Always Should Be Someone You Really Love
by Runchrandom (infraredphaeton)

Summary

When your job is about being pretty, evening bonding sessions over skin care just happen sometimes.

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"That's right. I'm amazing always. Considerate, tender, and powerful. I'm the best option to lose your virginty."


"Wait. Wait, are you saying that was just a line?"

Notes

Title from “Girls and Boys” by blur

See the end of the work for more notes

"He asked you?" Jimin's eyes are wide as he finishes buffing Jungkook's last nail into shape. They're all gathered around in the living room- minus Namjoon, who's in the studio- with snacks and self-care. Yoongi is reclined, a silvery sheet mask on his face while he massages Hoseok's feet, and Seokjin is carefully patting essence onto Taehyung's face.
It's basically a sleep over, except that they all live here and nobody has to sleep on the floor with the bad pillow that gets reserved for the guest the host likes the least. There are snacks, there are dermatologist approved face packs, there are BT21 branded pyjamas, and by god, there is gossip. There is so, so much gossip.

"Well, you know, I'm Namjoon-ah's responsible hyung," Seokjin says, shrugging.

"Responsible hyung? You took his virginity!" Jimin says hotly.

"Like a responsible hyung," Seokjin nods.

"That is not responsible hyung behaviour," Taehyung says, shaking his head. "That's irresponsible hyung behaviour. You used your hyung powers for evil, not good."

Seokjin puts his hand on Taehyung's shoulder, "Taehyung-ah. I am only a man. Namjoon came to me and looked at me with big eyes and asked me nicely to do him a favour. And the favour was having sex with him. Could you have said no?"

Taehyung looks away. "I'm only a person, hyung. Of course I can't say no."

"Exactly."

"Wait," Hoseok frowns, "can't or couldn't? Those are different."

"Why didn't he ask me?" Yoongi asks, crossing his arms, "I'm his hyung too, and we're close. We've lived together since-

"2011," they all chorus with him, and Yoongi glares.

"Probably because you're close," Seokjin says, "and also I'm really, really handsome. He probably wanted that romance movie first time with a hot older guy."

"I'm a hot older guy," Yoongi sulks.

"No, Jin-hyung has a point," Jungkook says, "it's good to get it out of the way with someone you trust. That's probably why Namjoon-hyung asked like that. And it's hard for a good hyung to say no if you ask nicely."

"...That sounds like the voice of experience, Kookie," Jimin says, eyes narrowing. "What did you do?"

Jungkook pushes his fingers together and mumbles something.

"You asked Namjoon-hyung?!" Taehyung shrieks, and hits Jungkook with a pillow.

"He said yes?!" Jimin says, leaning over the table so hard that his stomach hits the wood.

"Wait, you make it sound like you took advantage of him, not the other way around," Yoongi says, squinting at Jungkook.

"Well, if you're a good hyung, you want to look after your dongsaeng, right?" Jungkook says, not making eye contact, "and, I mean, if you wanted, specifically, for a particular hyung to do something for you, you can put the idea in his head that it's the responsible thing to do, and then..."

"Oh my God, Namjoon-ah seduced me with my own responsible nature," Seokjin says, something like revelation dawning in his eyes.
"What responsible nature?" Taehyung asks, but nobody pays any attention.

"But why didn't he seduce me?" Yoongi asks again, and Hoseok pats him on the shoulder. "I totally would have been okay with being seduced. I would teach him what he needed to know. I'd be gentle and shit, I'm great at looking after you feral dogs I call dongsaengs. I'm a great hyung."

"Feral dogs?" Jimin pouts. "You don't mean me, do you hyung?"

"I especially mean you, Park Jimin," Yoongi says, "you're going to drive me to an early grave."

"Hyung, take that back, say I'm the best-"

"The best at causing me stress, maybe."

"Take it back!" Jimin whines, pawing at Yoongi's shoulder.

"He didn't seduce me either," Hoseok says suddenly, and everyone looks at him.

"That's a very specific denial, Hobi," Seokjin says lightly.

Everyone stares at Hoseok, who grins at them nervously.

"Tell us what happened, Hobi," Jimin says sweetly.

"Am I the only one who hasn't had sex with Namjoon?" Yoongi asks the sky, desolate.

"You've made out with him," Taehyung says reassuringly. "That was nice, right?"

"That doesn't even count," Jungkook says, rolling his eyes. "everyone knows that drunk Namjoon-hyung is kind of a slut."

Yoongi slaps the back of his head.

"...Which I say in a very respectful way, because there's nothing wrong with sexual liberation, please don't let Namjoon-hyung give me the gender roles talk again."

"Tell us what happened, Hobi," Jimin repeats, sounding a lot less sweet.

"Okay, fine!" Hoseok squeaks, and Jimin sits back upright, looking smug. "We just, I don't know, we were in America, and we were drinking, and Namjoon leaned in and he was like 'oh, wouldn't it be nice to just relax together, because we're friends', and I said yes, because he was- well, you guys remember L.A.? How he looked in L.A.?

They do, they do remember L.A.- Namjoon's hair had just been done, he'd been tanned and relaxed and smiled more often, and wore a lot of skinny jeans and shirts that were unbuttoned just a little too much. Jimin had walked into a lamp post in L.A. because Namjoon had tipped his head back laughing while they were walking, and he hadn't been able to look away.

"It was in L.A.," Hobi explains, and they all nod. "What was I meant to do, say no? I'm only human."

"Wait," Yoongi says slowly, "Jimin-ah. Taehyung-ah. Neither of you said anything when I asked if you had sex with Namjoon-ah too."

Jimin coughs and looks away.
Taehyung nods, "Yeah, we did."

"Wait, we? Like, as a unit?"

"More of a sub-unit, really," Taehyung says, "there were only three of us, after all."

"You had a threesome with Namjoon-hyung?" Jungkook asks, eyes wide.

"Tell us what happened, Jimin," Hoseok says, copying Jimin's intonation from earlier.

"Sex," Jimin answers helpfully, and refuses to elaborate.

"Seriously, everyone except me has had sex with Namjoon?" Yoongi asks, crossing his arms.

"I guess?" Taehyung shrugs, "but he's been trying to seduce you for like three months, so I don't think you can really say he hasn't given you the opportunity."

"What?"

"Yoongi-hyung, please tell me you've noticed."

"He's been trying to seduce me?" Yoongi asks, blinking. "When?"

Everyone else meets eyes meaningfully, and Yoongi un-crosses and re-crosses his arms.

"Oh, Yoongi-hyung," Jungkook coos, "can I go to the studio with you today? It's so great working with you like this,' and then he touched your thigh, really casually."

"That's not really abnormal behaviour," Yoongi says, flushing slightly.

"'Wow, Yoongi-hyung," Taehyung says, "your arms are looking so toned lately, are you working out for the comeback? Maybe I could go to the gym with you and we can sweat together.'"

"Why are you all saying hyung like that," Yoongi says, pulling at his collar, "you're practically moaning, it's weird."

"That's how he says it, because he knows you have a kink," Jimin says, raising an eyebrow at him. "And he keeps dropping things and bending over in front of you."

"He's clumsy!"

"Nobody is that clumsy, hyung!" Jimin says, running a hand through his hair, "And he always bends over at the hips! He's using a Legally Blonde move on you, and you don't recognise it because you hate fun and refuse to watch the movie with us!"

"I don't like foreign films," Yoongi says automatically, and Jimin screams and tackles him over the coffee table.

"You're a little bitch," Seokjin adds, as Jimin attempts to smother his oblivious hyung with a pillow, "Legally Blonde is a modern classic, Yoongi-yah."

"Don't get distracted! We're talking about Namjoon seducing us!" Taehyung calls, grabbing Jungkook under the arms so he can't join the melee.

"We are?" says a voice from the doorway, and everything just
Namjoon is standing in the door, clearly having just let himself in. He'd said earlier that he was planning on working late—hence the topic of conversation—but he must have finished sooner than expected, because it's only one in the morning and he's already home. He's dressed for studio work, in black joggers and a camouflage hoodie, a beanie pulled over his hair and chunky glasses sitting on his face.

"What conclusion have you come to?" he asks, leaning on the doorframe casually, clearly pretending he hasn't blushed a blotchy pink over his cheeks.

"Nothing?" Jimin says, taking the pillow off Yoongi's face. "I mean, what do you think?"

"You didn't think I needed to be here for the conversation, I don't see why my thoughts matter for the conclusions," Namjoon says, matter of fact, and Jimin wilts.

"We concluded that you're really attractive and we all like you, basically," Taehyung mutters, and Namjoon raises an eyebrow.

"That's not what it sounded like, Taehyung."

Not Taehyung-ah, not Taehyungie, no nickname at all. They're in trouble.

Taehyung shrinks down as well.

"Don't pick on the maknae," Seokjin scolds Namjoon, and Namjoon turns to him, face impassive.

"Are you saying that this was a good topic of conversation? That it's okay to talk about someone like this?"

"Like what?" Jungkook bursts out, "We weren't being disrespectful! We were just talking about you!"

"Would you be okay if you walked in on me and Jimin talking about you like this?"

"I- why would you and Jimin be-"

"Jungkook, please, don't insult my intelligence." "...Right," Jungkook pulls at his ear, embarrassed, "I guess not."

"Namjoon-ah, I know that this isn't the best situation," Seokjin says soothingly, "but we were really just all being jealous of each other over you, not sharing secrets or making fun of you."

"W-what?" Namjoon stops, blinking in surprise. "Why would you be jealous?"

"Because you're really hot?" Yoongi says from the floor, still straddled by Jimin. "And we want to have sex with you and hold your hand and tell you you're pretty and shit?"

"Wait, no, hold on-" Jimin sits up and frowns at Namjoon, "you don't get to be surprised that we think you're hot when you've fucked your way through this group-"

"He hasn't fucked me," Yoongi grumbles, and Jimin hits him with the pillow again.
"I mean, I don't know? I'm okay, I guess?" Namjoon says, scratching his cheek and looking away. "Anyway, it doesn't matter, right? It's not like any of you really wanted more than that-"

"I would kill a man to take you out to dinner," Jungkook blurts out, then squeaks and covers his mouth like it had taken independent action.

"What?"

"I would kill that same man, and also Jungkook," Taehyung says, nodding in agreement.

"Don't kill Jungkook," Namjoon says automatically, slipping into his leader voice, "but, I mean. Really?"

"We would all kill Jungkook if it meant we could date you," Seokjin says kindly, and Jungkook looks a little alarmed.

"Don't kill JUnkgook," Namjoon repeats, then bites his lip. "So, you guys...uh...you like me?"

"Namjoon, please," Seokjin says, clearly trying not to laugh, "please tell me you aren't doubting whether we like you. I saw Jimin trip Taehyung down the stairs last week so he would get to the couch first to sit next to you on movie night."

"You said that was an accident!" Taehyung gasps, and Jimin shrugs.

"All's fair in love and war and Namjoon-hyung's lap."

"Well, no, I know you like me, I just mean, like me like want to date me?"

"Are we sure Namjoon-hyung is actually a genius? Did he fake his IQ test?" Jimin asks, and Yoongi laughs.

"No, hyung, we really like you," Jungkook says earnestly, "and we want to date you."

"Oh. Well." Namjoon coughs, and lets his messenger bag slid to the floor. "Well. In that case, you know," he gestures at the array of skin care on the table, scattered by Jimin's jump attack earlier. "Does someone want to help me put on a mask? And, uh, we can talk about this properly?"

"Talking properly is an after skin care activity," Taehyung says, "during skin care, there is only gossip."

"Oh?" Namjoon asks, worming onto the couch between Seokjin and Jungkook, who both immediately lean into him. "What kind of gossip?"

"Well," Seokjin leans in, voice hushed like he's being scandalous, "let's start with the easy stuff, okay?"

"Please take care of me, hyung," Namjoon says, lip wobbling as he tries not to smile.

"Ah, that phrase brings back memories," Seokjin says, smiling smugly, and Namjoon hits him on the shoulder.

"Not like that, hyung!"

"Let's start with the hard stuff," Hoseok says, "I want to know what Seokjin-hyung's like in bed. Three words."
"Really?" Namjoon blinks, "is that how this goes?"

"Usually," Jimin nods, "we either talk about the sex we aren't having, the food we can't eat, or secrets about whoever isn't here right now."

"Everyone's here right now, though?"

"This has literally never happened before, so we're going to ignore it," Taehyung says. "Now, answer Hobi's question. If you don't, we have a penalty jar for you to pick from."

He points at a jar on the table full of folded papers, and Namjoon hums, tapping his chin.

"In that case, I guess I have to answer."

Seokjin's ears go red.

"Considerate."

"Ooh, nice. That's a good start, hyung," Hoseok says, elbowing Seokjin.

"Tender," Namjoon decides on, after a few seconds.

"You really weren't kidding about the romance movie experience, huh?"

Everyone looks at Namjoon, waiting for the third word.

"Powerful."

"Oh! Hyung!" Jimin slaps Seokjin's knee, and the older man straightens up, throwing a flying kiss at Namjoon.

"That's right. I'm amazing always. Considerate, tender, and powerful. I'm the best option to lose your virginity."


"Wait. Wait, are you saying that was just a line?"

"Look. Some hyungs are just very easy to manipulate if they think they're helping you," Namjoon explains, looking at the sheet mask options splayed out on the table. "and, you know, it's not like I'd done it a lot. It was kind of true."

Everyone looks from Jungkook to Namjoon and back.

"I told you!" Jungkook says, "It's just how hyungs are! It's not my fault you don't know how the social contract works!"

"God, I'm glad that you aren't the youngest," Jimin says, looking at Namjoon with new eyes, "you're kind of evil, aren't you?"

"I know what I want," Namjoon says primly, "and I know how to get it."

"Are we still sure we want to date him?" Yoongi asks, "He's going to have us whipped within about ten minutes."

"He's got us whipped now," Seokjin says, "so why does it matter?"
Namjoon presses his lips together, clearly trying not to smile.

"Good point," Yoongi allows, and falls back onto the carpet. "Namjoonie-yah, use your powers for good, not evil, okay?"

"I make no promises," Namjoon says, and smiles.

End Notes

Anyway what the fuck is this
Have a great day guys
leave me a comment if you enjoyed and don’t forget to stream idol xoxo

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