him raw, until it was chewed and swallowed down whole. He was utterly pent up, Taehyung being the main cause of it. Fighting against instinct, having to be patient. Thoughts that made him question his own self-control, because that was the only state a dominant could be in – constant, perpetual control.

“I saw that your bunny left early tonight,” he overheard Hwasa saying, stopping himself from entering the room in case the conversation was personal. “Practically ran out the building.”

Jimin’s voice echoed throughout the empty hallway, “He said he had to beat the storm.” A locker was being shut loudly, a bit of aggression in the younger dominant’s actions. Yoongi didn’t dare move, growing curious about Taehyung’s roommate and best friend. “The boy he’s rooming with suffered a trauma, apparently, and is afraid to be alone.”

“Ah…” she trailed and Yoongi knew that would be the last of that topic. Hwasa wasn’t typically known for being empathetic, especially towards men.

Amazing – was Yoongi’s unique disposition when it comes to Taehyung. Now there were two dominants who knew more about his own soon-to-be submissive, than he did. Hwasa probably had no idea that the ‘boy’ Jimin was referring to was Taehyung, but still, it was the principle of the thing. He decided that he hated it, lowering the number of chances that Jimin had to bring this to his attention to a total of ‘one’.

He stepped inside the room, greeting them casually. Hwasa waved her hand at him, “Not that I don’t want to see you, but why are you here?”

“The perfect client,” Jimin snorted, already knowing.
“Ahh, lucky you. Wanna know who my perfect client was?” Hwasa asked, the question rhetorical. “Jung Hoseok. And I’ll tell you why…”

Jimin and Yoongi fiend indifference, but both dominants were lingering on her every word, both recognizing the name as their submissives’ close friend. “Flexible, arrogant…had one hell of a mouth on him. Made the prettiest sounds for me when he was begging for more.” Yoongi busied himself with getting changed into a pair of distressed jeans, and a plain black short-sleeved shirt. “I managed to secure him a spot at Hakyeon’s party. Sure, he’ll be attending as a house slave, but service submission suits him, I think.”

‘Yeah,’ Yoongi wanted to add, ‘funny how he hasn’t been back for you since.’ But that would be plain rude.

From the few times he’d met Jung Hoseok, he’d been able to tell that he was a switch, but a bratty one. Topping from the bottom was a thing that occasionally occurred during service submission with disobedient slaves, and Hakyeon wouldn’t take kindly to that. Not one bit. A trained submissive or slave would better suit the position. A shared look of, ‘nope’ between himself and Jimin let him know that they were on the same page.

“Will you be attending this year?” she asked, tossing her long curls over her shoulder in typical Hwasa fashion. She was as bad as Jimin was with combing his bangs back.

“I want to take Jeongguk with me,” Jimin said, pulling on a hooded sweatshirt – ending his night now that his submissive was gone for the evening. This would be the first time he’d ever brought anyone along with him to a party.

She tilted her head at the elder, “And you?”

“I didn’t go the last few times, what’s once more?” Yoongi didn’t like running into old acquaintances. Those who went to Hakyeon’s protocol parties would undoubtedly recall that his submissive used to be Taekwoon. After their split, there was an outpour of condolences, of pity, as though the death of their relationship was something colossal, or profound (it was). They’d be surprised to see him and he didn’t want to draw that kind of attention.

“You should go,” Jimin encouraged him, slinging his bag over his shoulder. “Show them that you’re fine now. More than fine, really.”

Yoongi wasn’t going to commit to a definitive answer, “I’ll think about it.”

With a small smile towards Yoongi in response, he left the room. Jimin’s one chance was gone, but Yoongi was more preoccupied about the dinner now.

If Yoongi decided to attend, would he take Taehyung with him? The boy might hear about the party through Jeongguk. If Taehyung decided to become his, could he really stand for other dominants roving their eyes over him like he was a piece of meat?

That was a whole other issue for Yoongi. There was the possibility that Taehyung wouldn’t want to do scenes on stage, in front of strangers. A selfish part of him would prefer it, actually. Would he be able to handle spectators seeing Taehyung like that? He’d have to continue taking on clients, whether Taehyung liked it or not. But maybe it would be possible to perform like Jimin started doing, without any form of sex as a type of reward.
His scene assistant came to inform him that it was time, the familiar chalkboard in hand with the name ‘Heechul’ printed on it. That was the name of tonight’s submissive. The forms had told him as much, along with the fact that he was a bit older than Yoongi. The list of Yes – Into revealed him to be seasoned in the BDSM scene. A good boy who knew what he wanted, what he liked, which Yoongi could appreciate.

It took considerable effort to shove Taehyung to the back of his mind. Taehyung and his trauma. Taehyung and the fact that he was frightened, because of a storm. His only solace was the fact that Jeongguk would be there soon to take care of him.

Yoongi climbed the steps to the stage, the overhead lighting so starkly pale and illuminating that the audience appeared like moving shadows. They could see Yoongi, but he couldn’t see them – it was rather appealing. Heechul was already there, on his knees facing forwards, while Yoongi took stock of the equipment table that had been set up for him. It was the usual paddles, cuffs, and floggers beside a colorful array of toys. The newest addition was the mini refrigerator placed atop a stand in the corner, holding his knives.

One flogger in particular caught his eye, its material made up entirely of Kevlar rope, able to sustain fire, the ends of each strand intricately knotted to cause stinging pain. The candle on the table was already calling out to him, a delightful little tease. Fireplay was very interesting, but Yoongi couldn’t very well start off with fire. He needed to be patient. Instead, he brought along the instrument unlit, patting his thigh with it in calm repetition.

“From the moment I read your file, I knew that breaking you wasn’t going to be easy,” Yoongi started, being honest about it – sifting through the bullshit. “But I’m used to dealing with men like you. Proud, successful, and yet so very insecure with themselves. Just look at that fucking posture. How many times have you been on your knees in this position, waiting for attention?”

Heechul knew not to answer without being permitted to. Usually Yoongi made statements so naturally that most submissives responded out of turn. This wasn’t most submissives though.

“Yes, that’s why you get off on others watching you like this. It’s because you’re a pathetic little cunt,” Yoongi sneered, gaining momentum the more steeled and complacent the elder was behaving – how impressively well trained. “Know what I do with pathetic little cunts? I conquer them. One way or another, but before I do that, why don’t you go ahead and introduce yourself.”

Yoongi motioned to the suspension bar, where there was a metal hook at its center, signaling for his assistant to set it up for him. She’d make sure the cuffs were in place, so that confining the submissive’s wrists would be quick. Yoongi hated doing the extra work when he wasn’t fully invested yet.

“My name is Heechul,” he said, tone smooth, and pleasant on the ears. It wasn’t Taehyung’s voice, all honeyed and rich, sensual – it wasn’t sin incarnate, but it would do.

“No, that isn’t who you are.” Yoongi came to stand behind him, the old floorboards of the stage creaking beneath his heavy boots. He placed the weighted, dangling ends of the flogger on top of Heechul’s shoulder, “Tell them the name that I gave you. Come on, I’ll even help you. You’re a pathetic…”

“I’m a pathetic little cunt,” Heechul murmured, eyes closing when he felt the rope fall to the dip of his lower back, where Yoongi was teasing him. There were deep marks across his skin – new and
old, scarred from someone else’s carelessness. Yoongi felt a bubble of rage at the thought that there were dominants who would allow that to happen, but quickly tampered it down. Now wasn’t the time to get distracted.

“Now that you understand who and what you are, I want you to get up.” The elder was quick to obey him, standing without hesitation and awaiting further instruction. “My assistant is going to put you into leather cuffs and then from there, our evening can begin. You should have already been briefed, but as a reminder I’ll tell you once more, the safe word is ‘mercy’.”

It was always mercy – the utterance of that solitary word almost made up for having to stop. Once Heechul turned, Yoongi was able to get a better look at him. Dark layered hair fell past his chin, his eyes large and expressive, with a plush pair of lips. He was an attractive specimen, which ultimately didn’t matter. There was a detachment to preference that came with the job. Yoongi himself had serviced both men and women – age and race omitted from the act. However, the prettier the submissive, the more Yoongi felt obligated to ruin them.

Yoongi would ruin him.

The process was a slow dance, all about proper pacing – the right number of steps. Being naked and exposed in front of the audience wasn’t enough to throw Heechul into subspace. Being cuffed and vulnerable, open to the abuse did not throw Heechul into subspace. Given his long history of exactly this, it would take something a bit more direct to let him know that this was real. That he was Yoongi’s now.

It was never meant to be easy work.

Yoongi’s palm came down hard across Heechul’s face, quick and sharp – a grunt leaving the elder submissive. Punches were listed as Yes – Into, but a slap was just as effective, if not more demeaning. Yoongi felt his body react to it, visceral but easy for him to get under control. Another slap and a soft laugh left Heechul, whatever he was thinking on the tip of his tongue, never to escape past his lips.

The beginnings of subspace left the submissive feeling incredibly light, as though they were soaring. A look into the elder’s eyes let him know that the tunnel vision had already started to set in. It was the moment where the dominant and submissive were most connected, where nothing, and no one else existed, or mattered – even Yoongi could feel subspace pulling him under. It was different for scene professionals, as they tended to become more focused, their senses heightened. He concentrated solely on what Heechul needed in order to get what he wanted from this experience. Every touch was purposefully brandishing, as Yoongi’s fingers dug into every nook and crevice there was to claim.

The technique of flogging was learned through repetition. Typically, a scene professional wouldn’t be allowed to flog anyone, unless they were able to land one-hundred perfect strokes in a single spot. Fire flogging might appear as gentle, but the sensation was on a whole other level. Yoongi lights the falls of the whip, the flame tempered ideally with the right fuel. He allowed Heechul to feel the heat against his back with soft licks at first, slowly upping the intensity and sensation with quick flicks delivered repeatedly and accurately – further building up his endorphins.

After several minutes of this, his assistant was there beside him, speaking quietly, yet direct, “There’s a request for audience participation. He would much like to use his mouth on the submissive.”

“Oh, good…finally, something that might actually please me, since you just don’t do it for me –
could never do it for me, and as a matter of fact, you fucking bore me,” Yoongi said, voice dangerously low then, as he touched the flames of each knot to Heechul’s skin, there and gone within an instant. The slender arch of his back – the exquisite cry of pain and humiliation rang throughout Yoongi like an alarm, every nerve in his body tingling in response. It left him breathless for a moment or two, “I might find you worthy again if a stranger were to swallow down your pathetic excuse for a cock. Perhaps I’ll even stretch your hole at the same time. We can see which one you prefer more, having your dick sucked or your cunt filled to the brim with my cum?”

If there was to be another participant, no matter how small the role, he would have to put the fire out. By the time he was done with the flogger, Heechul’s skin was red and irritated across his upper back, but it was nothing that would linger beyond a few days. He rounded the submissive, taking his face between his thumb and forefinger, checking him. He was an absolute mess – abdomen muscles clenched, cock pitifully swollen and heavy between his shaking thighs.

“A slut like you probably doesn’t even need to be prepped,” Yoongi laughed, taking note of the precum oozing from the slit of his length. “Just look at you, you’re dripping all over yourself.” That wasn’t how it worked, but the words had their desired effect. He tore his eyes away from Heechul’s teary, and heated expression, releasing him roughly from his grip.

He gestured to his assistant to allow the participant to come up on stage. The guy looked a bit timid for what he was offering to do, although there was no mistaking the glances full of worship he kept sending Heechul’s way. Yoongi pointed at him, “If he comes before I say so, you’ll be taking his place. And I won’t be kind, so I do hope that you’re capable of at least that much.”

It took him five seconds to muster up answered for him, “Y-Yes, sir.”

“Good. You may start.” He could practically feel the whine that left Heechul’s lips, the sound raw, and guttural once the participant’s mouth was wrapped snug around his neglected cock. Yoongi would only prepare the elder for himself, deciding to forgo the double penetration. He grabbed an anal plug from the table, dark alloy with a ruby red jewel at its base. He poured a considerable amount of lubricant on the toy, its size thick enough to be uncomfortable without having a finger or two prior, but not enough to be painful.

“A-Ah…” Heechul gasped, squirming his hips away from the cold steel entering his body – the action pushing his cock deeper inside the participant’s hungry mouth. The suckling noises were becoming loud and messy, especially when he moved his hand from the base, stroking upwards over Heechul’s weeping length whenever he would pull back with his mouth. Yoongi drew an arm around the submissive’s stomach, holding him more firmly as he sank the plug in the rest of the way, meeting some light resistance.

“Guess you’re not as slutty as I thought you were, yet this is the only use for you,” Yoongi leered, giving the base of the toy a few hard taps, fucking it into him further. “You’re nothing but another hole for me to fill.” The heat from the flames left Heechul’s skin sensitive to touch, even a passing breeze would feel like a caress. Now was the opportune moment for Yoongi to take out his knives. The knives were his pride and joy. He’d travelled to Japan for them, not too big a trip all things considered, but he’d spent a couple grand having them made by hand. Yoongi wouldn’t have his blades rolling off an assembly line. So, he opted to meet with a bladesmith in person, and gave over his sketches. It was a butterfly collection; each knife created with a different wing. The back of each handle had a silver chain connected to the full pendant of the breed it belonged to. His knives were so beautiful, so intricately patterned – the unique patterns etched in the handles, and his terrifying skill at wielding them had briefly earned Yoongi the nickname of the Red Admiral, after the
butterfly. It was a name that evoked beauty and delicious fear for many, or at least it had before he quickly snuffed it out. To Yoongi it just sounded pretentious.

The trick to knife play was *ice*. Some people enjoyed the anticipatory feel and threat of the blade – others liked the sensation of blood running down their skin. Yoongi removed one of his knives from the freezer, a thin line of ice coating the bottom of the blade. He slid his fingers into the damp strands of Heechul’s and sharply drew his head back, arm going around his front to press the knife below his ear.

He trembled in Yoongi’s hold, body helplessly wrought with pleasure – the participant’s mouth greedily sucking him down to the back of his throat. However, there was fear now, very real and prominent while in subspace. Fantasy and reality tended to swerve after time, which was why it was important for the dominant to never slip. One had to be adept to be able to tell when the submissive had enough, even while they were begging for more.

“You aren’t to make a sound, not while he’s taking your cock, not while I’m fucking you open. Should you fail, I’ll press the blade into your skin, and I won’t stop until you’ve bled,” Yoongi murmured, voice grave – it made a chill course throughout the elder’s body. The water drops were icy compared to real blood, but to a mind that far gone to the blurred line between pleasure and terror, between fiction and reality, the mere sensation was enough. His overstimulated mind would fill in the rest. He touched the knife to Heechul’s neck, eliciting a sharp draw of air, a hitch in the submissive’s breathing. Yoongi remained calm, comfortable in his element, “Do you understand? Answer me.”

Heechul swallowed thickly, but he was loud enough – firm enough, knowing how to answer to a command, “Yes, sir…”

He brought his hand between their bodies, fingers brushing over the base of the plug. Just the added pressure was enough to make Heechul’s entire body shake, when Yoongi removed it to the very tip of the toy, and slammed it back in. A harsh tug on the bonds holding the elder’s wrists above his head gave him clear indication as to how easy it was going to be. He couldn’t decipher the skill of the guy on his knees in front of the submissive, Heechul was so sensitive at this point that any mouth would make him squirm, but the combination had to be torture.

The alloy slid in and out of his abused hole with loud, wet squelching sounds, before Yoongi abruptly discarded the toy, leaving Heechul an absolute wreck. The dominant calmly pulled on his belt, the image of cool and in control, despite how eager he truly was to feel the suffocating heat and warmth of another. It’d been so long since he’d given a submissive his cock. It’d felt like an eternity of perpetual hell for him now that Taehyung was in his life, a constant test of his restraint, and all he ever did was get lost in the daydream of what the younger would be like beneath him.

Yoongi was meticulous with his teasing, squeezing a generous amount of lubricant between the pert cheeks of Heechul’s ass, before he dragged his cock through the mess, coating himself with it, as he firmly guided himself up and down into the elder’s clenched, slick little hole. Yoongi was thicker than the plug, but Heechul took him just as well, slowly – inch by tantalizing inch, until he was as far as he could go.

The grip on Heechul’s hip was bruising, when Yoongi paused to give them both a moment to adjust. Of its own accord, his mind began to wander, thinking about a different boy. It was unacceptable of him to be closing his eyes during the situation at hand to instead envision that the golden skin beneath his fingertips belonged to someone else, to Kim Taehyung. He was steadily replacing the reality with fantasy. If Heechul were the younger, Yoongi would give without question, he would
give Taehyung everything. Every piece of himself, the good alongside the wicked.

A loud moan from Heechul resounded at the back of Yoongi’s head, but for him it was an octave deeper – it was pure honey, like the sounds Taehyung had fed him in Professor Jung’s office. Yoongi held the submissive tighter, thrusts growing more frantic and punishing, as he kept his word, tracing the front of Heechul’s throat with the blade at a horizontal angle, mimicking the act of slitting one’s throat. The ice melting quickly against his skin that had run in rivulets down his clavicle, and over his chest.

It felt too real in the haze of his mind – it caused Heechul to cry out again. The sound he made so harshly exasperated and pent up. Yoongi continued with his punishment, trailing the point of the knife over an erect nipple. The elder’s hips stuttered in response, his muscles gripping tight around Yoongi’s pistoning cock – the moans cut short with Heechul continuously trying to hold them in. It really wouldn’t take much more for the elder to let go. Yoongi leaned so that his forehead was resting between the submissive’s shoulders, the impact of their bodies meeting roughly, the dominant wanting more than what he deserved. He wanted something that was beyond his reach.

He wanted it to be Taehyung, making the mistake of allowing his feelings to pour into the scene, Heechul being the subsequent victim. With the image of crimson blood on golden skin consuming his thoughts, the point of the blade, the only part Yoongi kept even remotely sharp, skimmed across his sensitive skin – going past the elder’s abdomen, leaving an angry red path in its wake. It was enough to break the skin, deep enough to draw a thin line of blood.

Yoongi was pegged as a sanguinarian. It wasn’t something he would necessarily deny, reputation proceeding him. In fact, he was somewhat famous for it in the Seoul bdsm scene, and that was how he had come to be dubbed the ‘Red’ Admiral. There was something about the smell and texture of blood, something about the way it so easily repulsed others, while it fascinated, and enticed him.

Several times the participant had to hold himself back, sucking down hard each time right before he did – pulling away to stroke loosely around Heechul’s length, sensing that he was too close. Yoongi allowed this to continue, parting his lips over the elder’s back, letting his delusion play out so thoroughly, he nearly called Taehyung’s name. However, no matter how vivid the picture in his mind, reality was a cruel bitch of a reminder that he couldn’t lose control like that.

But it was enough.

He allowed Heechul to unravel with a tight murmur, the elder coming loudly into the other man’s mouth, finally permitted to make noise without consequence. There was no forewarning given, when Yoongi released into him with a myriad of rough breaths and low, shaky expletives. Digging his nails into the submissive’s hips, he kept Heechul still while he emptied every last drop there was for him to give. He slammed forward once, twice – jolting Heechul forward slightly with how rough it was, as though Yoongi was deadset on embedding himself.

The assistant was beside the volunteer from the audience, helping him to his feet, and offering him a bottled water. Helping Heechul come down, safely and carefully, would be a longer process. Yoongi had to undo all of the psychological harm, prevent what could happen should someone believe that they were actually worthless. The drop from subspace was a delicate one and it was also different for each person.

Throughout the scene, there’d been chatter from the audience – hushed, maintaining the level of respect Yoongi demanded. It was only in the matter of minutes that the crowd had gone quiet on him. Not unusual for such intense play. Now that it was over, Yoongi peered out at them from above
Heechul’s shoulder. He could see their mutual stillness, captivated, and awed into silence. Inwardly musing, he was glad that they enjoyed themselves.

Yoongi heard the wince of discomfort when he pulled out from Heechul, reaching a hand out to accept a towel from his assistant so that he could quickly clean himself off. Tending to Heechul was priority. Once he had collected himself, he came around to look the submissive over, taking in the thin scratches across his lower stomach from where the tip of the knife had cut into him. Slowly, Yoongi went down onto his knees in front of the elder – his large hands braced on Heechul’s small waist. The dominant stared up into his dark brown eyes, holding him there as he leaned forward, and started tracing over each cut with the point of his tongue. The elder flinched at first, the velvety caress of Yoongi’s tongue like lashings, before it began to feel soothing.

Next, he took care of Heechul’s restraints, gently rubbing at the indents on his wrists, before offering the elder the robe from his aftercare kit. It was an item that was meant to help ground him. Yoongi helped him into it, before he handed him a water, and told him, “After you drink this for me, I’ll draw you a bath.” He saw to Heechul personally, walking him to one of the rooms, and helping him rinse.

Yoongi had to wonder if a part of him felt guilty. Sure, how he’d treated Heechul was exactly what the elder signed up for, but his thoughts were elsewhere the whole time. When he thought of Taehyung, another wave of guilt that was entirely different washed over him then. The boy wasn’t even his and yet he felt responsible for his feelings, that Taehyung might feel betrayed by his actions tonight with Heechul, that he’d fucked someone else. Yoongi hadn’t had to worry about such things in a long, long time.

He made sure that Heechul made it to his car, the elder leaving with a smile which was the primary goal. On his way back inside the club, Claire leaned over her desk to catch him, “When you went to grab him a snack, he booked you again for next week. What should I tell him?”

“I’ll get back to you,” Yoongi said, as he headed into the locker room to gather his belongings. He couldn’t wait to get home and shower, well and truly exhausted. He’d paused to rest his head against the cool steel, giving himself a moment. It wasn’t even a second later that his cellphone started going off – a call coming through. He pulled the device from his jacket, reading the contact: K. Taehyung. For a second, Yoongi felt another brief flash of guilt wash over him. Had Taehyung suddenly found out about the scene and was upset? Yoongi quickly squashed those thoughts, he was doing his job, and took the call.

“Taehyung,” he answered, bringing the phone up to his ear. Not that he particularly minded, but, “It’s late, isn’t it?”

“Oh – yeah, it is, kinda? If you’re busy, I can just…” Taehyung was trailing off, the silence separating them further than the distance itself. Their first proper phone conversation was to be filled with awkward tension. Perfect.

He closed his eyes, allowing Taehyung’s deep voice to settle in. “I’m not busy, angel.” He remembered then, that Taehyung had been afraid. He was so badly frightened that Jeongguk had had to leave Void to get to him. Yoongi tried not to make it sound suspicious, “Is everything alright?”

“I wanted to tell you that I got the confirmation for our appointment tomorrow.” There was a hint of hesitation there, a breathy laugh that at least gave away to the fact that Taehyung was anxious.

Yoongi turned so that his back was against the locker, “Why? Does it make you nervous?”
“Yes?”  ‘How about you tell me why you really called, why you’re afraid of storms’, Yoongi wanted to say, revealing that he knew what had happened, but needing the other to tell him on his own. And sure, Jimin only got one chance. Taehyung, on the other hand, had an infinite number of chances from now until tomorrow. Once the contract was signed, Yoongi wouldn’t stand for shit like this. It didn’t occur to him that there may have been some hypocrisy to his thoughts, that maybe there was something Yoongi should come clean about as well.

“Today was…” Taehyung sighed, the tremble in his voice making the situation that much worse for the both of them. Yoongi felt forced into silence as he waited for Taehyung to finish his sentence – his patience already worn so thin. But the younger changed his mind, already beginning to backtrack. Taehyung’s secrets would stay safe for another day. “Are you going to pierce me tomorrow?” He asked, changing the subject.

Yoongi turned towards the sound of Taehyung’s voice, practically nuzzling his face into the receiver. He smiled sadly, “Typically, I’m told where the submissive would like their piercing and then I go out and choose whichever jewelry that’s to my liking. The short answer is, ‘no’. Was there anything else?”

“That was it,” Taehyung lied – continued to lie. It was unbearable and Yoongi was about ready to scold the boy on top of whatever horrible day he’d obviously had. But he held back.

“Goodnight, angel.” Their conversation ended with Yoongi feeling a bit disappointed. Hopefully it had done something positive for Taehyung. He sighed and packed up his things to leave. Scenes like tonight’s were physically and emotionally draining, and if his previous encounters with Taehyung were anything to go by, tomorrow would be too. He needed to get a good night’s sleep, and he hoped Taehyung would try to do so as well. Would the younger fall asleep thinking about Yoongi like he would about Taehyung? He smiled to himself, a private joke on his lips.

Bad dreams, Taehyung…

“Yeah, but I need the car tonight, like way more than you do,” Jeongguk said, snatching the keys from out of Taehyung’s hands, completely oblivious to Taehyung’s predicament. He hadn’t yet told the younger about his appointment at Void. Taehyung didn’t know how to tell him, rather. Jeongguk had made it abundantly clear that he needed to be careful around Yoongi, and his recent actions were pretty much the exact opposite of heeding his warnings.

Taehyung had no other means of transportation except for the car they were supposed to be sharing. He seldomly used it, making Jeongguk’s current unwillingness all the more offensive. ‘Can’t your ‘master’ just call an Uber for you again?’

“To go to the mall? No.” Jeongguk paused to consider it, knowing that the dominant would probably cave in, pay for the Uber fare, and then some. There would be conditions, of course. Nothing ever came free. He shook his head, “No.”

“Could you at least drop me off then? It’s sorta on the way,” Taehyung said, reaching over for his bag. It was freezing outside, yesterday’s storm making the roads icy. He avoided Jeongguk’s eyes, not looking forward to the questions he knew were coming.
“Hyung, where do you have to go that’s that far north…?” Jeongguk trailed to a full pause, when it dawned on him. “Oh, my god.”

“Oh, my god,” Taehyung repeated, softly – eyes focused on a random spot on the floor, cheeks flushed a deep shade of pink. “Look, I was going to tell you eventually.”

“What, like, when I’m in Void’s parking lot?” Jeongguk laughed, incredulous and somewhat affronted by the fact that Taehyung had waited this long to tell him. “How did this even happen? Why are you even going there?”

He stared up at Jeongguk guiltily, the younger’s doe-eyed expression turned sour. Taehyung hadn’t wanted to be dishonest, but he hadn’t wanted to alarm his friend either. “I have an appointment.”

“With Yoongi, I’m guessing,” Jeongguk said, stating the obvious, what with all of Void buzzing about it, but he hadn’t thought it was anything substantial up until now, hearing it come from Taehyung himself. It was amazing. Jimin had told a lie and now that lie was becoming a reality. Jeongguk had so many questions he hardly knew where to begin, deciding to address the issue that had been plaguing him for the past few days first. “What really happened to you after the lounge the other night?”

“Seokjin and Namjoon were there,” Taehyung started, backing further away inside their room, knowing that this conversation was going to take longer than just a few minutes.

“What…” Jeongguk was lost, “the fuck?”

“Yeah, and uhm, pretty sure they were the ones supplying the drinks. Not like completely sure, but Seokjin said something about overdoing it with the cocktails, the bastards,” Taehyung snickered, vaguely recalling a kiss in the front seat. “Anyways, with the whole rumor about me being Yoongi’s submissive…”

“Not really a rumor, as it turns out.” Jeongguk honestly had no idea what Taehyung was thinking, who he even was anymore. How did Taehyung go from having a small attraction towards Yoongi, to wanting to become his submissive? ‘Oh, hi, Kettle,’ he thought to himself. He’d been inspired to become Jimin’s submissive almost right away, so curious, and it was probably the same for Taehyung.

Still, how did this happen?

“Are you really going to give me shit about it? You? – the person who dragged me to Void in the first place? The guy who preached about the magical experience that is being a submissive?” Now Taehyung was the one laughing. “That’s priceless.”

“What the hell? Chill, hyung. I’m not upset that you’re going to Void, that part makes me really happy. And I’m not even that upset about your appointment with Yoongi,” Jeongguk explained, coming over to sit on the bed opposite of Taehyung’s. “I just hate when things – important things – happen and you don’t tell me, when I literally tell you everything. Half the time I have to guess with you.”

Like with the storms, Jeongguk wanted to add, but he wouldn’t go there tonight. Taehyung had only ever told him and Hoseok about his grandmother’s passing. Even then, he was certain it was only because they hadn’t been able to visit the farm together that year like they did every summer. Ever since then Jeongguk had started to notice a pattern whenever it would storm. If they were out,
Taehyung would want to immediately go home, even when they were in the middle of doing things. Safely inside and dry, Taehyung would start talking too fast. Sweat would collect along his brow, signs of a fever spiking, all due to the stress.

If they weren’t together during a storm, the calls would begin. Jeongguk and Hoseok had both received them on multiple occasions, merely to confirm that they were inside somewhere – **not** driving. If they were in a car, Taehyung would insist on staying on the phone with them, until they arrived to whatever destination they were headed to. It was odd, but sadly, that wasn’t the worst of it. The one time Jeongguk had left his phone behind and there was a wicked storm. He’d returned to a dark room with Taehyung wrapped in Jeongguk’s comforter, tears streaming down his face, and his body wracked with chills.

He’d met with Hoseok the following day, the both of them piecing their experiences together to confirm Taehyung’s obvious trauma. It was from then on, that they promised each other that they would never leave him alone. One of them would be there. They would call Taehyung at the first sign of a storm. They would try and get rid of the monster, before it could strike.

Jeongguk leaned into the narrow space between himself and the elder, “I used to be the one who didn’t say anything. You turned the switch on for me, now I don’t know how to shut up. It’s weird when I have to prompt *you* to speak. You were talking about Seokjin and Namjoon being generous assholes?”

Taehyung hadn’t intended on revealing this part, not wanting to worry the younger any further, but then Jeongguk had to go and lay on the friendship speech like they were in an episode of Naruto. “Right, so I wanted to make Yoongi jealous, and I may have perhaps disappeared into a stall with some guy. He was awful. Reeked of cigarettes, was considerably less drunk than I was, and kept calling me ‘doll’.”

“*Ew*, hyung... and why are you out there pulling Hobi’s moves? He’s the one who pulls random guys at clubs, not you,” Jeongguk joked, despite his annoyance. He was livid at the prospect of Taehyung putting himself in danger. Being careless. He wouldn’t have even been able to help if something were to happen.

“I sent him a video of us, me and the guy.” Taehyung said reluctantly, not wanting to relive every detail. Some of it, he actually *couldn’t* – he was sure that there were missing pieces, muddled conversations, an incomplete story. But he remembered Seokjin. “Seokjin was ready to interfere, but I handled it with the mace gun.”

“Fucking love that thing,” Jeongguk murmured, still disappointed Hoseok didn't think he'd need one for his birthday, but relieved to hear that Taehyung had defended himself. “Sorry, go on. He was going to help you?”

“He did help me. He took me to the sink and tried cooling me off. I think Namjoon was getting the car ready. I don’t even know where he came from. Seokjin’s pocket most likely,” Taehyung reasoned, as he shrugged it off casually. “Next thing I know, I’m in a car. Those two are kissing.”

“Seokjin and Namjoon? Seokjin hates him,” Jeongguk stated, trying to do the math and calculate when or how such turn of events could have occurred. “Like, more often than not Seokjin is too busy walking ahead of him, like Namjoon is a puppy dog meant to trail after him for a treat. It’s actually ridiculous... *ah*, the life of a monitor in love with a dominant.”

“Aren’t you kind of the same way? Brought to heel by your master.”
“…Touché.”

The elder spared a nervous glance at the clock. “I’m going to be late, so can you or can you not drop me off?” Taehyung asked, standing up from the bed. They’d already gotten far too comfortable, too wrapped up in Taehyung’s story to remember that they both had places they were supposed to be.

“Okay, I’ll drop you off, but you have to keep talking.” Those were Jeongguk’s conditions.

Taehyung nodded, once again collecting his bag. He waited until they were outside to continue with the story. “So then we pulled up outside an apartment complex, we get to the door. Turns out it’s Yoongi’s place.”

Jeongguk had to pause. “After you pulled that shit with the video?”

“Yeah… and OH, oh, he even called me after the video went through, but I couldn’t answer him.”

“Am I talking to a ghost right now? Tell me where he hid your body!” Jeongguk dramatically shouted, as he grasped Taehyung’s shoulders. “Dear god, I can touch you. Am I special, hyung? Tell me I’m special.”

“Oh, you’re fucking special alright,” Taehyung assured him teasingly, opening the passenger door, and settled in. Jeongguk was more than enthusiastic to join him, getting the car started, and peeling out onto the road. “His house is like a museum, but a small, cozy one?”

“That makes no sense,” Jeongguk laughed. “And you’re lucky. I haven’t even been to Jimin’s place yet and I’m supposed to live there. He won’t let me until I graduate.”

Taehyung practically cringed, “Oh, gross. Please don’t make me respect him. And no, I mean – there was so much art. Probably all replicas.”

“So, what happened then? I know you two didn’t play Go-Stop all night.”

“I met his dog, Holly…then I threw up…” Taehyung skipped the part where Yoongi held him by the wrist and allowed him to feel how hard he was – remembering that it was practically by will, it was so sudden. That or he was just constantly aroused by Taehyung, which was a ridiculous thought. “He gave me a toothbrush and tucked me into bed.”

Jeongguk cocked his head, confused as all hell, “I’m sorry, but what? He had nothing to say about the guy? How did you two decide to have an appointment together? This shit went from like a five to a twenty real quick.”

“He wasn’t happy about the guy. He made me feel ashamed and stupid, which isn’t really difficult for him to do, he does it so often. Seems like a higher being sometimes. I guess, maybe this time I deserved it.” Taehyung answered, truthfully. “We were sitting at breakfast – he made me breakfast, and he told me that I could have him, as a dominant.”

“As a dominant, right, right. Tell me, hyung, when exactly did you decide that you were going to try out being a submissive?” Jeongguk inquired, still confused on how that happened. Sure, Taehyung had apologized for being judgmental before. He’d recently shown an openness towards the BDSM scene, but enough to partake? “Again, this is one of those important things you should’ve told me.”
“I don’t know how to really explain it, but he makes me want to, well, submit,” Taehyung said, the heat in his face flaring up now – not used to these kinds of talks with them. He was the last remaining virgin amongst his friends. There were no juicy details to share, he’d always been the listener during those discussions. “I think he can help me accept who I am, find out what I like, and become my own person, not what I think I’m supposed to be. Maybe he can help me let go?”

“That’s really cute…” Jeongguk murmured, receiving an elbow to the arm while they were stopped at a traffic light. “Ow! What, I’m being serious! Also, if you weren’t in such a rush, I would tell you that your outfit is dumb. You need to upgrade your style, commit to leather. It’ll drive Yoongi crazy. Not this weird, large black sweater, jeans, and purple scarf nonsense…”

**Leather?** Taehyung tried to imagine how uncomfortable that would be, yet how good it would undoubtedly look on Yoongi should he walk around in a pair of fitted leather pants.

Jeongguk pulled inside the Void lot, putting the car in park to look over at Taehyung. “Send me a text when you’re done and I’ll come get you.”

“Thanks. That’d be good,” Taehyung agreed, suddenly becoming somber. It was eerily serious in the small space. “I’m kinda scared.”

“I’d be concerned if you weren’t…” Jeongguk patted his thigh, coming down hard on the third slap. It seemed to snap Taehyung out of it, rubbing at the sore spot with a laugh. “I was afraid, too, but they’re good people. I trust them. You wouldn’t have considered this if you didn’t feel the same about Yoongi.”

“I should be studying,” Taehyung sighed, leaning against the chair. “I shouldn’t fucking be here.”

“Hyung…” Jeongguk stared at him seriously. “Get the fuck out of the car.”

“Good talk,” Taehyung grimaced, the push exactly what he needed when he shut the door, and headed towards the entrance of the Void. It wasn’t terribly busy during this time of night, on a weekday, but it still felt like one too many people dressed in black, adhering to rules that he’d never truly understand.

The reception area had one too many lingerers, but Claire noticed him straightaway. She signaled him over, finishing up with an admission form. “Oh, hello, you gorgeous boy.” She sent him a spicy little wink, before she leaned towards a male helping her behind the desk. Taehyung recognized him as one of the monitor’s, ‘Wonshik’. “I have to show Taehyung to his room, can you handle things for a few minutes?”

“Like I have a choice,” Wonshik snickered, shifting the small line towards him. “Over here.”

Claire came around the desk, short, even in her six-inch pumps. She was only up to Taehyung’s shoulder, as he walked beside her. “This way,” she said, bringing him down the familiar corridor. They made a right, “Try and remember your way. You’ll always meet in the same room should you decide to become Sugar’s submissive. He chose room seven for you both.”

“Room seven?” Taehyung asked, taking in the steel black doors, and pristine marble.

“I must say, I don’t really care for his new additions to the door’s design,” she tsked, coming to stand in front of the room. Etched on both sides of the lone number was an obvious scribbling of 7. The actual room number, given Yoongi’s changes, was ‘777’. *What in the actual…fuck?*
She asked him, “Does it mean anything to you?”

“No.” Only that Yoongi was a cheeseball. “I mean, Heaven, I guess?”

“That’s all I got,” she said, giving a small shrug. He heard her pop her bubblegum, staring at him like he was meal, Claire’s usual flirty business. “You can go ahead and wait inside. Sugar will be with you shortly.”

“Oh, okay, thanks...” he smiled, trying to contain how nervous he was, hoping that she could stay with him for another moment or two, but she was already leaving. The knowledge that Yoongi wasn’t in the room yet was probably the only reason why he opened the door with little issue.

The setup was simple with a sleek, black table at the center of the room. There were only two chairs, when it easily could’ve fit several more. There was closed door in the back that Taehyung didn’t dare venture towards. The floorboards were made of dark wood – thinking of how it must hurt for those who had to kneel, wondering if he’d have to do the same in the not-so distant future. The room was dimly illuminated by a pale overhead lamp that was hung right above the table. A book awaited him there and the closer he got to it, the more he realized that it was a sketch pad.

Taehyung sat himself down and grabbed hold of it – good manners telling him to wait, anxiety telling him to go right ahead, and indulge. Anxiety overruled. He opened the book to the first page. It was mostly blank, save for Yoongi’s elegant signature in black charcoal. The next few pages had to have been from Europe, the sketches Yoongi had promised to show him, finding *Athena defeats Alkyoneus* from the Pergamon Alter. Indeed, he’d filled in the missing pieces of the sculpture in a way that made sense, and clicked. It was breathtaking, all of the intimate details that went into his artwork, the Florence Cathedral, Santa Croce, and the Golden City of Germany.

Just when Taehyung was starting to think that Yoongi had been exclusively interested in capturing the complexities of old architecture, the following pages were dedicated to butterflies. Varying from small and big, were garishly realistic sketches of dissection, all of the same species. Taehyung didn’t know of which, but he was intrigued nonetheless. Then there were designs for a set of knives, very delicate-looking, the patterns elaborate with the wings of a butterfly, the same butterfly as before, and the blood rubies at the end of a chain.

He was so engrossed in the drawings that he’d barely picked up on the footsteps approaching the door, until it was being opened. The younger allowed the pages to slip through his fingertips, eyes staring up at Yoongi like he’d just been caught doing something illegal, unsure at first on how to breathe. The only time he’d ever seen the elder in stage attire was the night he attempted to put an end to Jimin, that black blazer, and red ribbon. Tonight’s number went a little differently, Taehyung’s mouth suddenly dry as he took in the dark long-sleeved crop top that revealed lots of smooth, pale skin. There was a harness atop of it, fitted to his slender frame – the shoulder straps were relaxed like suspenders, along with three waist straps that were fastened into place by thick, silver buckles.

The rest of the dominant’s outfit was just as distressing for Taehyung’s sensibilities, the dark ripped jeans, and the steel toe boots completing the look. Yoongi had even spent time on accessorizing, breaking out his necklaces, and rings. Applied faded, smoky makeup that almost looked natural given his insomnia, not unusual for most scene professionals to use cosmetics. He had his raven hair parted to one side, tucking the other behind a heavily pierced ear. He looked... *good*.

Yoongi raised an inquisitive brow at him, his eyes flickering to the open sketchbook on the table,
“Am I going to have to tie your ten fingers together, Taehyung?”

“I didn’t know if I was supposed to wait or not,” he managed to say, surprised that he was able to speak firm, coherent sentences. He was so fixated on Yoongi, following the elder’s every move like a cat to a laser point.

He noticed that Yoongi was holding onto a folder, attached to it was an expensive-looking fountain pen. “If you’re unsure of something, the safest bet would be to wait for me. In any case, did you like what you saw?”

“Yeah, uh…they were all very beautiful, the technique suits you. It’s like you draw with shadows or something.” Taehyung wanted to berate himself, could he sound any more ridiculous? Probably. He quickly moved on, “Also, I didn’t peg you for a butterfly enthusiast.”

Yoongi nodded to himself, accepting the compliments. “I’m sure you didn’t. How did you do on your assignment?” He was in front of Taehyung now, leaned partially against the table with his head tilted to the side, peering down at him. The boy seemed confused at the abrupt change of subject, until he gestured with his hand, “I showed you mine, now you show me yours…”

‘Oh, the precious item,’ Taehyung finally remembered, his brain about short-circuited from the moment Yoongi walked through the door. The younger had had enough time to think it over and no matter which way he thought about it, his most valued asset was his purple scarf. The very same scarf that he was currently wearing around his neck. He gripped at the ends of it, before showing it to the elder, “It’s this, isn’t it, prof–?”

“It’s ‘sir’ from now on,” Yoongi corrected him, before dropping his gaze to the familiar knitted fabric. Taehyung was still trying to adjust to being cut off mid-sentence, his cheeks a deep shade of scarlet, flushed from the embarrassment. “And you’re right, it’s our favorite purple scarf.” Yoongi leaned in close like he was about to share a secret, pausing to smirk crookedly, voice an octave above a whisper, “What a good tiger.” He then slid the folder in front of Taehyung, opening it to a legal style document and waited for him to read it through. It was the Terms and Conditions page, stating how the contract was not legally binding, but should be taken seriously as though it were, until either the Dominant or Submissive decide to terminate it.

“My submissive’s goals, what are they?” Yoongi asked, reaching a hand out to begin stroking his fingers over the scarf. It was casual at first, a light teasing followed by an abrupt little tug. Yoongi had loosened it, slipping it free from around Taehyung’s neck. The younger’s eyes closed shut at the ticklish sensation, before he willed himself to snap out of it. “You must be honest with me, Taehyung. What do you think needs to be worked on, if anything?”

“I feel like I have to be in control of everything. It’s a constant need. Everything must be perfect.” Taehyung answered, trying to be honest with himself, but finding it difficult to accomplish such a task with Yoongi as the one who was asking. Taehyung didn’t want to reveal any weaknesses to the other man, afraid of what he might do with them.

“Control? Seems a bit simple, but I suppose it’s a good start,” Yoongi agreed, weighing the purple scarf within his hands. Taehyung, always the student, went reaching for the pen to write it down in the blank field, his fingers just barely grazing it when Yoongi tsked at him, “I think you require a lesson in basic mannerisms, Taehyung. I never once said that you could touch my pen. Perhaps I should show you that over-arm tie after all, and see how you fair?”

“Wait – not with my scarf, right?” Taehyung asked, voice wavering now. He was feeling uneasy
now, like he did the first time in the classroom when Yoongi had insinuated such a thing.

The elder was at full height, no longer leaning to come stand directly in front of him. “With my new scarf, yes. Is that alright with you?”

“‘Your’ new scarf? N…No, I can’t let you have it, no matter how much you’re dying to use it for some fucked up example, professor,” Taehyung said, stopping himself from continuing when he saw the smirk drop from Yoongi’s face then, his onyx eyes narrowed darkly. “No. You can have anything else, but not this. No fucking way.”

“How quickly you forget the simplest request. You are not to address me as anything other than ‘sir’ while you’re here at Void, or during any type of play.” There was a pompousness to Yoongi’s tone, as if he had known this would happen – had counted on it, even. “As for the valuable item in question, it is mine for the time being. If you cannot accept it, then you may pack up your things, and leave.”

Taehyung sighed at that, every fiber of his being fighting against the urge to rip the scarf from Yoongi’s fingers, and promptly exiting. He rubbed at the back of his neck, where he held in all of his tension and stress. He had to remind himself that he wanted it – all of the odd, seemingly possessive bullshit, trying to believe that it was for the betterment of his health. That his possessiveness over the scarf was exactly the kind of control he knew he needed to let go of. He laughed at himself, shaking his head, “It’s fine if you tie me up, sir.”

“I was only going to tie your arms at first, but now I’m thinking you should be gagged for the way you spoke to me, so disrespectful, and so very out of line,” Yoongi murmured quietly, dark eyes alit with unmasked amusement. “Hold out your wrists for me, Taehyung.” The boy did as he was told, allowing Yoongi to position his arms exactly how he needed them. “Start with a basic double column tie,” the elder informed him, explaining the process as he went through it.

Yoongi’s voice seemed rougher than usual, whether it was from their close proximity (was it possible that Yoongi was as affected by it as Taehyung himself?), or from being under these new circumstances, it was more intimate than any other time before. Instead, Taehyung tried focusing on the procedure, curious eyes taking in how many times he wrapped the scarf around his wrists. “I usually leave plenty of bight room to make a ring, this part here where we feed the tail through, so that it becomes a pretty little leash.” Yoongi pulled the end of the scarf once it was through the ‘bight’ (new term for Taehyung’s ever-expanding vocabulary), drawing Taehyung’s arms behind his head. He brought the ends of the scarf behind his arms to his front – slipping the material over his lips. “Open your mouth, baby. We both know you have no problem with doing that…”

Taehyung once again fought against instinct to disobey, allowing the knitted fabric to hug the corners of his mouth. Yoongi paused, visibly affected by seeing Taehyung in such a state, when their eyes met hotly, the younger glaring up at him. Despite this, Yoongi carried on smoothly, ever the teacher, “When there’s no suspension involved, it’s called floor bondage.” He had just enough room to tie the ends off at the back – tugging at the fabric to make sure it wasn’t too tight, nor too loose. “When both your arms are tied and you’re being gagged, we communicate through blinking. It’s one blink for ‘Yes’ and two blinks for ‘No’. Are you following along so far?”

The younger blinked once, Yoongi acknowledging it with another signature smirk. Taehyung really was too much. “Good,” he said, propping himself atop of the table in front of the boy, while he picked up the folder. In his neat cursive, he filled in the Submissive’s Goals, as ‘Control’. Manners would be picked up along the way. Yoongi passed over the YNM for now, quite enjoying Taehyung in a gag, knowing full well that the material was being soaked through with saliva by now.
“Let’s go over the rules. Each dominant has their own guidelines. Mine are pretty simple. BDSM etiquette is such that you must refer to your dominant as either ‘master’ or ‘sir’. You’ve already been told which one I favor. Failure to grasp such a concept will result in a punishment. I’ll go over what those are in a little bit. Should you consent to being collared and or pierced, you must wear your accessories when you arrive at Void.”

Taehyung recalled the first night where Jeongguk forgot his collar and Jimin used his hand as a substitute. Looking back on it now, he might’ve overreacted. Taehyung would never admit to such a thing though. It was being pocketed and taken to the grave with him.

“I really shouldn’t have to go over the fundamentals of trust, but honesty is key for any D/S relationship. You must be open and honest with me, otherwise I can’t help you.” Yoongi thought about yesterday during their phone conversation where Taehyung was moments away from spilling over, but he held back. “With that being said, I will tell you now…I do not tolerate lying. Not even white lies. And where most dominants are considered highly observant, I am exceptional. So, don’t try me. You won’t like the end result.”

Yoongi wasn’t going to be cheap about the information he’d learned through eavesdropping on Jimin and Hwasa, choosing to let it go for now. “Blink if you understand me, Taehyung.”

The younger was breathing roughly, the apprehension there, but he blinked the once. Yoongi leaned forward, “There’s also the matter of exclusivity. I don’t like it when my submissives belong to someone else. It creates unnecessary drama. If you’re thinking of entering a relationship, you’re required to disclose it to me. You’ll also need to get tested, whether you’re sexually active or not, even in your unique case – as a virgin. I’ll give you a form on the frequency of such visits. Dominants undergo these same tests, and you’re within your right to request my details from Claire.”

What the hell was going on? Taehyung was beginning to get anxious the more clinical things started to sound. However, that first bit was troubling as well. Submissives couldn’t belong to anyone else, but what about the dominant? Yoongi met his eyes, could see the conflict rising to the surface, “Something you wanted to say to me?”

Taehyung blinked – the elder was endeared by how well-behaved he was, being tied up, and gagged. The way he followed orders, even when it went against his nature. It was a promising start to their new relationship. Yoongi was able to reach Taehyung from where he was seated, pulling the damp material free from the younger’s mouth, “Go on, then.”

“Does the whole, ‘exclusivity’ rule apply to the dominant as well?” Taehyung asked, a noticeable strain to his tone, “…or can that not be negotiated since it’s your work?”

“I must meet with other clients.”

Taehyung laughed, “That sounds a lot like a ‘no’ to me.”

“Meeting a client is different from meeting with my submissive. Before you, I had no one to remain loyal to,” Yoongi explained, the pang of guilt from last night’s scene was still prominent. “Although, all good clients who are behaved deserve to be rewarded, and it’s usually with release.”

“So, you fuck them?” Taehyung was being snappish, his nerves on edge.

Yoongi nodded, “Not usually, but sometimes.”
“Recently?” Taehyung winced at his own question, almost not wanting to hear it, but needing to – he needed to know.

“Yes,” Yoongi said, keeping his voice steadied – owning up to it completely, despite the inevitable hurt Taehyung would feel, knowing that he wouldn’t be able to fully understand. The moment Taehyung stood up from his seat, he’d been anticipating it, meeting the younger halfway. “Sit down.”

“Undo the tie. I don’t want to hear anything else you have to say.” Taehyung was impulsive, yes – rash, naive. Yoongi had even said that he wanted to hurt him and then use him, and he had still pursued him. He was worse off than Jeongguk was at this point, blindly chasing after Jimin, calling it love, while Taehyung would shake his head, pitying him. It was premature to call it love, but he desired Yoongi, and the mere thought of the elder sleeping with someone else was enough to make him feel betrayed. He dared to step closer into the dominant’s space when Yoongi didn’t move, “You were jealous when you thought I was going to sleep with that guy at the lounge. You panicked and agreed to have me, just so that no one else could…”

“No one else is going to have you,” Yoongi answered, remaining still and in control – always, always. He let his eyes fall to the soft, deep bow of Taehyung’s lips, the freckle awaiting him there, begging to be kissed. “No one else will have me, too, if you just tell me that’s what you want, Taehyung. I told you to be honest, but right now, you’re trying to escape like you always do.”

He lightly gripped Taehyung’s chin, drawing the younger in closer to him. “Tell me I can’t fuck them and I won’t. Go on, forbid me…” And Yoongi meant it. It was almost surprisingly easy to make the offer.

Taehyung sucked in a breath, the air between them mingling with their faces so close together. With his lashes fluttering shut, lips trembling for the familiar burn of Yoongi’s against his own – he murmured shakily, “So long as I’m yours, you can’t kiss them…” Taehyung brushed their mouths together, groaning softly at the back of his throat when Yoongi tightened his grip, keeping him still for a slow, lingering drag. “…and you can’t fuck them.”

“Oh, no?” Yoongi teased, getting riled up.

Taehyung stared him down, eyes fierce, “No.”

“Done. Now, sit down,” Yoongi breathed, releasing Taehyung’s face to gently guide him back into the chair. “I’m going to add your little clause to the exclusivity rule,” he said, picking up the folder and writing it down. Curious, Yoongi stared at him, “Now, why don’t you tell me a little bit about my scarf, Taehyung? After all what’s yours will soon be mine.”

“And what’s yours is…?”

“Whatever I allow it to be,” he said, arranging the paperwork. “Do you remember that little piece of paper you filled out half-assed that night at Void?”

Taehyung nodded, remembering that he’d been too anxious, and overly judgmental to take the whole experience seriously. “I do.”

“Good, because we’re going to fill it out the right way now.”
Taehyung swallowed thickly, his mouth going dry, “Yes, sir.”

Yoongi’s eyes glittered prettily in the room's dim lighting, gleaming at him with an almost predatory gaze. "Get comfortable, Taehyung, this is going to take a while.”

Small glossary:

D/S - Dominance and Submission
RACK - risk-accepted consensual kink that is generally permissive of certain risky sexual behaviors, as long as the participants are fully aware of the risks.
YNM list - Yes, No, Maybe list
Oh, Angel

A/N: MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE!! HAPPY HOLIDAYS. I'm so happy that I could get this to you in time.

Thank you to Voldy for working hard on beta-ing! I love you.

Please check out the Espresso Marmalade trailer by aware YT / TW:

espresso marmalade.
Inspiration log - You're setting me on fire, I don't wanna fight it. You don't need a lighter to sustain.

Chapter Eight: Oh, Angel

Taehyung took a deep breath, trying to stay calm.

He was well aware that what happened next wasn’t going to be easy for him. It wasn’t going to be easy, because it was personal. And Taehyung wasn’t very good at being vulnerable, not good at all. It called for the utmost honesty, but honestly how was he meant to get through this with zero experience of anything that was about to be thrown at him? The younger sat stiffly beneath the weight of Yoongi’s gaze, having been maneuvered into a submissive form, the scarf still wrapped securely around his arms. The dominant was nearly a perfect reflection, seated directly across from Taehyung with his elbows off the table, proper etiquette and mannerisms having to had been instilled at a young age to remember such a thing. A delicate hand was poised to begin filling out the YNM list.

Taehyung tried to remind himself of the fact that this wasn’t about his humiliation. That this wouldn’t be at his own expense somehow, but rather it was a positive step forward in the right direction. Yoongi had to know these things in order to proceed with their contract – the contract that Taehyung
had fully wanted, if it would mean learning more about Yoongi. He just wished the elder didn’t look so smug while doing it, like he was finally getting all that he wanted, as if the divulgence of Taehyung’s preferences was the true pleasure.

Really – Taehyung just hated giving in.

“Usually, there are four columns on the YNM list. There’s Yes, Into – as in, you already know that you enjoy the particular activity, and that you would consent to it being performed. Yes, Willing is a type of play that you would like to try.” Taehyung nodded along with him, showing that he understood what Yoongi was saying. Perfectly clear. The dominant pressed on, “Maybe is if you’re uncertain, but would like to learn more about the activity, and lastly, No, which is strictly used for play that you know you wouldn’t like, and would be unwilling to try.”

Yoongi tilted his head at him, dark strands of raven styled hair staying intact from whatever product he’d used. Taehyung felt a little defeated then, obviously underdressed, making a mental note to listen to Jeongguk about upgrading his fashion – at least, for whenever he comes to Void. Yoongi bore his charcoal eyes into the younger’s, thinking aloud, “It would unfair to use the Yes, Into category given your lack of experience, so for now, we’ll stick with Yes, Willing, unless there is something you’re certain you would like. Sound good, angel?”

Taehyung nodded, slowly, because it did sound good, great really, “Yes, sir.”

“There are a few things here that I have taken the liberty of crossing out. Acts that I myself are disinclined to perform aren’t relevant, and will not be part of our contract,” Yoongi stated, before he glanced back down at the paper, finding something commonly agreed to, “How about we start off small. What do you think of blindfolds?”

It was funny how the question had already affected Taehyung. Every single thing the elder might mention had the potential of putting him into an early grave. Even so, he allowed his mind to shamelessly wander to what it would be like, to lose his vision, having to focus and rely solely on his other senses, with only Yoongi to know what would happen to him next. The level of trust it would require, the anxiety that would ensue. Anticipatory touches – gasps escaping past his lips.

A full minute had passed, before he gave his response, “Yes, willing.”

Yoongi silently marked it off with no passing judgment, it was like a part of him knew that would be the outcome. Many dabblers of BDSM often tended to go straight for the blindfolds, especially during their first couple of ventures. The next question would be one of the more interesting selection. “Would you like being filmed and or photographed by me?”

Taehyung’s knee jerk reaction was worry, and then heat, and he asked the first thing that came to mind, “I would like it, but where would you keep them? These photos and videos of me. I imagine they would be of the suggestive sort…” Sir – a missed opportunity, but Yoongi wasn’t quick to correct it.

“They would stay with me, in my private collection.” Yoongi looked up from the sheet of paper, the smallest of smirks tugging against his pink, kittenish lips. It was intimidating, how easily that smile could undo his train of thought. “And yes, they would be most explicit. These are things you wouldn’t necessarily want me to have – depending on the context. If it was for fun or for a punishment…” Yoongi would love nothing more than to spread Taehyung out like his own personal doll, adjusting him in whatever position he deemed fit. He wanted to record the younger sitting down on his cock, just so he could play it back to him, show his submissive how well he’d swallowed him.
inch by agonizing inch.

Taehyung shifted from the rush of adrenaline pumping throughout his veins, the dull ache in his arms soon becoming more pronounced, but he wanted to remain resilient. He wanted to impress Yoongi by proving that he was able to withstand the pain. Taehyung was almost hesitant to ask, especially since he didn’t have the right to. It was really none of his business, “How many people are in your collection, professor?”

“Ah, Taehyung…you did it again,” Yoongi said, calmly – despite each word being deliberately and sharply clipped, as though spoken with more teeth than tongue. “I understand that it’s going to be difficult at first, remembering to call me ‘sir’, but pretty soon I won’t even bother to acknowledge that you’re speaking to me.” Yoongi dropped his heated stare, as though releasing Taehyung from an unspoken spell. “But once you’ve signed the contract, we’ll move onto punishments for such behavior.”

“Wouldn’t that be a little rude on your part, sir,” Taehyung quipped, not understanding how a small mistake would lead to a direct punishment.

“How do you suppose a child learns their lesson? If I’m repeatedly having to correct you, then it obviously isn’t sinking in, and would require a new method. We’ll put a pin in it for now…” Yoongi skimmed his pen down the length of the paper, in search of something in particular. “Mm, I think that I’m going to put you down for bratting, is that okay with you?”

Taehyung could make an educated guess on the term, but he needed to have it clarified by Yoongi himself, “Depends on what that is, sir?”

Sir…Yoongi really shouldn’t love the sound of it – not the way that he did, so thoroughly affected by it. The elder had been trained to stay in complete control, especially over his urges – a task that he’d managed seamlessly for several years, and yet his cock was beginning to stir from Taehyung’s voice alone, all honey-thick and sinful. The poor boy wouldn’t be able to get away with not using as much of it as possible. He needed to get a fucking grip.

“Bratting is when the submissive purposefully acts out in order to gain a reaction. It’s typically perceived as a cry for attention, or as an attempt to tease, when really it pokes at a dominant’s restraint. It contests their control. I feel that it describes you perfectly…” The younger wanted to dispute the implication, the moment he’d processed it. Yoongi could very easily tell from the deep, angry blush that blossomed across the tops of Taehyung’s cheeks. It was a dangerous thing, how gorgeous he looked while he was incensed, but even more distressing was the way Yoongi wanted more of it.

Taehyung swallowed thickly, choosing to go against himself, because unfortunately he could see himself talking back, the smart ass that he was, “Bratting would be fine, sir.”

“Oh, good,” Yoongi enthused, eyes dancing with wicked amusement, as he marked it off. “Collars, believe it or not, are optional.”

Taehyung thought back to the couple at the bar on his first night at Void, how ridiculous the female’s collar was, so overly bedazzled, “So long as you don’t decorate it with rhinestones to spell out something demeaning, then that would be fine.”

The look of utter distaste that had passed over Yoongi’s disinterested, cat-like features was almost comical. He’d found that sort of thing to be tacky – rhinestones, for fuck’s sake. Taehyung deserved
so much better than that – so much more than just a simple, black leather collar. Yoongi had already thought of what type of collar he’d gift his precious Taehyung. It was a more practical, elegant piece. “Speaking of degradation. Could you handle being my little slut, Taehyung?”

Taehyung was caught off-guard by the question, breath hitching in his throat, as he turned it around and around again inside his head. Did Yoongi have to – did he have to say it like that? In that tone? That stupidly low, rough voice…The younger couldn’t help the heat that consumed him then, skin ablaze with another flush of color. Taehyung found himself finally murmuring his quiet response, “It would depend on the level of degradation…”

“Meaning?” Yoongi asked, enjoying this a little too much. Taehyung’s inner-struggle was so obvious. “I’m going to need an example.”

Taehyung closed his eyes against Yoongi’s needs, because of course. Of course, Yoongi would draw this whole thing out. The younger fought to remain calm, as he further explained, “Meaning that being your little slut isn’t very offensive to me, however being made to feel invaluable, or useless would probably really piss me off. I wouldn’t like being called your ‘worthless’ little slut…sir.”

“And yet you would still like to be talked down to, as though you are nothing more than an object? An object that I can do whatever I please with?” Yoongi was jotting down the word ‘mild’ under degradation. It wasn’t unusual for someone so sexually inexperienced to not want to feel inadequate about their performance, or themselves, whether it was in a play setting or otherwise. The deep shade of pink in Taehyung’s cheekbones was so very beautiful, but it was also telling. “My pretty tiger, you’ll become mine, unequivocally.” It was such an easy promise to make.

Taehyung felt paralyzed – stilted, because he believed it. What kind of conversation was this, really? He was about to suffocate.

It was probably with that knowledge that Yoongi moved onward with the questioning, digging the inky point of the pen into the paper, “Penetration with either a toy, or by me?”

“Yes, into…” Taehyung would like to not be the only virgin in his friendship circle.

“Into, huh?” Yoongi chuckled lowly at him, not expecting the younger’s enthusiasm. Surprised by Taehyung’s bravado, although he shouldn’t be – growing very fond over these little bursts of confidence. “And how would you know anything about that, angel? You haven’t even lost your wings yet… I mean, if you like being fucked so much, should I go ahead and jot you down for double penetration?”

Taehyung nearly crumbled, response almost immediate, “No. Please.”

Yoongi didn’t think so, however he was inwardly pleased that Taehyung was voicing his desires so plainly, knowing full well that it wasn’t an easy thing to do, for anyone. “We’ve already had an experience with frottage, haven’t we? Professor Jung’s office, never to be the same again. Did you enjoy rubbing yourself on me, Taehyung? Liked using me to get yourself off?”

The boy about lost his damn nerve at how dark and accusatory Yoongi’s eyes were then, wanting to snap at him with, ‘what the fuck do you think?’, but he swallowed it down, answering instead, “Yes, into.”

“How are your arms?” Yoongi asked, as he glanced down at his watch – keeping track of how long Taehyung’s had them raised, noting how good he was behaving, his tolerance, as well as how he
didn’t complain, when for an amateur, it must’ve been uncomfortable by now.

“They’re tired…” And it was with that, that Yoongi stood up from his chair, deciding to be kind and give Taehyung a little break. He started undoing the knots, which was a carefully slow procedure. The relief that Taehyung felt when the scarf became loose was instantaneous, sighing when the scarf slipped away, and was taken into the elder’s hands. Gone.

“What do you say to me, Taehyung?” Yoongi asked, as he came to stand in front of him – slender, ring adorned fingers slipping beneath his jawline to direct his face upwards, capturing Taehyung’s eyes. It was always with some sort of spell or magnetism, helpless in ways that he tried his best to ignore. Yoongi was woefully enigmatic, an addictive person. Taehyung had to heed Jeongguk’s warning and be careful, he knew that he should, but it was useless – already in the mouth of the wolf.

Taehyung answered, shakily, “Thank you, sir.”

“That’s a good tiger…” Yoongi kept Taehyung within his grip, leaning in so closely, tempted to nibble at the younger’s cherry tinted mouth, but he didn’t – instead he dragged a finger along the delectable swell of Taehyung’s lower lip. Cool, minty air brushed over Taehyung’s skin, as Yoongi chuckled low, “What about face-fucking? Hmm? Would you let me be rough with you? I’d stuff your lovely little mouth full with my cock. I’d make you swallow me down, every last inch of me, until you’re an absolute mess.”

Taehyung swallowed hard against the lump in his throat – mouth suddenly going dry. What a concept, being face-fucked, when he didn’t even know what sucking cock felt like. He’d learned a couple of things through Hoseok’s own experiences, all of the raunchy details after one of his many hookups. Despite lacking in virtually every area, Taehyung enjoyed the thought of being handled in such a way, trusting that Yoongi wouldn’t jump right into it, “Yes, willing.”

The younger hadn’t noticed that he’d been holding in his breath, until Yoongi was stepping away from him to go scribble down his answers. Taehyung couldn’t help eyeing up the pale skin of his lower back when he retreated, the contrast of black against Yoongi was such a horrible distraction.

The dominant stared at him, “So, is it safe to assume that any act of oral sex would be fine then, whether it would be performed on you, or myself?” Yoongi paused, waiting for Taehyung’s response of, ‘yes’ – not expecting it to have come out so breathy, and deep. The kid was going to be the death of him. “And what about rimming?”

Rimming? Taehyung frowned, “I don’t really know, uhm, what that is...” Perhaps Hoseok had censored himself, or Taehyung had drowned him out by that point.

“Sir…” Yoongi corrected him again, dark eyes cutting through him almost warningly. He found it kind of adorable, how little Taehyung knew on the subject of sex. It was cute, not tragic – a very rare and precious anomaly. That didn’t stop Yoongi from being blunt about it, “It’s when you get eaten out.”

Eaten out...

Taehyung grew still, allowing himself a moment to digest the words – unable to hide the way his body reacted to the imagery, gaining a shiver. It was probably from the cold, yeah. It certainly wasn’t from the near vivid imagery of being on his stomach with his ass up in the air, cheeks spread by large, calloused hands. A tongue as equal part feline as the rest of Yoongi, licking a long, wet stripe over his entrance. Nope. Taehyung blushed furiously, “I don’t think...”
Yoongi stopped him there, “Yes, you aren’t thinking. I want you to really think about this for me.” Especially when he would love nothing more, than to bend Taehyung over the table (keeping the boy safe, for now), and make him scream. Yoongi – still needing to get that fucking grip. He rephrased, “If you’re unsure, because you’re feeling shy, then that’s going to be a problem, considering that there’s going to be plenty of situations that will surely make you feel the same exact way as you do right now.”

Before Taehyung could answer, the elder continued, “A part of BDSM is about being exposed, which can be a freeing experience. It’s about pouring all of your insecurities into me and trusting me to take care of them. And I want to take care of you, Taehyung.”

How long had it been since Taehyung felt that he was properly being cared for? He folded his hands, the small form of embrace a comfort. “Yes, willing…”

“Oh, good,” Yoongi mused, lips twitching into a smirk that was notorious at this point. “You would've been doing yourself a disservice, believe me. Now, we already engage in kissing, but I need to hear you agree to it. As well as biting, which can range from a light nipping, to an actual bite. One that might leave a mark.”

Taehyung was less hesitant about his answer. “Yes, into, for both.”

“For bondage, as you may already know, it entails much more than just a simple overarm-tie. And practicing with a beginner would take some time, if you agree to it. Each case is unique.” Yoongi felt that he had to make himself clear on another thing, Jeongguk’s experience with Jimin’s techniques were a bit different from what he was offering. Shibari and bondage separate worlds to Yoongi. “Your friend primarily partakes in shibari. It’s true that it can be an equal mix of bondage as well, depending…but what Jimin does as a shibari practitioner is an art. It doesn’t need to be erotic, hell – it can be about the geometry, the pattern and shapes the rope makes as it gets wrapped and knotted around a submissive’s’ body. I do enjoy that aspect of it, however, my type of bondage play would be more about restraint, and humiliation.”

“Well, the idea of bondage kinda makes me nervous, but maybe…?” Taehyung could see himself enjoying certain aspects of it, but perhaps not of the extreme sort. Not to the same extent as Jeongguk, who was dubbed a ‘rope bunny’. To be honest, he felt overwhelmed with what was already in front of him.

“Why nervous?” Yoongi asked, despite knowing exactly the reason. It wasn’t uncommon to be apprehensive about the lack of control that comes with being restrained.

“I wouldn’t be able to escape fast enough if I didn’t like it,” Taehyung said, being honest about it...for once. It was something that had always been an issue, especially when he was too anxious, and the sky would pour down. “I might panic.”

“As my submissive, you’ll need to learn how to relinquish control to me. And during our little playtime together, you will have none, Taehyung.” This wasn’t entirely true and they both knew it. All control belonged to the younger, but the real objective was for him to let go of it.

Taehyung was the first one to address it, as though he was clutching onto it, “Unless I say the word, right?”

Yoongi’s voice grew quiet then, a soft murmuring like an afterthought, “You're all about those safety
nets, aren't you? We’ll mark it down as maybe. Ah, how do you feel about costumes?

The younger laughed, because it was kind of ridiculous, “Like, hot professor and naughty school boy? I think we already have that covered, sir.” Despite Taehyung’s sass, Yoongi couldn’t help but smile at that.

“More like, we would get you all prettied up for me.” It took effort for Yoongi to stop his mind from wandering. All the endless possibilities. It had been a long time since he last partook in such play. “Also, keep in mind that costumes typically go hand-in-hand with roleplaying. You’d be consenting to both.”

“My friends say that I’m pretty good at acting,” Taehyung offered, especially after the repeated phrase of, ‘drop your major, take up drama’ from Hoseok. “Do you want to see me in a dress, sir?”

“Well...I wouldn’t be opposed to letting my Sailor Jupiter fantasies play out.” There was an amused lilt to Yoongi’s usual low, rough voice. “She was a redhead, after all…”

Taehyung quirked his brow at the admittance, “Hardly, a redhead. Also, you watch anime? You don’t even own a television.”

“One, she was in the manga, and two, that’s because I have a laptop.” Maybe Yoongi should invest in a desktop. Although, he really hated the idea of doing it for the sake of some kid making him feel old. If anything, the laptop made him look more current, unless Taehyung was a closet nerd, spending what little free time he had at a PC bang.

_Chris, no…_

Yoongi drew a circle around the next question. “Along with the costumes and roleplaying, what do you think about pet play?” How adorable would Taehyung be in a set of tiger ears and a tail, keeping his sassy little mouth shut, and obeying every command, while Yoongi toyed with his nipples, and swallowed down his cock?

Taehyung was swift to pop his bubble, “I’m not really up for being walked around on a leash.” Then he paused, briefly wondering if that’s what Yoongi had in mind since the start.

“You’ve already agreed to being collared, angel. Did you not expect me to hook a leash to it? Besides, there’s more to pet play than just being leashed.”

“Okay – uh, maybe to all that you’re proposing...” he stammered, wondering if he’d honestly be able to go through with any of what he’d agreed to this evening. In theory, it sounded quite pleasant, and it made him feel a bit jittery. Like too much coffee consumption. Yoongi tried his best to cover up his smile, all soft and genuine, but Taehyung noticed it well enough. The pace of his heartbeat picking up.

The next line of questioning was probably the most important to the scene professional. This is what Yoongi specialized in. “Impact play includes instruments such as floggers, whips, paddles, and canes. Like the rest of these categories, we would start off slow…”

What made Taehyung even consider BDSM in the first place was the moment he’d seen Yoongi ‘in action’. He’d been so frightened, so inspired – envious when it came down to Woozi’s punishment. That was the spark that lit the flame, the instance that Taehyung had felt truly intrigued by this odd little world. “Yes, I’m willing.” Yoongi hid his smile as he marked it down.
The next category wasn’t as concerning to him, knowing already that Taehyung was very much into it, “Breathplay. This would include choking, suffocation, and smothering.”

The younger’s lashes fluttered then, affected by even the mentioning of that type of play. Taehyung remembered the fit of Yoongi’s perfectly long, slender fingers. How they wrapped around his throat, all tight and possessive. Why was it even a question when it pertained to him? His thick voice trembled, “Yes, willing.”

Yoongi’s response was to speak a bit softer, the moment tense for the both of them. “Knife play. The most I would do is run a dull blade across your skin, but would not cut you, unless you asked for it…” Like a shitty pop-up window, Taekwoon came to the forefront of his mind. He recalled how docile the elder had been under the knife – beneath him. Those occasions where Taekwoon would beg to bleed, hissing low when it was given.

“That’s something that you like?” Taehyung asked, the tops of his cheeks resuming their deep shade of red, just when it had started to simmer. “I’d be willing to try it, a-at least once.”

Sensing the obvious fear within Taehyung’s response, Yoongi glared at him, “Don’t agree to try things just because you think I’d enjoy it. That isn’t true consent, Taehyung. Will we have to run through the list again?”

“No, sir, and I’d still like to try it,” he insisted, placing his hands down into his lap. “I can understand the appeal.”

“Bloodplay. It typically goes with needle play. This in no way includes your piercing, as that is a one-time thing.”

If Taehyung’s many piercings said anything at all about his position on the matter. “I’m not turned off by the idea of needles, being cut, or blood. Never been the squeamish type. So, yes, willing.”

Was Kim Taehyung an angel? Yoongi felt fucking blessed by the gods. How many civilizations had he saved in his past lives? Where was the caveat to this perfect little gift? Yoongi kept his fondness to himself, seemingly unaffected by it as he moved on, “Orgasm control or denial sometimes with the usage of cockrings, and things of the like.”

“I’ve never tried one of those before, but it would be fine with me. Yes, willing.” Taehyung had little self-restraint whenever it came down to getting himself off, it was always a quick endeavor, sloppy and so easy to just give into himself, instead of holding back for the sake of more pleasure. Maybe this would teach him to be more patient.

“Fireplay?”

Taehyung had actually thought about it, not the lick of a flame, but, “I wouldn't mind wax, but anything beyond that, I'd rather not, sir.”

“Wax,” Yoongi echoed, as he wrote it down – clarifying. He was grateful for any usage of fire. Besides, Taehyung had given him so much to work with already, asking for anything more would just be greedy. Taehyung was being very kind, Yoongi was sure of it. “The next section is dedicated to use of language. I need to know if there are certain words you don't like hearing, things you wouldn't like calling me, or me calling you.”
Right. Taehyung was bothered by one particular phrase, ever since Hoseok had introduced him to it, however long ago. “Aside from what I said earlier about degradation, I'm not going to call you daddy, at any point.”

Yoongi pretended to be disappointed – pouting ruefully, “Even during a roleplay scene where you're my little princess, Taehyung? Really, I’m so disappointed.”

Taehyung narrowed his eyes, able to see through the antics, “Yeah, I can see that you’re real torn.”

“Allright, but seriously, there has to be more than just… that. Not everyone enjoys all manners of dirty talk.” Yoongi leaned back in his chair, flicking his tongue out over his bottom lip – Taehyung having just done the same thing, a subconscious habit that Yoongi recognized early on, and has been paying for ever since. “And I have a filthy mouth.”

“I think I’d really like dirty talk, actually,” Taehyung admitted, because at this point, why not? He’d obviously enjoyed most of what Yoongi had told him in the past, especially during some of the more tense, heated moments between them.

“Fine then, should you grow uncomfortable with any of the terms that I use in the future, do make sure to bring it to my attention.” There’d been a number of times where submissives had gone out of their way to do the exact opposite. It was a mistake that most of them make, desperately trying to appease their dominants. In the end, it only caused more harm, and strain to the dynamic.

Taehyung nodded, finding it reasonable, “Yes, sir.”

“Moving on…as you already know, all submissives have goals. You said that you wanted to overcome the need to control everything. Usually that's best achieved through the repetitious structure and discipline whenever tasks are given to you by your dominant.” Yoongi slid a sheet of paper towards Taehyung. Printed in bold black lettering was: SERVICE SUBMISSION. And beneath that, was a list of what looked like chores that seemed specifically catered to things Taehyung might enjoy doing. “Each task must be completed to perfection. However, a single misstep will lead to repercussions.”

Submissive’s House Responsibilities

- **Submissive** is to walk Holly for a maximum of fifteen minutes.
- **Submissive** is to carefully reorganize Sir’s collection of artwork and paintings.
- **Submissive** is to assist with preparing meals should Sir require it.
- **Submissive** is to make Sir a delicious cup of coffee.

Taehyung quirked his eye at the last one, but kept quiet for the moment, allowing it all to sink in before he continued to read over the consequences – that the dominant wouldn’t serve the punishment while angry (*made sense*), he’d seen firsthand that Yoongi had a temper stirring beneath that well-placed façade. According to the paper, they were to discuss whatever task was failed to be done correctly, followed by the submissive’s recommendation for punishment. The dominant would then consider it and determine the proper corrective action. He looked up at Yoongi, “I thought all of our appointments would take place here at Void?”

“And sometimes they will, but you’re not so advanced in your training yet that we would use much of the equipment for right now. We also wouldn’t need to use the stage.” Taehyung might not want to do any scenes in front of an audience. “So, if it’s alright with you, I’d like to utilize my playroom at home.”
“Utilizing your playroom, aka an excuse for me to fetch you your coffee,” Taehyung said, still somewhat perplexed by his list of chores. It felt like he was being treated as a child, when he was trying to be a bit more mature. “...and walk your dog, prepare meals with you, and move around your artwork.”

“You seem unhappy about it,” Yoongi observed, expecting Taehyung to run his mouth at any second now, his expression morose. And here he’d thought he’d been generous, removing all of the boring, traditional tasks. Most commonly, submissives wanted to do service submission. They often enjoyed taking care for their dominant. Although, Yoongi would be lying if he said he didn’t think Taehyung would react like this, “Poor tiger, the assigned responsibilities are non-negotiable.”

“Yeah, it says that right here,” Taehyung laughed, dropping the paper to meet Yoongi’s stare head-on. “This is bullshit.”

Yoongi tutted, “Sir…”

“Sir,” Taehyung rectified, as he flushed, heatedly. Okay, so maybe he was thinking that all he had to was show up and ‘behave’ himself. He didn’t really know that he’d have actual tasks to accomplish. And aside from that, “Jeongguk never mentioned having to do any of this.”

“Unfortunately, Jeongguk doesn’t have the luxury of visiting his dominant, but I’m positive that he’s serviced Jimin in other ways. One of them was volunteering for stage scenes…” Yoongi remembered, because he was there that night, shaking his head because the silver-haired dominant was so clearly enslaved by his little rope princling – rarely stopping to regard his audience. “He also served drinks during one of Void’s annual events, and he usually partakes in Submissive Sundays.”

Submissive Sundays? What the hell was that?

“Alright, Taehyung-ssi, it’s obvious that you may require more time to think this over,” Yoongi said, carelessly throwing up a wall that the younger could hardly withstand, feeling helpless when the dominant stood up from the table. “Why don’t you look over the documents again–”

“No, please…” Taehyung didn’t want to go backwards. It was difficult to get here, to even manage this much. He felt so out of his element, a lamb in the wolf’s den, offering its neck. “I’m sorry that sometimes I react, before thinking. I do it a lot, but I want to do this.”

Yoongi stared at him then, intrigued by the quick change in Taehyung’s disposition. It was that mouth of his…

“Tell me about this ‘delicious cup of coffee’ that I’m to make for you.” The paper had Yoongi’s exact preferences. How much cream, how much sugar, and sometimes, depending on how he was feeling, he’d take it straight black. Taehyung was still baffled by the concept. Would he be an assistant or a submissive? “I get that it’s about structure, receiving a command, and carrying out the task, but what’s the difference?”

“What do you mean?” Yoongi asked, eyes fixated on the slight tremble of Taehyung’s lips. The boy was pretending to be brave right now – skin remaining a pretty shade of pink, reaching the very tops of his ears that Yoongi just wanted to tug on. Taehyung was the perfect submissive, but he had no idea. Not a single fucking clue.

“Well, what I meant to ask was,” Taehyung started, trying his best to be more specific –
remembering how Yoongi preferred questions and statements to be concise. “What’s the difference between a friend making you a cup of coffee or a submissive?”

“Well,” Yoongi intoned, the teasing lilt of his voice, the way the elder seemed to give him every bit of his undivided attention – attention he felt he didn’t really deserve at times, was enough to make Taehyung squirm in his seat, wholly affected by the simplest things. “If a friend were to mess up my coffee, it’s unlikely that I’d let them know, but if a submissive, who was trained to get my coffee just right, were to fuck it up, then they would have to be punished.”

Taehyung tried not to laugh, nervously or otherwise, as he further inquired, “And punishment for ruining your coffee is what, sir?”

“It depends, was it too hot?” As Taehyung scrambled to answer, Yoongi came to stand in front of him, reaching a hand out to grip the back of the younger’s chair – slim legs parting around Taehyung’s much larger ones, so that the dominant was straddling his waist. Yoongi drank in the startled expression on Taehyung’s face, awaiting his timid response.

“What if it was?” Taehyung whispered, voice wavering at the close proximity, intimate and somewhat challenging. He wasn’t permitted to touch Yoongi without his say. That was one of the rules that was written on the stupid list, it didn’t matter how suggestive he was being. However, the impulse to grab at the elder’s bare exposed skin and pull him closer was itching beneath Taehyung’s fingertips. It was positively frustrating. “So hot it burned your mouth.”

Yoongi demonstrated the consequences by capturing Taehyung’s bottom lip between his teeth, softly grazing over the plump flesh, before he bit down. The pain was sharp enough to surprise the boy – the same as a burn from scalding hot coffee would do, Taehyung’s gasp promptly hushed by the firm press of Yoongi’s mouth. By the time he’d pulled back, the younger was shaking, having to remember himself, that he needed to behave, now more than ever.

“And if it wasn’t sweet enough?” Taehyung breathed against the elder’s lips, falling into a headspace without even realizing what it was, when Yoongi had recognized it immediately. Taehyung’s lashes fluttered when Yoongi leaned in again, placing a hand along Taehyung’s jawline to keep him still, while he teased his tongue along the seam of the younger’s lips, begging for entry. Taehyung was weak against him, falling apart the moment he’d easily relented, moaning softly at the added ‘sweetness’, the taste of Yoongi on his tongue.

Yoongi couldn’t help but recall with amazement the two occasions prior where Taehyung had claimed that BDSM wasn’t for him. He pulled away, swallowing thickly – breathing somewhat uneven, before he murmured darkly, “You were made for this, Taehyung. I’m going to prove to you, again and again for as long as it takes, just how right you are for this.” For me, he thought, unable to help himself. “I’m ready to sign, if you are, angel.” Taehyung, slightly dazed from the intensity Yoongi’s words, said nothing but nodded his head in agreement.

It was easy for Taehyung after that – standing up with Yoongi, taking the pen from his hand, and scribbling his signature next to the X assigned to the submissive. Next to him, Yoongi was like a slow consumption, dizzying like a strong mixed drink, the kind that burns your throat, and runs throughout your body like liquid fire. He made Taehyung feel brave, made him feel challenged, like he should take risks – hopeful that it would be worth all the fear and discomfort in the end. Taehyung wanted to touch his finger to the flame. He was tired of feeling so cold. Slowly, Taehyung unclenched his hand from the pen, and let it fall from his grip.

Yoongi’s signature was the same elegantly chaotic cursive that he was used to seeing up on the
chalkboard. He capped the pen and placed it down neatly. “I will have Claire make a copy of the contract for you before you leave. There’s also a very important part that I’d like to go over with you, it’s this right here…” Yoongi flipped over to a page, the section of text boxed and outlined in red. “Aftercare kit. It’s required that all submissives pack a bag that is filled with items that bring them comfort.”

“Oh, like my scarf?” Taehyung jabbed, knowing that the precious article was off the table. When Yoongi would give it back to him, unclear.

Yoongi released a puff of amusement, “I was thinking more like a blanket or a pair of those ridiculous socks you were going on about that one night. The fuzzy ones.”

“I mean, is there a limit to how many socks I can bring?” Taehyung asked, expression void of any signs of teasing. He was serious.

Yoongi doubted an entire collection of socks would be able to pull Taehyung out of subspace. “I really do hope you’re going to bring more than socks with you. Also, a change of comfortable clothing would be ideal.” Now Yoongi was thinking of what he had at home, if he should pack Taehyung a bag just in case, but then the experience would be lost on him. “Lastly, we need to discuss your piercing. Have you decided where you’d like it?”

Taehyung had given it a great deal of thought. It was a piercing he’d wanted for a long time, but was too shy to go through with under normal circumstances. In a way, Yoongi would be doing him a favor, and for free. He turned with an impish expression on his face, bracing his hands behind him on the table, as he leaned back, “Guess.”

Yoongi took the bait, unable to resist stepping into Taehyung’s space, “You do like playing games with me, angel. It’s as though you still haven’t yet realized the position that you’re in. But it’ll come, with time, I promise you that.”

Taehyung’s mind briefly flickered back to the YNM list, specifically recalling the entry titled “Brat”, and didn’t doubt it. He gulped, unable to control the shivers of anticipation that came at the thought of Yoongi trying to tame him.

“Hot or cold,” he breathed, tilting his head down – Yoongi shorter by mere inches, but twice as intimidating. The energy in the room sizzled the closer they were to touching. Yoongi raised a hand up to begin tracing over the arc of Taehyung’s eyebrow. The boy murmured, voice still so deep, even while he was trying to be soft, “Freezing.”

“What about here?” Yoongi asked, curving the point of his finger along the sensitive cartilage of Taehyung’s ear. There wasn’t much room left, given how many piercings the boy already had on both sides. Taehyung’s shoulders tensed up, giggling at the ticklish sensation. It was fucking adorable.

“You’re cold,” Taehyung said, trying not to lose it when Yoongi poked his nose, staring up at him expectantly. “Less cold, but still cold–” Yoongi cut him off with a kiss, slow and tantalizing, teeth catching on his lower lip. Taehyung’s eyes were shut when he answered, trying to recover, “… warmer.”

There weren’t many avenues from here, downward. Yoongi placed his palm against Taehyung’s collarbone, curious if the younger was into dermal piercings. He remained close – their lips brushing when Taehyung spoke again, “Very, very, very warm.” He’d spoke more words just to feel
Yoongi’s mouth on his for a little bit longer.

He slid his hand down Taehyung’s chest, fingers pressing into him right at the center. Not quite where they needed to be in order to count. “Scorching hot…”

Yoongi’s hand curled in, for the exception of his pointer finger, trailing it down in a slow path down Taehyung’s incredibly sensitive stomach, tickling the boy. He was far too serious to join him in his little laughing fit then, stopping at Taehyung’s navel. Dark, feline eyes surveyed him, awaiting his answer. The younger was bold, eyes watching one another as he pressed a soft kiss to Yoongi’s mouth, murmuring, “Mmm, you taste like winter mint.”

No… Taehyung wouldn’t…

“Are you really wanting it…” Yoongi tried to conceal the excitement seeping in through the cracks of his steady resolve, but it was a losing battle, eyes alight with surprise – he retraced his touches, drawing his hand along the younger’s chest, and teased over an erect nipple through the fabric of Taehyung’s shirt, “…right here?”

Startled, Taehyung’s hand slipped along the table, forced into a seated position with Yoongi pressing into him. They were nearly at height level with each other this time, when the elder possessively seized his mouth – dragging his nail back and forth over the sensitive, peaked skin. “Tell me,” Yoongi breathed into him, grabbing Taehyung’s jawline with his other hand, keeping them as close as possible.

“Yes... on fire, yes. but...I want you to pierce...both,” Taehyung managed between gasps, holding back a soft little moan when Yoongi rolled his nipple between his thumb and pointer finger. The tight pinch that had quickly followed was enough to finally make him cry out, losing some sort of unspoken game – Taehyung gripping the edge of the table.

“Both?” Yoongi paused, slowly pulling back far enough to quietly assess him. Was Taehyung being serious right now? He seemed lucid enough, all things considered. “Could you have known, Taehyung, just how turned on that makes me?” Taehyung shook his head, dazed. “I’m beginning to think you really are an angel, you know that? My perfect little angel…” In attempt to soothe over the abuse, Yoongi leaned down – closing his mouth around Taehyung’s nipple through the thin fabric of his shirt, strong flicks of his tongue further soaking him through.

Taehyung’s jerk reaction caused him to fall backwards as he cried out in surprise, his back meeting the surface of the table in an effort to escape the maddening sensation. The hot wetness of Yoongi’s tongue, the lines of electricity running from his chest to his groin, all the way down to his toes, now curling up in pleasure. It was too much. Realizing that he was lying down on the contract, he jolted upright – pushing Yoongi away and hopping down. He couldn’t even meet Yoongi’s eyes, could feel how painfully tight his jeans were at the moment, walking very awkwardly towards the door.

He’d signed a contract.

“Taehyung,” Yoongi said, hands still on the table where the younger had been less than twenty seconds ago. He looked over his shoulder at Taehyung and was met with panic. It was like that night in the medical room, when they’d first kissed. What the hell was Taehyung running from? “I’d like it if you’d tell me what you’re so afraid of.” The storms were a separate matter, this was something physical.

Whatever this feeling was – it was something that even Taehyung himself didn’t fully understand. It
was like a hunger at the very pit of his whole being, especially whenever Yoongi looked at him the way he was currently doing right now, eyes so heavy that Taehyung felt weighed down.

‘You,’ Taehyung wanted to say, but the elder would probably misinterpret those words. He shrugged jerkily, his nerves still somewhat frayed from the intensity of the moment that had just taken place, “I… I want you and I don’t know how to respond to it….” And that’s terrifying. Then he looked to the papers on the table. “Please call me to confirm the next appointment, and thanks for showing me your drawings.” Fuck. Why was it so hard to breathe? “They were really beautiful.”

“If you run from me again, we’ll have to stop here,” Yoongi warned, straightening his back – he grew inwardly satisfied when Taehyung withheld from taking his next step. “Even if it’s difficult for you, I’d prefer it if you panicked in front of me. You have to allow me to see all of you, especially the pieces that are broken…” It was the side of Taehyung that was most precious, the part of him that needed healing, otherwise what was the point? It wasn’t Yoongi’s usual approach, to push his partners like he was pushing now, but Taehyung was a special case on many levels. He had never been with someone so inexperienced, so flighty, so guarded in every way, and he knew that the level of trust he was asking for could take months, longer even. But at this point Yoongi was so utterly captivated, he had to try.

If he were being honest with himself, there were a lot of rare exceptions being made for Taehyung. Entering an official contract with a young submissive just shy under a month wasn’t against any BDSM law, but it was unusual. It still looked bad for him. Others might see it as an impulsive act that was made for shallow reasons, premature. Yoongi wouldn’t be so reckless, he wanted to make this work. Desperately. He continued, “If you’re set on leaving, then I’ll show you out properly, but try to refrain from wordlessly exiting whenever you feel like you can’t handle something. I can’t help you that way.”

Just as much as Yoongi was able to wind him up, Yoongi was supposed to be what calmed him down.

Taehyung had his hand on the doorknob, rationalizing, despite his mind being so busy and loud at the moment. He knew that Yoongi was right. He had to find a better way to process things, but he was just so overwhelmed right now. “I’d still like to go, if that’s alright? Um, we can go out… together?”

“Of course,” Yoongi said, slow to approach him, waiting for Taehyung to move – the younger quickly opened the door, hands clasped down in front of his lower half, attempting to hide the outcome of being mercilessly teased. If the elder noticed it, he didn’t comment, walking beside Taehyung in silence.

There were eyes on them in the reception area, Claire taking the folder from Yoongi’s hand when it was offered, “Only a copy of the contract? Or did you want the works?” Every submissive Yoongi took on, whether it be briefly, or permanent required ‘the works’. It was understood that submissives even a little bit interested in a dominant deserved a list of resources (past or current submissives that were in the dominant’s care and could vouch that they were trustworthy), as well as a copy of a recent STI test.

“All of it,” Yoongi murmured, watching as Taehyung retrieved his phone from his jacket pocket, sending a text with shaking fingers. He was still rattled, it seemed.

She smiled knowingly, “I’ll be back in just a moment.” Claire would enjoy pestering Yoongi about it later, preferably after she got through with gushing about it with the monitors. Yoongi had a way of
making the most interesting of events seem small, and she didn’t want her buzz killed. This was a major step for him. Anyone who knew of the dominant’s past history would agree.

“Thank you,” Yoongi said, quietly waiting for Taehyung to finish with his text message, before gesturing with a hand. “Come here.” The room was flooded with people coming and going, the evening hours drawing in more people. It was probably making Taehyung twice as determined to leave.

The younger didn’t fight it, a part of him wanting to go back to their room, and steal his scarf back just for the comfort. Instead he allowed Yoongi to pull him in closer, a firm hand resting against his back, as the other gently cradled his face. It was a deliberate move, capturing Taehyung’s gaze when he spoke gently to him, “You did really well today, Taehyung. You were so very good for me. It was a lot to take in, wasn’t it?”

“It… yes,” Taehyung admitted, trying to calm the fuck down, but he was still half-hard in his jeans, which was something he’d like to go unnoticed by all. But Yoongi’s hands were touching him – his words washing over him like a cup of chamomile. Being praised, having his struggle with the whole ordeal acknowledged, it was all its own medicine. “What if I end up disappointing you?”

“That’s not possible,” Yoongi shook his head, sounding almost offended by the mere notion of it. He couldn’t very well tell Taehyung that he’d wanted him since the moment their eyes met – that Taehyung was the perfect visage of an angel amongst the wreckage that was Min Yoongi’s destruction. As pretty as any painting he had come across, tears streaming down his gorgeous face, lips swollen and bitten red – trembling like he’d been the one ruined, and not that pitiful submissive he had already forgotten the name of. No. He moved forward to brush his lips softly over Taehyung’s forehead. A soft, reassuring kiss.

“Please make it soon, the appointment for the piercing,” Taehyung sighed, leaning into his touch. He closed his eyes when he felt the heat radiating from off Yoongi’s body, they were so close then. A whole public display at the counter for whoever cared enough to look. The elder brushed his hand against the hard outline of Taehyung’s length, humming curiously.

“Why’s that, angel? Is it because of this, perhaps? Were you not just trying to run from me?” he teased, gripping Taehyung more securely, when he tensed up. “Now look at you, growing braver each second that you’re still here, being held by me, listening so well, and obeying me as you were meant to do…”

Taehyung opened his eyes, feeling dismantled by such simple (complicated) words. He sank further against the elder. Yoongi pressed his lips against the boy’s ear, his rough voice coursing throughout Taehyung’s body like an electrical current, “I’m so proud of you, Taehyung.”

Taehyung felt like he had whiplash from the way Yoongi was able to switch from the gentle softness of moments prior, to setting him on fire with only a touch and a few whispered words. A small whimper escaped him, Taehyung a millisecond away from detaching himself from the sheer embarrassment of the noise he just made, when Claire returned – announcing her presence by dramatically clearing her throat. They hadn’t heard her the first few times. Taehyung grabbed the folder, bowing politely to her, and then once to Yoongi. It was deep and a bit too formal. Even the usual cheeky receptionist had sobered up.

“Alright, well…I should get going,” Taehyung laughed. Wow, he was being awkward tonight. More awkward than usual…giddy awkward. He might need to borrow someone’s muzzle in a second. God knows there were enough of them being worn as accessories tonight.
Yoongi patted his own bottom lip with a finger, “One more.”

One more.

It was odd, how Taehyung never stopped to think of their closeness in a room full of people. For once he didn’t bother to measure, calculate, or hide it – never felt even an ounce of shame when he pressed his mouth against Yoongi’s, although he was beginning to hate the heavy feeling that accompanied him each time they parted. Realizing then that his hunger for the dominant was stronger than his fears.

Two more.

Monday rolled around fast, universally the shittiest day for everyone except Taehyung, who, as an avid student with little to no social life, never minded it. Perhaps he was naive to expect business as usual in class after his last meeting with Yoongi, but he walked into the hall feeling calm and looking forward to the lecture. That was, until Yoongi showed up to class wearing his brand-new purple scarf, and Taehyung nearly choked on his hot chocolate. Maybe not brand-new, but new to him, and the professor had the nerve to flaunt it boldly, matching it perfectly with the rest of his attire. The clever shades of plum and cherry tied in seamlessly. It took Taehyung several moments to recover from it and even then, he was still left feeling hot under the collar. Did he like seeing one of his belongings draped around Yoongi like a silent form of claim? Or did he just want the item back in his possession? Taehyung would get back to himself on that one.

What was even more offensive about the whole thing was that Yoongi was gaining all the compliments. Sadly, it made Taehyung actually realize just how invisible he was, what with none of his classmates even realizing that it was his one of a kind accessory. He was rarely seen without it, it was fucking trademark. Perhaps that was why Yoongi seemed to revel in it, holding it more securely around his neck, purposefully fingering the knitted fabric, whenever their eyes met above Taehyung’s textbook.

“I’m sorry, but Sugar did what?” Hoseok laughed, laughed because the alternative was a dramatic gasp of disbelief, and no one was in the mood for that right now. He’d taken Taehyung’s newfound interest in BDSM pretty well, better than Jeongguk. In any case, Hoseok wasn’t at all offended by the secrecy, happy that the kid was getting some form of action. And now that he was caught up to speed, he could bask in the delicious melodrama of the current events.

“He walked into class wearing the scarf he took from me as sentimental collateral,” Taehyung repeated, the words slipping past his lips somewhat bitterly. To be honest, he wasn’t all that sure of whether or not an entire evening of hanging out with Hoseok and Jeongguk would be enough to remedy the level of annoyance he felt over the ordeal.

“Sounds like he’s playing head games with you,” Hoseok’s roommate, also named Hoseok, offered. Hoseok #2 was casually sprawled out on Hoseok #1’s bed, eavesdropping on their conversation, completely unaffected by the annoyed looks the others were shooting at him from time to time. The guy wasn’t wearing a shirt, which wasn’t unlike him, but it still affected Taehyung all the same. Now he remembered why he didn’t like visiting Hoseok often. It was like his roommate’s only hobby was weightlifting and the results spoke for themselves. Taehyung tried focusing his flustered gaze on the floor of Hoseok and Hoseok’s dorm room.

Jeongguk nodded, agreeing with him, “I mean, I also think he’s playing with you, but it seems pretty
harmless to me.” It was kinda odd, trying to picture Void’s Sugar doing such a thing, projecting himself as the no-nonsense type. Jeongguk hadn’t even been aware that the man had a sense of humor at all. But now with Taehyung being his official submissive these days, the younger had a front row to seat to his behavior, and he was starting to realize he had no idea about Sugar’s true personality. He tucked the document he had been looking over back inside the folder Taehyung brought it in, and passed it on over to Hoseok.

He took it from Jeongguk, pausing to glare at his roommate, “Could you put a shirt on before Taehyung combusts?” He was past the awkward arousal from seeing Hoseok #2’s frequent state of undress. They’d worked it out in their own way, sleeping with one another, over and over again, until they grew tired of it.

“I was getting ready to leave, anyway,” Hoseok #2 said, tossing a wink in Taehyung’s direction, before grabbing a folded shirt from his bedside table – muscles flexing when he pulled it down over his chest, the fabric stretching tightly against his thick build.

“It was nice seeing you, Hoseok-hyung #2,” Jeongguk grinned wide, nose crinkling.

He frowned at that, “I told you a million times to just call me Wonho, all my friends do, and it’s way less confusing.”

“Nah, we’re good,” Hoseok said, dismissively, while flipping the folder open and looking over the contract details. What was life without a little struggle? There were so many naughty activities that Taehyung had consented to being willing to try, and with such little experience. This was a little concerning, even for Hoseok – who’d been team #getTaehyungdickeddown for what had seemed like forever.

He waited until his roommate had left, before deciding to question the redhead on the matter, “It says here that he’s going to pierce your nipples, the fuck is that even for?”

“That’s how he seals his contracts,” Jeongguk said, sharing information that he’d learned from Jimin. And perhaps he shouldn’t.

Hoseok met the younger’s eyes, “I’ve never heard about that.”

“I’ve been wanting to get it done, so...” Taehyung murmured, becoming slightly defensive. It sounded like Hoseok was being judgmental, when any other time he’d be celebrating this sort of thing. What the hell happened? “I thought you, of all people, would be bursting with joy.”

“I am, I am, but I’m just worried that you don’t understand everything you’ve agreed to here,” Hoseok sighed, placing the folder down. “I mean, you’re going to be pierced, fucked, bled, and whipped with the additional bonus of wearing a skirt.”

“Well, it’s not like it’s going to happen all at once, hyung.” Jeongguk said, hoping that it would take the edge off of the tension circulating throughout the room. Hoseok of all people should know how the BDSM world goes by now, the two of them having started off as novices at one point or another. “Sugar is renowned for a reason. He’s one of the most sought-after dominants within the community and that comes from earning a good reputation, right?”

Despite how badly Taehyung wanted this, he had been extremely apprehensive from the beginning. He felt like one small thing could make his resolve melt away, and he couldn’t deny that there was truth to what Hoseok was saying, that he didn’t understand everything. Maybe he was in over his
head? Snow flurries hitting against the window above Hoseok’s bed pulled him from his thoughts. One statement, which was true as of the moment, the only answer he could definitively give to Hoseok, “I trust him.”

“And he seems like a trustworthy dom, I agree, but I just want you to be careful. If there’s anything you’re unsure of, you can ask me-“ Hoseok started, when it dawned on him. Why the hell else would Taehyung agree so easily to coming over on a Monday? The little bastard. “You’re here to learn, aren’t you? This is your version of BDSM homework, or whatever the fuck it is you’re trying to get from me.”

Jeongguk’s mouth parted, “Oh, okay. That makes more sense now.”

“Oh, please, you two always discuss your sexual experiences, especially you!” Taehyung crowed, giving Hoseok a pointed look. “I agreed to hangout, because I needed a distraction. That whole scarf thing kinda pissed me off, okay? But it couldn’t hurt to also get some insight on what I’m walking into…”

Hoseok looked skeptical, “And what, you think I can provide a tutorial on the world of wangs?”

Taehyung and Jeongguk both answered in unison with, “Yes.”

“Oh, so I’m a whore. But so what? That doesn’t automatically make me an expert. I can give you a hundred tips on how to give a blowjob, or what kind of lube to buy, but I don’t know the right way for you to pursue this,” Hoseok said, growing more serious. “I’m never looking to be captured. I always do all the chasing in my…endeavors.”

Jeongguk laughed aloud, “You do know your way around a dick, hyung.”

“And what about you, Guk? You have experience with bottoming as a submissive,” Hoseok shot back playfully, eyes softening when he saw the younger immediately look away, his amusement swiftly ended. Jeongguk’s introduction to sex wasn’t ideal and had been filled with uncertainty. It wasn’t at all what he’d wanted. “I’ve only dabbled once in being a submissive.”

“Hwasa didn’t peg you?” Jeongguk asked, genuinely curious.

“She did all sorts of delicious things to me, but she didn’t fuck me,” Hoseok shrugged, sharing his own bit of honesty. “That new dominant, Seokjin or whatever, now he’s interesting.”

“Nice try, quit changing the subject,” Taehyung said, “I thought you said you were a healthy ‘switch’.”

“I’d like to be, but I need a good match. I need someone who makes me want to submit, and who I trust to take care of me, but she wasn’t it,” Hoseok said, stuck again with his problem. Although, it did feel much better getting it out in the open.

“And now you’re interested in Seokjin? He only takes on littles,” Jeongguk said, deciding to once again delve into the information that Jimin had shared with him, even though the dominant wasn’t really supposed to be discussing Void gossip with him. “People have been questioning why he was hired as a professional, when he hasn’t been in the scene for very long. Apparently he dropped out of some fancy ass culinary school.”

Hoseok paused, “To do kink?”
“Yup,” Jeongguk affirmed, removing boxes of cheap beer from the plastic bags he brought them in. “And aside from that, Taehyung claims he saw Seokjin and Namjoon kiss the night of the whole lounge debacle.”

Taehyung couldn’t help but feel a bit bad gossipping about the men who had helped him that night, “Everyone kisses. Maybe it was like a, ‘hey, bro, let’s beat the traffic’ type of kiss…” He trailed off, the excuse sounded weak even to himself.

“I said I was interested, not looking to spend the rest of my life with him,” Hoseok snorted, accepting a can from Jeongguk. Still...a shame. “So, what did you want to know, Tae?”

Jeongguk placed Taehyung’s beer down in front of him, despite the fact that it was unlikely that he would drink it. The drinks they had shared at the lounge were a one in a blue moon type of event, he was certain that Taehyung had gone back to being himself, probably. “Yeah, hyung. Lay it on us.”

“Here’s where I think you should start…” Hoseok leaned in, eyeing the redhead seriously, “First and foremost, are you cultivating crops down there?” Taehyung was lost – had no idea what the fuck he was talking about. He did at one point assist his grandmother with cultivating her garden. The elder should already know that. Hoseok tried again, gaze flickering from Taehyung to his lower half, “Are you perhaps housing a civilization of small Amazonians?”

“Do you manscape?” Jeongguk asked, cutting to the chase, because that was just sad.

“Like, trimmed?” Taehyung asked, and evenso. “No, I haven’t.”

“I mean, you’re free to maintain that area however you’d like,” Hoseok said, once again picking up the folder, using it as emphasis. “But there are things on this list that call for maintenance. Like, if he’s going to suck your life out through your dick, you wanna at least make sure he’s not going to swallow any hairs along the way. Also, rimming…”

Jeongguk giggled into his beer, unable to hold it in anymore. “Oh, my god. Please, if you’re thinking of shaving – don’t. Get it waxed by a professional. Trust me on this.”

“And where do I get that done?” Taehyung asked, taking the information in like he would any lesson.

“I get my Brazilians done right around the corner at Kim’s.” Jeongguk shrugged, pulling his phone out from his back pocket when it vibrated.

From: MasterO’Buns
--------------------------
Are you free for the next two hours?

To: MasterO’Buns
--------------------------
on a school night? :o

From: MasterO’Buns
--------------------------
Are you in a playful mood, bun? …I’m not.

Jeongguk snorted to himself, “What else is new…”

Taehyung placed his hand on top of the can, more interested in playing with it, than he was with its consumption, “What else is new, what?”

“He doesn’t normally do that, right?” Hoseok said, a little surprised after Jeongguk relayed the message. The younger had vented to him about it enough - TPE and yet, no real time was spent together outside of Void. “You should go to him. See what he wants after painting your ass red the other night.”

Jeongguk blushed just thinking about the other night. Admittedly, the punishment for the lounge incident had turned out to be so much more than what he had expected...

He was confined from head to toe in a sturdy rope the color of plums, left alone to drool around a ball gag with a newly swollen mouth which had been stuffed full to the brim with Jimin’s cock just moments before – his hand clasped over Jeongguk’s nose, making it difficult for him to breathe, as he started fucking into the back of the young submissive’s throat, ‘A controlling little bitch, isn’t that what you called me, bun?’

It wasn’t until several long moments, when Jeongguk’s jaw started to ache around the gag, that Jimin returned to make him kneel. The position was one that exposed him completely. Jeongguk’s strong thighs were spread impossibly wide with his chest down to the floor, completely vulnerable, while a machine fucked a thick dildo into him deeply at a merciless pace. Jeongguk lost count of how many times he came, only that it was over and over again until it was downright painful – his orgasms dry after the first couple, the rest of them feeling ripped from him.

The worst part was that the session would repeat itself each time he released, Jimin turning the machine to a torturously slow rhythm so that it was barely thrusting into him. The elder would then add something new to the scene, like a paddle, or the flogger, and then finally the weighted nipple clamps. A quick change in position allowed Jimin to sharply tug on the chain linking the silver pieces together, tearing a sweet cry from the back of Jeongguk’s throat.

‘You said you wanted to come, so come,’ Jimin said, voice glacial, and even – a feral smirk tugging at the corners of his lips.

The younger looked between Taehyung and Hoseok, uncertain. “Would that really be okay?”

“Go, Guk-ah,” Hoseok encouraged him.

Taehyung nodded, “It might be important.”

To: MasterO’Buns
--------------------------
I’m free as a bee.

From: MasterO’Buns
--------------------------
Come here, little bun.
Jeongguk clicked into the link, checking the details of the driver, the model of the car, and how long it would take for them to get to Hoseok’s dorm. They would be arriving within minutes. “Alright, I gotta go now, apparently. He scheduled an Uber ride.” He noticed how Taehyung’s face fell at that, “As soon as I get back, we can look over the list together, okay?”

“Sounds good. Bye, Guk,” Taehyung called, the younger saying his goodbyes, before he left.

“He left me with all this beer,” Hoseok laughed, before taking a long swig. “Unless you’ll join your hyung?”

Taehyung shared the same smiled as the elder, “You know I won’t.”

“Yeah, I know. You’ve spent a long time behaving yourself,” the elder said, trying to remember a time when Taehyung did something immoral. When his grandmother was still alive, while they were still just shit kids, Taehyung had been a teeny bit more open about drinking. Not about smoking – wouldn’t even touch a cigarette. No parties, no dating… “Tae, do you watch any porn?”

He shook his head, “You grossly overestimate my laptop.”

“You watch anime on it,” Hoseok accused, pointing a finger. “Don’t act like it’s useless. It has feelings, too, Kim Taehyung.”

“It’s no fun being the only one sober, I’d just like to casually throw that out there,” Taehyung sassed, in no rush to unveil the depressing truth. “It’s been two years I think, since the last time I tried to watch porn. It wasn’t even that good, and my computer basically died from fucking malware…”

“Fucking malware only seems appropriate,” Hoseok joked, remembering Taehyung complaining about trading out his newish laptop for his older model. “Is that all that happened to it? I could fix that, you know? Just reinstall Windows on that bitch and you can go back to happily using the newer one.”

Taehyung’s face lit up, “You can do that? Oh, my god, hyung. Please…”

Hoseok put the rest of the beer away inside the mini fridge, before he grabbed his pirated version of Windows – heading out with Taehyung back to the younger’s dorm room. The door gave under a particularly hard kick. “I could probably fix this, too. Just need the right set of tools, or a convincing mouth. I’ll have that building manager over here in a jiffy.”

Taehyung pulled his laptop out from under his bed, “Why does your mind always go there? Are blowjobs all you think about?”

“Yeah, well, when you suck cock for as long as I have, it becomes an art form. We’re men, we’re weak for a pretty set of lips. You wrap your mouth around Yoongi’s dick and he’ll do whatever you want,” Hoseok supplied, unhelpfully. He fired up the HP and put the disk in, waiting for the prompts to come up, getting past the general selections. “It’s going to take a little bit to reinstall everything.”

Taehyung nodded, gratefully, “Wanna go grab a bite, then?”

“I have a better idea, actually,” Hoseok grinned, getting up from his spot on Taehyung’s bed. He was a little tipsy from the few beers he’d tossed back. “Jeongguk had a point, about manscaping, the
whole getting professionally waxed. Hyung will pay for you, I’ll even do it with you! We have to do it now though, while I’m feeling good about it.”

To be honest, Taehyung couldn’t see him going by himself. It would be ideal to have his confidence bolstered by Hoseok. “Um…Okay, yeah, let’s go…”

“Yeah?” Hoseok said it like he didn’t think Taehyung would actually bite. He had to double check to make sure he had enough cash on him to comfortably buy whatever-the-fuck a Brazilian wax costs. It would be his first time too.

They end up at Kim’s no more than twenty minutes later, making two walk-in appointments. Hoseok enjoyed the thought of having everything removed just to make his dick look bigger. Taehyung himself, finding the concept a bit weird, decided to leave some of his pubic hair in a style the woman referred to as the ‘Clean Brazilian’. It was uncomfortable, but it didn’t hurt as much as he thought. He had it better than Hobi at the least, listening to Hoseok talking to Jesus and his family in the next room over.

“CHRIST!! MARY AND JOSEPH! Where...are you going with that, woman?!” He cried, the paper along the waxing bed ruffling like it was being crumpled into a ball. It was probably Hoseok flailing, although not advised.

“Were you also wanting full removal of the hair on the sac and between the cheeks, sir?” she asked, drawing Taehyung’s attention back towards their current session. It was odd being the one called ‘sir’.

“Yes, please,” he said, following her instructions. The room was clean, hygienic – the woman working on him seemingly experienced, testing the wax on her skin before the whole process started, discussing the procedure and technique with him, which was more like white noise to Taehyung at that point, anticipating the pain for these specific areas. A sharp intake of air, followed by a laugh. Oh, that hurt...how delightful.

“Most people laugh, unlike your friend in the next room,” she mused, beginning to apply a cream to his skin. “This will soothe any irritation that might occur, but it looks like your skin reacted well to the wax.”

Taehyung thanked her, before he was left to pull his briefs, and jeans back up over his hips. It was an unusual feeling at first, his skin still slightly sticky in places from the wax. There was more of a bounce to his ass – an airy feeling between his legs. It wasn’t bad, not even all that weird. Hell, he might even like it. He walked out into the reception area, watching Hoseok pay for it with 100,000 won. Pretty pricey.

It wasn’t until they were outside, walking (strangely, given the new circumstances) back to the dorms, that Hoseok said anything, “If I let one rip right now, my ass cheeks would flutter.”

“Like Dumbo’s ears, watch out, hyung, you might fly away...” Taehyung joked back, unable to keep the smile from his face. “I like the way it feels. You don’t?”

“I mean, it’s new and it was kinda painful,” he said, taking the steps – the two of them pausing, able to feel again, another strange sensation. They burst into laughter, other students passing looking at them with amusement.

By the time they made it back to Taehyung’s dorm, Windows had fully reinstalled without a
problem. Hoseok pushed the USB on his keychain into one of the ports on the side of Taehyung’s laptop. “Just gotta activate it and you’ll be all set.”

“Hobi-hyung, I was hoping you’d hook me up with–”

“Avast? Yeah, that shit is going on here, immediately. Solve any future Malware issues you might run into…also, an ad-blocker, because that’s the humane thing to do, especially for Youtube binging,” Hoseok rattled on, pulling up windows, downloading drivers – typing in the activation key, doing twenty different things at once to restore Taehyung’s laptop back to its former glory, and then some. “You’ll be okay with getting Office back on here, right?”

Taehyung tried not to roll his eyes at Hoseok, who was actually doing him a huge favor, “Yes, that’s easy, but could you maybe bookmark a good site for me?”

“A good site? For what?” Hoseok asked, distractedly.

“Porn, hyung.”

“Oh, right, I was planning on it,” he said, pulling up another tab on the browser. PornMD came up a second later. Hoseok bookmarked it, before he turned to look at the younger with a purposeful look of seduction – so over the top that it was borderline comical. “I hope you get around to researching tonight.” Completed with a wink.

This time Taehyung did roll his eyes, although he was still smiling. “Speaking of research, I’d like to do some literal studying before it gets too late.” It wasn’t a lie. Taehyung had taken lots of notes today, some that he’d enjoy going over again. Then he’d like to pull up Professor Min’s version and compare them. That was perhaps, real erotica for Taehyung.

“That’s cool. I guess I’ll go ahead and finish off those beers,” Hoseok shrugged, trying not to default into looking for another potential fuck for the evening.

“Hyung…”

He paused, “Mm?”

“You’re really done with Hwasa?” Taehyung didn’t quite understand the situation. Only that one second, he’d seemed happy, and then next he was withdrawn from the situation. “It sounded like she’d helped you at first.”

“She did and she didn’t,” Hoseok said, thoughtfully. “Through her, I learned that there are certain aspects to being a submissive that I enjoy, but not all of them. I’m not cut out to worship anyone. Could you see me kissing someone’s boot?”

Taehyung shook his head, “Uh, no, not really.”

“I couldn’t see myself getting fucked by her, either,” Hoseok said, being honest. “She tried reaching out to me several times, but I ghosted her. She also volunteered me to be a servant at some big fancy protocol party. It’s her way of apologizing, I’m sure.”

“I don’t see how that would be a favor to you.” Then again, Taehyung had no idea what a protocol party was exactly.
“You have to be vetted in, spoken for by someone trustworthy within the community,” Hoseok explained, the excitement evident in his tone, but not in his expression. “All well-known dominants get invited each year. I might go.” The younger briefly wondered if Yoongi was invited and if so, would he be asked to join? “Anyways, I had fun…”

“Getting the hair removed from our cracks?” Taehyung teased, earning him an obnoxiously loud laugh. The laugh he and Jeongguk tended to die over. Contagious and ridiculous.

“I mean, there was that, yes, but,” Hoseok started, his laughter dying down as he looked at the ceiling for the right way to express the current overwhelm he was feeling. “It seems like it’s been forever since I’ve seen you this happy, and out of your shell. The steps you’re taking to figure yourself out…” Hoseok shook his head at him, eyes lingering with a meaningful pause, “I’m so proud of you and I will always be here as your support. If you need me to explain anything, I’d love to be that guy. I don’t know why I was giving you such a hard time earlier.”

Taehyung was surprised by this uncharacteristic burst of sentiment from his friend, and coughed, determined not to tear up, these quiet moments of vulnerability precious. “Thanks, hyung… I, um, know it’s because you care. And anyways, some of it is kinda self-explanatory. Nipple clamps, whips…” He waggled his eyebrows, trying to lighten the mood back up. “I think the things I’m curious about are things I need to experience for myself. That was probably how Yoongi intended it to be, as well.”

“That’s because he’s found the perfect student,” Hoseok added, a compliment that Taehyung would never escape from.

He broke into a smile, “Thank you, Hobi-hyung.” It was the best way to end the evening, the door shutting closed behind Hoseok.

On the desk next to Taehyung’s old laptop was Jeongguk’s keychain. He twisted the lock in place and took out his phone.

To: Jeonathan

---------------

You left your keys here. Text me when you’re on your way home.

BTW, Kim’s is great :p

Taehyung was all too pleased to open up his email on his ‘good’ laptop. It was moving at speeds he’d completely forgotten about, which was sad. Yoongi’s email was the last he’d received, the notes attached, and spaced neatly. Taehyung lowkey enjoyed how thorough he was, fighting against envisioning his scarf wrapped around his professor as he lectured about art in that low voice of his. He wanted to be pissed off about it some more, he really did, but…

He snorted, “It looked really good.”

In the middle of studying, Art History class having finally moved onward into Greek art, Taehyung’s mind kept drifting to other things. Like the fact that Jeongguk would be gone for at least another hour. How soft and warm his skin felt against the rough fabric of his pants. The new website that Hoseok had left in his bookmarks. Taehyung connected his earbuds to the laptop, opening a new tab to the aforementioned site. A bear with a stethoscope popped up with a search bar. Beneath that, the user could choose Straight, Gay, or Trans.

Taehyung clicked on Gay, the results pulling up anything and everything. It took a few tries, but he
found a video that suited his tastes – unsurprisingly picky, even when it came down to pornography. There were plenty of domination videos, very BDSM-esque with the promise of some of the acts Taehyung had agreed to consider with Yoongi. He clicked on one that looked good based on the preview, and the video opened up to two men in a dungeon, one bent over a piece of equipment, the other standing behind him holding a kind of whip that Taehyung wasn’t familiar with. He found himself immediately reacting to the pain the submissive in the video was undoubtedly feeling as the flogger descended with resounding smacks, his skin steadily growing pink.

The sound of the impact alone was enough to send a shiver of pleasure down his spine, cock stirring within his pants. He unbuttoned them, dragging the zipper down, sighing at the relief he’d already felt. He slid his fingers beneath the hem of his jeans, feeling over the newly waxed skin. The coarse hair above his length evenly trimmed, and thinned out. It felt absolutely wonderful. His eyes flickered back to the screen, growing hazy when the submissive in the video parted his mouth around the other’s cock, a hand roughly tugging the boy closer, “This fucking mouth belongs to me.”

But it was Taehyung who whimpered, because he could easily hear Yoongi’s rough voice surrounding him with those same words. He wet his bottom lip with his tongue, nearly closing his eyes against the slick sounds of a practiced blowjob. It didn’t seem to be all that difficult, until the submissive took the entire length into his mouth – forced with the hand behind his head to hold still once it had undoubtedly reached the back of his throat. Taehyung wouldn’t know the first thing about giving or receiving one, but he was becoming more inclined to give it his best shot. He wanted the elder to lose his breath because of him, to shake and tremble beneath his touch. To be every bit of affected as he was, every single day without any hint of mercy. He pushed his fingers past his teeth to coat them with saliva, dripping the sticky webs of spit over his cock.

This was the part where Taehyung often loses his patience. That first tight grip around his length – why would he ever want to stop? But this time, he was determined to try something new. He stroked himself, until he was fully erect, the blowjob playing out on screen ending with a forceful tug on the boy’s blond hair, a mixture of drool and precum collecting at the point of his chin. It was so, so messy. Appealing in ways that made Taehyung think that he’d love to be made into an absolute wreck. He was lucid enough to admit that these desires weren’t only due to the adrenaline, nor the increased blood flow. That would just be bullshit and Taehyung had to give Yoongi credit for being able to see right through him.

‘Yoongi…’

He couldn’t stop his thoughts from racing with images of the other man, even while there were two perfectly attractive actors playing out a scene. One much tamer than anything Void had to offer, the couple on screen already seemingly done with the punishment. He kept thinking back to Yoongi’s hands teasing across his chest, their game of hot and cold coming to the forefront of his mind, nearly groaning at the memory. As if to recreate the feeling, his other hand moved up to give his nipples the much-needed attention they deserved, and he wondered what would have happened if he’d allowed Yoongi to continue that evening. What would happen if - when - he gave himself over to the elder completely?

Taehyung moved his hand over the smooth sensitive skin beneath the base of his cock, making up for his usual lack of patience, as he caressed his balls one at a time, before pulling them upward in a long stroke, stretching, until he was gasping at the sensation. The next touch started against his perineum, allowing his body to writhe in response to the friction. A choked gasp escaped into the quiet of his room, as he rolled his nipple between his thumb and forefinger. The video had progressed to where the submissive was on his stomach, arms grappling onto sheets and pillows. His length was leaking between his legs, the camera angle showing everything as the dominant
repeatedly drove two lube slicked fingers into the blond’s stretched hole.

*Fuck, he wanted…*

He wanted to feel good.

He wanted Yoongi’s fingers, long and delicate looking – skin so ghostly pale, it was nearly translucent. Pretty veins prominent and distracting. He wanted Yoongi to sink into the deepest parts of him.

Taehyung brought the hand teasing across his chest to his lips, intent on his soaking them when his phone went off, startling him so badly he knocked it off of the desk where it was laying. Concerned that it was Jeongguk, he immediately reached for it, but the name of the caller took him by surprise. It shouldn’t by this point, but it did. He fought to get his breathing under control, before answering the incoming call from *Prof. M*, “H-Hello?”

“Taehyung – it’s not too late for you, is it?” Taehyung felt his cock twitch at the mere sound of the elder’s tired, raspy voice, biting back a moan, his cock pulsing from where it was still gripped in his hand. Did he dare?...

“Not at all,” He breathed, resuming a slow pump, the video paused in the event that Yoongi had supersonic hearing, not wanting the noise to filter through his headset.

“I’m calling in regards to our next appointment. I’ve chosen the perfect jewelry…” It suited Taehyung so well, Yoongi had fallen in love with the set the moment he saw it. “Have you gone to the clinic yet?”

“Y…yes…ah…” Taehyung gasped, squeezing his cock at the base, trying to cover up the small noise up with a cough, “…but I won’t… get my results until Wednesday.” There was a pause on the other line, as Taehyung struggled to stay quiet.

“Taehyung,” Yoongi said, using that tone – the one the younger asked him to stop using on him, because *fuck*. Taehyung gathered the precum from the tip of his cock to further slick his length, the wet, sticky sounds of each stroke served as a reminder that this was a dangerous game that he was playing. “Are you – what exactly are you doing?” The dominant chuckled low a second later, the soft gasp on the other end all the confirmation he needed, when he rephrased, “Better yet, what do you think you’re doing right now?”

Taehyung knew there was no use hiding it now. Did he even want to? “Exploring,” he answered, flushing deeply – he cradled the phone between his neck and shoulder, so that he could continue with what he was doing prior to being interrupted, sucking on his fingers, being loud about it now. He wanted Yoongi to know, too aroused to care about the outcome.

“You can’t even control yourself, can you?” Yoongi mused, endeared by Taehyung’s small act of bravery. Always surprising him. “Instead of making it obvious, I want you to tell me what it is that you’re doing to yourself.”

Taehyung was lightheaded, “I told you…”

“No, you didn’t,” Yoongi said, immediately. “Not really and you know it.”

“Well, I-I’m touching myself,” Taehyung shivered, feeling how smooth he was between his cheeks,
the hand around his cock gradually slowing as he concentrated on massaging the sensitive area, hips shaking. “I want to know what it would feel like…”

There was a low growl to Yoongi’s words, “What *what* feels like, angel?”

“Getting f-fucked,” Taehyung stuttered, firmly pressing the pads of his fingers against his rim. He just wanted… “To feel full.” He wanted to be taken, like the submissive in the video – the frame paused on the dominant already thrusting inside him, an arm curled around the blond’s throat, holding him down.

“Do you think you’re ready for that?” Yoongi taunted, the smirk on his face evident in his tone. “Because what I think is…you’d shatter the moment I give you that fuck you’ve been gagging for, Taehyung. I would fuck you so good, you’d let me break you…and then you’d cry for more, like the little cockslut you’re dying to become. So, listen to me closely. Are you listening?”

Taehyung nodded, despite the fact that Yoongi couldn’t see him, “Y-Yes…”

“Put me on speaker,” Yoongi ordered, wanting to hear every little sound Taehyung was bound to make. There’s a noticeable difference the moment the younger did what he was asked, a small smile touching Yoongi’s lips. “That’s right, well-behaved boys follow instructions. Can you be good for me, Taehyung? You’re already so perfect,” Yoongi cooed, reveling in the deep moan he’d received in response. He sucked in a sharp breath, finding it difficult to stay in control, a habit that’d come with his longing for the younger. “Which is why I’m going to make you feel so good, if that’s what you want? Is that what you want, Taehyung?”

The question was enough to make him groan – answering, breathily, “Yes, please…make me feel good…” He bit at the side of his lip, eyelashes fluttering closed on him when he felt pleasure rushing through him, the heat he felt at the pit of his stomach ready to unfurl.

“I want you to keep stroking that pretty cock for me. I bet you’re so, so pretty, sweetheart…” Yoongi husked, the low timbre of his voice once again melting the younger through the receiver, reaching inside places that made Taehyung tremble. “…But you are by no means, to touch yourself any place else, do you understand me?”

Taehyung gasped, thumbing at the head of his dick, “No, I don’t understand…”

“Aw,” Yoongi simpered, somewhat mockingly. “Let me make myself clear for you then. Your ass is mine, Taehyung. Mine to tease for the first time, mine to taste, and to fuck. Tell me again how well you understand me.”

A chill wracked throughout the younger’s body, forcing himself to cease in the tentative caressing around his sensitive rim. “I u-understand…” Unable to touch any other part of his body, he twisted his fingers inside his bedding, using it as leverage to thrust into his fist. The warmth confining his pulsating cock tight, and slick.

“Listen to how wet you are,” Yoongi continued to tease, able to pick up on the faint sounds of Taehyung working his hand over his cock. He breathed, shakily at that, “If you were here, I would have unraveled you by now, milked you for every last drop of cum you had to offer – because soft boys like you need to be savored, Taehyung. You would taste so sweet on my tongue.”

“Ah, please…I’m so close,” Taehyung whimpered, holding in his breath, aware of how prone he was to being loud, especially as he was about to release. At the back of his mind, he’d briefly
wondered if Yoongi was unaffected, purposefully awaiting a more specific sound, other than *breathiness* that might reveal that the professor was touching himself as well. Too bad it never came.

“That sinful little mouth of yours – do you know how pretty it would look stretched around my cock? That would be the only way to keep you out of trouble, Taehyung. I think about it a lot,” Yoongi said, pleased when it sounded like Taehyung expelled all the air from his lungs, moaning deeply. The haziness of his arousal causing him slip up. He must be *really* close then, the elder mused, gripping the arm of the chair he was sitting in. Taehyung was so entrancing like that, it was impossible to remain unaffected. “Come for me, angel. I want to hear you.”

Taehyung shuddered, the pace of his hand quickening with the encouragement – the noises coming from each stroke obscenely loud, when his abdomen muscles started to tense. He gasped, “I’m…oh, fuck… I’m coming…” His entire body shook pleasantly as he reached his climax, a simple handjob slamming him so hard, so intensely that it was as though he’d been deprived for weeks. Sobs of pleasure were streaming freely from his parted lips, too high and sated to consider Yoongi’s presence.

And the silence was quick to follow, leaving Taehyung to struggle to find the words. A thank you would have sufficed, but all he could concentrate on was the obvious change in Yoongi’s breathing. He licked at his suddenly dry lips, mouth parted to say something, when the professor beat him to it, his voice tight, “Wednesday night, 8pm. Void.” There was an abrupt beep at the end of the sentence, indicating that Yoongi had already ended the call, prematurely – uncomfortably.

*Still…*

The breath that Yoongi had released replayed in his mind, the broken sound echoing, making Taehyung’s cock swell again. He was weak, obeying his body, as he firmly began stroking himself.

He just had to make it to Wednesday.

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**As always, feel free to ask questions, or check for updates:**

[cc](#) | [tw](#)
Open Your Eyes

A/N: Hello! Welcome to Chapter Nine of EM. This update is kinda smut-heavy, maybe? I also introduce a glimpse of Seokjin’s kink play. To those who don’t like the term ‘daddy’, I’m sorry, but it serves its purpose here.

!IMPORTANT! Two changes were made to the story. I had to go back and write them in. 1) Instead of the Busan Winter festival being two weeks away, I made it three weeks to better suit the plot. Note that in this chapter it becomes two weeks away, when it was going to be one. 2) There’s no way to get STI results in a single day, so I wrote that Taehyung’s appointment was done over the weekend. Thank you :)

Also, I get a lot of comment/ccs about the updating schedule of this fic, and although it would be really nice to produce work under deadline, I can’t. As the story grows more complicated, the updates take longer to write. My current goal is to write a new chapter under a month.

Here [❤️] is a padlet that I made for EM. It has lyrics, music, and pictures. I really hope you like it!

Shout out to Voldy for beta-ing! She always does a wonderful job. Always pushes me.

As always, feel free to reach out to me: cc I tw

Inspiration log - You come close when you’re in pain, do you feel better, babe?
Jeongguk didn’t recognize the surroundings. Was he even still in Seoul? He looked down at his phone to confirm that he’d been in the car for almost an hour, and he was growing a little antsy. It was obvious to him from first glance that it was an expensive neighborhood – a far cry from the crummy student housing he shared with Taehyung. The houses were guarded by tall gates, and the buildings were tall and sleek-looking. Where the hell was Jimin leading him to? How much money was this stupid fucking ride costing him? That casual flaunting of money was part of Jimin’s nature, almost like he couldn’t help it – a problem, but undeniably convenient at times. He was always throwing down money every chance he got, spoiling Jeongguk with accessories and clothing, toys, and food. Thankfully, Taehyung never asked where the groceries came from, how the younger could afford cheesecake, or his never-ending flow of banana milk.

The driver eventually stopped the car once they’d reached a security box outside a parking garage. “Here you are, thank you for choosing Uber,” he said, speaking for the first time the whole trip, making Jeongguk jump in surprise. He’d spent the entire duration of the ride in a furious internal monologue – not wanting to be rude and thus trying to psych himself up to engage in conversation, feeling too shy to say anything at all, and ultimately settled on silence. A silence in which he sat stewing in his failure and feeling generally more and more anxious the closer they got to his destination. Yeah, it had been a super great ride. Jeongguk thanked him anyway, because he couldn’t really blame the driver for his awkwardness after all, and stepped outside the car.

He was about to ready to inform Jimin that he’d arrived, when the elder appeared suddenly from the garage, waving to the security guard on duty at the gate. “He’s alright, Dongwook. This is my guest.” At Jimin’s declaration, the small gate between them started to open. Jimin extended his arm out in a way of invitation, but honestly, Jeongguk was so fucking confused, that it took him a few seconds to fully register what was happening.

Was this…Jimin’s place? Well, technically his and Jimin’s place. Their future place. The elder had every excuse in the book not to allow Jeongguk to move in, the commute to school being the all too repetitive reason. Jeongguk finally snapped out of it, and leaned into Jimin’s side, allowing the elder to show him the way into the building. At the elevator that would take them up, Jimin pressed the number twenty. Christ.

Inside the cramped space, the tension between them was charged, like it always was – Jeongguk’s nails biting into his palms just to keep himself from doing more than be held. Instead he tried to content himself with looking over Jimin, who looked so different than Jeongguk had ever seen him before. Jimin wasn’t in typical pro-dom attire tonight. This was a softer and more relaxed look (for him, anyway), his silver hair damp from a fresh shower, dark slacks encasing his legs, and a pastel pink oversized sweater that ran past his fingertips. Sweater paws. Fucking murder him.

“Thank you,” was all Jeongguk could get out just then, although his heart wanted to spill out from his lips. He wanted to pour himself into the elder, ask him why now of all times…

Jimin, seemingly oblivious to his grand gesture, “For what?”

“For finally inviting me here,” Jeongguk breathed, turning so that he was standing directly in front of Jimin, his eyes big and shining. The elder didn’t let him go, his hand still firm on Jeongguk’s narrow waist, so addictive to grab ahold of. So perfect. Jimin knew what he was doing when he’d sent a car for the younger – knew that this would be considered a surprise, the kind that would make his bunny want to sink down to his knees to show his gratitude. “This is where you live, right? You’ve been trying to keep me away…”
“Only because I care,” he replied. Or more truthfully, only because Jimin was certain that Jeongguk would look so fucking good in any room of his condo, that Jimin would never want to leave again. He wouldn’t have any good reason to, really. Not when he could stay in bed with Jeongguk, arms and legs entangled like vines, finally putting his heart at ease by giving into his desires. The moment when he allowed himself to succumb to Jeongguk, wedging the boy further inside his chaotic life. But he wouldn’t, not so readily – not willing to fall even deeper into this mess. Jeongguk was far too distracting, making him consider things he shouldn’t even think about until retirement.

He was the Prince of Busan, known for his shibari skills amongst most dungeons and BDSM communities. Not quite as renowned as Daegu’s Red Admiral, but he was more specialized. Yoongi had chosen to further his career by expanding his interests, was certified to do most types of play, performing on countless stages in both Korea and Europe, taking on high profile clients. He’d even been interviewed under his alias for a few column sections in mainstream news publications. Nevertheless, if Jimin truly wanted to, he knew he could give Yoongi a run for his money, could work harder on shaping up his legacy. But he didn’t, because it would require that resource more valuable to him than money, time. Time to perfect and time away from more important matters.

Jeongguk sighed when Jimin pulled him closer, running his thumb in slow circles over the younger’s hip. It made him curious, “What are you thinking about?”

“A multitude of things,” Jimin mused, hopeless little things. He didn’t expand, and the elevator door gave a bright ‘ding’, as they reached the twentieth floor. The doors parted, Jimin sliding his hand down to Jeongguk’s to begin leading him down the hallway.

“That’s very vague of you,” Jeongguk said, taking in the wine-colored rug, and the marbled, golden spackled walls. It was beautiful and again, expensive, and they weren’t even inside the condo yet. Jimin paused in front of the door, 210 – using his other hand to press in the code to unlock it on the keypad. It happened too quickly, Jeongguk didn’t even stand a chance of memorizing it.

Jinmin let go of the younger, as he stepped further inside his home. Like most homes in Korea, rich or poor, the first, immediate area was for shoes. Jeongguk took off his pair of beat up sneakers that now looked absurdly out of place, and stepped into an extra set of house slippers. Plush, so plush, Jeongguk thought gleefully to himself, not noticing Jimin smirking at him from further ahead. There was a step, the next room revealing itself as the kitchen. It was incredibly spacious and modern – everything touchpad, down to the burners. It was all black Samsung equipment, even the fridge. The counters were bare, and the island was cleared, save for an empty crystal bowl that maybe held fruit at some point, given its location. Everything sparkled, and nothing looked like it had been used. Ever.

The elder was already into the dining room – the space again, quite large and sectioned into an open living room. Wooden floorboards met a lush, gray carpet that had bounce to it even with the house slippers on. Jeongguk thought he would be overwhelmed, that he would get some unique perspective into Jimin’s world by seeing his home, but everything was so, so bare? The walls were void of any pictures or décor. There were shelves, but Jeongguk suspected that they’d been there before Jimin even moved in, and there was nothing on them.

“How long have you lived here?” He found himself asking, slowly turning towards the dining room table. It was made of glass, a simple beige table runner its only occupant.

“Three and a half years,” Jimin answered, watching as Jeongguk fought to process such information. The living room had a dark leather sectional, a matching glass coffee table, and a side table that
supported a lamp made of jewel blossoms with a chrome cage. The entertainment system was impressive, the speakers massive – possibly the showiest item that he’d seen thus far, and one of the only things in the apartment thus far that was clearly loved and used. The television was of decent size, but he could tell that it was chosen with less importance than the sound system. “I’m thinking of moving, though.”

“Moving? Where to…?” Jeongguk murmured curiously, running his fingers over the rack of albums, taken aback by Jimin’s vast collection. It could only be defined as a small piece of Jimin – the music he loved, the genre primarily r&b and hip-hop. There was some classical music, too. Jeongguk had had no idea that Jimin was an audiophile before now, and he eagerly filed away this piece of information, hoping to figure out how it fit into the greater puzzle that made up Jimin.

‘Closer to you,’ Jimin inwardly thought, but it would give the younger more reasons to hope for something more. Something Jimin had never perceived himself as good enough to give to anyone. Instead, he stepped beside Jeongguk, pulling out one of the albums. It was Rihanna’s ‘Loud’. He placed the CD in the system. “I’m not sure where – near Void would be a good start. The current commute is hell.”

A song carried through the speakers, a sensual, slow number that Jeongguk vaguely recognized as, ‘Skin’. He’d danced to it a few times, a couple years back, before photography became his thing. One of many routines he’d performed with his dance team, but it was a difficult song to freestyle to – unless he were going for a strip tease. He paused, considering, before shaking his head. Not in this barren, creepy apartment! Jimin offered his hand, “You haven’t seen all the rooms yet, bun.” Jeongguk took his hand, not wanting to break it to the dominant that the magic was nearly dead at this point.

“That’s a bathroom,” Jimin said, passing it – not allowing Jeongguk to explore, his destination linear. There was a point, after all. “This is my office…” The door to the room was open, revealing a desk, and laptop closed atop of its surface. Again, no real belongings. “Over here is the guest room.”

“Master, you’re not being very fair,” Jeongguk sighed, somewhat exasperatedly. He didn’t get to see much of the guest room either, being pulled into the room at the end of the hallway. Jimin’s bedroom was very neat, and simple. The walls and sheets were pristine white, the furniture black. It was very modern, but so, so boring.

He released Jeongguk’s hand, sliding an envelope from the top of his dresser, “I brought you here, because I have a present for you. I didn’t want to give it to you at Void, because I don’t want you to associate it with our arrangement. I wanted to give this to you man to man, not as dominant to submissive.” Jeongguk looked at him in surprise. It was harder than Jimin thought it would be, to have Jeongguk there in his bedroom, those dark, curious eyes falling on him.

The bass from the music was thrumming through the walls. Jeongguk’s heartbeat pounding against his chest seemingly in rhythm, excitement flooding him. He eyed Jimin’s hand, the envelope glaring back at him. “A surprise?”

“Yes, pet – a surprise just for you, for being so exceptionally good,” Jimin started, unsure of how to properly articulate just how perfect Jeongguk had been since the beginning up until now. “Even though you’ve stepped out of line with me a couple of times now, you still took every bit of your punishment…”

“Wanna be good for you,” was Jeongguk’s immediate response. “Always.”
“I know, baby,” Jimin said, a soft smile touching his lips. There was a flush to Jeongguk’s skin, the pet name affecting him. For a trained submissive, even the smallest of things could send them into subspace. Instinctually, Jeongguk wanted to kneel. He wanted to serve. Jimin could see it in the evident strain currently keeping the younger very, very still. “Look at me,” he murmured, skimming his fingertips across Jeongguk’s cheek. He waited, until they were staring at one another to lean up, pressing a soft kiss against the tremble of Jeongguk’s lips.

“A little practice.” More training, but not the type that Jeongguk would be expecting. He slipped his hand beneath the younger’s ear, holding him more firmly, needing to be closer. “When we’re in front of normals, say for like a social event, what should you call me?”

Jeongguk sighed, eyelashes fluttering against the heat pooling inside his stomach, trying to focus on the question. Why was Jimin asking him that now? The dominant’s lips tempted him with another featherlight kiss, coaxing him. He swallowed thickly, “Jimin-ssi…?”

Jemin shook his head, “You can do better than that, Gukkie.”

That was a first – Gukkie. Jeongguk tried not to grow too attached to it, since it was unlikely that he’d hear it again. There was only one other thing, a tad more casual, and perhaps a bit more intimate at the moment, “Hyung? Jimin-hyung…?”

“It’s strange, isn’t it?” the elder husked, bringing Jeongguk in for better controlled kiss, teeth dragging across his lower lip, before he sucked down hard on it – eliciting a sharp gasp from the submissive. The pressure was enough to make Jeongguk feel bruised, gently pressing his hips against Jimin in response. It was such a needy action, but it was so rare that Jimin kissed him like he was desperate, and all Jeongguk wanted to do was give, give, and give.

When the urge to pull at Jeongguk’s cherry tinted hair, to force him down onto his knees became too prominent, Jimin finally released him – because he didn’t bring Jeongguk ‘home’ to sleep with him. It wasn’t about owning him for another night. Jimin held out the envelope, while his other hand wiped at the corners of his mouth. “Open it.”

Jeongguk did as he was told, using his finger to tear into its edges. There was a folded paper inside – his eyes skimming over the details, confirming that it was two electronic tickets for the KTX to Busan. The Winter Carnival was nearly two weeks from now, the dates matching up. It made more sense now, that Jimin would want to practice talking to one another without the usual names. “I was so drunk, I never thought…”

“Drunk, yes, but you were also being serious when you asked for this. I know you better than you think,” Jimin said, watching as Jeongguk carefully folded the paper. He was treating it like it was something fragile. “In a TPE relationship, we should be going out more anyway. Visiting other dungeons, being more social. Granted, we’ll be stepping outside the contract, but for one weekend, we’ll be just like another ordinary couple.”

Jeongguk’s heart leapt hearing Jimin call them a couple, and he imagined what it would be like. Ordinary had never suited Jeongguk, that’s why he had walked into Void that first time. It wasn’t so much about being perceived as a normal couple, rather than Jimin belonging to him as his true counterpart, wanting him to the same extent, which never seemed like enough, or as intense as what Jeongguk was feeling. He’d give anything to the elder – his whole being, if that was the price. Jeongguk had only given the dominant the pieces he’d asked for, big and small, but significant pieces. And it had caused an imbalance. He wanted Jimin to give equal parts of himself in return. Still, it would be exciting to try. It sounded...romantic.
“Thank you, again,” Jeongguk murmured, unable to resist when he came forward, the collision of their bodies nearly knocking the elder backwards – Jeongguk’s arms were around his waist, holding onto him. Jimin didn’t fight it, but he didn’t exactly reciprocate the embrace either, as he stood there completely motionless. Jeongguk had known better, when he added somewhat shyly, “More practicing, is all. That was how I’d express gratitude.”

And this was why most young submissives were a problem, they grew too attached, too easily. Jeongguk was in love with him, he knew this, and yet he allowed the younger to get away with it. Jimin nodded against the wall of Jeongguk’s chest, where his hands were curled into fists, unable to move even if he’d wanted to hold him back, “Of course.”

It was cold outside and before Jimin would arrange for another car to come get Jeongguk, he insisted on making the younger a cup of tea. When he left the room to boil the water, Jeongguk took his time with exploring the rest of the place, going into the guest room, Jimin’s office, and then the bathroom. It contained a variety of face washes, body lotions, and hair gels. Stupidly, he’d checked the shower just to find out the elder’s brand of shampoo. There were unopened boxes of cologne. So many of them. Jeongguk tried not to feel anything, constantly berating himself for each flare up of unnecessary jealousy.

Jimin appeared in the doorway a minute later, Jeongguk’s reflection morose, his bottom lip pouting while he was in deep thought. The dominant could guess as to what he was focused on, fingers poised to touch one of the colognes. “They’re from clients. I don’t use them, but I can’t exactly bring myself to turn them away. So, I regift them.”

That was worse somehow, Jeongguk wanted to tell him. Instead he forced himself to smile, “Thought maybe you were one of those spontaneous shoppers, like Tae. He’ll buy onions if they’re on sale. We don’t even have a stove.”

“I can’t imagine you cooking anything, anyway. It would be an instant disaster I’m sure. Come drink your tea,” Jimin said, walking away. The music was on low, barely more than a soft beat in the background. There were two mugs resting atop of glass coasters on the dining room table, and Jeongguk wondered when his fingers had become so cold, reveling in the heat when he cupped both hands around his mug. There was a small amount of milk, enough to turn the tea a warm caramel, the sweetness at the end of each sip most likely honey. It reminded Jeongguk of home.

Jimin sat across from him, one leg strewn over the other, while he took slow sips of lavender. He wondered if Jeongguk honestly did enjoy his gift – the both of them. It was difficult to tell when the younger kept on smiling. But there was a sadness to that smile, one that didn’t quite reach his eyes… “Your ride should be here in fifteen minutes.”

The dominant watched as that smile faltered, only slightly.

“Hoseok hyung seems interested in Seokjin-ssi,” Jeongguk said, pointedly shifting the conversation. Jimin sneered, the laugh he let out somewhat breathy. “Lots of people are interested in Seokjin. Not enough, though. He was hired after only a year of being in the scene, he still needs to prove himself. Makes me wonder what RM was thinking. Surely, he knew that it would be difficult for him.”

“What do you mean, difficult?”

“What I mean, bun – is that pro-doms need to be able to build up clientele. If no one knows who you
are around the community and you haven’t been in the scene for very long, it’s going to be difficult to do so. Who could vouch that he’s good at what he does, if no one has tried him?"

“You make him sound like a toy,” Jeongguk frowned, somewhat petulantly. “I think he’s getting tons of exposure. You helped him with that, didn’t you?”

“When he volunteered for me, it was as a submissive. Seokjin needs to be accepted as a dominant, therefore, he needs to construct his own scenes, draw in his own crowd. But he’s been having trouble finding a submissive that will stick.” It was kind of bizarre. Seokjin only seemed to have about three submissives, the few of them unreliable when it came to helping with scenes. “Why the concern?”

“I’m not concerned…” Not about that – but Jeongguk was, in fact, worried about Jimin. How he could live in a place for three years, but not actually lived inside of it.

“Fine, then. Now what are you not telling me?”

Jeongguk nearly choked on his tea, caught off-guard. Why the fuck was Jimin so good at calling him on his bullshit? “N-Nothing! I’m curious for Hoseok’s sake.” He checked the time on his phone. “I should get going. Fifteen minutes is nearly up.”

Jimin didn’t let the younger’s gaze drop, until he was good and ready to – the intensity of his stare enough to steal the very breath from Jeongguk’s lungs, forgetting its function. “Let me walk you down.”

The elder was collecting their mugs, bringing them out into the kitchen. Jeongguk stood in the living room for a moment longer, taking one last look at the wide, white empty spaces. He had learned nothing, except that Jimin was perhaps, more complicated than he’d even thought…as complex as his apartment was bare and simple. It was ironic. Simple wasn’t a term he’d ever used to describe his dominant, and he knew there was more to the story than Jimin was showing him.

He reached into his pocket for his keys, removing the plush rabbit keychain that he’d purchased on whim so many years ago. While Jimin was distracted, Jeongguk placed it on top of the table, and casually walked away. Now the condo was decidedly less boring.

Less empty.

!/ Age play warning !/

Hoseok didn’t know what the fuck he was doing. Sure, driving Taehyung to Void, that was one thing. He was somewhat touched that the younger had asked him to do so, since it wasn’t a secret to anyone that Taehyung wasn’t a fan of his driving. Calling Hoseok a speed demon was an understatement. No, what he was currently pressed by, was the fact that he had decided to accept Hwasa’s invitation to the dinner party, and that it would have to be done in person – etiquette was a big deal in the BDSM community. He couldn’t say that he was looking forward to it, however. Hwasa could be pushy and aggressive, and he didn’t really like dealing with her outside of sex. The only time Hoseok could handle anyone, was when they were beneath him – moaning out his name, knuckles white and clinging to the sheets like that was their only salvation. That way, he was always safely at an advantage, in control.
“Tonight’s the big night, huh? I see you got all dressed up,” Hoseok teased, noticing Taehyung’s outfit for the first time this evening, after they’d been in the car together for nearly thirty minutes now, a sign of his preoccupation. Hell – they had even held a whole conversation in the dorm parking lot, discussing the ridiculous accumulation of ravens that had been flying around campus lately (one casualty, Professor Kim’s peppered toupée).

Getting all ‘dressed up’, in this case, had entailed Taehyung raiding Jeongguk’s closet and finding something a little bit darker, a little bit tighter, to wear for a change. After sifting through an array of plain black t-shirts, and gray sweatpants, he’d finally found something more suitable. The shirt was a sheer knitted fabric, revealing in the sense that it was practically see-through. Anyone who cared enough to look closely, would see everything. Plus, it was a light fabric, which would be ideal for after his piercings were done.

Over his shirt was a black jean vest, matching the fitted jeans he was wearing – the knees ripped to shreds, and a larger hole higher up showing a sliver of thigh. For the first time, Taehyung felt good about what he was wearing to Void. It showed in the way he carried to himself to the doors, after they parked, exuding rare confidence, “I’m kinda excited.”

Hoseok laughed at the way Taehyung downplayed it. He was so cute, so pure, he could definitely see how he might have caught Yoongi’s interest. Why men and women of all ages stared hungrily after him wherever they went, completely unnoticed by Taehyung. “Kinda? Please, I know you’re fucking ecstatic. You always get this way before a new piercing.”

“You sure you don’t mind waiting for me?” Taehyung asked, somewhat guiltily. He didn’t like the thought of burdening anyone.

“I mean, I have a few things to take care of here tonight, anyway. There’s a slight chance you might be finished before I am,” Hoseok said, opening the double steel doors – the warmth coming from inside a welcomed relief from the bitter cold, February in Seoul was cruel.

Taehyung wondered if Hoseok would finish before him, really? Because he had the sneaking suspicion that Yoongi was about to get him right where he wanted him, and that he may never let him go...thus, leaving Hoseok a permanent resident of Void, the poor bastards.

They approached the counter, a male that Taehyung had never seen before manning the desk. It was startling. He was so…used to seeing Claire. Claire who always flirted with him, always oddly managed to put him at ease when every visit to Void had been nothing short of chaotic. The blond behind the counter looked out of his depth, scrambling with paperwork. Hoseok’s face lit up when he saw him, “Minhyuk! I didn’t know they allowed you out of the basement!”

“Ha-fucking-ha! You’re so funny, Hoseok,” he glared, shifting his attention towards Taehyung. “How can I help you?”

“He’s the usually the IT guy,” the redhead said to Taehyung, laughing obnoxiously. “Where’s Claire?”

“She’s currently in a meeting at, arguably, the worst fucking time.” Minhyuk was still looking at the younger, waiting.

*Right.*
Taehyung gave Hoseok a look of uncertainty, before he answered the blond’s original question, “I have an appointment with Sugar.”

Minhyuk started typing into the computer in front of him, confirming Yoongi’s schedule for the evening. He looked up from the screen, “Kim Taehyung?”

“That’s him, detective,” Hoseok grinned, answering on Taehyung’s behalf. He often did rude shit like this whenever he was anxious. An anxious Hoseok was a wildcard.

“Room seven is ready for you,” Minhyuk said, before he picked up the phone to inform Sugar that his client had arrived, a short murmuring that neither men could properly catch. It was done so seamlessly, despite Minhyuk’s seeming frazzlement of moments prior. The blond hung up, his eyes cutting, “And what the fuck do you want, Hoseok?”

And it was with that, that the redhead turned to regard Taehyung, “I’ll see you when you’re finished. Good luck, yeah? Call hyung if you need to me to hold your hand.”

“Yeah alright, weirdo…” Taehyung trailed, sensing the tension between the two men, before he walked off in the direction of the corridor that led to the main areas and the private rooms beyond. Curiosities to settle later.

Once the younger was out of sight, Hoseok looked at the tech seriously, “I need to speak with Hwasa.”

“Hwasa is a very busy girl.” That was obvious, and Hoseok didn’t even bother with a response. Unfortunately, Minhyuk couldn’t allow that to be his only answer, since the redhead was still a client, and he was obligated to do his job, even if it meant assisting assholes like Jung Hoseok. “She arrived not too long ago. Give me a second here.” He reached for the phone again, looking up at the ceiling to pointedly avoid staring at his…he didn’t even know what to call Hoseok – his mistake.

“Hi, this is reception. Can you tell Hwasa that she has a visitor? Thanks.”

Hoseok didn’t think that he’d need to rehash what happened between himself and Minhyuk, but now it was most certainly clear that he did. “Come on, it’s nearly been a month now. You didn’t do anything wrong and I didn’t do anything wrong. We made a choice as adults, so can’t you just get over it?” Hoseok asked, a leering little smirk growing across his too handsome features. He was all too aware of the effect he had on most people. “It’s not like we were going to get married and have kids after one good fuck. One. You act like it was a full-fledged affair.”

Minhyuk recoiled like he was burned, trying not to make a scene. “Ah, that’s right…whores like yourself will never see the damage you’ve caused until it’s too fucking late. No one deserves to experience the amount of bullshit and misery that comes along with knowing you.”

Hoseok nodded once, pausing to meet Minhyuk eyes. He could visibly see the contempt and hostility there. “Yeah, maybe you’re right. Wanna know what my favorite part was about that evening though?”

“Not really,” Minhyuk sighed, shakily. God – it was taking everything in him not to snap completely. He had agreed to a one-night stand, had hoped for more, and had been bitterly disappointed. It was his fault that it hurt so much, but he couldn’t help being pissed.

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“The part where you came so hard, so tight, and so perfect around my cock,” Hoseok said, voice going low, as he leaned in closer. “…you let me milk my cum into you, begged me to keep going,
even though it hurt and you were so sensitive, and then after I was finished, you licked everything clean, like a good little bitch. A little bitch who enjoys lying on their back for a ‘whore’.”

“Enough,” Minhyuk gasped, face twisted with disgust. “That’s the thing with you that I can’t stand the most. You never know when to quit.”

“What are you boys talking about?” came the amused, husky tone belonging to Hwasa. She was an absolute vision – dressed in fitted, red shiny latex. Her full set of thighs were on display, making each step forward that much more distracting.

“Nothing, mistress,” Minhyuk said, lowering his head – a deep flush touching his skin. Just when he was seriously wishing that the floor would open up and swallow him whole, Claire returned, and a deep sigh of relief escaped him. He was all too happy to get dismissed.

Hwasa dropped her eyes from Hoseok’s after a long pause, “I didn’t think I’d ever see you again, pretty. Why don’t we go to our old room?”

“No, that’s okay, this won’t take very long.” Hoseok said, meeting her cold stare dead-on, before movement in the background caught his attention, and he shifted his gaze behind her. Walking up the corridor to reception, was Seokjin. The dominant approached, intent on speaking with Claire, and hardly paid any attention to the pair in the room.

The redhead was standing close to him, so close that he could overhear him asking, “He’s still not here? I had Minhyuk call him over twenty minutes ago.”

Hwasa crossed her arms over her chest, pulling Hoseok from Seokjin’s conversation with an impatient click of her teeth, “‘This won’t take very long’, you said. So, let’s get on with it, Hoseok.”

*Oh, right…* Hoseok swallowed, thickly – hands going cold with nerves. Talking shit to Minhyuk was different somehow, safer than rejecting the domme. But they both deserved to end things properly, which was perhaps the true intent of Hwasa’s message when he Houdinied. “I wanted to come here in person to let you know that I won’t be returning as your submissive. Although we had fun for a majority of the time we spent together, and I enjoyed what you’ve shown me, there’s something that’s still missing,” he said, eyes watching her carefully for her reaction, knowing that the next line might be hurtful. “Submitting to you still doesn’t come naturally for me. I just don’t see you as an authoritative figure, and it’s for that reason that you can’t give me what it is that I need…”

“Hm,” she smiled at him, sweetly – hiding her disappointment well. The red of her lipstick was the exact color of blood, and Hoseok tried not to shiver. Hwasa lowered her voice, “You sure about that?”

“Yes. I’m sure,” Hoseok’s tone was firm, unwavering – because he knew that he had to be when he faced her. Hwasa tended to prey on signs on weakness, a black widow all too willing to devour him with one small misstep on his part. It was usually with the help of liquor that Hoseok acquired this surprising level of bravery.

“That’s a damn shame…” Hwasa had actually *liked* Hoseok, he’d shown so much promise as a switch. Someone she’d allow to take control more often, only if he’d earned it, but she’d be lying if she said his training as a submissive hadn’t felt forced at times. She stepped closer to him, her voice somewhat wistful. “I would have really enjoyed claiming you as my own.”

He chuckled at that, “I bet you would have, mistress.” The heated expression on her face was eating
him alive, the term ‘mistress’ pleasing her, always. Hoseok shifted the conversation, “I also wanted to discuss your offer for the party. Does it still stand? Am I still allowed to attend as a service submissive?”

Hoseok would have completely understood if he wasn’t permitted to anymore after essentially rejecting Hwasa. He certainly wasn’t beneath that type of petty behavior himself. However, Hwasa carried herself differently, classy to the end. It was part of the reason why he had wanted to train under her in the first place. He thought that after weeks of being brought to heel, the sharp point of her stiletto pressed into his chest like a knife – forced to constantly look up from his place on the ground, that he would want to be dominated by her. But in the end, he couldn’t.

She simply wasn’t enough. And the thought alone was terrifying.

“Of course, it is – pretty, pretty baby,” she practically purred, a hand raised to gently brush her sharp, claw-like nails over the side of his face. Hoseok didn’t even flinch, not even when her lips hovered above his own, their breaths mingling when she murmured, “As if I’d miss out on another opportunity to be served by you.”

H Hoseok could hear the spite underlying that last sentence, the scent of the oil in her lipstick – her Versace perfume wafting sensually with every exhale. Hwasa was deadly, so beautiful that it was like a punch to the gut each time he looked at her. He remained calm, fighting the urge to run – fast, and very fucking far away. “I’ll see you there, then.”

Hwasa released him, brushing past him. The redhead stood nailed to the spot, listening to the heavy footfalls of her heels against the carpet. He’d counted to ten, before he expelled the air from his lungs, shaking.

“That was interesting,” came a voice from beside him – modulated, and friendly. Hoseok turned, eyes widening. He’d forgotten that Seokjin was standing at the counter, and from the looks of it, both he and Claire had overheard that entire exchange. “I haven’t been here for very long, but I can tell you that that’s never happened to Hwasa. You’re Taehyung’s friend, right?”

“One of them, yeah, and in regards to that...I wanted to thank you,” he said, unable to tear his eyes away from the dominant. Hoseok had only ever seen him from afar, but right here, up-close like this, he wanted to die. The man was fucking gorgeous.

Seokjin expression became quizzical, “Thank me?”

“Yes, but not for the drinks, at the lounge, which I found out that you had a hand in sending them and sending them...” Hoseok shook his head, finding it a bit ridiculous. “…and sending them. I still wanted to thank you for helping Taehyung, because even though it was kinda your fault, you made sure that he was safe.”

It sure as hell didn’t feel like he’d saved Taehyung when he’d dropped him off at Yoongi’s, but he took the credit. “I couldn’t just leave him like that.” Seokjin tilted his head, trying to get a read on Hoseok, recalling the night of the lounge. He’d watched the redhead let go in a swarm of people, arms wrapped around strangers, plural – giving himself away. “How about this? I’ll take your ‘thank you’, if you accept my apology. It can be a swap of sorts...”

A swap with Seokjin. Not exactly the swap he wanted, but... “Consider yourself forgiven.” Hoseok lowered his gaze – because if he wanted to survive, he’d have to stop looking at Seokjin altogether. But it was difficult, amazed by the taller’s physique, broad shoulders stemming down into a slim
waist. A simple black button-up was tucked into a pair of fitted slacks – accentuating his long, long legs. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up and Hoseok had never known he had a thing for forearms before, but he definitely had a thing for Seokjin’s. What look was Seokjin going for exactly? Instead, Hoseok found himself asking, “When does your scene start?”

Seokjin looked down at his phone, checking the time. “At this rate? Probably never.”

Hoseok wasn’t about to admit that he too, had eavesdropped. “Why not?”

“This would have been my first stage.”

“Haven’t you been working here for over a month though? Sorry, if that sounded rude, but…”

“But you’re right. I’ve been for almost two, Hoseok.” Fuck – why did dominants do shit like this? Using someone’s name, when they hadn’t been properly introduced yet. They both knew of each other due to circumstances, but this ain’t it. “I have three submissives. All of them are too shy to perform a scene in front of an audience. One of them finally agreed, but it’s obvious they aren’t going to show up. Why must my littles be so cute?”

Wait – it was odd, because Seokjin wasn’t even angry? Not even disappointed, rather he was endeared by it. Hoseok wanted to confirm, “You’re into CG/L, right?”

“That’s what I like, yes. Doesn’t hurt that it’s what I’m good at,” Seokjin said, pocketing his phone. He’d have to tell his scene assistant to start taking down his stage. Let someone else use it.

“I’m not really into…” Hoseok wasn’t sure how to even voice what he was willing to do for Seokjin right now. “Wow, okay, let me try again…ha, uh…I struggle just trying to be a submissive and to be honest, I don’t even get the appeal of age-play. It lowkey creeps me out actually.”

“Why are you telling me this? Are you trying to kink shame me? Here?” Seokjin asked, because now – now he was growing short, eyes flashing darkly. There was so much skepticism towards his area of kink. Most of the submissives that came to him were damaged – so fucking damaged, regressing back to specific times in their childhood just to feel safe. A time where they weren’t sick, a time when they were still considered pure. And Seokjin was always ready to protect that…

Hoseok knew he had messed up and hurried to explain, trying to sound more confident, “No! No that’s not it. I want to help you with your scene.”

“You just said you don’t like being a submissive and that age-play ‘creeps’ you out. How could you possibly help?” Seokjin stepped closer into Hoseok’s space – just enough to make the redhead take a whole step backwards. Was this a game to him? “Besides, just looking at you, I can tell you wouldn’t be able to handle it. You can hardly handle this conversation.”

Hoseok felt his stomach clench, urging him on, and tried again. “Let me try. Use me.”

Seokjin narrowed his eyes at him, “No.”

“Use me, please.” Please. Hoseok didn’t even know what he was asking for – just something, something better. Something exciting.

Seokjin wanted to test him, “Daddy.”
“Excuse me?” Hoseok’s brain was about to short-circuit, because what the fuck?

“‘Use me, daddy’. I want you to say it and then maybe, I’ll consider it,” he challenged, eyes heavy when Hoseok met his gaze, all hot, and imposing.

Hoseok had been called ‘daddy’ a couple of times before. He didn’t love it – thought it was unoriginal and corny coming from most people, but he didn’t hate it, either. It was just fucking odd to be the one to say it, even to someone as fitting of the title as Seokjin. *Fuck it* – Hoseok was good at this, at selling himself as something he wasn’t. He bit at the side of his lip, hands grasping onto the wall behind him in a show of faux innocence, nowhere to go, “Use me, daddy.”

He couldn’t tell whether or not he’d succeeded, the expression on Seokjin’s face giving nothing away. The taller man’s stare was piercing to begin with, eyes dark and unreadable. For a moment Hoseok thought he’d failed, spectacularly, when Seokjin began, “Fine. The scene I had set up was going to be simple, given the fact that my submissives truly are shy. So long as you’re not careless, you’ll have nothing to worry about.”

“Simple sounds good…” Hoseok had to wonder what was ‘simple’ about age-play. He let go of the wall, relaxing some.

Seokjin really didn’t like this – this lack of planning, how last minute the decision was, but he felt desperate at this point. Desperate enough to overlook the rules and ignore his gut-instinct. “Do you have any hard-limits that I should know of?”

“Penetration,” Hoseok said, first and foremost, before he started rattling off several other things – things Seokjin was against doing, anyway. Very risk-oriented, like watersports, and piercings.

The dominant nodded, absorbing all the information. Hoseok was less complicated than he’d anticipated. Everything was just so perfect…well, nearly perfect. Throwing Hoseok into subspace was going to be difficult, especially when he wasn’t interested in being a little. However, the ‘switch’ was a godsend – his only hope as of the moment. And Seokjin wasn’t afforded the luxury of being picky. Besides, he had a good feeling about Hoseok. He gestured towards the corridor, “Understood. Shall we?”

Hoseok nodded, movements somewhat wary, as he walked beside Seokjin. Now, he could handle most things. That’s what Hoseok told himself, like a mantra for when shit in life went south. He didn’t know Seokjin that well, and the attraction he felt for the dominant was a shallow one, but he always tended to go all-in when he wanted something badly enough. This too could be part of his self-discovery. He could definitively cross off age-play once the scene was over.

Usually Wednesdays weren’t busy for Void – each night was decently full, it always seemed like, but tonight the scene room was packed. Large crowds were never an issue for Hoseok, but he was a bit surprised, staring out at the room, so much smaller now with so many bodies occupying it. The redhead startled when Seokjin gently snagged the sleeve of his jacket, leading him towards the stage he’d booked for the evening.

“The scene professional has arrived,” announced a male just as tall, and leggy as Seokjin. He was smiling, eyes twin crescents – ears curved upwards like an elfing. This was the dominant’s assistant? Hoseok walked up the few stairs onto the stage, purposefully avoiding the crowd, not ready for them yet. The man picked up the introductory chalk-board from its stand, realizing that Hoseok wasn’t the submissive that they’d been waiting on all night.
“Hi! My name is Jaehwan. I’m Seokjin’s stage assistant.” There was something equally as over-the-top about him, maybe even more than Hoseok – using some kind of aegyo nonsense in the way he ended his sentences. “How should I put your name down? You can choose any name you want, cutie.”

Cutie? Well, it sure as shit wouldn’t be that. Hoseok was many things, but cute wasn’t one of them, at least...he didn’t think so.

“Maybe...” Hoseok trailed off, wondering if he could think of something better, something more interesting than his own name. “…uh…”

“Hope,” Seokjin offered, picking up on Hoseok’s obvious struggle.

And of course, of course Hoseok liked it. He nodded, “Yeah – yeah, that’s fine.”

“Hope,” Jaehwan repeated, as he started writing it down on the board, his handwriting bubbly.

The stage itself was set up like a playroom. An interlocking play mat made out of foam was at its center, each tile a different color. On top of the mat was a blue folding table. And judging by its height, the fact that it was made by Hasbro, Hoseok knew that it was meant for Seokjin’s littles. Aka, himself, for the evening. He tried his best not to roll his eyes, already failing not to be so judgmental.

Hoseok was slowly beginning to realize that perhaps he’d bit off more than he could chew, taking in the rest of the stage décor, how thorough it was – perhaps more so than any other stage he’d watched prior. He’d have to remember to compliment Jaehwan later, that elf-like character. To one side of the kiddie table, was a normal sized chair – as well as a toybox that seemed to contain a variety of stuffed animals. “Take a seat, Hope,” Seokjin said, pulling out the small chair that Hoseok was meant to sit his bony ass on.

It was with several mental milestones, that Hoseok actually did as he was told – scooting himself in, and finally peered out at the audience. A decent amount of people had gathered in front of their stage, the lot of them pausing while they were walking by, no doubt taking one good look at Seokjin, the unusual set up, and having no other choice but to stop.

“Welcome to my precious scene,” Seokjin started, heading towards the back where another table was set out. Hoseok being faced forward, turned his head to curiously watch the dominant working behind him – gathering what looked like a coloring book, and a box of crayons. It was a whole set of 96 colors, with a built-in sharpener. He smiled softly when he noticed Hoseok’s eyes on him, “Do you know why this scene is so precious, Hope?”

From what Hoseok understood, “Because it’s your first?”

“Exactly.”

On the back table that Seokjin was collecting from, there was a metallic board with colored pages held by alphabet magnets – these were other illustrations, and doodles from past or present submissives. Seokjin was comparable to a proud father, all too pleased to show them off. Hoseok didn’t really understand how that made him feel.

Seokjin placed the book down in front of him, and Hoseok tensed, hyper aware of his close proximity. The cologne Seokjin was wearing smelled masculine, but not overpowering. Hoseok wondered how odd it would be to shut his eyes, to breathe in just a bit deeper. The crayons are
placed down next, and Seokjin crouched down to look at him – dark eyes surveying the redhead, “Hope, Daddy would like it very much if you’d color him a picture.”

‘Oh, fuck no,’ Hoseok eternally groaned, ‘not that third person daddy bullshit.’ All he could do was laugh, that loud one – the one that was all teeth, accompanied by an absurd little squeak at the end. Seokjin’s face grew serious, “What’s so funny, baby?”

“Nothing…” Hoseok stopped laughing immediately, noticing the dark, expectant gleam in Seokjin’s eyes. “…daddy. All you want me to do is color in a picture?”

“Yes. Just for me,” Seokjin said, breath reaching Hoseok’s cheek, they were so close. “Remember to color inside the lines. I want it to be absolutely perfect…” He toyed with a strand of the younger’s hair. “Daddy has high expectations for you.”

The words forcibly brought Hoseok to a dark place, to his home back in Gwangju, his father’s face contorted with disappointment, voice harsh, ‘I had such high expectations for you…’ Hoseok had made the decision that he’d rather dance, than prosecute like his father wanted him to – the law held no appeal for Hoseok. Thankfully, he was strong enough now to shatter the memory himself, before it could do much damage, and he brought his mind back to the scene.

Seokjin was right, the task at hand was easy. And if daddy wanted a pretty picture, he’d certainly get one.

Hoseok flipped open the coloring book, ‘Purrfect Pastries’, and found some of the pages half-finished, having belonged to someone else – one of Seokjin’s real submissives. Despite the title of the book suggesting that it would be filled with cats, there were tons of other animals as well, mythical or otherwise, enjoying treats. Hoseok settled for something simple, a whale enjoying a parfait, it made no sense but Hoseok thought it was pretty cute anyways.

“Oh, you chose a good one,” Seokjin praised him, fingers once again teasing Hoseok’s hair, before he took a seat, eyes trained on the redhead.

Hoseok fought down another laugh, as he reached for a crayon, darkening the edges, before lightly coloring it in for aesthetic purposes. He wasn’t all that creative when it came to art, Jeongguk and Taehyung outclassing him by spades in that area. “So focused,” Seokjin murmured, soft and mildly distracting. Would a little ask a caregiver to draw with them? Was Hoseok even approaching this correctly?

He looked up from his coloring to stare at the crowd, wondering if they were growing bored with him. But then he remembered, there was a rather large community for age-play. They were enjoying this in ways Hoseok wouldn’t understand. And now there was an even bigger audience surveying him. Towards the bar area, a familiar face caught his attention. One of the monitors, Namjoon, had his back pressed against the counter – watching him with eyes half-lidded.

Or, was he watching Seokjin? Taehyung had made it clear that the two had shared a kiss that night at the lounge. Either way, shit was getting a little more interesting.

“Don’t get distracted now,” the dominant tsked, as he got up from his chair to check on Hoseok’s progress. The younger attempted to get back to his work, but was unable to resist meeting Namjoon’s eyes again, the pressure of his hand nearly snapping the crayon, when it slid across the page. A quick gasp left Hoseok, surprised it happened. There was now a blue line across the parfait. Oh, fuck.
Seokjin sighed, coming to rest a hand against the table, leaning down – hovering so close above Hoseok, “What happened, sunshine?”

How to tell Seokjin that his little monitor pet kept shooting daggers his way? He shook his head, “Nothing, daddy.” Be more playful. “I got excited, wanted to finish it for you.”

“Aww, I’ll give you another chance, then,” Seokjin said, sliding his fingers through the soft, crimson locks of Hoseok’s hair, before he gripped him at the roots. The younger’s head tilted back with the motion, closing his eyes when he felt Seokjin’s lips brush the top of his head, “What do you say, baby?”

Hoseok didn’t want to say it, but it comes naturally, “Thank you, daddy.” Slowly, he was released, scalp tingling from the abuse – his breathing shallow. He absently turned the page, not particularly in the spirit of choosing his next drawing. Hoseok felt a little more than humiliated, the heat in his face flaring, as he reached for a crayon. He purposefully waited until Seokjin sat down again, before he started coloring.

He could still feel the monitor’s eyes on him, that odd sensation of being watched having grown since Hoseok first noticed him. What was his problem? He fought against the impulse to lift his gaze, however, concentrating on finishing the page. Every now and then, Seokjin would check his progress, tutting him when his elbows were on the table. Hoseok reached for a black crayon, the finishing touches to his pristine work in progress. And that was partially why he was about to enjoy ruining it. Instead of a spoon going into the turtle’s mouth, Hoseok changed it into a giant dick, complete with big hairy balls to match.

“All done,” Hoseok said, tucking the crayon back inside its box, and sitting with his hands folded. He tried again to contain his giggles, but the closer Seokjin got to the table, the more hilarious it became. The dominant stopped beside him, reaching down and taking the drawing into his hands. Seokjin smiled, patience wearing thin in ways no one would be able to detect on the outside, “Look at how beautiful...” He then showed the page to the audience, allowing them to take it in. A collective of gasps, the spectators more delighted than offended, knowing what stepping out of line would entail for any bold submissive. Seokjin tilted his head at the younger, “Tell us what you’re thinking about right now.”

“I’m thinking that receiving head from a turtle would probably be tortoisely slow,” Hoseok joked, crossing his arms over his chest, as he leaned back. Smug, so damn smug.

“Oh, I thought that maybe you weren’t thinking at all?” Seokjin said, tone deceptively calm and gentle still – ripping out the page from the coloring book, and setting it down in front of Hoseok. “Go place it on the board for daddy.”

Was he serious? Hoseok’s finger twitched on the paper, deciding. He picked it up and brought it towards the back, picking up the magnet letter ‘H’, and moving it to the front of all the other drawings. His was more special anyway.

“Good. Now come here,” Seokjin said, gesturing the younger over with two fingers. He was standing in front of the toybox, sifting through the plentiful stuffed animals. Hoseok knew that what was coming was a punishment, but he wasn’t all that concerned. The guy was holding onto a sun-shaped plushy with a cutesy smile on its face. How bad could it be?
“My sunshine,” Seokjin murmured, softly – reverently almost, as he sat down on the chair. With his other hand, he drew Hoseok closer by his wrist, his knees knocking into the side of Seokjin’s leg. The plush was extended for Hoseok to grab, “Here, hold this, baby. You’re going to need it.”

The moment Hoseok’s fingers squeezed around the soft material, he was being yanked forward – forced over Seokjin’s lap. He was positioned in such a way, that Hoseok had no choice but to stare out towards the audience, Namjoon awaiting him when he looked up. Christ. He clutched onto the sun with both hands, not wholly prepared, no longer confident.

“I’m sorry…daddy, please~” Hoseok tried, squirming, but not to get away.

“Who do you call for when you don’t want to play with daddy anymore?” Seokjin asked, holding the younger down more securely.

Hoseok legs kicked, and despite his embarrassment, he found himself enjoying the way Seokjin only pressed his weight into him more, the arms around him strong enough to subdue him. And there was something rather…appealing about that. It took a moment, but eventually Hoseok’s brain started working again, guessing, “Mommy…?”

“That’s right, it’s our safe-word,” Seokjin confirmed, giving Hoseok an out if he didn’t like what was about to happen. It was his own fault, the mistake having been so deliberate, which was why the elder took liberties – large hands immediately grabbing at Hoseok’s ass, warming his sensitive skin with firm touches.

Hoseok spent a majority of his time in a dance studio, rubbing icy-hot on his sore muscles, and putting braces on his legs as a preventive step from breaking himself was routine. All Hoseok knew in his young life, was repetition – precise movement, the deep burn of muscle. He hadn’t thought to mention his chronic tension and stress to Seokjin, and maybe that had been a mistake – because when Seokjin moved down lower to his upper thighs, large hands immediately grabbing at Hoseok’s ass, warming his sensitive skin with firm touches.

“I-I’m sorry,” Hoseok gasped, shakily, as he felt the heat beginning to pool inside his stomach from the pain still humming throughout each of his nerve-endings. He held the plush to his chest, closing his eyes when Seokjin’s fingers travelled upwards, sliding over his ass to massage his lower back. Fuck, he was sore everywhere.

Seokjin was curious then, pressing his fingers into the muscles – could feel the knots there, Hoseok tensing beneath him. The younger should have disclosed as much, so that he could be more careful. He sighed, dragging his hands back down, three of his fingers going between Hoseok’s legs, kneading at his balls through the denim.

“You haven’t been honest with me, Hope,” Seokjin said, voice chiding – reveling in the breathy little sounds the younger was making, hips moving on their own accord. He settled his fingers against Hoseok’s perineum, digging them in.

“I’m a dance major…” Hoseok murmured his admittance, lifting his head to stare across the room – zoning in on Namjoon, the monitor’s eyes unflinching, and intense. Why the fuck was he still watching? The effect it had on Hoseok wasn’t wholly unpleasant, already half-erect, and he was certain Seokjin could feel where it was pressed against his legs.

“That’s important information to know, sunshine,” Seokjin continued to chastise, drawing his hand
back and landing an experimental smack against Hoseok’s ass – the younger’s mouth falling open in a silent cry, the pain stinging him. “How can daddy take care of you if he doesn’t have all the facts?”

“No need to look so horrified, baby,” Seokjin reminded him, allowing Hoseok a safe spot to hide himself and that was exactly what he did, could feel the heat against the back of his neck crawling up to his ears, he was so fucking embarrassed. Please God, let Taehyung still be with Yoongi. What was worse were the sounds he kept making, high-pitched and whiny, keening like a little bitch each time Seokjin’s palm landed, one after another – thrumming through Hoseok, leaving him sensitive, so vulnerable. He was unprepared for the possessive little grab at the end of every spank, and it felt so, so good against his tender skin.

Seokjin’s voice was soft, maintained, “Ten more.”

“P-Please…daddy…” Hoseok found himself begging, begging, because ten more sounded like an eternity, despite the bliss that resonated with every firm, careful slap.

Seokjin sighed, breathily, “You made me do this… I really didn’t want this for you, baby boy, but you’re forcing me. So disobedient, what else can I do?”

Hoseok felt as his cock twitched from within the tight confines of his jeans, aching within the pit of his stomach when Seokjin’s hand came down in rapid succession, the dominant’s grip rough enough to spread him even through the layers of his clothes – that Brazilian wax making every grope easier to accomplish, and was felt more acutely.

He swallowed thickly, counting in his head – eight, when the impact shattered him all over again. The cruel timing between each slap, that insufferable pause allowed Hoseok to anticipate the pain to the point he damned near craved it, was just so meticulous.

Nine, Hoseok’s breathing stuttered, lips falling apart on another cry – tears blurring his vision, threatening to fall. The heat dancing in Namjoon’s eyes keeping him grounded for a little while longer.

“Ten,” Seokjin said, the sound of his palm meeting Hoseok’s body resounding in the quiet. “All done, my darling,” the dominant’s tone was light, as he gently massaged each cheek – Hoseok shook from the sensitivity, a choked little sob escaping past trembling lips. Seokjin allowed him to stand after a moment, Hoseok’s stance somewhat wilted, the perfect point of his nose tinted a soft pink with lips pouty, and swollen red. He was crying, the plushy dangling from between two fingers, before it fell to the stage floor.

Seokjin merely crossed his leg, one over the other, as he leaned back in his chair with a sympathetic gaze. Hoseok was a broken little mess, to be sure. A broken, messy little baby, and at the front of his jeans was the hard outline of his cock, and a damp spot in the denim let Seokjin know that he was enjoying himself. He wasn’t yet finished with the redhead, dark eyes alit with amusement, “We should take care of that, shouldn’t we?”

“Daddy…” Hoseok said, voice hoarse, and thick with tears. He had completely forgotten about the crowd watching, while Seokjin delivered his punishment, but now he remembered where he was. The audience belonged to him completely at that point, holding on to his every reaction – yearning to either take care of him, or envious enough to want to be him.

“Alright, sunshine…” Seokjin considered his options, still wanting to keep things simple. “I want you to start by showing us that pretty little ass of yours. Why, it’s probably all nice and pink from all the attention I gave it…”
He doesn’t fail to take notice of how the blush deepened along the apples of Hoseok’s cheeks – shaking hands unbuttoning and pulling the zipper of his jeans down. He winced when the rough fabric dragged over his backside, trying to go slowly, and be careful – fuck if it helped. He hooked his thumbs into his briefs next, the material stretchy enough for him to avoid brushing his skin with it. Hoseok was convinced that there was nothing, nothing more humiliating than this moment, as he faced his back to the audience, allowing them to see the damage. He didn’t understand how he could be so hard just from that.

He could hear them react, soft draws of breath – compliments to Seokjin, adjectives like, ‘red’ and ‘gorgeous’ clashing in his mind. Hoseok closed his eyes, the angry pulsating of his own cock almost too much for him to bear. He needed relief.

“That’s it. Now show daddy,” Seokjin commanded, voice still pleasantly calm. Hoseok turned, ignoring the new wave of humiliation burning him up. It felt like minutes before the dominant spoke again, tone lower than it was before, “You’re so beautiful…wearing your punishment so well.” Hoseok shivered against his words, hoping he didn’t notice, but the odds of that were slim given how violent it was, Seokjin murmuring to him then, “Turn around.”

Hoseok was quick to comply, eyes hesitantly meeting the dominant’s, enraptured by how dark they’d become, pupils blown wide, drowning him. Hoseok swallowed thickly, tears still streaming down the sides of his face, but he didn’t dare move even to brush them away.

“You’re going to touch yourself,” Seokjin said, giving him instructions – granting him permission for release. “But it’ll be on your knees.” Hoseok lowered himself to the hardwood, careful not to dig his heels into his ass, as he did so. “Spread your legs wider for me. Baby is a dancer, no?”

‘Baby’s jeans are constricting, but he’ll see what he can do,’ Hoseok wanted to retort, feeling all sad and miserable for himself, as he parted his thighs, needing to lower his pants down further in the process just to accommodate such a thing.

“I only have one rule, before you begin,” Seokjin said, a smirk touching his plush lips – so very pleased with himself. “You aren’t to make a mess when you come, because messy, disobedient babies deserve to get punished, don’t you agree? And you’ve already been so bad for me tonight, Hope, you wouldn’t want to disappoint me again would you?”

Hoseok shook his head quickly, wanted to believe that he could manage the task, already thinking of ways where he could avoid spilling onto the floor. Somehow, he found that he truly didn’t want to disappoint Seokjin, he wanted to impress him, make him proud. How had this happened?

“Go ahead, Hope,” Seokjin encouraged him, eager to see how it would play out, especially considering how well Hoseok had responded to being spanked, how obviously turned on he was. He briefly wondered if Hwasa was able to give him the same satisfaction, before immediately gloating to himself. There was no way. Hoseok had cancelled their arrangement that very night because she wasn’t able to dominate him properly, and just look at him now. He licked at his lips, once again eyeing the wet patch on Hoseok’s briefs, knowing that inside, his cock was sticky with precum. His first scene as a professional couldn’t be going any better, and he thanked his lucky stars that his sweet little submissive had decided not to show.

Up on his knees, Hoseok finally drew his briefs down the rest of the way, the tip of his length swollen and glistening from neglect. Baby liked it sloppy. He spat into his hand, before he coated himself with a couple of slow, firm strokes. The louder, the better – Hoseok pausing to slick himself even more, the sounds of each glide over his cock so wet, and lovely. He tilted his head back,
exposing the long, slender curve of his neck – submitting to the pleasure coursing through him.

Seokjin leaned forward, eyes dark and appraising as they roamed over what he was being given. Completely enraptured. He’d never had a dancer before, and Hoseok’s body no doubt was a work of art – a part of him wished he’d made the younger remove every piece of clothing. Not that his cock alone wasn’t a pretty sight to take in, but now Seokjin was greedy for more. When the redhead had turned around, revealing all the marks he’d left across the swells of his toned cheeks, how fast the bruises were developing, Seokjin nearly lost it.

If he were being honest with himself, he was losing it now – Hoseok’s deep, guttural moans were hitting him where it mattered, making his cock twitch with interest. It was normal for Seokjin to get hard during a scene, but he’d never wanted to act on it. Not with his littles. However, Hoseok…was pushing it.

The buildup was so quick. Hoseok’s thigh muscles screaming from holding the position, but the pleasure he felt was climbing so high, so fast, until it peaked and he was coming hard, and suddenly – a hand cupping himself, so that he didn’t get anything dirty. The shakes and spasms of his orgasm were intense, moving his whole body with the force. Everything was so so sensitive. All the while, he managed to keep his eyes on Seokjin, even through the white haze of his release. There was something so hot about the dominant’s gaze, assessing him…wanting him.

Seokjin got up from his chair, intent on helping Hoseok collect himself, coming to stand directly in front of him, when he saw – on the floor, less than an inch from where the dominant was standing, there was a thick droplet of cum. He smirked, and heard a distant gasp from the audience as they noticed the direction of his gaze.

“Oh, dear,” Seokjin said, voice feigning sympathy, as he stared down at Hoseok. “You’ve made a mess, after all…"

Hoseok shook his head, eyes frantically searching the floor, when he saw the spot, “I didn’t…I…was careful.”

“What did I say about punishment for disobedient babies, Hope? I suppose now you’ll just have to clean it up.” Seokjin gave a heavy sigh, before his tone grew stern, flipping a switch at the end of the sentence, “…with your tongue.”

Hoseok had lied. This, this was the most humiliating thing he’d ever done. He felt the tears welling up in his eyes again, as he angrily looked away from Seokjin to glare down at the tiny drop of cum, so small it was nearly impossible to see. Only an asshole with supervision would be able to make it out. Still...he couldn’t refuse, he had let the drop fall after all.

Gingerly, Hoseok moved to obey. His hands were still covered in the rest of his cum, so he had to be careful when he leaned forward, his tongue swiping over the hardwood. He cringed, more from the principle of the matter than from the actual taste – the drop was so small that it barely registered, but it was cum no longer attached to any body, and it was on the floor. With a huge crowd watching. Hoseok shuddered in disgust and embarrassment, and now, when he looked up at Seokjin, shame. Why hadn’t he been more careful? Was Seokjin truly angry with him, was that why he had made Hoseok do something so foul? Hoseok was shivering and he didn’t understand why, the temperature in the room was warm.

“That’s my boy,” Seokjin whispered to him, before he turned to regard the audience. Hoseok would need help coming down from subspace, and it was better to be alone with a dominant in order to
achieve that. “I’d like to thank you all for watching my scene. Please, give Hope a big round of applause for volunteering this evening.” The clapping fell dully on Hoseok’s ears, still disbelieving that he’d licked a goddamn floor.

The dominant called out to his assistant, “Jaehwan, close the curtain, please – and can you grab one of the aftercare kits from my room?” Honestly, Seokjin should have been more prepared, but if things had gone according to plan, his submissive would’ve brought his kit with him. Luckily, Seokjin had made his own for in case of an emergency.

Seokjin was crouched down, touch being the first step to draw a submissive from subspace. Light touches and soft-spoken words, “Hoseok, are you okay?”

“I...don’t know. I disappointed you, didn’t I...?” he sniffed, so, so sad all of a sudden.

“No, no you didn’t.” He cradled the younger’s face into his palms, drawing his face up to look at him. “You were exactly what I needed, so perfect...there’s no other way I would have wanted this to have gone.” He smoothed his thumb over the younger’s top lip, brushing over the freckle there. “You’re really cute.”

“That’s not true,” Hoseok trembled, trying not to cry again. Trying not to agree that Seokjin was exactly what he needed tonight, too. “Everything you told me to do, I failed in some way.”

“You performed a scene and you did it extremely well,” Seokjin reassured him, eyes growing serious. “Tell me you don’t regret it, Hoseok.”

“I...” *loved it.*

Jaehwan returned then, placing the bag down next to Seokjin. “I grabbed some extra water.”

“Thanks, Jae,” Seokjin said, quietly – grabbing a couple of wet-wipes when they were offered, beginning to clean each and every one of Hoseok’s fingers. He was gentle when cleaning Hoseok between his legs. He was still too high up to feel awkward about it. “There’s a change of clothes in the bag, so let’s lose these, okay?” Seokjin asked, helping Hoseok onto his feet, before he made work of ridding him of the rest of his clothes. Once Seokjin was finished, he brought the younger against him.

It was amazing, how Hoseok could be so unabashed when he was in such a state. He was steadily returning to himself, coming down and really, the only thing he kept thinking about was, “Namjoon, that monitor, was watching us.” Seokjin snorted at this, the sound reverberating throughout his chest – reaching Hoseok. The feel of his bare skin against Seokjin was...really soft, really warm.

“Of course, he was watching. He always watches. Makes me wonder why the hell he hasn’t been fired yet, then again, his job is to monitor,” Seokjin said, as he brought his bag with him over to the table, a hand tightly secured around Hoseok’s waist, while he moved them. Seokjin stopped the redhead from pulling out a chair, “I can’t let you sit just yet. I need you to drink this water for me.”

Hoseok accepted the bottle, gratefully, as he worked on depleting it. As he drank his mind felt clearer and clearer, and he found he was able to look back on the scene a bit more objectively than before. Seokjin was busying himself with retrieving a gel from the bag, and a fresh pair of clothes. It was a dark sweat suit, a few sizes too big for maximum comfort.

“Tae-Taehyung, He said he saw you two kiss,” Hoseok continued, not quite finished with their
discussion. It was more of a distraction maybe, what with him standing naked in front of a fully
clothed, exceedingly gorgeous Seokjin. “I’m wondering if it’s possible that he wasn’t giving me
bedroom eyes, but murder eyes?”

“Murder eyes?” Seokjin laughed, enjoying Hoseok’s humor. That turtle joke from earlier, *priceless*…
“Namjoon and I aren’t together, so if he gets mad, that’s on him.” Seokjin opened the *arnica* – the
gel that would help with the deep bruising that was slowly blooming across Hoseok’s skin. It would
even help with his hand, too. The stuff was pure magic.

Seokjin had done a pretty decent job at not scrutinizing every detail of Hoseok’s figure, but finally
looked over him in order to apply the cream and – had to pause for a moment, because Christ, the
redhead should be labeled as illegal. Tight muscles and a gently toned build, the lines of his
abdominals, the freckles that were scattered there made Seokjin want to learn astronomy just so he
could trace constellations with his tongue. He settled for clearing his throat, “Turn around for me.”

Applying the cream entailed sharp and dramatic hisses of pain, Hoseok’s skin burning when so much
as air brushed against it. Fast-drying, supposedly. Not fast enough. Seokjin was gentle though, “You
did really well, Hoseok.”

“You’re supposed to say that,” the redhead said, slipping into the new change of clothing. It was
roomy, making Hoseok feel a little small – too small, and he didn’t like it.

Seokjin quipped, “A dominant means it.” He places the gel back inside the bag containing the rest of
the aftercare goods, mostly water, and snacks. Then he placed Hoseok’s dirty garments in there with
it. “You can use the kit. Read the directions on the gel and remember to use it.”

“Will do,” Hoseok saluted him, slinging the strap over his chest – the bag resting against his thigh.

“Thank you, again, for doing the scene. I owe you,” Seokjin said, because it was so easy. In most
cases, no one really wanted anything in return anyway. But Seokjin meant it. He wanted Hoseok to
want…

Hoseok nodded, like it was nothing. Like it was no big deal, twin dimples flashing, “No problem.”

Of course, this fucker also had dimples – Seokjin felt slighted by fate. Two men, four dimples…it
was driving him insane. And then Hoseok was walking away, trying to ignore the pain he felt with
each step – a slight stinging sensation that thankfully seemed to get better with more movement.

“Hoseok…” Seokjin was at the stairs leading from the stage to the main floor. Hoseok turned,
curiously and Seokjin just really wanted to know, repeating his question from earlier, “Tell me you
don’t regret it.”

The younger stood there for a moment, eyes lowering to the ground, because it was safer that way.
He didn’t know how to part his lips, how to tell Seokjin that he felt changed. That it had dredged up
depth feelings about himself, his frustrations with his father (how had Seokjin *done that?*) That he
needed more of what Seokjin gave him. He wasn’t ready to accept it, but finally, finally, he’d found
someone he’d wanted to be dominated by. It hadn’t even been a question during the scene.

“Good night,” was all he said, clutching the bag, and stepping into the crowd – leaving Seokjin
behind the curtain.
Taehyung walked down the familiar halls of Void, his palms beginning to sweat – stomach twisting into knots. A new piercing was thrilling, it was an experience that Taehyung had always enjoyed. Since his first basic holes in his ear lobes, he had found himself returning for another again and again, until his ears were covered in jewelry of different sizes and styles. He had received many judgmental looks, and double takes for it, especially in class where people couldn’t seem to reconcile an academic personality with the amount of hardware he was sporting, but Taehyung couldn’t care less about people who tried to box him in. He loved it and that was all that mattered. The rush of adrenaline that comes with it, the anticipatory jitters over a well-placed scar, the flashiness. He was ready for Yoongi to leave his mark, to seal the contract in his own way.

He found himself stopped outside of room, ‘777’ – the heavenly place, the third seven still scratched into the door marker. How had Yoongi convinced them to leave it like that? It was a bit embarrassing, but it made Taehyung feel like this room at Void was reserved for them and them alone. Taehyung pressed his hand to the door, wondering if Yoongi would be there waiting for him inside, or if he would come late again. Two rooms down, there was a soft click of door opening and closing – and from out of Taehyung’s peripheral, he was able to make out a smaller figure. He hadn’t ever run into anyone else in this corridor before, not that he’d been to Void very often. Whomever it was – they were coming his way.

“Taehyung-ssi…?”

Taehyung instantly recognized the saccharine voice, mentally cursing himself for not entering the room when he had the chance. It was too late to pretend to be someone else, and the corridor was too small to pretend like he hadn’t heard anything. Jimin had obviously been able to tell that it was him from the start. Heaving a sigh, he decided to face the dominant, turning around reluctantly, and was utterly unprepared for what he was met with – having to make a conscious effort to stop himself from roaming his eyes over the elder’s scantily clad figure. So much skin.

It was the first time Taehyung was seeing Jimin since that strange, strange dream the other night, and he realized now that the image he held of the other had been somewhat replaced by the surly, trinket-loving exterminator who had helped him save Jeongguk from Yoongi, the Goblin King – no longer the duck-like caricature of a human he had made him out to be before. Not that he was expecting yellow feathers or anything before, but he certainly wasn’t expecting him to be out and about looking the way he did, nearly forgetting for a moment that they were at Void, a place of kink.

“Jimin-ssi,” Taehyung finally greeted back, trying and failing to keep it casual. Pretending that the dominant wasn’t wearing a black, rubber latex crop top that barely met his waist, nipples hard through the material. The shirt itself held together by a single zipper down the front. Jimin was toned, his lower abs and oblique muscles creating a rather distracting v-line – the view cut off by a pair of matching latex shorts that barely, barely covered his ass. And beneath that, was a pair of fishnets, which again, was just really fucking distracting.

“What a surprise…” Jimin tilted his head at him, silver hair swept back, and styled to perfection. They both knew that there was nothing surprising about the situation. For Jimin, especially, since he knew that Taehyung would be coming by tonight. The dominant leaned against the same door – Taehyung’s door. The space between them had narrowed by fractions, insinuating some sort of quiet intimacy about the discussion they were about to engage in. For whatever reason, Taehyung didn’t feel alarmed. Even when Jimin was more obvious about his scrutiny, not even a little bit ashamed, as he openly looked Taehyung over, almost like he was returning the favor. “I really love your outfit, you have such good taste…”

Taehyung started, a lie already formulating on his tongue, “Thanks, I―”
“Borrowed it from Jeongguk’s closet, I presume?” Jimin finished for him sweetly, the ocean blue-colored contacts making the elder look that much more intense, and pretty. Stupidly pretty.

How did Jimin know? Taehyung slowly nodded, fighting past the wave of embarrassment over being caught, “Yeah.”

“I bought these for him, you know,” Jimin said, reaching his hands up – pausing for a brief moment to gauge Taehyung’s reaction, expecting him to shrink away from his touch. But instead the younger went stiff as a board, his eyes widening comically. And once there were no signs of Taehyung moving, let alone breathing, Jimin continued, delicately fingering the collar of the black jean vest, as though he were merely adjusting it, when it didn’t need to be. “Jeongguk is too stubborn to wear most of my gifts. You should have seen his face opening some of these. Like a child on Christmas, wanting a toy truck, but getting books instead. Oh, well. His loss is your gain, I suppose. You do look good, I wasn’t lying.”

Taehyung felt bad. Not so much about the clothing, but for his previous behavior towards Jimin, how hostile, and ‘righteous’ his little crusade had been. His strong, negative reaction – not understanding the relationship between Jeongguk and the shibari expert. He was so quick to judge, having been willing and ready to take Jimin’s head off. But now that he understood D/S a bit more, he felt ashamed for how he had reacted, wishing that he could wipe it from the dominant’s mind, but no such luck.

“Um, thank you…?” Fuck, it was so awkward. He tried to calm himself down a little, before he continued, “I wanted to uh, say something to you.” Jimin’s gaze remained settled on him, watching on while Taehyung struggled, unsure of the right words to sum up how badly he felt, but he was certain that it needed to happen, no matter how jumbled. “I’m sorry…about Jeongguk. How I reacted to you and him and – I didn’t…I didn’t know. About you, about this – any of this.”

“Oh, I know you didn’t,” Jimin simpered to him, his smile stretched all tart, and cunning, as he slipped his hands from Taehyung’s (borrowed) vest. The action was so slow and deliberate, showcasing just how fucking smug the dominant was, when he breathed real close to Taehyung then, “It’s too sad of a thing to hold against you, since you really didn’t know any better.” It was clear to him that Jimin wasn’t going to apologize for how he’d behaved. Only going as far as to agree that Taehyung should be the one to feel sorry. Jimin pressed himself off the door and was already beginning to walk away, knowing that he won – when he turned, eyes flickering to the third, mismatched seven on the door, “Ah…how goes not being anyone’s bitch, by the way? Have fun tonight, Taehyung-ssi.”

Taehyung hadn’t even noticed that he was holding in his breath, while Jimin delivered his last lines, releasing a big exhale when the dominant finally sauntered off. There were no words from the stunned submissive, still able to pick up the sound of Jimin’s soft laughter carrying throughout the empty hallway. Even if Taehyung thought that was a cheap shot a small part of him felt that he deserved it. He almost smiled, somehow preferring that their banter be continued this way.

With a start he remembered what he was there to do, and turned around back to the door of room 777. He walked inside the playroom, saw that his dominant was not there yet. Good. Taehyung assumed the rooms were fairly soundproof here, because…well. But still, if there was even the slightest chance that Yoongi had heard any of his exchange with Jimin just now, that would have been too humiliating to bear. He looked around at the room that was much different than he remembered, recalling that Yoongi had mentioned that the furniture would change to suit their needs. There was still the same table at the center of the room, and on it was a metal tray of familiar sterile
packets that he’d seen at the piercing parlors before. He was expecting the jewelry to be placed alongside all the other products, but it was missing. He supposed he shouldn’t be surprised, Yoongi certainly had a flair for dramatics to rival Taehyung himself, after all. Why would he ruin the surprise?

Before he forgot, he took out the test results that were requested, and set them out on the table. Taehyung was about to settle himself into a chair, when the door opened, revealing Yoongi. The older man walked through the threshold and then stopped when he noticed the younger, his hand still paused on the knob. Butterflies lurched in Taehyung’s stomach as he waited for Yoongi’s reaction. This would be the first time he was seeing Taehyung dressed accordingly for the likes of Void, and he took his time in admiring the sheer top, gaze lingering on the tanned skin peeking through. Then his eyes shot up to Taehyung’s, the heat held within that single glance enough to set the younger’s face on fire.

Yoongi’s outfit was simplistic in comparison to what Jimin was wearing. It was something out of the 19th century with its detailing. Dark high-waisted pants hugged the small of his waist, a black dress shirt with a stand-up collar tucked into them. It was an oddly regal style for the dominant, that looked (perhaps) a little too fucking good on him. Hair parted to one side, the other brushed back – brown and black eye-shadow, and a touch of rose tint to his kittenish mouth. Taehyung nearly whimpered, hand subconsciously crossing over himself to grab at his arm.

“Did you go shopping?” Yoongi asked, tone smooth, as he approached the table. He placed down a small black box and a plastic bag, eyes catching sight of Taehyung’s results, before he returned his attention back to his submissive.

Yoongi had told him that he hated being lied to, and Taehyung didn’t have it in him to start now. He answered quietly, “Not for this, no.”

“Hm. It suits you,” Yoongi said, not inquiring about it further, knowing – somehow knowing. “Maybe we can visit a couple shops together? My treat. I’d very much like to see you in more…” He gestured over Taehyung’s figure, lazily, “…more of this. However, it won’t matter much when we’re inside this room. To save time on undressing, most dominants prefer their submissive get into the routine of stripping down, before they arrive.”

“Oh…” was all Taehyung could say, the tension rising in the room the longer Yoongi stared – stared expectantly, and said nothing. What was he…? No. The boy shook his head, “You can’t be serious, sir.”

Sir…Yoongi’s mouth twitched at that, good boy. “Remove everything, except your underwear.” It was the first real command that Yoongi had given as his dominant. “Whenever you come to Void for an appointment, this will be your process. After you’re out of your clothes, you will fold them neatly, and place them on the table. Most submissives kneel on the floor, while they wait, but I want you to stand for me.”

Up until now, Yoongi had been a bit soft – a bit slow with his advances, going nice and easy on Taehyung. But now he was resolute, eyes burning into the younger, waiting for him to obey. It was obvious how uncomfortable Taehyung felt, as he pulled the vest free from his shoulders, cold, shaky fingers folding the article. Yoongi had to wonder if the younger assumed that all activities would be done on him while fully clothed?

“This isn’t about humiliating you, Taehyung,” Yoongi clarified, inclined to believe that that’s exactly what Taehyung was thinking at the moment. “This is common practice for many dominants, no
doubt, but I believe it’s especially important in your case. Clothes can be a shield, another layer to hide behind...but that’s not what you want, is it? If this is going to work you have to get used to being vulnerable in front of me, in every way.” He paused, and when Taehyung didn’t respond, spoke again softly, “Answer me if you understand.”

“I...understand, sir,” he said, voice wavering slightly, betraying him. Taehyung was self-conscious - had always been modest by nature, and as he got older and had started to attract more stares of a certain kind, that had only deepened. He pulled at the hem of his shirt, drawing it up over his head, and down his arms. Yoongi granted him a moment of privacy, while he looked over the tests that were run – confirming that the results had come back clean, not that he ever doubted that they wouldn’t. “Are you still happy with the placement of the piercings?”

“Yes, very much so…” Taehyung placed the folded shirt down on top of the vest, before he leaned down to untie his boots. He pulled them off, along with his socks. Feet growing cold on the tiles.

“Very much so, he says,” Yoongi intoned, amusedly – more than pleased that Taehyung shared the same enthusiasm in that regard. The last piece of clothing to be removed were his jeans, which he did just as apprehensively as the rest, sliding them down past his thighs. He should have thought twice about the underwear he went with, standing in a pair of simple white briefs. They didn’t leave much to the imagination.

Slowly, he brought his hands down to shield himself, an action that Yoongi didn’t fail to miss, scolding him, “You will keep your arms at your sides, Taehyung.”

The younger did as he was told, but there was something off about it – a restrained tension in his shoulders, beautiful hands curled into fists. He was still hiding himself, as far as Yoongi was concerned. “Are you shy, angel?” He stepped closer towards Taehyung, stopping when he was directly in front of him. “If you keep covering yourself up, I’ll have to tie your hands.”

“What a surprise,” Taehyung sassed him, the words slipping past his lips before he even had the chance to calculate them. The dominant arched a brow at him, displeased – the dark expression blooming across Yoongi’s delicate features, letting Taehyung know that he’d messed up. Big time.

“I’m too predictable, am I?” Yoongi asked, the tone in which he spoke with, chilling, as he brushed past the boy to pull out a chair. “Come take a seat.”

Taehyung had never moved so quickly to comply, hands once again covering himself instinctively, as he sat down. There were two decently sized gaps in the back of the chair. It was why Yoongi requested them each time, seeing the potential. “Put your arms behind your back.”

“I’d really like use of my hands, sir,” Taehyung tried his luck.

Yoongi chuckled lowly, as he bent down close to speak into the boy’s ear, “So that you can keep covering yourself up? Do you recall what our contract signifies? Ownership...it’s what you so desperately wanted, baby.” Taehyung tilted his head, feeling the elder’s lips graze across his sensitive skin – a piercing catching lightly against Yoongi’s teeth. “To be freed from your cage, isn’t that right? Now you’re all mine and I say put your arms behind your back.”

This game of Simon Says was going to be the death of Taehyung, always too stubborn for his own good. Yoongi guided the younger’s wrists through the gaps, before he leaned forward to grab ahold of Taehyung’s discarded jeans, confusing Taehyung at first until he heard his belt being pulled through the hoops. He sounded thick like he had swallowed his tongue, as he spoke, suddenly filled
with trepidation. “Sir…”

The rough leather slid against Taehyung’s skin – heat steadily pooling at the pit of his stomach in response. But in response to what? Why did he like it so damn much? His arms were covered in goosebumps from the shiver that ran down his spine. Yoongi kept the belt on a relatively low notch, needing Taehyung’s chest to fall naturally, and for him to be as relaxed as possible for the piercing.

Yoongi knew that it wasn’t, but he asked anyway, “Is it too tight?”

Taehyung swallowed, a small, “No.”

“Good,” Yoongi murmured, going back over to the table, where he proceeded to fold Taehyung’s jeans back up. He looked back over at Taehyung then, taking in the deep flush in his cheekbones, the way he was practically panting, already semi-hard against his briefs. Taehyung was a vision, so gorgeous, so responsive – he could hardly believe that the younger belonged to him. His voice was rough, when he spoke again, “Let’s do your piercing.” Taehyung’s eyes snapped up to meet his eagerly at that, and Yoongi walked over to the table where he had set the items down before. He picked up the black box, and slowly opened the lid, choosing then and there to show Taehyung what was beneath its lid, “Do you like it?”

Taehyung focused on the twin pair of barbells being presented to him. Typically, jewelry made out of surgical steel or titanium wasn’t all that pretty, and the selections were rather slim, but this was – absolutely stunning, to say the least. At the end of each side of the barbell was a fragile looking wing made of gold-colored filigree, the delicate craftsmanship exquisite. The pattern of wiry metal pieces was almost flowery, so intricately designed, so beautiful to look at. There were tiny beads within the web of the wings – trapped, a scattering of four on each side. At first glance, Taehyung assumed it was topaz, but then he caught glimpse of the inky stripes, realizing that it was tiger’s eye.

“It’s beautiful,” Taehyung murmured, voice thick and constricted with emotion, at the realization. That it was a tiger captured within a butterfly trap.

“I chose it very carefully,” Yoongi said, pleased at his reaction, placing the box back down on the table, arms crossed as he leaned back against the surface. “Six months from now, when you’re fully healed, we’ll see about getting it remade with real gold.”

Taehyung was taken aback, “S-Six months?”

“That’s right.”

That was...interesting. “So, you won’t be able to...touch...there, for awhile, then?” He coughed.

“Why, Taehyung? Does that upset you? Do you want me to tease them?” Yoongi smiled, so sweet – too sweetly, as he came forward, watching the way Taehyung’s thighs parted naturally the more he neared. “Better get it out of my system now, right?”

“Yes,” Taehyung agreed seriously, tipping his head back to stare up at the dominant. The arousal coiling at the center of his being tugged hard at his stomach – the evidence of how turned on he was lying prominently against his hip, pushing against the fabric of his briefs. Taehyung was being brave, despite the blush that currently betrayed him. “I don’t wanna have to wait that long to get your mouth on them. So, touch…”

This wasn’t the usual order of things. A submissive had to earn it. “Touch? Touch what, Taehyung?
Full sentences, you know that,” Yoongi said quietly, finding it difficult to deny the younger. Beautiful, restrained – Taehyung asking to become his, how could Yoongi possibly resist? Just like the other night, he straddled Taehyung’s lap, the position convenient. The belt hit the back of the chair, as though Taehyung forgot for a moment that he was tied up, wanting to reach for him.

“Touch me,” Taehyung begged, voice dripping like honey – spurring Yoongi on, as he leaned forward, grabbing the back of the chair for leverage, while his other hand immediately fell to the outline of Taehyung’s cock, squeezing him gently, eliciting a small little sound from the younger.

Yoongi leaned his head down, pressing tender kisses across the hard contours of Taehyung’s chest, so slow and lingering. Not at all what he was expecting. “Is this how you want it, Taehyung?” Yoongi asked, his breath, equally as light, hovered above the younger’s nipple, before he softly kissed it, too.

“No, it’s…you know it’s not enough, sir, please…” Taehyung nearly choked, when he felt the fingers around his cock tighten, Yoongi stroking him through the material. The pressure was enough to make him gasp aloud into the quiet. The moment Yoongi felt the younger tense was when he closed his mouth where Taehyung was most sensitive, taking the nipple between his teeth. The boy moaned beneath him, “Ah…ah…Prof…”

Yoongi drew back far enough to wind his fingers into Taehyung’s hair, gripping him at the base of his skull, “Hush…before you make a mistake.” The helplessness Taehyung felt mirrored the devastated look on his face, the sharp pain coursing throughout his body – electrifying. Yoongi felt satisfied with the younger’s reaction, when he lowered his head to resume his teasing, paying thorough attention to each side, as he wetly flicked the tip of his tongue against Taehyung’s aroused nipples, coating them with his saliva. His leg jerked at that, struggling to keep his hips in place when Yoongi changed rhythm of his working wrist, Taehyung’s cock so hot, and thick within his palm.

And Yoongi could feel it, the precum seeping through the fabric. He could tell that Taehyung was close with the way he kept groaning, all long, and needy at the back of his throat. He tightened his hold on the younger’s soft orange strands, keeping his head back, as he drew a hot trail of kiss along Taehyung’s neck – Adam’s apple bobbing when he swallowed hard. And Yoongi couldn’t be faulted for how appealing the younger’s unmarred skin was, especially when it belonged to Taehyung, his Taehyung.

“It’s dangerous,” Yoongi murmured into his skin, more to himself, than the younger. “How you’re the one taking me apart right now, when I’m breaking you into pieces.” He nipped at the flesh below Taehyung’s ear, the younger moaning in response, before he sucked down hard enough to leave bruises – repeating the action in several spots, and firmly running his tongue over each mark, making them bloom. By the time Yoongi was finished, Taehyung was a mess.

Shaking, Taehyung managed to get out, desperate (and exactly like Yoongi had said), so fucking broken, “I’m–oh–going to…co…come…” Yoongi released his grip on the younger’s scalp in favor of gripping his face – short, manicured nails digging into Taehyung’s skin when he pressed their mouths together, greedily drinking in the sounds that slipped past his lips, before he ventured down lower, returning to suck and lick at Taehyung’s nipples once more. That was all it took to push Taehyung over the edge. It was obvious when he released, his body seizing with tension, breath caught painfully within his lungs, before he let it all go in a myriad of shudders, and whimpered moans. So, so sensitive.

Yoongi decided to leave him a mess, the glide of his hand over Taehyung a bit more difficult with the material sticking to his softening length. He slowly withdrew from the younger, eyes as dark as
midnight, an air of cruelty to the smirk that touched Yoongi’s lips when he stared at Taehyung’s blissed out expression. How beautifully swollen his lips were – thick, and pretty lashes half-lidded. The grip he had on the boy’s face lowered, indents from Yoongi’s nails still left in Taehyung’s cheek, along with the many marks standing out prominently against his neck, and down his chest.

“Pierce me,” Taehyung breathed, coming back to himself after a long moment – the weight of Yoongi’s body starting to become too much. The tingling radiating throughout his scalp catching up with him. Now would be the perfect time – now while he was still a little bit high, feeling so much lighter. Yoongi quietly stared at him, dark and alluring, like he was waiting for something more. Taehyung could guess as to what it was, “Please, sir. I want you to pierce me. I’m ready for it.”

The magic word seemed to work like a charm, although it was probably more about saying, ‘sir’ than it was about saying please. Yoongi was careful when he slid from out of the younger’s lap, expecting Taehyung to be feeling sensitive all over. He opened the box of black gloves on the table and snapped a new pair on, before he started tearing into bags, getting everything prepared for an easier transition. He then ripped into an alcohol packet, and leaned over towards Taehyung, intent on disinfecting both nipples before piercing them. Taehyung, still so sensitive, flinched when the wet cotton pad swiped over his skin, the alcohol stinging.

Yoongi reached for a marker when he was done. “I’m choosing to pierce them horizontally, as I’m sure you were able to guess.” The wings of the jewelry would come together once it was in place to form a butterfly on each nipple. The design wouldn’t work out vertically. After both nipples were evenly marked near their base, he looked up at Taehyung, “What do you think?”

“I like how you have it,” he murmured, holding his breath – suddenly becoming anxious. This was how he reacted for all his piercings, the excitement spiking his adrenaline into overload.

Yoongi smiled at him, “Of course you do, baby.” He wrapped a rubber-band around the forceps, making them tighter, before he reached for the bacitracin, wanting the needle to slide in smoothly – wanting the gel to work from the inside once it slid beneath Taehyung’s skin. He placed a dollop on the top of his hand, before lying the needle in it, letting it stick there. “Alright, Taehyung…be still for me.”

Taehyung watched as Yoongi closed the forceps on the right side, trapping his nipple with the instrument. In his other hand was a cork as an extra precaution, readying it when he got a steady hold of the precision needle. All three tools were held with ease, like Yoongi had been doing this all his life. What else was Yoongi good at? Taehyung’s mind was frantically running, when the elder’s voice brought him back, “Take a deep breath…”

Taehyung breathed in, eyes trained on the curl of Yoongi’s lips, “Good. Now breathe out.”

Taehyung did this twice, before the needle was suddenly there, inside him – pushed into the cork, over and done with. The quick, sharp pain echoed throughout his body like a drum, going straight to his cock with each throb of heat he felt from the piercing. “Fuck…” he breathed, blinking slowly when he realized that there was more pleasure, than discomfort. That was...new. He hadn’t reacted this way for his previous piercings, was it the location? Was it Yoongi?

“Ok, angel?” Yoongi asked him, cautiously. Taehyung could only nod in response, a blush spreading unwillingly on his face. Yoongi eyed him – growing curious, as he removed the forceps, reaching back to take one of the barbells from the box, and threading it through carefully. The needle was out – the ball twisted on. The dominant marveled at how the piercing contrasted perfectly, the rich color of the jewelry, Taehyung’s golden skin, “It looks so pretty on you...So, so, so pretty.”
Taehyung whimpered, able to feel the sticky mess within his briefs the more his cock responded to the tingling sensation of his new piercing. Yoongi’s appraising gaze wasn’t helping either, pushing Taehyung further into a mindset that made him feel small, and helpless. It made him want to be devoured, even under these circumstances. Yoongi grabbed the H2Ocean from the table, covering the area with the salt-water spray. There was hardly any blood, but Yoongi used a swab to clean around the jewelry anyways.

The same steps were being repeated on the other side of Taehyung’s chest, the forceps closed in place, but the cry he gave was enough to startle Yoongi from his concentration. And for the first time since he started the process, Yoongi could see the affect it was having on Taehyung – how on edge he was, body alit like a livewire, fully erect with his cock pressing against his thigh through the side of the briefs. ‘Already?’ Yoongi wanted to tease him, but this was further proof that Taehyung responded well to pain under the right circumstances. The dominant’s tongue pressed against the inside of his lip, contemplative. He wanted to finally take Taehyung, to claim him from the inside – and if it weren’t for his conscious effort not to ruin things by being selfish, like his instincts told him to do, he would...

“Breathe,” Yoongi told him, but at this point, he was saying it to himself. *Calm down, for fuck’s sake.* Taehyung, though struggling, breathed in and out for him. The needle went in smoothly, followed by the jewelry. It was when Yoongi properly sprayed and cleaned the piercing, that he let his veil drop, eyes settling darkly on the younger. The question shouldn’t sound so aggressive, but it was, “Are you alright, Taehyung?”

He slowly shook his head, pupils blown wide and dilated, “Y…Yes…” There was a shiver to Taehyung’s skin, small tremors that had cascaded and danced along the nerves of his body, since the start when the belt was first placed around his wrists. But now, with lashes so heavy, and kissable lips parted for shallow breaths, Yoongi knew. Perhaps he’d always known. Heat flared within him, sudden and intense.

*Sadist meet Masochist.*

“But you’re so very hard,” Yoongi commented in a hushed tone, trailing a finger across Taehyung’s hard length, watching as his body arched from the chair, a moan escaping through his clenched teeth. “It makes me want to suck your cock, angel. You were so, so good for me just now, will you let me?” Consent was still a prevalent question given how new their dynamic was, to which Taehyung was exceedingly grateful for, because having a choice was safe.

“God, yes, please…” ‘*Yoongi, Yoongi, Yoongi*…’ his mind sang to him, watching as the elder dropped to his knees – the sight itself, absurdly erotic, making the muscles in his stomach tense tightly. *Fuck.* Taehyung’s thighs were spread as far as they could go, Yoongi’s slim frame fitting perfectly between them. There was no preamble, Yoongi seemingly starved for him, when he drew Taehyung’s cock from the mess of his briefs – covered from base to tip with the cum from his first orgasm. And Yoongi was going to put his mouth on him.

Taehyung couldn’t look away, even if he tried, certain that he was put under some sort of spell, bewitched by the heady gaze that fell on him then. Several times in the past, he’d compared Yoongi to a monster, a creature that served to swallow him up, in body and in mind – changing him. This moment was enough to make those beliefs resurface, the smirk tugging at the corners of Yoongi’s lips convincing him. His first blowjob, here, like this, with the dominant’s eager touches, stroking his cum over his cock – the slick, messy sound of it making Taehyung want to hide himself, but he couldn’t.
“Such a big boy, well-groomed, too…was it all for me, sweetheart? I know it was,” Yoongi said, voice thick with arousal, squeezing Taehyung’s dick for the emphasis, before he took the younger into the tight warmth of his mouth. It was effortless, Yoongi’s large hands settling on the sensitive insides of Taehyung’s thighs, nails grazing the moment his teeth did, very lightly, before he swallowed the boy’s cock into the back of his throat – the tip of his nose reaching the fine hairs against Taehyung’s pubic bone.

“Ah…ah…!” Taehyung cried out like the pleasure was agony, hips firmly held down by Yoongi’s grip on them, as though he had been anticipating the jerk reaction. He felt sure that he would have come just from that if not for his first orgasm. Taehyung could feel heat prickling at the back of his neck – hear the blood roaring loudly in his ears as Yoongi started a rhythm that took him in deep each time, before pulling back to suck at the head of his cock. Taehyung groaned, low and guttural, at the hot suction, followed by that tongue – that fucking tongue swirling around him in circles, the fact that Yoongi was obviously practiced, and skilled. The fact that he seemed to love having Taehyung’s cock in his mouth, a hand going to the younger’s balls, tugging at them none-too-gently. Everything throbbed – Taehyung’s nipples radiating warmth – the pain he felt, that insufferable ache at his very core seemed to dissipate within Yoongi’s mouth. Taehyung could hardly forewarn the dominant, wishing he could see how pretty Yoongi looked with his lips wrapped around his cock, but the angle didn’t allow it. Taehyung breathed, shakily, “I…yeah, fuck, I’m gonna come…”

Yoongi was relentless, showing no signs of stopping, allowing the younger to release inside his mouth. The hand that was splayed across Taehyung’s thigh came up to stroke him through it – giving him an even prettier image of his cum painting the insides of his mouth and the top of his tongue when Yoongi pulled back far enough, feline eyes so dark then, as they stared up at Taehyung’s fallen expression, lost to his own pleasure.

The dominant didn’t even bother with wiping his mouth, his main concern Taehyung. “Your aftercare kit would have come in handy here. That extra set of clothes I asked you to bring? If you forget it next appointment, there will be consequences…” Then he was up on his feet, glancing again at the piercings – proud of his work, their contract finally sealed in his mind. His eyes met Taehyung’s then, tone almost accusatory, “You’re so pretty.”

Not waiting for a response, Yoongi went around the chair, loosening the belt from around Taehyung’s wrists. There were two red lines from where he’d pulled too hard, but would quickly vanish within minutes on their own. Taehyung had words on the tip of his tongue, ‘thank you’ burning at the back of this throat. He was still trying to digest the fact that he’d been pierced. Pierced and then given a blowjob. Fast, sloppy – fucking amazing, but he was shy from the aftermath. So, so shy.

“I still have to put gauze on you. Let me get you some wipes first,” Yoongi said, headed into the backroom to get them. Taehyung stared down at his chest, pleased with how the piercings turned out, tempted to touch them – when Yoongi returned a moment later, doing the job of cleaning Taehyung himself, as most dominants tended to do for their submissives. He wiped the younger down gently, spending time on his spent cock, before moving on to the inside of his briefs.

“And the next time you’re about to come, you’re going to ask me for permission,” Yoongi continued, amazed with how much Taehyung got away with this evening. He placed the towel down and opened up two packets of gauze, applying the tape, before he placed them over each piercing. Taehyung was being awfully quiet. “Do you understand me, angel?”
Taehyung bit at the side of his lip, “Yes, sir…” God, could he just die now? The heat in his face was on full max, it seemed, half-tempted to fan himself. “I’ll be sure to make my aftercare kit in time for our next session…” Taehyung tried not to snort, finding the last bit unfair and ridiculous, but he already signed off on their contract, “…and I’ll also be sure to beg for permission to come next time.”

“Good tiger,” Yoongi smirked, going back to the table to grab the plastic bag. Taehyung could already make out the few bottles of H2Ocean. “I went ahead and wrote down instructions on how to clean your piercing. There’s also some extra gauze, Dove Sensitive Skin soap, and the salt-water spray. You’ve obviously been pierced before, but this requires a bit more care.”

Taehyung listened as Yoongi went over the list, while he got dressed – careful when he lowered the shirt, choosing not to wear the jean vest despite the frigid weather. He slung it over his arm.

“One more thing before you go,” Yoongi started, deciding to address the voluptuous, harness wearing elephant in the room. “I’d like to discuss how you responded to pain earlier. At first, I’d assumed it was the restriction from the belt, but the marks on your wrists indicate that you kept on pulling – and hard. Typically, a submissive will keep their arms still, even when they wish to struggle, because it hurts, but you liked it…”

Taehyung shook his head, as though clearing it, “I uhm…”

“The endorphins you received from pain, it became pleasure for you. Intense and all-consuming, you were shaking. You’re still shaking.” Yoongi wouldn’t allow Taehyung to shrug this off – it was far too important for him to disregard. “You nearly fell into subspace when I pierced you.”

“But what…what does that say about me?” Taehyung asked, back to being so small. What the fuck was Yoongi doing to him?

Yoongi didn’t want to scare him – he couldn’t tell Taehyung he was a masochist, not this early on. But he was positive. “That it’s worth exploring. It helps me understand what you might be into, moving forward. It’s nothing bad, I promise.”

Taehyung seemed content with the answer, for now, nodding slowly.

“Are you really okay, though?” Yoongi asked, coming to stand directly in front of Taehyung, bringing a hand up to the side of the younger’s face, holding him – the skin was soft beneath his touch. Yoongi’s thumb brushed across the scar on Taehyung’s cheek, before he was pressing a soft kiss against it. Taehyung’s eyes fluttered shut, leaning further into Yoongi, mindful of his piercings. The strong wash of comfort he felt made him want to cry. “That’s it, let me have you,” the dominant whispered, when the next kiss he placed against the old wound wasn’t a kiss at all, Yoongi nipping at it – sharp enough to make Taehyung hiss in pain.

*Masochist meet Sadist.*

Yoongi walked him to the reception area, Hoseok waiting for Taehyung at the desk. He was engaged in conversation with Claire, something he said had her doubled over in a laughing fit. The two of them quieted upon seeing Taehyung, the sheer fabric of his shirt revealing the gauze beneath it. Hoseok gave a low whistle, “You did it, kid. You officially have more guts than I do, not that it’s all that difficult to achieve....”

“Oh, Taehyung, honey. Did it hurt?” Claire asked, leaning over to get a better look at them, even
though there wasn't anything to see.

“Not too much,” he said, squirming against the images of Yoongi’s mouth on his cock. He wondered if Hoseok would make fun of him, what with his body being covered in hickies, indents of Yoongi’s teeth on his cheek.

“Let’s schedule your next appointment then, tough guy,” Claire practically cooed, as she began typing, when Yoongi cut her off.

“I’m thinking that our next session will be at my place, so I’ll handle the scheduling,” he said and watched, as Taehyung stiffened at the mention of going to his home. “Is that okay with you, Taehyung?”

“Y-Yes,” Taehyung stammered, however, he was inching more towards Hoseok.

“Perfect,” Yoongi said, noticing how the space between himself and Taehyung grew exponentially, as if Hoseok would save him. How cute. “I’ll text you the details shortly. Good night, Taehyung...Hoseok-ssi...”

“Night,” Hoseok quipped, before also saying goodbye to Claire, and exiting Void. Once they were on the other side of those steel doors, the night’s events finally hit them both like a freight train. Hoseok slowly peered over at the younger. There was something off about Taehyung, although he wasn’t doing any better himself. “Uh, so...how did your thing go?”

Taehyung was visibly shaken. That much was obvious. “Oh, yeah, good. It was good. You?”

They started crossing into the parking lot, headed for Hoseok’s beetle. The elder took out his keys, answering a little too quickly, “Yeah, yeah, mine was good, too.”

“Cool, cool man. You’ll uh, have to tell me about it later.” Taehyung wanted to cringe, as he got inside the car.

Hoseok was just as awkward, “Yeah, cool. You, too, man.”

“For sure, for sure.”

The drive was in silence, the two of them separately, and quietly reflecting. It wasn’t until they were stopped at a red light, the quiet between them stifling, and impossible to bear anymore – that they both turned and started to speak in unison:

Hoseok’s, “Hey, can I stay over at your–”

And Taehyung’s, “Want to sleep over at my–”

They turned to look at one another in surprise, when slow smiles broke out wide across their faces. They settled back into the ride, more at ease than they were before.

TBC
**A/N:** Hello! Welcome to Chapter Ten of EM. Thank you so much to everyone who hypes this story. It means a lot to me. This chapter wasn’t easy and the next one won’t be either, but I sincerely hope you enjoy it. Big thanks to [Voldy](http://example.com), who beta’d at this bizarre hour. Also, thank you to my mutuals and friends who push me in positive directions. Thanks for the support. I love you!

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**espresso marmalade.**

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Inspiration log x - *’I know my actions, they may get confusing, but my unstable ways is my solution.’*

Someone mentioned that having the glossary at the beginning of the chapter would be more effective?

Glossary: *(Please click on the links)*
- Saltire/St. Andrews Cross *(x)*
- Clothespin Zipper *(x)*

Chapter Ten: *the Great Loss*

*Six Months Ago*

Namjoon unlocked the door to his office, a small room within the basement of Void. It was a place no one aside from himself, and very few were ever permitted to visit – and if so, it wasn’t during hours of operation. As it were, it was four in the morning, most of the staff having left for the evening, with the exception of the clean-up crew, and...

“I have what you asked for, sir,” Claire said, walking briskly towards Namjoon’s desk with a USB in her hand. She placed it down on the smooth mahogany, before taking a step back. This was the relationship between them. The one who kept their identity a secret and the other who carried the
burden of knowing. When Claire asked before, why – why hide it? Void was successful, renowned throughout the BDSM world, an establishment that he should proudly stand beside as its owner. But of course, Namjoon had all the right answers, and all the right reasons.

Taking the position as a monitor enabled him to not only watch over his patrons, but his employees as well. Who better to run the place? Aside from that, there was much violence to be had at Void. Things that had to be taken care of, before it got completely out of hand. Jilted lovers and family members seeking revenge, swearing to burn the place to the very ground. The nearby Baptist church group coming to picket across the street, demanding that he close Void’s doors, or else. The club required a great deal of protection and so did he – deciding it was for the best not to reveal himself, while still being at the center of it all.

Namjoon was hopeful, when he asked, “And…? Did any of them seem promising?”

“Honestly, I think it calls for the snack drawer,” she said, adjusting her glasses on the bridge of her nose. The application process to becoming a hired dominant required a filmed interview. It was arguably one of Claire’s favorite tasks, playing a part in helping to find more of Void’s treasures.

“That good, huh?” However, Namjoon wasn’t all that surprised. Just like with all job interviews, there were bound to be a few bad ones thrown into the mix. He opened the bottom drawer on his desk and retrieved some of his goody stash. Various chips and chocolates strewn about his documents. He then reached for the USB and slid it into the port on the front of his computer. “Help yourself, Claire.”

She did – stealing the bag of honey butter chips, before she settled into a chair. “I was only impressed by one applicant. Oddly enough, he’s just what we’re lacking. A bit on the handsome side. Hard to believe he’s even real, even when he opens his mouth…”

“Oh? But I thought you liked him.” Namjoon was curious then, opening the file in a media player. He patiently waited for the chaos to ensue.

“You’ll have to see him to know what I’m talking about.” Claire left it at that, leaning her head to the side, watching along with Namjoon as the first dominant showed up on screen. A man who went by the alias, ‘Gemini’. Unsurprisingly, he was a switch.

Namjoon sighed after a moment, listening to the guy prattle on and on about his apparent superiority in regards to his role, claiming to have a unique perspective on the BDSM scene, and that he was an educator, above all else. These were phrases Namjoon had heard before in the past, and Void wasn’t in dire need of hiring switches. “What are the odds of him trying to teach me a thing or two?”

“The interview was edited to bits, because he kept trying to engage in conversation that was irrelevant to the questions. Also, a majority of his sentences started off with, ‘Did you know?’ So, I imagine he would,” Claire agreed. The next applicant was a woman, Sunmi. Play name, Siren. Gorgeous and unsettling, long dark hair lying flat against her shoulders. She could very well be the mythological creature – dark and alluring enough to derail sailors from their voyage.

“Hwasa might be a little intimidated,” Namjoon commented, feeling himself get pulled in by a single glance into the camera. The woman was deadly. “What’s wrong with this one?”

Claire held her finger up and then pointed to the screen at the right time. It was a basic question. The receptionist’s voice filtered through the speakers, “What techniques do you use as a domme?”
“Can’t you tell? I’m a femme fatale,” Sunmi answered, a wicked smile curling against her painted lips.

Namjoon raised an eyebrow at that, listening as Claire paraphrased in the video. “What tools would you use on your submissive?”

Sunmi laughed, easily, “I wouldn’t need to use any equipment. All I need to give is a command.”

Claire looked over at him, could see that whatever she was about to say was useless, but she would be failing to do her job if she didn’t at least try, “Even though she has an entire index of recommendations, an arsenal of past experiences within the community, and several previous positions as a domme, I suspect that she’s only interested in the money. Who doesn’t use equipment?”

“So, her fault is her ambition? Be more reasonable, Claire,” Namjoon murmured, steeling himself for the next interview. The following three were a disaster – his hope beginning to wane, when a male walked into focus. He was on the tall side, shoulders as wide as the Pacific Ocean. And when he faced the camera, Namjoon felt as his world shifted right off its axis. A bit on the handsome side? What bullshit.

“Knocks you on your ass, doesn’t it?” Claire teased, knowing damn well that it affected the elder.

“Tell me a bit about yourself,” Claire said, sitting at the table where the camera was set up on its tripod. It was only the two of them.

“My name is Seokjin. I don’t have a play name, because I don’t want one.” Really, Seokjin just didn’t want to hide anymore. “I’m thirty-three years old. I was recently a student at Le Cordon Bleu academy here in Seoul. I was also taking a psychology course, but have stopped that as well, in order to pursue this.”

Claire paused, “Forgive me, Seokjin-ssi, but I looked over your resume prior to our interview…and I’ve got to say, I’m impressed with your accomplishments and – I’m not supposed to say this, but we pay well here. However, you could easily make so much more, than you would working at Void.”

Money. Always money.

Seokjin smiled kindly at her, “I’m a chaebol, dear. Money has become boring to me. So, I’m interested in my happiness now, as a caregiver.”

“That’s what you’d like to do then? Work as a dominant within the CG/L community?” Claire asked, needing him to clarify.

“Yes, that’s all I want,” Seokjin said, dark eyes remaining focused, determined. “I want to help them feel safe. As safe as they can be. I want to make them feel loved and protected.”

“And how would you do that? Ensuring their safety?”

“That depends…each little is different. As far as general technique goes, being attentive, patient, and understanding. Boundaries, but not control. Punishment, without anger. Rewarded whenever good…” Seokjin spoke fondly, like he genuinely loved it. “Fun activities, games, and puzzles. One thing I liked when I heard about Void, was that there are theme rooms.”
Claire nodded, “We have several. Although, one of them has hardly been put to good use. We call it the Fairytale room, a place for princes and princesses.”

“Sounds like my kind of kingdom,” Seokjin said, grinning at her.

“A king, huh?” Namjoon said, the media player closing, indicating that the video was over. “…with how much experience?”

Claire had to be honest, inwardly hoping that it didn’t sway Namjoon’s decision, “Not a lot…nor does he have many clients, but I have a good feeling about him.”

He was contemplative, not entirely convinced that someone with Seokjin’s upbringing was serious about doing BDSM for a living, “Let’s sit on it for a little bit, see what happens.”

“You think he’ll change his mind?” she asked, confusedly.

“I do,” Namjoon said, because much like his receptionist had stated earlier, Seokjin was unreal. A fantasy and nothing more, too good to be true. Claire nodded the once, not in the habit of disagreeing with her employer, as she stood up from her chair, honey butter chips in hand.

“Good night, sir.”

“Night.” Namjoon remained at his desk, waiting, until she was gone to replay Seokjin’s interview back again. Age-play in general was a sensitive matter. Dominants could dabble, sure, but there weren’t many professionals that Namjoon had come across in his time. And those who were, did not want a position at Void, or anywhere else for that matter. He listened to the tone of Seokjin’s voice, dripping with confidence – expensive, expensive, expensive boy. He could hear it in every syllable.

Clients could be earned, quite easily with the right stage. Experience could be gained with the right opportunities, and environment, but did Seokjin deserve it? Large, dark eyes stared directly into the camera lens, assertive and strong, but Namjoon suspected that was the money talking. Plush, red lips parted around words, such pretty words, so effective they’d even impressed Claire, and perhaps, even to some small degree, himself. And he didn’t typically fall for pretty anything, ever.

Not usually.

- Present Day -

Wonshik could tell it was Namjoon who’d stepped inside the room without having to tear his eyes away from several monitors. “Hey, man. You’re late again. Are you trying to get canned? Do you know how upsetting that would be, if you were?”

“Hyung is always late,” Sanghyuk added from his seat beside Wonshik, watching the screens closely. There was gossip on the tip of his tongue. It was part of his nature, when it started spilling over. “You missed it. Some guy came in earlier. He was furious! Puffing his chest at me, shouting, demanding to know where his wife was, and I was like, sweating, because it was just me on the floor at the time.”

Namjoon shook his head, because these situations happened too damn often, and he didn’t know how to make Void any safer. He had to hope that the people coming and going were decent, since he had no real control over their outside lives. Dominants were in charge of making sure that a client’s personal life didn’t interfere with the club. He sighed, “If I had a dime for every-”
“As it turned out, she was with Siren,” Sanghyuk continued, briefly turning away from the monitor screens to take in the curious raise of Namjoon’s eyebrow. It was a little interesting. The story would probably have a positive outcome, if he knew the domme well enough. Studying Sunmi’s technique didn’t leave room for much doubt.

“And how did that go?” Namjoon asked, wholly aware of the effect Sunmi had on – well, everyone. Didn’t matter who stepped through the doors of Void, what their preferences were, or what they’d been looking for.

Wonshik snorted, his deep, nasally voice filled with amusement, “She gained another client, of course, but still, how the fuck does she manage that shit?” He then pondered quietly to himself, “Sorcery?”

“Good for her,” Namjoon said, meaning it – he wanted all of his employees to excel. He took off his coat, so that the printed words, ‘MONITOR’ on his shirt could be seen. He was officially on the clock, his shift starting with him out on the floor, watching for violence, or misuse of Void policy. On nights where all clients were free to play, those were the most dangerous. Unpredictable, even with the pro-doms, and assistants overseeing them. Luckily, it was still early in the evening, and the place wasn’t too packed yet.

He carried himself to the reception area once he made his rounds, curious to see how well Seokjin did last night. Sure – the dominant’s first scene had been…hot, for lack of a better term. Namjoon had been caught watching several times, by Seokjin, and Hoseok both. The younger’s reaction to it was the most entertaining. It was clear that Hoseok was flustered just by his mere presence. Why was that, exactly? In any case, the real results tended to come in a day or two after the scene was performed.

“When did you get in? I didn’t even see you,” Claire said, momentarily stupefied by how she missed him walking by. At Void, receptionists were a lot like hostesses, greeting and welcoming all. She was pretty fucking good at it by now, remembering faces, and immediately putting them to names.

“You were preoccupied with questioning some kid about his ID.” Namjoon gestured to her glasses, “You also did that thing where you hold your glasses firmly to your face, and squint real hard, like it’ll make you see better. What was that, anyway? An intimidation tactic you learned from your grandmother?”

“Oh, wow,” she said, unmuttering the new earpiece keeping her linked to the monitors. “Watch out, guys. Namjoon packed his sense of humor today.” She went back on mute. “Don’t you have some poor, defenseless play-kitten to save in the Enchanted Forest or something?”

“Hey – I told you, that was a serious thing, and a pain in my ass. The poor girl was stuck in a plastic tree for over an hour,” Namjoon said, desperately not wanting to recall the details, but there they were, right at the forefront of his mind, ready to make him shudder. Point Claire. “Tell me about my boy.”

“You say that like he’s not older than you, but uh – your ‘boy’,” Claire imitated, finding it far too easy to tease him. “I can tell you that he has eight more clients than he did yesterday. Three of which, are very eager to perform scenes with him on stage, or otherwise.”

Namjoon wondered if one of those eight clients was Jung Hoseok. But it wasn’t any of his business, so he didn’t ask, even if he knew Claire would divulge that information to him. He smiled, a satisfied
huff escaping, “That’s great news, thanks.” Eight was an impressive number for just one stage. He patted the top of the desk, indicating that he was leaving.

“Don’t smile so big. Your dimples are going to sprout dandelions,” she called out, before turning the volume down on her earpiece, the laughs of an unmuted mic (Wonshik’s from the sound of it) on the other end making it difficult for her focus. She stared in the direction Namjoon walked off to, sighing to herself, “The happy bastard...”

Taehyung emerged slowly from his makeshift cocoon the next morning. He had requested that Jeongguk and Hoseok roll him up into his sheets so that his movement would be kept to a minimum to avoid any contact with his piercings. He didn’t trust himself not to turn over in his sleep, and he didn’t much care for what would follow if he landed on chest (while probably trying to cuddle the hell out of Hoseok) – padded bandaging or not, he didn’t want to risk it. Taehyung had always preferred sleeping on his stomach, making last night’s rest difficult, but that could have been for an entirely different reason.

And like a butterfly emerging from its chrysalis, Taehyung felt like he’d gone through a serious change. A part of him understood that what transpired last night was a huge step forward – but he also felt ashamed, as though his grandmother was watching from the afterlife, shaking her head at him in disappointment. It sucked that he had no one way of truly knowing how she would feel about his decisions as of late, pursuing a relationship with an older man, his college professor at that. Taehyung was acting impulsively, out of character, chasing after Yoongi just to placate a hunger he didn’t fully understand. Now he felt shy, off-balance. Slightly anxious, as per usual, but also embarrassed as well. He recalled the way he’d inched closer towards Hoseok last night, in need of safety.

As though if he stood beside Yoongi for any longer, he would become dirtied. Someone should alert the media. Legendary prude, Kim Taehyung allowed himself to be touched, and will continue his descent into a life of debauchery.

No, Taehyung wasn’t so brave anymore – too worried about whether or not he’d been good enough, when in the moment, the insecurities had let him be free. And it had felt like he was soaring, allowing himself to finally be had by someone, even if not completely. Taehyung closed his eyes against the memory of Yoongi’s mouth hot against his skin. Everywhere. Claiming him. Taehyung had been so deliciously helpless then, however it didn’t compare to how he was currently struggling, what with having to go into class like they didn’t just...He gritted his teeth, throwing the covers off his legs to prepare himself to face his dominant.

He grabbed the soap from the bag Yoongi made up for him last night and headed inside the bathroom. Both his friends were already gone, but Taehyung would see them again for lunch after his morning class. Once he was showered, he read over the pretty cursive of Yoongi’s handwritten instructions, cleaning the piercings, and placing the new gauze over each nipple. Taehyung didn’t dress to impress today, intending to arrive to class exactly how he felt, which was withdrawn and utterly outside himself.

Last night, he’d been somewhat elated – Hoseok’s hand stroking his hair, giggling like children with their eyes shut. Jeongguk sat at their feet, listening to the awkward regaling of their Void experiences. Hoseok’s story had definitely taken the cake, as far as Taehyung was concerned, because although it was true that he had crossed off important first times, he hadn’t had to lick the floor in front of an audience. Nor had he been spanked while holding onto a stuffed animal, referring to Yoongi as, ‘daddy’, thank fuck.
‘I was praying the whole time, hoping Taehyung wasn’t going to walk out and see my bare ass,’ Hoseok laughed. ‘You already had enough on your plate for one evening. I think I would have died if you were watching…’

Jeongguk was quick to add, teasingly, ‘I thought you liked being watched.’

Hoseok snorted. ‘Yes, yes of course, especially by my dongsaengs. I rub two out every day just to be fair. One for my precious Gukkie, and one for Taehyungie.’

‘And now another for Seokjin, apparently,’ Taehyung quipped back with a raised eyebrow, and the silence that followed was…telling, to say the least. ‘How about you, Guk? Anything fun happen with Jimin?’

‘He bought us tickets for the Busan winter festival. It’s in like, two weeks,’ he shrugged, trying to not make it into a big deal. In comparison to the night everyone else had, it really wasn’t. ‘I got to see his place, too. It was so…’

Hoseok started, ‘That bougie bitch probably has-’

‘Nothing. Jimin has nothing,’ Jeongguk answered, running a hand through his dark pink hair. Stressed. ‘I mean, he has a condo, and it’s lovely, and spacious. Everything is modern, up to date. There’s a parking garage and security, but there’s nothing inside his living space that makes it a real home, and I hate that. I really hate that.’

Taehyung looked over at the younger with wide eyes, holding his hand out to him. After a whole tense moment of anger, Jeongguk finally grabbed it. ‘Maybe he’s not very good at decorating? That sort of thing isn’t for everyone, you know.’

‘But that’s weird,’ Jeongguk complained, unsettled by what it could mean. ‘I haven’t known him for very long, but I should know everything about him. He knows everything about me. It seems a little unfair.’

‘Have you ever tried asking him?’ Hoseok inquired, lightly – not wanting to agitate his friend any further. ‘I feel like you’re entitled at this point. The guy is buying you tickets to places. You’re practically dating.’

‘I think, maybe at the festival, I’ll ask him some questions,’ Jeongguk said, content with his decision for now. He could forgive that the information wasn’t readily offered, fully aware of what being in a relationship under contract meant, and that Jimin was a professional, and at the end of the day, Jeongguk was just another submissive. Rationally, he should know this, and digest it, but he didn’t. He never could. But he couldn’t deny that their dynamic was different than the others.

‘Wait,’ the younger paused, closing his hand in Taehyung’s, tightly. ‘I want to know more about your night. First blowjob and by a ‘professional’. How was it, hyung?’

Taehyung sighed, Shakily, feeling as his stomach swooped at the mere mention of it. ‘It was like heaven. It tore me apart and now I don’t ever want to go back.’

‘How dramatic,’ Hoseok teased, nudging him with his elbow. ‘Now tell us why you’re not an acting major again?’
If Yoongi thought Taehyung only owned one knitted scarf, he was sadly mistaken. Yoongi had been careless enough to leave behind marks – deep ones, purple and red all across Taehyung’s throat. Careless was the wrong word, Taehyung was sure he had done it on purpose, that bastard. Due to the unwise decision he made at the lounge, sporting a hickey wasn’t new for him, but this was different. Yoongi wanted him, and Taehyung wanted that, so why did it feel so shameful?

He zipped up an oversized hoodie over the scarf and headed out for class, deciding that it was best to skip breakfast – nerves getting the best of him. Everyone was discussing Seollal, heading home for the lunar new year. Taehyung intended to sleep in the whole three days they’d have off. Jeongguk and Hoseok would undoubtedly try and convince him to spend it with one of their families, but he wasn’t interested. Being alone would be fine, he was getting better at it, despite the newest addition in his life, Min Yoongi.

Taehyung’s usual seat in class was always upfront and center, but this time he grabbed himself a spot in the far back, while most of the class shuffled in irresponsibly late. He didn’t look up from the desk in front of him, opening his notebook to a clean sheet of paper. Just Yoongi’s presence was enough to suffocate him even in a room as open as this one. But still, he couldn’t help his visceral reaction when he heard the professor greet everyone, tone smooth and friendly, asking students what their plans were for Seollal. Taehyung tugged at the scarf around his neck uncomfortably, was the heat turned up all the way?

Jinyoung, an overachiever who for some reason seemed to think he was in competition with Taehyung, always ready with a snarky comment, asked, “What about you, Professor Min?” Taehyung gave a healthy roll of his eyes. Although, honestly, bless Jinyoung for being such a classic ass-kisser, since Taehyung was a little curious on the topic himself.

“Every year, I head back home to Daegu to help my mother with her restaurant,” Yoongi answered, and Taehyung wanted to be selfish, wanted to chance taking a look at him, but he didn’t, because he was smart. Meeting Yoongi in any aspect had to be tactical. “You’d think families would be cooking their own meals, but it gets especially busy around this time. So much so, she started putting more effort into making traditional new year’s dishes, and eventually came up with a seasonal menu.”

“Aw, I wanna go, too,” Jinyoung whined, the sound of it enough to inspire more hatred to well up within Taehyung. He couldn’t stand the guy, and couldn’t help but hope that Yoongi was internally gagging as well, though outwardly he remained the epitome of cool and professional. Then the majority of the class joined in, cooing and ‘aww-ing’ at Yoongi’s dedication to his family, begging to know the name of his mother’s restaurant, to which the professor pointedly ignored, and moved on.

“Since the middle of the semester is approaching,” Yoongi said, voice rough like he hardly slept, and Taehyung again, found himself wanting to see for himself. Because despite Yoongi sounding exhausted, he knew that it would be covered up with clever attire, and a large coffee. “I think it only appropriate that we discuss the midterm.” He soaked in all the collective groans and Taehyung could practically hear the amusement seeping through his words, “Yes, right before your little holiday break, I’m going to drop this into your laps. Your midterm will be an oral presentation on Greek artists who rendered the human form. You may choose whichever time period you like. Geometric, Archaic, or maybe Hellenistic…”

Taehyung looked up at him then, their eyes meeting tensely. Of course, Yoongi would recommend his favorite time period. Was it to grab his attention? Probably not. The class ended without Taehyung being called on for the entire duration. A relief, really. He started packing his things up, desperate to leave, and get to the dining hall, where his friends would be waiting for him. Safe, comforting Hoseok, and Jeongguk. Far away from Yoongi.
“Taehyung-ssi,” called the professor, and Taehyung thought to pause in what he was doing, movements somewhat stilted at first. The eternal conflict of whether or not he should turn around and go to him, but god, it was so much easier to pretend not to hear Yoongi then – which was such a ridiculous thing, because that voice, that voice could undo him so easily. The class wasn’t completely empty yet, making his ruse a bit more believable for when he would find himself lying to Yoongi later, claiming that he didn’t hear him at all.

Thankfully, Yoongi only tried the once and Taehyung could’ve sworn he felt a tangible heat burning into the back of his head, Yoongi’s eyes no doubt following him, until he was out the door. Taehyung was beyond skittish then, repeatedly looking over his shoulder, until his friends were in view.

“Hey, hyung,” Jeongguk beamed, the three of them helping themselves to the spread – piling up their plates with food. Taehyung himself felt a lot better since he wouldn’t have to see Yoongi for the rest of the day, appetite fully restored. Everything looked so good, going for the soy garlic drumsticks, a large helping of kimchi jjiggae, a bag of chips, and a cookie. As for a drink, a can of coke, and a carton of chocolate milk.

Jeongguk glanced down at Taehyung’s plate, “Fuck, I wish I could do that...” The phone in his hand vibrated, eyes catching the contact as, MasterO’Buns.

Heaving a sigh, he swiped his screen to unlock, and read:

From: MasterO’Buns

I interrogated him all night until he cracked.
Says you left him here.
Question is why?

Taehyung shrugged, “You could though. You go for a run every morning, sometimes more when you’re stressed out.”

“I also drown myself in gallons of banana milk and cheesecake, so I really can’t afford…” Jeongguk gestured to Taehyung’s assortment of food. “All of this extra greasy goodness, hyung.”

“Neither can I…Tae, you insensitive prick, think of your suffering friends,” Hoseok joined in the dramatics, as he walked towards an empty table. “…too afraid to gain a pound or two over one drumstick. If I gain an ass, it’s over for you both. Your hyungie will be irresistible.”
“Yeah, okay,” Taehyung said, placing his plate down, prepared to sit and enjoy himself, when Hoseok paused – anytime his hyung went still, it wasn’t for any good reason. No, Hoseok needed to be moving, constantly. This inoperable looking nonsense was beginning to make Taehyung extremely nervous. “Hobi-hyung?”

“Uh…” Hoseok trailed off, not that it was uncommon to find professors in the hall to get some food for themselves, it was still pretty fucking unusual to see Sugar of Void standing there. Despite knowing that Yoongi was teaching at the college, Hoseok had never once seen him around campus. It was almost passable as a myth, until now. Not that it affected him, personally, but what it meant for Taehyung was something else. And it was obvious that the elder was scanning over the room with intent. “I think someone’s looking for you, Tae.”

“What?” he asked, eyes following the direction of Hoseok’s line of sight, and felt as instant dread washed over him, both cold, and dizzying. “Oh, shit, no. Save me.”

“How do you go from saying that his mouth sent you to heaven to ‘save me’?” Jeongguk shook his head, beyond confused. Although, he was semi-serious when he offered, “Do you need us to hide you from him? Just say the word. Hoseok will hop on my shoulders, we’ll morph into a mega person for you.”

“Why, in this scenario, am I the bottom half? Like, I’m literally the ass,” Hoseok sighed, taking a quick sip of his water. “And the dick.”

Jeongguk deadpanned, “It’s exactly how god made you.”

Hoseok grew silent for a moment, before he shrugged, “Eh, true.”

Taehyung felt himself sink the moment Yoongi finally spotted him – a task that wasn’t too hard for the professor, when he was rendered so very still, like he was just waiting to get caught. Yoongi didn’t give him time to hesitate, crossing the room with confident strides, until he reached their table. Taehyung himself was as good as statue, having turned to stone beneath Yoongi’s heavy gaze – holding his breath.

“Professor,” Jeongguk greeted him, inwardly amused by the fact that he got to address one of Void’s dominants as such.

“Jeongguk-ssi, Hoseok-ssi,” Yoongi said, tone maintaining a notably curt, Daegu drawl. Taehyung watched as the elder’s eyes fell to each of his friends, attempting to be polite, but was coming off as distant. And then the dominant was staring him down, giving Taehyung all of his undivided attention. He wanted to shove his food to Jeongguk, deny that it was ever his to begin with. The contract mentioned something about taking care of oneself, diet included. If Yoongi was at all displeased with his meal choice, he hid it very well, “Taehyung-ssi…do you have a moment?”

As if he had a fucking choice, here and now. Student and professor. Taehyung nodded towards him, but didn’t look directly at him, not yet. “Of course, professor.”

Hoseok gave him a reassuring smile, offering his comfort in subtle ways. Meanwhile, Jeongguk loudly sipped at his milk, more amused than he should be in this situation, to be honest. The little shit.

Taehyung was slow to get up from his seat and even slower, when he followed Yoongi out into the
hallway. It was clear of any students, making the floors seem vast, and far too wide. He felt incredibly small, especially with Yoongi standing right in front of him then, feline eyes dark and accusatory. The storm housed beneath Yoongi’s skin was present, the tension between them capable of sparking electricity. *Fuck.*

“Why did you pretend not to hear me when I called to you?” Yoongi asked him, getting right to the point – bypassing all of the bullshit. He wasn’t interested in excuses that would deny it, so sure of himself. How unfortunate that Yoongi was always right. Now Taehyung had to work overtime to lie to him.

“Uh, well…” He already failed with his opening, “that’s because I didn’t hear you. I was packing up my things and was focused on-”

“You tensed when I said your name,” Yoongi said, tone sharp – dismissing Taehyung’s defenses. “Don’t tell me you sat in the back and outright ignored me, because you were too ‘focused’ on chocolate milk, and chicken, which...if it wasn’t for the fact that it would have caused a scene, would’ve been tossed out in the garbage.”

“Luckily for me, you have no control over what decisions I make outside of Void,” Taehyung said, a bit braver with his eyes trained on the floor. “So, if I’d like to dip my chicken in chocolate pudding, and chase it back with whipped cream, then that’s what I’m gonna do, professor.”

Yoongi chuckled, lowly, “Oh, is that how you’re going to play this? Alright, Taehyung. What about avoiding me, hm?”

Taehyung was growing more defensive upon the realization that his excuses were weak. He’d nearly forgotten that Yoongi was a walking lie detector test, far too observant. Taehyung decided to start by being honest, for his sake, “I wasn’t ready to see you after last night.”

“Look at me when you’re speaking, angel. You mean after I pierced you?” The brief flicker of wickedness in Yoongi’s eyes told Taehyung that he knew of the real reason, and it sure as fuck wasn’t the piercings. “Are you so insecure, Taehyung? Or are you that ashamed?” Yoongi leaned in when the younger drew in a quick breath, as though he were scandalized by the accusation. “Hm, did I dirty you? You must feel all impure now. Virgins are so strange.”

“Fuck you,” Taehyung snapped, as quietly as he could manage given the circumstances. There weren’t any signs nor traces of Taehyung regretting his choice of words, because he didn’t. Fuck that shit. He was too startled by the elder’s insensitivity to care about the repercussions, the heat in his face burning hot. “How can you even say that to me?”

“Because I need you to start acting like an adult, one who signed a contract. I need you to take this seriously,” Yoongi said, calmly, despite how riled the younger was, how delightfully and clearly affronted. “I sucked your cock, Taehyung. I loved doing it, and as a matter of fact, I can’t wait to do it again. I think of ways of hurting you and then pleasing you, when I have a thought to spare.” Another slow step closer, perhaps a little too close for a professor to be standing with their student. Taehyung felt his back hit the wall behind him in an attempt to escape it. Yoongi’s tone was rougher, lower when he spoke, “I’m going to train you to take my cock. Do you know what that’ll be like? Fucking you so often that all I’ll need to do is get you wet, before I can do it again, nice and quick. You’ll be so easy for me.”

“Please...stop,” Taehyung murmured, Yoongi’s promises washing over him – a pulse of arousal jolting him, causing his thighs to press together tightly. “Not here.”
“Are you scared?” Yoongi asked him, softly, anticipating the response, already knowing the answer. Taehyung was woefully transparent. Perfect for Yoongi, not so great for the younger.

And yet, he dared to lie again, “No.”

“I feel like I tell you similar lines, every single day. ‘Don’t hide, don’t run, don’t leave,’” Yoongi sighed, dropping his gaze to the thick scarf around Taehyung’s throat, an odd sense of pride swelling in his chest, knowing the reason as to why it was there in the first place. “Now I have to ask you not to lie to me, because the sad truth of the matter is, you did ignore me, and you are very, very afraid.” He stared up at Taehyung, eyes impossibly black without the sun filtering into the hallway. “And you should be scared, angel, because I don’t intend on letting it go...I’ll have to punish you. Tonight.”

“T-Tonight?” Taehyung trembled. So soon? Of course, he was free. They both knew that he was always free. Was he ready this? It would make sense that Yoongi would want to see him, before he went on holiday.

“I’ll text you the address, in case you forgot,” Yoongi said, continuing to drink in the sight of Taehyung sweating their next encounter. “Six, okay?”

The younger nodded, somewhat dazedly, “Yes.”

Was this really happening?

“It’s a bit cold,” Yoongi murmured, the change of topic throwing Taehyung off, when he suddenly felt the elder’s fingers beneath the front of his scarf – pulling it free from his throat. Taehyung tried catching the fabric before it slipped away, but it was now in Yoongi’s hands. The cool air was brushing against Taehyung’s exposed skin, the plentiful bruises, and marks on full display. Yoongi leered at him, “They’re just love bites, angel. Wear them proudly for me.”

Instinct told Taehyung to snatch back his fucking scarf, so that he could keep on hiding, when Yoongi tucked it inside his coat pocket. “I’m already late for a class. Go enjoy your meal, Taehyung.”

The younger stood there in the hallway for a full two minutes after Yoongi left, waiting for his heart to stop racing.

“Please, hyung,” Jeongguk whispered, even as he begged. It was the two of them in the car, parked outside of Yoongi’s apartment complex. Taehyung was staring down at the duffle bag in his hands. The aftercare kit that he’d been instructed to provide for this next appointment. “I don’t feel right going home and leaving you behind.”

“Behind here or behind at the dorm to work on my midterm? Studying is like, my favorite pastime.” Taehyung was programmed to put school work first. The holidays, they didn’t mean much to him anymore. “I’ll be fine, Guk.”

“You say that, but I don’t like leaving you behind at all. I thought you’d be more open to celebrating,” Jeongguk said, looking over at the elder, could see the sadness there. The same sadness that made itself at home within the happiest person Jeongguk had ever known. It fucking broke him.
“It’s not a big deal, really – and I appreciate the offer. If it gets to be too much, I’ll call you, okay? I’ll be annoying and text you the whole time.” That should be enough. That was more than what was offered last year.

“Kay,” was all Jeongguk could respond with, the emotions tightening his throat, like a fist. He didn’t want his best friend to spend another holiday by himself. He eyed Taehyung’s bag, somewhat skeptical of how overstuffed it was, “What the hell did you pack in there, anyway?”

“Things that bring me comfort,” Taehyung said, unzipping it in his lap. He had a few minutes to spare and although his hands were shaking, Taehyung had managed to keep most of his anxiety under control. “My first sketch of Van Gogh. Two pairs of fuzzy socks. The silk pajamas Hobihyung got me for Christmas…”

“Is that four volumes of Haikyuu?” Jeongguk asked, even though he was certain that it was the volleyball manhwa. He was just fucking gobsmacked, wondering if Yoongi had sat down and discussed what an aftercare kit was with him, or if he did, it went right over Taehyung’s head, and out the window.

Taehyung grinned at him, growing more enthusiastic, “Yeah, and also, the box set of Avatar, because the wise words of Uncle Iroh can bring me back from anything. Oh, I also brought along Guacamole.”

“The avocado plushy? Tae…” Jeongguk started, at a loss for words. If he brought even one of these items to a session, Jimin would – well, who the fuck knows what he’d do? Laugh, probably. Clearly, he was just fucking gosshmacked, wondering if Yoongi had sat down and discussed what an aftercare kit was with him, or if he did, it went right over Taehyung’s head, and out the window.

“Your D.va blanket,” Taehyung said, holding in his amusement when Jeongguk’s jaw dropped. Out of all the betrayals. “I stole it awhile ago, okay? It’s mine now. We’ve bonded – your blanket, and I, are a thing. We’re exclusive. Anyways, not sure why I felt compelled to show this to Holly, but I also have Yeontan’s baby picture in here.”

“I can’t with you right now,” Jeongguk sighed, turning the key in the ignition as a hint for Taehyung to get a move on. “You gonna be okay getting home? I was going to leave the car at the station…”

“Yeah, I’ll just Uber it. You know I don’t like driving much anyway,” he shrugged, while zipping up his bag. He looked at the younger seriously, “Just text me when you’re on the train, alright?”

Jeongguk nodded, “You know that I will, hyung. I hope you have…fun?”

“Right, fun,” Taehyung laughed, but he understood what the younger meant. Jeongguk had told him once that there were benefits to being punished. ‘Sexy’ ones, according to him. Funishments of sorts. Taehyung had one foot out of the car, “Talk to you soon. Have fun at home!”

The last time Taehyung was at Yoongi’s place, he was beyond what was acceptably inebriated, and the morning after wasn’t much better. He had a difficult time recalling certain details, but seemed to have held onto what was most important. Like the door number, 13. It was decidedly simpler than the door number at Void. Less dramatic. He rang the doorbell, Holly’s loud barking somewhat nostalgic. A big part of him missed being around animals, especially dogs. It was unfortunate that he wasn’t allowed to bring Yeontan to the dorms with him, forced to leave him in the care of the two
people he resented the most.

“It’s unlocked,” he could hear Yoongi call from behind the door. It was better this way, Taehyung thought, as he turned the knob, and stepped on in. The immediate area was a bit dark, but he could make out a shoe rack, along with various sets of house slippers. Taehyung decided on a simple navy-blue striped pair.

Holly was sitting – sitting patiently, but also barking at him. Taehyung dropped his bag down to give the poodle all the loving he deserved, “Hey, buddy.” He was welcomed with kisses, giving them back with dramatic ‘mwah’s’.

“I’m in the kitchen,” Yoongi called, in case Taehyung was wondering where he was – to which, the younger could have guessed as much, what with the delicious aroma wafting through the air. The professor was cooking something that smelled familiar, but he couldn’t pinpoint it. Taehyung wasn’t expecting that…no, he was merely waiting for his ass to no longer be attached to his body, as Jeongguk liked to insinuate whenever a submissive was in trouble with their dominant. Yoongi continued, as Taehyung joined him in the kitchen, “I thought you might be hungry, even after the banquet you had earlier today.”

Taehyung practically snorted, “What? You’re going to feed me now?”

“Nothing would make me happier.” Taehyung paused at that, wondering if the dominant was serious or not. Why would that give him any type of satisfaction? It was pretty much gratuitous and more for Taehyung’s benefit, really. Sometimes Yoongi gave him whiplash, with how drastically different he could seem at times. Just this afternoon, he had rendered Taehyung ashamed and aroused with only a few harsh words. But now, smelling the food that he had made for Taehyung, it was so hard to reconcile that this kind and warm man was in fact, the same person he had seen up on stage, that first night at void, setting that submissive up for failure with callous pleasure.

After a moment of tense, contemplative silence, Yoongi was speaking again, “Taehyung, why don’t you take Holly for a short walk? The food should be ready by the time you return.”

Before Taehyung could toss back something smart, he remembered the contract. Walking Holly, performing his tasks as a service submission, these were rules he had no other choice, but to abide by. Thankfully, it was something he liked doing. Taehyung was expected to give an answer, however, wondering if ‘professor’ would be acceptable, or if he’d have to call him ‘sir’. In the end, he opted to use neither, “We’ll be right back.”

There was already a snug little harness clipped in place around Holly’s little fur-belly, and the leash itself was in plain sight, hanging up with the coats. He hooked the chocolate colored poodle to it.

The crisp February wind was blowing Taehyung’s hair in every which way, Holly not seeming to mind, his thick (fabulous) curls serving as a nice winter coat. As they passed by, Yoongi’s neighbors stepped out from their apartments, a nice Russian couple near fluent in Korean brought out their corgi, who was Holly’s best friend, apparently. They did their little dance, sniffing at each other and tangling the leashes to high hell. It was a nice conversation – Taehyung parting ways feeling a bit envious of Yoongi. Sungjae was annoying to live next to…

As Holly started to inspecting a nearby tree as a potential potty spot, Taehyung felt a vibration as his phone went off. It was too soon for it to be Jeongguk or Hoseok. Maybe it was Yoongi, wondering what the hell was taking them so long? He fished his phone from his pocket, seeing a message from a familiar number. One he’d gone out of his way not to save again when he’d deleted it from his
contacts. Tis the season, wasn’t it? Taehyung knew it was coming, the same way it did last year.

From: 053-340-XXXX
Hey, honey bear.
Are we setting out another plate? Tan misses you.
And we miss our son…

Taehyung stared down at the message, letting it settle in – stomach tensing at the prospect of seeing his parents again. It was almost ten months since the last time he visited, more so for Yeontan’s sake, and to see his grandmother’s home, including the farm for one last time, before it was finally sold off. An emotional two-year long process that involved lots of begging, and humiliation. He was still holding onto his pain, wondering why she didn’t leave it all to him, so that he could properly take care of it. Why only the money? And how could his parents act like nothing had happened? More questions he'll never get to ask.

He shoved his phone back inside his pocket, the look Holly was giving him was that of a culprit being caught red-handed, as if to say, ‘yup, I saw the whole thing, chief’. “Oh, don’t even judge me right now,” Taehyung muttered, giving a small tug on the leash. “Besides, you’re the one fake peeing on things. Don’t think I didn’t notice…you lift your leg, but nothing happens.”

Holly huffed, beginning to pad down the sidewalk, allowing Taehyung to lead him back to the apartment. Whatever Yoongi was cooking was seeping through the door, able to smell it from outside. He turned the knob, checking the house slippers for any damage from dragging his steps across the concrete – he forgot to put his shoes back on before he left. He now realized why his feet were so damn cold the whole time.

“That was awhile,” Yoongi said, standing there at the center of his living room. He was in a pair of black fitted jeans, and a dark turtleneck, the left sleeve rolled up – showing off his line tattoos, the garden and butterflies leading up to the bottles of poison, but was cut off before the space cats. Best part was, the dominant would never know that Taehyung had seen his astronaut kitties. Sadly, the right arm remained a mystery. He stepped forward to unhook Holly from the leash, taking it from Taehyung’s loose grip, “Everything go okay?”

How could he already tell something was wrong? The text message was at the forefront of Taehyung’s mind, twisting his stomach into uncomfortable knots. He shook his head, “No, yeah, it went fine. Uhm, we did run into Holly’s corgi friend, though.”

“Chopa? That’s fucking adorable.” And Taehyung thought that perhaps, that was the first time he’s ever heard Yoongi curse. He was probably wrong. It was just earlier today that the professor was threatening to ‘train him’ to take his cock, so that he can fuck him easier. Just – you know, fucking so often that he would always be ready to take him.

Taehyung felt lightheaded, removing his coat, and heading away – far away. “Yeah, they were really friendly. Their Korean was impressive, too.”

“For the long nights at Void, I bring Holly over there so that he’s not alone,” Yoongi said, suddenly beside Taehyung, placing the leash back on its hook. The younger had practically dived out the way to avoid a collision that would have never happened in the first place. The dominant was staring at him now, through a couple strands of his dark bangs – feline eyes curious. Yoongi knew he wouldn’t get a straight answer, not outright if he asked, “I saw you brought a big duffle bag. Planning on moving in?”
Taehyung went with the joke, “Is that an option?”

Yoongi was smiling so, so sweetly, “Not at all.” And then he was walking away, heading towards the kitchen, that also happened to be the dining room. A low, throaty beckoning of, ‘come on, angel’, and Taehyung was there, too, sitting next to him, instead of across. Holly was beneath the table, his little tail wagging as he waited for something – any scraps to drop. It must happen often enough with Yoongi to be a habit now.

There was a pot at the center of the table, resting atop of two pot holders. Plentiful side dishes strewn about on small white dishes. Yoongi lifted the lid, unveiling the soybean stew. It smelled familiar, because he’d smelt it before, the first night he’d been to Yoongi’s place, but got sick before he could taste it. It also reminded him of his grandmother’s jjigae, adding lots of potatoes, and not enough green chiles. For a moment all Taehyung did was inhale, allowing it to fill his lungs up, chasing after memories.

“You didn’t get to try it the last time,” Yoongi explained, using a ladle to serve Taehyung himself – scoop after scoop, pouring until his bowl was full. “In the winter, you should only have warm things.”

The younger stared down at his stew, finding it suddenly hard to swallow down the next bite, as Yoongi’s caring words brought back another cold winter memory.

‘Taehyung-ah, you know if you drink hot cocoa with cinnamon, that you’ll stay warm all day, no matter how cold it is...’

_He stared up at his grandmother, watching as she swirled the spoon around, mixing the spice in. As a boy, Taehyung was always skeptical, ‘The secret ingredient is cinnamon? Is it really that strong?’_

_She smiled, ‘Strong enough to chase all the chills away.’_

Taehyung’s phone went off again and he shut his eyes, wanting to check it to make sure Jeongguk was safely on his way to Busan, but not wanting to see the number beginning with, zero-five-three. That last line would undoubtedly glare back at him, ‘We miss our son’. Taehyung was strong – there were many things he could handle and yet, he was still so weak when it comes to them.

“Taehyung...” Yoongi’s voice was gentle, a soft graze that brought him back into the moment. And when he opened his eyes, he could see the tears in his vision. _Fuck._ He wiped harshly at his face, covering it up with a laugh. Like he was touched by the gesture.

“Thanks for all of this,” he said, picking up his spoon, and taking a large bite. Another. It was delicious, flavorful, and savory. Taehyung was positive that he could down the entire pot, even with his stomach tensed with nerves. He wasn’t about to fucking breakdown in front of Yoongi. Anyone else, _sure_, but not him. Not the guy who was supposed to be his dominant. The same guy who accused him of not taking anything seriously, and made him feel like a child.

No...

Yoongi leaned over, taking Taehyung’s bowl before he could have another bite – setting it off to the side. The spoon was still grasped in the younger’s shaking hand, eyes unwilling to meet Yoongi’s when he asked, “What are you doing?”

“I could ask you the very same thing,” the dominant said, watching the stilted rise and fall of
Taehyung’s chest, that tremble of his bottom lip, listening to the waver in his voice. The boy was ready to spill over, and he didn’t want to – which, Yoongi could understand perfectly, but it still needed to happen. A task as a distraction, he gave Taehyung an order, “I want you to take out your phone and turn it off for me.”

Taehyung was hesitant at first, movements slightly jerky due to his own nerves. Thankfully, Yoongi had the ability of being patient when he wanted to be, and the moment was a fragile one. When he expected Taehyung to turn it off, he instead placed it between them, the screen faced down. That was when he finally looked at the elder, on the brink of falling to pieces, and for a moment, Yoongi was certain he was going to kiss him. Erase the pout from the younger’s lips, taste the sadness on them, consume until it was gone – but that would probably evoke more contempt.

“Can you…” Taehyung began, voice strained from the emotion he was trying to hold back. He swallowed hard, tongue peeking out over his bottom lip, before he sank his teeth in. Was it to keep the words from coming out? Yoongi wondered, dark eyes assessing him. “Can you please tell me if the message is from Jeongguk first? He’s supposed to be headed to Busan.”

A reasonable request. In fact, Yoongi quite liked the idea of having a brief moment of access. That meant there was trust. “Since you asked so nicely, pet. I’ll do as you ask of me, but with one small caveat. You will tell me why you’re on the verge of breaking down.”

Taehyung sniffed, trying to conceal it even more, since Yoongi noticed. Of course, he noticed. Already, he was thinking of ways to tell the elder just enough, without saying much at all. Yoongi would probably see through it all. Taehyung never really stood a chance. Leaning, he went to reach for his phone, “I’ll just turn it off.”

Yoongi caught his wrist midway, the hold he had on the younger light, easy to pull away from if he truly he wanted, but he felt so fucking weak. “I went to check on you, when you took awhile coming back from your walk. I looked outside the window and you were staring down at your phone. Frozen. I watched as your face turned pale. This can’t work…I can’t be of use to you if you don’t let me in.”

Taehyung knew he was right, was past the point of fighting. “Ask me the question you started the class with today,” He whispered, inching himself on the edge of his chair to get closer to Yoongi.

Yoongi’s eyes flashed with recognition, he’d been wanting to know anyway, “What are you doing for Seollal, Taehyung?”

“I’m going to get started on my midterm…” Taehyung answered, before he released a shaky exhale, forgetting how to breathe properly. “Because, I can’t face my parents. I didn’t see them for a single holiday last year, and now this year, and my mother, whose contact – isn’t even saved in my phone, sent me a text to tell me they miss me, and would like to know if I’ll be joining them. What I’ll do is, I’ll ignore her message, like I did all the other ones.”

The fingers around Taehyung’s wrist grew tight, holding him. Yoongi’s other hand grabbed his other arm, instinctively drawing him in – needing to comfort, and anchor him. “Meanwhile, Jeongguk and Hobi-hyung, they’re begging me to go with them, but I turned them down, because I’d rather be alone. Actually, a lot of the time, I just want to be by myself.”

“Even if we take time to be alone with ourselves, it doesn’t achieve anything useful, does it? It just creates this false sense of comfort, when really all you’ve caused is strain to your friendships. You just end up hurting yourself.” Yoongi knew he had to be more careful now. Taehyung wasn’t openly
supplying this information because he genuinely wanted to, and that kind of thing, well. It could backfire so easily. Downside was, Yoongi was even more intrigued now. Worried. He broke the heavy tension by placing the bowl back in front of Taehyung, “The holidays aren’t meant to be celebrated alone – and even though I’m not clued in on all of the details, I’m sure your parents, as well as your friends, reached out with that thought in mind. Why not listen to them?”

“Because I’m not ready to,” Taehyung said, watching as Yoongi’s other hand slipped from his wrist. He turned towards the table to continue eating the stew. A bit calmer now, Taehyung was able to focus on the flavors, sighing contentedly. It’d been so long since he felt this warm. “Before they sold my grandmother’s house, I’d stay there while I was visiting. It was a safe place for me. I’d go back to Daegu, to see Tannie mostly.”

“Who or what is a ‘Tan’?” Yoongi asked – resting his elbow on the table, head propped against his knuckles, watching as the younger picked at the side dishes with his chopsticks.

Taehyung paused, “…I’ve never mentioned him?”

“No.”

“Uh, well – he’s my baby – fur baby. A Pomeranian.”

“Ah, so an ankle biter, then,” Yoongi added, tone playful. And perhaps, Taehyung didn’t know how to respond to the dominant, who was now smiling so hard his gums were showing. That Apeach timer made a lot more sense now.

“I’ll have you know that my son, Kim Yeontan, is the sweetest baby you’ll ever meet,” Taehyung said, trying to keep a straight face, but fuck if it wasn’t hard. Yoongi managed to completely melt him down with that stupid smile.

Yoongi shook his head the once, eyeing Taehyung fondly, “I have to disagree with you.” He then reached for Taehyung’s phone, pressing on the side button, so that the messages on the lock screen popped up. “Jeongguk made it to the station safely. Hoseok says, ‘49, 32…’ – these sound like… measurements?”

Taehyung nearly choked, “I…yeah…it’s because they are...Hobi-hyung...does that when he finds someone he likes. There’s a pattern, too, like the shoulders are usually no joke.”

“Interesting friends you have,” Yoongi said, as he turned off the phone and set it back down. “Tell me again why you choose not to spend Seollal with them.”

That was a more complex question, but Yoongi was more willing to try his luck, since they’ve come this far. Even if Taehyung decided to stop there for the night, he would’ve already gained so much. Taehyung seemed to be mulling it over another bite, before he answered, “I feel like I’m a burden to them, I guess? Intruding on their holiday.” It reminded him though, “You know, every summer, they would stay with me and work on the farm. My grandmother – she makes these jams, vegetable jams too, which sounds gross, but it’s really good. We’d help her remove the stems and cores from the fruit. Hoseok-hyung was always pissy about peeling, but it was fun.”

Yoongi hummed, “I do love a good marmalade. Does she make any of those? Not many people enjoy the citrus flavor.”

Does she –? Taehyung halted, realizing his mistake once it left Yoongi’s mouth. He was horrible
with past and present tenses. Most of the time, he sat in a state of denial. Even when he went to visit her shrine, it didn’t feel real, never. “I’m sorry, professor…” Taehyung would be punished tonight, because he was dishonest. Allowing Yoongi to believe she was fine would be low of him. He made a decision, “I didn’t realize I spoke about her like she was – she was…_alive_. My grandmother passed away.”

There were hundreds of questions plaguing Yoongi’s mind, unsettling him. He’d suspected that the younger suffered a trauma. A loss of sorts. Taehyung’s apparent anxiety, his fear of storms – the self-isolation. He referred to his grandmother’s place as ‘home’, and Taehyung’s home was now gone. It was sold. That was the reason why he didn’t return to Daegu. He didn’t want to go his parent’s place, didn’t want to stay. Taehyung resented them so much, they weren’t even contacts in his phone, but he memorized their numbers.

“Please, don’t apologize to me,” Yoongi said, placing his hand on the back of Taehyung’s chair – fingers curled into a fist where the younger couldn’t see it. Taehyung lifted his gaze from the now empty bowl, Yoongi the aggressor when it came down to maintaining that eye contact, “I’m so sorry, Taehyung.”

“Dinner was delicious.” Taehyung changed the subject. That was where the sharing would end for the evening to which Yoongi perfectly understood.

“You can bring the rest home to the dorms with you.” He’d be leaving in the morning for Daegu and was expected to be gone for a couple of days. Besides, it would stop Taehyung from putting anymore junk inside his body, if only for a couple more meals.

Taehyung smiled, the tears long since gone, helping Yoongi pick up the plates without having to be asked. After putting everything away in containers, Yoongi began rinsing the dishes, handing them off to Taehyung to be placed in the dishwasher. It provided structure and balance, two things the younger desperately needed. Security had been stripped from him at some point. Yoongi was determined to give it back, even if it were through homemade meals, and small chores.

“When do I get to organize your art?” Taehyung asked, following Yoongi down the hallway – duffle bag in hand. Yoongi had so many pieces, the majority of their frames crooked and too close to one another – a mess that was fascinating to look at, but painful for any art history major, let alone a professor. How did he manage? It was like he couldn’t decide which ones to leave out, so he placed as many as he could on each wall, expressionism next to cubism…had Taehyung noticed it the last time? Or was he just really drunk that night?

“It’s all over the place, isn’t it?” Yoongi smirked, knowingly, as he stopped in front of a door. Taehyung counted at least three bedrooms. One, he remembered as Yoongi’s, and the other two remained shut, until now, Yoongi turning the knob to what he referred to as his playroom. Taehyung hadn’t really known what to expect. Perhaps a red and black dimmed environment, but the surroundings were none of the above.

In fact, it was a white room with industrial accents and light-colored brick. There was a peg board secured to one of the walls, holding various play equipment that seemed to be grouped by type. From crops, paddles, to whips. A cream velvet chaise lounge with tufted detailing caught his attention, because hanging directly above it was quite the showpiece. Taehyung stepped forward to take it in more closely. It was a massive painting of _Dante and Virgil in Hell_ by William Adolphe Bouguereau, and was placed inside an antique frame that must’ve cost a fortune, really, given the size of it.
It was a decidedly erotic piece, its placement inside Yoongi’s playroom only fitting. At first glance, the painting would appear to display the intimacy shared between two men – one receiving a bite to the front of his throat, fingers wound tightly in his captor’s hair with what looked like throes of passion. However, those who knew the story of Capocchio and Schicchi would know that it was the exact opposite. The two would spend the rest of eternity in hell, biting at each other.

Well, fuck.

“From here on, treat this room the same as you would at Void – you will behave accordingly by addressing me as ‘sir’, and stripping down,” Yoongi said, as he sauntered on over to the chaise, and took a seat with one leg crossed over the other. Taehyung turned away as he started ridding himself of his clothing, attempting to take in the rest of the room – the suspension bar, the spanking bench, and something else that was rather large, and bolted to the wall. The dominant tilted his head, could guess as to what Taehyung was looking at, and that he wouldn’t readily know what it was, “It’s called a saltire, or a St. Andrews cross. It allows the submissive to be restrained spread-eagled.”

“Oh…” And that was all Taehyung could manage, soft and quietly, as the tension in the room spiked. He was all too aware of the fact that Yoongi was watching him, heat traveling down the back of his neck and down his spine. He cleared his throat, needing the extra oomph to open up his mouth again, “Where should I put my things?”

Yoongi nodded towards the spot on the floor where Taehyung had placed his aftercare kit, “Next to your bag is fine, and after you’re finished, I want you to give me your phone. So, don’t put it away.”

What did the dominant need his phone for? Regardless, Taehyung followed the instructions, neatly folding his clothes, and setting them beside his bag. Then he walked over towards Yoongi, eyes pinned to the floor when he handed out his phone. It was difficult, being the only one naked (save for his briefs, which did very little to hide his modesty) – so small beneath the scrutiny of Yoongi’s gaze, knowing that he was about to be punished.

“Since you were so intrigued with the saltire, how about we use it…” The question was rhetorical, when the dominant stood up from his seat, smoothly pocketing Taehyung’s phone inside his jeans. There were cuffs linked to each corner of the ‘X’ shaped cross, Yoongi spreading the buckles of the top right side apart, before he looked over at Taehyung – the younger slow in making his way towards him, anxious. “Do you remember the safe word, angel?”

“Mercy,” Taehyung whispered, overwhelmed with nerves. Yoongi practically hummed his approval, the curl of his kittenish lips a welcomed distraction, as he placed his hand inside Yoongi’s palm when it was offered to him, allowing himself to be pulled so that he was standing in front of the dominant. He drew Taehyung’s wrist into the leather cuff – strapping him in. The process was repeated to his other arm, and then his legs.

Yoongi found himself pausing several times to admire Taehyung’s smooth skin. How soft it felt beneath his fingertips, golden and radiant with such warmth. The younger’s physique alone was something to marvel at – broad shouldered, and standing tall – Taehyung’s legs well-defined and thick, as though he’d been running his whole life. Then his mind started to roam, going over the endless possibilities, dying to see Taehyung’s thighs fill out a pair of stockings. The fabric would stretch so prettily.

The chains on the cuffs clinked when Taehyung tested them, wrists hanging beside his head. He felt well and truly restrained, the feeling itself somewhat exhilarating. “I can’t wait to finally put you in a collar,” Yoongi murmured, the thought slipping out past his lips – eyes focused on Taehyung’s throat.
when he leaned his head back, but there was no support. Yoongi reached inside his pocket for Taehyung’s phone, swiping it to unlock. “That’s not why we’re here though, is it?”

Easy questions first. Taehyung answered, “No, sir.”

The dominant pulled up the camera app and pressed on the record button, dark eyes watching Taehyung through the phone. “Why are we here, angel? Why are you cuffed?”

He knew – he knew that he was being filmed, the way Yoongi’s hand remained steadied – how the questions were deliberate. “Because Sir is going to punish me.”

“Punish you for what?” Yoongi asked, tone much sharper than it was a second ago – coming to stand closer to Taehyung.

“Lying,” Taehyung said, although they were small in his opinion. The magnitude of such a thing didn’t appear to matter to the dominant. A lie was a lie, its purpose inconsequential. Taehyung had known better. That was the point.

Yoongi’s eyes met his own for a long moment, as if to ask, ‘why would angel do such a thing?’ Then he was back to looking at the phone, “What did you lie about?”

Oh, so Yoongi wanted to make it clear? More than clear. Taehyung could help the heat he felt in his cheeks, wanting to defy the dominant even further. Tell him that his oversensitive ass needs to go back to the chaise lounge, so he could appreciate the view a bit more. But Taehyung didn’t want to know what the consequences for that would be, not when the punishment for lying had yet to be revealed, and the anxiety from that alone was enough to kill him.

“I said I didn’t, but I…” Taehyung glared at him, wondering if there was a punishment for doing such a thing. It was a little unnerving, being filmed while admitting that what he’d done was wrong. There was a smirk tugging at the corners of Yoongi’s lips, enjoying the show. Taehyung licked his lips out of habit, “I avoided you.”

Yoongi was following the younger’s every movement, shooting from different angles when Taehyung avoided the camera, looking away or down or – anywhere other than the phone. Then there was that question, “Why did you avoid me?”

“Maybe because my behavior has been disappointing, and shameful,” Taehyung said, quietly – the words barely audible. Could he disappear now, please?

“Doesn’t it feel so much better, telling me the truth, baby?” Yoongi asked, reaching a hand out to caress the side of Taehyung’s cheek – capturing the gesture on film. “What’s the second thing you lied about?”

Taehyung leaned into the elder’s touch, eyes closing briefly. “I told you that I wasn’t afraid of the person I’m becoming, but I am.”

“Yes. Yes, you are…” Yoongi practically cooed, the sound so sweet, as he thumbed over Taehyung’s plush bottom lip. A single press of a button stopped the phone from recording. Yoongi was pulling away to tuck the phone into Taehyung’s bag. “You will watch this later, until it sinks in, and then you’ll send it to me. Afterwards, you may do with it whatever you like.”

“Thank you, sir,” Taehyung murmured, finding it only appropriate. Grateful that he would get to
delete it, even if Yoongi would still technically have a copy.

“You shared quite a bit with me earlier, so, I’m going to share something with you,” Yoongi said, as he walked towards the shelves in the back – retrieving item after item. Taehyung watched as he set down yards of black string and an unopened package of white plastic clothespins. What kind of MacGyver bullshit was this? “From a very young age, I was able to decipher when someone wasn’t telling the truth. As you can imagine, that made things difficult, especially for my parents. There are the standard lies and then there are lies that are meant to comfort.”

Taehyung remained quiet, although his heart rate was picking up. Yoongi was folding the string in half, measuring it meticulously, while he spoke – pausing at times to take in Taehyung’s expression. “I understood even then that there are lies that are said out of kindness, but I think I disliked them the most. White lies don’t exist to me.” And with that, the elder snipped the string – now holding two evenly cut pieces. “The submissive before you, he was loyal at first.” Taehyung was hanging onto Yoongi’s words in fascination, but at the mention of Yoongi’s previous partner, something unpleasant lurched inside him.

Yoongi opened up the package of clothespins, setting aside eleven of them. Taehyung’s eyes caught the action, he counted them. “Our dynamic didn’t define our relationship. We were more than just dominant and submissive. At one point, I was serious about marrying him.” Taehyung’s gaze snapped up to meet Yoongi’s, shocked. There was a coldness to Yoongi’s tone, even while he was recalling a time of happiness. The story itself was burrowing in deep within Taehyung’s breastbone, doing odd, painful things inside his chest. Maybe this, too, was part of Yoongi’s tactic. “I never thought a day would come when I’d want to hear a lie, never want to believe in something that wasn’t real. But I surprised myself.”

There was a process to this – Yoongi beginning to make a knot at the center of the string, before sliding the thread through the spring on the clothespin, and making another knot so that it couldn’t slide, or move around. He worked quickly and skillfully as his words continued to flow in a low, soft stream that was almost hypnotizing to Taehyung as he listened. “There were so many signs that we were slipping, becoming two separate people, distanced from who were when we first started. But it still felt far too abrupt.” His fingers worked diligently, making another knot, pulling it through the spring. “Love like that, it doesn’t just fail overnight, it ends with a slow death. It uses its claws, digs them into the ghost of what you once shared, and holds on tight while it’s being torn away.”

Taehyung felt a shiver run down his spine, the chill creating goosebumps across his skin, despite how warm the room was – like a wreck, he already knew what was coming. Yoongi had five clothespins on one string, leaving enough room for a tail. He picked up the second string and continued with the same procession. “He changed his nights into days, so that he wouldn’t have to see me as much. Took on more shifts, so that he could save up money to leave me. The quiet, late night discussions on the phone – his sudden interest in classical music. The smiles, oh…” Yoongi dragged his teeth across his bottom lip, releasing the abused flesh to smile himself – eyes dark and pretty when they stared directly at Taehyung. “That new sparkle in his eye, the one I didn’t place there. That was the lie.”

This was Yoongi’s great loss, Taehyung realized, except the person he lost was still alive. “But still, I refused to see – my claws, they were buried in deep, still holding on. He liked classical music? I took him out to the theater.” The dominant was finished with both strings, approaching Taehyung. Every bit of affliction he’d caused the younger over the past few weeks had been an unspoken test – gauging Taehyung’s pain tolerance. The rough touches, the pulling, the biting, and then finally the piercing. It had given Yoongi much insight. Not enough to begin using the paddles, and whips, but enough to confidently use the clothespins as punishment.
Yoongi held out one of the strings, allowing Taehyung to have a better look at it, as he explained, “It’s called a zipper. Cheap, simple, but effective. I’m going to place five on the underside of each arm.” It didn’t look like it would hurt much and for the most part, it didn’t – it was a short little pinch that grew only slightly worse a few seconds later, maintaining the same level of intensity. Taehyung held in his breath when Yoongi went to the opposite side, clipping the clothespins to the thin and sensitive layer of skin.

He took a step backwards to inspect his work, the clothespins aligned perfectly – the tail ends of the string dangling, but out of the way. Taehyung’s chest was heaving, like his heart was racing. Yoongi did a check in, “How do you feel? You okay?”

“I didn’t know that I was allowed to feel okay during a punishment, sir,” Taehyung said, avoiding telling the dominant, ‘not that it even hurts’. The sting of his punishment was nothing compared to the sharp ache he felt for Yoongi. Yoongi, who acted like he had no emotional stake in this whatsoever, but was really just protecting his heart. Taehyung could see that now.

He watched as Yoongi brought over the eleventh clothespin, swallowing hard around the lump in his throat. He gave a proper response, “Yes…sir, I’m okay.”

“That’s good…” Yoongi was so close to him then, eyes dropping to the younger’s mouth, seemingly fixated with it. “Now – you’ve said a great many things to deserve this, angel. So many times, you’ve run that smart little mouth at me. Think of all the lies you’ve told, to me and also to yourself.” He captured Taehyung’s bottom lip between two fingers, tugging it down so that he could place the last clothespin on it. The chains rattled when the pain struck – a throb of warmth echoed throughout Taehyung’s body like a pulse. After what had happened with the piercings, Yoongi was expecting the younger to become aroused by the sensation, not at all surprised to see that Taehyung’s cock was already half-erect, tenting his briefs.

“Where was I?” Yoongi was awfully distracted, gaining his own personal gratification through punishing his submissive, teaching him. “Ah, yes, the lie…” He picked up the spare timer from the table, turning it to five minutes. “When I learned that he enjoyed classical music, I started to play the Steinway more often. That’s the piano you saw in my bedroom. I can play quite beautifully.” Yoongi was standing beside Taehyung – teasing his long, delicate fingers across the clothespins like they were the keys to his piano. “But he didn’t care for it, which proved to me that it wasn’t the actual music he coveted, but it was whomever he was cheating on me with.”

The plastic clamps tugged each time Yoongi played a ‘note’, eliciting soft gasps of pain from the younger. “Eventually, it got to the point where we weren’t sleeping in the same bed anymore. We didn’t even care to argue. The ending of our relationship was right there, lying at our feet. I asked him if he was having an affair and he looked me in the eye, and he told me, ‘no’. And then I asked him if he loved me still…” Yoongi paused, taking in the sympathy in Taehyung’s soft eyes, hating every bit of it. “Well, that second lie was the last for me. I’d allowed him to lie so often, I was almost numb to it, but this one, was it.”

Taehyung felt like he was suffocating, “I’m so–”

“You don’t get to speak,” Yoongi said, stopping those words from coming out – having heard them enough on the subject. “The reason why I’m telling you this, is because when it comes to being lied to, my actions may seem brash. You might not understand why small lies are as punishable as big ones. Why hiding things from me would not be in your best interest, as my submissive. You won’t lie to me again.”
Taehyung bit his own tongue. It shouldn’t be difficult not to lie, even when it felt necessary. He was merely avoiding making the situation more awkward by telling the truth. However, he was beginning to understand now, that dominants and submissives have no secrets between one another. The bond was only as strong as the trust they shared and right now, Taehyung has given him little reason to trust him. But, he was realizing now, he wanted Yoongi to trust him.

“Admittedly, you’re cute when you’re trying to defy me,” Yoongi smirked, enjoying the heat in the younger’s eyes, the fire steadily returning. “I can’t help but wonder what you’re saying about me inside your head.”

The timer went off – *ringing* – the sound of it enough to startle the younger, while Yoongi unflinching and calm, went to reset the timer for another five minutes. Then he made his way back to Taehyung – two fingers pressing the clothespin open, freeing his bottom lip. The pain Taehyung felt was enough to leave him breathless, a heavy throb so much worse than the sensation of the plastic clamped on had been. It made him nervous for the pins on his arms, until Yoongi placed the clothespin onto his top lip, capturing his attention once more. Though the light pinch was easily bearable, the delicate touch of Yoongi’s fingers on his mouth coupled with the anticipation of the pain to come made him shiver, his eyes squeezed shut.

“Everyone underestimates clothespins,” Yoongi said, carefully taking the tail ends of the two strings that were connected to the plastic biting into Taehyung’s skin. The younger tried to focus on Yoongi’s explanation, lamenting the eventual tug of both strings. “You must’ve noticed that it hurt more coming off than going on, and that’s because it cuts off a little bit of circulation to the skin when they’re applied, which then comes flowing back once it’s removed.” Yoongi tilted his head, the smallest of smirks pulling at his lips. “Therefore, the longer you leave them on for, the more intense the pain will feel for you.”

Taehyung knew that the moment the timer went off, so would all the clothespins on his arms. A suitable punishment, he supposed. The anticipation was the worst, as the two of them stared tensely at one another, the atmosphere emotionally charged from the personal revelations of the night. They were both vulnerable with the hurt of their losses out in the open, but even still to Taehyung – Yoongi remained enigmatic, untouchable. Was he still in love with his past submissive? Or was Taehyung just a placeholder? A temporary fix.

“Your pretty wings, mine,” Yoongi murmured, quietly, referring to the clothespins. Taehyung parted his mouth for breath, the air suddenly too thick to take in. He was shaking with anticipation, when the timer went off, and braced himself. Yoongi did what he expected, curling the string around his knuckles, and yanking both sides. The clothespins snapped from his skin like feathers being plucked one by one – slow as if to savor each and every whimper, every cry of pain.

The sounds that left Taehyung were so deliciously raw, that honey voice finally dripping with agony. Yoongi had to be clear-headed, had to be professional, couldn’t bask in the pouty lips trembling with pain. Certainly, it would be inappropriate of him to admire the younger’s fiery gaze, hot and wet with tears trailing down the dusky pink sides of his cheeks. *Beautiful.* All Yoongi could do was stand there, the strings abandoned on the floor, watching Taehyung through the dark bangs in his eyes.

There was an obvious wet spot on Taehyung’s briefs, where the precum had leaked through. He was painfully hard, and beyond humiliated about it. Berating himself, that this was a punishment and there would be no relief for him, in case his dick didn’t get the memo. Yoongi turned off the timer, and the silence that followed was somehow worse than the blaring noise. There was only one clothespin left, the elder suddenly in his space, sliding his fingers through the soft orange strands at
the back of Taehyung’s head.

“Did you understand the lesson?” Yoongi asked him, tone glacial – dark eyes searching for any traces of doubt, as though daring the younger to feel such a thing. This would be an opportune moment for Taehyung’s typical comment of defiance. He was half-expecting it. A firm yank on Taehyung’s hair caused the boy to gasp, but it wasn’t with pain. And Taehyung had no defiance left in him.

“Y…Yes sir, I understand,” Taehyung shivered, as the want burned deep at the core of his stomach. He wanted Yoongi more than anything, to feel him, to know that he was fully forgiven. The dominant leaned in, seeing to the removal of the last clothespin with his own teeth – the plastic falling between them, as he immediately pressed his soft lips against Taehyung’s swollen ones, swallowing the whimper of pain into the back of his throat. Taehyung’s breathing grew harsh, as the kiss became more passionate. Teeth grazing roughly, before Yoongi’s tongue lapped at the tender flesh. Making it worse or making it better?

Yoongi tightened his grip again, Taehyung’s head following the motion, “That’s my sweet boy.” Taehyung could have crumbled, as he chased after Yoongi’s mouth, fighting against the restraints for much-needed friction. There was amusement dancing in the elder’s eyes, when he chuckled lowly at him, “Did you think I’d let you come? Hmm? Rewards don’t come after punishments, Taehyung, no matter how good, or sweet you are…”

The warmth of Yoongi’s body was abruptly gone then, as he started undoing the buckles on the cuffs that locked his wrists and ankles in place – releasing Taehyung from the saltire and taking him gently into his arms. For a moment, all Yoongi did was hold him, quiet words tickling Taehyung’s skin when he whispered into his ear, “You took your punishment well, angel. So, so well.” A hand stroked down the younger’s back, comforting him, “You’re perfect, you know that?” Taehyung wished he could believe it, as he leaned into his dominant. Yoongi’s arms were around him, walking him to the chaise. He was treated as though he would fall without the stability. Taehyung sat down, suddenly very emotional, and freezing cold. Yoongi only left him for but a moment to bring Taehyung’s aftercare kit.

It was a moment too fucking long.

“May I?” he asked with his hand on the zipper. Taehyung nodded, giving him the go-ahead, still somewhat dazed. The first thing the dominant pulled out was Guacamole, and boy – Taehyung was glad to see him. Yoongi gently set the plushy in his lap, watching as the younger clutched it to his chest. The next item, he searched for purposely, finding the blanket. He opened it up, “Here, baby. You must be so cold.”

Taehyung was soon being enveloped inside the warmth of Jeongguk’s blanket, the fabric smelling of their dorm room. “You didn’t pack any water,” Yoongi said, more to himself than to anyone, as he went over towards the shelf, where there was a twenty-four-pack unopened. He ripped into it and uncapped one of the bottles, holding it out to the younger, “I need you to drink for me.”

“Thank you…” Taehyung whispered, taking the water from Yoongi, and sipping it slowly.

“I want you to stay for the night,” Yoongi said, already aware of the time when they began. It was probably late by now. Too late for Yoongi to feel comfortable with Taehyung calling an Uber and traveling after his first punishment. He sat down next to the younger, studying his reaction – could see the chills break out across his arms, despite the blanket. There were still things left unresolved between them.
Taehyung asked to be certain, “Can I really?”

“I need you to,” Yoongi reaffirmed, watching as Taehyung placed the bottle down, its contents nearly empty. Without having to say a word, the dominant understood – adjusting them on the chaise so that Taehyung was lying down beside him, mindful of the piercings. He had one arm around Taehyung’s shoulders, the other hand drawing him closer, fingers splayed across Taehyung’s jawline, sharing his warmth with a kiss, establishing security.

“Look what you did to me,” Taehyung accused teasingly, pointing to his lips. “They’re swollen now.”

“I’m more concerned about what I did here.” Yoongi gently touched along the underside of his arm, “I’ll put something on it, in case it bruises. It shouldn’t, though.”

“I’m sorry I wasn’t honest,” Taehyung murmured, thinking back on the story Yoongi told him. The elder didn’t want to hear ‘sorry’, so he wouldn’t give it to him, but he was still apologetic about his own actions. “I must seem ridiculous to you.”

“Not ridiculous,” Yoongi corrected him, needing it to be clear to Taehyung. “You’re just new…to everything. To sex, as well as kink. You’re bound to feel at odds with yourself. What I don’t understand, is your need to run from me.”

“That doesn’t explain the shame you feel,” Yoongi pried, a little more – just a little more. Taehyung had done so well for the day. “For what I’ve done, what I’ll continue doing to you, so long as you’re my submissive, Taehyung.”

Taehyung didn’t know how to properly explain it, without sounding ridiculous. “I always thought that two people should be in love in order to be intimate. I know that’s not the case now – you’ve met my friends.” Yoongi snorted softly at that. “But I guess….in a way I’ve been holding on to that ideal, scared to let it go.” He closed his fingers in Yoongi’s more securely before continuing. “My grandmother always told me to be careful, that lust is a wolf that sleeps inside us. Makes us do stupid things,” Taehyung himself constantly felt an animalistic craving for the dominant. It was unlike anything he’d ever felt before, the hunger. “I’m worried that she would have disapproved of my decisions – that I’m being selfish. She’s the reason I’m even able to go to school, and here I am, messing around when I should be focusing on my classes.”

“It sounds like she was a wise woman,” Yoongi said, amusedly – the hand around Taehyung’s shoulder’s slipping through his hair. “But, I can tell you from an academic standpoint that you do far too much to ever be considered selfish. You’re brilliant, Taehyung, leagues ahead of the rest of your class. And I doubt she would have wanted to stand in the way of you living your life the way you want to.”

“Isn’t that the epitome of selfishness, though?” Taehyung asked, tucking himself beneath Yoongi’s chin, the cologne he smelled there a contradiction of sweet and masculine. He wondered if his scarf would smell exactly like this once it was returned to him, liking the idea more and more.
“You see it as selfish, I see it as ambitious. In fact, it’s more like selflessness in your case. You’re neglecting other important areas of your life, because all you do is study. You forgot that you’re supposed to live, even while you work towards your goals,” Yoongi said, the observation striking close to home for Taehyung. “You’re so brave, Taehyung. You chose to confront something you didn’t like about yourself, put yourself in a strange, uncomfortable environment to overcome your fears and grow. You put your trust in me. You’re here right now, and that’s a pleasant change, isn’t it? From your usual routine. I’m proud of you.”

“Change is good,” Taehyung agreed, feeling warmth spread over him like a blanket from Yoongi’s words. But there was still so much more to be done, if only he were willing to do something about it. All he could think about now were the next three days ahead of him, alone with his thoughts. He recalled the disappointment on Jeongguk’s face, when he had declined going with him to Busan. Hoseok hadn’t seemed too regretful, muttering a low, ‘Yeah, that’s probably for the best. Noona will feast on you with her eyes again.’ Bringing up his grandmother had opened old wounds. Tradition was always important to her.

“Are you ready face it, angel?”

“I…” Taehyung started, wondering if he truly, genuinely wanted what he was about to consider. It wasn’t an easy thing, having avoided it for too long. “I think I should go home to Daegu, to see my parents, and Tannie. Maybe they do miss me?”

Maybe it wouldn’t be about the money, for once.

“Daegu is a big city, but I wouldn’t mind driving you there,” Yoongi offered, like it wasn’t a big deal. As though they weren’t professor and student, but...friends? Could they be considered friends? Somehow the word rang hollow for Taehyung, lacking, but he decided now was not the time to think about it. Taehyung was grateful for the offer, he felt better about Yoongi taking him there, safer almost. The elder added, “We’ll be heading in the same direction anyway.”

“I’d like that,” Taehyung whispered – hand becoming lax within Yoongi’s palm, no longer tangling their fingers together. He was drifting off to sleep, the last conscious details he could recall, was the gentle press of Yoongi’s lips against his forehead, and the unmistakable murmuring that was just as soft, elaborating more on their earlier discussion, ‘The sweetest baby I’ve ever met, is you’.

TBC? Please leave feedback, let me know.

cc I tw
A/N: Hello, everyone! Thank you so much for getting to chapter eleven. You always show lots of love and support for EM, which still... baffles me! Honestly, I've never had a truly successful story, until now. This note is going to get a little deep here, so please keep reading. I've already expressed that I don't know /everything/ about BDSM, despite my research for some of the scenes. The BDSM lifestyle itself is difficult for me to properly get thorough with, while still trying to do what I want with this story, so I've adjusted it to my needs or comforts as a fan fiction writer. I've already told you guys that this isn't an accurate depiction of BDSM and to look it up, really research it, if you're looking to become more experienced with it. However, these things I've warned you about aren't good enough for some people, and so I started to receive some criticisms. Some of them useful, most of them not all that useful. One person told me that viewers who are into BDSM may have an issue with the way I portray Yoongi, since he doesn't necessarily follow the BDSM structure or lifestyle. As a writer, we all have our own flow of things. They said that I'm writing what's acceptable for a vanilla relationship, but not for BDSM. Maybe that's true. I'm asking that you guys not take this work of fiction too seriously. Those who try and get me to change my writing or my perspective of this story wish for me to treat you all like children, incapable of grasping the concept of fiction from reality. I refuse to do this. If you like my characterization of Yoongi, like him. If you find him attractive, do so. If you think he's a good dom, then so be it, that's how I tried writing him, right? The real experience will come should you choose to engage in BDSM for yourself. I don't expect everyone here to seriously pursue it BASED off of this story, but if you do, please be careful, and know that there is a lot to be learned. That's all I wanted to say! Anyways, please enjoy.

Thank you to Voldy for putting up with my ass and putting me in my place :D Another thank you to Leigh and Heal3r for helping me out, as well. And thank you to everyone who continues to love and support EM. It means a lot to me! HAPPY ST. PATTY’S DAY!

As always, feel free: cc l tw
Thank you to cupofmin for drawing Yoongi feeding Taehyung some Espresso Marmalade!

Come on, baby, take me far away. I wanna get so lost.

Chapter Eleven: Daegu Boys

Taehyung had awoken that morning beneath the heavy layers of Yoongi’s sheets. He didn’t remember when they’d moved to the dominant’s bedroom. Holly had been resting against him, as though keeping him safe while Yoongi was gone. Something Taehyung hadn’t realize, until he’d heard the rustling of bags, and the distant sounds of the front door being shut.

'I bought provisions,’ Yoongi said, showing the bag of snacks and drinks that would last the good three hour drive ahead of them. Considerate of him.

Taehyung replied to his mother’s text message, telling her to expect him in mid-afternoon. His abrupt decision to see his parents required him to return to the dorms to pack. It was too risky for Yoongi as his professor, to drop him off. It was the elder who paid for the Uber to come get him – and it was suddenly, that Taehyung felt a lot like Jeongguk. That was a Jimin move right there and he didn’t quite know how that made him feel. So long as Yoongi allowed him to pay for the ride back, it was alright. But that wasn’t what happened. Yoongi had paid yet again.

“You’re from the Seo district?” Yoongi asked, once they were on the road, somewhat astonished to discover that he and Taehyung had lived only 20-30 minutes apart from one another. They could
have easily had a run in at some point. “I’m grew up in Bukgu.”

“The metropolitan city. I don’t recall visiting there much,” Taehyung said, although not all that surprised, because despite how close they lived to each other, their upbringings were no doubt, very different. Taehyung had lived with his grandmother outside the city, out in the fields. The weekends were the only time they’d travelled to any city, which was the Seomun market in Junggu. He would help with selling her preservatives and knitted fabrics alongside an old friend who rented out the spot. He remembered it always being so busy and overcrowded. Coming to Seoul for the first months had been such a shock to the system, but now he wondered if he could be happy with such a quiet and simple life again, even if his grandmother was still there to share it with. Taehyung had changed.

He sat with his bag in his lap. Yoongi had tried to persuade him to put it in the backseat, but he was worried that Holly was going to piss all over it. “My dog is well-behaved,” Yoongi insisted, the small smile on his face telling Taehyung otherwise, and he wasn’t about to take any chances.

“You’d never be able to replace what’s inside this bag,” Taehyung said, seriously. It was with that, that Yoongi tried to recall what he’d seen last night.

It couldn’t have been, but, “Your precious avocado plush?”

“I mean, there’s that, and then my DVDs, and my photo of Yeontan. Mainly the photo of Y-Yeontan,” Taehyung shivered, cold even though the heat was on, and pointed directly at him. Yoongi reached over, placing Taehyung hand closer to the vent.

“Let’s see this photo,” Yoongi said, a dog enthusiast.

“Thank you,” Taehyung murmured, quietly, before his face lit up with amusement. “Oh, you wanna see the photo of the ‘ankle biter’ now? I’ll have you know that it’s for Holly’s eyes only.”

“You brought along Tan’s photo just to show Holly?” Yoongi settled into a smirk, trying not to die on the inside, over how stupidly cute Kim Taehyung was – always so dangerously close to infiltrating his heart, like a soldier carrying a grenade.

“I did,” Taehyung affirmed, unzipping the bag enough to get the picture frame out. It was riddled with little plastic puppy treats. The photo was taken a week after Taehyung found him in the garden, chewing away at a fallen apple. No one called in for a missing Pomeranian, and the puppy had officially become his to claim.

‘Sometimes pets…they choose us,’ his grandmother beamed, a soft smile touching her lips, watching as the little ball of fur curled itself onto Taehyung’s lap. ‘They’re also known to become attuned to our feelings, and can even tell when we’re sad. Are you sad, Taehyungie?’

“Look, Holly,” Taehyung said, leaning behind his chair. The dog was less than enthused about being in the car, dressed in a large warm sweater. “This is your friend, Tannie. What do you think?” If pets could roll their damn eyes. Taehyung frowned, “He really doesn’t seem to like car rides.”

Yoongi shook his head, “No, he’s not that kind of dog.”

“I don’t much care for car rides, either. Hoseok is a speed demon.” That was what Taehyung always offered as an excuse, but he knew he was lying to himself. There was plenty of reasons for him not to like cars. “Jeongguk though, he goes slow for me.”
“Is my driving–”

“No! No, you actually drive smoothly. I mean, that could be the car, too, but you’re not going too fast,” Taehyung insisted, holding the frame in his hands. He was waiting for another red light so that he could show it to Yoongi. If he were being honest, he quite enjoyed watching the elder drive – his eyes focused on the road, knowing the way with ease, ring adorned fingers gripping the wheel. The fact that they were in a car together was enough of a reason to enjoy it.

They were slowed in bumper to bumper traffic, when Yoongi peered over at the picture, giving a hum of amusement, “Are you sure that’s not a bear cub? And what’s up with his eyebrows he looks so angry!”

“Hey! His eyebrows are his killing point I’ll have you know. And besides, even if Yeontan was a bear, I’d love him just the same,” Taehyung said, endearingly, even though he definitely wouldn’t have been able to keep him. “I found him eating an apple in our backyard. I felt so bad, I cut the seeds out and let him have it. After that, he followed me around and didn’t want to leave my side.”

“Guess he found you,” Yoongi murmured, missing the brief glimmer of surprise on the younger’s face. Once again, Taehyung was reminded of what his grandmother had said, about animals choosing their owners.

“How… how did you get Holly?”

“There’s no interesting story. I walked by a pet store one day, saw him there in the window licking his balls, and thought, that’s my dog.”

Taehyung laughed, “No…come on. That’s not the reason.”

“The reason was because I didn’t want to be alone in that apartment,” Yoongi told him, tone growing serious, rougher almost. “With all of that valuable art and no one to piss on it.”

“Oh, fuck off,” Taehyung said, nearly getting absorbed in what had sounded like the beginnings of something somber. And perhaps it was – it would make sense that after what happened between him and Taekwoon, that he’d be lonely. “As if you’d allow your art to be defiled that way.”

“Holly, like I said earlier, is a very well-behaved dog. I trained him early.” Yoongi wasn’t thinking of the implication of his words. A young thing like Taehyung on the other hand…

He snorted, “I’m sure you did, sir.”

Yoongi rolled his eyes. “We need to stop for gas. You might want to take the opportunity to stretch your legs.”

As they pulled in next to a pump, Taehyung did just that – hooking Holly up to his leash, and walking him on the patches of grass. It was the perfect time to stop, seeing how much the little bugger went. Yoongi was just finishing, when they returned. The air was like ice, Taehyung shivering again. Once he got Holly back inside the car, Taehyung turned to find Yoongi standing in his space.

He was shorter by only mere inches, but Taehyung could feel himself tremble – not entirely because of the cold anymore.
“Here, angel,” Yoongi said, retrieving the familiar purple scarf from his coat pocket. Taehyung held in a breath, afraid of the noise he could’ve made, overwhelmed. The elder slid it around the back of Taehyung’s neck, tying it comfortably. And even then, he lingered there. Tempted, as always to kiss the sweetness of Taehyung’s lips. He could do plenty to keep his submissive warm. Instead, Yoongi asked, eyes steadied on the younger’s, “Better?”

“Yes…much,” Taehyung sighed, shakily. He clasped his fingers into the material, hips pressed against the cold exterior of Yoongi’s Kia Sorento, which he was 99% sure was a brand-new car. Not new as in just bought, but new as in 2-0-1-9 new. Taehyung had been meaning to bring it up, but then he remembered what Namjoon had said, about Yoongi choosing to live humble, in his small apartment, when he could afford something better. It wasn’t any of his business, though there were other factors, like Yoongi’s art collection, or his wardrobe that would suggest that he truly was well-off. Again, none of his damn business. “Thank you, professor.”

“I’ll be needing it back,” he said, warningly, before stepping away to get back inside the car.

Taehyung smiled, opening the passenger side door, and enjoying the warmth from the vents. With the fabric so close to his nose, he could smell the professor’s cologne. It was comforting, inhaling it softly into his lungs – the car driving smoothly on the road again. “Can I borrow it for the next few days?”

He might need it.

“You may, but I’d like you to answer a question in return,” Yoongi bartered, wondering if Taehyung was above being bribed. The professor wasn’t so weak as to go back on his word. He’d take the scarf the moment they parted ways. It would be a hard lesson.

Taehyung felt that he might regret his decision. “What is the question?”

“Why are you avoiding your parents?” And Taehyung – perhaps he should have seen this coming, but he was still surprised. He wondered if his grandmother’s scarf was worth the price of this particular truth, and then was instantly ashamed, because of course it was. Of course, Yoongi deserved to know, and hadn’t he decided to try and be more honest just last night? Although, he became worried, again, if he would end up like Jeongguk. Where, he would share too much with Yoongi, and gain such little in return.

Taehyung didn’t want to bring up Taekwoon. Not now. Not after what had already been shared, that Yoongi had almost been married. The thought tugged on him harder than he thought it would, but there it was, buried within his chest like a hook. All because of a silly, ‘what if’ in some alternate universe where Yoongi did belong to another. But one day, Taehyung would like to know the answer to the same question that Yoongi had posed to Taekwoon. Was Yoongi still in love with him?

“Alright…” He wouldn’t further disgrace the already tattered image of his parents by discussing the money. However, Taehyung would tell Yoongi about his deepest wound whenever it pertained to them. The main cause for his resentment. “My grandmother raised me, as far back as I can remember. The only time I would see my parents was for holidays.” Or when they would come around begging for money, which was a frequent occurrence. “So, our relationship wasn’t close to begin with. And then, when my grandmother passed away, she left her home, and the farm to my parents. Therefore, everything inside of it belonged to them as well.”
“There were things I wanted to keep. Some things, I was able to grab – photos, her wedding dress, and her perfumes.” The jewelry was gone. The money she kept in her jar, missing. The good chinaware. Gone, gone, gone. Gambled away. Taehyung had had to pay for the funeral arrangements, despite the will specifying that his parents were to take care of it. He didn’t remember much, only that Hoseok had done most of the talking. “But the things I really wanted, were her sewing machine, and her knitting utensils, but my parents wouldn’t give them to me, said I’d gotten enough with the money that I’m using now for college. They were worth almost nothing, an ancient sewing machine and some balls of yarn, and they took them from me.” Taehyung still felt raw and exposed when he thought of what his parents had done. There was no reason for it beyond spite and he tried to tamp down the familiar simmering of anger and hurt that was there.

If Taehyung had given them the money, he would have those items, but her dream for him was worth more than that.

“Next came the house and it didn’t sell easy. It took time, but eventually it was sold, along with the farm. The precious memories, my childhood home, gone. They didn’t have to do it,” Taehyung said, shaking his head, because he was still livid. “The fact is, they did, even when I pleaded for them not to, but at the end of the day, we’re strangers. My parents and I, we’re nothing to each other, and my grandmother gave them an easy life by taking me off their hands. The only thing they’ve done for me is take Tannie in.”

And Taehyung was certain it was to milk him for money in smalls ways. Fifty dollars a month to groom Yeontan, when it should be at least three months, until the next appointment. Random trips to the vet for earaches that seem to occur far too often. Hundreds of dollars’ worth of appointments. His parents wanted to get him neutered, to which Taehyung declined. In retrospect, he should have asked for receipts whenever they went to the animal clinic, but he didn’t want to cause a problem. Distrust could lead to arguments; an argument could lead to Yeontan being sold.

The thought was enough to make him sick.

“But you decided to go see them, anyway,” Yoongi said, voice somewhat curious. “I know what I said at the table last night, but I didn’t know the whole story...” Was Yoongi regretting his decision now?

“I’m doing this, because you might be right. It’s been years, maybe they don’t want me to be alone and... I miss my dog. Professor, I think I’m ready for a change. And If I can change maybe they can too. Maybe it’ll be different this time.” Yoongi gave him hope that not all bad things were doomed to remain that way. Change could be beautiful or it could be bitter.

“Such bravery, Taehyung,” Yoongi said, admiration evident in the gravel of his tone. “I like it.” He wanted to instill more of it inside his submissive. “Promise me that if things don’t turn out the way you’re hoping, that you’ll call me. Immediately.”

Before yesterday, Taehyung would have agreed just to placate Yoongi, but now, as much as he struggled with it, he was really trying to honor the new honesty policy. And there was no way in hell he’d ever interrupt Yoongi’s time with his family just because his feelings were hurt. “It’s the holiday, I couldn’t.”

“It’s not a far drive from where I’ll be and my family would be happy to have you, though you might be put to work,” Yoongi sighed, thinking of the list of chores that awaited him the moment he set foot inside the restaurant.
Politely, Taehyung thanked him for the offer, instead of continuing to uselessly deny him. Then he realized, he hadn’t asked Yoongi before, “What is your family like?”

Yoongi smiled, rare and soft, clearly thinking about the people in question. “They’re loud…and it’s typically absolute chaos, but the good kind, if that makes sense?”

“Nope, sorry,” Taehyung said, trying not to break out into a laugh. “You’re gonna have to fill me in.”

“Well, my mother is crass for one. Forget any and all notions that she’s sweet, because she isn’t. The woman would drag me by the ear for things my older brother used to do.” And just like that – their dynamic couldn’t be like Jeongguk and Jimin’s, at least not when it came to sharing. Yoongi was comfortable with him, it seemed, connecting with such ease. Perhaps from the start, it’d always been there, even though Taehyung fought against it. “My father scares most people, but once he warms up to you, he transforms into a teddy bear.”

Taehyung smiled, secretly thinking that that might be a shared family trait. “Do you have a fixation with bears, professor?”

“Why–? Are you going to dress up in a costume for me?”

That effectively silenced Taehyung’s musings. “What’s your brother like, aside from being a troublemaker?”

“He definitely used to get me into a lot trouble, but when I came back from Europe, he was different. More serious. I think his wife had something to do with it,” Yoongi said, thinking of a store to stop off at along the way. “They met while I was away. A few months after the wedding, they announced that they were expecting a little boy, Muyeol. He’ll be turning seven in the summer.”

Taehyung nodded, “You’re an uncle. That’s lucky. I mean, I always wished I had siblings. Being an uncle was one of the reasons, apart from the obvious. I really love being around children.”

“Two seconds with the brute and we’ll see if you feel the same way.” Taehyung’s heart leapt at the slight implication. That Yoongi would at some point, introduce him to his family, that he wanted to introduce them. Yoongi turned off into a department store lot, “I hope you don’t mind, but I need to pick up a present really quick. If I show up without ginseng…”

“Actually, I think I should do the same.” It’d been two years since he’d seen his parents and showing up empty handed would be a bit rude on his part, despite all of the turmoil. No matter what his parents were like, his grandmother had raised him better.

Yoongi cracked both of the back windows and locked the doors. The store was rather large and surprisingly busy for this time of day. He supposed everyone was there for the same reason. A display of lunar new year gifts was conveniently set out right up front, narrowing the search. It was customary to gift nice toiletries, trays of meat, or fruits. Instead, Taehyung was more drawn to the potted orchids. He opted to buy two of them. One for his family and another for the Min’s, although he was stepping outside of tradition. A pretty flower would last a lot longer should they remember to take care of it properly.

The elder was beside him, carrying two large cases of red ginseng that was worth at least $400 to $500. And then there was Taehyung, with his orchids in glass, hand painted pots priced for $35 apiece. Brilliant. “You all set?” Yoongi asked, non-judgmental, Taehyung noticed – he never
seemed to be, anyway. Unbothered.

“Almost,” Taehyung said, tone gentler – almost losing his voice completely. He led the way, looking up to read what each isle contained, until he reached the pet goods. Toys, snacks, and food. He grabbed two bags of treats and two separate toys. One that squeaks and one to tug on. Too bad there weren’t any ducks. He turned to look at an ever-amused Yoongi, “Now I’m ready.”

They paid at the self-checkout and returned to the car, Holly curled into a ball – deep in snooze land. “You’re going to have to trust that Holly won’t piss on your flowers,” Yoongi smirked, enjoying the groan of frustration that escaped the younger.

Each plant was placed on the floor, behind a seat. Taehyung then began digging inside his bag, discreetly opening the box of treats to lure the chocolate colored poodle in. “Here, Holly…” When the dog was close enough to grab, Taehyung carefully placed him on top of his lap. Yoongi watched the whole scene go down, kittenish lips parted in awe. His precious Holly was again, so quick to roll over for his submissive, pawing curiously at Taehyung’s closed fist.

“I’ve never seen him act so cheap,” Yoongi teased him, leaning to give Holly a kiss on the top of the coiffed little puff of curls atop of his head.

“It’s because I bought him a bag of goodies,” Taehyung said, showing Holly his palm where the chewy bone was, something bacon flavored. It was devoured within seconds, like a vacuum sucking up a speck of dust. “So, he’s going to kiss up to me. Aren’t you?” He held the dog’s face between his hands, before booping their noses together.

“I saw you also bought two stunning orchids…” Yoongi was pulling out of the parking lot, getting them back on the road.

“I just thought, um, you mentioned maybe meeting – I hope your mother will like it,” was all Taehyung could manage to stammer out, fighting against the blush climbing its way up into his cheeks. Yoongi smiled but otherwise acted oblivious to Taehyung’s shyness.

“That woman was born with a green thumb. There’re plants all over the house, even at the restaurant. Ironically, I’ve never seen an orchid. I’m sure she’ll be ecstatic,” Yoongi said, once again pleased with Taehyung’s manners. Despite the occasional attitude – that fresh little mouth that the dominant couldn’t help but enjoy, the boy’s actions were always genuine, and thoughtful.

“I should probably tell my friends where I’m headed.” Taehyung dug into his pocket for his phone. There were two KKT chats, one for emergencies, where their notifications were always on, used for crisis situations only. And then there was their typical chat, the one where Hoseok will spam shitty photos of moon gardens and thirst rants about random strangers he encountered, and Jeongguk will falsely encourage him. Taehyung went for the crisis chat.

Yoongi agreed with him, “Probably should. They’ll feel better knowing that you’re not alone.”

Taehyung doubted that they would feel anything other than deep concern.

As he started typing, Holly decided to take up residence on Taehyung’s lap, curling himself up into a ball – comfortable weight that made Taehyung feel warm, and everything a bit more cozy.
J-dope
Js we’re red, pink, and orange now. Someone has to be a man and dye their hair a different color.

J-dope
Hyungie is asking nicely :
I volunteer Guk. Boy looks better
Brunette...
Suits his emo ass

... how about no?

and is this really a crisis? I’m studying

Tuesday, February 5th, 2019

on my way to Daegu to see my family

J-dope
Excuse me, but wha
You’re doing what now?
You're doing what now?

JK
tee...

J-dope
Did they threaten you?

no! nothing like that. i was invited and was like, well, why not? whyyyyy not

JK
why not? you know why not.

J-dope
1 swear to f**k, if something goes wrong, i will run to daegu and personally open that can of whoop ass for you

JK
same tbh i don’t like this.

yoongi is driving me. he lives nearby...try not to worry.

J-dope
Excuse... me...

JK
the problem is that even if you needed the help, you wouldn’t tell anyone. so we’re gonna worry.

but i’m telling you right now
JK
I know they're all you have left, blood-wise, but I hate them.

J-dope
We've been hating them for you, Tae. We're convinced you don't hate them enough.

I can't do this with you two being negative about it. I will if I have to, but I don't want to. So please support me a lil?

JK
I'll never not support you.

J-dope
Same, I really hope it goes well.
good. now mean it:D

J-dope
What the fuck... 😅

JK
Of course we hope it goes well.
For.
Once.

oh, wow.

J-dope
Let's... change the topic...

My mom wants pastries from Seoul. I'm running super late

get cream puffs!
J-dope
I'm getting an assortment.......... Look how cute these pastries are though

JK
I've seen better

pffTTTTAHAHA actually. this is a great photo, considering.

JK
I only meant like, the pastry is just doekk cake. traditional shit.

J-dope
oh i'm sorry its not a fucking cheesecake. you cheesecake.
J-dope

I'm not getting it anyway just though it was cute

YEAH OK.

J-dope

I'll have you know, the place is expensive af, and the Yelp reviews sealed the deal. Top class pastries made by some fancy ass chefs.

J-dope

Ha fucking... HA HA HA

JK

????

what?

J-dope

Look at this fuckin' pastry
im't that...seokjin?

JK
kekeke
That's a fancy ass chef alright

J-dope
Of fucking course it is.
I'm leaving

JK
Hobi-hyung, a pancy?!
I had no idea!

this is fate, hobi. don't run
J-dope
I'm more afraid of my mother
Therefore...
I haven't moved from this line

JK
like a 'good boy'
Isn't that what he'd say

J-dope
No, but I bet it's what Jimin says
Amirite
😭😭😭

JK
...

isn't that what they all say?

JK
just let us know if you make it out alive

J-dope
pastries secured. I didn't even know I could be flustered...

J-dope
Or humiliated...
I have a long drive ahead of me...☺️
Taehyung tucked his phone away. Despite having slept so hard last night, the cold was making him tired, and Holly did him no favors (all the favors), cuddling up to him, making him even more sleepy. He had his hand on the poodle’s backside, holding him in his palm. With his eyes closed, Taehyung began talking, “Hoseok ran into Seokjin at a bakery just now. Did you know he has a day job?”

“I didn’t, but that doesn’t surprise me. The guy brings in fresh baked goods every week.”

“Seokjin feeds you all?” Taehyung inquired, finding it humorous. Jimin waddling his way out of the pond to grab himself a French baguette.

“He leaves it out for everyone, but he’s been trying to get on my good side. Or maybe it’s because everyone has been friendly to him, except me.” For whatever reason. Yoongi had a difficult time warming up to new people, especially within the BDSM family. Either people respected him, or they talked shit about him.

Taehyung shrugged, “I think he’s pretty nice. Hoseok hyung likes him as a dominant.”

“Well, is your Hoseok hyung ready to wear diapers?”

“I don’t…” Taehyung tried to imagine it for a moment. Nah. “…think so.”

“I’m not saying that’s all Seokjin is into, but he seems to specialize in littles,” Yoongi said, wondering if Taehyung even knew what a ‘little’ was, but he didn’t seem to want to question it. “I know you think he’s nice, because he dropped you off at my place that night. I’m happy he did – but he also put you in a bad situation, buying you all of those drinks. I’m not going to just forget about it. And yes, I realize that he could have saved you, if you hadn’t saved yourself, but…”

Taehyung was being awfully quiet.
“I don’t have to be friends with him, because of that…or for his cupcakes. I’m at an age where getting to know new people is exhausting, so you have to choose. You’ll understand once you’re near thirty,” Yoongi reasoned, it sounded good to him. “Besides, I have enough ‘friends’ and now I have you, and you’re…” He shook his head. Goddamn it. “You’re a handful.”

Yoongi spared a quick glance away from the wide, linear stretch of highway they were driving on – confirming that Taehyung was asleep. Soundlessly, most adorably, with his poodle nestled in his lap. He found himself smiling yet again, not something Yoongi did often, but was starting to do more and more. He couldn’t remember the last time he felt so light, freed from the weight of stress. It’d taken a long time to mend his wounds, to put Taekwoon in the past where he belonged, he could admit that now.

Maybe Yoongi would show his face at Hakyeon’s protocol party after all. It was now that he had someone to present. Taehyung could be decently trained by mid-March – he had faith in his own ability as a seasoned dominant to do so, and was hopeful that the younger would treat the experience with every bit of seriousness that he did his academics. He was student, first and foremost. Always eager to learn, just one of Taehyung’s many attractive qualities. His stubbornness was the only thing holding him back at this point, but Yoongi was starting to feel that they were making definite progress on that front.

He broke into the bag of snacks as they met the flow of traffic heading into the city, the ruffling of the plastic not loud enough to disrupt the little angels from their nap. Yoongi shove a chocolate chip cookie inside his mouth. Now beginning to drive through neighborhoods, the traffic finally broken. Taehyung was able to sleep for a full thirty minutes, before he was called awake.

“Taehyung.” Yoongi’s voice was nice to wake up to, so much so that Taehyung was being lulled right back to sleep. But then it comes again, more firmly. “We’re in Seo-gu now.”

Seo-gu was Taehyung’s true home. At least it had been until a few years ago. And though they wouldn’t be headed towards the farm, Taehyung could swear he smelled fresh strawberries from the air coming in through the back windows – faintly, a ghost against his senses. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to fall asleep on you,” Taehyung apologized, although he was tempted to do it again. Instead he relayed the rest of the directions to Yoongi, instructing him where to turn.

So many times, while growing up, Taehyung had been tempted to cross the district to see his parents. How easy would it be to walk to them from school? They were so close and yet, far from his reach. He still recalled one particularly bad day, where Taehyung had been made fun of worse than usual - all the regular digs about smelling like manure, living with pigs on a farm, except on this day they wouldn’t stop. The kids had said that it only made sense he smelled like shit – a joke about his tanned skin. And Taehyung had sat there, eating the lunch his grandmother packed him with quiet, secretive tears. He had wanted his parents so desperately. Just for that day.

But when the door had opened to reveal a ten-year-old Taehyung, his father hadn’t welcome him warmly. No words of affection had flowed from his lips. No ‘honey bear’. The concern was missing from his father’s cold, empty eyes. Taehyung didn’t really know about the smell of alcohol, until the elder spoke, hostily, ‘What the hell are you doing here?’

“You don’t have to meet them,” Taehyung said, staring out the window at the familiar buildings, passing by the school. He would have to be more direct about it. “My parents, I mean. They’re not good with new people.” It wasn’t a lie, in fact, they weren’t good with any people, family or otherwise. “I’d prefer it if you didn’t.”
“If that’s what you want,” Yoongi nodded, not in the position to tell Taehyung how much that worried him – going alone after not seeing them for so long, when they’d directly hurt him the last time. But he agreed, nonetheless. Although, he certainly didn’t have to like it, something he would try not to outwardly express. The tension between them was palpable, a flick of a match could set everything ablaze. It was aggressive, the nearing of their destination, and the odd, sinking feeling inside Yoongi’s gut when he was parked in front of the house. Silence. He turned abruptly, ready to refute the whole thing, “Taehyung–”

There were two hands were on Yoongi’s cheeks – squishing them slightly, the boy was positively shaking. Taehyung’s large, almond eyes were as wide as saucers, terrified of what he’d done, what he was still doing, when he pressed his mouth against Yoongi’s, hard enough to bruise and as still as the dead. It was a firm pressure that was meant to silence him. And when Taehyung started to pull away, Yoongi found himself resenting it, while allowing it.

Holly stretched his way on over onto the elder’s lap, giving Taehyung enough space to gather his duffle bag. “I’ll see you in a few days, thanks for the ride.” was all he could manage, opening and closing the door so fast. Not giving Yoongi a spare moment to say anything in response. Oh, it was rude, Taehyung thought, perhaps it was incredibly unwise of him. The look on Yoongi’s face when he’d pulled back from the kiss, eyes as dark as charcoal – heated like embers dimming once the fire burns out.

Taehyung was consciously aware of the sounds of a car running – Yoongi hadn’t left yet, even while he was standing on the porch – ringing the doorbell. Yoongi was going to wait, until he was safely inside. Several times, Taehyung wanted to turn around and look back, but he refrained. The footsteps from inside the house was coming closer and soon the door was being opened, his mother the first person to greet him. The smile on her face was enough to devastate him in ways he would never be able to understand. There were parts of him that weren’t fixed, broken with little to no explanation. A warm smile could do this to him…only hers, why?

“Our son,” she cried, her actions somewhat stilted at first, as though unsure of what to do with herself – to keep staring at him, or to embrace him. Taehyung helped her along, bending down so that he could hug her closely. The scent of her Chanel perfume wrapped around him heavily – it was everywhere, and a sigh of relief shakily escaped past his lungs. Then she laughed, wetly, tears in her words, “Look at you, you grew into your ears.”

She gave each side a playful little tug with her fingers for the emphasis. And Taehyung felt himself wanting to hope – able to see traces and glimpses of his grandmother there, whenever he looked at his mother. Maybe that’s why it hurt. “Did you get taller? Remember when you were this small?” She was pointing at an old photograph of the five of them, back when his grandfather was still around. He was just a baby. A happy one. They were standing in front of the house – this house, the one he barely recognized anymore.

Taehyung placed his bag down, a wide smile blooming on his face when he picked up on the scampering of small claws on tile. Clearly Yeontan had heard him come in, and was hurrying to chase after the sound of his voice. And although it’d been two years, he still knew it well. Taehyung was on the ground in seconds, “Tan-ah!” The puppy whimpered, before rushing forward into his arms, his tail going a mile a minute with happiness. Even through the joy and emotion, Taehyung couldn’t help but notice how overgrown the Pomeranian’s hair was, confirming his suspicions. He hid the disappointment he felt, choosing to enjoy the moment.

“You got big, too,” Taehyung murmured, accepting all the love, and affectionate licks to his face. “I missed you so much.”
They stepped further inside the house, Yeontan happily being carried around in his arms now. Both the left and the right sides of the hallway were open – one side the dining room and the other the living room. Sitting on the couch was Taehyung’s father and another man he hadn’t seen before. His father was the first to stand, not as tall as he was in height, at least not anymore. He tucked his hands inside his pockets, a fond smile on his face, “Son, you made it.”

No honey-bear here. Still, it was better than the horrible words and the twisted expression of rage that had marred his father’s handsome face the day he left for Seoul. When the argument they had over money made Taehyung storm out, and refuse to ever return.

“Father,” was all Taehyung could manage, giving a slight bow of his head. All the while, he tried to remember that he had other moments with his family, ones that weren’t as bad as that memory, or even the memory he’d thought back to in the car. It was hard. Their overwhelming greed in a time of such tragic loss for Taehyung, when they all should have been grieving together a family – it wasn’t something he’d ever be ready to forgive. The sad part was that his mother wasn’t completely blameless and had played an equal role in hurting him in ways that he’d been too naive to see at the time.

But he had time to reflect on it.

His father stared at him for a long moment, before he seemed to snap into the present, “How rude of me, this is our friend, Hyunsuk. He’ll be joining us for dinner.” The first thing Taehyung noticed was that their ‘friend’ was not dressed casually for the holiday season. The man was in a suit, cut and fitted, but not nearly as nice as Yoongi’s, and why the hell was he even comparing the two? Hyunsuk was possibly the same age as his father with peppered hair, and a wide grin. “This is our Taehyungie. The one we’ve been telling you about.”

Oh, boy.

“Nice to meet you…” Taehyung was the first one to say, extending his hand, and warmly shaking Hyunsuk’s, to which the man anxiously reciprocated. Usually Seoullal was a private and intimate event for his family, so the atmosphere felt a little odd, but Taehyung went with it.

“Dinner is almost ready. Why don’t you all have a seat in the dining room?” his mother suggested, before she headed in the direction of the kitchen. The table was set up to perfection, the chinaware not that of his grandmother’s (no, that’d been sold off), silverware tucked into fabric napkins, and the wine glasses sparkling. It was a beautiful spread, but who were they trying to impress? This Hyunsuk guy? Taehyung took a seat at middle, leaving both ends free for his parents out of respect.

“How was the trip?” his father asked him – though, it was hardly a trip.

“It was alright. My…” What the hell was Yoongi to him, in front his parents? “…friend dropped me off. He’s also from Daegu and was on his way home to celebrate. He doesn’t live too far from here, actually.”

“And school, how is that going?” There was a slight edge to his father’s tone. Taehyung knew it was probably because he chose to attend college over giving him his grandmother’s money to piss away. Maybe he was imagining it. “Still top of your class?”

Hyunsuk smiled kindly, “Your father told me that you’re an Art History major. That’s fascinating. I always wondered if work was easy to come by in that field.”
“You know, I’ve wondered that very same thing,” his father added, eyes shooting him a glance. Taehyung was used to hearing about how useless his major was, how he wouldn’t be able to find work, and that he would’ve wasted his time in the end. Yes, his father had an abundance of optimism for his dreams. “Do you have any friends who face the types of dilemmas in school, where they realized they wanted to do something else, and had to drop their courses? Blowing money on what they thought they wanted?”

Taehyung started, “Jeongguk…”

His father scoffed at the mention of his oldest friend, speaking to Hyunsuk, “One of his friends, he’s taking photography courses, or something like that.”

“Jeongguk and Hoseok are doing well,” Taehyung continued on with saying.

“What does Hoseok do?” Hyunsuk inquired and Taehyung couldn’t tell if he was genuinely interested or not. It didn’t really matter.

“He dances.”

His father is quiet, however the stuffy suit let out a quiet, “Oh…”

Taehyung was petting back Yeontan’s ears, trying to find what little comfort he could at the moment. Then his mother returned, a tray of food trembling in her hands. Taehyung stood up to help her, when his father laughed, “She’s got it, Tae. You should relax… and put that mutt on the floor. I’m about tired of his yapping. It’s every day. For every little thing.” Taehyung bit his tongue.

“Thank you, sweetheart,” she said, accepting his help when he placed Yeontan down in order to take the tray from her. The puppy made a home for himself under Taehyung’s chair, while he set each plate of food down on the table, along with the pot of tteokguk. All the while, his father was watching him with this look on his face – scowling, or perhaps even disgusted with him. It was the most unsettling feeling Taehyung ever had in regards to his father, even on the nights when he’d strongly reeked of liquor.

Taehyung might not be able to do three nights of whatever this was…

“It looks delicious,” Hyunsuk said, while his plate was being made for him. It was something his grandmother used to do, insisting on feeding everyone first before herself. Taehyung held his dish out for her.

She added extra rice cakes to his serving, “For good luck, you have to eat many, Taehyung-ah.”

“This is really good.” Hyunsuk seemed more than delighted by his meal. “I don’t think I can leave without the recipe.” Taehyung saw there was a wedding ring on the man’s finger, so why was he here, when he had his own family to celebrate with.

“My wife gets her cooking from her mother.” Taehyung paused at the mention of his grandmother, waiting for his brain to reconnect. It wasn’t so much what was said, but the person who said it. The person who had no respect for his grandmother or her things, let alone her memory, his father was the worst.
“I don’t think I ever formally got the chance to say this, but I’m sorry for your loss,” Hyunsuk commented – and Taehyung, he couldn’t fathom as to why this conversation was happening right now. Why or when his parents would have shared this information with someone who was outside immediate family. How did a ‘friend’ not formally give his condolences? “My parents are still alive…” Hyunsuk even inserted an eyeroll. “They have me mow the lawn and fix every little thing around the house. Things that aren’t even broken half the time.”

To Taehyung, even with his mother sitting right beside him, his grandmother – who was a real mother to him, was dead, and this guy had the fucking nerve to act like he was burdened.

“What is it that you do, ahjussi?” Taehyung asked, pinpointing him to the spot. He didn’t fail to notice the way his parents uncomfortably side-eyed one another.

Again, with that stupid, unnerving smile, he said, “I’m a lawyer.”

“Wow, a lawyer friend,” Taehyung sighed, what a shock. He placed his spoon down, before he could even take a bite. No good fortune to be had, but he wasn’t very hungry anymore. “I imagine you cut the fees for your friends, too.”

This was wrong.

This was all wrong.

He was wrong.

It was complete and utter silence at the table. Instead of the anger Taehyung would typically feel over something as low as this, he was more disappointed than anything. After two years, his parents hadn’t evolved. The phone in his pocket started to vibrate, indicating that a text message had come through. Under normal circumstances, it would have been considered impolite, but he retrieved it anyway.

“Taehyung,” his mother scolded him – because yes, it was very rude of him, to stop mid-convo to look down at his phone at the dinner table. His grandmother had taught him that much. But he already knew what was bound to happen. The outcome of the evening already fixed. “Our guest is here for dinner and then later on, we were going to discuss other matters. Maybe after dessert.”

From: Professor M.
You left your dog treats and orchids in the car.

Christ. He’d been in such a hurry, he’d completely forgot about his present. Not like it would have meant much to them. It wasn’t like Taehyung, to be so forgetful. Then again, it also wasn’t like him to ignore his gut instincts for the sake of being impulsive, and riding on a bleak-looking ‘maybe’, yet there he was, giving his parents another chance. Clearly, he still had poor judgement. His mother reached over, slowly lowering the hand with his phone in it down to the table. “Does that sound good? Honey, why aren’t you eating your food?”

“Answer your mother,” his father demanded, snappishly – and Taehyung, he knew exactly where his temper came from, and how dangerously fast it could escalate. He could visibly see it rising within his father, less controlled than his own.

“It’s always the money,” he whispered to himself, dejectedly removing his hand from beneath his
mother’s, and suddenly felt very – very cold, curling his fingers into the purple scarf around his neck. Yoongi’s cologne was hitting him. He wished it was doing more to calm him down, but it wasn’t enough. It just made him wish Yoongi was there with him somehow. “Even when you’ve taken everything, you still want more.”

They still wanted to steal from her.

The loud clattering of his father’s utensils didn’t even startle him. Not like all the other times in the past. “Excuse me? It was you, you little shit, who got everything. All of the money! Every cent, and now you’re off squandering it about on a degree you can’t even use.”

Taehyung ignored the slight at his schooling, because his father clearly didn’t understand, “I don’t see the value in money. I wanted her belongings, but all grandmother left me was her wish. You took everything else—” The phone on the table started going off again, but this time it was a call. Taehyung flipped it over, seeing ‘Prof. M’ as the contact name. He declined it with a quick slide of his finger. “She wanted me to go to college and that’s exactly what I’m doing, because that’s all I can still give her.”

“Ah, yes…that reminds me, I’d like to see a copy of the will,” said the shitty, two-dollar suit. Taehyung didn’t even know Hyunsuk and already he hated him. He watched on as his mother obediently got up from her seat, almost all too happy to run off to fetch it for him. It was out on the counter this whole time.

Taehyung laughed through the pain, staring at his father with incredulity, “You’re going to try and contest grandmother’s will? It’s been two years!” Taehyung swallowed hard against the burning sensation of bile climbing up his throat. He felt absolutely sick, trying to focus on the cool air filtering in through the front windows. Both were left wide open, and he silently hoped the neighbors weren’t around to hear what was about to transpire.

“Oh, of course, we are! I’d always wondered how such a recent document was drawn up, when your grandmother was killed in an accident. It wasn’t like she was ill. She was in good health and her will was written mere weeks before the storm…” His father sat there as smug and as calculating as any devil walking this earth, eyes smiling while his lips did not – knowing how to set Taehyung off properly. “You were the only one with her at the time. How do we know you didn’t influence her against us!”

The shock of what his father was insinuating struck him like a punch to the stomach – leaving him feeling winded, and ready to retch. The whole thing was turning his guts, turning and turning.

“Mom, please!” Taehyung was begging her, as he’d done in the past, with the same tortured look of devastation on his face. He peered over at her, helplessly – it wasn’t enough, was never enough to inspire the repulsed, guttural response that she should have to such an outrageous claim. She wasn’t even looking at him. Taehyung slammed his hand down on the table, the glasses rattling. He was tired of it. Why couldn’t she act like his mother for once? “You know how she died!” Taehyung could still hear the rain sometimes, that heavy downpour, the loud booming of thunder. They shouldn’t have been out that night.

It was a stupid idea to celebrate – it wasn’t that big of a deal in his mind, but she was so proud that he’d graduated from high school. It was so important to her. The humid summer air was muggy, and sticky – even with the storm. Behind the wheel, Taehyung was stopped at a light.

“The worst part is that I remember everything! I remember smiling at her, before the light from the
other car’s high beams filtered in. It was so bright, I almost couldn’t see her anymore. And what? You think I planned for that car to come crashing into ours? You think I’d let him hurt us? The driver didn’t even survive it!” Taehyung was anxious and beyond furious, the combination had him standing up from his chair, the sudden panic he felt overwhelming him. His father joined him on the opposite side, chest puffing with rage – ready to set him straight as soon as he was given the chance. “I can’t even have justice for her. All I have is me to blame, but I was not the cause of it, so don’t say that shit to me!”

His father tried being authoritative, tried to be relevant. “You will sit down, young man!”

Why did Taehyung even bother? No one in the room wanted to hear it. Hyunsuk hadn’t even reacted to what he was telling them, eyes still skimming over the will, looking for faults. Looking to help his parents get away with stealing from him.

Taehyung never got the chance to tell his mother and father how it’d felt. “The couple who helped us, they placed me down on the street. My entire body ached and it felt like it was broken from the impact of the crash, even though it wasn’t…I was begging them to save her,” he trembled, tears skimming down the sides of his face, once again looking to his mother, wondering if she felt anything at all. “I kept asking them why I was on the street and she wasn’t! Why were they putting a sheet over the windows? It turns out that people…they have a morbid curiosity and want to see…”

Taehyung’s throat felt raw from yelling, but it wasn’t like the louder he got, the more they’d understand him. “I’d had this thought from time to time, but tonight cemented the fact that she was my only parent! You two…you died a long time ago,” Taehyung finished, angrily wiping the tears from under his chin. “And you can’t dispute her will, you’ve got no claim, so let’s stop it now. Hm?”

It should be enough.

It should…

“We are willing to take you to court, Taehyung. My friend here, he said that you’d lose a good sum of your money in the lawyer fees alone,” his father said, a twisted gleam in his eyes. And Taehyung believed him.

He laughed, brokenly, “That’s really all you can say?”

“If you agree to start paying us, we won’t have to act on this…” His mother was standing closer beside him, placing her palm against his shoulder with a comforting squeeze, to which Taehyung violently flinched – throwing her hand off of him. “Taehyung, honey, you don’t understand, we need the money~”

“Yeah, well I needed a lot of things, too,” Taehyung said, carefully sliding his chair in – but Yeontan wasn’t there. He was probably scared off from all of the shouting. “All of the profit you made from selling the house, the farm, and everything else has to be so much more than what she gave me. Maybe you should have thought about renting it out.” Dinner was clearly over and Taehyung’s stay no longer welcomed, all he wanted to do was leave.

Taehyung rounded the table and watched, skeptically as his father matched him in steps – the curl of his fist the only warning Taehyung was going to get that he was about to be struck, when the sound of the doorbell went off. And Yeontan started barking, running out into the front room to protect his humans. It made Taehyung’s father pause in his motion, “Who the hell could that be?”
His mother gave him a long look of confusion, before walking away to go and check, her slippered feet moving across the floorboards. The room grew silent, listening to the door being opened. Taehyung felt the furthest from curious about the situation, detached because he knew his friends were going to sit still, and supportive. Too far away. Whoever it was, it wasn’t for him. It wasn’t… Until he recognized the rough, lazy drawl that belonged to Yoongi.

Was he hallucinating now? Taehyung was frozen in the spot where he stood, only able to fully believe it when Yoongi stepped into view – orchids in hand. He must’ve come back to drop them off. The call…was because he was waiting outside? His mother was behind Yoongi, directing him towards the dining room, “Honey, this is Taehyung’s friend. He said that it was urgent.”

If looks could kill, his father would be a widower. Mutually, Yoongi would have seen to it that his parents really were dead with the sharp glare he was fixing them with.

“Sorry to interrupt you during your meal, but you forgot your present,” Yoongi said, tearing his eyes away to finally look over at Taehyung.

“Tell him to leave the gift and that he needs to go,” his father told him, as if Yoongi wasn’t standing right there – as if he couldn’t say it to him himself.

Yoongi ignored it, because there were more important matters at hand. “Are you okay, Taehyung?”

No. Not even remotely, since it turned out the way they’d anticipated. The way Taehyung had feared, which didn’t normally happen. He wasn’t supposed to be right. Later on, Jeongguk and Hoseok could both tell him, ‘I told you so’. The younger slowly shook his head, trembling when he murmured a small, “No, I’m not.” It was barely audible – just within listening range for Yoongi to hear it.

“So understood. Go gather your things,” Yoongi had heard enough from the yelling that had carried through the open windows, and he was extra mindful of Taehyung’s father, wondering if he would stoop to violence in order to stop Taehyung from leaving – because if he did, Yoongi’s mind was already made up on what he’d be willing to do on Taehyung’s behalf, even if it meant using force. Although, he would try everything in his power not to let it get that far. Taehyung already had enough grief for one evening.

Just as the younger was walking past him, Yoongi added a gentle, “Yeontan, too.”

“Taehyung can’t have Yeontan at the dorms,” his mother tried – tried, but Yoongi wasn’t about to have any of it.

“You son has many friends, Mrs. Kim. I really wouldn’t worry about it.”

By now, Taehyung’s father was red in the face, shouting from over Yoongi’s shoulder, “We’re taking you to court, you hear me! You’ll be sorry!”

“Court? For what? Gambling addiction? Or is it loans? Which one is it, I’m curious…” Yoongi tilted his head, dark eyes narrowing, “…on what makes parents turn their backs on their own son like this.”

“As your lawyer, I really must advise you not to say anything else,” Hyunsuk implored the other man, having folded the will back up.
“As a lawyer, you should know that there isn’t a case to build here, but I’d really like to see you try it...” Yoongi trailed, a dangerous smirk pulling at his lips. Give him more of a reason to fight for Taehyung, he would in a heartbeat, because he decided on the boy – already fiercely overprotective of him.

Soon, Taehyung was beside Yoongi, shrugging deeper inside his coat – holding his bag in one hand and Yeontan in the other. Yoongi nodded towards the orchids settled in his palm, “Where would you like these, Taehyung?”

“On the floor.” Before Yoongi could react, Taehyung reached his ring and pinky finger out, forcibly tipping the ceramic over – breaking it into thick pieces, the soil spilling all over the area rug. His father’s face was the unflattering shade of a ripened cherry, and Taehyung could tell that he wished he could give him the beating he’d almost issued earlier. And his mother didn’t appear to be all that sad or changed by the night’s events. Her tears having long since stopped, replaced with a contorted look of resentment. Quietly seething.

It was the first time Taehyung had seen anything like it. Was it hatred…? The same special brand of it that his father held for him? Everything just felt numb right now, but he knew that that expression would haunt him for a long time.

Taehyung picked up his bag and wordlessly left the dining room, grateful that the shouting had stopped – the tensions, and the threats finally, hopefully over. What would have happened if Yoongi hadn’t shown up? The thought alone turned his stomach with nerves. Taehyung opened the front door and stepped into the cool air, his warm breath visible with every exhale. Yeontan was clinging against him. And faintly, he could hear Yoongi’s light steps from behind him. A button on his keypad pressed to unlock the car doors. Taehyung hadn’t even been thinking about Holly or that the two dogs would need time to get used to each other, or what problems it might cause.

He just wanted to get far, far away from this place. Taehyung put his bags below the seat, and sat there stiffly. Holly was more than alerted by the other dog’s presence, able to see the mix of black and light brown puff of fur peeking from above Taehyung’s shoulder. Curious, the chocolate colored poodle leaned up on its front paws, and sniffed at the puppy.

Taehyung was absorbed in his own thoughts, going over the ugly beginning of his new year, when Yoongi was getting inside the car, and twisting the key into the ignition. He had to get Taehyung out of there – off this street, out of this town. It was five long minutes, until Seo-gu was behind them. Taehyung was visibly shaking in his seat, while the dogs grew more interested in getting to know one another. Yeontan slipped from Taehyung’s hold, joining Holly in the back seat.

Yoongi knew the younger was gone. Slipping. It wasn’t until he pulled over on the side of the road, that Taehyung finally reacted.

Crying in front of Yoongi wasn’t something Taehyung wanted to do, too self-conscious of his age at times, not wanting to appear as sensitive, or overly emotional. Especially now, after being rescued, when he was more than capable of taking care of himself. He couldn’t help it though – the shock of what happened catching up to him. It felt like he was crashing, but at least he wasn’t alone. By himself was typically how Taehyung handled these situations, especially with his anxiety, but there was something nice about Yoongi knowing exactly what he needed, without having to be told.

Taehyung was so easy for him – his larger frame falling into Yoongi’s arms, allowing himself to be held. There was a hand in the younger’s soft orange hair, gripping him hard at the roots, as the other pressed into his back. It was strong and it made him feel safe. Safer than he’d felt in a long while,
perhaps even in ways he didn’t know he needed...not until now, not until he met someone who could establish that feeling, or provide it. Not until Yoongi.

“I’m so sorry, Taehyung,” Yoongi said, voice hushed and ticklish against the sensitive shell of his ear. It was just Taehyung, was it? No angels or demons, no formalities. Taehyung’s heart started to swell, listening to Yoongi take all the blame for his decision, “If I had known, I wouldn’t have pushed you to see them. I would never put you in that situation.”

Taehyung shook his head, “It was my fault.”

“This isn’t something that you could possibly be at fault for – you were so brave, taking a leap. So brave...what a brave tiger,” Yoongi said, words were coming out raw, and harsh – arms holding Taehyung even tighter, as if something was about to come and rip him away. “You did so well, such a good job,” he continued with the appraisals, a bit softer now, when he felt the wet, lukewarm sensation of fresh tears seeping through his shirt. “It’s over now.”

It was over.

“How much did you hear?” Taehyung whispered against him, before he reluctantly pulled back far enough to stare at Yoongi. And he wished he knew how to place that expression, getting a little nervous, “Professor?”

There was thick tears clinging to Taehyung’s equally full set of lashes, the very tip of his round nose a shy shade of pink. Why was Taehyung so beautiful like this? So completely distraught and hurt. The thought reminded him of how long it took while exploring his sadism, to differentiate between enjoying the look of pain and sadness on some else’s face, versus the pain of being physically teased or punished during a scene. One was wrong and they both needed to be empathized with. Flashbacks of Hakyeon driving it through his head during his mentorship into becoming a dominant, safely discovering himself through the eyes of a submissive.

Yoongi told himself that finding Taehyung to be gorgeous whenever he cried wasn’t wrong, so long as he empathized, and cared for him. Empathy was never the problem. The strong notion to protect Taehyung was so much louder than his own musings, or desires. Lately, Yoongi had even started to wonder what the boy would look like happy? He had a feeling that Taehyung could be the sun if he was allowed to shine. He held so much hidden warmth, even a tan that survived the winter, and a voice like honey. Taehyung’s smile was something that had to be earned, but Yoongi was a formidable competitor.

Not in the habit of lying, the elder answered him, “Once the shouting began.”

“So, everything?” Taehyung asked, crestfallen and ready to break all over again.

Yoongi would love to refute the statement, to let Taehyung keep his tragedies to himself, until he was ready to tell him, but it was too late. The confirmation was in the professor’s silence, as he drew his hands over the sides of Taehyung’s face, holding him gently – asking for forgiveness in each touch, catching the younger’s tears in their paths with light sweeps of his thumbs. Yoongi needed him to make a decision, “Listen, I can take you back to the dorm if you want me to, or I can bring you home with me. You don’t have to see anyone. You can rest in my room the whole time. Up to you.”

“No, I want to – I want to meet your family,” Taehyung said, steadily beginning to calm down. He couldn’t possibly ask Yoongi to turn back and drive for another three hours anyway. Besides, he
always felt better in the presence of other people, always on his best behavior, as he’d been taught. It might do him some good. Taehyung settled against his own seat, eyeing the damp fabric of Yoongi’s shirt, “I didn’t mean to cry on you. Literally.”

“I’d be concerned if you didn’t. That was a difficult thing to have to go through,” Yoongi said, before he turned back to check on the dogs. They were both curled up next to each other, keeping warm. There was no growling, no ritual for dominance – just a tired pair, co-existing. “You might want to take a photo of our kids.”

Our kids? Why did Yoongi have say these things so casually, as if it wouldn’t have any effect on him? Taehyung peered over his seat and instantly felt as his heart melted at the sight, relieved that they were getting on well. Taehyung took out his phone, taking several pictures of the same pose, but from different angles, and filters on. Then he remembered, “What am I going to do with Tannie? To be honest, I had planned on taking him with me before you told me to, but I really hadn’t thought that far ahead.”

The car was back on the road, Yoongi driving smoothly, “I’m pretty good with dogs, you know? I could have him playing Mozart on a kiddy piano in under a month.”

Taehyung laughed, “What? Are you serious?”

“Yeah, I’m serious. I think Holly would be happy and you could see him often?”

Yoongi was the ideal candidate for the job. Taehyung couldn’t even deny it, but should he really begin relying on the elder so much? Was it healthy for him? Guiltily, Taehyung gave in, because despite what Yoongi told his parents, he didn’t have many friends in Seoul – and the ones he did have, lived inside the dorms, “I think I’ll have to accept your offer. Thank you, professor.”

“About that,” Yoongi said, knowing full well that his family wouldn’t appreciate Taehyung being introduced to them as one of his students. No – professors don’t normally cuddle in bed with their students. “For the next few days, I’d prefer it if you called me hyung, if that’s okay? If they ask, we met at Void, which is the truth anyway.”

“Wait – they know about your…other job?” Taehyung asked, shocked to learn that information. Sure, Yoongi was a grown ass adult pushing thirty, but BDSM seemed like a private lifestyle. Something you wouldn’t discuss out in the open, let alone with your family.

“My family is open. We’ve reached a certain point where we can talk about anything,” Yoongi explained, trying not to rub it in. He was fortunate to have them.

It was a short, twenty-minute drive to the restaurant. “Our apartment is right above it,” Yoongi said, as they pulled into the driveway. “I used to joke that my mother worked from home…” There were several large bay windows, each one decorated with a set of fairy lights. Half the building was covered in blankets of overgrown ivy. It was quant and welcoming – a place Taehyung would have gravitated towards naturally.

“Before I throw you to the wild, let’s get the kids inside,” Yoongi said, putting Holly on his leash, and picking up the other orchid from the floor behind his seat. Taehyung was trailing after him, trying to console an upset Yeontan. He wanted to go walk beside his new friend, whining and shaking in his arms. They climbed the winding steps leading to the second story, where a decent sized patio was connected, high enough to overlook the entire town. In the distance, factories were open – thick plumes of smoke filtering into the sky.
“The wild,” Taehyung mused, placing Yeontan down once they were inside the apartment. “The way you talk about your family, it’s real sweet.”

“It’s sarcasm like that, that makes me want to bite you,” Yoongi said, although there was no real hint of seriousness to his tone.

The apartment itself reminded Taehyung of what a real home should look like – cluttered, yet tidied all at once. Chaotic organization, which fit in with Yoongi’s description of them.

Taehyung paused, registering the playfulness in Yoongi’s tone, “Why don’t you...”

“What’s the fun in being dared?” Yoongi asked, tilting his face towards the younger’s so that their mouths were mere inches from touching. “Don’t think I’ve forgotten about your thievery, Kim Taehyung. Stealing kisses is unbecoming of a submissive in training. You must work for it, ask for it...”

“Beg for it, you mean,” Taehyung whispered, voice featherlight – the breath from his words brushing against Yoongi’s skin. So close.

Yoongi stared at him from beneath his lashes, wetting his suddenly dry lips, “Or cry for it.”

Taehyung swallowed against the lump in his throat, intense eyes set on Yoongi’s much darker ones, “Make me.”

“Oh, I will, angel. Soon,” Yoongi promised, before forcing himself to step away. It was that, or they’d never make it back downstairs. He set the dogs up with a bowl of water and the dog food he left behind the last time he visited for a weekend. Taehyung was standing by the door, unable to move without the power of house slippers. Yoongi stepped back inside his boots, a hand on Taehyung lower back, “You can have the tour later.”

“How’d you know I was thinking about that?” Taehyung asked, somewhat astonished – the guy was practically a mind reader, too intuitive for his own good sometimes. There were pictures on the bookshelves and along the walls, out of Taehyung’s sight that he’d wanted to further inspect, but couldn’t.

“Due to the circumstances, it’s fair to assume that you would be a little interested,” Yoongi said, showing him back down the stairs, and around the building. He was constantly observing others, absorbing their energies, a natural empath. He never understood why he was always exhausted from being around people for too long, until it was put into perspective. Hakyeon claimed to have always known that there was more to Yoongi’s behavior than being introverted.

The restaurant, ‘Mama Min’s’ spelled entirely in konglish, was overpacked – the business, no doubt, thriving. He remembered Yoongi telling the class how busy it was around the holidays, and he could certainly see that it was true. Each table was occupied, and there appeared to be only two servers covering the whole floor. Taehyung felt overwhelmed, sticking closer to Yoongi as he strode towards the front counter.

There was a woman with her back turned to them, hanging up a new ticket, “Two orders of mandu and four orders of tteokguk.”

The smell in the air was heavenly – Taehyung’s stomach growling, as he watched a waiter pass by
with a plate of fried chicken, and a bottle of rice wine. As much as he didn’t enjoy drinking, he was tempted.

The woman faced towards them, a look of unsurprise on her face to find Yoongi standing there, “So, you decided to show huh? You’re late.” She had on a pair of framed prescription glasses, eyes dark and critical in a way that seemed all too familiar. “I could’ve used your help hours ago…Your poor sister-in-law has been bussing tables since this morning, while Muyeolie wreaks havoc upon our customers.”

Yoongi turned at that, finding his six-year-old nephew sitting at a table of four older gentlemen drinking their wine, and immersed in a game of go-stop. “Our definitions of havoc have always been… a little bit different.”

“He keeps winning,” she said, wiping down the counter she was standing behind. “Each time he does, they order another bottle. Their playing gets sloppier. Of course, he’ll keep winning, but we need that table.” Then her eyes landed on Taehyung, noticing how close he was standing next to Yoongi, realizing that he wasn’t a customer. “Who is this?”

“A close friend,” Yoongi answered smoothly, going around the counter and grabbing a service apron. She handed him a pencil and a pad, eyes still trained on Taehyung’s, analyzing him.

“Kim Taehyung,” the younger said, bowing to her respectfully.

The tension between them was building, until she finally spoke, “Are you hungry?”

“He’s starved,” Yoongi told her, remembering that Taehyung hadn’t even touched the bag of snacks. And he doubted Taehyung ate much of anything, when he returned home. He moved closer to her then, speaking lowly, “Don’t overwhelm him with too much.”

“Nonsense,” she smiled, gesturing to Taehyung, “Come with me.”

“Mom…” Yoongi started, somewhat hesitantly.

“What? You’re acting like I’m about to regale him with old, embarrassing stories of your childhood,” she laughed, gently taking Taehyung by the wrist when she stepped out from behind the counter. She stared up at Taehyung, much smaller than Yoongi, “I know what you’re thinking. What kind of diabolical genius reveals her plans? A confident one.”

And that was when Taehyung fell in love – platonically – with Yoongi’s mother.

She brought him into the back, where two men were working in the kitchen. One looked considerably older than the other. “This is Yoongi’s father and the head chef here.” Taehyung bowed immediately, so low he felt like he was about to break his back. He was met with a nod of acknowledgment, before the elder went back to focusing on the tasks in front of him – the daunting line of tickets that still needed to go out. “And Yoongi’s older brother, Jaesun. Guys, this is Taehyung. He’s a close friend of Yoongi’s…”

“Call me, Jae-hyung.” It was plain to see that both Min brothers had inherited most of their mother’s features – he could easily see how he was Yoongi’s sibling. Both men had extremely boop-able noses.

“I’m going to give him a seat in the office, since there’s no other tables open. Fix him something to
eat, okay?” Jaesun agreed, despite how busy they were and Taehyung, he didn’t want to feel like an inconvenience, but he definitely needed to put food into his system. He thanked them, before he was being tugged towards a room in the back.

The office was what anyone would expect. A desk with a computer – receipts and a lockbox. She cleared space for him, “Have a seat, dear.”

Taehyung could tell that ‘dear’ was a term that was too sweet coming from her mouth. He did as he was told, sitting down in the chair beside her. “It’s not very often that Yoongi brings a friend home,” she said, tone a bit curious. “Even when he was a boy, he sorta just kept to himself – quiet and shy. He gets it from his father.”

“He does mostly keep to himself, but I can’t picture him being shy,” Taehyung confessed, having been introduced to Yoongi when he was already so outspoken. His presence imposing, especially in front of an audience, whether it be at Void or in a classroom. He exuded confidence, demanding attention.

“It’s true he’s never been afraid to go after the things he wants. On his first day of school, he snuck his ferret in with him,” she said, smiling fondly at the memory. “I had to rush back to the school to take it back home. Another time, he sprained his arm climbing a tree, wouldn’t come down unless I agreed to let him play basketball. That’s how I got him to practice piano more often. It was always about bargaining with him.”

Taehyung murmured, “He still enjoys the piano, I think.”

“He tries teaching Muyeol from time to time. It’s really cute.” Taehyung didn’t doubt it. She leaned closer, “I’m sorry if I’m overstepping, but the day you’ve had, it’s written all over your face. Whatever the case is, I hope my son wasn’t the cause of it.”

“Oh…” Taehyung didn’t know how to react to someone noticing – or calling him out on it. All of the Min family were perceptive, apparently. “Actually…hyung helped me get through it today. He’s one of the more stable parts in my otherwise shaky life. And he was late getting here, because of me. I’m really sorry.”

She smiled, understanding, “Good, and please, don't be sorry.” There was a knock on the office door, a waitress stepping in with a tray of food. Finally, his first bowl of tteokguk to start off the new year. There were plentiful side dishes, and plate of crispy drumsticks.

“My brother-in-law said you really like greasy foods.”

Of course, Yoongi would slip that in there, not letting the cafeteria incident go...“Yes, I do.”

“Taehyung this is Eunmi,” she said, continuing to fill him in on what he’d already suspected – that this was Jaesun’s wife. Muyeol’s mother.

He stood up from his seat, taking her hand when she offered it, bowing to her, “Nice to meet you.”

“As refreshing as it is to see such great manners…” Yoongi’s mother sighed, giving a slow shake of her head. “You should try and relax a little. You’re practically family now.”

Taehyung sank back down, thanking them one last time, before quietly beginning to eat. It was delicious, a near perfect replica of what his grandmother’s soup would taste like. He could almost cry
over how good it was, how soothing it was to be fed, but he’d spare Yoongi’s family.

“I’d better get going, see if table seven has released my child yet,” Eunmi said, before she disappeared out the door.

Yoongi’s mother was endeared, “You eat really well.”

Taehyung couldn’t help but wonder what she’d think of him if she knew what type of relationship he was engaged in with her son. There was a chance that she’d already guessed as much, given the fact that his parents already knew about Void. “Because my mouth is huge, eomonim,” he teased, trying to put some aegyo in there – hoping it would work the same way it did on Hoseok and Jeongguk’s mothers.

Yoongi’s mother was a different breed though. She didn’t immediately melt into goo, allowing the silence to weigh heavily on him. “After you’re finished eating, come join us.”

Taehyung took his time, sucking on the bones of each drumstick, and sliding his finger around the soup bowl, cleaning it of any remnants. He then grabbed his tray and headed on through the kitchen, placing it inside the sink – not wanting to disturb anyone, or get in the way. No one seemed to notice him anyway, too enrapt in what they were doing.

He could see that it was already dark out. The table Yoongi’s mother had bemoaned was gone, several bottles of soju, and rice wine littered across the wooden surface. The waiter Taehyung had seen when he’d first walked in was gone, Yoongi having relieved him most likely. The professor was currently jotting down orders, weaving between tables, and dropping dishes off. He must be exhausted, especially after driving all day.

Eunmi wasn’t doing any better. And to make matters worse, little Muyeol was crying – following her around with his arms spread, wanting to be held.

Taehyung felt the need to act on it, immediately. “Hey, you wanna help me? This definitely looks like a two-man job…”

Muyeol’s face was red and splotchy, his body language telling Taehyung that he was a little unsure. Taehyung grabbed a nearby bucket from beside one of the tables. Someone must’ve been in the middle of clearing it of garbage. Taehyung finished the job, before turning back towards Muyeol, “All you have to do is put the bottles in here, but you have to be careful, because they’re glass.”

“Are you helping uncle Yoongi’s friend?” Eunmi asked, sweeping past them to grab another dish from the service window.

“You’re my uncle’s friend…” Muyeol’s eyes were round, stepping closer towards him. “My name is Muyeol, six-years-old, green belt.”

That was one hell of an introduction. Taehyung wanted to scoop him up and tell him how adorable he was, although the boy probably wouldn’t appreciate it.

“Taehyung, twenty-two, art historian,” he said, holding his hand out to him. They shook – Taehyung’s fingers swallowing his own. Then they both got to work, Muyeol carefully placing the glass bottles inside the bin Taehyung was holding for him. It kept them preoccupied for a good while, clearing each table after customers left, helping to lessen some of the load for Yoongi, and Eunmi.
Sometimes the work had turned into play, Taehyung chasing the boy around the table, before they would be scolded by Yoongi’s mother. Other times, Muyeol would start using his green belt certified moves on him, Taehyung’s limbs like noodles – allowing the boy to tug him in every which way. Taehyung himself would get caught up, laughing even while he begged not to be tickled. When they were winding down, Taehyung placed Muyeol on his back, collecting dishware from the table, leaning far enough to make the boy slide forwards – screaming with glee, and riling him back up again.

When the dinner rush was finally over, Taehyung was in one of the chairs at the back tables – head against the wall with Muyeol in his lap, asleep against his chest with Taehyung’s coat keeping them warm. Not even Taehyung could stay awake after that, the day having worn on him in ways he wouldn’t easily recover from.

How much time had passed? A voice was speaking to him, “Taehyung, Muyeol has to go home now.” The younger boy groaned, wrapping his arms tighter around him.

“I’ll carry him,” Taehyung said, groggily. The cool air hit him once they were outside, keeping Muyeol wrapped inside his coat, until they reached the car. The boy was already back asleep. Taehyung bowed, seeing them off properly. And when he turned around, Yoongi was standing there. Jesus.

“You scared me, hyung,” Taehyung gasped, taking a few steps closer.

“You’re good with kids. Muyeol absolutely adored you,” was all the elder said, before he stepped off the wall and started walking towards the direction of the apartment. The restaurant lights were out, the building locked up for the evening.

Taehyung trailed after him through the darkness. “Y-Yoongi…”

Then there was a hand in his own, tugging him further. Yoongi was leading him up the steps to the patio, “You did a lot today.”

“I couldn’t just sit there,” Taehyung answered, an orange light above the door, illuminating their surroundings now. But Yoongi didn’t let go of him. “And like you said, I’m good with kids. Your family wasn’t nearly as chaotic as you made them out to be, by the way.”

“They liked you.”

“Oh, yeah, right, that’s not the only reason–” Taehyung was cut off, finding his back being pressed against the apartment door.

Yoongi’s expression grew dark, the heat in his words coming out rougher, “I owe you something, don’t I? A bite…”

“You owe me a great deal more than that, hyung. You said you’d make me cry,” he breathed, when Yoongi started grabbing at his hips, kneading the flesh there possessively, before he slammed Taehyung harder against the surface. The sound of it worse than the actual impact, enough to send a delicious pulse of excitement throughout Taehyung’s body.

“Enjoy it while it lasts,” Yoongi murmured, referring to Taehyung’s purposeful usage of ‘hyung’. These moments between them wasn’t part of the contract. All of the flirting they did – one running,
the other chasing, was not part of the contract. BDSM itself required structure, but this was something else, something that’d been there from the start. Taehyung was a goddamn temptress, biting at his lips, leaning into Yoongi like he wanted him.

The door was being opened behind the younger, causing him to panic – Yoongi quickly pulled him away. His mother was there, holding the orchids Taehyung bought for her.

“Oh, hello there,” she said, pausing for a moment. And she had to know what they were doing. There was no way she didn’t with that smile on her face. “Everything locked up?”

Yoongi retrieved the keys to the restaurant, handing them over. Unlike Taehyung, he was actually able to look at his mother, while talking to her, “All locked up.”

“Good, thank you. Taehyung, these are absolutely beautiful,” she commented, placing the orchids at their own table. Yoongi must’ve told her. “And both your dogs are asleep in the living room, so try and be quiet when coming in, and feel free to wash up. Yoongi knows where everything is…”

“Thank you for the hospitality, eomonim,” Taehyung whispered, a deep blush to his cheeks, ashamed of himself.

She gave Taehyung’s arm a gentle squeeze, “You did a great job today, with Muyeol.”

“It was nothing–”

“It helped more than you know. Good night, you guys,” she said, leaving the door cracked when she went back inside.

“Ah, the bags,” Yoongi sighed, not even concerned over what just went down. “I think we both forgot them in the car.”

Taehyung gestured towards the stairs, “After you, hyung-nim.”

Yoongi shook his head, leading the way back down to the car – unlocking the doors. His belongings were in the trunk, pulling out a simple black bomber bag. Taehyung struggled a bit carrying his things all the way up the stairs, and he laughed, exasperatedly, “I’m wheezing harder than you are… how is that even possible?”

“It’s because you don’t take care of yourself,” Yoongi said, pushing the apartment door open the rest of the way. They kicked off their shoes, attempting to be quiet with the dogs sleeping in the immediate room. Yoongi was leading the way, the overhead light above the kitchen sink doing very little to illuminate their surroundings.

“Okay, you say that, but…” Taehyung whispered, tip-toeing his sock covered feet across the carpet. “…you’re the one who sent your sister-in-law over with a plate of drumsticks.”

Because Yoongi wanted to do something kind for him, because all he could think about was Taehyung enjoying his meal, and filling his stomach. “It’s the new year, we all deserve to indulge ourselves a little.”

He opened the door his bedroom, a place that had remained unchanged as a declaration of his youth. Yoongi navigated his way over by the desk, twisting the switch beneath the lamp shade. Taehyung wasn’t quite prepared for what he saw, the abundance of anime posters lining each wall. He had no
idea that teenage Yoongi was a mutual – they could have very well been best friends, if they’d grown up together. There were shelves stacked with manhwas, most of the titles were familiar to him – Slam Dunk figurines in front of them.

_They were from different times, yet…_

“It’s possible for you to surprise me, too,” Taehyung murmured, setting his bag down on the floor and slowly looking around the room. Amongst the nerdiest display from an otaku fan boy, the art enthusiast stood out, as well. The anime posters were put up with tape or thumbtacks, but the art was meticulously framed, and was better taken care of. Taehyung stopped in front of a painting. _The Night Watch_ was such a pretty piece, Taehyung couldn’t help but smile, “The way Rembrandt made his work glow… his use of shadows was spectacular.”

“I tried my best to replicate them,” Yoongi said, divesting himself of his watch, and rings – placing them on his bedside table. “I never had the money to go out and buy prints, so I’d use the supplies during high school art class. The teacher was really supportive, even requested a painting or two from me…”

“You painted these?” Taehyung asked, amazed, thinking they were professionally done. He touched his hand to the glass covering Munch’s, _The Scream_. It wasn’t exact – they all weren’t exact, but they were their own level of exceptional. Yoongi was…talented.

Yoongi closed the door to his room, “Hard to believe, right? Now all I do is sketch.” He then sat down on his bed, removing his socks. “Get yourself ready for bed.”

Taehyung was on the floor, unzipping his bag, “It’s a twin, though. How are we both going to fit on it?”

“I don’t take up much room,” Yoongi said, pushing his jeans down over his legs. And for a moment, Taehyung thought he was seeing things. It looked like a giant sea serpent was curled around Yoongi’s thigh, and it was holding onto a card, something straight out of a tarot deck. Taehyung could very scarcely make out, ‘Death’ inscribed at the top of the card, and at the bottom of it, ‘Hades’. The illustration depicted as much, lost souls reaching towards a skeletal figure on a throne, and behind him was Cerberus.

Taehyung was quiet, taking out the top to his silk pajamas. He wasn’t going to bother with the pants, until morning. So, Yoongi had a giant serpent tattooed on his body. _No big deal_. He drew his hands down his thighs, ridding himself of his jeans, and then his shirt. The sound of a drawer being shut was enough to startle him, having looked over his shoulder to see Yoongi pulling off his own shirt. And suddenly, all Taehyung could think about was how pale his skin was, the newly discovered tattoos only serving to highlight the contrast. Raking his eyes over the designs, he thought that Yoongi could have taught a whole lecture just from the art on his body. The tattoos – they started at the center of Yoongi’s chest, two monsters looming over a doomed ship that climbed onto his right arm.

He easily identified the Greek Mythological monsters as Scylla, and what could have only been her counterpart, Charybdis. Yoongi’s tattoos were blatant details of destruction – a dead sea harboring sirens with sharp scales, and feathery long fins resting prettily atop of skulls, no doubt belonging to the crewmembers of the shipwreck. The line work was absolutely gorgeous, despite how disturbing it was – the serpent’s scaley body, much like a jagged tentacle bloomed from its source on Yoongi’s chest, wrapping around his right arm, strategically placed out of the way of his other tattoos. The artist’s work was consistent with the rest, as though Yoongi only trusted one person, and rightfully
There were more cards to be seen, scattered across Yoongi’s body, serpents holding them between their teeth, or coiled around them. Taehyung was able to see another card on his right wrist that read, ‘Judgment’ and ideally, it went with the tarot card for ‘Erinyes’. All three goddesses were easy to tell by with their tattered wings, and crooked horns, looking more like demons, than deities. While trying inspect the card on Yoongi’s ribcage, the elder was in the midst of putting on a fresh t-shirt, sitting there in only that, and a pair of fitted briefs, as though it were acceptable – casually checking something on his phone, completely oblivious to Taehyung’s staring problem. The younger tried busying himself, getting into his own pajamas, slipping the silk shirt on, the hem stopping below his thigh.

Thankfully, there was a television on top of Yoongi’s dresser, as well as a DVD player beside it. What Taehyung desperately needed was a distraction. He needed to not think about having Yoongi’s arms wrapped around him to continue whatever the hell almost happened earlier, “Can I put something on?”

“Knock yourself out,” Yoongi said, reaching over and grabbing the two remotes for him. Taehyung took it from there, turning on the television, and finding the input button. The wires were still plugged into the back from the last time Yoongi used it. He took out his Avatar: The Last Airbender boxset and popped in the first disc.

‘Water. Earth. Fire. Air. My grandmother used to tell me stories about the old days, a time of peace, when the avatar kept balance between the water tribes, earth kingdom, fire nation, and air nomads…but that all changed when the fire nation attacked…’

“Come here and snuggle with me,” Yoongi sighed, coming straight from an alternate universe, because what?

“Wish we were at your place,” Taehyung answered with a flush to his cheeks, the pale silk of his shirt brushing against the delicate line of his collarbone, as he finished closing the top buttons. He climbed into bed, forced onto his side in order for there to be enough room.

Yoongi invited him into his arms, Taehyung’s head resting against his chest, with his fingers curled into the front of Yoongi’s short-sleeved shirt, “Oh? Why’s that?”

It wasn’t his intention to begin this, but he’d been going all day. “You could be making good on your promise, for starters.” Taehyung’s legs closed, tensing the muscles, trying not to get turned on. Not so easily. Please, please.

“Tell me what kind of angel begs to cry under these conditions?” Yoongi asked, tone filled with mock curiosity, and amusement. “Hmm? Answer me.”

And Yoongi was in the ideal position, to start teasing his fingertips – up and down the back of Taehyung’s thigh. It only took the younger but a moment to make a decision, hooking that leg over Yoongi’s hips. Taehyung swallowed thickly, trying to think of what would be a suitable answer, but even then, he practically choked on the words, “A slutty one.” It was the first time trying out the term since he had agreed to it as a possibility at their kink negotiation, and even though Taehyung had been the one to say it, he was almost surprised at the visceral reaction he felt from it. A slut. Yoongi’s slut. It was so true, in this moment he would do practically anything for more, it was almost humiliating how desperate he was in this moment, but Taehyung was too turned on to properly care about that. And so was Yoongi, judging by the groan that slipped out.
“Must be true, since I can feel you already getting hard…” Yoongi rasped, firmly gripping Taehyung’s thigh – hiking it up even further. “How shameless of you, Taehyung.”

Taehyung was nervous suddenly, deflecting with a joke like he usually did, “No, I just think you grossly underestimate how much I enjoy this show.”

Yoongi’s eyebrows furrowed, “It’s not that impressive?”

“You haven’t seen Firelord Ozai yet,” Taehyung laughed, his heartbeat pounding against his chest – so hard, he was almost certain Yoongi could feel it, too.

He wanted Yoongi’s undivided attention, now he had it – so why was he so anxious? What did this even mean for them? The elder continued working his way up, fingers running beneath the line of Taehyung’s briefs, right where ass meets thigh. Yoongi was staring down at him, “So pretty in silk, angel. So pretty. Will you let me make you feel even prettier?”

Let him…

“Please, I want you to… I want you to fu–” Taehyung didn’t even get the rest of the sentence out, when a hand buried itself into his hair – pulling, pulling, until he cried softly.

“You’re not ready for that, and do you really think I would sleep with you for the first time in a twin bed with my parents one room over?” Yoongi told him, speaking to him low, and sharp. He was thinking about it more thoroughly; about how unlikely it was for Taehyung to throw himself at him. “Why have you been flirting with me all day? This isn’t like you, this false…bravado…who is it for, exactly?”

“Can’t I just find you attractive?” Taehyung gasped, squirming his hips against Yoongi and that – that felt really good. *Fuck.* “I’ll admit, today sucked for me, but I couldn’t keep my eyes off of you.” He never could, if he were being perfectly honest. Perfect honesty was exactly what Yoongi wanted, but Christ, he wasn’t there yet. But he felt ready for *this.* “And then you took your shirt off and I saw the rest of you and, wow. Who knows maybe Avatar does make me a little too happy, and to be watching it curled up next to you in this super tiny bed, it makes me feel touch starved…”

Taehyung was rambling and – Yoongi was so, so quiet.

And then, Yoongi looked at him seriously, “I’m not going to fuck you, Taehyung, but you deserve a reward for today, you did so well. I will play with you if that’s what you truly want…do you want to be played with, angel?”

He wasn’t in the position to be picky, squashing the dejected feeling. “God, yes. I want to play.”

“Oh, good,” Yoongi simpered, speaking against the top of Taehyung’s head, a switch immediately flicked on, “Let’s play the one where, you’re desperate to get fucked in my parent’s house, like an insatiable little slut who can’t stop rubbing their dick against me. How does that sound?”

Accurate. It sounded fucking accurate. Taehyung nodded, trying to hide himself against Yoongi’s chest, “Yes, hyung…”

The hyung came as a whimper, the sound of it doing things to Yoongi. Was this role-playing or was it simply outside of scenes, or contract?
“‘Hyung, hyung, hyung’. You think if you call me sweetly, that I’ll be nicer to you?” Taehyung wasn’t hoping for Yoongi to be soft or gentle – he didn’t want those things right now. Slowly, he shook his head – as much as he could with Yoongi’s fingers still twisting in his hair, keeping his lips pressed against Taehyung’s temple. “You’re going to have to be quiet…these walls are thin.”

The hand resting beneath his ass moved up, giving Taehyung a possessive squeeze – encouraging him to keep moving, “Go on, angel…do it like you did in Jung’s office. Remember? You couldn’t help yourself back then…”

This was so much different than Jung’s office. This was all heightened tension, and possessive touches. It was a challenge that grew intimate, having to keep quiet. Yoongi’s hands felt so good, sliding atop his briefs, pressing between his cheeks to rub against his perineum, before parting two fingers around his balls, caging them. All the while, Taehyung rocked his hips – his grip on Yoongi’s shirt, shaking.

Taehyung wasn’t afraid to ask, “Please, I need…” What did he need? He knew what he wanted, but Yoongi wasn’t going to give it to him.

“Aw…to get fucked, right? That’s what you wanted.” Right, Taehyung wanted to agree with him. Exactly. Yoongi turned to face him, keeping the younger’s leg hooked around his hip – allowing the swell of Taehyung’s erection to rub against his thigh. The hand that was in Taehyung’s hair, fell to capture his jawline, abruptly tilting his face so that Yoongi could tease his tongue against the seam of Taehyung’s lips.

It was wet, the firm glide of Yoongi’s tongue slipping inside his mouth. Sloppy. He suckled at both Taehyung’s top and bottom lip, teeth pulling on the flesh, until they were sure to be swollen. Taehyung, for as much as they’ve kissed, he was still far from calling himself experienced – following Yoongi’s rhythm, timidly pressing back into each kiss. The hand on his ass growing more persistent, guiding Taehyung’s hips into a steady grind. He hated how sensitive he was and how Yoongi wasn’t.

“I’m re…” A bite, so hard and deep – deep enough to make Taehyung startle from the pain, moaning breathily as the tingling sensation in his mouth went low into his stomach. Yoongi wasn’t giving him a chance to speak, covering Taehyung’s mouth each time he tried to, as if knowing what was bound to spill out. And Taehyung gets his chance, sinking his nails into Yoongi’s skin – fingers splayed across his pale cheek, stopping the elder from completely devouring him.

“I’m ready,” Taehyung stated more firmly, eyes at level with him. But what he saw there, swirling within Yoongi’s narrowed, feline expression, was enough to make him take pause. He parted his lips, but nothing would come out, for once he couldn’t even think of a single word to say. And soon, Taehyung found himself lying face down on his stomach.

“Every time you undermine me, it makes me wonder if there’s any trust between us,” Yoongi said, speaking low to him, as he curled two fingers into Taehyung’s briefs, and started yanking them down. The younger helped him, adjusting his hips, and moving his legs. Would he finally get what he wanted? The wax from Kim’s was about to pay off for the second time. “Want to know how I know you’re not ready, Taehyung?”

Taehyung’s arms were under a pillow, eyes looking out towards the television, although he wasn’t watching – not truly. He was half-naked and achingly hard against the rough sheets of Yoongi’s bed,
with a very, very annoyed dominant deadset on rejecting him. He nodded anyway, “Tell me, hyung.”

‘Hyung’ was his only way of getting under Yoongi’s skin, knowing he’d much prefer ‘sir’.

“Because you still haven’t given me what I want from you. Your obedience.” Did Taehyung honestly think that he was a good boy? That he’d proven himself as a submissive yet? Yoongi pressed his hips forward against Taehyung’s ass, the thick outline of his cock sinking between the plush, round cheeks. The sudden motion had Taehyung grappling onto the sheets, his own sensitive cock being pushed into the mattress. “Your submission to me,” Yoongi said, emphasizing his point with a hard thrust. “And I will know once I have it.”

Taehyung felt frustrated. He was offering himself to Yoongi. Where was he getting it wrong? What was the difference between this and submission? Another thrust forced a gasp from his lungs, heat flaring throughout his body, humiliated, and turned on. At least he could take comfort in knowing that Yoongi was just as affected - for once Yoongi seemed just as turned on as he was. Taehyung’s legs sprawled wide between his own, a firm hand on his waist keeping him still, as he ground against him, leaving no room between them.

Yoongi was all rough breaths, and guttural moans. The kind of sounds that would haunt Taehyung in the quietest of moments – embedded within some perverse archive that he could take out for a later day. And Taehyung, he could get off like this, slowly moving his hips in rhythm with Yoongi’s, dry humping the mattress in earnest. If he could just tamp down the flush of embarrassment he felt, things would move along faster for him.

“Your ass is perfect, you know that?” Yoongi asked, not expecting Taehyung to answer. He’d show him some mercy, given the fact that his filthy mouth tended to run – run so much faster than his mind could keep up with. “The things I’m going to do to you, angel. Using that name wouldn’t suite you anymore,” Yoongi was palming at Taehyung’s cheeks, spreading them wide, giving himself the perfect view. Taehyung was waxed and he was smooth – his pretty little hole clenched tightly. “But I bet you’ll still feel like heaven each and every time.”

Could Taehyung just die, right here? Right now. The words were greasy, but spoken in Yoongi’s low growl, feeling his erection slide against his bare ass, so close to where Taehyung truly wanted him, it was a lot. He turned his face towards the pillow, hiding while he was still afforded the chance to.

But, of course...

“Turn over for me,” Yoongi commanded him, the soft lilt of his voice almost jarring in comparison to how Taehyung was being treated moments prior. It took a moment, mostly due his nerves, to lie down on his back. Yoongi surveyed him with catlike eyes, dark and piercing, as his fingers pulled at the pearly buttons of Taehyung’s silk shirt. Once he was finished, he spread the material – exposing the rest of the boy. He wasn’t wearing bandages, the delicate jewelry in each of Taehyung’s nipples, glinting.

Yoongi knew he couldn’t touch them, but he took immense satisfaction in seeing his work on Taehyung. That he’d been willingly scarred for him. Yes, Taehyung had yet to truly submit to him in all the ways that mattered. It was true, that he still needed more lessons in obedience, but the piercings alone were a huge step for him. It was obvious that Taehyung wanted him, wanted him so fiercely. And Yoongi felt the same, running his hands across Taehyung’s sides slow, and reverently. He was so soft and warm, so perfect it almost hurt.
He had to be careful when he hovered above Taehyung, seizing and pinning his wrists down to the mattress, using his grip on them as better leverage – avoiding grazing the piercings. With the way Yoongi was straddling his legs, it was difficult to find any friction. The elder controlled the warmth that was coiling inside his stomach, poured in the gasoline, before he tempered it down. An abrupt lick across his lips made Taehyung gasp, and the moment his mouth parted, Yoongi was pushing his tongue in, taking, until Taehyung was a trembling mess.

There was little subtly to Yoongi’s actions, a hand suddenly clamping over his mouth when the elder began kissing down his neck, dragging his teeth across Taehyung’s sensitive skin – knowing that the boy was about to get louder. Repetition, swirling his tongue at the hollow of Taehyung’s throat, sucking at, and marking him. It was when his teeth sank in, that the younger tried kicking his hips up, but was trapped by Yoongi’s thighs. The vibrations of Taehyung’s high moans sufficiently muffled.

“Are you crying for me yet, Taehyung?” Yoongi taunted him, removing his hand from Taehyung’s other wrist to finally pull his cock free from his briefs, fully hard and glistening with precum. Taehyung gasped into his hand, and Yoongi remembered that this was the first time the other had ever seen it. The younger was openly staring at him, heatedly and still so defiant, eyes so pretty and glossy, but no tears. “No? Hyung will just have to try harder then.” He spat into his palm, slicking his length with his saliva, before he took hold of Taehyung’s neglected cock, and started stroking them both within his hand.

Fuck, oh fuck. Taehyung squeezed his eyes shut for a brief, intense moment, melting into the perfect amount pressure and wetness. It felt so good having his cock rubbed against Yoongi’s – whose dick, was much prettier than he first imagined. With this much pleasure coursing through him, Taehyung was vulnerable, but also a little bit brave. He wanted to show Yoongi how brave, how good, how deserving he was…

A teasing flick of his tongue against the hand covering his mouth made Yoongi grow curious, allowing Taehyung to hold onto him and move his palm slightly away – surprising him, when he bent two of Yoongi’s fingers and closed his lips tightly around them. “You really are a little slut for me,” Yoongi gasped, pushing his slender digits in a little further, but not far enough to overwhelm him. That word again, and an accompanying flare of heat from Taehyung.

Taehyung looked so good like that, staring up at him from beneath his soft lashes – that look of promiscuity, that part of him that always appeared as wild and untamable. Yoongi couldn’t look away even if he tried to. Instead, he gave their cocks a firm squeeze, trying to regain focus, but it was difficult when Taehyung’s tongue, as smooth as velvet, kept licking, imitating a very shy, inexperienced start to a blowjob. “Don’t forget to suck,” Yoongi whispered to him, biting at his own lip to stop his groans from escaping.

“Mmhn…” Taehyung hummed around him, listening well as he hollowed his cheeks, and suckled hard. The whole display was overkill, even for a veteran like Yoongi, who’d seen plenty of beautiful clients in a state of undress, writhing in pleasure or in pain. But nothing quite compared to Taehyung, skin prickling with chills, softly whimpering as his orgasm neared – biting at Yoongi’s fingers to stay quiet.

Yoongi gathered more saliva onto his tongue, spitting long, sticky ropes of it onto his working hand, using the added slickness to speed things along. He was through with playing. Taehyung realized it – belatedly, that Yoongi was purposefully going at a leisurely pace this entire time. He released Yoongi’s fingers in order shove a pillow over his own face, moaning loudly into the cotton, stomach
and thigh muscles beginning to tense, and jump.

Though they hadn’t been intimate for very long, he could already recognize the telltale signs that Taehyung was about to come, and as badly as Yoongi wanted to see his face when that happened, he allowed him to hide himself, if it meant hushing the noises he was making. Yoongi exhaled, shakily – pleasure hitting him at full-force once he concentrated on his own release, in the habit of making sure his submissive was satisfied before himself, watching as his cum spilled over onto Taehyung’s cock. It was enough to push the boy over the edge. The slick sounds of Yoongi’s hand stroking them through the sensitive waves bliss, and gradually slowing to a halt.

And Yoongi didn’t expect the look on Taehyung’s face, when he finally lifted the pillow – tears running down, chest heaving for air, as he stared at their messy, spent cocks in Yoongi’s palm. This was the part where the shame would settle in, wasn’t it? Shy, shy Taehyung. He was already so flushed, a tremble to his swollen lips. “Taehyung, baby…” Little pet names, some reassurance – don’t make it about the act of doing something dirty. Yoongi tried a different approach, tried to make it seem like he was the one who initiated it, “Thank you for making me feel good. Did you feel good?”

“Yes, I…did, feel…good…” Taehyung mumbled, looking small – so much smaller than he was usually. Yoongi gently released him. He had to get them cleaned up.

“Let me wash my hands, okay? Hold on, sweetheart.” After fixing his briefs back over his hips, Yoongi walked out into the hallway, and went inside the bathroom. He washed himself, before lathering his hands with soap, and rinsing with warm water. Beneath the sink was a package of wipes. He brought them back to his room with him, where Taehyung was lying on his back – leaving the tears where they’d fallen.

“Can I?” Yoongi asked, pulling one of the wipes free. Taehyung nodded, parting his legs a little wider for him, as the elder began cleaning the mess from his skin, being especially gentle around sensitive areas. A spot of cum had landed beside his navel, Yoongi chuckling low, “I got the worst of it, how’d you manage this?”

Taehyung smiled, shaking his head. “I don’t know.”

Yoongi threw the wipes away, before helping Taehyung back inside his briefs. “You’re so beautiful,” he whispered and for a moment, he didn’t know if he’d said it aloud or not – it wasn’t his intentions to do so, but it was true nonetheless.

“You’re beautiful, too,” Taehyung said, unable to look him in the eye. And for long pause of silence, the tension nearly unbearable, he scooted over. Yoongi slid in beside him and felt as Taehyung immediately curled his arms and legs around him. Yoongi didn’t let him get too far in burrowing himself against his chest, bringing a hand to the side of Taehyung’s face – skin wet.

“I’m not beautiful like you are,” Yoongi told him, gently. Slowly he began kissing beneath Taehyung’s lower lashes, warm – dragging his lips over each trail, until finally their mouths were touching, brushing softly. “Don’t be ashamed, Taehyung. I wanted you…and I’m going to take care of you,” he promised, unsure of where it was even coming from, but he believed it. So long as Taehyung let him, he would do his best to keep him safe. “You’re prettier each time I see you. The prettiest baby. Mine.”

What would make Taehyung’s heart feel at ease? “Just wanna be yours,” Taehyung admitted, pressing an anxious little kiss to the corner of Yoongi’s smirk.
“Thank you,” Yoongi said, smoothing his thumb over the top of Taehyung’s cheekbone. “That’s all I want, too. I just want to have you.” Taehyung sighed gratefully at that, and snuggled closer into Yoongi.

In the peaceful quiet that followed, the loud sounds of battle happening on the television grabbed Yoongi’s attention, eyebrows furrowing in confusion. “Why is this old guy being so damn creepy?”

“He’s trying to capture the avatar,” Taehyung laughed, turning so that he was watching, too.

“So, is that the guy that gets you going? Firelord…Bonsai?” Yoongi asked, face blank – the question genuine.

Taehyung tried to contain the next burst of giggles, “Ozai and no – that’s General Zhao.”

“Like off the Chinese menu?”

Taehyung clasped his hands over Yoongi’s mouth, “Please, stop talking.”

Yoongi wrestled his hand away, “But what’s an avatar?”

Taehyung knew that he was in for a long night. Yoongi was one of those types who would rather listen to the summary, than watch for himself. He also knew that Yoongi was trying to distract him from letting his thoughts spiral by forcing Taehyung to engage over something lighthearted. He was grateful that Yoongi was somehow already so attuned to his moods and to his habits. What had happened had felt good, so good, and Taehyung didn’t want to feel any guilt over it. So that’s what they did, until the late morning – Taehyung staring over at Yoongi’s Botticelli painting, telling him all about his favorite show, which eventually brought them to art. Always art. Who fell asleep first… Taehyung didn’t know, answering until he no longer could, dreaming that each step he took, a new flower bloomed.

Just for him.

TBC - cc | tw
A/N: Wow, hello! It’s been a month, sorta. Give or take an hour. Thank you so much to everyone who anticipates my updates, and genuinely loves this story. I always try my best! You guys definitely help keep this fic afloat. A big part of my motivation is your enthusiasm. So, thank you.

Big thank you to my beta reader, Voldy, who now has her own fic – go check it out! Another BIG, big, BIG thank you to Kyla, for reading over my work, allowing me to post right now < - - - a brilliant writer, go check her out. Also, thank you to Amber for your help with the chatlog.

Inspiration log: Bad, bad news, one of us is gonna lose. x

Taehyung’s lingerie directory: (please click, so that you can better visualize it, also my descriptions may have changed color, as well as appearance)
1. Halter piece w/ suspender belt (x)
2. Yoongi’s bondage inspired choice (x)
Hoseok was running late. This was of no real concern of his mother’s, so long as she got her pastries from Seoul. There were perfectly good local bakeries in Gwangju, but she was adamant – and whenever that happened, there was little that Hoseok could do in order to convince her otherwise. Quickly searching where the best bakery nearest of him would be, he set course. He wasn’t overly fond of sweets, unless it was ice-cream, so this whole hunt for pastries was a damned inconvenience, and completely out of his way, but in the end, it didn’t matter, there was nothing he wouldn’t do for his mother.

Although, he should have taken the train.

Hoseok killed the engine when he was parked outside his destination. The bakery was a hole in the wall, easy to miss. As he strolled up, he took notice of a sign that read, New Menu Item: WORLDWIDE MACARONS.

She never specifically said what she wanted, but he was certain it wasn’t traditional. Besides, his grandmother on his father’s side always took great pride in preparing Seollal treats, which were of the standard variety, except made with all her love – which, made this whole thing even weirder. The silent feud between his mother and grandmother ever ongoing, with the aid of Hoseok. Oh, god, he was probably being used as a pawn right now.

He stepped inside the bakery and was immediately swept away by the décor, so startlingly different from the outside, where everything else looked impoverished in this particular district, and unassuming. The Yelp reviews had referred to it as Seoul’s hidden treasure, and now he knew why. The atmosphere was so light, the surroundings clean – well-organized, white display cases filled with mouthwatering desserts, fresh baked pastries, and what seemed to be the softest loaves of bread, so much so that Hoseok was convinced it would be like biting into a cloud.

Only downside to the place, was the line. And he doubted it had anything to do with the holiday season. This place was probably always packed with people. This gave him time to look down at his phone, wanting to get back to the conversation ever since Taehyung revealed that he was going to Daegu. It was an unwise decision, but Hoseok promised to be supportive. And damn it, if he failed at that, then he’d be the only runner up for the worst hyung award.

The thing was, Hoseok held a special place for Taehyung’s parents – deep in a hole that was adjacent from the things he loved inside his heart. It’s where he tended to place what he needed to hate most passionately, and separately. When Taehyung’s grandmother passed, he was there at the house, on the farm. He watched Taehyung’s parents come in like a tornado, and pick up anything they could. They didn’t even stop to comfort their child. Taehyung was inconsolable for weeks. Weeks.

‘Did you eat?’ Hoseok asked, once again speaking to Taehyung’s door. This was becoming a routine. One that he’d have to figure out and get rid of for the younger’s sake. ‘If you don’t eat, you’ll run out of energy to cry, and crying is sorta your thing right now.’

‘What am I going to do… what am… I… going to do…’ Hoseok could hear Taehyung murmuring between sobs, the words not for him. He’d heard it periodically, each time he’d walked past the Taehyung’s door, he’d hear it again. ‘What am I going to do without you here?’
Hoseok had settled the arrangements, having called his parents to question the order of things – learned more than he cared to about the whole process. There were so many procedures, too many options, which didn’t help when Taehyung was absent, though physically right there. Jeongguk held him, speaking calmly, as calm as he could be, when everyone – everyone, loved Taehyung’s grandmother. They all felt the heavy weight of her loss, crushing them, crushing them down.

Taehyung was hyperventilating, shaking his hands out like he was losing feeling in them, ‘I can’t breathe…I can’t, I can’t…”

‘Look at me,’ Hoseok said, tone firm – placing his hands against Taehyung’s face, forcing the younger to meet his gaze. ‘If you can talk, you can breathe, okay? You’re talking, so you’re breathing. Keep talking to me.’

He curled his fingers into the sleeves of Hoseok’s shirt, holding onto him, ‘I don’t want to say goodbye. I don’t know how to, Hoseok, please.’

In the end, they had her cremated and placed under a tree – deciding it was for the best, since she loved being outside with nature. Besides, Taehyung could always return for hugs, or a Grandmother Willow moment. A purple ribbon was wrapped around the bark, her name carved into a plank of wood that was placed in front of it. They’ve visited twice on her birthday, instead of her death day. Each time they’ve brought along a picnic and a cake.

A cake…

Hoseok was zoning out, currently staring holes through a deokk cake, when he pulled up the camera on the KKT chat, and took a photo of it. He knew that his photography was shit, especially in comparison to Jeongguk’s, but this was probably his best one yet. Of course, Jeongguk would find it too boring, because the kid lived on cheesecake. When did cheesecake become an elevated dish?

“Here you are,” came the familiar voice, one that Hoseok was unable to readily pinpoint at first, and he couldn’t really see, as there was a herd of women standing in his way. Truthfully, Hoseok wouldn’t be surprised if the guy had his own Daum café page with how many fans he had, sighing and cooing at his every move. “A set of worldwide macarons for you, my little darling.”

The little darling was happily leaving with her bag of goodies, a woman who was probably in her late seventies. That wasn’t the problem. It was that the guy manning the counter was behaving shamelessly, spouting nonsense like that to an elderly woman, when she deserved respect. The group of women moved as one flock, completely lining the counter.

“Mmm, worldwide handsome makes the best worldwide macarons,” one woman said, her tone suggesting that she was more than pleased with the sight before her, “Too bad I have to get home to the kids, I could watch him do his thing for hours…”

Hoseok was hoping she wouldn’t – hoped they all weren’t there to simply just watch, because he had shit he had to do today. Like drive four hours to Gwangju, with desserts that may or may not be seen as a slight to his grandmother. He found an opening at the very end of the counter, leaning himself over to get a good look at the apparent adonis. Hoseok himself could definitely appreciate a good-looking specimen, readying himself to calculate body proportions, when he paused completely.


Hoseok’s eyes were probably playing tricks on him. This was some sort of stress induced hallucination, because there was no fucking way that this ‘worldwide handsome’ was Seokjin of
Void. It was plausible, in the sense that Seokjin was attractive, yes – absurdly and detrimentally, almost to a fault, wildly attractive, but what the hell was this? Seokjin, here and now, working at a café? Steadily getting over the initial shock, Hoseok did what anyone else would do in this day and age, and once again took out his camera.

Taehyung and Jeongguk both needed to see in order to believe and yeah – maybe, Hoseok would like to ruminate on this happening a bit more, once he was able to think properly. The flash wasn’t on, snapping the photo of Seokjin concentrating having seemingly gone unnoticed, too bad that it was, the dominant’s eyes immediately locking on Hoseok’s, and from the way he was posed with his phone, it was a little more than obvious what he’d done, maybe. Hopefully not.

Making eye-contact through the lens was somehow less daunting, Seokjin’s gaze absolutely piercing him through. The chat was still going, Taehyung practically laughing at him, while Jeongguk taunted him. They thought the whole thing was hilarious. Hoseok slowly inched himself away from the counter, and continued to stand in the non-existent line, because his mother would end his life if he showed up without any dessert. Out of all the unfair bullshit, the misfortune that continued to be Hoseok’s life, this was just…*fabulous.*

What’s worse, was that the line seemed to move along after that, almost like Seokjin was handling his little fan-base quicker, in order to get to this confrontation. Hoseok wished he’d take his time, because he sure as fuck wasn’t in a hurry to see him. Not after possibly – very possibly, being caught snapping a picture. Most of the women ate at tables, refusing to leave yet. Hoseok rolled his eyes. And soon enough, he was next, both frowning and refusing to look away from the display case.

“I’ll take one of these,” Hoseok said, pointing to the raspberry mousse cups. There was a mango one beside it. “This one, too.”

Seokjin put together a cardboard box for the treats, before reaching inside the refrigerated case to grab each cup. There was an amused lilt to his tone, “What, no, ‘hello’? Straight down to business with you, Hoseok.”

That made the redhead pause, because he supposed it was rude of him, “Hi.”

“Usually, the customers can’t resist looking at me, but there you are, doing pretty well for yourself,” Seokjin teased, able to tell that Hoseok was struggling with this whole encounter. It was normal for a playmate to be shy, even if it was just the once. It didn’t bother Seokjin much, in fact it was adorable, especially on someone as seemingly unembarrassable, and confident as Hoseok.

*Hoseok…tell me you don’t regret it.*

He pointed to the pretty, decorated box of macarons, “The worldwide macarons.”

“Ignoring me, even though I saw you take a photo,” Seokjin murmured, reaching in for the green tea cupcake Hoseok gestured to, “I guess you could stare at it later on, hm? For as long as you want. How clever of you... Be glad I’m allowing you to keep it.”

Hoseok stammered, “That’s not why–”

Seokjin smiled, gently, like it was the first time they were meeting – all false perfections, and addictive connections, “Not even going to deny it.”

Hoseok never wanted it to end, whatever this was. It was horrible. “Actually, I posted your photo in a chat, so that everyone can laugh at you. My sub friends at Void won’t be able to take you seriously anymore. I hereby dub thee Muffin Man and all that, so enjoy.”
“Mm, that isn’t very nice, nor original of you,” Seokjin hummed, glancing down at the display case, fiends of disinterest. Treating Hoseok’s antics like he was a petulant...child. “Will that be all, Hoseok? The mousse, cupcake, and the macarons?”

“Some of these puff things,” Hoseok whispered, losing his confidence. Seokjin was supposed to be hurt. Hell, if this was Minhyuk, he would have been ready to cry. Now he just felt stupid for both lying and attempting to anger him.

“Puff things...? All the treats are meticulously labeled. What a shame you’re behaving like this. I don’t know you well enough yet to say that I’m surprised. So, what would that be then, disappointed?” Seokjin chided, softly. Hoseok flushed, the heat in his face flaring up – it wasn’t a normal occurrence for him, making him all the more conflicted. He was the one in control, not Seokjin.

“That’ll be all,” Hoseok said, busy himself with taking out his wallet, ending up pleased with the price. He wasn’t so pleased, however, that if he ever wanted to come here again, he’d run into Seokjin. Or maybe he did like that fact? He felt as though he shouldn’t, but objectively, Seokjin was handsome. He was the first dominant to make Hoseok want to fully submit. He was also kind – there was no real reason to dislike him, and yet...

Hoseok wanted to push all his buttons, try his luck.

After the desserts were bagged and paid for, Seokjin looked over at the other guy working behind the counter with him, piping rich cream into the eclairs. “David, could you take over the register for a few minutes?”

“Sure thing,” he said, and Hoseok could have sworn he heard collective groans from behind him – women waiting to speak with, and get served by Seokjin. It was ridiculous. If they only knew what he did in the evenings, would they still feel the same way?

Seokjin had a hold of his pastries, coming out from behind the counter. Hoseok met him towards the back, “I have a long drive ahead of me.”

“Oh? Are you headed somewhere for the holidays?” Seokjin asked, handing over the bag.

Hoseok shook his head, trying not to smile. Was he really going to continue trying to have a conversation? “Exactly, yes.”

“I was hoping I’d see you again, so that I could thank you,” Seokjin said, tone growing more serious. “That scene was very special to me. I’m still collecting the rewards from it. Due to your assistance, I have many clients now.”

“Please, they would’ve come eventually,” (just look at you) Hoseok laughed, because that’s what he tended to do whenever he was nervous. And Seokjin made him very, very nervous. “Like this little fan-base you have here. Women sure seem to love you.”

“That’s true. Too bad I don’t love them,” Seokjin said, staring directly down at Hoseok. The redhead once again laughing, even though there wasn’t a single hint of amusement in the dominant’s tone. This whole exchange was a slow, ‘ha, ha, ha’ for Hoseok. It was difficult, which again, was new for him, when it was a fact among his friends that he was the talkative one, the funny one – he could very easily carry on a conversation with whomever.

“I really should get going.” Hoseok really, really should.

“I haven’t thanked you yet,” Seokjin said, walking a few steps backwards into what would be the
kitchen. “I’ll make it quick.”

Hoseok, despite the sirens going off inside his head, followed after him. It was a bakery filled with people, his customers – so, he doubted Seokjin would be so bold as to ‘thank’ him in an inappropriate manner. Why the hell did his mind just roam there? Now Hoseok couldn’t get the imagery out of his head: Seokjin down on his knees, large hands on Hoseok’s thighs, squeezing them firmly, as he mouthed at the tip of his cock. And the part that might kill him the most, was that he could vividly imagine Seokjin being so, so patient with him.

“I’ve been working on a new cupcake.” Seokjin trailed, picking up one of his newest creations. It looked chocolatey and delicious – Hoseok not being a fan of sweets, but actually salivating over the cupcake said something. “I have to work on the name still.”

“Your thank you, is allowing me to try out this cupcake?” Hoseok asked, trying to sound the least bit impressed, which he wasn’t, really. This was certainly underwhelming, considering the blowjob he’d envisioned just moments ago. “Look, I’m not one of your fangirls, and I don’t even like sweets. I bought these for my family.”

Not even a little bit deterred, Seokjin held up the cupcake, “One bite. Humor me, Hoseok.”

Hoseok sighed deeply, like this was the biggest imposition, having to try out this delicious looking dessert, made and perfected by Seokjin. Who apparently, was damn good at his job. The way the dominant offered the cupcake, it suggested that he was going to keep on holding it, while Hoseok took a bite. It was ridiculous, but he kinda liked it.

“Fine,” Hoseok murmured, cutting off his own smile, as he wrapped his fingers around Seokjin’s wrist – keeping his hand steady, and leaned in. The cupcake melted like butter in Hoseok’s mouth, graced by a symphony of rich chocolate-y flavors. The filling was warm and gooey, a stronger version of Nutella. It was delicious, Hoseok’s eyes falling shut for a moment, savoring it.

Seokjin felt the younger’s grip on his wrist tighten, a satisfied smirk touching his lips, “It’s good, isn’t it? You can have another bite…”

“No,” Hoseok said, almost immediately, eyes fluttering open.

Seokjin wasn’t convinced, “No? You have chocolate on your face…” He went to reach with his other hand, pausing before his fingers could touch Hoseok’s skin. “May I?”

‘Tell him to fuck off.’ Hoseok’s mind urged him. ‘He’s going to destroy us with his sexy cupcake magic.’ Instead of listening to reason, he found himself nodding, “Yeah, can you… thanks.”

Hoseok held still, as Seokjin wiped the chocolate away with a brush of his thumb. He was acutely aware of how close they were – the heat radiating off of Seokjin’s body, the weight of his eyes focusing on where he was touching, the two of them lingering just like that for a dangerously long moment. Then very gently, the taller spoke, “Do you have competitions when you dance?”

“Sometimes,” Hoseok answered quietly, skin on fire again. The strokes of Seokjin’s thumb tracing over his cheek, away from the corner of his mouth. Still touching. “Why do you ask?”

“Maybe I want to see you.” Immediately, Hoseok thought of a father in the crowd of other parents, holding up a camcorder, proud of his baby. Seokjin wasn’t like that, he didn’t think, but what if he was?

“You want to see me dance?” Hoseok was trying recover, but the fingers brushing his skin was distracting, making it impossible to do so. He released the elder’s wrist, forgetting that he’d been
holding onto him. “There’s a pretty big competition next Friday, at Mapo Art Center, but it’ll be boring, especially if you don’t like dance. Plus, it starts at six and will end late. You might have to work, right?”

“I do like dance, but I have prior commitments on that day. Would you mind if I bring along a friend?” Namjoon was hardly a friend, but Seokjin was in denial. They’d been out on several dates by now, which Seokjin refused to acknowledge as actual ‘dates’. They hadn’t kissed since the night at the lounge, no matter how close they keep on getting to that point, the monitor a little too good at setting the mood, and being real direct about what he wanted from him.

Was he serious? Hoseok was stunned, unsure of what to make of Seokjin’s interest. “Uhm, yeah… that’d be fine, I really, really have to go now.”

“You said that.” Seokjin smiled, reluctantly dropping his hand down at his side, finally releasing the redhead, before he never leaves. “I hope you and your family enjoy the dessert. Happy New Year, Hoseok. See you on Friday.”

“Oh! Uh, hope I’m not overstepping, but Muddy Puddles would be a good name for your new dessert…” Hoseok didn’t watch Peppa Pig often, but he might’ve caught an episode or two, while babysitting his cousin. And right now, that was all that came to mind. The cupcake was a lot like a delicious, gooey mud puddle.

Seokjin nodded, considering the name. “I like it.”

Was...that it then? Hoseok bowed slightly, so small and short, before he swiftly exited the kitchen. He couldn’t look at anyone as he was leaving, especially Seokjin’s fangirls. Once he was outside, he retrieved his phone, sent a quick text to the crisis chat, and tucked it away. He didn’t need to be teased right now. No, what he needed was to clear his head, so that he could get back on the road, and drive.

Hoseok sat in his car for a moment, the pastries in the passenger seat. Slowly, he brought his hand up to the side of his face, lightly touching to where his skin was still burning from Seokjin’s touch – he knew he was fucked.

Mama Min’s was considerably less busy on the second day of Seollal. The seats were filled, but there wasn’t a mad scramble for them, nor did customers have to be turned away. It kept a consistent flow with a few moments of rest. Yoongi was bussing tables again, long-sleeved shirt hiding his tattoos. Taehyung had meant to question him about his right arm, why he had mythical sea monsters on his body, but the morning had been spent at a table, eating a proper meal with Yoongi’s family. He’d been welcomed like he’d been there all along, one of them, one of the Min’s. Questioning Taehyung on his profession, followed by his major after he’d told them he was a student. Yoongi’s father was quiet, but very smiley, nodding along with the conversation. Yoongi’s mother, however, was nosy – aggressively so. It was obvious that nothing would get past her, either. She kept making these knowing glances, whenever Yoongi did anything remotely nice for him. Like, cutting Taehyung’s omelet for him. Speaking quietly.

How did you two meet? The question had eventually come up. And when Yoongi said at Void, his mother didn’t seem in the least bit fazed by it. Neither shocked nor judgmental. It was the most bizarre thing – bizarre, yet comforting. The conversation had somehow transitioned into how Yoongi’s parents met – crabbing, of all things. Going back and forth over how they were going to cook whatever they were able to secure, Yoongi’s father having had the yummier ideas, which would explain why he was in the kitchen. Their storytelling had drawn Taehyung in, reaching the
ending with a, ‘we caught nothing that day, except each other’.

Muyeol wasn’t at the restaurant, which was kinda sad for Taehyung. He’d lost his helper and side playmate. Taehyung helped out as much as he could, Yoongi’s mother not even batting an eyelash when he took it upon himself to sweep, and wipe down tables. Yoongi shot him a glance from the opposite side of the room, eyes trained on his every move – so deeply focused, he almost looked angry.

He pointed a finger at Taehyung, before directing it towards the empty table. Yoongi wanted him to sit down. Taehyung wanted to keep going. He wanted to help. But that look on Yoongi’s face… Maybe he should take a small break? His feet were starting to kill him, having been going since noon, and it was six already. He slid himself into a chair. It wasn’t too busy, Yoongi checking in with two of his tables, before walking towards Taehyung.

“There’s something you haven’t done for me yet,” Yoongi said, hand reaching inside his pocket, and retrieving a pair of headphones. He started to untangle them. “We had an agreement. Now considering how small the task was, there really is no reason for you to have not done it.”

Taehyung was sufficiently lost, his face said it all. Yoongi chuckled low at that, as though it were the cutest thing in the world. How adorable, that Taehyung could forget a piece of his punishment. He placed the headphones on the table. “Take out your phone.”

His phone? Why would he…? Oh. He’d recorded Taehyung, when he’d been put in restraints on the saltire. Asked him questions just to humiliate him. Taehyung pulled out his phone. The video had slipped his mind, completely, due to recent events.

Taehyung tried his luck, “We’ve been a little preoccupied…”

Yoongi leaned with one hand on the table, the soft lilt of his tone conflicting with his sharp words, “Do you think I care to hear your excuses, Taehyung?”

No – fuck no, Taehyung did not think so. He slowly shook his head, staring up at Yoongi, for once. “No, hyung.”

He was going to milk the ‘hyung’ term for as long as humanly possible, which was probably for one more day.

“No,” Yoongi echoed lightly, before he stood back at his full height. And Taehyung could tell by the tension that there was more, so much more that Yoongi wanted to say – his fingers curling at his side, preventing him from reaching out to the younger, quietly yearning to get back into that routine. Taehyung also wanted to get back to his training, since it’d just started, and there was a lot to be learned.

And he wanted to be good. There was still someone he had to be well-behaved for, and that responsibility, felt wonderful – and addictive. Take away Yoongi being his dominant, he still had an impressive career at his age, all sorted and figured out, experienced – having travelled to Europe more than once. Last night, seeing Yoongi’s bedroom only solidified how alike they were in that so many ways, valuing the same artists. Even the same manhwas and anime, although Yoongi’s collection was a bit archaic for his tastes.

“You remember what to do after you’ve watched it, yes?” Yoongi asked, eyes scanning over the restaurant. Everyone was taken care of, busy with eating, or deep in conversation. It would still be ideal for him to check in with his tables.
Taehyung connected the wire into the phone, pressing each earbud in – why the hell was he so nervous, suddenly? “Send it to you, so that you can place it in your collection.”

“Good kitty, you remember,” Yoongi murmured and this time, he went for contact, brushing his hand over the back of Taehyung’s orange head, petting him gently. How did Taehyung get downgraded from brave tiger to a kitty? But also, why did he enjoy it so much? His face was flooded with warmth, even a full minute after Yoongi had left.

Taehyung lifted his eyes, in search of Yoongi’s mother, learning throughout the day how prone she was to sparking up conversation with him. The coast was clear and so he hit play on the video, eyes trained on the screen. It was difficult seeing himself so vulnerable – seeing himself, as Yoongi did that night. The dominant’s voice was clear, ‘Why are we here, angel? Why are you cuffed?’

‘Punish you for what?’
‘Lying.’

Their conversation was a casual back and forth, but he distinctly remembered wanting to disappear, ashamed of the position that he’d been in. Ashamed to have been caught lying to Yoongi twice. The humiliation was like a flame in his gut, licking him in places too deep to scratch otherwise – making his stomach twist into a knot, hating the sensation, but wanting more of it. Beneath the table, he felt as his cock twitched with interest. This wasn’t the time, nor the place.

But the low gravel of Yoongi’s voice was in his ear, ‘Doesn’t it feel so much better telling me the truth, baby?’ Taehyung bit at his lower lip, realizing for the first time that he wasn’t good with pet names, apparently. They were now listed as a weakness. It was somewhat perverse, watching the angles Yoongi decided to film, how close he got to Taehyung’s mouth when his fingers brushed over his bottom lip, or the way he filmed down his chest, and further past his navel.

The video ended with Taehyung admitting that he was afraid of who he was becoming, whether it be good or bad, he was terrified. Yoongi had cooed at him sweetly, ‘Yes, yes you are...’ before the screen went black. Three and a half minutes of hell. He tucked a hand between his thighs, mentally willing his erection to go the fuck away. Once he accomplished the not-so-easy task, he finished his punishment by sending the video to Yoongi’s phone.

“Boys!” Yoongi’s mother called, drawing their attention. Yoongi was at the cash register, only a few feet from where she was standing. Taehyung walked over, curious. She looked between them, “We’re low on napkins. I need you to run to the store for me.”

Taehyung paused – wondering if he should mention the fact that he’d restocked the napkins at each table. Not only that, but the source of said napkins was fully stocked, and she’d been the one to show him where it was. So, between him and her, that was complete bullshit.

Yoongi arched a brow at her, “Napkins?”

She had a hand poised on her hip, “That’s what I said and make sure it’s the ones from the mall.”

“That’s oddly specific,” Yoongi said, as he reached behind his back to untie his apron, not
questioning it further. He knew what his mother was doing. It was probably obvious to Taehyung that she wanted to give them a break, but he wouldn’t know that when she personally took an interest in Yoongi’s relationships, to help them move along, that it was rare – but more importantly, she must really like Taehyung.

He watched as she walked the younger towards the door, the two of them hugging onto each other, with Taehyung’s cute little, ‘Bye, eomonim. I’ll come right back!’ And that was when Yoongi saw it for the first time, the way Taehyung’s mouth formed a great big smile, all teeth and heart-shaped – eyes nearly shut, he was smiling so damn big. Even the winter sun decided to peek out for the occasion, when it was already so late in the afternoon.

Taehyung was gorgeous, Yoongi already knew that. The first moment he saw the boy, he’d been immediately captured by him. He’d be lying if he said that his interest in Taehyung hadn’t been shallow at first, seeing him cry so sweetly, because what he’d done on stage was just as beautiful, and as captivating. That inimitable moment of self-discovery, Taehyung’s awakening. Yoongi took great pride in being the one to have inspired such a thing.

It reminded him of himself, back when he was in the dark on BDSM, seeing it for the first time. The way he’d saturated himself in it, like a new obsession at the time – one that became his whole entire life.

Yoongi reached inside his pocket for his keys and his phone, seeing the notification that Taehyung had sent him an attachment, a pleased smile gracing his lips. They were in the parking lot, when he looked over at the younger, “When was the last time you went to a mall?”

“I don’t really remember. Over a year, at least?” Taehyung prioritized studying. He also didn’t squander his money, and going to the mall to be surrounded by infinite temptations didn’t sound appealing to him. “Anyways.”

“My mother seems to think you’re the type to enjoy it,” Yoongi said, getting inside the car. The door was unlocked for Taehyung. The younger shut the door on his side, sitting there somewhat perplexed.

Taehyung felt comfortable enough to be honest, “It’s odd, having someone care for me like that.” Someone motherly, taking to him with ease, the same way his grandmother’s friends seemed to have adored him almost instantly.

Poor, naïve Taehyung, Yoongi mused to himself. His mother’s intent wasn’t as pure as the younger was making it out to be, but he’d allow Taehyung to keep the harmless misconception – someone had to see his mother in an angelic light. The woman wrote the book on ‘tough love’.

“I did say that I wanted to take you shopping,” Yoongi reminded him, taking the familiar route to the local mall. It probably wouldn’t be as packed due to the holidays.

“You also said that it would be your treat.” Normally, Taehyung would have a problem with this, but he wanted to be smart today.

“I’d never allow you to pay for something that I personally picked for you,” Yoongi said, meaning it – wanting to give Taehyung a taste of what’s to come, what belonging to him entailed. Buying a wardrobe for a contract submissive wasn’t in the least bit unusual. Most submissives enjoy having their outfits placed out for the day. “When you’re out with me, I don’t expect you to pay for anything, unless it makes you feel uncomfortable.”

Picking up on the edge to Yoongi’s tone, Taehyung added, “It sounds like you would be the one
uncomfortable."

“As your dominant, I really like the idea of dressing you up,” like a pretty little doll, Yoongi mused, inwardly. “It’s not really something you should be expected to pay for. Besides, it’ll feel good seeing you wear something that I bought for you.”

Taehyung laughed, “Well then, you rescued me and my dog yesterday, the least I could do is allow you to buy me some clothes on top of it all.”

They were sitting at a red light, when Yoongi peered over at the younger for a long moment, “Your smile is beautiful, you know that?”

Taehyung was reluctant to return the look, but when did he felt trapped. Why did Yoongi have such a strong effect on him? “Um, people have said that before, but I feel like it’s average? An average smile.”

Yoongi didn’t really care for that response, not one bit, when he murmured grimly, “That’s a shame, nothing about you is average.” It also wasn’t something he’d be able to change or fix within one afternoon. No, he would have to try his hand at rebuilding Taehyung’s confidence in a way that felt natural.

Turning into the parking lot, there were various spots left opened – because like Yoongi had anticipated, not many people were at the mall. They stepped through the automatic doors, a carousel the first thing to greet customers, and irritate parents, no doubt. Conveniently off to the side, was the floor directory. Yoongi skimmed over it, having not been to the mall in awhile. Luckily, the stores he wanted to take Taehyung to were still there.

“Have you ever shopped at Undercroft?” Yoongi asked him, although Taehyung didn’t seem like the type who would willingly buy from a high-end store. Not because he couldn’t afford it, rather that simply wasn’t the kind person he was – he was never inspired to do more for himself, as though he wasn’t worth it, living as a walking afterthought to himself, and that was partly the reason why he lacked confidence. Taehyung could be a billionaire and not feel justified enough to buy a decent outfit.

There were little tells though, in the way that Taehyung had outgrown his jeans by the way the material dug into his skin, the bottoms resting just above the lip of his shoes. The shoes – a pair of beat-up converses, the rubber pieces threatening to come off with each step. The shirts were usually a little difficult to decipher, bought in larger sizes, which he supposed worked, but it seemed like Taehyung was wearing clothes from high school. And today, with Taehyung’s blessing, he was going to make damn sure that he left with more than enough that he could throw them all away. To hell with nostalgia.

“To be honest, I’ve never heard of it,” was Taehyung’s shy response, trying to come around to the idea of being spoiled for one afternoon. He knew that he desperately needed new clothes, always too anxious to even think of spending money on it. This was a necessary push in the right direction. Also, there was something about the way Yoongi insisted on dressing him. The way he posed it made it seem like it was more of a bonding experience between submissive and dominant, which was easier for him to accept.

“It’ll make sense once you see it.” The statement itself was a little confusing. Why would it ‘make sense’, exactly? Taehyung had no idea until they were standing inside the shop, up on the third floor of the mall. It was like all the color had been stripped away, each clothing rack consisting of muted colors only, the fabric soft in Taehyung’s hands. It wasn’t a surprise how stylish, and expensive-looking everything was, reminding him of Yoongi’s usual attire, attractive and sophisticated – but for
a younger crowd. Perhaps, he wouldn’t feel quite so inadequate standing beside someone else at Void.

Okay, so maybe it did make a lot of sense.

“Let’s play dress up,” Taehyung murmured, more to himself, than to anyone in particular. He made real efforts not to look too closely at the price tags, knowing that it would probably make him feel nauseated, what with someone spending so much money on him. Yoongi, of all people.

Yoongi’s immediate interest was getting Taehyung into the back by the dressing rooms, except, it was like a luxurious VIP section, complete with a cream tufted rounded sofa, and a separate room for changing. It was a bit over the top, Taehyung thought – reminding himself again, that looking at the prices would ruin everything.

“I’m going to pick out a few things,” Yoongi said, the briefest of smirks tugging at the corners of his lips. Like he was ready to go and enjoy himself. Taehyung nodded, watching on until the door softly clicked shut. He should get himself inside the small changing room. To be honest, Taehyung always disliked shopping for clothes, especially when he was younger. He hated the smell of the oils on new fabric. It always gave him a headache.

Still, there was something exciting about this whole thing – Yoongi’s undivided attention, having to think solely about Taehyung, what he would look good in. What the dominant specifically wanted to see him in. Taehyung shut the door to the dressing room, feeling flustered at the thought that he’d probably be expected to model off these outfits for Yoongi.

Taehyung needed to calm down. He reached into his pocket for his phone, pulling up the KKT app:
they didn't have any rubber ducky chew toys at the store
sadness level has increased

Jecny Jecny Yes Papa
you're taking the duck jokes too far, my dude.

my...dude? who says that?

Jecny Jecny Yes Papa

Wednesday, February 6th, 2019

Jimin buys you clothes, right ?_?

Jecny Jecny Yes Papa
clothes, accessories, food...
Jin: Jumin buys you clothes, right? 😐

Jeony: Clothes, accessories, food...

Jin: And you just allow it? It's fine?

Jeony: He likes doing it. Says taking care of me is what he should be doing.

Also, in our contract it states that he can choose outfits.

He can also disapprove them. Hasn't happened yet. I'm waiting.
but I NEVER see you wearing what he gets you

No

but why?! fjsfjk gdi

I'm gonna be a bad boy, I gotta be a bad, bad boy.
wow, thanks, this was a helpful conversation!

Jeony Jeony Ye Papa

no, hyung, you just didn’t get to the point.

i’m at a mall, in a dressing room, waiting for yoongi to return with an entire wardrobe

Jeony Jeony Ye Papa

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=izGwDsrQleQ

George Michael - Careless Whi...
George Michael - Careless Whi...

www.youtube.com
Yoongi’s voice called from outside the door, startling Taehyung from his silly conversation with Jeongguk. “Hey, listen, I’ll have to hand these to you...is that alright?”

Taehyung wasn’t stripped down yet, so he had no qualms with coming out to take each hanger from the professor. Yoongi was meticulous with his choices, arranged in the order he wanted each piece to go on – watching as Taehyung placed each outfit on hooks in the changing room. There were several. Too many, if Taehyung allowed himself to dwell on it, but he didn’t. Because this was obviously going to make Yoongi happy. And in the end, him too.

“I’ll be right here,” Yoongi said, taking a seat on the sofa. Taehyung nodded, as he shyly made his way back into the changing room, pulling off his clothes. Lace, dark and white shirts. Fitted jeans, the majority of them distressed – and torn to hell. There was a specific pair that had fishnet beneath each of the holes. Also, there were many hats, caps and berets.

When Taehyung had come out wearing a black breton, he was eyeing the dominant suspiciously,
“Are you trying to expose my eyebrows or something?”

“You have a lovely face, Taehyung. It’d be a shame not to take full advantage,” Yoongi murmured, staring at the younger with fondness, and something else. A slight curl to Yoongi’s fingers, nails catching on the material of the sofa, audible to Taehyung’s ears.

“What are you thinking about right now…” he trailed, taking a deliberate step backwards towards the changing room, hoping that his skittishness wasn’t too apparent. “Seeing me in these clothes?”

“It’s not the clothes, Taehyung. It’s really not…and I think you already know that,” Yoongi answered, eyes unwavering – not willing to release Taehyung from the weight of his stare.

Knowing would mean admitting that Yoongi wanted him in general, no matter what, which wasn’t something he was ready to do just yet. “Oh,” he said, before rushing to try on the next outfit. Many of the tops Yoongi chose revealed his collarbones, or more. So much more. There were lots of sheer fabrics, mesh and silks that felt wonderful against his skin. By the time Taehyung was finished, they’d left the store with several outfits.

“Let’s stop in at Y’House,” Yoongi offered, because if anything, that was more Taehyung’s style. And although, Yoongi had bought him a comfortable amount of clothes for Void, or on days when he was feeling particularly edgy, Taehyung still needed more. “Also, I think I’ll backseat this time. You can choose whatever you’d like.”

Taehyung preferred Yoongi’s input. Now that he was on the spot, he felt incredibly shy again. He would undoubtedly look at the prices. Probably get one shirt and feel bad about it later. That was how he envisioned it going – the two of them stopping off at Kookhwa for two coffee milks, before they entered the store.

Fortunately for Taehyung, “backseat shopping” to Yoongi wasn’t much different. It was the same as the Undercroft, except this time Yoongi snatched shirts off the rack and held them up in front of Taehyung as he made his decisions.

“Not enough…” Yoongi squinted, as he eyed the collar, and Taehyung immediately knew he meant skin. Not enough shoulder. Not enough clavicle being shown.

Taehyung teased him, “Are you a vampire or something? My décolletage must always be on display.”

“I was thinking the same, you know,” Yoongi said, hanging the shirt back up. “After admiring so many necks, wrapping my hands around them, bleeding my submissives, maybe I really am. Do you think I should be stopped, Taehyung? Maybe we can have garlic chicken for dinner, see what happens.”

“I’d be the hunter if I paid for it?” Taehyung asked, finding a wonderful selection of oversized sweatshirts, and sweaters. Bless the winter season.

Yoongi watched on in fascination, taking in Taehyung’s choices – realizing that the boy must want to drown in his clothing. “Do you just want to feel small, Taehyung?”

“It’s comfortable, is all,” he said, knowing exactly what Yoongi was referring to, Jeongguk and Hoseok both having mentioned something similar. Although, without the more serious implication. It was usually a joking comment of, ‘have you seen Taehyung?’, when he was standing right beside them in a bundle of too many top layers that ended at his knees.

Yoongi would like to argue the contrary. That his angel enjoyed swimming in his clothes, to feel a
little bit...tiny. He picked up two packages of plain black and white shirts, “These are a must-have, believe your hyung. How are you on socks…disregard, silly question.”

“Believe my ‘hyung’,” Taehyung repeated, trying and failing to deflect all of the shirts Yoongi was pressing into his arms, followed by jeans. “Does this mean that I can stop calling you professor?”

“Don’t push it,” Yoongi said, coming to a halt in front of the jewelry, reminding him that Taehyung would be collared soon enough. And the more he looked at necklaces, the more the dominant was deeply satisfied with his choice for the younger. Yoongi could hardly wait. He touched his fingers to the delicate chains, before drifting over the pretty rings. Taehyung’s fingers were so beautiful. Any piece of jewelry would only compliment them. “Try some of these on for me.”

Taehyung was beginning to shake his head, “I couldn’t…” when Yoongi captured his wrist, the touch gentle enough to pull away from if he had wanted to – but he didn’t, allowing the elder to slide a ring down his finger. It was slim, elegant looking. Gold.

“Look at how beautiful your fingers are,” Yoongi said, speaking low and directly to him, and Taehyung wanted to find a hole in the ground, so that he could disappear. “So perfect…” Yoongi praised him, before reaching for another ring, the next with an opal in the middle, and then a third with a pearl. Yoongi was having too much fun now, thumb and forefinger holding onto three of Taehyung’s ring adorned fingers.

He stared up at the person manning the counter, “We’ll take all of these.” Once again, Taehyung decided he had selective hearing, and would not be freaking out over the cost of everything here.

Yoongi looked over at him, referring to the mountain of clothes in his arms, “Why don’t you go try those on?”

There were various examples of lead and follow throughout the day, Yoongi’s dominance shining through, even in situations such as these – Taehyung honestly had no idea it could be like this, that their dynamic would carry through so naturally doing mundane activities like shopping. He supposed it was naïve of him. This particular shop only had curtains for doors and it would take him ages to try on every single item. He chose the questionable fits, like the jeans, first. How Yoongi knew what would fit him, he had no idea, but Yoongi had managed to size him up better than he would’ve been able to himself.

“These too, angel,” Yoongi said, slipping three boxes beneath the curtain. Taehyung had wondered what he was doing, while he was trying on clothes. Looking for shoes, apparently.

“This is too much,” Taehyung sighed, although a part of him wondered if Yoongi got the sizes right for these, as well. He couldn’t be all-knowing could he? That type of shit didn’t exist. The first box was a pair of plain black Conversees, more durable than the ones he currently owned. They weren’t falling apart, for one. This box, along with the others, read the same, ‘270’, and it was ridiculous, because that was Taehyung’s exact size. What the fuck?

“How can you possibly know what will fit me?” Taehyung asked in a low-whisper, not expecting a response in return, but he got one anyway.

“How does your friend, Hoseok, give you proportions of every good looking person he sees?”

“But he’s an absolute pervert, so it’s different,” Taehyung laughed, the sound dying down after a few bubbles, that hadn’t been met with the same amusement on the other end.

Uhm.
After trying on the Converses, Taehyung opened the second box of shoes. It was a white and black athletic pair. He liked them a lot, actually. They were comfortable the moment he stepped into them. Lastly, the third box were a set of black boots, which he again – liked a hell of a lot. “It’s starting not to feel right,” Taehyung murmured, packing the shoes away, and folding his outfits over his arm. He shoved over the curtain, immediately locking eyes with Yoongi, “Let me pay for the shoes?”

“I’d really prefer it if you didn’t. Besides, didn’t we agree that you would buy dinner?” Yoongi was stepping into his space, words quiet and rough, and all Taehyung wanted to do was hang onto every word. Yoongi brushed back one side of Taehyung’s bangs, admiring how the strands fell to perfection. “Unless, maybe I should have my meal right here? I’m starting to get hungry after all.”

“Fine. Dinner – and you better feast like a king,” Taehyung grumbled, moving out of the changing room, otherwise he was certain something would happen; a kiss, a bite, or more – since Yoongi didn’t seem like the type to hold back on anything, even while in public. He’d held onto Taehyung’s side earlier, had the younger leaning into him and completely forgetting their surroundings. Taehyung had to bend down in order to nuzzle his face against the crook of Yoongi’s neck and shoulder, where it was warm, and smelled of his cologne.

The bags were becoming a bit difficult to carry, Yoongi opting to dump them all in his car, while Taehyung ordered the food. In regards on what to order, he’d been given a firm, ‘Really, I’ll eat anything, Taehyung.’ Apparently, the only thing Yoongi couldn’t make a solid decision on was food, thus forcing it upon Taehyung to call the shots. So, there he was, standing at the center of the food court, surrounded by at least ten different choices.

He went with an order of soy garlic drumsticks (Yoongi’s joking suggestion from earlier had planted the idea in his mind and now he couldn’t shake it) a large fry with green tea dipping sauce, and two cokes from one eatery. Then he opted to get stew and japchae from another. Was this going overboard? Taehyung knew he could house all of it by himself if needed, so probably not. Yoongi returned before the meal was ready, the two of them seated towards the middle, where he could easily see when his food was done.

“I forgot how much shopping exhausts me,” Taehyung said, rubbing at his tired eyes. He didn’t want to come off as ungrateful. “It was fun, I’ve just never tried on so many outfits in my life, nor have I ever been so spoiled.”

“Do you just not like it, or?” Yoongi asked, an arm over the back of his chair, relaxed.

“Which part? Shopping? No. Being spoiled…? Well, it’s the first time something like this has happened to me, so,” Taehyung murmured, unable to tell what he was feeling. There were aspects about this whole thing that was appealing. For one, Yoongi was older, and more fashionable. He knew what was in style. Yoongi also had money, which didn’t matter at all to Taehyung – Yoongi could be penniless and still have the same sway over him – but after battling his initial discomfort, he had to admit that it was nice to be able to shop without the restriction of prices. “I guess I do like it? But I don’t think I could tolerate it becoming a habit.”

Taehyung had to stop seeing Yoongi as boyfriend material. He had to stop, before it got bad. This was his dominant. They were bound by contract. Yoongi’s hair looked really soft today. Goddamn it, Taehyung.

The food was ready all at once, covering the entirety of the table which was small to begin with. Yoongi didn’t even seem surprised by the selection, didn’t make any sort of comment besides a small smirk when he spotted the chicken, except to thank Taehyung for the meal. And it was maybe a little
odd of Taehyung, but he discovered that he enjoyed watching Yoongi eat. He liked that he was the one to take care of him and perhaps it was a similar sort of contented feeling Yoongi had today, while buying him way, way too many clothes.

There was nothing left by the time they were finished, Taehyung wondering if Yoongi had cleaned his plate, because it was the polite thing to do, and he was all about manners. As if to solidify what Taehyung believed, the professor pressed a napkin to the corners of his lips, the action prim, and proper. Taehyung wanted to laugh, but he held it in.

Clearing the trays, they started walking the familiar path towards the exit. Halfway through the first floor, Taehyung’s phone went off. It was probably Jeongguk. Their conversation hadn’t completely been finished, anyway. Taehyung checked, sliding his phone to unlock.

It wasn’t a KKT message. It was a text from a number that he recognized belonging to one of his parents. Judging from the contents of the message, as well as the many drunk typos, it was obvious which one.

**From:** 053-340-XXXX

Awwwwwww, bbby bear, always knew you were a fag8ot. Do’n t want2 see you or your boyfrfriend’s face agani spect to hear fromm our lawyers soonn

Taehyung made a soft, little broken noise – shaking his head as he read over the words a second, and then a third time, disbelieving. How ugly things had turned. It didn’t take very long, before Yoongi picked up on it. Taehyung was two seconds away from bumping into a metal trash can, when the elder grabbed him by the arm. He didn’t allow Taehyung to take another step.

“What’s wrong?” Yoongi asked him, turning so that he was standing in Taehyung’s way. He lowered his eyes to the phone in Taehyung’s hand. It was being handed to him. The screen was unlocked and opened up to a text message. The elder took it in for a moment. It wasn’t usual for Yoongi to feel strong levels of rage. No – blind rage wasn’t useful, especially in this situation. Not even on his worst days. Yoongi had to stay cool and in control.

However, reading over the homophobic slur had scratched at Yoongi’s patience, clawed and festered, seeing the way it was currently hurting Taehyung. Working at Void, being in the BDSM scene, taking on mostly male clients, he’d heard plenty in his time. But not Taehyung and certainly not from his supposed family. Even after cutting them off, the wound was still fresh.

“I need to make a call,” Yoongi said, the calm tone of his voice betrayed by the dark, stormy look in his eyes. Taehyung could tell that he was angry, but he was holding it in. He handed Taehyung’s phone back to him. “First, come here…” Taehyung allowed Yoongi to pull him in close, the dominant’s hand running over his back in a hug he had desperately needed, but wouldn't have been able to ask for on his own.

“You’re shaking,” Taehyung breathed, trying to steady Yoongi by holding onto him tighter.

“It’s nothing. Why don’t you go into Play Mode and find something practical that you could use?” At that, Taehyung turned to see that the store was literally right behind him, and – just from a single glance, he could tell it was a gag store that would be littered with pop culture, and weird specialty items. Taehyung was going to assume that Yoongi’s offer was more like a challenge, because what could possibly be deemed as useful?

“Okay,” Taehyung nodded, drawing back far enough so that he was staring down at Yoongi, the fire in his eyes having dimmed, if only momentarily. “Come find me after?”
Of course, Yoongi would – he had no idea why he was even asking him. He entered the shop. The first thing his eyes picked up on were stress balls in the shape of testicals. Hard candies and lollipops that were in the shape of dicks, and gummies that were definitely breasts. Beyond that was a selection of vibrators that were meant to be discreet. How or why they were next to an assortment of pool flamingos, Taehyung had no idea.

Nothing was really catching his eye. Cotton candy lubes, handcuffs... Practical, Yoongi had said. Deadpool socks! No, bad, Taehyung. Over towards the back, there were party games and Disney fleece blankets, and just when Taehyung found himself appreciating what he’d assumed was the home décor section, another questionable item appeared. This time it was a selection of anal toys consisting of bunny and fox tails, silicone and glass, jeweled and ribbed, but Taehyung found himself taking in one that was smooth.

He felt ridiculous, looking at these items – finding himself curious, wondering how it'd feel to have something inside, filling up that space that longed to be touched. His stomach clenched just from the thought of it. Practical. Yoongi didn’t want him using his fingers or anything else, that’s what he told Taehyung over the phone last week, when he’d gotten off to Yoongi’s voice, words hot and filthy.

Insertable length, 2.5 inches – black, smooth silicone with an onyx jewel. Hypoallergenic. Lube would probably be logical in this case. He grabbed a tube without looking, flustered by what he was about ready to do, and took a moment to get over his unwanted nerves, and apprehension about buying both items, mentally telling himself that the people who worked there were probably used to it by now. It was their job to sell these things. There was nothing to be ashamed of and shame was a big part of Taehyung’s problem. He felt too much of it. The cashier seemed friendly enough, taking Taehyung’s card to swipe it for him.

Yoongi showed up just as Taehyung’s purchases were being bagged, catching sight of what it was with a low chuckle, “That's interesting.”

He’d been on the phone with a close friend, a renowned lawyer back in Seoul. Personally, he felt bad for disclosing such intimate details, but he had to know if Taehyung’s parents could actually do anything against the younger. Like he’d assumed, there was no case. Yoongi would’ve been content with having it end there, but he had to make sure.

‘Write a letter as my attorney. If they don’t stop harassing Taehyung, threaten to take legal action,’ Yoongi instructed, blood simmering from its boil. His friend’s promise to take care of it were the words he needed in that moment. Taehyung would be safe. ‘And Siwon...? Don’t be kind. They don’t deserve it.’

‘How can I, when the last time I showed leniency to anyone, you chewed me out,’ Siwon laughed, spinning a pen atop his finger. ‘It’s no secret how much you dislike it when someone is being weak, Yoongi.’

“I’m proud of you,” Yoongi said, leaving the store – remaining close, shoulders bumping into one another every so often. “I’m sure it wasn’t easy for you to make that purchase. An adult toy and all, though I distinctly remember telling you that you aren’t to play with yourself, unless—”

“Unless you’re the one to play with me,” Taehyung finished for him, voice quieting. “It’s practical, I think, since the plug is for beginners, and that’s what I am.”

Yoongi was quick, “Yeah, in every way possible, but I like it. You have no one to compare me to, Taehyung.” It was ideal, in a way that had come entirely unexpected. He, as well as other dominants typically felt the same way on the topic of training virgins. Being inexperienced in BDSM was one
thing, but being a virgin, while being trained could be risky. Yoongi had been set in his way of thinking. He truly believed that Taehyung should be loved and cherished for his first time. Taehyung was a good boy, that’s what he deserved, but there wasn’t any viable reason as to why Yoongi couldn’t provide that as his dominant. In order to protect Taehyung from placing himself in another compromising situation, while in a poor attempt to grab his attention, Yoongi took a leap just to discover that he should have made the jump to begin with, because now – now he was beginning to realize just how much he liked it.

Aside from that, and perhaps most importantly, the rather ugly, possessive side of Yoongi was enjoying the thought of being Taehyung’s only – more and more, as time went on.

Taehyung was about ready to roll his eyes, when he spotted something from out of his peripheral vision – a store lit up with pink, pink, pink. The drapery behind the glass, pink. There were display mannequins poised in the front windows. Floral laced bralettes and panties, with pink boas draped around their shoulders, and forearms. It was so pretty. Would Yoongi like it if he was pretty? The thought didn’t seem unreasonable.

It brought him back to Yoongi’s earlier question. Did Taehyung like feeling small? Would he enjoy looking pretty? His mind flashed back to the text he had received. What would his father think of him, then? Dressed in lace, while getting fucked by his college professor. Homophobic asshole. Taehyung didn’t even know if he was gay or not. He knew he liked Yoongi, a lot. Gender didn’t particularly matter to him. And yeah, maybe he was entertaining the idea of wearing lingerie. So what?

Yoongi followed Taehyung’s gaze, having slowed in step with him. He was looking at a store called La Lovely, a well-established franchise known for its pricey lingerie. Taehyung couldn’t possibly be interested? He wasn’t that perfect. It was too soon. Yoongi could handle watching Taehyung model outfits for him all day, but not this. Still, it would be a big step for the younger, if he was interested.

He decided to try some reverse psychology, to test the waters, wondering if Taehyung would rise to the bait. “Mm, lingerie? I don’t think you’re ready for that yet. Maybe in a few months we can revisit the idea? You still have some maturing to do, Taehyung.” He could see the way the younger tensed at that, scoffing at his comment, “My little tiger has been brave all day. Let me spoil him and care for him, but I can tell when he’s met his limit.”

“No I wanna go in,” Taehyung said, starting off in that direction. He looked over his shoulder, being absurdly coy about it – seeing if Yoongi was following after him. Taehyung smiled victoriously to find that he was, the proverbial tables having been turned, “You’re only the boss of me during our appointments, hyung. Until then, you should be obedient to me.”

“Oh? It was nice that Taehyung was in a good mood, despite the text he’d received, but Yoongi might end up killing him. Then, what? Now that Yoongi thought about it, he’d been very obedient to Taehyung. All dominants were slaves, more or less. Begging for their submissives to allow them their freedoms. Permission to take. And Taehyung wanted to be had, he could tell. The younger’s bravery tended to flare like a fever. Last night when he’d claimed to be ‘ready’, buying himself a plug, and now walking into a lingerie store. All the while, running his pretty little mouth.

Yeah, let it run.

Let Taehyung see where it gets him.

The store smelled like apricots. Their perfume section probably the source, and Taehyung skimmed the shelf, thinking of how much Jeongguk would enjoy the scent of, ‘Sweet Drizzle’. It was light and
pretty, the glass bottle in the shape of a raindrop. There were plentiful tester lotions, finding a warm, peachy fragrance among them that was heavenly. Bath salts and bombs were set out in baskets. It would be perfect for an aftercare kit.

“Pick whatever you like, angel,” came the rich gravel of Yoongi’s voice, offering to pay again.

“Would it really be okay? It’s not a necessity,” Taehyung murmured, brushing his fingers over the fragrance vials.

“Since you want it,” Yoongi said, leaning so that he was looking over the younger’s shoulder, taking in what Taehyung was interested in buying, speaking close to his ear, “Sometimes, it’s good to indulge ourselves with simple pleasures. It’s a small happiness. Isn’t that what’s truly necessary?”

Taehyung realized then, that Yoongi could probably talk him in or out of anything, which was a dangerous thought. How could one person have so much power? He reached for the Black Amber and Lavender bath bombs. Just these. No more, Taehyung told himself.

“Rose hip would be good for you,” Yoongi suggested, taking the tube of bath salts from the basket, and handing it to Taehyung. And then Yoongi, as well as his warmth, was gone from his side.

The clothing in this particular store consisted of bras, panties, lingerie – nightwear. There was a wide assortment, appealing to everyone’s interests, Taehyung would think. Whomever was into leather, lace, or cotton. The design and materials of some of the sets were extraordinary to him. The body suits, especially. He’d found a black number in the ‘suspenders’ section. It was a high-neck halter top with a suspender belt made up of sheer laced mesh with polka dot print – thick garter links at the bottom of it. One of Taehyung’s favorite parts was at the collar, where there was a thick, elegant bow. A matching pair of panties were also being sold separately, made of the same mesh fabric.

It might look nice on him…

He took them both off the rack and turned to Yoongi to get his opinion, finding the dominant over by a display of bondage inspired lingerie. Intricate and strappy. The set he was eyeing up was fire engine red – deciding on it, when he took it down from the wall. Taehyung felt as his heart sped up, excitement washing over him again, at the prospect of Yoongi choosing something specific for him.

Soon, Taehyung was next to him, “That’s very red.”

“And that has polka dots,” Yoongi countered, although he couldn’t help, but admire Taehyung’s choice. The younger sighed at the criticism, taking the hanger from Yoongi. He was determined to not look at anything else in the store.

Mission failed on his way to the dressing rooms, getting sidetracked by stockings, wondering if he’d fit in them. He snagged a pair to try on, despite the fact that he’d have to pay for them once he opened the package. As much as Taehyung would have liked for that to absolutely have been it, there was a skirted suspender lingerie piece on display. New to the collection. Silk leavers lace adorned with Swarovski crystals and black satin-bound straps. It had a cage-like silhouette. Taehyung had forgone the bralette, only interested in the panties, and suspenders.

The fitting room offered more privacy than Y’s House, but less privacy than the Undercroft. There were rows of rooms and pink velour benches. Taehyung deliberately walked towards the furthest door, because even though the place was relatively empty, he was still a man in what was primarily a store for women. Yoongi didn’t seem in the least bit perturbed by it, taking his seat on the bench, one leg folded over the other.
“Before you head in there,” Yoongi started, unsure of how to not make this awkward, or wind up accidentally hurting Taehyung’s feelings. “You should know that I don’t want you to model the lingerie for me. Instead, I want to anticipate it, for when we play. Only call if you need my help, is that clear?”

That seemed fair. Taehyung saluted him, “Clear. I’ll try to be quick.”

Taehyung closed the door and started getting undressed for what felt like the millionth time today. The first logical step, to him, was to put the stockings on first. He tore into the package champagne and black, feeling the material between his fingertips. It was really soft.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” Taehyung admitted, giving a shake of his head.

On the other side of the door, he heard Yoongi respond, “Neither can I, to be honest. Why are you going so hard these days?”

“It’s what you bring out of me,” Taehyung answered, not as intimidated when there was a barrier between them. Safer. “You keep calling me brave, but I’m not convinced that it was all me. You influence a lot of what I’ve done. What I’m doing…” He slid each stocking up, pleased that the size seemed to fit well-enough. All he could think about was how Jeongguk repeatedly bemoaned how he’d done so little to deserve how thick his thighs were, whereas Jeongguk ran miles and spent however long at the gym each day just to maintain his own.

“How well you handle things, that isn’t my influence. Your willingness to try new things, to let me into the dark corners of your life, that isn’t me either.” The argument that took place between the younger and his parents still replayed at the back of Yoongi’s mind. He’d learned what happened to Taehyung’s grandmother. It was no wonder, he didn’t like storms, or his loved ones driving in them. Personally, even with Taehyung’s anxiety, and fears, Yoongi thought he might be braver, than even himself.

“You help make it bearable, though,” Taehyung said, trying on the red lingerie first, when halfway through pulling the top down, he got stuck. Finally, something Yoongi didn’t know – Taehyung’s measurements for lingerie. “The one you chose doesn’t fit. I think I’ll need a size or two up.”

Taehyung placed the lingerie back on its hanger and hung it up on the outside. It was gone a moment later, with Yoongi returning with another. This time, the fit was precise. Taehyung turned towards the floor length mirror, enjoying how the material clung to his hips. The top itself without a cup, the straps fastened around his chest – careful to avoid his piercings.

“It’s perfect now…betcha wish you could see it,” Taehyung teased, before he started removing each article, trying to ignore the price tag reflecting triple digits. That was probably the worst part of shopping today. How Yoongi wanted him to have the best of everything, therefore the most expensive, although Taehyung was taking liberties now.

“All in good time,” Yoongi said, glaring hard at the door, as though Taehyung would be able to feel it. He could tell that the younger was growing comfortable throughout their vacation. Dropping the formalities, talking back. Not being careful. Testing Yoongi at every turn, whether he realized it or not.

The skirted lace suspenders were absolutely gorgeous, especially with the panties, and the stockings. The waistband of the belt was set perfectly above his navel – the many frills and crystals too much, but in the best possible way. Alright, so maybe Taehyung liked looking pretty like this, for himself, and eventually for Yoongi. For once, he was appreciating the shape of his body, and the soft curves of his stomach. He might even be feeling a bit more confident: the power of lingerie.
Lastly, Taehyung tried on the matching halter top with the suspender belt, and panties. A soft hiss escaped when the fabric brushed over the silver jewelry of his sensitive nipple piercing. A chill of pleasure spiked through him, sending a pulse to his cock. He clipped the satin straps to the stockings. The back needed to be zipped up – something he was able to do himself, relieved that it fit, considering how broad his shoulders were… There was a clasp for the bow around his neck, a task that he was also capable of accomplishing without the help of Yoongi.

But, he wanted Yoongi.

He wanted Yoongi to see how pretty he was…

Signing his own death warrant, Taehyung made a decision, “Hyung, I need help. There’s a zipper and clasp at the back of this top.”

“The polka dotted one?” Yoongi snickered, standing up to assist Taehyung – he even went as far as to knock gently, before he opened the door. What he’d been expecting to see was Taehyung with his back turned. His plan was to keep his eyes focused on the zipper, and get out, but that wasn’t the sight he was greeted with – **no**.

Taehyung was leaned against the wall, both arms behind his back with his wrists crossed. Yoongi briefly wondered if Taehyung knew it was a submissive pose. **Unlikely**, but he appreciated the sentiment all the same. The outfit Taehyung had picked out had seemed simple at first glance. What a mistake to have assumed. Yoongi could see everything through the mesh – inches of Taehyung’s flushed skin, nipple jewelry glinting against the harsh lighting. Fully exposed, despite the layers. Yoongi trailed his eyes down Taehyung’s body, woefully captivated and stunned into silence. He made an obvious pause at the sheer material of Taehyung’s panties, where his cock was still soft, and trapped against his lower stomach.

Yoongi swallowed thickly, wondering if this would be his breaking point. If Taehyung’s smooth, golden thighs encased in stockings, filling the fabric out to its capacity, would be enough to toss his self-control out the proverbial window. The suspender straps were barely keeping the stockings in place, Taehyung was so thick.

“Are you going to help me?” Taehyung asked, tongue peeking out to anxiously wet his lips. It was a bad habit, an obvious sign of his nerves.

Yoongi eyes flashed at him, abruptly returning to the moment, “Help you? I don’t think so, Taehyung.”

“But…” Taehyung faltered, the tension in the small room a tangible, and unsettling heaviness. Taehyung could hardly bear it. Was he being rejected again?

“What was that outside, telling me that I’m to be obedient to you?” Yoongi asked, the expression on his face less than amused, eyes observing him, darkly.

Taehyung held in a shiver, acutely aware of the cool air hitting his skin, “Aren’t you?”

“Oh, you poor thing…” Yoongi laughed short, turning to shut and lock the door. The gentle click was so definitive, the action suggesting that Taehyung was about to get exactly what he wanted from this – if his plan went accordingly. “All day long, you’ve been uncharacteristically mouthy, but it was just a game, wasn’t it?”

Taehyung wasn’t going to waste their time denying it, “Yes.”
“It wouldn’t be the first time you’ve been in this position, I should have known you would have taken this as another opportune moment for voyeurism. Remember how fast you came at school? Your pants had a damp spot right about here,” Yoongi said, trailing his fingers along his own thigh, showing him. Taehyung released his lip from his teeth, humiliated by the memory – Yoongi could tell, that’s why he enjoyed using it, “If you’re going to challenge me, Taehyung, don’t forget that I’m the one who makes the rules. It’s very simple. Come, and it’s game over. Show me that you can behave, and I’ll reward you. Do you agree with these terms?”

Taehyung nodded, slowly, “I do. Obviously.”

“Obviously,” Yoongi echoed back, the words bitter on his tongue. Taehyung had a lot to learn – not quite past the basics, it would seem. Where were those impeccable manners Yoongi often found himself admiring? Although unexpected, Yoongi wasn’t entirely upset at the turn of events, and his eyes glittered darkly as he considered the possibilities. “We’re going to treat this as a session. With that in mind, feel free to make use of the safeword should you wish for me to stop.”

Taehyung rolled his eyes, for what must’ve been the fifth time, not that Yoongi was (absolutely) keeping count. Unfortunately for the younger, that was when the last hint of his self-restraint snapped, closing the space between them in all of two strides, a hand resting above the lovely bow around Taehyung’s neck. He was about to free his arms, when Yoongi tightened his grip, “Don’t even think about it. No. You’re very pretty like this, Taehyung.”

“But I want to touch–” the rest of Taehyung’s sentence died in his throat, as Yoongi steadily applied more pressure – literally stealing his words, and breath away.

“Boys without manners, what good are they? What use do I have for you as a submissive, if you’re rolling your eyes, and talking back to me?” Yoongi leaned into him, their hips pressed together firmly. The scratchy material of the lingerie made every brush of Yoongi’s clothes feel rough against his skin, the friction enough to make Taehyung tremble.

He slid his hand from Taehyung’s throat, watching as the younger panted for fresh intakes of air. Yoongi had expected for Taehyung to continue on with being a brat, not anticipating the breathy laugh that came from the boy – and the sound was like windchimes on a light breeze, soft, but deep, and oh so pretty to Yoongi’s ears. Then Taehyung grew more serious, “Please, I wanna be good for you, sir.”

Yoongi was still slightly taken aback. “You say you want to, but given what you’ve already pulled today, I find it difficult to believe. That’s why I’m giving you the chance to prove it, you’ll have to work for it though. So, to start with, why don’t you try thanking me.”

“Thank you–” Taehyung breathed, abruptly cut-off by Yoongi’s mouth against his own – the force of impact sending his head against the wall with a dull thud. Perfect. A flick of the dominant’s tongue and Taehyung was parting his lips, humming softly at the back of his throat as Yoongi began the slow process of dismantling him, piece by stubborn piece. He desperately wanted to uncross his wrists and pull Yoongi closer, but instinct told him the kiss was probably a fucking trap.

Yoongi was already pulling away, “From now on, this is how you should thank me, with a kiss, so I can feel how much you mean it.” And the moment, it had such potential to be sweet, when Yoongi lowered his head, and started nipping at the thin material covering Taehyung’s chest, avoiding his nipples, which were practically aching to be touched ever since they had mostly felt healed from being pierced. Instead, the sensitive skin surrounding them was being teased, teeth catching on mesh – when Taehyung heard a rip.

“No, no, no…” Taehyung gasped, trying to step off the wall when Yoongi gripped both his arms,
and firmly shoved him back against the surface. He sounded desperate, trying to keep his voice low, despite his distress, “It’s nearly five-hundred thousand won, you can’t!”

A lifetime of frugality and, more recently, the years of living in fear that his parents might figure out a way to take away everything, had ingrained such a deep awareness of expense in Taehyung, that this blatant disregard of consequence was threatening to pull him out of the haze of arousal and submission that he had been sliding into. But it seemed like Yoongi wasn’t willing to let that happen.

“Can’t? Well, in that case,” Yoongi murmured, listlessly, tearing the fabric at its center – Taehyung’s hands immediately atop of the dominant’s, but it was too late. From his neck to his midsection, the halter piece was destroyed – and the grip that had just ruined something so expensive, and delicate was now grabbing at the sides of his face, forcing Taehyung to stare down into Yoongi’s dark, cat-like eyes. He brought Taehyung so close, that their mouths were less than an inch away from brushing, when he smirked, “Now tell me thank you.”

Taehyung still wasn’t over the initial shock of what Yoongi had just done, but he found himself pushing it aside for the sake of ‘behaving’, and kissed him soft, and lingeringly. He felt another piece of the rigid barrier of fear, and doubt, and expectations, that he had erected so long ago fall away, as he accepted Yoongi’s complete control of the situation. And it wasn’t as scary as he thought, he trusted that Yoongi knew what he was doing, wouldn’t let anything bad happen to Taehyung because of it. Still though...it was a bit of a shame – the fabric had been truly beautiful.

“I really liked this one,” Taehyung said mournfully, when the kiss ended, falling back against the wall as Yoongi’s hands began mapping out his body. It was possessive in nature, like claiming control over a territory – gripping him, more than caressing, but that was how Taehyung liked it. Soft gasps escaping him, once the aggravation faded, allowing himself to be swept up in the moment.

“You can keep its tattered pieces as a reminder,” Yoongi reconciled, a sharp edge to his tone – making it obvious that he wasn’t genuinely apologetic about it. Why should he be, when he’d purposefully tore it, and he would be the one paying for it? “A reminder as to who is in control – right now, and always, if you let me. See, the real reason why I didn’t want you trying on lingerie in front of me, was because I knew the second I saw you, I’d want to ruin you. Tear you up like I did this pretty top, because the prettier you are, the worse it’ll be, and sweetheart, you’ve never looked more beautiful.”

Taehyung was unable to breathe, or think anymore. What did that mean for him, exactly? The anticipatory fear he felt wasn’t a bad one. In fact, it was thrilling. It reminded him of his conversations with Jeongguk, when he didn’t understand why the younger wanted to be punished. But if stepping out of line will incur this side of Yoongi, then he could see the appeal, and he wanted more of it.

This whole time the deceptively plain Play Mode bag had been sitting in the corner of the dressing room, taunting Yoongi with the knowledge of its contents, the possibilities of what he could do with them now, if Taehyung would let him. Making a decision, he quickly went over and picked it up, so that soon he was standing in front of Taehyung again. He observed the younger for any apprehensions over what he was undoubtedly thinking of doing, right there in the changing room.

Taehyung’s eyes widened in surprise, once the realization struck him, but Yoongi didn’t find any outright rejection. Instead, he noticed the way Taehyung's breathing had hitched, expression darkening with nervous anticipation, as he stared at the bag. It was as good a reaction as he could have hoped for, considering they could get banned, or worse, for ruining the clothing, or even public indecency. The store had been almost empty when they were shopping before, but still it would be
irresponsible for Yoongi to place Taehyung in this situation. That’s why the punishment would have to be quick.

He took out the package with the plug, opening it with ease. In terms of the size, shape, and even the material it was made of, “You chose the right one.” But then Yoongi pulled out the lube, eyebrows furrowing as he read the label. “Not sure if you were trying to be cute, or if you genuinely had no idea what you picked out.” He showed Taehyung the bottle, a brand called Sweet Licks, the flavor, ‘Strawberry Shortcake’. Instead of laughing like Yoongi assumed was going to happen, however, Taehyung covered his face with both hands, embarrassed.

“You were probably so flustered,” he said, getting down to his knees on the floor, as he took the plastic off the scented lubricant, and set the plug on top of its package. Taehyung couldn’t look – startling when a hand went to the back of his thigh. “Cute, but it’s only going to get worse from here,” Yoongi told him, being honest, “You should probably stop being so pretty. Hands down, angel.”

Taehyung was reluctant to obey at first, before he remembered himself – remembered that he said he was going to behave, in order to receive his reward. He lowered his arms down, eyes widening slightly to see Yoongi kneeled in front of him, face mere centimeters away from his cock, which was fully erect by now, peeking out from the frilly hem of the see-through panties he was wearing. There was a bead of precum nestled against the slit, evidence of how overwhelmed and beyond turned on Taehyung was...

“Maybe you like feeling humiliated, Taehyung?” Yoongi accused, bringing his other hand behind Taehyung’s opposite thigh, holding them both. The stockings were smooth, as he stroked his fingers up and down, watching as Taehyung dropped slightly, before catching himself. He was incredibly sensitive, teeth worrying his bottom lip. They didn’t have much time – which was a shame, since Yoongi could spend quite a bit of time like this, roughly grabbing at Taehyung’s thighs, sending him off-balance.

“Y-yes, I...like it,” Taehyung whispered, thickly, unable to be anything but honest at this point.

“Sluts like you usually do,” said Yoongi in a biting whisper, sliding his hands over Taehyung’s ass – jiggling both cheeks in his palms. Taehyung made an unintelligible sound at that, practically squeaking. “Even here, where anyone walking by can hear you, and we can easily get caught. So depraved, Taehyung, when all along, I thought you were an angel – my perfect boy, but...” Yoongi gripped the flimsy material of Taehyung’s panties, nails blunt when they tore through the back of them. “…You’re really just a greedy little slut, wanting all of my attention, whether it’s good or bad.”

“You have to stop...doing that...” Taehyung gasped, bringing his hands down to feel over the rip, when Yoongi captured his wrists, forcibly pinning them against his lower back.

He peered up at Taehyung through strands of his dark bangs, the atmosphere growing headier, and tense. “Don’t move them again.” He gave Taehyung’s wrists a firm squeeze, before he pulled back, situating himself closer between Taehyung’s legs. Patting his left shoulder, Yoongi instructed him, “Put your thigh here.” When the younger hiked up his leg, Yoongi helped ease it over, so that Taehyung’s heel was pressing into his back.

“Comfortable?” he asked, grabbing the lubricant, and pouring a generous amount of the thick, sticky liquid into his palm. Taehyung’s reply was a soft murmur of, ‘yes, sir’, barely audible. The strong scent of strawberries hit them both. Yoongi smirked, endeared by Taehyung’s choice, mistake or not.

It was unfortunate, but Yoongi didn’t have time to warm the lube in his hands, which was something he typically did – instead, he braced a hand on Taehyung’s thigh, keeping the younger steadied for
the shock he was about to feel, when he pressed his cool fingers between the pert, rounded cheeks of Taehyung’s ass. He jumped slightly at the sensation, waiting with a hint of impatience for when Yoongi would inevitably push into him. He’d wanted it for so long, an eternity it’d felt like, as dramatic as it sounded.

There were customers now – Taehyung could hear them nearby, two to three women commenting about the lack of variety on the discount rack. There was no way Yoongi didn’t pick up on them, but he wasn’t deterred from his current objective, pressing the pad of his pointer finger against Taehyung’s hole.

He squirmed, teeth buried into his bottom lip when he felt the heat from Yoongi’s mouth against his inner thigh, tongue soaking through the thin fabric. The sight nearly killed him, watching the dominant nuzzle into the apex of thigh and hip, before he nipped at the tender skin there – a small noise escaping, Taehyung suffering. They would hear – they were going to hear him, and yet he selfishly wanted more. It was several teasing strokes over his sensitive rim, of the barely there pressure, when Yoongi started easing a finger in, stopping at the first knuckle.

The hot pressure Taehyung felt filling him up was odd at first – something he’d have to get used to, although the ache in his stomach was appeased by the stimulation. A sharp pinch of Yoongi’s teeth made his hips stutter forward, the dominant sinking his finger in deeper the moment Taehyung reacted, at the second knuckle now. The mixture of pain and pleasure blurring, as each open-mouthed kiss against Taehyung’s skin came with a sharp little bite. The anticipation of it had him shaking, when Yoongi pressed his mouth to the flat, soft skin of Taehyung’s stomach.

“A-ah,” Taehyung cried, softly, as Yoongi marked him. “Please…more…”

Yoongi loved masochists.

They didn’t have to be trained to associate pain with pleasure.

For them, it was **automatic.**

Despite Taehyung having just risked it all to beg, Yoongi kept his pace – carefully, and thoroughly stretching him. Taehyung whimpered, sucking in his stomach whenever Yoongi grew closer to his erection, mouth missing it each time to land elsewhere, “Mm, your cock is so pretty, baby. An obedient hyung would swallow it, until it was soft, hm? That’s too bad.” The tip was flushed a deep shade of red, the precum by now having leaked where it was pressed between his lower abdomen and the lacey hem of his panties.

The slide of Yoongi’s finger was easy, in and out to the third knuckle, finally – teasing back and forth between his pointer and middle digits, before they were thrusting alongside each other, Taehyung’s body shaking. The discomfort only lasted a full minute, Yoongi incessantly rubbing, and parting his fingers along Taehyung’s walls, stretching him – the squelching sounds of each intrusion, **obscene.**

“That feels…” Taehyung whispered, before a spark of pleasure hit deep, coursing through him like a harsh chill – unlike anything he’d ever felt, more intense. Another experimental press of Yoongi’s fingers and Taehyung’s eyes were closed, hands curling into tight fists behind him. “Ah…ah… fuck…”

“I found it, didn’t I? Your sweet spot…” Yoongi mused, as he curled two slender digits right where Taehyung needed them, tearing a guttural moan from his throat. The chattering from outside having stopped for a beat, as though the women were listening carefully now – but Yoongi hadn’t paused, continuing with his onslaught, as though Taehyung was nothing more than a toy. A toy that made
pretty noises for him. Taehyung's mouth was open in a silent scream, feeling his legs beginning to quake – ready to fall – ready to come, when Yoongi slowly, and carefully withdrew each finger.

Yoongi tsked, “I think they heard you, Taehyung.”

Taehyung released a shaky breath, head thrown back against the wall – chest heaving, as he fought to calm down, and regain control of himself. He’d completely forgotten about the plug, when he saw Yoongi uncapping the bottle, and pouring the lubricant over the tapered tip. With the firm grip on the younger’s thigh, he held Taehyung still. If they were overheard, if the staff were so much as keeping track of their time, then Yoongi had none at all – the muscles in Taehyung’s leg jumping when he felt the silicone brushing against his tender hole.

It was a smaller, beginner’s size type of plug, the bulbous part of the toy less than the width of his two fingers. Taehyung would be able to handle it with all the prepping he’d done. Yoongi started pushing the plug in, and was immediately met with resistance. “Relax, angel…” he cooed, placing a kiss against one of the marks he’d left against Taehyung’s stomach. “You’re being so good for me, and you haven’t come yet. You must really want to be rewarded…”

Taehyung bit his lip, Yoongi not going any further, until his walls were unclenched – the moment they were, the silicone slid home, the jewel resting against his rim. No time to play, no time to even admire, Yoongi gently placed Taehyung’s leg back down. The room smelled of fresh strawberries. He grabbed the lube and packaging from the floor, tossing it back inside the Play Mode bag.

“You’re just going to leave me like this?” Taehyung asked, voice low and incredulous. There was no way he could walk without his cock painfully chafing, or anyone else spotting his erection.

“Yes,” Yoongi said, tilting his head, curious, because in what realm did Taehyung not have this coming? “You ran your mouth and brought me in here, when I told you not to, unless you needed help. You constantly talk back to me. You pick and choose when to apply mannerisms. Yes, Taehyung. This is your punishment, one that shouldn’t even come with the opportunity to be rewarded. You should be thanking me.”

“Go to hell,” Taehyung trembled, turning towards the wall as a shiver of pleasure rang throughout his body. The plug felt really good, rubbing against him with every bit of movement. The test hadn’t been Yoongi’s fingers, but it was this, right here. Fuck.

Yoongi deadpanned, pink tongue wetting his lips, “Sure, Taehyung. Will you be there, spreading your legs for me?”

Taehyung looked over at him, the expression on his face one of complete loathing. He chose to ignore the comment, as shaking hands worked on the clasp of the bow, and then drew the zipper down the length of his spine. The lingerie was completely ruined and they were probably going to think he did it. He was about to put the piece on the hanger, when he laughed, angrily – letting it drop to the floor. What was the point? Yoongi picked it up with the hand that hadn’t been soiled, collecting the top, as well as the other two outfits, and the stockings.

The younger wasn’t brave enough to throw the tattered panties at Yoongi, but he wanted to – chuck them right at his infuriatingly smug face. It was absolutely devastating, how attractive he was, even now when Taehyung was so clearly pissed off at him. Must be the universe working against him, as it so often did. He handed the panties over to Yoongi, the heat coursing through his veins keeping him from being ashamed or shy about his current state of undress. He slid his briefs up over his legs, eyes shutting briefly when the fabric grazed over the plug, and then again when it settled against his swollen cock.
Yoongi left the changing room, sitting on the bench outside Taehyung’s door. Not even three minutes later, one of the staff had walked on over to check in. She was a little timid in her approach, easy, when Yoongi cut her off, “He should be out any moment.” She bowed, somewhat anxiously, before leaving him. It was for her own good right about now. There was a wild tiger in the fitting room.

Taehyung opened the door, back to being buried under his many layers – sweat beading against his forehead, like he was ridden with fever, but the truth was between himself and Yoongi. He had the Play Mod bag over his front, further hiding his condition from view.

Yoongi stood to leave the changing area with him, quickly shooting his hand out, when Taehyung stumbled forward. He steadied the younger by his arm, “I want to handle checkout myself, in case there’s a problem. Will you be okay walking to the carousel?”

“Yeah, you should handle it,” Taehyung snapped, beyond frustrated. On top of it all, he was overheated – a melting pot, ready to boil over. “It’ll take me forever, but I’m sure I can manage. Thanks.” Just as Taehyung was taking a step forward, Yoongi brought him backwards, not ready to release him.

Words low, and teasing, “That’s not much of a thank you.”

Was he serious? Taehyung pulled himself free from Yoongi’s grip, but remained close – leaning in, he brought a hand to the side of the dominant’s face, sinking his nails in firmly, before he kissed him. It was a hard, unforgiving pressure, hoping it’d bruise. Sadly, it backfired. Yoongi grabbed the younger by the hips, reversing their positions so that he was slamming Taehyung’s back against the wall, out of eyeshot of the cashier. The moment his ass met the surface, Taehyung groaned into him, desperately clawing at the sleeves of Yoongi’s coat.

Taehyung was too weak to match Yoongi’s enthusiasm, the strong rolls of his tongue, the grazing of his teeth – allowing his mouth to be completely ravished. By the time Yoongi was finished, Taehyung’s lips were tender and swollen. It was taking him longer to catch his breath, Yoongi waiting patiently, not even in the least bit exerted. He swiped his thumb at the corner of Taehyung’s mouth, pulling at the abused flesh, “Watch what you say to me, or else there won’t be a reward, and all of this would have been for nothing.”

The younger opted not to say anything in response, as he once again held onto his bag, and headed outside the store, slowly walking and – sulking, having to offset his orgasm the entire way to the carousel.

Fuck Min Yoongi.

“Could I bother you for one of those wipes?” Yoongi asked, seeing a package beside the cashier. She nodded, murmuring polite, ‘of course, sir’, before handing it to him. She was spreading out the outfits Yoongi placed on the counter. The last one was of course, were the two destroyed items. The look on her face was the same as Taehyung’s had been, utterly distraught over ruined frills and ribbons. Yoongi calmly cleaned each of his fingers, wondering if she would be wise enough to put two and two together.

“H-How did this…” she stuttered, beginning to inspect the damage, when Yoongi placed his hand on the halter top, stopping her from going any further with her detective work.

“My friend is very wide in the shoulders.” Yoongi had almost forgotten that he’d damaged the
panties, as well. “…and hips. I fully intend on paying for all of it. Also, I’d like another set. Could you assist me with the sizing?"

Timid, once again – she nodded, unable to meet Yoongi gaze, coming out from behind the counter. She gestured to him, politely, “The polka dot collection is this way.”

Yoongi told her Taehyung’s proportions to the best of his ability. He’d been eyeballing it and gotten lucky throughout the day, but lingerie was a little more complicated. And pretty – so pretty on Taehyung, that if he’d picked out a few more pieces of lingerie, well, it was hardly his fault. Aside from that, his angel was mad at him as of the moment, making Yoongi a tad more sympathetic. He’d been aiming to make Taehyung’s time spent in Daegu a good one, especially after what had occurred with his parents.

Then of course, today, with that utterly hateful and disgusting text message.

Yoongi added a few pairs of stockings to the growing pile, wondering if he should have them gift-wrapped, or if it would please Taehyung to find each piece hung up on satin hangers back at Yoongi’s place back in Seoul. He hated the idea of Taehyung wearing his presents for someone else. He handed over his card, allowing the woman to charge him. The damage to the one set had become a non-issue after how much he’d spent there.

He left the store with a giant bag, which he doubted Taehyung would even question it, given his predicament. The boy’s mind was elsewhere.

It was a short walk to the carousel, Yoongi easily able to spot Taehyung in the otherwise empty entryway. Even from this distance, he could see that Taehyung’s skin was flushed, his mouth parted for shallow breaths – struggling to anyone who didn’t know what was happening to him. Poor baby. Stopping at the vendor a few feet away, Yoongi took pity and bought Taehyung a cold drink.

Taehyung had been willing himself to stay put the whole time, trying to abstain from going to bathroom, where he could hide in one of the stalls, and get rid of his little problem. For the amount of time that Yoongi took at the store, Taehyung could have done so, and not have gotten caught. He was knocked out of his stupor before his resolve disappeared completely, however, when Yoongi’s voice was suddenly beside him. “Here, drink this.” Taehyung took the plastic cup from him, could feel how delightfully cold it was, before he started taking eager sips of the iced tea, depleting it by the time they were at the automatic doors.

“Did you get into any trouble?” Taehyung asked, tossing the empty cup away in the garbage, when Yoongi took hold of his other hand, casually leading him into the parking lot, like it was the most natural thing that came to him. And for the dominant, perhaps it was, but this would also be a first for Taehyung. The temperature of his skin was like fire in comparison to Yoongi’s, enjoying the coolness, as they walked at a leisurely pace towards the car.

Yoongi reached their clasped hands inside his coat pocket, retrieving his keys, “Not at all.” He pressed unlock on the keypad. “And, after everything was paid for, she asked me if I wanted to become a club member.”

“Wow, uhm, that wasn’t how I expected it to go,” Taehyung murmured, momentarily distracted by the comedy of the situation, because of course Yoongi would somehow avoid getting into trouble. Yoongi was opening the car door for him, and Taehyung was determined to keep his reactions to a minimum, but was unable to help the breathy gasp he emitted when he sat down.

“Sounds like you wanted me to get in trouble,” Yoongi teased, almost flattered that Taehyung would be that angry with him over an orgasm. He got in on his side of the car, and started up the engine.
Taehyung was really going to hate him now, as he started pulling onto the road. Sure, Yoongi tended to drive smoothly, but Taehyung probably never noticed how many bumps there were along the way. After a moment of tense silence, Yoongi spoke, “I didn’t realize how sensitive you’d be to the plug. I had some idea, considering how you’ve been with everything else, but...”

“It’s too much, I feel so full,” Taehyung whispered, thinking he was doing relatively okay if he didn’t focus on the sensation when he felt the first bump on the road – he closed his eyes with a startled gasp. If he couldn’t manage something as small as a plug, how was he expected to take Yoongi’s cock? Fuck – not what he needed on his mind right now. Taehyung needed relief, however slight it would be, anything to take the edge off of the ache that was steadily building at the pit of his stomach. He couldn’t recall the last time he was so hard that he was pulsating. After a tense moment of silence, Taehyung was asking, “Can I touch myself...a little bit, sir? Please...”

“I don’t know, angel. You weren’t very nice to me back there, practically clawed my face off – and if we’d been at Void, or at my place, with all of my equipment, you would have been punished accordingly,” Yoongi said, tone unnervingly lackadaisical given the topic, as he concentrated on driving. Taehyung’s eyes fell to Yoongi’s strong grip on the wheel, yearning for those hands to be on him instead, and he wasn’t above begging for it at the moment – practically delirious with want.

So, he would promise, “I won’t come, i-it just hurts, so need, I just need...” Oh, Yoongi believed him, and he knew exactly what Taehyung needed, but he didn’t deserve it, and – if Taehyung had been a seasoned submissive, he would’ve known better than to be so bold as to ask for any type of reprieve right now.

For whatever reason, the elder found himself relenting – giving into Taehyung, as he so often did as of late, “So long as you don’t come, feel free to do whatever you like, with what little time we have left in this car, because as soon as we get home, you’re mine – and what I do with you, depends on whether or not you can last.”

With Yoongi’s blessing, Taehyung sank low into his seat, slightly self-conscious over the fact that there were cars on either side of them, but something had to be done in order to alleviate himself. He inched the hem of his sweater over his jeans, wincing at the prominent outline of his cock straining against his jeans. He was so painfully aroused, there was even a wet spot where his precum had messily leaked through the denim. Taehyung couldn’t help but think that Yoongi would have loved that piece of knowledge.

“You needed this so badly, go ahead, angel,” Yoongi encouraged him, despite the hint of mockery. They were almost home, anyway. Not much time for Taehyung to get very far, if he’d been counting on it.

That’s when Taehyung started to pet over his bulge with two fingers, very lightly, the contact but a whisper across his heated length. He was forced to go slowly with himself – having been dangling on the precipice of his release for the past hour, fighting exhaustively against the instinct to give in, and say to hell with the repercussions. One word is all it would and it’d end, and he’d be able to come as many times as he pleased, but the thought of disappointing Yoongi was somehow more significant, than his own comfort.

“How cute,” Yoongi smirked, listening closely to all of the little whimpers, and gasps that failed to be withheld behind Taehyung’s lips. He probably looked as good as he sounded, easily overwhelmed, and incredibly sensitive – perfect in every way. It was when they were stopped at a light, that Yoongi was finally able to drink in the sight of Taehyung, rubbing himself with careful strokes of his fingers, legs spread wide apart – barely able to keep his eyes open, the sweat from his efforts falling into the pretty lines and dips of his collarbone. Taehyung was just so, so pretty.
It almost inspired Yoongi to drive around the block a few times – *almost*, but that wouldn’t be nearly as satisfying as getting Taehyung off, himself. And for as patient as Yoongi had been with him throughout the day, he felt that he’d earned the responsibility to take care of it. Mouth suddenly dry, Yoongi swallowed hard, as he continued watching as Taehyung’s fingers curled around the head of his cock through his jeans, roughly squeezing like he was about to come, and at the very last second, with a commendable amount of determination, he stopped himself – and groaned deeply, the sound having come up through his chest and out through his teeth, like he’d been punched in the stomach.

The light turned green, Yoongi taking the immediate right, and pulling into the driveway behind the restaurant, making sure to park the car closest to the stairs leading up to the apartment. No need for Taehyung to suffer longer than he had to, wanting to get him inside, so he can focus on him. “We can come back for the bags later, if you want?” Yoongi offered, smiling as the younger quickly nodded, agreeing with him.

Taehyung adjusted his sweater back in place, before he went to step out of the car, wincing from all the movement it took just to haul himself up – the toy dragging against his sensitive hole, as he slid his ass over the seat. He closed the door with a huff and instantly froze, hearing Yoongi’s mother calling across the lot at them. This wasn’t happening.

“You two are back already?” she asked, heaving a large bag of garbage, and throwing it inside the dumpster. The restaurant would still be open for another hour and a half, at least.

“We went, we shopped, we ate. I’d say we did it all... *and then some*, Yoongi refrained from saying, as he locked up the car, “It was a long day.” He was hoping that his mother would take the hint, but there was no such luck as she started walking over towards them, a hand tucked inside the pocket of her apron.

She was interested, “What did you get?”

“Clothes and more clothes,” Taehyung said, hiding himself behind the car. He quickly wiped at the sweat accumulating along his brow with his sleeve. He felt sticky everywhere and it was disgusting – how beyond turned on he was, making this whole encounter inappropriate. Taehyung just wanted to die on the spot, pushing himself to act more natural, and be less suspicious, when he laughed, “Yoongi-hyung practically forced it on me. Wouldn’t let me leave without a new wardrobe.”

She beamed back a smile, knowing all too well how obstinate her son could be, “He always thinks he knows best...Oh, and did you guys remember to buy me my napkins by any chance?” Their expressions dropped in unison, clearly having forgotten all about them. Taehyung looked absolutely devastated, when she laughed, “I’m kidding! We have plenty of napkins. I just wanted you two to have fun. Show me the new clothes later, after I close up?”

Taehyung nodded, eyes fluttering unintentionally, “I’d like that.”

Could he sound any breathier?

*Damn it.*

Yoongi thought to ask, knowing that she would most likely decline this late in the evening, when it was less busy, “Do you need any help?”

“No, don’t worry. Taehyungie looks so exhausted. You two should go get some rest,” she insisted – even went as far as making the ‘shooing’ motion with her hands, before she left to get back inside the
“She’s perfect. Why is she so perfect?” Taehyung rambled, senselessly. Yoongi snorted, placing a hand on Taehyung’s waist to support him as they went up each step. Taehyung didn’t know why he was being held, until he felt the plug moving in and out, however slight. He wanted to crumble, but decided to be strong, and continue with his nonsense, “Fuck, I can’t…believe she saw me like this, I can’t…Your mom is too pure for this world and now I’ve tainted her, and she had no idea.”

Yoongi chuckled, “Would you have preferred it if she knew?”

“No!” Taehyung sounded scandalized, pulling away from Yoongi to clutch onto the railing. He’d dramatically carry himself the rest of the way, thank you. “Your mom can’t ever know anything bad about me, ever, because she’s amazing, and frankly, you should appreciate her more. She’s witty, and fun, and...”

“If only you knew her like I do... you’d be pulling out the list of antonyms for pure, sweet, angelic, or whatever other misguided thing you have to say about her,” Yoongi mused, as he shook out the apartment key out, and unlocked the door. Their kids were there waiting for them, small tails going a mile a minute – both dogs jumping up on their hind legs, trying to paw at them. Taehyung did his best, one hand in Holly’s poof of hair on the top of his head, the other hanging onto Yoongi, who was scratching under Yeontan’s little chin.

Taehyung apologized as they teetered past them – promising to give them an ample amount of lovin’ later. Yoongi opened the door, leaving Taehyung at the center of his bedroom to flip on the desk lamp. Shivering from the cold, Taehyung followed the elder’s movements, as he neared, walking behind him to close, and turn the lock on his door.

“I didn’t come,” Taehyung announced, in case that wasn’t obvious. He wanted what he’d been so good for, driven by the ache, and want burning throughout his body. Taehyung wanted him so badly, he was willing to crawl.

“You didn’t,” Yoongi agreed, the tone he used giving the impression that he was proud of that fact. It was true, staving off an orgasm for that amount of time was impressive, especially for someone who hadn’t been trained yet. He shrugged out of his coat, tossing it over the back of his desk chair. All the while, he was aware of the younger’s eyes on him, watching as he hiked up the sleeves of his shirt, and smiled quietly to himself. Taehyung sure was being awfully adorable for someone who was supposedly suffering. Yoongi took a seat on his bed, staring back at him, “Are you going to come claim your reward now, Taehyung?”

His reward...

It was nothing to be nervous about, it was only Yoongi (ha-ha). No need to be afraid, but Taehyung knew that the moment he stepped into those arms, that he would be devoured in one fell swoop. Impossible to escape, even if he’d wanted to...the monster he used to see Yoongi as would capture him again, and again. As many times as it hungered. And for whatever reason, Taehyung found himself unable to resist. He was the very shadow that invited the creature in, and allowed it to stay. In Yoongi’s tattoo-riddled arms, a cage – and connected to them, a set of gorgeous hands that knew exactly how to grab at him, a trap – and attached to those, were fingers that bent into him, deep enough to cut him into pieces, a blade.

And then there was Taehyung, swaying like a flame past its expiry – the hollow spaces inside his chest being filled with need, and desperation. It’d felt so wonderful to be figured out for once, knowing what would make him feel better.
“Come here, angel…” Yoongi was offering his hand to him, the proverbial trap, as it were, and in
typical prey-like fashion, Taehyung couldn’t help but accept it. Curling his fingers around the boy’s
wrist, Yoongi pulled him in, so that he was standing between his legs. “You’re sweating and
shivering all at once like a lovely contradiction, aren’t you, baby? Let’s take this off,” he said,
tugging at the hem of Taehyung’s sweater. “I’ll warm you right up, sweetheart.”

There was so much security in Yoongi’s pet-names, but Taehyung knew that Yoongi had power that
could turn it on and off like a switch. One moment sweet, the next scalding.

Slowly, Taehyung rid himself of his sweater and in doing so, revealed the damp spot on the front of
his jeans. Yoongi didn’t comment on it, instead, he marveled at the thick outline of Taehyung’s cock,
eyes observing him with wicked amusement, “Mm, that must be painful, angel…” and very gently,
Yoongi grazed his nail along the entire length, relishing in the way Taehyung hissed through his
teeth, a harsh shiver running down his spine. He was so close to collapsing, legs ready to give out,
when Yoongi forcibly brought him forward by the small of his waist – not stopping, until Taehyung
was situated in his lap, straddling him.

“I’m going to take care of you, pretty tiger. You’re going to be good, and let me, right? No fussing,”
Yoongi spoke to him with his lazy Daegu drawl, voice rough almost like he was sleepy, but
Taehyung knew better than to believe such a thing. The dominant was merely in his element, at
home with their positions in this exchange.

“I won’t fuss,” Taehyung said, wondering if some alternative existed, where he would ever stop
Yoongi from ‘rewarding’ him. “I want you to take care of me, wanna feel you.” Needed to feel him,
actually.

Taehyung grasped onto his shoulders for stability, when Yoongi started undoing the button on his
jeans, and gradually dragged the zipper down, eliciting a soft gasp from him. He was so sensitive,
struggling not to shy away at the intent look Yoongi was giving him from such close proximity, as he
slid his hands beneath the denim, as well as Taehyung’s briefs, pulling them down over his ass with
a possessive caress – roughly kneading at each cheek, stretching him wide around the toy.

It felt wrong, being so loud, but he could hardly help it. Taehyung knew that he was going to be easy
for Yoongi, humiliatingly so, when even the light friction of Yoongi’s shirt against his cock could be
enough to do him in. “Aah…please,” Taehyung whimpered, having anticipated his reward being an
instant cash-out, but it was obvious that Yoongi was playing with him – slipping two, long-tipped
fingers between Taehyung’s cheeks, where he began tapping the jewel on the head of the plug,
driving it into him deeper. The impact caused Taehyung to bounce up each time, the perfect imitation
of being fucked.

“Y…Yoongi-hyung…” Taehyung whined, breathily, one hand splayed over his face to hide himself
from the shame. This is where he would’ve ‘fussed’, consumed by the heat of being embarrassed,
not even realizing what he said – however, Yoongi noticed, too attentive for his own good. The
spike of arousal he felt over something as simple as his name dripping from Taehyung’s lips, was
unbidden. He grasped hold of Taehyung’s face into his palms, and swallowed him into a kiss.

Yoongi was absolutely ravenous, sucking greedily at Taehyung’s tongue – the embodiment of ocean
waves crashing down on the younger. All Taehyung could do was drown, making a small noise of
surprise when he was being rolled onto his back, clinging his legs tight around Yoongi’s waist. The
rough seam of Yoongi’s fitted slacks kept rubbing against his bare, sensitive skin – over his hard,
leaking cock. He wanted to scream, but all he could do was surrender, tilting his head back when
Yoongi’s mouth fell to the slender curve of his neck, taking the time to mark Taehyung for what’d
felt like forever. An eternity of gasping where Yoongi’s teeth tugged, and his tongue had soothed...
Taehyung was a shaking mess, arching his hips for more contact, before he would shatter – it was an indicator as to how close he was, especially when Yoongi was being merciless with his teasing, forcibly pinning Taehyung to the mattress with his own weight, the rough friction becoming too much for the boy to handle. Taehyung could come like this, he was about to, when Yoongi suddenly ceased all movement, “This can’t be all that you want from me, Taehyung.” There were other things Yoongi could be doing to make him come undone, better things – as he started leaving a trail of open-mouthed kisses, hot and tantalizing, that led down, down, down Taehyung’s chest. The muscles in his lower abdomen contracted in anticipation of what was to come, obvious as to where Yoongi was headed – then he stared up at Taehyung, kittenish lips curled into a filthy smirk, “Wouldn’t you prefer it if I sucked you off? Put your gorgeous cock in my mouth again?”

He nipped at the soft skin around Taehyung’s navel, when he didn’t answer immediately – sliding one hand between the younger’s thighs, and gripped the plug at its base. Taehyung gasped at the intense sensation, the silicone pulling against his walls. He practically sputtered his response, “Y-Yes...want you to suck my cock...” Except Yoongi hadn’t stopped, as he continued to slowly pull the toy from his abused hole, lube gushing out when he clenched his muscles around nothing. The emptiness that Taehyung felt then was overwhelming, wanting the plug back inside him.

“Want hyung’s fingers in your tight ass, as well?” Yoongi husked, as he pushed two fingers into Taehyung, filling him deeper than the plug had been able to reach. And fuck – that was perfect, or at least Taehyung thought it was, until Yoongi’s other hand closed tightly around the base of his cock, stroking him a few times, before he parted his mouth over the swollen tip, sucking lewdly at the mess of precum, having leaked so much.

“Ye…yes…wan…want it, please…don’t stop, don’t…” Taehyung cried, fisting at the pillow supporting his head, writhing like he was suffering. And stopping was the last thing that was on Yoongi’s mind, relentless as he swept his mouth up and down Taehyung’s length, bobbing his head in a familiar ritual, aggressive with the rhythm. It wouldn’t take much, they both knew. Coating Taehyung’s length with his saliva, Yoongi took him even further inside the tight warmth of his mouth, intent on locking him inside his throat, because being deepthroated was a luxury all men should be afforded. And the moment Yoongi had him there, nose pressed to Taehyung’s pubic bone, holding his breath – he was rewarded with the trembling of Taehyung’s body, and the pained sound he made, like it’d been knocked from his lungs.

Yoongi pulled off of his cock with a gasp, taking over with his hand, as he refocused his attention on thrusting his digits into Taehyung’s ass, long-tipped fingers crooking upwards, seeking out that spot that would leave Taehyung an even bigger wreck than he already was. It would’ve been better if he could use his tongue, engage in the kind of foreplay that Yoongi thoroughly enjoyed, more than having a thick cock inside his mouth. Yoongi inquired out of respect for how sensitive Taehyung was on these matters, eyes dark, and heady as he stared at Taehyung, “Can I eat you out?” Yoongi emphasized on what he was asking for, when he slammed his fingers in –reveling in the deep moan it’d earned him, convinced that making Taehyung feel good was an addiction in of itself.

Eat him out? Even in Taehyung’s heightened state of pleasure, thinking that he’d be able to agree to anything, so long as he was able to come, he’d still tensed at the thought of Yoongi putting his mouth on that part of his body. He couldn’t get past how embarrassing it was, overly self-conscious, when he shakily murmured his response, “I…c-can’t, I’m sorry, I’m...”

“Shhh, angel, don’t be sorry,” Yoongi hushed him, trying to be soft, but it was impossible, considering what they were doing, taking its toll on the dominant, as well. He’d been trained not to be affected by this, to set aside his own wants, and desires, but fuck if it wasn’t the hardest thing he had to do at the moment. He brought Taehyung’s cock back inside his mouth, where it belonged in his opinion. Typically, he wouldn’t allow anyone to fuck his mouth, but he allowed the younger to
shallowly rock his hips, and relaxed his throat for him. It was also possible he was trying to grind down on Yoongi’s fingers, trapped between two sides of paradise. Yoongi knew the moment when he’d found Taehyung’s spot, when a cry was being torn from the back of his throat – suspended for the briefest of moments in rapture, as Yoongi exploited and abused it, pounding his fingers into him.

“Aah, please, can I come? Pleasepleaseplease…” Taehyung begged him, even now, he was able to recall that he was supposed to ask Yoongi for his permission. He felt like he was going to come regardless, the coil at the pit of his stomach, ready to snap.

“It’s your reward, Taehyung, take it,” Yoongi told him, before he resumed swirling his tongue at the head of Taehyung’s cock, eagerly lapping at the slit. The slick sounds of Yoongi’s fingers repeatedly fucking into him were loud in the quiet room. Taehyung was holding his breath, as he felt the pleasure climb – climb and climb, as it had done all day, without ever reaching its peak. It almost didn’t seem real when it rushed him, quick and unforgiving, Taehyung releasing in a myriad of bodily spasms, and guttural, raucous cries of bliss.

Taehyung had never felt anything more intense, shaking with every exhale – muscles still fluttering around Yoongi’s finger’s like a pulse, as the dominant licked at the cum that slipped past his lips, having swallowed everything Taehyung had to offer him. Taehyung was too high up now, too far gone to be embarrassed about it, heavy eyes falling shut on him, boneless and thoroughly sated.

“No, no, you can’t fall asleep yet, angel,” Yoongi laughed, coming to share the other half of Taehyung’s pillow with him. As nice as it would be to drift off together, they had things they had to do, promises they had to keep. “We need to shower and then we have to pretend as though I didn’t buy you lingerie, when my mother shows up to see all of your new clothes, because for whatever reason, you’d like to remain innocent in her eyes.”

“Am I still innocent?” Taehyung asked him in a quiet mumble, eyebrows furrowed cutely with tension. This was a genuine concern of Taehyung’s, even while he was contented, and sleepy.

Yoongi smiled, ignoring the slight pang of hurt he felt over the fact that Taehyung would even question it, especially after the intimate moment they’d shared. Sure, he’d said he would ruin Taehyung, but there were places he’d never be able to reach, he wouldn’t want to – refusing to taint him. He answered the question as best he could, “You’re pure-hearted. No one can ever touch that, Taehyung. Not even me.”

After a pause of silence, Taehyung turned over onto his side, facing towards him. With his eyes still shut, he hugged onto anything he could get his hands on, which ended up being Yoongi’s head. The dominant was being smothered, about to put an end to it, when he heard Taehyung hum, sleepily, “Thank you…” and placed a kiss against his hair.

Thank you.

TBC

Feel free:
cc l tw
**A/N:** Woo! Hello :) I hope you guys enjoy this next chapter. It always takes a bit of time, but I hope you all find it worth it. Thank you for always supporting me. That's honestly what keeps Espresso running.

Big thanks to my beta reader, Voldy <3 you.

*As always: TW || CC*

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**espresso marmalade.**

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**Inspiration (x):** I like when you get mad, I guess I'm pretty glad that you're alone.

**Tags added:**
Bastinado

**Glossary:**
Bastinado - *punish or torture (someone) by caning the soles of the feet.*
Frogtie - ([image](image))
Chain stitch garter - ([image](image))
TK ties - ([image](image))
Tae's collar - ([image](image)), ([image](image)), ([image](image))
Collar attachments - ([image](image)), ([image](image))
“What time did you say your friend was supposed to show up?” Jeongguk was growing a little impatient, considering the fact that he knew he shouldn’t be doing this – he knew this was probably a bad idea, but...there was always the slight chance that one, he was genuinely excited about the concept of the project, thought that it could turn out to be some of his best work yet, and two, Jimin might actually love the gift. There were two parts to Jeongguk’s midterm, one was written, the other in the form of photography. It was the second they were here for now.

The concept was basic, broad. It should be a relief that the project sounded so easy on paper, but Jeongguk knew that the deceptive simplicity was a trap. Professor Choi was usually best known for being a mad-man, a fucking genius, and without a doubt he would be expecting greatness from his best students.

The assignment was to photograph the student’s greatest passion, and though Jeongguk didn’t feel the need to broadcast it to the whole world per se, he was willing to take a risk in this case to reveal that his was shibari. He had decided to pose tied in his favorite color of hemp rope, the photos themselves grayscale and classic in appearance, with dramatic and highly contrastic shadowing against a backdrop. It would be sensual and perfect – perfect enough to frame, Jeongguk hoped. More than anything he hoped that it would be a suitable present to hang on one of Jimin’s disturbingly vacant walls.

Hoseok checked his phone for any messages he might have missed, but there weren’t any. His friend was just running late. “Uhm, sevenish?”

Taehyung was sitting against one of the walls of the studio, hoarding a bag of Jeongguk’s banana chips for himself. Munching noisily, he asked, “How naked are you going to be, exactly? I need to practice my look of complete and utter judgment.”

As if Jeongguk would risk pissing Jimin off that badly. “Not completely. You think I’d go that far?”

Hoseok nodded, enthusiastically, “Yes, actually. Haven’t you been at war with your dominant recently?”

“This is different and not at all about that,” Jeongguk deflected, looking at the clock on the wall. It was already past seven-thirty. “We only have this place for two hours…”

Taehyung sensed Jeongguk’s rising anxiety, and tried to better the younger’s mood, distract him from obsessively watching each minute go by. “Are you excited for this weekend? You, Jimin, Busan?”

“You know that I am,” Jeongguk said with a small smile, arms covering over his sides, getting a little shy. “I can’t even imagine it half the time, though. It almost doesn’t seem real that we’re going to be together for that long, and acting like boyfriends.”

“It’s not much of an act, in my opinion,” Hoseok said, disagreeing with him. “He showed you his place, paid for those tickets, and he sleeps with you now. Word on the street is he doesn’t fuck any of his submissives, really. Not to mention…” Hoseok was getting all matter-of-fact, something Taehyung, and Jeongguk both thoroughly enjoyed. “You’re the only submissive training to be in a TPE with him. That’s some serious shit, like, I’m waiting for my wedding invitation.”
Taehyung snorted at the last bit, “I better get out my good suit, then, because I’ll be the first one to object. I’m not giving you away to that guy. For what? So that you can move to a pond with two cozy views of a rock, and a tree? No.”

No.

Jeongguk and Hoseok looked at him with confused expressions. As if they didn’t already know.

“He looks like a fucking duck!” Taehyung shouted in an outburst, frustrated as to why no one else could see it. Hell, Jeongguk should find it adorable, which wouldn’t be helpful to Taehyung’s campaign against him, but…

“Yeah, a duck oozing with sex appeal, which we all know is such a ducky trait,” Jeongguk said, rolling his eyes. “Hyung, can we just skip the part of the night where you shit on Jimin?”

“I don’t! I mean, do I…? I wanna be supportive, but at the same time, he has the personality of a brick wall, and he’s been making you upset lately…and an upset Jeongguk really pisses me off.” Taehyung finished his statement with a loud crunch of a banana chip. Okay, so he might be making things worse, but he didn’t think his behavior was that bad. But if that was the case then, he supposed maybe he should tone it down a bit, he didn’t want to make Jeongguk upset. “Sorry.”

“My teacher is giving me shit,” Hoseok said, changing the topic after an awkward pause, because they weren’t going to head down that path right now. Jeongguk was stressed out enough. It needed to be left at the apology and hopefully, Taehyung would learn not to badmouth the dominant anymore.

Jeongguk frowned, “How come?”

“I’m trying to change the lyrical piece she chose for me, before the competition.” It wasn’t unheard of, besides, he had plenty of time to practice. She just didn’t like the music he chose, probably because it was too provocative – way, way sexy, but if Seokjin was going to be in the crowd watching, he’d like to give the dominant an eyeful.

“Oh, that’s right. It’s because Seokjin will be there,” Jeongguk winked, catching on to what Hoseok was up to. “So, you’re changing a classical piece to one you could strip to?”

Hoseok attempted not to blush, because since when, “I would have tried to anyway, you know classical isn’t my style”

It was going to bother Jeongguk, unless he said something there and now. He had to get rid of the bad vibes in the room. Taehyung’s ‘sorry’ was making him feel bad. “Hyung, thank you for apologizing to me. I’m only upsetting myself by expecting more from him, not because of something he’s said or done to me directly. But I’m sorry I snapped at you. I’m just a little on edge. I haven’t been put in rope by another dom before.”

Taehyung smiled gratefully at him, showing that he appreciated the younger boy’s words, and Jeongguk sighed, a part of him giving up hope on Hoseok’s friend ever showing up. Just after he finished that thought, there was a knock on the door, because that was law of the universe.

Hoseok was the one who opened the door, welcoming a guy who was a great deal taller than he was, and possibly even Jeongguk. “Hey, sorry I’m late.” The guy was carrying four drinks in a cardboard cup holder. Hoseok eyed the frappuccinos suspiciously, when his friend grinned at him, “That’s not why I was late. I just thought it might help. I had a difficult time finding a place to park,
got lost, had to ask for directions, twice.”

“You should have just called me, hyung.” Hoseok pouted, taking one of the cold drinks from its holder. “Oh, this is Jeongguk, and Taehyung. Guys, this is Yongguk. He’s a shibari expert, which is what you needed, right Guk?”

“Uh, y-yeah. He’s perf— I mean, that’s perfect,” Jeongguk stammered, finding himself struggling with this new development. Jimin wouldn’t like this — not one bit. He wouldn’t like how tall the other dominant was, nor the deep timbre of his voice, nor the way Jeongguk shivered from just a single glance at him. He was absolutely stunning, long dark locks falling into his face that he scooped back, revealing a smooth undercut. Not only that, but he was tattooed, and wearing framed glasses, which looked legit, but…

*Come on.*

No, this wasn’t smart at all.

Now Jeongguk was truly grateful that he had asked his friends to help him, he shuddered at the thought of being alone with the other man in such a vulnerable position.

“Hoseok told me that you needed help with your midterm?” Yongguk asked, placing the cardboard on top of one of the tables. “Said you needed to be tied up.”

“Yeah, that’s, uhm, what I needed… need,” Jeongguk nodded, slipping his hoodie off, as well as the plain black shirt he was wearing beneath it. Everyone in the room suddenly had their eyes fixed on him — following his movements, taking in the exposed skin of his arms, and chest. From Taehyung’s angle, he could see red lines from blunt nails no doubt, and on his hips, the fading of bruises from Jimin’s hands.

Taehyung shook his head, willing himself not to say anything hypocritical. He understood now, didn’t he? He knew that he would enjoy it if it were done to him — wished it would be so why was it still so difficult to see it on Jeongguk? “Does Jimin know about this?”

“It’s partly a present for him, so no.” *Hell* no, in fact.

Hoseok laughed, the obnoxious way of his, “Why would he see this as a present? Christ! Unless the gift is what he’s going to do to you after he discovers you allowed another dominant to even touch you, let alone tie you up. You told us this wasn’t about your vendetta with him, Kook.”

“Not helping and it’s not,” Jeongguk breathed, going over to his bag and pulling out the rope. It was a pretty shade of lavender, pastel — babydoll. It would look nice against his skin, he knew. Due to the fact that he’d be showing it to the class, he remained in his pair of dark jeans with fishnets underneath. He pulled the hem of the stockings up over his hips, where it settled above of the curves there — his waist impossibly small.

“Hoseok failed to mention that you’re under contract,” Yongguk murmured, coming to stand next to him, more so to inspect the rope. Jeongguk looked up at him (*the guy was so tall*) just in time to catch the grin blossoming across his handsome face, dark and alluring — *new*. “That’s too bad. You’re a pretty little thing.”

Taehyung missed his mouth with the banana chip, he was so absorbed in watching whatever the hell was happening right in front of him go down. It felt like some bizarre k-drama with dark themes and a mature rating. Hoseok, standing nearby, was just as quiet, sensitive to the heavy tension. Instant attraction, wasn’t it? That’s what it felt like, although Taehyung could be wrong. He wasn’t the most
perceptive when it came to these matters, no matter how obvious. He had thought that his neighbor Sungjae was in love with him for several months, but he had been spectacularly wrong about that. It was just passionate hate. Funnily enough, the two were often mistaken.

Jeongguk cleared his throat, ignoring Yongguk, because it was for the best, “Taehyung, do I have to show you the functions again?”

“Trust me, I’m well-versed in handling your precious baby. I know what to do,” Taehyung said, tucking the chips away. He approached the tripod and looked through the lens. It was pointed directly at the backdrop, which was some sort of stormy gray tapestry. It was actually really pretty and would come out even better in the photographs. The lighting was part of a meticulous arrangement, meant to cast shadows, perfecting the shoot in ways Taehyung only vaguely understand. Photography was one of his many passions but he didn’t study it like Jeongguk.

“Have you decided on how you’d like to be tied? No suspension bars, I see, so you’re not looking to be strung up,” Yongguk observed, quietly wondering if he was to be in charge of making that decision. He couldn’t say he wasn’t eager to use the rope on him. He had had plenty of time to take in Jeongguk’s figure, to admire how toned, and strong he was – how invitingly small his narrow waist was, but Jeongguk was being very quiet now. “This won’t cause any problems, will it? Your dominant’s name…Jimin, right? Jimin from which dungeon?”

Hoseok supplied, much to Jeongguk’s chagrin, “From Void.”

“Oh, the Prince of Busan,” Yongguk murmured, familiar with him. “I’ve seen his rope work before, many times, actually…it’s truly one of a kind – very intricate, and beautiful. Those who practice shibari often know of his name.”

“Why do they…” Jeongguk trailed, realizing that he was about to learn something new about his own dominant from a complete stranger. It was uncomfortable, but he wanted to know. He was practically starved to know more about Jimin. He tried again, “Why do they call him that?”

“It’s the way he carries himself with grace, which I suppose has to do with his background. There’s also his outfits that have become more and more princely over time, always so very regal. It’s part of the gimmick.” If Yongguk was judging Jeongguk in any manner, it wasn’t obvious. The thing with that was, Jeongguk absolutely couldn’t stand being slighted when it came to his little knowledge on Jimin. Maybe it was a wound that was only obvious to himself, bleeding, and bleeding…

Taehyung laughed, “You guys shoulda seen what he was wearing last week. Jeongguk, you would have combusted,” He made a sound of an explosion, followed by the dramatic gesture of a widespread catastrophe, before catching himself, and rushing hastily to add, “Not that I thought he was good looking in any way, shape, or form.”

“ What background?” Jeongguk asked, completely ignoring Taehyung, no longer concerned with looking like a joke at this point. A TPE in training who knew nothing about their dominant. A shameful joke. He was tired of being complacent about it.

Yongguk looked over at Hoseok, “Would there be any reason as to why Jimin wouldn’t want anyone to know? If it’s a secret he’s trying to keep, then I’d rather not say.”

“Well, what we’re about to do is a whole ass secret that goes against what he’d be comfortable with, so it’s not like you’re above it.” Jeongguk was starting to get a bit heated. “And you’re speaking with me, so I suggest you focus your eyes here.” The moment Yongguk did as he asked, dark eyes settling on him, heavy and penetrative, Jeongguk had a brief moment of ‘or not’.
“I don’t know Jimin well enough,” Hoseok said, unable to confirm. “I’m not even sure what you’re talking about – what background, hyung?”

Taehyung was quiet, the tension intensifying to now suffocating and tangible in the room. Very rarely was Jeongguk ever short like this with someone.

Yongguk relented with a sigh, realizing that there was no other way to move forward, at least not comfortably, “He’s the heir to one of the largest conglomerates in South Korea. Merre Corp. You might’ve heard of it?” It was a sarcastic question. Everyone had heard of it. Merre consisted of over 90 businesses with the dealings of various diverse industries. Candies, hotels, fast food, retail, publishing, and entertainment just to name a few.

Jeongguk laughed, a slightly hysterical sound. Well, that explained a lot. At least the fancy apartment he lived in, and everything else that seemed so expensive. The many generous gifts. The offers to help pay for school, to make sure Jeongguk would never be in debt. All of the clothing. The way he oozed that aura of untouchable confidence at all times. Jimin was an heir.

But then, how had he ended up in this line of work, and not stuck in some stuffy office making rich people even richer? The piece of information Yongguk gave him was small, but so precious.

“Thank you,” was all he could say, grinning somewhat dazedly to himself as he stepped in front of the backdrop. The drapes were on the floor as well, Jeongguk walking barefoot. “And to answer your question, I uhm, don’t have a specific position in mind. I was hoping as a professional, you’d be able to choose what would suit me best for the atmosphere. What would a shibari expert want to see in a picture?”

“The knot work is most appealing when it looks very clean and precise.” Yongguk knew that it was meant to be part of Jeongguk’s midterm. And since an even bigger part of it was meant as a gift for his dominant, he could tell that he wanted Yongguk to do something impressive. “It would also depend on the purpose of the tie. If you’re merely to be subservient, or if the position would be meant for other…activities.” Some ties were specifically made for better access during sex. There was nothing quite like it, but he doubted Jeongguk would want to place himself under even more scrutiny with his classmates. So, impressive, but simple.

He didn’t really have to think too hard on it, since Jeongguk’s body was a fucking dream. Yongguk nodded, “Okay. I’m thinking we do a chained corset. One that will start at your ribs…we’ll stop here,” he said, showing where the corset will end at his hips. “…and we can also do a tie imitation of garters and a stocking band with a frog tie. I think it’ll be suggestive enough even with the clothes on.”

“I’d like…can you tie my arms, too, please?” Jeongguk asked, a visible flush to his cheeks. It seemed to have saturated, the soft rosy color running down his throat to the hard contours of his chest.

“That’d be fine, but in order to not take away from the corset, it’ll have to be something short. Perhaps a box tie or a TK?”

Hoseok and Taehyung were both lost on the topic. They’d never participated in shibari, although Hoseok, while he’d been under Hwasa’s care had found himself strapped down a few times. This was very different from leather cuffs. His little dongsaeng was more badass than he was, discussing terms with a man who was possibly the most terrifying dominant he’d ever met. And so far, Jeongguk had sassed him, even made demands.

“Tell me if anything feels too tight, or if it gets to be uncomfortable,” Yongguk murmured, hands unraveling the lavender colored rope. No safeword when it wasn’t an actual scene.
“As if that isn’t the idea,” Hoseok snorted, watching from beside Taehyung. He paused, “Well, at least under normal circumstances.”

“That reminds me. No one offered me a pair of safety scissors. I shouldn’t have to tell you all how unwise that is,” Yongguk chided, casting a judgmental glance at Jeongguk. “Good thing I brought my own, otherwise we wouldn’t be doing this right now.”

Jeongguk didn’t want to say it. “Sorry…? I didn’t know.”

“Surely, someone as seasoned as Jimin would–”

“Jimin is perfect, always,” Jeongguk snapped, combating against the flare of aggression he felt, that need to suddenly defend his dominant. It was all too easy to strike a nerve whenever it pertained to Jimin. “He always brings along his favorite knife, I knew I was missing something. So, don’t go assuming…”

Yongguk smiled, somewhat endeared with how obviously gone Jeongguk was for Jimin. Positively adorable.

“Hyung, if I go to your competition, will I one-hundred percent run into Seokjin?” Taehyung asked, eyes fixed on where Yongguk had started the process of wrapping the rope around Jeongguk’s midsection, before abruptly bringing the younger forward, trapping him between the rough material of the rope and the scant inches separating their bodies from touching. It was a line that Jeongguk refused to cross – almost too intimate a sight to witness.

“Not sure. He said he’ll be there with a friend, but who knows? I bet he’ll forget all about it. Get stuck making cupcakes, or spanking someone,” Hoseok said, somewhat distractedly – of all things, considering Seokjin was the topic of interest. Shibari was so complicated, in his mind, a formula. Yongguk knew every possible solve for this particular equation, feeding the rope through each loop. He could see the beginnings of what started to look like a corset, the rope pressing firmly in lines of neat rows against Jeongguk’s tiny waist.

Each package of rope was 36 ft long, which was ideal in Yongguk’s opinion, running out exactly when he needed to, as he made an overhand knot, followed by a lark’s head in order to connect more rope. Jeongguk had enough foresight to buy three bundles, anticipating something intricate, and decorative. Something that would look beautiful on camera. The knot was brought behind Jeongguk’s back for another corset row, and was hidden seamlessly. Yongguk’s experience was obvious in his technique – quick, clean, efficient.

For as fitted or snug as it looked, it was comfortable, and breathable. “You could wear this for hours, like a real corset if you wanted to,” Yongguk said, wondering if the younger was aware – if Jimin ever taught him such things. How much did Jeongguk have to know about shibari for his midterm? Either way, the boy wasn’t saying much. After several more overarm ties, Yongguk made sure there was enough rope to bring it between Jeongguk’s legs – startling him at first.

Yongguk was on his knees for only but a moment, before coming back up. He felt the need to remind Jeongguk, “It’s a connective activity. Sorry, but I have to touch you.” Although, he was trying not to, opting to maneuver Jeongguk when needed with his grip on the rope, rolling his wrist in a scooping motion that spun the younger around, so that his back was faced towards him. He didn’t miss the way Jeongguk shivered, the fine hairs on the back of his neck standing at attention. So sensitive and well-trained, he looked like he might fall into subspace at any given moment.

That would be toying the line for cheating, for the both of them. And Jeongguk was tempting. Yongguk could honestly say that he’d never felt this level of want within such a short time of
meeting someone. They were both taken – Yongguk, even more so – having been happily partnered for three years now. “Did Hoseok tell you two how we met?”

“Oh, Jesus fuck,” Hoseok groaned, remembering all too well. “There’s a reason why I haven’t spoken a word about that night.”

Taehyung was already smiling, because he could only imagine. “Tell us!”

“It was a little over a year ago, around this time. We met at a dungeon. For my set, I was allowing one participant from the crowd to join. My submissive was strung up, and was in dire need of being taught an important lesson,” Yongguk said, pausing in his storytelling to place a hand on Jeongguk’s shoulder, guiding him, “…on your knees, but make sure you’re facing the camera. After this, you won’t be able to move on your own.”

Jeongguk nodded that he understood, before he allowed himself to sink down. It was difficult not to be affected by the tight restriction, that familiar roughness against his bare skin. Eyes fluttering shut; the world turned quiet just for him, all for him. Currently, subspace was like being underwater for Jeongguk, kneeled in his own little aquarium, but without the walls. It was a tranquil place, where everything felt good, and right. The sensations always seemed so heightened, like a stinging slap against wet skin. *Euphoric*. Right now it wasn’t too deep, he was able to maintain dim awareness of what was going on around him. Usually, it was more intense, dirtier, when Jimin was in charge. The dominant’s words would echo around him, breath fanning his skin, whispering words of praise or punishment, words of promise.

But this wasn’t Jimin and for now, he was quite calm in his space. Far away and keeping out of trouble, certainly not thinking about how wonderful Yongguk’s hands were, as they grabbed at his thighs, pulling him above the waves – and abruptly out of his stupor. He gasped, as though he’d lost his breath. It was a soft little sound that only Yongguk must’ve heard. If he did – he made no signs of showing it.

Instead, he continued on, “The lesson was on trust. Sort of like a, ‘Master knows best’ situation. So, I chose a stranger from the crowd to come dominate my submissive for a whole five minutes. One look at Hoseok and I knew he would be perfect.”

Taehyung laughed, “No way. *Hobi-hyung*? I wouldn’t even trust him to unpeel a banana.”

Yongguk smiled at that, “When you’ve been doing this for as long as I have, you learn how to shuffle, sort, and separate people. The good apples from the bad ones. Who will hurt my submissive and who will be too afraid to hurt my submissive? Hoseok was trembling when he raised his hand, shaking like a leaf among those who were steady.”

He continued with the frog tie that would be pulled up into a garter belt. His shears were at his hip, pulling it free from its leather pouch. He evenly cut two pieces of the hemp rope. “When you’re trained to be observant, it’s easy to see what kind of people are standing right in front of you, what they would be willing to do. Dominants have to be the most perceptive. This comes in handy whether we’re working with our submissives, or trying to attract more clientele.”

Jeongguk fought against the chills running down his spine, Yongguk’s words affecting him as though he was speaking directly to him, sensing an underlying meaning. There was amusement in Yongguk’s voice, “Sometimes, it’s obvious who will be the easy kill. Or just plain easy.”

“I don’t believe in that bullshit,” Jeongguk glared at the implication, voice catching like puffs of air against cold glass. “There’s no way to tell what kind of person you are without action or words. Even then, you don’t really know the inner workings of a stranger.”
“I agree, actually. All dominants act like they have this weird ‘all-knowing’ superpower, and it’s, well – bullshit.” Hoseok was taking Jeongguk’s side, although he was certain Seokjin had something else entirely. Not a superpower, but cupcake magic. Made him want to submit, for once. It was slightly uncomfortable how much he wanted it.

Yongguk held his hands up, showing a small sign of surrender. “If it seems like most lot of us are blessed with these ‘powers’, it’s probably like I said, we were trained to pick up on these things to keep our submissives safe. No offense, but they’re not the best decision makers when they’re in subspace.”

All stayed quiet for a long, heavy pause.

It was probably true.

Taehyung looked over at Hoseok, “So, what did you do with your five minutes?”

“I went up on stage. Grabbed a crop,” Hoseok started out strong, because in the beginning, he was – he was so determined to leave a mark on the submissive. So beautiful, suspended in rope and exposed to the audience, eyes pleading with him. But at the last second, standing under the bright fluorescent lights, “I brought my arm back and the crop flung backwards, right out of my hand. Hit some poor guy in the face…”

“That foreigner, Bob…No, Tommy. It hit Tommy in the face,” Yongguk recalled, grinning while working a double-column tie over Jeongguk’s right thigh and ankle. He murmured low to the younger, “Wider for me, dear. You can do much better than that.” And he could, but Jeongguk didn’t want to feel the delicious burn in his muscles, not for this guy, but he found himself doing it anyway. Yongguk was patient, waiting until that moment for Jeongguk to give in, before he continued with a chuckle, “It was after that, I knew I had to know more about Jung Hoseok.”

“That sounds a bit dangerous,” Taehyung said, after recovering from a fit of laughter. “Thankfully, no one was hurt, but what kind of dungeon allows that sort of thing?”

“None really, unless it’s supervised, or if it was for a class. I was never going to allow Hoseok to land his mark, but in the end it was taken out of my hands. And Hoseok’s.” This last bit was spoken with wry amusement, and Taehyung couldn’t help but chuckle along at the image. Yongguk was working on Jeongguk’s opposite leg now, getting the bight strategically to the front. It was all even tension and uniformed lines. It was perfect. He looked at Jeongguk for a moment, checking in with him.

“That’s true,” Hoseok remembered being told the same thing that night. “Dangerous game you played there, hyung. I was ready.”

Yongguk was leaning towards the younger, dark red lips pulling into a smirk, “How does it feel? Good?”

Ever brave, and also stubborn, “It’ll do.”

The dominant laughed with a shake of his head, bringing the rope ends from the knot atop Jeongguk’s thigh, having left a decent amount to begin weaving it through the corset. It blended perfectly, in and out, until it hooked beneath the first line. He repeated the step on the other thigh, connecting the two ties together, garter belts as promised.

“You said you wanted your arms done, too?” Yongguk wanted to clarify, knowing that chest and arm shibari required the most touching between dominant and submissive. Not that that’s what they
were at the moment, however, the energy between them was undeniably magnetic, the two instinctively falling into their roles. It was drawing Jeongguk in and blurring all the lines, but that wasn’t what they were – he would never. This man was bad news, Jeongguk could feel it in his gut, without the stupid fucking superpower.

Politely, like Jimin would praise him for, especially while under such duress, “Yes, please.”

Jeongguk knew that there was intimacy to be had with shibari, but the project was an important one. He could’ve asked Jimin to tie him, but he wanted it to be a surprise. It was more exciting this way. Better when he didn’t see it coming. Maybe? Just as he was beginning to doubt himself, he silenced the thought. He’d already come this far. This wasn’t a real scene. His friends were here. Nothing was going to happen, but no matter how safe he felt, it didn’t feel safe enough.

Yongguk decided on the leather men’s harness. It would be relatively short, but pretty enough. It was most commonly used on men anyway. He found the bight of the rope, pressing it into the center of Jeongguk’s back, while the other ran the material over the younger’s chest, bringing it around to where he first started. He fed the rope through the two pieces, giving it a tight synch. It was enough to make Jeongguk lose his breath for a second.

‘The rope tends to vibrate,’ Jimin told him, preparing Jeongguk for what he was about to experience. It was their first real appointment together. The negotiations were out of the way, limits set. ‘It can be a subtle sensation for some. They might not even notice it, but for others it can be really pleasurable, especially if they’re sensitive to start with. Do you want to find out which category you fall under, pet?’

Enamored since the very start, Jeongguk was willing to try anything. ‘Yes, master.’ He’d practically choked on the word, not used to it yet. Jimin was pleased, a smirk pulling against his full, plush lips. Jeongguk swallowed, thickly, ‘Please, show me.’

Yongguk reversed the direction of the rope, proceeding above the first lines over the younger’s pectorals to create a band. Once the rope was at his back again, it was pulled through the bight - the process repeating. Yongguk went around the opposite side, making it three bands in total around Jeongguk’s chest. He once again fed the rope through the bight, “How is it? It shouldn’t be too tight, I don’t think.”

“It feels good.” Jeongguk said quietly, trying to sound neutral, but it really – really felt so good. It didn’t help that he was retreating back into his bubble, weighed down by the inklings of subspace, where memories opened up to him like chests of hidden treasures. The rope was sliding over his shoulder, Yongguk’s draping an arm around his collarbone. The soft cotton of the other man’s shirt was pressing against his back, their bodies flush together.

They fit differently. Yongguk was taller, and very broad in the shoulders. Jeongguk wouldn’t indulge himself, definitely wasn’t leaning against his chest or anything, although he was – not that he had much of a choice on the matter, what with Yongguk’s arm around his front, keeping him impossibly close. If Jeongguk turned his head towards the dominant, their faces would surely meet.

“Almost done,” Yongguk assured him, shielding Jeongguk’s face when he pulled the rope beneath the three rows – once again bringing it up, and then under the strap that was just created. Jeongguk nearly lost it, when the rope passed through, the pressure of Yongguk’s fingers digging into his skin, all seemingly innocuous, as though earnestly trying to get the task finished. When he went to the opposite side, still holding Jeongguk like a captive when he slid the rope beneath the bands, feeding the rough strands of rope directly over his nipple.

Jeongguk jerked in his grasp, “Fuck! Do you have to?”
“If I want it to be even, then yes,” Yongguk snickered, enjoying the obvious struggle the younger was experiencing. So sensitive, mind working against his body. He used his hand to protect Jeongguk’s face from the ends of the rope, when he pulled it up and through like he’d done to the other side. Every move had to be flat, purposeful, and calculated. From what Jeongguk was able to see, Yongguk’s rope work reflected that of a seasoned shibari expert.

He slid the rope over Jeongguk’s shoulder and through the beginning point at the center of his back, tying the two straps securely with an overhand knot. Yongguk had counted on having extra rope, and he gently brought Jeongguk’s arms behind his back. “Wrists on top of one another,” he instructed the boy, beginning a simple single column tie.

Yongguk stood up from his kneeled position once he was finished, coming to stand over by the camera so that he could better inspect his work. Jeongguk was absolutely breathtaking. “Your proportions are ideal for shibari, you know that? That’s not so easy to find… the rope has a way of accentuating certain areas, but you don’t really need it, do you? Not to mention your level of sensitivity.”

Taehyung was beside the dominant, loudly sipping on Jeongguk’s banana milk, wondering if it was an appropriate time for him to comment. “Guk works hard for the body he has. Gets up every day at the ass crack of dawn, runs for four miles to the park, and then four miles back. Plus, all the time he spends at the gym lifting and…” He paused to look over at Hoseok, “Should we be concerned? Are we horrible parents, not paying enough attention to our son?”

“That’s excellent, actually. A dominant is most happy when their submissive is healthy,” Yongguk praised, eyes trailing over Jeongguk’s figure. “It’s plain to see that he takes care of himself.”

Jeongguk had no words in response – they’d dried out on his tongue, unable to form. Picking up on it, Hoseok nudged Taehyung, “Wanna maybe start taking some pictures?”

Taehyung knew all of the camera’s functions, the proud owner of Jeongguk’s previous model. The two pieces of tech weren’t much different from each other, and he quickly started adjusting the lens. Jeongguk hear the shutter go off, and maintained his eyes cast down for the first few shots. He tried several things, pink lips closed to lips parted, eyes finally peering up at the camera, and he could’ve sworn Taehyung visibly paused for a moment. Could he see it? What it looked like to slip into subspace? How far gone he was to the rope…?

However, the thing that Taehyung could see best was how raw Jeongguk looked – waterlines filling to the point where the tears might spill over, before they would dissipate, never to fall. Bunny teeth were raking at his bottom lip, certainly enough to sting, and cause damage. There weren’t any traces of sadness in Jeongguk’s eyes, no, it was something more clouded, and heated.

Taehyung lowered the camera, “Did you want to check them, before we go further?”

After a moment, Jeongguk nodded. Taehyung switched over to the display and walked it over towards him, crouching down. He had to press the button for his friend, going from photo to photo. “I don’t want to get ahead of myself, but these are pretty damn good,” Taehyung laughed.

Of course, Jeongguk was able to see things Taehyung couldn’t – asking for adjustments with the lighting, to move the tripod over, and to overall capture it ‘better’. Taehyung did his best, showing the pictures to Jeongguk. Admittedly, they were better than the last set. He didn’t know how the fuck, but they were. Several times they redid the process, until finally Jeongguk nodded, “That last set is best, I think.”

“And do I get a copy?” Yongguk teased, having been engaged in conversation with Hoseok the
whole time. Discussing classical music from what Taehyung had picked up on. Apparently Yongguk was really into it, lightly scolding Hoseok for choosing different music for his upcoming performance. The whole point of Hoseok venting about it was to annoy the dominant in the first place, probably.

“No,” Jeongguk said, immediately. Just no. “You can come and cut me free, though.”

“What? No, ‘please’?” Yongguk was already on his way, taking out his scissors. “I’m sure you were taught better than that, Jeongguk.” The cold metal of the shears was pressing into his skin, Yongguk pausing when their eyes met. It was hard for the younger to look away, suddenly terrified of what Yongguk was seeing right now.

Don’t…

The elder’s lips twitched into a quiet smirk, before he snipped through the rope at his chest. Soon the straps fell from Jeongguk’s arms, the harness gone. The corset was next, one line after another falling away. “Are you okay? You seem a bit…” Yongguk waved a hand in front of the younger’s eyes, pupils dilated and blown wide, “…lost? Did you take a wrong turn somewhere? Does anyone know how to pull him out? Not sure if he’d appreciate me touching him any more than I have to.”

Hoseok was there, “Yeah, I got him.”

Yongguk finished with cutting the rope from Jeongguk legs, picking each piece from off the floor more out of habit, than anything else. He threw it out in the garbage, “Alright guys, I’m going to head on out of here. Woonie will kill me if I’m late for dinner.”

“Thanks again for your help,” Hoseok said, giving him a smile. Taehyung was certain it wasn’t genuine. Too much teeth. All he could do was nod, trying to get the dominant out of here.

“Anything for you, Hoseok. Taehyung…” Yongguk nodded as he did, and then he was staring down at Jeongguk, noticing the way the boy was practically shaking. “Goodbye, Jeongguk.”

The second the dominant was gone, Hoseok was down on the floor in front of him. “Taehyung, can you get me his clothes?” His shirt and hoodie were on the table where he’d discarded it. “Hey, Jeongguk, baby…” Hoseok’s hands were warm when they softly cupped the sides of Jeongguk’s face, staring into him. “Gently, okay? I’m right here.”

“I’m fine,” Jeongguk answered, numbly. It still sounded like he was in a daze. Hoseok grabbed the shirt from Taehyung, carefully pulling the collar down over the younger’s head. Jeongguk was sluggish in response, moving his arms through the sleeves. The hooded sweatshirt was next, Taehyung leaning back against the table, expression devastated.

“Guk…” he whispered, watching as Hoseok placed kisses against Jeongguk’s cheeks, but he was crying. Jeongguk was crying and there was nothing he could do about it.

“I wish…” Jeongguk trembled, hands sliding beneath Hoseok’s arms, holding onto him. He laughed, brokenly, “I wish there was a medicine to get rid of how much I love him. Maybe if I didn’t, all of this wouldn’t have been so hard, but it was. Now Master is going to be angry with me. Why do I feel so guilty, Hoseok?”

“To be fair,” Taehyung said, needing to help – needing to make it better. “Yongguk is really attractive. He affected all of us.”

“If he wasn’t taken, I would have…no, probably not. I don’t like dominants, which is weird, considering,” Hoseok rambled, still planting kisses against Jeongguk’s skin. The younger was pink
in the face, but he was still upset. “You wanted to do something nice for Jimin. That’s all this was, okay? You chose shibari for your project, needed help with the rope. Your friends were in the room. It’ll be fine.”

“What if I just lie and tell him you guys helped me?” Jeongguk sniffled, making another unwise decision. “There’s no way he’d believe it, but he wouldn’t be able to prove anything.”

“I don’t really think it matters who tied you up. It’ll be the fact that you were, without his permission,” Hoseok said, pulling back far enough to wipe at the tears running down Jeongguk’s face. “My baby, what are we going to do? Don’t cry.”

“Lying hasn’t done me any favors with Yoongi,” Taehyung murmured, the last few days a testament as to how his lies had beautifully failed him.

“Yeah, let me tell you two something about lying. A lie is like a credit card. Sure, you can lie now to secure another moment of happiness, but eventually the payment comes due. The longer you wait to pay it off, the more interest, the more anger, and hurt will build, build, build. Pretty soon you’re drowning in your debt. Hopefully, your ass has good enough credit that he’ll forgive you once the truth comes out. Really think about it, Guk.”

If Jeongguk never mentioned his midterm, would it be such a bad thing?

It’d be fine.

It was around noonish when Yoongi had been called into the Dean’s office. He knew that it would be in regards to his position as Acting Head of the Department of Art History. The semester was going to be over soon enough, and he had always only been meant fill in for Professor Jung. He wondered if everything was okay with the professor – if he needed more time to heal. If that was the case, he’d be more than happy to accommodate him.

The Dean was leaned far back in his chair, the springs having been worn out a long time ago, and was in dire need of replacing. The elder probably didn’t notice, mistaking it for comfort but that posture – mm, that was a damn shame. Yoongi waited in silence, extraordinarily patient considering this was his lunch hour.

“We’re still on for next Saturday? Great! I’ll bring my clubs…” Conversations with friends or whomever were more important than an employee, Yoongi supposed, listening to the other man drone away on the phone. He stared out the window, watching as the rain began to pelt against the glass. When did the sky become so gray? Soon the pitter-pattering was more frequent. Hopefully it would be a light shower, he couldn’t remember if he left his car windows cracked or not.

“Sorry, I had to take that,” the Dean said, finally hanging up the phone.

Yoongi shook his head, very short, “It’s quite alright.”

“As you know, the midterms are coming up, and the Spring semester officially ends in under six weeks. We’re already halfway through. You’ve done a splendid job filling in for Professor Jung. The students will be sad to see you leave, and so will I,” he said, honestly. “That’s why I’d like to offer you a full-time position here, with a future opportunity for tenure. Now, you wouldn’t be Acting Head of the Department – not unless Professor Jung retires from his position, but keep up the excellent work, and who knows what the future will bring.”

Admittedly, Yoongi wasn’t expecting this as a possible outcome. Sure, he was passionate about teaching, and he’d worked his ass off for his degree. An opportunity like this was rare. A part of him
wanted to take the position on the spot, but he needed a moment to consider things. Did he really want to stay here, at Taehyung’s school? Even if he wasn’t teaching him directly, it would be against policy to get involved with any student. Wouldn’t it be better to head on home to Void when the semester was done, without the burden, or risk of being caught, and losing his teaching license? He wanted to claim Taehyung, freely. On his terms. No hiding.

“Thank you, sir. I’m honored that you’d consider me, but can I have some time to think it over?” Yoongi asked him. The Dean was an understanding fellow for the most part.

“Of course. You can have until the end of March to make your final decision. I won’t be changing my mind,” he assured Yoongi, who thanked him before standing up to politely bow.

Yoongi shut the door behind him, stepping out into the hallway. The lights overhead were flickering, followed by a sudden boom of thunder. It was a storm, apparently. Ahead of him, a boy was walking with his phone to his ear. And normally, Yoongi would pay no mind to it, except a particular name had dropped, from a familiar voice, “Taehyung – I’m alright, I promise. I’m inside the school. How do you not know my schedule by now? I’m on my way to class…”

There was a pause. Yoongi couldn’t make out what Taehyung was saying, but whatever it was made Jeongguk laugh, “Uh, trust me. The storm will pass by the time I’m out. I’ll call you right after, okay? Oh…Hoseok’s there? No, don’t watch it without me! I don’t care if it’s a filler episode. No Naruto without me, you know the rules.”

Taehyung tended to call his loved ones whenever it stormed, that was something Yoongi had learned recently. This was what it looked like in action, a checkup that wasn’t really a checkup. It was part of his trauma. Ever since that night with his grandmother, he’d developed an irrational fear. Although, there were plenty of people apprehensive about driving in a storm. Taehyung thought that if his friends weren’t inside taking shelter, that something bad would happen to them.

Yoongi retrieved his phone from his pocket, meaning to text him anyway:

To: Baby Tiger
I have a present for you.

From: Baby Tiger
For me? Sir, you shouldn’t have :’(  

Yoongi’s lips twitched into a smirk. For as anxious as he was, he sure responded in record time.

To: Baby Tiger
Two presents.

From: Baby Tiger
That’s two too many. Please :’((

To: Baby Tiger
Come over tonight? Around 8pm.  
If it’s not storming.

From: Baby Tiger
See you~

To: Baby Tiger
Maybe it’s three presents.

From: Baby Tiger
No!! :'((

Yoongi laughed, walking into the empty classroom to eat with what little time he had left, and all he could think about was the three perfect presents for his perfect boy.

Taehyung woke up from his nap, finding himself contentedly squished between Hoseok, and Jeongguk. He couldn’t hear the rain from outside the window anymore, which was a good indicator as any that the storm was over. He snuggled closer into Hoseok, contemplating going back to sleep. The older boy was so comfortable, smelling of fresh detergent, and soap. However – and although it was a bit sluggish, Taehyung started to remember Yoongi’s text messages from earlier.

He was due for a present, or three.

He looked at his phone to see what time it was, the bright screen glaring back at him reading, ‘7:35pm’. There were several notifications, two missed calls from Jeongguk from earlier, and a Snap from Professor M. Curious, Taehyung clicked into the app, and held his finger down to receive whatever the hell it was that Yoongi sent him. It was a video of Tannie, pawing at a pebble of dry food – getting it out of the bowl, before he ate it up. It was so…adorable.

It was just about time to leave for Yoongi’s, and Taehyung spent a moment considering the best way to get there. It was a known fact among his two close friends that Taehyung didn’t enjoy driving, but he wasn’t above doing it when he was highly motivated. Besides, the car was half his anyway, right?

He took a quick shower before agonizing over his wardrobe, deciding in the end to go with one of his newer outfits. A fitted pair of distressed jeans and an oversized sweater. Taehyung eyed himself in the mirror when he was done, thinking ruefully that his grandmother’s scarf would have gone perfectly with it, too bad he had had to return it to Yoongi.

Jeongguk was awake and texting when he left the bathroom. The younger boy peered over at him, coming to his own conclusion, but asking anyway, “Going somewhere?”

“Yoongi’s, unless you had other plans?” Taehyung asked, as he slowly reached for the keys on the desk.

“Nope, no plans tonight. I’ll probably just cuddle Hoseok for the rest of the evening,” Jeongguk answered, tucking his phone away and turning towards their hyung. Jeongguk gave a great big yawn, all the while still trying to speak through it, “He smells so amazing, what the hell does he use? I’m losing the fabric softener war.” Taehyung was about to ask if that was a real thing, when Jeongguk hummed sleepily, “You look really cute, hyung. Have fun, okay?”

And then he was out like a light.

Hoseok’s power…

As Taehyung walked over to his car in his new pair of Converse sneakers, the drenched streets around him were shimmering beneath the pale light of the moon, finally able to peek out from the thick veil of storm clouds. Though Taehyung feared the rain, he couldn’t help but appreciate the beauty in its aftermath. His shoes were nearly broken in now after Hoseok had taken a hammer to them yesterday, and they squeaked on the wet pavement with each step he took, the only sound in
the otherwise empty parking lot. Everything was quiet as he unlocked the door and got himself situated in the driver’s seat, and he turned on music but kept it low, determined to focus on the road. It was already clear that he was going to be a little bit late since he tended to rigidly maintain the limit – especially at night, especially since everything was wet.

After Taehyung’s accident, he’d looked into the car culture in Korea. It was still relatively new, and acquiring his license wasn’t nearly as difficult as it would have been in other countries. There weren’t even any patrol vehicles on the road – only speed cameras. He had to wonder if his grandmother’s death could have been prevented if only the laws had been different. Traffic accidents were all too common, but Taehyung hadn’t ever considered why that was until he lost something so precious.

It was fifteen minutes of stiff, reflective driving later that Taehyung was standing outside Yoongi’s apartment, aftercare kit nestled against his side. The overhead light was dim, in need of changing – perhaps something he’d be able to fix when he was doing service submission? He pressed his finger to the doorbell, the sound immediately alerting the dogs, and he felt a bubble of happiness rise in him. Tannie was here, safe. He couldn’t wait to see them. Soon there were sounds of shuffling, the tone of Yoongi’s voice seemingly exasperated, “Again, Tan-ah? Again?”

Oh, boy.

The door was opening now, Yoongi staring up at Taehyung. “I thought you weren’t going to show up. It’s almost nine.”

“O-Oh, should I have texted, or…?” he trailed, stepping forward when Yoongi moved back – allowing Taehyung room to enter his apartment.

“I think a text would have been appropriate in this case, Taehyung,” Yoongi said, sternly, as he scooped up a bucket hat from the floor. It was in pieces. Absolutely destroyed.

Yeontan and Holly were at Taehyung’s feet, pawing and stretching their little bodies against him. He was absolutely too weak for this – and indeed he buckled instantly, joining them on the floor. Taehyung petted at them gently, while he explained himself, “I’m sorry – it’s just – I was a little concerned getting here. I don’t drive that much, and the roads were wet…”

And of course, there wasn’t much for Yoongi to be annoyed with at that response. Not that he was looking to be, but he’d been feeling a bit tense all day. Perhaps what he had planned for this evening would be better when he wasn’t wanting to hurt someone. Every time he was with Taehyung, he felt that he had to be careful. So many times, Yoongi wished for him to bloom beneath the pain. True pain.

Taehyung would…

He’d blossom prettily, right in the palm of his hand. But that was for another night.

“Your son is proving to be difficult to train. Takes after his father that way,” Yoongi snarked at him, as he folded the tattered hat in his hands, and tossing it away in the trash. “He doesn’t listen – he won’t use the puppy pads, and he enjoys stealing my belongings. Then he either pisses on them to mark his claim, or destroys them. Worst part is, I’ve caught him in the act, and he stares me down while doing it.”

“Tannie…” Taehyung said, voice scolding, however his hand was coming to curl over his lips to hide the smile that was forming. That was fucking hilarious. It seemed as though Yoongi had finally met his match. “I didn’t have the opportunity to teach him many things early on. Plus, he was always
let out in the backyard. As far as stealing goes, it just means he wants to play. I think he must not have been getting much attention… before.”

Yoongi was about to refute that, tell Taehyung that they play often enough. It was probably why Yeontan was so comfortable with him now. However, when the puppy first showed up, Yeontan had spent most of his time hiding in the corner of the living room. He barely ate anything and only slept in one spot. It about broke Yoongi’s heart (almost), so in the end he had hooked both dogs up to a leash and brought them to the local pet store. There, he allowed them to pick out treats, and toys. That was how he discovered that Yeontan was all about the squeakers – loved chewing on things, though, much to his annoyance his current favorite things to chew on were Yoongi’s personal effects.

The dominant often found himself chasing after Yeontan, who had a habit of snatching socks clean off his foot. Yoongi never saw him coming – he swore the puppy was some kind of ninja – and the only way of retrieving it was with peace offerings (ransoms) in the form of a treat. It was a game, Yoongi had realized. Yeontan loved games. He supposed it had made things around the house a bit more lively these days, though he would never admit that to Taehyung.

“Make no mistake,” Yoongi said, staring at the fluff ball that was sitting happily loved, and well-behaved in Taehyung’s lap. “So long as he’s staying with me, he will be taught how to be lethargic, yet exceptional – like my Holly.”

Taehyung’s eyebrows drew together, confusedly, “How do you teach a dog to be lethargic?”

“You have to take naps, non-stop. Teach by example, show them how it’s done. Sure, it’ll be a hardship for me, but I’m willing to do whatever it takes,” Yoongi reasoned, and all Taehyung could do was laugh at the ridiculousness. A pretty sound that seemed to be happening more often as of late. It made Yoongi’s chest feel strange, ticklish almost. It was weirdly imposing, as he laid a hand against it. He tilted his head to the side, staring endearingly at the younger boy, “Did you eat?”

Taehyung was in the middle of accepting Holly’s jealous kisses, dramatically puckering his lips at the poodle, before he answered, “Yes! Hoseok made sure of it. No need to worry, professor.”

‘Professor…’ Yoongi was reminded of the conversation he had had with the Dean this afternoon, which was probably the real cause for his tense mood earlier. He wondered what Taehyung would think if he rejected the offer? It made more sense to discontinue, than to stay with his position at the college. It was the right decision for them, as well – himself and Taehyung.

Noticing the way Yoongi fell silent, Taehyung asked him, “This is an appointment, right? I should probably call you, ‘sir’. Sorry, I–”

“Let’s go to the playroom,” Yoongi said, cutting Taehyung off there – eyes sharp when they glanced down at his submissive. It was enough to get Taehyung in motion, as he stood up to his feet, and stepped beside him. So very tall, and exceedingly attractive in his new outfit. Too bad he was about to take it off. “And yes, ‘sir’ would be much appreciated from here on out.”

“As you wish, sir,” Taehyung murmured, brushing past the dominant to begin walking down the familiar hallway. The art hanging on the walls had been adjusted, so that the pieces were now complimenting each other. Would he not be expected to do service submission today? Taehyung halted in front of the closed door, chancing a look over his shoulder at Yoongi. The elder raised a brow, nodding for him to continue.

Taehyung would never be able to get over how pretty the playroom was, even with all its questionable contents.
"Strip down for me, angel… I want to see nothing, but skin," Yoongi husked, words rough as they dragged over each of Taehyung’s senses, breaking him out of his exploration and refocusing his attention in an instant. How unfortunate for him, that he was affected by every little thing Yoongi did – down to his very breath. “After you’re finished, you can place your belongings in the wardrobe space.”

“It’s pretty,” Taehyung commented, gesturing towards the new furniture. When it was clear that Yoongi wasn’t going to respond on the topic, he started nervously undressing – one article at a time. Taehyung folded the clothes up neatly, stacking them atop each other. It was always unnerving to him, to be the only one stripping down, while Yoongi stood there watching, completely unabashed. Taehyung kept his briefs on like he usually did, thinking nothing of it since that’d been the routine.

He was bringing the pile of clothes on over towards the armoire, when Yoongi’s voice cut through the tense silence, “I told you nothing, but skin.”

“You want me to lose these, t-too?” Taehyung asked, pausing to look down at the last shred of clothing that was keeping him from being completely exposed beneath Yoongi’s heated scrutiny – eyes burning through him. If only Taehyung could find a hole in the ground and promptly fall down it.

“I don’t like repeating myself,” Yoongi warned, voice decidedly soft for such a thing. Taehyung had to admit he was out of practice dealing with this Yoongi. He had to wake up. They weren’t in Daegu anymore, and it was back to the contract, it would seem. Although, Yoongi was still the same, wasn’t he? Nothing had changed between them, yet why did it feel different now?

“My apologies, sir,” Taehyung breathed, remembering that in order to do so he needed to exhale, but he kept holding it in. Skin burning, he divested himself of his briefs, trying to get past the reflexive flush of humiliation he felt at his nudity. Trembling, he added the briefs to the pile of clothes, and then proceeded warily towards the wardrobe. He placed his bag down, and opened both doors one at a time. And when he finally looked up, he froze.

The armoire was compartmentalized, very neatly. At one side, there were decently spacious shelves, an obvious spot to place his clothes, and beneath that, he tucked in his bag. Taehyung needed his arms free for what he was seeing, what he needed to inspect with his own fingertips; on the opposite side was a clothing rack. Hanging up on satin padded hangers and color-coded, having obviously been devised by a mad man – was a collection of lingerie. His collection of lingerie, he thought to himself distractedly.

He lightly ran his fingertips across the material, ranging from laced to silk. It was obvious that Yoongi wanted him in bodysuits – sheer ones, where he’d be able to see everything. Or perhaps he was going off of the polka dotted lingerie Taehyung had chosen, that he had destroyed. He went from white, baby blue, powder pink, purple, to scarlet, amazed at the sheer volume, when he noticed sandwiched between two black ensembles, was that same polka dotted set. Awed by Yoongi’s thoughtfulness, Taehyung smiled, “Thank you, sir. That’s… incredibly generous.”

“Mm, but those aren’t for now, Taehyung. I want nothing in the way of you and me,” Yoongi told him, as he closed the distance between them, coming to stand next to Taehyung. The boy had
already seemed to have forgotten their arrangement. Yoongi bit at his bottom lip, eyes falling to Taehyung’s, wanting them. “Won’t you thank me properly?”

Without turning away from his position facing forward, Taehyung leaned – one hand cupping the side of Yoongi’s face, as he gently brushed their mouths together. He didn’t want to make it obvious, but he was still incredibly shy, and slightly humiliated about having to stand bare before Yoongi, all his insecurities out in the open. The faint stretch marks on his hips and thighs from when he’d gained, and lost some weight. Slim arms – his small stomach, his soft cock.

The kiss was over within seconds, Yoongi remaining motionless, as Taehyung pulled away. It was a moment before the dominant pushed the lingerie over. “You probably didn’t notice, but there are other compartments in the back here.” He pulled open one of the drawers, revealing various sets of stockings, and pairs of netted gloves. He glanced over at Taehyung before opening up the next drawer, and Taehyung was taken by surprise when he saw what was inside. It looked like a collar.

It was a collar. Finally, his collar. It was the ultimate symbol of Yoongi’s ownership, and Taehyung yearned to belong to him. He wanted everyone to know that he was Yoongi’s submissive. Perhaps a few weeks ago, he would have paled at the thought, but now Taehyung was positively glowing. Yoongi took the gorgeous burgundy colored leather into his hands, pulling the dual straps through each golden buckle. It was adjustable with three sets of two d-shaped rings. Absolutely perfect.

“This is your second gift. It’s pretty, isn’t it? It’s important that I chose it for you. See, a collar represents the relationship between a dominant and their submissive, and it’s not to be taken lightly,” Yoongi explained to him, smiling at the look of wonderment on Taehyung’s precious, precious, face. “You will wear your collar whenever we enter this room, as well as when we’re at Void. That way, no one will question your status. They’ll know right away that you’re mine, and Taehyung, you are mine.”

Taehyung couldn’t deny it, even if he tried to, as he nodded. “Yours.”

And perhaps Yoongi enjoyed the statement a little bit more than he should have – enjoyed having someone to take care of, and spoil again.

“It also means that you are my responsibility, and that I and I alone will care for you, guide you, teach you. So in that way it symbolizes that I am yours, too.”

Taehyung’s eyes widened, and he looked at Yoongi as if to make sure the other was serious. “Mine?”

“Yours,” Yoongi repeatedly softly, unwilling to examine why those words paired with the expression on Taehyung’s face made his heart race so. He struggled not to just push Taehyung up against the wall and take everything the younger so clearly wanted to give to him in that instant, to bring his mind back to the moment at hand.

The younger boy wouldn’t know until later on, but there was a complete set that was made to go with his collar. Handcuffs, a waist belt, thigh cuffs, and ankle cuffs…all with clasps that could very easily pin Taehyung’s wrists at the sides of his neck, behind his back, or to his ankles. The thigh cuffs could click into the waist belt, keeping his legs bent, and in place. So much potential to have Taehyung in bondage, with or without rope now.

He came to stand in front of Taehyung, peering up at him through his lashes. He was blushing deeply to which Yoongi highly doubted it was just because of the collar. Sure – he was naked, but he’d been exposed to the dominant before, in much more compromising situations. “I’ve had your cock in my mouth,” Yoongi said, sliding the cool leather around Taehyung throat, watching as his
Adam’s apple bobbed with a hard swallow. Heavy, catlike eyes danced wickedly, “Twice.”

“W-What does that have to do with anything?” Taehyung asked, somewhat flustered and caught off-guard by Yoongi’s words. He was closer now, having to bend down in order for Yoongi to place the collar on him.

Yoongi took a moment adjusting the straps through each buckle, ever the perfectionist. He made sure there was enough room between Taehyung’s throat and the collar to fit his finger in. Good – it wasn’t too constricting. The deep color complimented the younger boy’s skin tone, so pretty, and perfect on him. He was convinced now more than ever that Taehyung’s neck was made to be collared, whether it was encased in leather, or held within his fist.

There was a ring at the front of Taehyung’s new collar, made for the leash the dominant had bought to go with it. Yoongi hooked a finger through it, giving a punctuated tug, “You’re being shy with me, baby tiger.”

“I’m not…” *Nope, no lying*, he reprimanded himself. Yoongi was already narrowing his eyes at him, so very much ready to put Taehyung in his place. He tried again, “I’m sorry, but I c-can’t just turn it off.”

“I didn’t really expect you to feel comfortable right away, but it is something I’d like for you to try and work on. I mean, it’s either that or humiliating you will just be very, very easy. Trust me when I say you don’t want that,” Yoongi said, admiring the contrast of Taehyung’s creamy skin against the burgundy, and gold. With time, Yoongi might consider adding a butterfly charm. Perhaps once they’ve moved past a training collar.

He slowly released Taehyung and returned to the armoire, lifting the velvet case that the collar was resting on. Taehyung had thought nothing of it – assuming it was some fancy lining inside the drawer, but he was wrong. Yoongi held it up, “This is your third present, but I’m not going to give it to you right now. Mean, I know – but it should really come after we’ve played.”

Taehyung was feeling awfully petulant about it, as he anxiously fidgeted with the ring at the front of his collar. “But I’d like to have it now…sir.”

“Awe, well that’s just too bad, isn’t it?” Yoongi smirked, as he walked away from the submissive, placing the velvet jewelry box on the table by the cream chaise lounge. “One thing we haven’t fully touched up on is your pain tolerance. I know you like pain, but there are different types during impact play, and I want tonight to be your choice on what I use on you, as well as how I treat you.”

‘How he treats me? Well, that’s interesting,’ Taehyung thought, quite liking the idea.

“Go over to the peg board and look through each instrument. The paddles, the whips…” Yoongi trailed, watching as Taehyung stepped closer towards his play equipment. It was arranged neatly, as was everything when overseen by the dominant. He couldn’t help but take pleasure in the site of Taehyung’s naked, lithe form amongst all his toys, the collar that claimed him as Yoongi’s catching in the soft light.

The selection was massive. Taehyung wondered if he should go with what looked the least bit intimidating, or would that just make it worse? It was probably the unassuming tools that were the more dangerous ones. Paddles were simple. Whips were immediately filed under the ‘not ready’ list. There was no way in hell. Besides, he’d listened to Jeongguk carry on about the pain being a solid ten many times.

There was a crop with a heart shaped tip, leathery but pretty. It wouldn’t hurt less if it was cute, but
Taehyung was intrigued. Most of his reservations were because he didn’t know what to expect, but Yoongi had been gentle with him so far tonight. He slid it free and brought it to where his dominant had been observing him, sitting with one leg crossed over the other on the chaise sofa. How long had he been watching for? Taehyung shivered, noting the predatory glint in Yoongi’s gaze.

“A crop,” Yoongi said, easily taking it from Taehyung’s lax grip – quietly satisfied with his choice. He tightened his fist around the handle, “Now to go over how I’m to treat you. You have four options.” From under the table Yoongi pulled out a plain black box. He eased it open and placed each of the items down one at a time. “Baby,” he practically cooed, removing his hand to show Taehyung that it was a blindfold, and printed on the material in large white bold lettering read the word, ‘BABY’.

“My soft boy,” Yoongi murmured, letting Taehyung know that he would be treated as such. “I’d never dream of hurting you. You’d have to be really bad for that to ever happen…” O-Oh? Baby didn’t sound too bad to Taehyung. However, it didn’t sound particularly challenging either. The next blindfold Yoongi set down spelled, ‘BITCH’. “If you’re going to behave like a little bitch, I’ll have to treat you like one. My pretty, pretty bitch. You’ll do whatever I tell you to do.”

It was eerily tempting. Taehyung waited patiently for the next two, ‘WHORE’ being the one that followed. Yoongi ran his fingers over the blindfold, “Maybe you’d like to be my whore for the evening? I could hurt you all night, Taehyung. I could hurt you and then throw you away, because that’s all you are in the end – a plaything, a means to my getting off however I see fit.”

Taehyung knew all too well that that would get Yoongi off – issuing pain – pure and simple. And as much as he felt inclined to give in, he waited for the last blindfold to be set upon the table, ‘SLUT’.

“Ah,” Yoongi started, a teasing lilt to his rough voice. “You’re already familiar with this one, aren’t you, angel? You’ve shown me how positively filthy, slutty you are…both for me, and for the pain that I can give you. Always needy, always wanting more, more, more. Well, I’ll give you anything you want, so long as you’re mine – my little pain slut.”

Each blindfold had its pros, for sure – actually, there was no downside to any of these options. However, what seemed to resonate with Taehyung more profoundly, was the more selfish one. “I want… Taehyung felt all the heat in the room blossom across his face, a deep blush climbing from his chest to his ears. Yoongi tilted his head to the side, staring at the younger boy adoringly at his obvious struggle. “I want you t-to treat me like a slut.”

“I had a feeling you’d choose this one,” Yoongi said with satisfaction, sliding the blindfold from the table. “Baby is too tame to satisfy such eager curiosities. A bitch is too vague – what would I have you do? You’re going to do whatever I ask you to do, or is that not true?”

Taehyung nodded short – overwhelmed by how vulnerable he felt, having made his choice, and now he was being read accurately. Yoongi knew him, he knew. “I’ll do whatever you ask of me, sir.”

Yoongi was mockingly inquisitive, “And why is that, angel?”

“Because I’m your slut,” Taehyung said, carefully, amazed at how a word that had once seemed so derogatory now felt almost... empowering in a way.

“Oh, look at you…You didn’t even stutter. It was easy for you to admit, huh, baby?” Yoongi mused, delighted, as he removed the box from his lap, and he stood up. Taehyung closed his eyes when he was near, allowing Yoongi to place the blindfold on him. “You’re so pretty like this,” the dominant breathed, dark eyes falling to the soft bow of Taehyung’s lips – the freckle there serving to taunt him. “All sluts like to look the part, but you’re just too damn pretty already. Mm. But I know what’ll make
you feel even prettier.”

Yoongi leaned with one hand on Taehyung’s wrist, letting him know that he wasn’t going anywhere, and felt for the box once again. Inside was a makeup bag. It had come in handy a few times in the past and it would be fair to say that Yoongi was a fan of lipstick – the way it left a trail behind. The color he chose for Taehyung was a dark shade of rouge, something to go with his pretty collar and complement his tawny skin. Slowly, he uncapped the metallic cap, rolling the fresh tip of the lipstick out.

The younger boy gasped when Yoongi took hold of his chin, gripping him firmly. “Anyone ever tell you that your lips were made for sucking cock, Taehyung?”

It took him a moment to fully comprehend the question, so distracted by the sound of the tube uncapping and the strong fingers keeping him in place. Even after he was certain he understood it correctly; he was still taken aback. “No, sir.”

“I like being the first one to tell you that your mouth would look so pretty stuffed full, drooling on my cock.” Taehyung winced when he felt Yoongi’s nails digging into his skin, forcibly tilting his head back. “You’re going to need to hold still for me. You wouldn’t want lipstick all over your face, would you?” The faint smell of oil reached Taehyung’s nose, as Yoongi’s thumb pressed below his bottom lip, and he began expertly applying color along the soft curves of his lips. Taehyung barely avoided jerking back in surprise at the sensation, smearing the makeup.

The amount of care Yoongi spent on ensuring that it went on cleanly – lightly wiping at the sides of his mouth, making sure it was even – only proved how dedicated he was to making every last detail perfect. Yoongi sighed when he was finished, pleased with his work, “So pretty, Taehyung. I just want to make a mess of you.” Yoongi leaned in close then – enough for their breaths to mingle as one, the dominant’s voice going low and intimate, “I always knew you’d end up right here in my playroom, as my pretty fucking slut.”

Taehyung bit at his bottom lip, withholding what was sure to be an embarrassing sound trapped at the back of his throat. He still wasn’t used to this type of dirty talk, but he knew that he liked it – feeling as his cock began to stir with interest at Yoongi’s nasty little commentary, at the heat he could feel from his sustained proximity. The collar, as well as being blindfolded had only added to the excitement he felt over what was soon to come.

“I’m going to lead you towards the spanking bench,” Yoongi informed him, taking both of Taehyung’s hands into his own, and gradually bringing him the short distance to the equipment. He’d nearly forgotten about choosing a crop – the instrument currently tucked under Yoongi’s arm. The dominant guided him along, instructing him to envision the bench, and it made a significant difference. Taehyung’s legs stretched out wide as they straddled the white padding, arms following as he leaned forward until he was flat on his stomach – chest pressed down against the material, pierced nipples achingly sensitive the second they made contact.

Yoongi allowed himself time to appreciate the sight before him. Taehyung was stretched out prone and vulnerable, head turned to the side with his gorgeous eyes hidden. In that way it almost seemed more like a punishment meant for Yoongi, who knew that visual impairment during play was enjoyable for most submissives. Taehyung had agreed to trying it in their contract, so he felt it was only fitting to give his boy what he wanted in small increments. He had always intended for it to be in doses, but Yoongi was in a mood, and Taehyung just responded to everything so beautifully .

“Before I begin testing your pain tolerance, I’d like to implement the Traffic Light system. Some dominants use this for many aspects of kink, but I find it most useful for introductory lessons to impact play. I’m still learning all about you – what you enjoy, what is too much, or what isn’t
enough. This will give me an idea,” Yoongi explained, confident that with time he’d come to learn everything there was to know about the younger boy. “It’s very straightforward. **Green** means *it feels good, keep going, need more, harder.* **Yellow** means *you’d like the pain to stay where it’s at, and that anything more will hurt.* **Red** means *stop immediately, and not to do it again.* Do you understand the system?”

“Yes sir, I understand,” Taehyung said, honey deep voice washing over Yoongi – able to tell that the younger boy was already affected. His arousal was evident with the way he squirmed as he pressed his lower half down onto the padded cushion beneath him – subtly rubbing his cock against the cool material for more friction. And while in doing so, Taehyung spread his legs even further, giving the dominant quite the view of his tight little hole. And much to his detriment, Yoongi remembered in a rush what’d been like to have his fingers there, fucking into him.

He tore his eyes away, determined to stay focused. A month ago, he would’ve been fine handling this task without the risk of emotional entanglements, in fact he could still perform seamlessly on anyone *else*, but Taehyung was different. Yoongi needed to put forth more self-control, as he found himself ignoring the prominent thrill over finally being able to introduce Taehyung to the pleasures of impact play. He pressed the heart-shaped tress of the crop between Taehyung’s shoulder-blades, and slowly skimmed the delicate line of Taehyung’s back like a chill over his skin.

“I’ll go nice and slow for you,” Yoongi murmured – his grip on the rubber handle tight, as he stroked the firm leather down, down, down over the well-rounded cheeks of Taehyung’s ass. To get the blood flowing, and the endorphins building, Yoongi started a light *tap-tap-tap* against the tender skin there. Never staying in one spot, but up and down, covering the area. Yoongi wanted to take his time, to savor this properly, and he wanted to build Taehyung’s anticipation as well.

Was it easier for Taehyung to relinquish control with the blindfold on? The younger boy was able to hide behind it, but it also forced him to trust in what Yoongi was doing to him. The dominant had made a decision to alter Taehyung’s training to center around the blindfolds – sectioning them off into four perfect little lessons.

“Color?” Yoongi asked, curiously.

It took a moment, but Taehyung answered, “Green.”

“Should I give you more then? Hmm? Were you always this greedy, Taehyung?” The boy whimpered in response, when the crop came down a little bit firmer. It was easy enough to avoid serious pain, however the slightest of adjustments could create a strong sensation. Yoongi was still hardly doing more than bringing Taehyung’s blood to the surface, warming him up.

“Please, sir…want m-more…”

“Of course you do, angel – all pain sluts want more. I’m going to place three solid smacks right here now,” Yoongi told him, rubbing the crop over the perky swells of Taehyung’s ass, slightly reddened from the continuous rhythm. He went through with the action, striking rather than tapping – each *thwack* lightning-quick, and flat upon Taehyung’s skin. It made the younger boy jerk forward, hips writhing to escape after the third hit. Yoongi’s eyes shut for a moment, glad that Taehyung couldn’t see him then, “Color?”

Taehyung gasped, his entire body shaking with want, “G-Green…”

He was asking for more, harder. It wasn’t usual for a novice to dive right into such intense pain, and despite the urge to see how far he could take it, Yoongi as his dominant made the call not to fully give in – not to cave like he always tended to do whenever it pertained to Taehyung. He stopped
tapping with the crop, placing it beneath his arm, “Good, you did so good, angel. But I can give you so much more, Taehyung. I can be gentle and still break you.”

“Yes, please, please…” Taehyung was begging, teeth worrying his bottom lip. Red from the lipstick and swollen from the abuse. Perfectly pouty and kissable.

“Do you want to show me how much of a slut you are? Are you willing to prove it to me?” Yoongi taunted, stepping over to his wall of equipment. All of it was new - he’d replaced everything once Taekwoon left. There were certain items, like crops for instance, that could not be one-hundred percent cleaned of blood or any other bodily fluids, thus binding it to the submissive. And then there were the memories that were just as impossible to scourge away…

With that in mind, it was safe to assume that the wall was specifically meant for Taehyung.

There wasn’t an answer in response, and Yoongi touched his finger to one of the plugs lining the shelves. It would reach deeper than the original bulb Taehyung had picked out for himself, but the size of it was still decently small. Four and a half inches long, and a little more than two and a half inches wide. “Tell me,” Yoongi commanded, taking the toy, as well as a small bottle of lubricant from the wall before returning to Taehyung’s side. “What are you, Taehyung?”

He knew what Yoongi wanted to hear from him. And it was absolutely humiliating, but not in a way that Taehyung disliked. He remembered telling the dominant that he could handle being degraded and he could – he very much enjoyed the warmth that swept across his body, terribly embarrassed when he found himself murmuring, “I’m a little slut.”

“Oh, I never doubted it,” Yoongi agreed, silkily. He uncapped the lip to the bottle – his hand hovering right above the crack of Taehyung’s ass, ready to pour. “Sluts like to feel full, don’t they? So greedy. It’s what they love, Taehyung. Being good by being used, and I’d love to put you to good use. Will you let me have my way?”

“Yes, I want it, I want…I-I’m a needy little slut who wants to be filled,” Taehyung said, amending his prior declaration. It occurred to Yoongi that perhaps that’s why the younger boy chose that particular blindfold. He wanted the pain that was promised, and he desperately wanted to take the next step sexually. Maybe he’d even assumed that he would be penetrated. As if Yoongi could resist.

“I’m going to train your slutty little hole to take me, little by little,” Yoongi promised him, as he squeezed the lubricant onto Taehyung’s warm, sensitive skin. The submissive flinched at the cool sensation, and then gasped as he felt Yoongi’s fingers on him, gathering the thick, sticky liquid and rubbing it over his rim – the pads of his middle and index finger teasingly pushing against him. “When I take you, you’ll be so desperate for me, angel.”

Taehyung whimpered, “A-Already desperate for Sir’s cock.”

Yoongi stared darkly into the back of Taehyung’s head, paused for a moment by such brazen behavior. Control, he reminded himself. It wasn’t until now that he allowed his dick to become interested in what was happening at the present, his self-restraint slipping – unprofessional, but their relationship was already unconventional, wasn’t it? Right from the very beginning. But where had Taehyung’s bravado suddenly come from? Sure, Taehyung had surprised him on many occasions, but he was more emboldened now, than he’d been in the past. Yoongi was slowly starting to realize how dangerous Taehyung would be once fully trained, fully accepting of their dynamic.

“Let’s find out,” Yoongi practically growled, voice rougher than it was a second ago, when he finally sank a finger into Taehyung – slow and deep, and in steady increments. Taehyung’s legs fell even wider apart, hips raised slightly to better accommodate each thrust in and out of him. The sight
of him like this, spread and arched wantonly below him, tugged again at Yoongi’s restraint, but he somehow stayed patient, periodically adding more lubricant, enjoying the way it seeped out past his knuckle whenever he plunged back in – Taehyung’s rim tender when he added another finger alongside the first one, eliciting a sharp gasp from the younger boy.

“You went too long without my fingers in your ass. You’re so fucking tight,” Yoongi murmured, knowingly – curving his fingers exactly where Taehyung needed them, and felt as his muscles clenched around him like a vice. The dominant chuckled low, and fiendishly, “Such a slutty little thing. Stretching you so nicely…you’re swallowing me right up.”

“A-ah… fuhhh …ck…ah, ah…” Taehyung cried out – his painted mouth parted against the padding – drooling onto the material. The blindfold was soft and unfortunately, sufficiently damp against his face, shielding Yoongi from the fact that he’d been crying since the swift hits of the crop – loving every fucking moment of it. He’d been so exhilarated by the stinging sensation that his heart had started to pound. This – this was good, too – being forcibly jostled by the hard, loud thrusts of Yoongi’s slick fingers relentlessly fucking him open. The quickness was enough to stave off the orgasm he had building in his gut, starting anew – cock leaking between his stomach and the firm surface of the bench.

The friction, it was somewhat painful as his body tried to acclimatize to the new sensations. But Taehyung, he – he wanted it to hurt more. He wanted it harder, rougher.

And then Yoongi’s fingers were gone, shattering him into pieces.

“You were right,” the dominant leered, watching as Taehyung’s hole clenched and unclenched – once again tempting Yoongi to place his mouth there – to push his tongue in, especially now that Taehyung was stretched out a little. “You really are a desperate little cockslut, Taehyung. It’s funny how you don’t even know what that means yet. You’ve never had a cock buried deep inside your ass. You’ve never been stuffed full of cum. You’ve never had to finger it out of you, no…”

Taehyung moaned at the prospect – the want in his stomach turning into a full-on ache for the too vivid picture Yoongi was painting inside his head. Shakily, Taehyung moved his hands from the armrest, reaching behind himself to spread apart his cheeks. Would Yoongi have sex with him if he showed the dominant that he was eager? He was so far gone, he would beg if needed – he would endure the humiliation of tossing himself at Yoongi’s feet again, and again. Why couldn’t he just give him what he wanted? He was ready.

“Fuck me, please, I…I’ve been so good…I want your cock…wanna know how it feels, wanna have your cum i-inside me, Yoon–Sir, p-please, ” Taehyung babbled on, could have spent forever begging with the headspace he was in, but it was so – so fucking quiet. Taehyung bit at his lip, waiting with baited breath. And Yoongi’s response, it didn’t come in the form of words, but in action when he continued with his plans – pouring the lubricant onto the plug, and pressing the tip of it against Taehyung’s rim.

Defeated, but temporarily placated by the fact that he was being filled at all, Taehyung’s hands slipped back down onto the padded armrests. He tried relaxing his body, feeling the rubber toy being pushed into him slowly, the toy wider with each inch, but it wasn’t thicker than two of Yoongi’s fingers. His whole young adult life, he’d shied away from dating, suspecting that all people wanted from him was a quick fuck. But not Yoongi, he thought bitterly.

“Fuck you,” Taehyung mumbled, the words escaping before his thoughts could properly catch up with him. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have said it. He knew better by now, new well enough to feel dread the instant the words left his mouth. Yoongi was perfectly calm, while he fucked the plug in
and out of Taehyung a few times, before allowing the thick base of the toy to settle against Taehyung’s abused rim.

And he remained casual, when he moved towards the head of the spank bench – and abruptly grasped Taehyung by his hair. The younger boy hissed, feeling the delicious burn radiating from the root of his hair to the arch of his back. “I’ve been very lenient with you. Not because I want to be, but because I have to be early on, Taehyung. You’d do well not to push my buttons.”

Releasing Taehyung, the dominant grasped the handle of the crop, and slipped it from under his arm. “Now, where were we? Oh, right. I was giving you more.” And with that, Yoongi started up a rhythm once again, hitting all over Taehyung’s ass – each strike reverberating throughout his body, the toy within him felt more acutely. The sensation was wonderfully stingy, causing Taehyung’s hips to move on their own.

He was surprised Yoongi allowed him such liberties at the moment, gasping when he felt the leather tress of the crop press to the base of the plug. The dominant’s voice was thick with arousal, rougher than what Taehyung was used to, “Give me a color.”

Taehyung released his bottom lip, trembling through his response, “G-Green, sir.”

“Do you really think that you deserve more after how you spoke to me? A defiant little slut like yourself, Taehyung?” Yoongi sneered derisively, as he drew his wrist back and brought the crop down against the plug. Taehyung’s body was singing with both pain and pleasure – delicious sounds torn raw from the back of his throat. All the while, Yoongi remained the incessant tapping – the impact sending the toy a little deeper, and harder into the younger boy.

Yoongi so loved using crops. The instrument itself was flexible, delicate even. It didn’t require much force and it was easy to find a steady rhythm. He’d gone to a tack shop for the crop he was currently using – dragging the tip of it down over Taehyung’s perineum – stroking him there a couple times, before hitting him lightly. “Fuck, fuck…” Taehyung cried, nails digging into the white padding beneath his fingertips.

With a lurch, Taehyung anticipated where the dominant was headed, rhythmically tapping along the back of his sensitive thighs, reverently almost, before he landed another strike against his ass. The stinging sensation was enough to make his muscles clench around the plug, cock pulsating and leaking miserably, in need of release. But he could carry on doing this forever. Taehyung had never felt so high before, head swimming as though he were intoxicated on every ounce of pain. He loved Yoongi’s attention to detail, knowing where he needed another hit, when he needed it.

“I’ll tell you what, Taehyung,” Yoongi said, lightly brushing the leather over the tender sac of Taehyung’s balls – and the little taps there felt so fucking good, Taehyung almost wept. He started rocking his hips again, soaking the padding with his saliva as he moaned low, and guttural. He could let go like this, he really could… “If you can bear three hits to the soles of each foot, I’ll give you a reward. You can have anything you want, within reason. Would you like that?”

“Y-Yes sir,” Taehyung said, accepting the challenge, wondering if it would hurt, or if he’d be able to withstand it. What his reward would be. The foot didn’t sound like a particularly painful spot – he’d just had the crop on his balls, and he could’ve come from that alone.

“The formal term for this punishment is called bastinado and usually it’s carried out with a cane,” Yoongi told him, as he teased the crop down one of Taehyung’s calves, tickling over his skin. The younger boy sighed at the gentle caress. “If I didn’t love this crop so much, I’d use the handle. But this’ll be just as effective, I believe…” And Yoongi started slowly, as he did with every other section
of Taehyung’s body that he’d used the crop on.

It was almost like a foot massage at first, something that startled Taehyung – making him breathlessly laugh, before Yoongi added more pressure to each of his hits. The steady strokes felt a lot like heaven, in a spot he’d hardly received any special attention on. “Ah...feels s-so...good, sir,” Taehyung moaned, abandoning the armrests to run his fingers through his hair, tightening his grip. He was about to lose it.

“That’s because the bottoms of our feet have a lot of nerve endings, Taehyung,” Yoongi said, quietly – concentrating on accuracy, even if he was well-practiced. He would never risk striking the wrong area and for feet, he had to be very, very precise. “Are you ready, angel? Three counts, left foot. Count for me.”

No matter how ready Taehyung felt, steeling himself for the exquisite pain that was soon to follow, he wasn’t quite prepared for when the crop finally met its target in a firm slap. Taehyung felt the immediate pain, swift and intense, shooting throughout his body. He lost his breath, knowing that the sooner he gave the number, the quicker he’d feel it again.

“One.”

A loud smack resounded as the second strike came – bringing fresh tears to his eyes, delirious with elation. Taehyung could feel himself spill a little more from the swell of his cock, stomach sticking to the surface beneath him. “T-Two!” he cried, letting out a shaky exhale – one that he’d barely gotten out when the third smack of the crop came down. And Taehyung was shaking all over.

“That good – huh, baby?” Yoongi cooed at him, taking in the condition of Taehyung’s body. There were small bruises blossoming across his ass – cheeks still red from the treatment before. He’d have to cream the marks later, looking forward to kneading, and pulling at the soft skin there. Taehyung was behaving so well, hadn’t come like he’d half-expected him to, hadn’t even asked for release. Such a good, soft little tiger – his good boy, exceeding expectations.

“Three…” Taehyung murmured, wetly – giving away to the fact that he was crying. Yoongi went over to his right foot, the simple contact of leather to skin causing Taehyung to visibly tense up.

“If it’s too much, we can stop here.” Yoongi hadn’t expected to give Taehyung so much, so soon. Earlier he’d thought about making Taehyung blossom, but he hadn’t expected it to be done tonight, despite feeling rather inclined to give his submissive pain. “Do not push yourself, Taehyung. You’ve already made your dominant proud.”

Taehyung mumbled, voice barely audible it was so soft, “I want more.” He was still heaving for air, catching his breath from the flood of emotions swarming him. The crop felt fucking amazing – the pain unmatched, and he wanted to see it through. Taehyung wanted his reward. So, he tacked on the most important part, “Please.”

“Very well,” Yoongi said, tone somewhat laconic, as he landed a solid hit against the sole of Taehyung’s right foot. Endorphins at a high – it’d felt rather lovely, even when Taehyung grappled onto the armrests – nails scraping over the padded material. Taehyung counted in a rush, kicking his legs when the second, and third stroke succeeded. The sounds of ecstaticized pain he let out went straight to Yoongi’s cock. And for a moment the dominant felt off-kilter, heady and overwhelmed by his own selfish wants – needing Taehyung so badly, knowing that he could have him, but he wouldn’t. Not yet.

Yoongi took a step back, placing distance between them, giving himself time to gather himself. “You
did really well, angel,” he said, praising the younger boy. The fact that Taehyung was able to withstand such a thing spoke volumes about his tolerance. There were certain things he felt confident that Taehyung would enjoy now – equipment to implement. He placed the crop down, listening to the soft sobs coming from Taehyung. It was common, but Yoongi had to make sure. “Tears of happiness or sadness?”

“Tears of bliss,” Taehyung answered, once again moving his hips forward onto the padded bench. It’d felt like both heaven and hell had allied together to destroy him.

Yoongi was pleased to hear it, more than he’d ever be able to express. “You’ve earned yourself a reward. You may have whatever you like, but I told you that it must be within reason.”

He was expecting Taehyung to ask to be fucked, since that seemed to be all that he wanted as of late. It would be a lie if Yoongi said he hadn’t been the main culprit as to why that was exactly. Teasing his baby tiger, letting him experience what it felt like with a plug – sucking down his cock, showing him what it meant to have a lover in all aspects except the one Taehyung so desperately wanted from him. This event tonight had only brought them closer in intimacy and it was becoming more difficult for Yoongi to reason with himself on the matter of waiting.

“I know what I want,” Taehyung said, and indeed – it sounded like he did. Yoongi nodded, prepared to do whatever his submissive wanted, as he walked towards Taehyung. He hooked his finger at the back of the blindfold, slowly peeling it off. Yoongi made it a point not to look at him, as he continued towards the box he left on the chaise, placing the item back where it belonged.

“Tell me,” Yoongi encouraged him, willing himself to drop the reluctant when he finally did look at the younger boy. Long lashes wet with tears, the apples of cheeks a dusty rose, and damp. The lipstick was still intact, although smudged on the side of his face that he was lying down on. And when their eyes met, a chill ran down Yoongi’s spine – electric, and dizzying. In Taehyung’s eyes was something much darker, more carnal.

A bit braver than before, Taehyung took the dominant in with open scrutiny. There was something incredibly sexy about casual wear, especially on Yoongi. Taehyung felt deprived by just the sight of his bare arms; an observation he’d failed to make earlier when he was too busy with being anxious. Yoongi was toned enough that Taehyung had to wonder if he worked out. Licking his lips like a tiger starved for its meal, Taehyung took in the black ink, a clash of flowers and Greek mythology – Yoongi’s arms were devastating, as was the rest of him.

“I’d like to suck you off,” Taehyung admitted softly but resolutely. He wasn’t ashamed that he wanted to spend his reward on someone else’s pleasure, he was thrilled at the chance. It would please Taehyung beyond measure to finally, finally be able to get his hands on Yoongi. He desperately wanted to learn the proper way to touche him, to please him. To learn everything about him really.

The dominant’s eyes widened slightly at the request, before falling into an expression that was hot, and accusatory. Instantly his mind flashed to a vision of Taehyung kneeling before him, painted lips stretched around him, tears in his eyes, and he felt another wave of arousal pulse through him. Tempting as ever, Taehyung was – always tempting him so effortlessly. On purpose, his daring boy. Ready, was he? Fine.

A slow forming smirk tugged at the corners of Yoongi’s curvy lips, and he extended his arm out, two fingers beckoning the younger boy forward, “Come get it then, kitten.”

Taehyung moved from the bench at once, feeling deliciously sore from the crop – maintaining eye-contact, being held within Yoongi’s feline stare. It was predatory, and intimidating, but Taehyung
wasn’t the least bit apprehensive. He wanted it.

Before he could take a step towards the dominant, Yoongi husked to him, “Hands and knees, Taehyung. I want you to crawl for me. You’re still proving what a good little slut you are – and I prefer one that follows directions. If you want my cock, you’ll have to work for it.”

The shame welled up in Taehyung at that, the shame that had seemed so prominent before. Determined, Taehyung ignored it, and slowly got down on all fours. “Now that’s a pretty sight,” Yoongi mused, dropping a hand to the front of his slacks, rubbing at the outline of his hard length. He chuckled low, “Mmm, don’t mind as I enjoy it. There’s really nothing better than watching you obey, all for a taste of my cock.”

Taehyung swallowed hard – mouth suddenly as dry as sandpaper. Yoongi wasn’t mistaken, the words ringing true. It was undeniable.

And so, Taehyung started to crawl.

TBC
!! Happy One Year Anniversary!! *(sorta, kinda, almost)* A whole year that I’ve been writing EM. This is also my birthday month. And it’s also Festa month. It’s just…a fabulous month.

**Please read this part. Please. Please. Please.** I have decided to write a one-shot for Hopekook week, therefore EM will be on a one-month hiatus. Please do not expect an update from me (for EM), until August. Last time I did this for Taegi week, people thought I dropped this fic. Please don’t do that.

Thank you to Voldy, for taking the time to beta for me <3 I know it’s hard work. Also, thank you to anyone who has encouraged me in general, whether it’s in our discord, on kkt, on twitter, in ccs, in comments, or in kudos. Thank you so much. It isn’t a lie when I say that EM is the only good thing going for me right now. I’m really happy to be able to share it with you.

tw | cc | discord *(18+)*

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espresso marmalade.
Crawling – on his hands and knees, the hardwood floor unforgiving as Taehyung moved slow, and carefully. It wasn’t possible to be ‘sexy’ about it, Taehyung finding himself unable to embody either fluidity or grace due to the tender spots the crop had left in its wake, like fire turned to ice. Pleasant, little notes of pain were currently singing throughout his body, and Taehyung was beginning to understand the appeal of wearing a couple bruises, reveling in the sharp pangs that would later serve him as small reminders. A delicious chill ran down his spine at the prospect, chest swelling with an odd sense of pride that he’d earned these marks. All the while, Yoongi’s eyes remained fixed on his almost good boy, if it hadn’t been for that fucking mouth – calmly assessing Taehyung with a slender hand poised on his clothed cock, as he rubbed patiently.

The situation was beyond Taehyung at this point. The plug still nestled up against his tender rim, making each bit of movement, however minute, or cautious that much more sensitive for him. A short gasp escaped into the quiet room, Taehyung’s teeth sinking into his bottom lip to silence himself.

It was all just so dirty in his mind – and the most terrifying part about it was, Taehyung liked it.
He loved how Yoongi’s stare grew that much darker, delicate fingers kneading himself more roughly through his jeans – pink, kittenish tongue licking at his plush bottom lip, like he was just as starved for this as Taehyung was, but this was something else. This was true, unadulterated hunger. It was a new side of himself that Taehyung hadn’t known existed before, at least not until Yoongi. And Taehyung didn’t want to reject or run from it this time, not like he typically would be doing right about now. His exchanges with Yoongi only made him feel more fearless, like all his insecurities could be set aside, especially while under heady influence – Yoongi’s influence? It was that especially intense consumption of wanting something, or someone, with your whole being.

Taehyung would crawl on broken glass, if that was all it would take to have him.

_Yoongi, Yoongi, Yoongi._

Once Taehyung was directly in front of the dominant, he sat pretty on his knees with his hands resting atop his thighs. And in doing so, the plug was forcibly jostled when its base met the bottoms of Taehyung’s feet. He fought to remain composed, the need to be docile, and well-behaved for Yoongi a visceral one. It’d come so naturally, despite Taehyung’s usual impulse to be defiant.

“Do you know what you’re doing, baby? Do you think you’ll know how to tease me without having to be told?” Yoongi asked, cupping the side of Taehyung’s face into his palm. He brushed his thumb over the younger boy’s bottom lip, smudging the lipstick there lightly. He didn’t need Taehyung’s response to know the answer, “Of course not. No matter how slutty, or depraved you are, you’re still just an angel.”

This would be the first time Taehyung was going to be the one to give, rather than receive, and though Yoongi would never say so, it was a first for him as well. As a dominant, this wasn’t what Yoongi typically preferred. He couldn’t recall any other time where a submissive had requested to pleasure _him_ as a reward, although there were those who had begged to be fucked, and ruined. Most submissive were too far gone at the end of a session, earning themselves the much-needed relief after a long evening of being stimulated, tortuously.

“But your inexperience isn’t such a bad thing, Taehyung. I rather think it’s the opposite,” Yoongi said, being honest. He stroked the soft skin of Taehyung’s cheek, dark eyes appraising him, “Taming such a shy little kitten, turning him into a tiger. I’ll gladly help you earn your stripes, baby. Sir will make you feel the prettiest.”

It would be a vicious lie to say that he didn’t want to possess Taehyung in all manners of the word. Completely and utterly. Of course, these thoughts would happen to come up now, when he was supposed to be the one in control. Yoongi knew that these were unhealthy thoughts to be entertaining, practically getting off on the fact that if Taehyung ever left him, these were the moments that would haunt him the most. Should he ever fall in love down the road, these were the experiences Taehyung would have to carry with him. And they were so, so heavy.

Taehyung would never forget, Yoongi would make sure of it.

Yoongi guided Taehyung closer, slipping his hand from the younger boy’s face to the line of his slender throat. He pressed his thumb right above the collar, being firm with him, “I don’t much care for teasing, but I want you to learn _how_. Come on, try and get me wet.”

Taehyung held back from whining, as he felt heat suddenly rushing to his face, certain that he was positively crimson – as stained red as his lips. Yoongi’s words had a way of making him feel pinned to the spot, hot and unsettling all at once – with all of the dominant’s undivided attention solely on him. The humiliation had sunk its claws into Taehyung’s chest, weighing him down. _Don’t cry_, Taehyung berated himself, as he leaned forward to comply – wincing when he lifted his bruised ass
from the sensitive heels of his feet. Taehyung paused then, eyes wide and glazed over when he glanced up at the dominant, “Can I begin, Sir?”

“Have at it, sweetheart. Show me what that slutty mouth of yours can do,” Yoongi murmured, showing a moment of reluctance when he removed his hand from Taehyung’s skin, the touch still lingering. It was a test for Yoongi, too – a challenge not to cave in, and have his way with Taehyung’s pretty little mouth. How would Taehyung react if he were to take control right now? It would start and end with rivers of tears, but Taehyung would love every second of it. Yoongi would be willing to stake his life on it, present Taehyung was just as enticing – if not more. There truly was something exceptionally erotic about how pure, and soft his submissive was… Yoongi had to wonder if he was good enough, or deserving of someone like Taehyung, all untamed beauty, and so virtuous. Angelic boy.

Unsure about being able to maintain balance, Taehyung curled his fingers into the waistband of Yoongi’s jeans, tightly gripping at the fabric. And it was with that new leverage that Taehyung leaned forward – licking his lips, before he parted them against the thick, prominent bulge at the front of Yoongi’s denims. Get him wet. Taehyung used his tongue, lapping against the rough material. He found that suction worked better for his task, drawing saliva at the back of his mouth, before bringing it forth, continuing to dampen Yoongi’s cock through the layers.

There wasn’t an immediate or obvious reaction to indicate as to how Yoongi was feeling, or to tell if his teasing was good, or not. All Taehyung had to go by was the audible hitch in the dominant’s breathing, and the way his hands closed into tight fists at his sides – nails biting into his palms. Still so quiet, and reserved even during this. Taehyung tried thinking of how he liked getting off, wondering if Yoongi was the same, if he wouldn’t mind some light grazing over sensitive spots. Enjoying the threat of pain, Taehyung would often drag the blunt ends of his fingers over his own cock. He gauged Yoongi’s reaction, gently using his teeth now, wanting Yoongi to feel him, to feel something.

He skimmed the entire length, before stopping at the tip. There – he placed all the warmth and heat of his mouth. If Yoongi’s jeans weren’t black, it would be more apparent as to how thoroughly the area was saturated. The pressure was hot and firm enough to draw a breath from the dominant’s lungs, the sound traveling throughout Taehyung’s body, making him clench hard around the toy. Was this what it felt like to have power over another person? Taehyung’s lashes fluttered slow, before he met Yoongi’s stare, and couldn’t help but tremble as another chill raced down his spine. It was humiliating, but in a way that Taehyung identified as being pleasurable. Hell – he wanted to be humiliated. He wanted to feel ashamed, despite his utter and complete dislike for it. Maybe the comfort had come in the form of purpose? Taehyung had a reason to feel it, therefore it felt really good, being this embarrassed, cheeks flushed deeply.

“So pretty when you tease, kitten, so fucking pretty,” Yoongi husked, abruptly hooking his finger in the ring at the front of Taehyung’s collar. The younger boy leaned as far as he could on his knees, trying to follow the motion that Yoongi was tugging him in. “Mmm, and I want that pretty mouth on me, Taehyung. Want you to show me what a good slut you can be when Sir is the one asking for it.”

“Wanna be good for you, want Sir’s cock.” Taehyung told him, eager hands moving towards the front of Yoongi’s jeans. The dominant arched a brow at Taehyung’s boldness, allowing Taehyung to pull the button open, and the zipper down. He kept his finger in the metal ring as a way of holding Taehyung, controlling him. A soft gasp was emitted, when Yoongi’s cock sprang free – not wearing anything else beneath the denim.
It was unfair, the way Taehyung’s mouth watered at the sight. It was his second time seeing Yoongi’s dick. He’d never had this reaction before, not even during the times when he’d watched porn. Taehyung hadn’t realized he had a type, until now. Taehyung’s type was apparently curved at the tip, and a little smaller than his own, perhaps even slightly smaller than, or equal to average sized really – however, the girth was exceedingly impressive. Yoongi was so thick that Taehyung was once again left to wonder how, when the time comes, would it possibly be able to fit inside of him? How could he even manage to fit it inside his mouth right now?

Yoongi was big, but in other ways. Too big? Taehyung wanted to find out for himself, when he wrapped his hand around the base of Yoongi’s length, and lowered the head of his cock to the swell of his lips, letting it sit there all nice and pretty, while he peered up at his dominant. Yoongi’s eyes flashed darkly, as he tightened his hold on the metal ring. Taehyung felt a bubble of laughter hit his chest and promptly die, although he was still pleased with the reaction. He gave the tip of Yoongi’s cock a kiss, before he began mouthing at it – suckling, and teasing his tongue against the slit, where a pearl of precum was nestled, like a sampling to be tasted. Salty, but not at all repelling, Taehyung moaning softly into the back of his throat.

“I like it really messy,” Yoongi told him, giving Taehyung some insight on his preferences. Not that he currently needed any help. Taehyung was fixing to kill him already, quietly reveling in the warmth of Taehyung’s lips teasing his skin. “Remember to breathe through your nose, and avoid using your teeth, unless it’s like what you did earlier. I liked that.” Yoongi sighed, sighing an amused little sound when he felt teeth a moment later, lightly grazing him with contact that was hardly there, but just enough.

Fuck. Taehyung took good direction.

Really messy. Luckily, Taehyung was an overachiever in all areas, not solely academics. He fought past being shy, and took the dominant further inside his mouth. It was satisfying, being full. Taehyung’s mouth was stretched wide to accommodate him, eyes already prickling with unshed tears. During all the excitement, it was inevitable that Taehyung would go too far at some point, trying to fit too much at once. Immediately he reeled his head back with a cough, hand quick to muffle the sounds. He was crying then, the sensitive areas along the roof of his mouth having been struck. Now that, that was humiliating. The true kind. Yoongi smirked when Taehyung calmed down some, pulling him closer until the younger boy’s chin was resting against his abdomen – watching one another.

“What’s wrong, angel? Sir’s cock too fat…it doesn’t fit?” Yoongi cooed at him, tone sardonic, while his other hand carded through the soft strands of Taehyung’s orange hair. “Just wait until I fuck you. You’re going to be stretched so full – the fullest you’ve ever felt. You’ve probably already imagined it, huh, you slut. My pretty fucking slut.”

Taehyung couldn’t even deny it, humming his assent – he felt better about leaning in for another try, determined to do better – berry lipstick smudging on Yoongi’s cock with every tight pull of his lips, Taehyung curling his fingers back into the front of the dominant’s jeans, the fabric bunched up in his fists. He was taking as much as he could, saliva quickly accumulating the further Yoongi’s length slipped into the back of his throat. Frothy, and thickly coated – slathering all over his entire cock. The sounds were slick, and loud in the room as Taehyung found a pace that suited him. Wet and sloppy.

“That’s right, baby, make a mess,” Yoongi said, breathlessly, as he tilted his head back – Adam’s apple bobbing thickly, overcome with the pleasure spiking throughout his tense muscles. Taehyung’s first blowjob lacked some finesse, but not determination, his movements not nearly as timid as he’d expected. But he should’ve known this would happen. So good. Yoongi trembled slightly, feeling Taehyung’s long, perfect fingers lifting his cock to begin sucking at his sack. The dominant rasped out, “Hard…a little harder, ah fuck…” Yoongi could’ve buckled from the intensity alone, as the
younger boy grew more and more enthusiastic – mouth popping lewdly when he released the sensitive flesh from his smeared lips. All the while, clear, sticky webs of saliva dripped from Yoongi’s cock, over Taehyung’s knuckles as he continued stroking him.

Yoongi wasn’t going to last at this rate, a thought that he relished, more than lamented. Sure – he wouldn’t mind Taehyung staying down on his knees for a little while longer, but he couldn’t help but be impressed by the younger boy’s efforts. He was practically a natural. No obvious shy, virginal nuances. Taehyung went for it. And Yoongi loved that about him in general, because what he required of Taehyung wasn’t going to be easy.

“S’perfect, baby, feels so fucking good,” Yoongi breathed, encouraging him. “Like you were made for sucking cock…”

Taehyung spent a generous amount of time curling his tongue, and hollowing his cheeks to suck him in – back to teasing the dominant’s cock, licking a long, wet stripe over his length, before he filled his mouth with a deep moan. The wide stretch was so fucking delicious, the dull ache in his jaw inconsequential to the addictive weight in his mouth. Taehyung squirmed, brushing his plump ass against his feet for better friction, wanting nothing more than to drive the plug in even deeper, no matter how futile. The subtle bouncing of his hips was enough to briefly tame the fire inside his stomach, making him feel a little desperate.

He was getting off on this, but it wasn’t enough…

It wouldn’t be enough.

“You’re going to make me cum soon,” Yoongi groaned, unhooking his finger from the ring on Taehyung’s collar to instead grab him by the front of his throat. Dark eyes accusatory, taking in the tears escaping at the corners of Taehyung’s wet lashes. So breathtakingly gorgeous – half his face covered in a sheen of saliva, and precum. Lipstick long gone. Taehyung choked again and pulled off with a gasp, chest heaving to catch his breath – finding it difficult considering Yoongi’s hand was squeezing him. But he didn’t stop, choosing to stroke over Yoongi’s drooling cock, the glide firm and so, so quick with how wet he was – bubbles of spit coating his length, and catching on Taehyung’s skin.

“Please, cum…want more of you,” Taehyung said, voice thick with want, as he brought the swollen tip of Yoongi’s cock to his tongue – flicking over the slit, working his wrist the way in which he preferred, rotating it downwards, hard and heavy. It was a fucking sight. Taehyung’s eyes were glossy as he watched with anticipation, Yoongi’s abdomen clenching tightly, kittenish mouth parted into a guttural moan. So close. And through the haze of it all, Yoongi kept his eyes on Taehyung’s, utterly shameless when the dominant took his cock into his own hand – his other grip on Taehyung’s throat tightening a fraction.

All the younger boy could do was grapple onto his forearm, nails digging into his inked skin – overwhelmed by how much he enjoyed the firm pressure settling around his neck. _Fuck_ , he wanted Yoongi so badly, wanted him to feel good, as good as he’d ever felt. The dominant’s pace was becoming frenzied, reaching his pinnacle moments later when he was coming hard in a myriad of gravelly expletives – pouring himself into the tight warmth of Taehyung’s mouth. Yoongi couldn’t stop himself from rocking forward a couple times, thrusting his thick cock between Taehyung’s swollen lips, until he was completely emptied.

A rough drag of his thumb against Taehyung’s bottom lip, “Show me.”

Taehyung gathered the thick release inside his mouth, and brought it to the center of his tongue, giving Yoongi a view of all the cum there. Something chillingly wicked danced in the dominant's
eyes at that, something that made his grip on Taehyung that much rougher. The boy winced, and felt as his cock responded pitifully in response to the pain, twitching and jumping whenever Yoongi paid him a lick of attention.

“Now swallow it,” Yoongi instructed him, lightly – like he was telling Taehyung to put his toys away. The younger boy didn’t need to think it over, doing as he was told – and swallowing with an audible gulp, while Yoongi stood there rubbing at his glands, as though helping it to go down, down, down. And when it was all gone, Taehyung showed him his tongue with a wiggle. Yoongi laughed, bitingly at the playfulness, “That’s a good slut.”

His dominant said that he was good, he made him come, that’s all that mattered in Taehyung’s fuzzy mind.

Yoongi was slow to release him, chest still heaving in order to regulate his harsh breathing. The intensity throughout the whole exchange had been palpable, and heavy. Yoongi’s eyes fixing to tear Taehyung apart the entire time.

“Are you okay, Taehyung?” was the first thing Yoongi asked, pulling his jeans on, before he crouched down to the submissive’s level. He was still so flushed in the cheeks, an endless wash of tears and a mess of spit covering his face.

There were fingers working Taehyung’s collar off, slipping straps through buckles – lessening the slight restriction. Yoongi leaned over, placing it on the table. Later on, he would make sure to place it back inside the wardrobe. Taehyung’s wardrobe.

First, he needed to get Taehyung cleaned so that the bruises could be properly lotioned. Yoongi grabbed Taehyung by his shoulders, needing to use a bit of strength to help him up to his feet. The younger boy was still out of it. “Want you to drink some water for me and then you need to answer my question,” Yoongi told him calmly, head already cleared, especially when he was in charge of taking care of his submissive – he brought Taehyung towards the shelf with the bottled water, twisting one of the caps open, and handed it to him.

“Oh, I’m…fine, yeah,” Taehyung mumbled, before taking a generous swig for him. It was sorta true – he did feel fine, elated even, however there was a small piece of him that still couldn’t believe what he’d just done and – suddenly, very suddenly, he wanted his friends there. He needed Hoseok with all his infinite knowledge, all his experience, to tell him that it was okay. That a blowjob was no big deal.

Taehyung shivered as cold air swept across his damp skin. The action didn’t go unnoticed, Yoongi being especially astute, “Let me get your blanket.” He headed over towards the armoire, grabbing Taehyung’s aftercare kit. He rummaged through the bag until he found the soft, plush folded material. The bath salts they’d purchased back in Daegu were in there as well, and it gave him a nice idea. “How about we take a warm bath, you and me?”

Taehyung was pouting, full-on and wholly adorable. It was evident then, that the shame was coming to conquer as it typically tried to do with Taehyung. Yoongi could see the way it’d seized the younger boy, visibly floundering with nerves. That wouldn’t do. Yoongi stepped closer to him, slipping the blanket around his shoulders, giving both shoulders a comforting squeeze.

“You’d like that, baby?” Yoongi asked, taking the empty bottle of water from Taehyung’s loose grip. He was so vulnerable then. Taehyung looked more his age, a timid boy unsure of himself. Yoongi’s tone grew a bit softer, giving Taehyung choices, “After being so good, you deserve to be pampered. Will you let me?”
Taehyung nodded, despite the crisis he was dealing with, gathered back a bit of his confidence. “I do.” Yoongi’s smile was warm, when he took Taehyung by the hand. There’d been a fresh pair of pajamas and boxers inside the aftercare kit, which Yoongi made sure to collect, along with the vile of scented salts. Outside the playroom, both dogs were resting on their bellies – Yeontan learning how to be lethargic, as it were.

“Daddies will be back soon, sweets,” Yoongi cooed, bringing Taehyung across the hall into the bathroom. It brought back memories – Taehyung heaving over the toilet, relieving himself of what felt like at least twenty drinks, courtesy of Seokjin.

Yoongi turned on the light and placed the clothes on the counter. It was a good distraction, Taehyung watching as Yoongi busied himself with grabbing the towels from the shelf above the toilet. Vision blurring the harder he stared. God – why was he feeling like this? Suddenly overwhelmed with the need to cry, to really let it all out, but before he could completely slip, Yoongi was standing right in front of him. There, with his large, steady hands stabling him, “You’re still red, look how hard you are…” Taehyung had nearly forgotten that he’d been aching with his entire being just moments ago. Yoongi frowned with mock-pity, “That’s too bad, isn’t it? It was your choice and you chose to pleasure me instead. Not that I’m complaining. You were so good, sweetheart. Made your dominant cum…”

Taehyung wanted to die, bringing a hand up to his face, trying to hide himself.

“No, no, no,” Yoongi chided, softly. He took Taehyung’s palms into his own, and sat down on the closed lid of the toilet seat. “Don’t feel ashamed about getting what you wanted, Taehyung. You wanted your reward. Wanted to make me feel good, didn’t you? Did you think I wasn’t capable?”

The younger boy tried not to laugh at that. He was supposed to be anxious, and filled with shame, not abruptly calm, and happy by a small conversation with Yoongi. He didn’t want to become dependant. Yoongi couldn’t fix everything with a little bit of attention. Taehyung shook his head, “Not that you weren’t capable, but that you didn’t want to. Like you don’t want to be touched, and that you do all the work. It should be mutual.”

“Ah, but Taehyung, my pleasure comes from yours. It comes from making you feel in general. Although, pleasure from pain is preferred,” Yoongi explained, trying not to pinch Taehyung’s cheeks. He really was adorable. “I think you like it that way, too. You enjoyed the crop, I could tell.” Yoongi released his hold on Taehyung’s hands to instead grab him by the hips – fingers kneading at the sensitive skin beneath the blanket. “And the plug. You liked how it went deeper?”

The fucking plug. Yoongi was already moving his hands over the perky cheeks of Taehyung’s ass, each bruise – big or small, felt more acutely. He was so deliciously sore. Yoongi stared at him from beneath his dark lashes, “Answer me, kitten.”

“Y-Yes, I liked it. The crop, and the plug,” Taehyung said in a rush, anticipating Yoongi’s next touch – blunt nails skimming over delicate skin, and then the base of the toy. It was difficult, when Taehyung’s cock was still so painfully hard. Yoongi could tell as much, when he started pulling it out, dragging the smooth silicone against Taehyung’s tense, sensitive walls – body wanting to keep it in. Yoongi set it aside, having to remind himself to behave. It was still bizarre that he had to do so in the first place. All those reminders.

“And did you like your reward, angel? You were being selfless by choosing me,” Yoongi simpered, trying not to be so endeared by it. Failing. Yoongi stood up, sending Taehyung back a step – while dark, cat-like eyes were downcast to Taehyung’s problem. “If you’d chosen yourself, you wouldn’t be like this, struggling as you so clearly are…” There was a meaningful pause and in the seconds between, Taehyung was beginning to understand. And he wouldn’t be making that mistake again,
not if it meant being left hard, and wanting.

Taehyung swallowed thickly, mouthing going dry when Yoongi began stripping out of his clothes, exposing inches of toned, pale skin. It was easier for Taehyung to respond with, “I don’t regret it. I... I liked making you cum, making you feel good. You always make me feel so good.”

“Why are you still crying, then?” Yoongi asked, ridding himself of his jeans. Now he was completely nude, and seemingly unabashed by it. Taehyung was amazed at how it didn’t faze him. Ever. Maybe it would come with experience or age for him, but for right now, Taehyung was going to keep feeling overwhelmed, and wanting to fall into the nearest hole in the ground.

He wasn’t sure how to properly explain what he was going through at the moment, but he had to answer Yoongi honestly. Those were the rules, so Taehyung made a conscious effort to simplify it, “It was just really intense.”

“That’s exactly what BDSM is supposed to be like,” Yoongi told him, reaching for the detachable shower head, and running the water. He felt the temperature with his fingers until it was perfect. “And that’s also why it’s important that I care for you. So, come here.”

The younger boy did as he was told, shedding himself of his blanket, setting it down carefully where it wouldn’t get wet. Yoongi helped him step inside the tub, before joining him. They stood facing each other, Yoongi’s other hand closing the shower curtain. The water felt hot against Taehyung’s skin, but not scorching – warm enough to know that he’d been freezing before then. It was a short little rinse for the both of them, Taehyung’s eyes unable to stay off all that black ink wrapped around Yoongi’s body, once again overcome with desire. He wanted more, but he couldn’t have it...and maybe some small piece of him enjoyed that he wasn’t allowed to have it.

After the mess of cum, and saliva was rinsed from their bodies, Yoongi switched the spray to faucet, placing the shower head back in its place. Then he reached for the Rose hips salts, sprinkling them over the water. The bathtub itself was roomier than it appeared – he should know, having been in this situation with Taekwoon in the past, and he was certain the other male was taller than Taehyung.

Yoongi adjusted them so that he was settled behind the younger boy, pressing his back against the cool porcelain. Yoongi spread his legs, eyes staring up at Taehyung expectantly, and was met with apprehension. “I’m not going to bite,” Yoongi teased, patting the water that was still steadily rising.

“Even if I asked you to?” Taehyung bantered, a habit that’d come with being nervous. He sank to the floor of the tub, sighing contentedly when he felt Yoongi’s arms and legs engulfing him a moment later – falling against the wall of the dominant’s chest.

“Are you asking?” Yoongi asked, speaking close to Taehyung’s ear – the younger boy shivering from the whisper of contact against his skin.

Taehyung slid both hands over the pale thighs hugging onto him, Yoongi’s skin decidedly soft. It was so tempting. But, “If you’re not going to let me cum, then I’d rather you didn’t play with me.”

“Fair enough,” Yoongi agreed, reaching with his foot to turn the water off. The floral scent of the salts was coming up through the steam. It was soothing – the heat, the aroma, the comforting pressure of Yoongi behind him. It was yet another first for Taehyung today. He’d never been in a situation where he’d have to bathe with another man. This was his first real...relationship? Could he even call it that? He stilled when he felt Yoongi’s hand in his hair, gently combing his fingers through the orange strands. Warm breath tickled his skin when Yoongi inquired, “How about this? Can I pet you?”
Taehyung’s eyes had already slipped closed, murmuring quietly, “Please.”

Yoongi continued with brushing Taehyung’s hair off his forehead – voice a deep rumble inside his chest, “You can be so good for me, Taehyung. Good until you run your mouth.”

The younger boy hummed, comfortably drifting, “Mm? What do you mean?”

“Saying ‘fuck you’ to me should’ve been met with a punishment,” Yoongi said, a sharp edge to his tone, when he brought Taehyung’s head back – words pressed into his damp skin. “We’re at a stage in our relationship, where talking back to me will get you into trouble, angel. So, from now on, don’t expect any leniency from me.”

“Good,” Taehyung breathed, his heart skipping a beat at Yoongi’s unwitting use of ‘relationship’, fingers digging into Yoongi’s thighs on instinct. The dominant responded by tightening his grip on Taehyung’s locks and pulling hard. The sudden pain elicited a sharp wince from the younger boy.

“Thought you didn’t want to play, Taehyung.” And with that, Yoongi forced the younger boy’s head to the side, flicking his tongue out – drawing a short path over the side of Taehyung’s neck, and stopped below his ear. “You want to suffer a little more for me? I can edge you without even having to touch you if that’s what you want.” Even though Taehyung believed him, the dominant was intent on proving his point, when he dipped his fingers to the water, and held them over Taehyung’s chest. Droplets landed on his skin, purposefully sprinkled over a sensitive pierced nipple.

“Yoongi…” Taehyung whispered, a millisecond away from groaning, as Yoongi began trickling the water down lower. The anticipation had Taehyung’s stomach in knots, tightening with each drop that landed on his stomach. It was obvious as to where the path would lead, and before Taehyung lost himself completely in the sensation, he captured Yoongi’s hands within his own, stopping him from going any further. Later on he could convince himself that it was the right decision. Hopefully. There was a heavy pause, the air around them charged, and full of tension. Taehyung released a shaky breath, trying to calm his racing heart. However, Yoongi was one to let it fester, pressing kisses between the junction of Taehyung’s neck and shoulder.

“How are you so fucking perfect?” Yoongi asked, speaking against Taehyung’s skin – lingering kisses, reverent in their descent. The younger boy found comfort in those words, in Yoongi’s actions. It was as though the dominant could never get enough, was never truly sated with his fill. And Taehyung wanted him to keep starving, to never grow bored with him. “You inspire me, sweetheart. Will you let me draw you?” Yoongi whispered, his quiet words heard more as vibrations on Taehyung’s neck, than as sounds.

"You want to paint me like one of your French girls?” Taehyung snorted softly, aware that he was deflecting, but too flustered to do anything else.

Yoongi nipped his shoulder gently in response, letting Taehyung know he saw right through him. "I'm serious. If you let me, I'll sketch you in a contrapposto pose, just like the Greek sculptures you've been learning about in class. I'll capture your likeness to Adonis himself, so beautiful, Taehyung. I'll worship every inch of you. Do you understand what I'm saying?”

That you’re actually my slave? Taehyung thought, but wasn’t bold enough to ask – breath remained locked in his throat at Yoongi’s praise. By the time he felt able to speak again, Yoongi was ripping the tags off of a new sponge. He lathered it up with Dove lavender wash. “You paralyze me sometimes,” Taehyung told him, feeling vulnerable by divulging such precious information. Yoongi didn’t need more power, but he continued feeding him anyway, “Can’t breathe, can’t even think after some of the things you tell me.”
“Doesn’t sound like you mind it,” Yoongi said, posing it as more of a question than a statement. He had to know whether he should slow things down or not. His personal brand of honesty tended to be too blunt for most people, and he didn’t want to scare Taehyung away.

Taehyung wouldn’t want him to think so, but he also wouldn’t outright tell Yoongi that he actually really enjoyed it. “I don’t.”

"So is that a yes?" asked Yoongi, reminding Taehyung that he had never answered his original question.

Taehyung hesitated for a moment, imagining himself posing before Yoongi completely bare, that focused, piercing gaze roaming over every inch of his body. Taehyung shivered, "Y-Yes"

Quietly satisfied, Yoongi started washing the younger boy down, Taehyung extremely sensitive throughout the entire process – giggling restlessly, unable to stop once it started. Yoongi remained all business, even while he was extremely thorough, getting every nook and crevice, before letting the water drain from the tub. “Need to get those bruises taken care of,” Yoongi murmured, standing with Taehyung, and helping him into a large, fluffy towel.

One thing that Taehyung noticed about Yoongi’s aftercare, was that he was put first – always. The first to receive a floofy towel, to hydrate, or to feel secure like he was of high importance, or precious. Maybe that was the whole point. Taehyung was still so new to everything. The submissive comes first was what Yoongi taught him. And he supposed it was within good reason, when all of his fears, or stress would easily slip away with the dominant’s touch, or his pretty, pretty words. No traces of doubt left, no need to go running to his friends, or to question his morals. He felt safe with Yoongi.

Yoongi wrapped a towel around his waist, before resuming in taking care of Taehyung – finding the proper ointment inside his medicine cabinet. He rubbed the thick cream on the pads of his fingers, warming it up, “This might sting a little.”

Oh, it did – the bruises suspiciously felt more like welts now, Taehyung gasping, as Yoongi kneaded at his tender skin with his large hands. Again, keeping it professional, infuriatingly so, getting straight to the point. It would be so easy for Yoongi to just slip his fingers between his cheeks, push one inside him where it was bound to still be slick and loose. To throw Taehyung over the counter, and have his filthy way. It would’ve been even better in the bathtub, pumping Taehyung’s cock into his tight fist, all slow and tortuous, while holding his head back by the roots of his hair.

However, Yoongi wasn’t as needy, nor as touch starved, when he continued assisting Taehyung – casually unfolding his pajamas, and handing each article to him when he was ready for another. Yoongi even went as far as buttoning his shirt for him. Then again, it was the comfort that came from the smaller, more simple gestures that meant the most. Taehyung couldn’t even remember the last time he’d been taken care of like this.

Except he actually did.

It was after the accident, when Hoseok would sit at the foot of his bed with a tray of food, zooming a fork at his mouth like he was landing a jet plane. Sound effects included. Sometimes Jeongguk would be there, pleading with him to eat something. The circumstances were hugely different from now and that time, though. Yoongi was caring for him, because he had endured. Taehyung had endured the pain. It would serve him well to stop thinking that it was meant to be something more. There was nothing else between them. No other reason for Yoongi’s kindness.

Submissive and Dominant, bound by contract, not by feelings, or mutual pining.
There was a hand on Taehyung’s arm, anchoring him when Yoongi said, “I need to grab something, but why don’t you head on into the master?”

Taehyung nodded along sleepily in agreement, eyes about ready to fall on him. He was exhausted. They stepped out into the hallway, where the dogs made their choice, deciding to pad their little feet after Taehyung. The fur babies knew when it was time for bed, Yoongi having them on a schedule it would seem. He opened the door to Yoongi’s bedroom, the light from the bedside table dim. There was a faint smell of an old fire permeating the air around him. Taehyung was kind of glad to see that Yoongi’s stack of wooden logs had dwindled since the last time he was there.

Also, the room itself appeared to be less chaotic, like Yoongi was sorting through things, and getting them organized, more tidy. Taehyung took a seat on the bed, the dogs joining him for a snuggle. He had to wonder if Yoongi allowed them to do the same, and the thought was almost too adorable for him to bear.

Yoongi returned a few minutes later, dressed in a pair of plaid boxer briefs, and a long-sleeved shirt. He didn’t come empty handed, and that was the moment Taehyung remembered that there was a third gift. He straightened up, clutching onto Yeontan that much tighter – excited to see whatever was inside the velvet case. Why did it have to wait until after their session? It seemed that much more important.

“This last gift required a lot of thought,” Yoongi said, confirming the younger boy’s initial thought. He extended it towards Taehyung to grab, “I’ve never actually done this with a submissive before. Not even with…” Taekwoon. Yoongi bit at his bottom lip, as though it would remove the very name from escaping, deciding not to put a damper on the moment. “I hope you like it.”

Taehyung smiled nervously, wide eyes falling from Yoongi’s to stare down at the case – releasing Yeontan in favor of finally opening it. Nothing would’ve been able to prepare him. He’d never received jewelry before. Not until Yoongi. Already in the time they had been together, he had received accessories, clothes, toys, and so much more from the dominant. Experiences that Taehyung could never place value on. Still, even stacked against those extravagant gifts, the necklace that’d awaited him inside the case was breathtaking.

“It’s a day collar, which you can see, isn’t as obvious as your other one. This way, you can wear it always, alone or even in public,” Yoongi explained, relieved that Taehyung’s reaction was a positive one. The necklace itself was gorgeous, but certain details had to be clarified. “It represents our bond, and the ring connecting the two sides of the chain stands for ownership. The heart is yours, of course – trapped in a Celtic knot.”

Of course, Taehyung thought, finding the statement difficult to deny. He was trapped, willingly and comfortably. Taehyung was fascinated, and wanted to know everything, “Why a Celtic knot, specifically?”

“It’s called a Triskele – an ancient shape that has many meanings depending on the context, one of which is the symbol for BDSM itself. That emblem looks a little different from this, but I wanted to keep it simple. Wearing a piece of jewelry like this one was how those practicing BDSM used to be able to find each other while being discreet about it. Some still do.” Yoongi watched as Taehyung traced the outline of the silver knot with his thumb. “I added the heart and ownership ring to it, so that it can belong to us, while still maintaining traditional values.”

“Triskele means three arms or legs, doesn’t it? I think I’ve learned about it before,” Taehyung said, wondering how long ago it’d been, and from which class. “That’s all I can recall, though.”

Yoongi leaned forward, taking the silver chain from Taehyung’s hands. Out of its case, he held out...
each side of the necklace, meaning to place it around Taehyung’s neck himself, “Well, three arms, three sets of meaning. The first, Bondage and discipline, domination and submission, sadism and masochism make up the first division.”

Taehyung lowered his head, feeling the cool brush of the necklace as Yoongi clasped it in the back. Then very slowly, he ran his fingers beneath the length of the chain, before settling against Taehyung’s golden skin, the pendant resting below his clavicle at the perfect length. “The second variation is the very creed of BDSM behavioral law. Safe, sane, and consensual. And the third one, and the least poetic, is tops, bottoms, and switches.” Yoongi eyed him carefully, that single glance silencing any playful quip Taehyung could’ve come up with on the matter. “It’s a reminder that BDSM can’t be accomplished alone.”

Reaching up, Taehyung held onto the silver heart, discovering a new habit. “I love it so much. It’s beautiful. Thank you.”

“Thank me properly,” he crooned, inclining his head towards Taehyung, when the younger boy leaned the rest of the way – pressing their mouths together, and softly kissing Yoongi’s kitten pink lips. Slow in the beginning, slow just to be genuine, using his teeth to nip at the dominant, curious to see where it would land him, when a hand was at the front of his throat, holding Taehyung still. *Fuck.*

It wasn’t enough – could never be enough. Taehyung wanted to be more involved, especially after receiving such a meaningful gift. Every moment he spent with Yoongi had him craving more, the lines between sex and everything else blurring more and more with every interaction. He wanted to delve deeper into the lifestyle, and Yoongi continuing to do everything for himself was taking away from the experience. He *wanted* to help Yoongi archive his art collection, make him coffee, walk the dogs, maybe even cook for him one day.

It was strange how resistant Taehyung had been towards the idea of being commanded not so long ago, how bratty he still had the urge to be from time to time. And yet despite that, more than anything Taehyung wanted to care for him, wanted to prove himself to Yoongi, and show the dominant that he could be good. The hand on his throat reminded him of his place, that he was meant to serve. It was in the contract.

He wanted it.

“How will you use me?” Taehyung asked, a slight tremble to his words – lips brushing against Yoongi’s. “Use me, please...”

Yoongi broke the kiss with a laugh, “I’ve never met someone so eager to begin service submission. How about you can start your chores tomorrow? So much to do, Taehyung.”

Taehyung smiled, finding himself embarrassingly enthusiastic over the concept.

*Finally.*

‘Again.’

The music was coursing throughout Hoseok’s body like a livewire, wild and electric as he counted the beat, prepared to demonstrate to his teacher what he was fully capable of. The third run of his solo number was his best, sweat beading along his forehead from strenuous bursts of movement that he had been perfecting since earlier that morning, putting everything he could into the athletic choreography - backwards drops, flips and especially the butterfly kick all needing to be practiced
over and over.

The aerial stunt just one of several impressive moves woven throughout his dance. But that’s what he loved most about it – it was his. Hoseok had tailored the routine to suit each and every one of his strengths, and he knew it was brilliant. He would just have to prove it to his instructor. Changing the choreography this close to a performance was risky, but he would show her as many times as needed for her to agree to let him do it.

‘The music is a bit dark, Hoseok. It’s...different.’

He had to agree with her there – it was dark. The song was definitely dissimilar from anything he’d ever done in the past, or what the judges would be expecting from him.

It should have been more of a surprise when she finally gave in, but Hoseok knew the piece was good – that he might even be able to place, but that could’ve been the arrogance talking. It was an on-going problem, to which he was well-aware. The price to pay for being granted his freedom, was his removal from the group performance. His instructor claimed that he would need more time to focus on the new routine, but Hoseok knew it was because she was annoyed with him for the last minute change. He knew he could pull off both, but he chose not to argue, instead making sure that every second counted, practically living at the dance studio, only stopping for food, and a few hours of sleep.

Hoseok ran through his routine once more, nailing the butterfly kick, and knew that he was ready.

_The day of the competition_ , Hoseok was attracting looks from his classmates. For the most part they were a mixture of confusion and awed disbelief, but he could detect a few jealous glares as well. Not many students got to use their own choreography for a competition, but it went without saying that Hoseok wasn’t the average student. He lived, breathed, and slept dance. There was a small part of him that almost felt bad for being favored, for being given this opportunity – expecting comments to be muttered under breaths. But instead he had been met with support from most of the fellow dancers.

“Oh, no,” Sana said, holding a hand to her mouth as she looked over Hoseok’s ‘costume’. It was a simple, white silk button up. The black jeans he was wearing were distressed, stringy tears made in his upper thighs, and at his bruised knees. At the end of the day, it was casual wear. Not what the male dancers in this competition were expected to be performing in. There were standards he would be upheld by, but Hoseok really didn’t have enough time, nor the money to do anything more.

“She’s really going to allow it, then?”

“She gave the routine the okay.” He was finishing with his first round of stretches, muscles warm – ready to bend, and accommodate his broad movements. He had to keep them that way.

Sana trailed her eyes over his lithe figure, deliberately trying to be more obvious about it, “Even this...?”

He knew exactly what she was referring to, because it was on his mind as well. Their teacher could very easily take him off the roster for not wearing proper attire. “No, she hasn’t seen it yet. She only just decided to allow me to do my solo, but I brought along some of my past costumes just in case.”

“I can help you with this,” she offered, taking a careful step closer. Careful, because there was an awkwardness in their relationship by now. Set against each other as rivals in every competition, their friendship never even had a chance. “Besides, it’s not completely terrible to start with, we can work with this.”
“Wow, that was almost nice of you to say,” Hoseok muttered, allowing her to pull him towards the closest chair. Then Sana was gone for only a moment, coming back with sparkly silver trimmings from another costume. The dance company usually brought along extra fabric, as well as sewing kits, and he’d seen Sana fixing outfits before, or adding to whatever finishing touches the teacher decided on last minute. ‘She’s talented in everything she does,’ thought Hoseok.

The raw tension swirling between them was understandable, as they were constantly pitted against each other for their solo routines. But that didn’t mean that Hoseok liked it that way. He was certain that it wasn’t meant to be seen that way – and that it was more or less their teacher wanting as many wins for the college as possible.

All nearby seats currently filled; Sana got down on her knees in front of him, her tiny hand curling into his sleeve. He could see her knuckles turning bone white from her grip, looking somewhat embarrassed judging by the noticeable flush of her cheeks. Hoseok held himself back from making any of his typical inappropriate comments, as she began stitching the silver into the cuffs of his shirt – her tongue poking between her lips in concentration. “I heard the music you’re using.”

“You mean you watched me,” Hoseok corrected her.

She paused, trying not to let him get to her – large, doe brown eyes staring up into his sharper ones, “Fine. I watched you.”

‘Yeah, that’s right. I bet you were fucking quaking,’ he mused, inwardly. It was probably the reason she seemed so nervous now. “And?”

“Greed, temptation… the devil? I think it’s bold, Hoseok.” That was her small, subtle way of worrying about him, he supposed.

“You know the devil is just a metaphor in the song, right? It’s about battling against your inner demons, resisting what’s bad even though it feels so good,” he said, waggling his eyebrows down at her from where she was still kneeling, somewhat suggestively, on the floor between his legs. Well, that didn’t last very long.

Sana quietly shook her head, impatiently feeding the thread through silk. She wished she could fucking strangle him sometimes, didn’t understand why Hoseok had so much trouble taking anything seriously, always turning everything into a joke. Once she was finished with one side, she shifted herself so that she could work on the other. She really had no idea why she bothered, “Lots of companies try new things, try to be impactful. Sometimes it works, but it’s rare that it does – and you know that, so why risk it?”

Seokjin. That’s why. Hoseok couldn’t very well say that though. It wouldn’t make any sense to her. He wasn’t even sure that it made sense to him. Why he felt the way he did – it wasn’t all Seokjin, but the dominant was the final push, and Hoseok wanted to give him all the credit for it. He didn’t know if he would actually show up and yet, there Hoseok was, butterflies housed within his stomach. He knew his friends would be in the crowd, and that was usually enough, but tonight was different. So much would be different.

“We’re still so young, growing, learning who we are as dancers. Why pigeonhole ourselves into one style? Stagnation is death,” Hoseok answered instead. The words were careless, spontaneous, but the moment he spoke them he knew they were the truth. His truth at least.

Sana paused the needle for a moment, considering. “It’s going to bother me, you know,” she murmured, emotions slipping through the cracks, despite her best efforts to keep them down. He could hear it in the slight tremor of her voice, the way she had grown exasperated – already drained
from their short conversation. All her losses against Hoseok. Good, but never good enough.
“Wondering if I’ve won over you tonight because I deserved it, or because the judges couldn’t
accept your concept.”

That would be the obvious outcome. Hoseok understood, nodding shortly. “I’m sorry.”

Hoseok had never apologized to her before, he wouldn’t – there was never a good enough reason to,
until now. Their situation wasn’t his fault, nor was it hers, but being kind wouldn’t change anything
between them. The moments dragged on like minutes, Hoseok’s apology invaluable. Precious in
ways that he would never know, because prior to being rivals, Sana idolized him.

He’s why she wanted to take dancing more seriously. One glimpse past a window was all it took,
esmerized by the sight of Hoseok practicing in front of glassless, floor length mirrors. Sana could
be doing more, she could be trying harder instead of treating dance like it was a hobby. Seeing
Hoseok that day was all it took, remembering the smell of autumn. It was cold, but she was kept
warm just from watching him. Who knew they’d end up this way?

“How do you feel about the collar? We should put silver there, too,” Sana murmured, swallowing
hard against the tight constriction in her throat, holding back her tears, because the last thing she
needed was to cry in front of Jung Hoseok. That would be the pinnacle of humiliation. Especially
now, when all she kept thinking about was the first time she saw him dance. How his shoulders were
smaller than most, but his steps were seamless – and it was still so perfect. He was perfect. “Maybe
some shimmer on your cheeks, or some glitter for your hair?”

“And blood,” Hoseok said, adding to the growing list of ideas, trying to think – easier to do so with
Sana there, aiding him. He found her presence to be comforting for once, even with all the tension.
“We could slice the shirt, one on the forearm, another on the shoulder.”

She agreed, remembering a few choice lyrics well enough. “And two on your back, where wings
should be...”

Really – it sounded like some maudlin Halloween project, but as it started coming together with
Sana’s help, it became more and more exactly what Hoseok was trying to convey in his number. The
gashes made in the fabric were clean – very thin, and fine, like they were always meant to be there.
Fake blood placed strategically. Sana stood beside him to oversee the rest of the process, watching
him apply the glitter to his hair, and the shimmer to his cheeks. Eye makeup smoldering, green lenses
covering the natural dark color of his irises.

There was a knock on the door, but that wasn’t unusual for competition day. There was always a
constant flood of people coming and going out of the room – classmates, parents, and the company
staff, but this was none of those. Standing in the doorway was a nervous looking young boy holding
a striking assortment of white roses, snapdragons, and mini carnations in a crystal vase.

“Jung Hoseok?”

That wasn’t the name neither he or Sana had been expecting. Hoseok didn’t receive flowers. Ever.
He cleared his throat, rubbing his sweaty palms over the tops of his knees. “That’s me.” He stood up,
meeting the guy halfway across the room – taking the large vase into his arms. It was massive.
“Thank you.”

“Where’s your station?” Sana asked, wanting to make sure that there was space.

“Opposite yours.” Oh – right, she knew that. There was someone sitting in his seat, which with all
the chaos going down in the room, it wasn’t a big surprise. No one actually minded. Sana made
“Thank you.” He set them down, seeing the tiny card at the front of the arrangement. And this is what people do when they receive flowers. They open and read the card, and it was all really lovely, except Hoseok felt the butterflies in his stomach turn into moths. He supposed it could be his family, for not being able to make it, but they’ve missed the last five competitions without so much as calling him, so why feel bad about missing another?

It couldn’t have been Taehyung or Jeongguk. They just weren’t programmed to do some cheesy, heartwarming shit like this for their hyung.

Hoseok felt a frisson of excitement, when he thought of the other possibility. There was only one way to surely know. He opened the envelope to pretty, cursive handwriting:

Dearest Sunshine,

Good luck on your big day.

- SJ & NJ

(Dearest Sunshine, Good luck on your big day. – SJ & NJ)

“From your parents?” Sana asked, conversationally. Again, she had no idea why she bothered. It wasn’t like he was going to tell her–

‘Sunshine…’

Hoseok bit at his bottom lip, “Kind of.” The irony was lost on her, but Hoseok didn’t care.

Seokjin was there.

They were both there – him and Namjoon.

“I still think something is missing,” Sana said, eyeing Hoseok skeptically. She wanted him to qualify, and she knew how picky their teacher was… “How about a crown, or a halo?” There was twine in the bag, she could easily fashion him one.

“Can we use some of the flowers?” Hoseok was asking her, having been guided through this with her help alone.

Her entire face lit up, nodding enthusiastically, “Yeah, it’d be perfect if we did, actually. They’re white so, we can put blood on them as well.”

“Good. I want them to see it,” Hoseok said, a wide smile breaking across his face – white, immaculate teeth taking up a majority of his entire face. Signature as his dongsaengs would put it.

He was unaware of the fact that Sana had stopped breathing.

* 

He could already tell this date was going to be different.

Before this, Namjoon had been on five whole dates with Seokjin (six if he counted the quasi disaster at the Lounge). And each date was interesting, to say the least. Food was a must. So far, the
continued promise of Michelin quality restaurants was how he kept convincing Seokjin to leave with him to go anywhere outside Void. It was almost the only way to ensure Seokjin was going to behave, although Namjoon used the term *behave* loosely.

In the beginning, Seokjin would be astoundingly standoffish and rude, nose raised to the air as he scoffed churlishly at Namjoon’s every attempt at getting to know him. But Namjoon had quickly discovered the secret to getting Seokjin to open up. Ply Seokjin with a bottle or two of expensive wine, and it was difficult to get him to *stop* talking. Namjoon wished Seokjin wasn’t so closed off, but part of him was enjoying the challenge. It had been a long time since Namjoon had wanted something badly enough to pursue it, and he was willing to be patient. Love can be one-sided at first, if that’s even what this was – he had no idea. He’d never been in love.

But he believed that all things, especially human emotion, could be nurtured between two people. It could grow if he gave it time, patience, sunlight, and water. Or wine, in Seokjin’s case. Okay, so, he was definitely comparing humans to a plethora of his little potted friends nestled comfortably in the greenhouse on the rooftop of his apartment.

Namjoon loved his plants. There – he *did* know how to love. And in many ways Seokjin was no different from his Japanese Quince, a wooden shrub he’d bought at a farmer’s market, and hadn’t expected to last. However, he had nurtured it carefully, fastidiously, and now it seemed to be getting bigger, and bigger. He was even optimistic that it might start bearing fruit this season. Unlike this ‘date,’ he thought grumpily.

Namjoon enjoyed a good chase, respected it even. So, if Seokjin needed to be earned, then Namjoon would put in the hours, and work overtime. That’s why he had been surprised, yet delighted when Seokjin had approached him for this date. It was a first, and Namjoon wondered if they were finally making some progress with their relationship, if Seokjin was finally willing to admit that he was interested. Namjoon was fine handing over the reins for a night if it got him one step closer to his goal.

But this, right here, was a bit much. The two of them were squeezed at the heart of a cultural art space near the university, surrounded by parents and loud college students. He was so overdressed (he’d been making an effort ever since Seokjin asked humiliatingly if he was in need of help, *financially*) that he was getting strange looks from some of the people around him. Seokjin, on the other hand, was dressed elegantly yet casually in a pair of fitted jeans and a cashmere sweater, and Namjoon knew that he had omitted any mention of a dress code *on purpose*. He gave a healthy roll of his eyes, and straightened out his back proudly. That little power play wouldn’t work on *him*, he looked damn good.

Looking around at the audience filling in, the stage at the front of the room, he could see that there was going to be some sort of performance, or competition beginning soon, and their stop at a flower shop made more sense now. They’d split the cost, Seokjin insisting – for whom, he had no idea, but obviously it was meant for someone performing.

Namjoon was…confused, and he could feel his control slipping through his fingers. It didn’t happen often, but when it did, it was borderline catastrophic, “Why are we here, hyung?”

“It’s a surprise,” Seokjin said, in a tone that implied the answer should have been obvious, as he removed his coat from off his shoulders. It was a sign that they wouldn’t be leaving any time soon – to buckle in, and enjoy the ride. Except, he really didn’t know if he *could* enjoy something like this. What if he was to discover that Seokjin had a fetish outside of what he typically enjoyed, of the incriminating kind? Surprise indeed.

‘*Please, don’t let this turn south,*’ Namjoon thought, sending a silent prayer to Dionysus, God of
wine, who had yet to fail him when it came to Seokjin.

“You’re usually so observant. A man like you, Namjoon – all brains and no brawn, should have figured it out by now,” Seokjin murmured, reveling in Namjoon’s predicament. Quiet, but curious. Nervous? Still, he was taking whatever the dominant gave him. “Thankfully we got tonight off, which I didn’t see coming on a Friday. Void is so, so busy. I wonder what kind of person our boss is, to be so kind?”

*Probably at his wits’ end*. Namjoon wondered how long he could go on lying to Seokjin. It wasn’t purposefully done – he’d just gotten used to it. Used to people not knowing, except for Claire. He dodged commenting on it for now and focused on the other thing that Seokjin had said. “I’m glad you know I’m smart, but no brawn? Why do you think I have no muscle?”

Seokjin hummed, feigning disinterest, “Oh? Do you?”

Namjoon gazed at him curiously with narrowed eyes, unsure where Seokjin was going with this. The dominant knew he had muscle. Everyone who worked at Void knew he had muscle, it was part of Namjoon’s job as a monitor to be able to protect his employees, sometimes even physically overpowering problematic guests if needed. Seokjin had witnessed him in full-on brawls when de-escalating failed to work. What was he playing at?

Seokjin smirked at Namjoon’s obvious hesitance. “You disagree? Maybe I’ll just have to see the evidence for myself then.” Suddenly, there was a hand on Namjoon’s thigh, and the room became ten degrees warmer. Namjoon could feel the beads of sweat beginning to form on his neck. Before he could respond, however, the lights flickered, and the audience quieted down – all attention turned to the stage.

Solo performances in the Adult division was announced, Namjoon not entirely hating what he’d seen thus far, but not all that invested, but he couldn’t help but notice that this was the moment Seokjin perked in his demeanor. Whatever – whoever they were there to see, it would be within this category. Namjoon kept his eyes peeled. He honestly had no idea what to expect, and Seokjin wasn’t giving him any hints, not even a minimal one.

He should have figured it out by now, he’d said. Well, Namjoon must be inept, because he had no fucking clue. None. This entire day had been a giant question mark.

A conundrum.

“Please welcome to the stage, Jung Hoseok, performing ‘Boy Meets Evil’.”

Namjoon stiffened. From out of his peripheral, he could see that Seokjin was watching him. Could feel him staring holes into the side of his head, as he connected the dots. Jung Hoseok – Hwasa’s failed project, the spirited boy that she’d been unable to bring to heel, as it were. The same Hoseok who’d helped Seokjin on the night he most desperately needed it. Why were they here to watch the kid dance? Namjoon felt instant dread as his mind whirled – terribly cold, and raw like it might hurt.

Seokjin wanted him. Not him, but Hoseok.

“Finally,” Seokjin mused, straightening in his seat with a hand resting on the back of Namjoon’s chair, and the other still on his thigh. Beneath the pale stage lights, Hoseok was on the left side of the stage – down on his knees, awaiting the music to begin. The outfit he wore was much like a forest nymph, in Seokjin’s opinion, cooing at how the younger boy’s ears curled beneath his flower crown, admiring how the rips and the fake blood added a darkness to the look. “Are you going to be a good monitor for me, and watch him, Joon?”
He nodded stiffly, trying not to get angry. Yes. Yes, he was going to watch, since that’s so clearly what Seokjin wanted, and Namjoon was struggling to understand. Was this ‘date’ just an opportunity to humiliate him? Seokjin didn’t seem like a cruel person, but Namjoon was having trouble imagining what other goal he could have in mind.

Looking at Hoseok posing in the middle of the stage as he waited for the music to start, glittering in the stage lights, Namjoon was reminded suddenly of that fateful night at Void. Hoseok had been thrown over Seokjin’s knee to receive his punishment, and their eyes had locked from across the room, Hoseok’s so astonishingly piercing, teardrops and all. He remembered it so vividly – a tension rippling through him, as he became utterly captivated by this person who wasn’t Seokjin. Enamored, like he was currently, despite the negative emotions coursing through him. Was he envious of Hoseok? Was it hatred he felt for the dancer who was able to help Seokjin out when he couldn’t? Who had captured his attention, his affection when he couldn’t? Or was it much simpler than that?

The music started and so did Hoseok, his moves already so clean, and hard – tensing his muscles, and releasing them just as quickly. A pop to each step, following the beat. And Namjoon felt enthralled.

“There’s a reason why I haven’t been able to take things further between us,” Seokjin murmured, very close to Namjoon all of a sudden – close enough for the younger man to feel the words brush against his skin. He really wanted to have this conversation now? Namjoon was having a difficult time as it was, unable to tear his eyes off of Hoseok, who was exceptional, by the way. Hardly even real at this point. Then there was Seokjin, tempting him with answers as to why there’d been a pause in the progression of their ‘dating’. It was making him a little lightheaded.

“I’ve wanted you for awhile now. I tried not to, tried telling myself that you were beneath someone like me,” Seokjin confessed, voice hushed as he nosed along Namjoon’s neck – watching Hoseok, touching Namjoon. He threw his coat over Namjoon’s lap, the hand he’d placed on his thigh out of sight from the audience around them. The muscles in Namjoon’s leg jumped when he felt Seokjin squeezing at the meaty flesh there. “Don’t start thinking useless things either. I know how you love to overthink, but this isn’t what settling looks like, Joonie. This is what being chosen is like.”

All the while, Namjoon kept his eyes trained on Hoseok, as if there was any real hope of escape, drawn in by his facial expressions – a whiplash of sultry and determined, killing him dead. Acting paired with contemporary dancing. Yes, and all the while, Seokjin’s words, along with the firm grip on his thigh, were leaving him stunned to the point of silence. All he could do was spectate and listen, listening closely. Hoseok ran his hands down his body, the silk shirt billowy and loose enough to leave little to the imagination – nipples hard against the sheer fabric, the delicate wings of his collarbone so pretty.

“But I choose him, too,” Seokjin said, the hand on Namjoon’s thigh having been a heavy, but patient weight turned casual in its shameless path towards his belt buckle. There – in a room full of college students, parents, and siblings. There were children in the room. Seokjin was really going to do this? Namjoon recalled his earlier fear that Seokjin was hiding some kind of incriminating kink, like extremely public exhibitionism, and would have almost laughed – if he hadn’t been so thoroughly affected. He shook his head, trying to refocus on the conversation.

“So, what then? You’re going to try and see who you like better? See how well I’ll behave for you? It’s not a goddamn game to me,” Namjoon growled low, instinctively spreading his legs when Seokjin pulled his belt open and the button free on his slacks. A warm hand slid inside his briefs; the zipper forced down by the action. And Namjoon let himself get found out.

The air from Seokjin’s chuckle sent a shiver down his spine, words purposefully caressing his
sensitive skin, “You’re already hard and leaking, Joon. You really have no self-control, huh? Or maybe you just aren’t your cool, reserved self today.”

‘Because you threw me off,’ Namjoon wanted to argue. He’d been humoring Seokjin by coming here, but truthfully, he didn’t like not knowing. Outwardly, it was probably difficult to ever tell when Namjoon was bothered, poker face one of his finer qualities, but now he was being confronted not only by Seokjin, but also …

Hoseok’s steps were so fast, before there was a crash in the music – sending him to his knees with a hand on his throat. “Answer my question,” Namjoon snapped in a harsh whisper, he was shaking, so wound up, affected by every little thing that was happening. He couldn’t possibly take anymore, when Seokjin began stroking over his cock, the pace unforgiving to start with. Namjoon’s eyes nearly closed on him, very nearly, if he wasn’t so invested in watching Hoseok.

“This afternoon, we bought Hoseok flowers. White roses. You remember? You were passionate about choosing them. Doesn’t it look like the same roses he’s wearing in that pretty little crown for us? Aren’t they pretty on him – isn’t he so pretty, Joon? Dancing so hard, knowing we’re watching him,” Seokjin husked, leaning so that his head was resting on Namjoon’s shoulder, chest swelling with warmth, and adoration. It almost seemed indecent, considering the nature of Hoseok’s dance, lyrics dark, but befitting.

Namjoon was considerably practiced at being quiet. He was – and it wasn’t the first time he’d dabbled in exhibitionism, although nothing close to this risky. But now Seokjin was rolling his wrist in earnest, using the precum that’d seeped from the slit of his cock, and still the friction was fucking dry. They both knew it. It was aggressive, Seokjin’s steadily quickening hand, as though to force sound from his lungs. Namjoon swallowed hard, trying to concentrate on the conversation, or on the fact that Hoseok practically had his leg up over his shoulder, “You mean to date us both?”

“I tried to separate my feelings, to better understand them, but I couldn’t. Joon – I like you, but I like him just as much. There’s no need to divide, when I’m so sure. I keep thinking about the three of us, and what it would be like to have you both. Together as mine,” Seokjin whispered, nuzzling closer when he felt the subtle rocking of Namjoon’s hips. “Me as yours, him as ours.”

“Just say you want to be in a polyamorous relationship, like a normal fucking person,” Namjoon murmured, breath catching in his throat. Hoseok’s eyes sharp the second before he flawlessly maneuvered his body and spun to do a butterfly kick – so smooth, landing it perfectly. And Namjoon – he was getting off on it, cock pulsating and leaking in Seokjin’s fist. “I’m going to cum if you don’t stop, and do not expect me to pay for the dry cleaning,” he gritted out.

Seokjin ignored his warning, instead he grew more enthusiastic, “Do you think you’re capable of caring for Hoseok as much as I do?” Namjoon licked at his bottom lip, eyes darkening as they fell to the hem of Hoseok’s silk shirt – catching the delectable sight of Hoseok’s smoothly defined stomach. Too bad, were the lyrics, but it’s too sweet. Hoseok’s hand slid down his chest, hips rolling in such a way that Namjoon swore he felt it. The younger man’s tongue peeking out and Namjoon fucking blanked. One thing was certain. He definitely wouldn’t mind fucking Hoseok.

“He doesn’t even know, does he? I’m betting that you felt more comfortable discussing it with me first,” Namjoon gasped, the sound sharp and loud enough to draw attention. The person sitting on his left side, along with the woman in front of him turned to look at wherever the sound had come from. More precum leaked messily, when the swollen head of his cock met the coarse material of the coat over his lap. Seokjin gripped him at the base, dragging him back and forth over the woolen fabric. Tweed was a merciless bitch.

“You’re so messy, darling – now imagine how messy Hoseok could get if we both tended to him?
He’d be all hot and tight, stretched full around your cock. A body as fit as his? You saw him during our scene together. I saw you watching him, and not me.” It didn’t really come out as an accusation, the teasing inflection in his words shooting low into Namjoon’s stomach. He had noticed. He had noticed, and he had liked it. Seokjin went back to stroking over his cock, the glide easier than before – now there was sound. Hoseok fell to the floor on one hand behind him, and then the other. Talented boy. Gifted and sexy, and probably more trouble than he was worth, but if Seokjin wanted to pursue this with him, Namjoon had no objections to trying. No good reason to deny him.

“What makes you think he’ll like me?” Namjoon found himself asking, more so as self-indulgence, since the idea itself was appealing. That young thing out there, doing a fucking one-handed cartwheel – showing more than just his stomach, but his entire chest. Smooth, unblemished skin. The strength Hoseok would have to possess to keep effortlessly lifting himself. Each movement controlled, popping in time with the beat. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad, being desired by someone like Hoseok.

“You underestimate yourself,” Seokjin answered, before pressing a featherlight kiss against the side of his neck. “There’s something about you that draws people in, and then it takes, and takes until the other person is left wanting, and I trust you. I know you’ll give me what I want without having to be asked a second time.” Namjoon was smart, he didn’t give up even when he should’ve, and for that, Seokjin was grateful. He had enough sense to know that there was more to the monitor, than he was letting on, but that didn’t bother him. Breathing against Namjoon’s skin, inhaling and exhaling the soft, woodsy scent of his cologne, he murmured low into his ear, “Will you cum for me?”

But Namjoon was waiting – waiting for Hoseok.

Namjoon shuddered, blood rushing through his veins. The music turned to static, as Hoseok pushed himself backwards into a roll. *Fuck*. This was a problem. The redhead finished the song on his knees, and Namjoon let go, no longer honing in on distractions, staving off his orgasm for as long as he could. The audience around them was clapping wildly – guttural moans but a mere hush in comparison to the noise around them.

They were left panting – the three of them, but for separate reasons. Seokjin needed his answer, bringing the hand from the back of Namjoon’s seat into his hair, pulling the younger man’s head back. It was gentle enough that Namjoon could escape it if he wanted, but he was too sluggish. Instead he followed the direction, hazy eyes staring out towards the ceiling, Seokjin’s hand still holding his cock, even after it started to soften. The question came once again, “Do you want to try it? You, me, and Hoseok?”

Namjoon swallowed hard, tongue licking at his bottom lip, “Yes, I’m willing to try.” So long as Hoseok was okay with it. Namjoon had to wonder what Seokjin’s plan was – how he would invite Hoseok to join them. He’d seen the redhead around Void. Saw him at the Lounge, unafraid to dance in a circle of strangers. Free. Hoseok was promiscuous, and cocky. Minhyuk vented about it enough in the monitoring room, crushed after what Hoseok did to him.

Seokjin practically cooed, pleased to hear it, “Good.” He released Namjoon from his hold, making work of tucking Namjoon back inside his slacks, and wiping his hand clean. Or as clean as it could get. It was back to being casual – serious discussion out of the way, when Seokjin asked him, “I’m going to head to the washroom, do you need anything?”

Namjoon was staring at him, pondering on whether or not he should go with him. A bit of space might be good for them at the moment. “No, thank you.” And just as Seokjin left, it was like a curtain opening – revealing to Namjoon something he wouldn’t have expected to see, but he should have known better. Because along with Hoseok, came Hoseok’s friends. One among them in
particular, Namjoon’s least favorite. In the audience to their left, eyes as wide as saucers, were Taehyung and Jeongguk, looking directly at him. *Traumatized*, even, like they’d caught mommy and daddy canoodling in the kitchen.

Except it was worse.

It was like...

Like they’d seen the whole show.

“Fuck me,” Namjoon grimaced, allowing the small inklings of shame to evaporate into nothingness. He wasn’t embarrassed, nor humiliated, but he loathed the situation at hand. Now Hoseok was someone he had to consider, and Hoseok would find out about it, wouldn’t he? He schooled his expression into one of calm, before turning himself away completely. It’d be great if he could ignore the sensation of two insolent brats staring at him.

No such luck.

*  

It was an hour and a half later that the competition ended – Hoseok (against all odds) having placed third, and Sana placing first. Jeongguk was howling from his seat when they’d announced Hoseok’s name, “Yeah, hyung! Get it!”

Taehyung was shaking his head, leaning forward to hook his fingers in Jeongguk’s shirt, and yanked him back down into his seat. It’d been an eventful evening to say the least. They knew there was a chance that Seokjin would show up, but Namjoon was a surprise. What was even more surprising was the intimate display for all to see. At first, Jeongguk hadn’t been sure – prompting Taehyung to look their way, the older boy tensing visibly.

Adamantly at first, Taehyung refused to believe it, “No.”

“I think so,” Jeongguk squinted, making out the very subtle movements beneath the coat on Namjoon’s lap. It was obvious in the way Seokjin was curled against him, one arm beneath the fabric – Namjoon’s mouth parted, and lashes fluttering every so often. “He’s really jerking him off, huh? That’s kinda hot.”

“Ew, no,” Taehyung said, still somewhat annoyed over what happened at Void out of principle, although he had no *real* reason to dislike Namjoon. The residual hostility should have died by then, and acknowledging that fact seemed to simmer him down some, but still. They shouldn’t be fooling around here, during Hoseok’s performance, there were *children.*

Then, Taehyung realized that he didn’t really care, and it wasn’t his problem. In fact, from the looks of it, it was Hobi’s problem. He snorted, still somewhat disgusted, but amused all the same. An idea suddenly came ot him, and he reached inside his pocket and retrieved his phone, opening the Snapchat app, and aiming his camera at the two Void employees.

Jeongguk swatted at him, trying to recover from Taehyung’s audacity, “Are you serious?”

“As a heart attack,” Taehyung laughed, as he sent the video to Prof. M, giving him an update on his day. Besides, he was certain Yoongi would find it just as interesting – who wouldn’t? A smile touched Taehyung’s lips, seeing that his dominant watched it almost immediately. After a moment, he began typing, and then stopped. It just… *stopped*.

Maybe he was busy? Taehyung shrugged, putting his phone away.
After the competition was over, they went backstage. Taehyung was eager to tell Hoseok how well he did, despite the distraction of Seokjin, and Namjoon.

“Should we even tell him?” Jeongguk asked, brushing past people coming and going. The hallway itself was narrow, making it damn near impossible to get very far. “About uhm, what…we saw…?”

Taehyung didn’t have a good answer. Honesty was something that Yoongi was pushing on him, getting him more familiar with. This would fall under a white lie if they hid it from Hoseok, and white lies were the most useless according to Yoongi. “We should tell him, but not right now. Tonight should be about him.”

And that was the truth.

They entered the room that reflected the name of Hoseok’s dance team. Taehyung was ready to pounce his hyung – Jeongguk stopping in front of him, which caused a small collision. He grasped onto the younger boy’s shoulders, “Guk?”

Seokjin and Namjoon were at Hoseok’s station, the dominant’s fingers picking at the flowers on Hoseok’s crown. Their hyung was all smiles – cheeks flushed, and eyes downcast. Taehyung had no idea what the fuck he was seeing right now. Hoseok…shy? Flustered? It was like a rare animal sighting. He gave Jeongguk a firm squeeze, before walking them on over towards Hoseok. He could probably use the backup anyway.

“You looked like a forest nymph,” Seokjin said, rubbing his thumb and forefinger along one of the white rose petals. Hoseok was practically glowing at the compliment, though keeping still. “You were so beautiful out there, in your element. That’s where you belong, petal. I could tell.”

Namjoon was quiet, words of praise on the tip of his tongue. It was when the younger boy finally stared up at him, that he smiled, “I loved your performance…and I’m happy you liked the flowers enough to use them. Do you like roses?”

Hoseok was looking away again, when he murmured, “I love roses.”

“Hey again,” Taehyung beamed, as though he wasn’t awkwardly interrupting a moment – Jeongguk sidled up beside him. Namjoon’s eyes were like daggers when they peered over at him.

Seokjin was genuinely surprised, lighting up. “Taehyung! How are you?”

He remembered that he actually liked Seokjin, drinks aside. He’d come to his rescue from the bathroom floor, and got him to safety. “I’m good. It’s nice seeing you.” Now he felt sorta bad for taking a video of the two of them. Damn it.

“Jeongguk, too,” Seokjin said, sending the younger boy a warm smile. “You’re taking Jimin away for the weekend, right?”

Jeongguk eyes widened slightly. “How did you find out?”

“He’s mentioned it a few times,” Namjoon answered, recalling it for himself. Jimin had come off as excited. For someone who didn’t normally take leave, or vacation of any kind, he had every right to be.

“You were great.” Taehyung was pulling Hoseok in for a hug – placing a kiss against his cheek. The older boy leaned into him. “It was really different. More you, I think.”

Jeongguk was still processing the fact that Jimin was speaking openly about their plans. It made him
feel warm. He stepped in when Taehyung was done, embracing his hyung with all his strength—lifting Hoseok from the ground, before gently setting him back down. “You were first place to me, Hobi-hyung.”

“But the girl with the eyes won,” Seokjin said, looking up at Namjoon.

“Sana,” Hoseok acknowledged. “It’s alright, though. My dance was a risk.”

“Would you like to celebrate with us?” Seokjin asked—and it was obvious, very obvious that ‘us’ meant himself, and Namjoon, and Namjoon’s presence at the competition finally started to make sense. The fire reflecting in Seokjin’s gaze told Hoseok that celebrating would probably lead to more. The fact that the flowers had been signed from the both of them—the way Namjoon kept licking his lips like a predator about to have its next meal. Hoseok was especially good at reading when someone was interested in him. He knew when a situation would undoubtedly lead to sex. He was so very good at it.

Namjoon amended, smiling wide and politely enough to flash his dimples, “Unless you already have plans for this evening?”

Hoseok didn’t have plans. This was a fact that Taehyung and Jeongguk knew as well. Usually he went home after a competition, showered and rested his body—maybe had a glass of wine, but third place wasn’t a celebratory occasion, even if it was impressive to anyone who knew the situation. The surprising thing was, however, Hoseok wanted to say yes. He wanted to get whisked away into a world of flowers, and cupcakes (evidently Seokjin’s thing). As fucking cheesy as that sounded. He wanted to misbehave, as per his modus operandi.

Fucking around was what he did, but he knew things would go differently. Hoseok knew that Namjoon and Seokjin could have him on his knees. He’d be nothing more than a chew toy between two hungry wolves. It excited him—but it frightened him, as well.

“Not tonight,” Hoseok said, to both Jeongguk and Taehyung’s astonishment. This was one of those perfect scenarios for Hoseok—a gift, really. The way Hoseok spoke so highly of threesomes, one would think it was a religious experience. Needless to say, his dongsaengs kept their mouths shut, and stashed their inquiries away for later.

Seokjin was graceful when handling rejection. “If you ever change your mind,” he said, reaching into the inner pocket of his blazer, and taking out a crisp, black card. It had the Void logo on the front of it, along with the address. On the back, however was Seokjin’s number—if you tilted it this way, or that way for the ink to catch the light. What a pain in the ass. “Give me a call, or better yet, make an appointment. We can all have fun like we did the first time.”

Hoseok’s mouth fell open, but nothing would come out—not a single, solitary utterance. Taehyung was the one who took the card from Seokjin’s fingers, once again feeling as though they’d entered the fucking Twilight Zone.

Namjoon held in a laugh. Seokjin was smooth. “Goodnight, Hoseok.” He nodded towards the younger two, “Taehyung, Jeongguk…”

It wasn’t until the dominant and monitor left that Hoseok was able to function again. Releasing a shaky breath, he turned towards his friends. “What the fuck was that?”

“Two tall, tall daddies wanting to wine and dine you, but you turned them down, and now I’m deeply concerned,” Jeongguk said, taking the card from Taehyung’s hand to further inspect it. “He wrote his number in black ink, on a black card…what even is he? Seriously though, hyung. You
okay?”

Taehyung brought a hand up to his necklace, already gotten into the habit of playing with the pendant. Jeongguk had nearly died when Taehyung had shown it to him, explained its meaning, and his reaction had pleased Taehyung more than he liked to admit. It was proof that it meant something.

“I thought you liked Seokjin?”

“I do! I really do, but…” It was obvious to him that the invite was extended by two people. Seokjin he could handle – maybe, but the both of them? He shook his head, “I don’t know how it would go with two doms. I don’t know how I feel about Namjoon. I mean, sure he’s attractive. Would I fuck him if I didn’t know him, and we met at a club? Yes, of course. But I’ve got this whole, ‘he’s a monitor’ thing embedded in my skull. It would be like fucking a police officer, except for BDSM. Wait – no, that’s hot.”

“It sounds like you’re scared?” Taehyung offered, not usually attaching that adjective to Hoseok.

Hoseok laughed nervously, because now Taehyung could see right through him. Actually – Jeongguk was looking at him with the same expression of deep concern. They could both see it, which isn’t something Hoseok wanted to be made obvious to them. He sighed, “It’s not fear like you think it is, I don’t think. Intimidated would be better? I don’t really know what their relationship is, there might not be enough room for me between them. It’s not like it’s a secret that Namjoon liked Seokjin, before I was ever in the picture.”

“It sounded like they were trying to make space for you just now,” Jeongguk mumbled, doe eyes fixed on Hoseok in a way that was honest, the words hitting him much harder than he expected.

He was probably right. Shit. “Too late for that, I suppose.”

Jeongguk extended his hand out, the card between his two fingers. “I don’t think so, hyung.”

“Guk is right,” Taehyung said, echoing back Hoseok’s thoughts. He put away what he’d witnessed between Namjoon and Seokjin. “Invitation still stands. Seokjin placed the ball in your court.”

Hoseok took the card from Jeongguk, a ghost of a smile touching his lips. “Hm. Let’s play, then.”

TBC

Taehyung’s necklace here.

tw I cc I discord (18+)

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